

Winter–Spring 2009
Issue No. 21
Legal at Last!

“Lies! Lies! All of It, Lies!”

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

Welcome to this, the 21th news-
letter of the JHS classes of '71,
'72, and '73, and friends.

Official Propaganda Tool of '71, '72, '73 Jericho High Alumni

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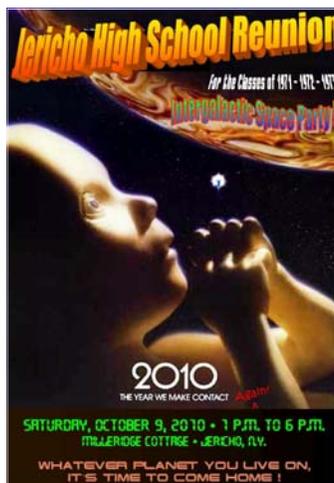
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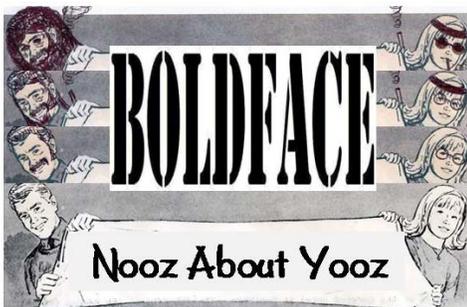
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Mark Your Calendar: Reunion in 2010



Just a reminder that the next reunion of the Jericho High School classes of 1971, 1972, and 1973 — an Intergalactic Space Party — will be held on **Saturday, October 9, 2010, at Milleridge Cottage** in Jericho from 1. p.m. to 6 p.m. Plus there'll be plenty of activities the entire weekend. Invitations will be mailed out on January 1, but you'll be able to purchase advance discount tickets for just \$100 per person beginning this summer. For more information, visit our website's "Senior Lounge." ■



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.

Benita Zahn Stulmaker: Anchor Aweigh!

Just in time for 2009, longtime TV news anchor **Benita Zahn Stulmaker** ('72) was rewarded with the coveted 6:00 p.m. evening newscast on WNYT in Albany, New York.



"It's delightful to have this gig," says Benita, adding, "and these days, having a job you like is an accomplishment in itself!" She and coanchor Jim Kambrich also handle the 5:00 p.m. broadcast.

"Thankfully, we worked it out so I *did not* have to take the 11:00 p.m. show. I'm the health reporter, and I wanted to keep that beat. Since doctors generally don't work after 4:00 p.m., well, that settled that.

In addition, Benita hosts a program called *Health Link* on Albany's PBS affiliate, WMHT. One of her upcoming guests will be none other than psychologist and author **Michael Osit**, also from the class of '72. She has some serious preparation to do before the interview, Benita says, explaining, "I've got to stop calling him Mickey."

Here's a fascinating postscript: Benita's name was thrown in the ring as a possible successor to **Kirsten Gillibrand**, the upstate congresswoman appointed to **Hillary Rodham Clinton's** vacated U.S. Senate seat. *The Saratogian* reported that the Democratic Party was considering offering Benita the 20th Congressional District position. According to the paper: "Reached by telephone at WNYT Friday afternoon, Zahn was surprised her name was mentioned. 'I'm flattered,' Zahn said. Asked about her interest in the position, she added, 'I'm at work. I'm interested in my job.'" ■

JHS Ranks High Again in *U.S. News & World Report*

Once again **Jericho High School** placed in the Top 100 of *U.S. News & World Report's* annual list of the country's best high schools. This year JHS came in at No. 62, making it one of only four schools on Long Island to make the grade.

While mighty impressive, local citizens are said to be concerned that JHS ranked as high as No. 4 only a few years ago. Rumors pin the steep drop on one unidentified senior who received a 3.9 in advanced-placement art (class project: constructing a fully functional biosphere out of toothpicks and Elmer's Glue), making him/her the *only* child in the district to not score a perfect 4.0 grade point average.

For reasons of personal safety, the student was spirited out of town in the middle of the night — in case angry villagers descended on the family's splanck with pitchforks and flaming torches — and dispatched by underground railroad to Hicksville, or Westbury, or one of *those* towns that are rumored to exist outside of Jericho's heavily patrolled borders.

Nevertheless, congratulations are in order! ■

Sanford Sylvan Nominated For Fourth Grammy Award

Sanford Sylvan, Jericho's celebrated operatic baritone, was nominated for a Grammy Award for Best Classical



Vocal Performance for his recording as a soloist in composer Charles Fussell's *Wilde*, an operatic biography of Oscar Wilde. It was Sandy's fourth nomination in the same category.

Sandy, who first became entranced by opera at age twelve after hearing *Aida*, was accepted the following

year to Julliard Prep, the precollege conservatory for the renowned performing-arts school.

After years of incessant touring around the world, Sandy is now in his second year on the music faculty at Toronto's McGill University. He still performs, though, about once a month; most recently in Australia. In addition to his four Grammy nominations, Sandy played Chou En-Lai in the 1987 opera *Nixon in China*, which won not only a Grammy but an Emmy too.

At this year's *painful-to-watch* Grammy ceremony, held on February 8 in Los Angeles, the award in Sandy's category went to Hila Pittmann for *Corigliano: Mr. Tambourine Man: Seven Poems of Bob Dylan*.

Still, what a tremendous accomplishment! Besides, we hear that those Grammy statues collect dust like you wouldn't believe. ■

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Nooz About Yooz

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Grandparents Watch: Caren Kushner Gottesman

“Just wanted to share the wonderful news,” writes **Caren Kusner Gottesman** of Cooper City, Florida. On February 5, she and husband **Allan** became first-time grandparents when their son, **Jared**, and daughter-in-law, **Vivian**, had a daughter. “Her name,” Caren reports, “is **Mischa Tzipporah Gottesman**.” And there’s more good Gottesman news: “Our daughter, **Amy**, got engaged, and a wedding is planned for May 23, 2010. Her fiance’s name is **Jared Lipton**, and they live in Toronto, Canada. The wedding will be in Aventura, Florida.” ■



Honorary junior Jayhawk Mischa Gottesman while still in the hospital.

Better Than the Super Bowl: Turkey Bowl XXXIII

Sure, Super Bowl XLIII had its moments, but for real excitement, show up at the Robert Seaman School on Thanksgiving mornings to watch a bunch of JHS alumni (mainly the class of 1976) gather to play touch football, a tradition that goes back to Turkey Bowl I in November 1976.

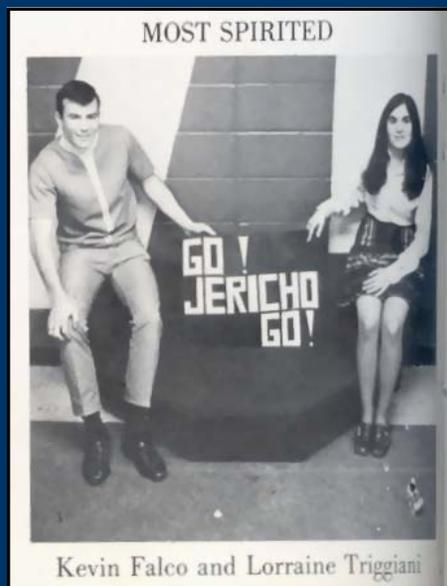
“It’s become quite the scene,” says **Jess Rudolph**, “with our children now playing alongside us — and prop-

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Kevin Falco’s Still Got It

School spirit, that is. Only these days, Kevin, voted the class of 1971’s “Most Spirited” (along with **Lorraine Triggiani**), roots for a different school: his stepdaughter **Dana**’s McHenry High School in their home town of McHenry, Illinois. Dana, a freshman, is on the varsity cheer-leading team.

“Dana asked me to participate in this year’s homecoming parade by pulling the freshman and sophomore student councils in the family pickup truck,” he writes. “As you can see, I really got involved.” Um ... *yup*.



Kevin Falco and Lorraine Triggiani



At left is Dana, a member of the class of 2012. And below, Kevin and wife Tammy show their school spirit. Kevin, one word: *sunscreen*. Actually, the orange complexion is in honor of the school’s colors. (Fringe benefit: If Blue Man Group ever goes orange, Kev, you’ve got the gig.)



If you read the spring ‘07 issue feature about Kevin, you know that he’s been a flight attendant for American Airlines since 1976. He’s flown, well, everywhere. Here he is last October on his first trip to Moscow. “In my wildest dreams,” he writes, “I never thought I would be standing here. The Russians are our mirror image. Sadly, it was their politics and Communist economy that were the barriers. Today the politics are the same, but the new capitalists have made this the most expensive place in the world! Comrade, can you spare a shot of Stoloy!?” ■

Nooz About Yooz

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ping us up, too!” Jess, who grew up in Princeton Park, moved back to Jericho with his own family in 1988. You can probably describe him as a “joiner.” In addition to organizing the games, he’s the executive director of the **Jericho Educational Foundation**. “We are parents and community members who are passionate about furthering the standards of excellence in the Jericho School District and making a direct impact on the quality of education districtwide,” he explains.

Since the organization was revived three years ago, its fund-raising efforts have led to the refurbishing of the Little Theater (“which was in dire shape”) and the purchase of electronic scoreboards for the soccer and lacrosse fields. “We also hosted a community spelling bee, the first-ever Student Film Festival, and a

Distinguished Educator Award Dinner honoring two well-respected principals.

“Plans for future fund-raising include building a health and fitness center near the Sam Springer Gym, for which plans have been drawn up.”

You’ll probably recognize some of the names of the twelve other JEF board members: **Steven Kang, David Distler, Deborah Brody, Susan Checkla, Lisa Davis, Laura Gladstone, Larry Hirschheimer, Doreen Saunders, Jack Schnitt, and Luisa Spoto**.

For more information about the organization and its activities, visit its website: www.JerichoEducationalFoundation.org. And if you want a good laugh, check out the video invitations to some of the Turkey Bowl games. They’re a hoot:

- www.iphotoplay.com/tb33.
- www.iphotoplay.com/tb32
- www.iphotoplay.com/tb31
- www.iphotoplay.com/tb30 ■

In Tribute

Mr. Robert Perna



We’re sad to report the passing of Mr. Robert Perna, who was an inspirational English teacher at Cantiague Elementary for

ten years, beginning in 1958. In 1968, he went into administration, first as assistant to the superintendent and then as director of pupil personnel and curriculum coordinator until his retirement in 1993.

Social studies teacher **Ms. Maureen Tracy** says of Mr. Perna, “Bob was the first person in the Jericho district to provide services for special-needs students. He founded these kinds of services way before any of it was mandated by the

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Top row, l.-r.: Howard Werthheimer ('75), child, Paul Riccardi, Jay Winuk, Matt Schlanger, child, Russ Fire, Louis Schwartz, Larry Weinstock, Ed Grodsky, Larry Densen, Steven Warren, Steven Goldstein, Bruce Lebowitz, child, Ron Leibowitz, Keith Nelson, Richard Shapp ('75), child. (All from the class of '76 unless otherwise noted.)



Bottom row, l.-r.: David Shapp (green jersey), Jess Rudolph (sitting down), all children until Jon Minikes (legs crossed), Bruce Friedman (holding dog); last two on right, Sheldon Pike (holding baby) and Howard Rudolph ('81).



The Not-So-Newlyweds



Here's your host, Bob Eubanks (pronounced Ew-banks)!

Thank you, disembodied announcer's voice, for that wonderful introduction!

And welcome, everybody, to *The Not-So-Newlywed Game*, where eight couples will spill the beans on how and when they met, their first impressions of each other, when they knew they were in love, and how their relationship has evolved over the years.

So let's meet the first of our couples. From Boca Raton, Florida, say hello to:

More Than Anyone I should Ever Know About "The Newlywed Game"

For full effect, click on [www.televsiontunes.com/Newlywed_Game_\(The\).html](http://www.televsiontunes.com/Newlywed_Game_(The).html) to hear "The Newlywed Game" theme

♥ With its sophomoric sexual innuendos and obsession with "making whoopee," *The Newlywed Game* aired on ABC-TV from 1966 to 1974, then went into syndication from 1977 to 2000.

♥ Here are some of the best stupidest contestants' answers:

Q: What is your favorite amphibian?

A: "My wife."

Q: What is your husband's favorite condiment?

A: "His pool table."

Q: What gripe do you have about your husband's romantic technique?

A: "It's not long enough. (No, not *that!*)"

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Lynn Balaban Chapkin ('73) and George Chapkin

Wendy Keavey was my best friend; we both grew up in West Birchwood and went all the way back to kindergarten together. I introduced her to her husband, and then she introduced me to mine. This is how it all started:

After graduating from American University in Washington, DC, in 1977, I returned to my parents' home on Chenango Drive and began working at Warner Communications in Manhat-

tan in its corporate insurance department. Whenever I'd go on dates, the guys would often come pick me up at work. One day my boss said to me, "Lynn, you should date my son, George." (Not the George who became my husband.)

And I did, for a while — on my own accord; not because he was the boss's son. Here's where it gets a little confusing: George's

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Lynn and George Chapkin at son Zachary's wedding in 2007.



*The Newlywed Game
Best Stupidest Answers*

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Q. In what foreign country will your husband say the last foreign car he drove was manufactured?

A. "Texas."

Q. How long is your husband's inseam?

A. "Seven inches."

Q. What is the one thing your husband forbids you to put on his wiener?

A. "Ben-Gay."

Q. What's your favorite thing to buy by the foot?

A. "Shoes."

Q: "Most of the electricity in our home flows from the _____ to the _____"?

A: "From the plug to the vibrator."

And the all-time classic, from a 1977 show:

Q. What is the strangest place that you've ever made whoopee in?

A. "In the butt" (censored).



Continued from page 5

best friend was a girl named Donna, who was Steven Beck's next-door neighbor in New Jersey. Things between me and George didn't work out, but his friend Donna said, "I want to introduce you to

this guy named Steven." I went on a blind date with him. He had long hair and wore a Grateful Dead T-shirt. A really nice guy. We weren't interested in each other, and maybe because of that, we got to know each other and had a really nice time. I said to him, "I have a girlfriend that would be great for you."

The very next day, I had Wendy come into Manhattan to meet Steven. They've been together ever since. I thought they'd be perfect together, al-

though I can't say that I knew they'd get married just six months or so later.

Soon after they met, Wendy was at Steven's apartment in the city, and his best friend from medical school, George Chapkin stopped by. "Oh, I'm so jealous," he said to Steven. "You found such a nice girl; I wish I could find a nice girl too." That's when Wendy said, "Wait a second ..." She called me up at, like, ten o'clock at night, in Jericho.

"There's this really nice guy here," she said. "I want you to come meet him." It was a weeknight! I had work the next day; I just couldn't. So she and Steven arranged for a group of people to get together at some bar in Manhattan that Friday night. It was the last weekend in February 1979.

**Getting Married:
As Easy As 1, 2, 3**

George and I went out to dinner on Saturday, our first "official" date. Then we went out to dinner the following night. And Monday night after work, I cooked him dinner: a chicken dish (see recipe on page 35). That's when he said, "We have to get married!"

He was totally serious. I put him off three weeks, then we got engaged on St. Patrick's Day. At first it was, like, embarrassing to

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*"I met him on a Friday, and my heart stood still.
(Da-doo ron-ron-ron, da-doo ron-ron.)
Monday he said 'Let's marry!' and I said 'I will!'
(Da-doo ron-ron-ron, da-doo ron-ron.)"*

— apologies to Phil Spector



And now, all of you in our studio audience and at home, please welcome our next happy couple, from Westport, Connecticut:

Jill Greenberg ('72) and Mitchell Lester

My mother's sister, my aunt Cynthia, was on a mission to get me married and save me from spinsterhood! Those were her exact words. It's a good thing I love her, or I might have been insulted.

This was in 1992, around the time I turned thirty-eight. I was finishing up my PhD in child development from the University of Pennsylvania. I'd had a bachelor's degree in special education from Boston University and a master's degree in counseling from Leslie College, in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

One day I get a phone call from this guy. "My name is Mitchell Lester. My mother said that I should call you, and I'm calling just so she won't bother me anymore." Now, you have to know my husband; he's a funny guy. So he said it in a funny way.

I believe that women need men like fish need bicycles. Would I have liked to have been married? Sure. But was I feeling incomplete not being married? I'm not so sure. I knew that being in a close relationship with or without marriage was a really important part of life, and I felt that it would be nice if it happened. But I didn't care enough. My attitude was, When the right person comes along, he comes along.

Mitchell, who's a pediatrician, and an allergist/immunologist, seemed like a really nice guy. But he was doing a fellowship at National Jewish Hospital in Denver, and I was in Philadelphia working on my dissertation, which examined how children with developmental delays such as autism and mental retardation learn

language. I wrote down his name and phone number and left it on my table, and before too long all of my dissertation research began to pile up on top of it.

By the end of the summer, I finally got down to the bottom of the pile, and there was Mitchell's number, so I called him.

Cross-Country Dating

Mitchell is originally from Englewood, New Jersey. In late summer, he came east for a wedding or something like that. We spent an evening together and hit it off, obviously. For the next year or so, we saw each other once a month, flying back and forth.

Soon we were introducing our parents to one another, because it was clear that we were going to get together and it was going to work. According to Aunt Cynthia (the one who made the match), we were perfect for each other because we were both short, both Jewish, and we both liked kids. Isn't that logical? As soon as I finished my dissertation in May 1993, Mitchell and I drove to Denver and began living together.

We packed most of life's good major stressors into the next year: took a prenuptial honeymoon to Hawaii, moved east to Massachusetts, got married in July, had a baby girl, Beth, in December, and bought a house the following month. And we had fun with every one of them. We really liked Denver. The people there are very friendly, and the weather is just fantastic, especially if



Jill Greenberg, daughter Beth, who is fourteen, and Mitchell Lester.



you're an outdoors person and love to hike. But Mitchell received a job offer from Children's Hospital in Boston, and, well, you just don't turn down Harvard.

He had a great experience there as director of the Pediatric Asthma, Allergy, and Immunology Clinic, but after five years he decided to leave academic medicine. We compiled a list of all the places where we'd be willing to live. In 1999 he began practicing in a private group clinic specializing in asthma, allergies, and immunology, with three locations in Connecticut, so we moved to Westport. When we got here, I took a job as a school psychologist.

It's taken a bit of an adjustment to live in what I call "Long Island North." In Massachusetts, I was very typical. There the currency for snobbery is How many degrees do you have? And with my PhD and Mitchell's MD, we have the average assortment! But in Westport, your right to being a snob is based on how much money you have, which, compared to most of our neighbors — people in finance — puts us at the bottom. (Then again, maybe not anymore!) For instance, we live in a

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*The Not-So-Newlyweds!
Jill & Mitchell*

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regular-sized house. One time this kid came over, looked around, and asked, "Is this your whole house? Is this it?"

Unlike in Massachusetts, I have to work hard to find like-minded people in Westport (sometimes it feels like living in a 1950s time warp), but I have found plenty of them by doing things like fighting the Board of Education and joining the League of Women Voters.

Becoming a Mom at Forty

Beth was born on December 22, 1994. (For anyone into numerology, her birthday is on the same day as one of my twin brother Jon's two daughters, and it falls exactly on Jon's and my half birthday: June 22.) I was and still am a really relaxed parent. But I don't know how much of that has to do with the fact that I'm older than most other mothers of

fourteen-year-olds. I attribute a lot of my attitude to the fact that I'm trained in child development. I was a school psychologist for a long time; now I have a private practice dedicated to conducting psychological evaluations and working with their parents and teachers.

But besides my own professional experience with kids, it's really ... *handy* being married to a pediatrician! When our daughter was a baby, and she would fret, Mitchell would say, "Oh, don't worry; it's nothing." And I would think, *Well, he's a professional; he knows what he's talking about, so I guess it is*

The only impact from being an older mom is that it took me a year from the time I stopped nursing to return to a normal, healthy weight. It was physically draining, and if I'd been, say, ten years younger, that probably would not have been an issue. Now that Beth is a teenager, though, my age makes no difference at all. If anything, it probably keeps us young. I think it's all in your attitude.

Beth is kind of like I was as a kid: very in-

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What's It Like Returning To Dating in Your Fifties?

Cathy Morway ('73) provides insights and anecdotes about re-entering the dating game in the twenty-first century



Certain dates in the past year and a half stick in my mind. These dates, impossible to forget, unlike birthdays and anniversaries, represent my very own chapter two — a new beginning, yet at the same time, a frightening sort of cliff-hanger to my life:

October 5 — the day I decided I was ready to announce that I could and would ask my husband for a divorce. Of course, this announcement was made only to my therapist, but it was a milestone in my two years of therapy.

October 31 — the day I announced to my husband that I would be seeking a divorce.

January 7 — the day the sheriff served my husband the papers confirming that this was really happening.

January 22 — the day we started in mediation, hoping to finish twenty-eight years of marriage in front of a stranger with our self-respect and finances intact. (Well, one out of two isn't bad.)

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May 6 – the first of five divorce dates missed because finishing twenty-eight years of marriage was no easy task.

July 3 – the day I moved out of the family home to live on my own for the first time in fifty-three years.

October 29 – the day a judge told me my marriage was irretrievably broken, asked me if I was going back to my maiden name, and granted me the divorce.

When Phil Bashe asked me if I would write an article about being single and dating again after being married for what turned out to be twenty-nine years, I jumped at the opportunity. I do have some great stories, and I love to share. Like the one about the convicted wife-beater.

Well, he left that part off his dating profile, so how was I to know? Or the one about my emailing one man on jdate just after I started a new job, only to find out that he was the only single Jewish guy on my board of directors.

However, if I am going to be honest, I didn't think writing about it would be so difficult. I have gone back and forth between tongue-in-cheek accounts of my dating escapades to cathartic revelations of a relationship that died. I have settled on something in between, hoping to convey just how challenging a journey I have bravely begun.

Cyberspace Oddities

As impetuous as it might seem to some, I dove right into the dating pool without dipping my toe in first and really thinking about where I was headed. I have been "out there" for about a year now, trying my luck on internet dating sites, wondering if I will ever again have a second car parked in my two-car garage. For me, the internet has proven to be fertile

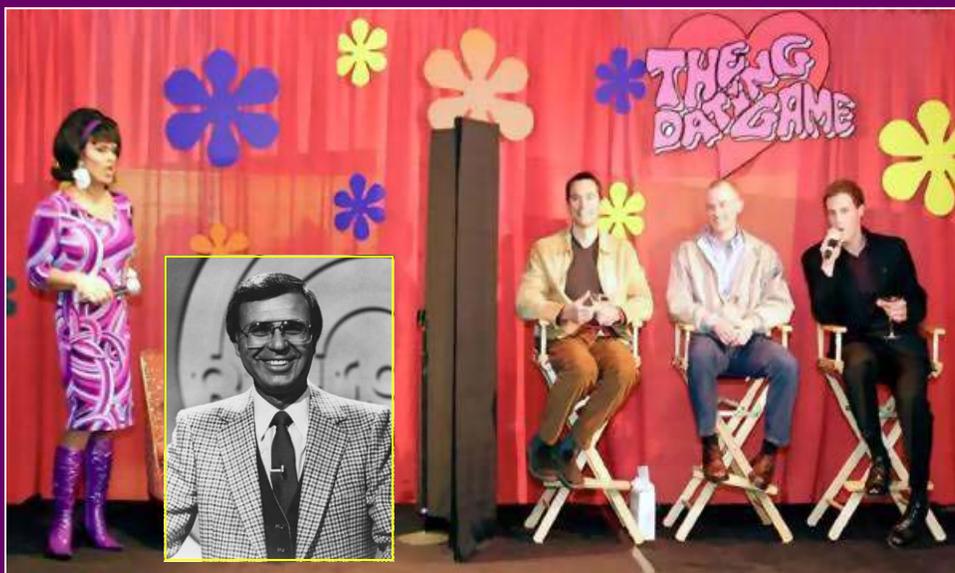
ground for meeting men, yet I am quite sure that if I am to have a long-term relationship again, it will not be with someone I meet in cyberspace. It is just too rare an occurrence for all the stars to be aligned properly with someone you meet on-line. You may like their photo, but then they don't share enough of your interests. Or, you like their photo, share interests, and even have a great phone conversation or two, but somehow when you meet them in person, the chemistry is just not there.

Ah, that elusive thing called "chemistry." When you were seventeen, it was called lust. Now you hope that you can just sit across the table, and if you don't get sick at the thought of a goodnight kiss, you have chemistry.

I have been on many dating sites in the last year, from the standards (jdate, match.com, and eharmony) to cupid, yahoo personals, and kazoo, among others. If you're not careful, it can become an addiction; a full-time job managing multiple sites. The very important photo becomes this meas-

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"Bachelor No. 2: If I were a house, and you were inside me ..." *



* Not an *actual* example of the heavy-handed sexual innuendo often heard on *The Dating Game*, but coulda been.

Fun Facts! (Whee!)

- ♥ *The Dating Game* aired on ABC-TV from 1965 to 1973, then reappeared several times as a syndicated show.
- ♥ It was one of many game shows created by the prolific Chuck (*The Gong Show*) Barris.
- ♥ Longtime host: Jim Lange (inset).
- ♥ Theme song: "Spanish Flea" by Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass.
- ♥ Just a thought: Wouldn't it be great if you could take along a partition with you on all first dates?



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ure of the man (or the woman), and all of a sudden you are reduced (or are reducing someone) to how photogenic they are. Many of us have professional photos taken (myself included) in order to put our best foot forward, but will we ever measure up to an airbrushed version of ourselves when we meet our date for the first time? Professional photographs are a hard standard to live up to, for sure. But the other extreme, photos that are ten years old, or one you've taken of yourself with your camera phone, only show that you don't really care that much. Not a great first impression.

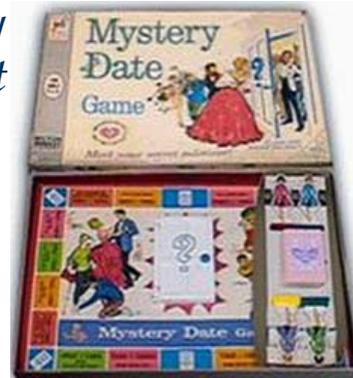
Back in the Swim or Treading Water?

In the beginning, I dated three to four times a week, many nights a new man; sometimes a second or third date. I saw a few men on and off for a few months, and was very honest with them that I was dating others at the same time, and that if they were uncomfortable with that, then they had a decision to make. Some split, some stayed on.

The whole time that I was busy with what became my second full-time job — coordinating internet dating opportunities — something very interesting was happening to me. Or, rather, *not* happening. I used to call these dates my “mini escapes.” I was not connecting with any of these men; I was simply using them and this time to distract myself from what I truly needed to be doing.

“Mystery date / Are you ready for your mystery date? / Don't be late / It could be great ...”

Mystery Date, introduced in 1965 by the Milton Bradley Company, invited girls ages six to fourteen to go on a blind date. “When you open the door,” it asked, “will your mystery date be a dream ... or a dud?”



Postscript: The “dud” founded a Silicon Valley software firm that went public in 1984, earning him billions. Nowadays he pads around an emerald-encrusted megamansion on Puget Sound; each of its thirty-seven bathrooms features his-and-her bidets that squirt perfectly chilled Dom Perignon. And “her” is Miss September 1985, Trixie Trichinosis (aspirations, according to her centerfold bio, “to achieve 0% body fat for life and to serve as a cattle-list [sic] for world peace.” Meanwhile, Mr. Dreamy became an abusive jerk who snorted his way out of a job on Wall Street, resembles Oxycontin-period Rush Limbaugh, and just got booted to the curb by wife No. 6. Your classic revenge-of-the-nerds tale.

View the original TV commercial at:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XHsQpTbQ9Uo>



And that was *feeling*.

Feeling the pain of my divorce after being with this man for more than half my life. Feeling the fright of being on my own for the first time in fifty-three years; being financially and emotionally responsible for myself, with no one to rely on but myself. Mourning the death of my marriage. Looking to the future and being afraid of the prospect of a solitary



“My precious three”: Cathy's children, Kay, Ken, and Leigh.

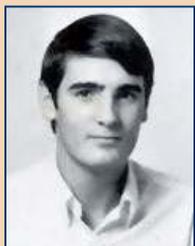
one, when all I knew was how to be half of a couple.

So here I am, single at fifty-three, living in Cheshire, Connecticut, and “out there” looking for love. After twenty-nine years of marriage, I now know what works and does not work for me in a relationship. I also know that people in their fifties and sixties come with sets of luggage that we refer to as baggage. I do. They do.

The bigger question is, will their baggage look good next to yours? They may have less hair, more tummy, and grandchildren already. You may have more wrinkles, cellulite, and less patience for snoring. The questions remain: Do they love children? Are they a good-hearted soul? Do they make me laugh? Are they financially stable? Do they share my interests? Are they good communicators? Do they treat all others as equals?

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Elizabeth, Will, Spencer, and Graham Richardson



Mark Richardson from the class of 1971 sent some terrific photos of his four children, along with commentary. Mark, an attorney, has his own law firm in Santa Monica, California.

“... And now, for the Youngshters!”

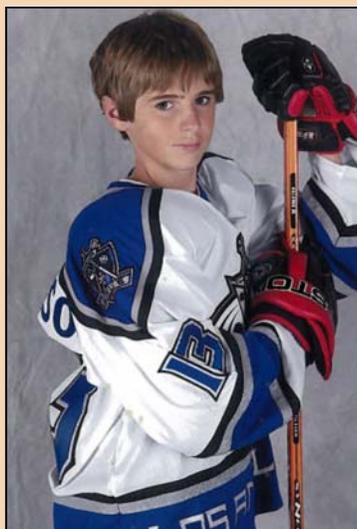
What are progeny of the JHS classes of 1971-1972-1973 up to? Find out right here ... on our page ...



First we have Mark with his youngest son (and future hockey player) **Graham**. “I look better in person,” says Mark, “and the little guy is not usually as grumpy as he appears!”



Daughter **Elizabeth** is a twenty-year-old student at George Washington University in DC. Yep, that’s Bob Costas shown posing with her at a private dinner. “Elizabeth landed an internship with CBS News last month and covered the inauguration for NPR radio using its equipment and CBS’s press pass and blessing. Her video reports are filed on KCRW.com under ‘George Washington.’”



“**Will** (at left; now eighteen) and **Spencer** (at right; sixteen) played for the Los Angeles Kings Jr. hockey teams and eventually made the travel squads, which play tournaments primarily in the West and in Canada, and also play a league schedule in the Los Angeles area. The competition in the travel league is pretty good, and the games are amazingly exciting — much better than kids soccer! During one weekend tournament two years ago, Spencer played at the Winter Olympics Ice Rink in Salt Lake City, with a big enthusiastic crowd and teams from all over the country. We came in with a 1-10 record yet won three out of five games, beating teams that laughed at us when we first took the ice. It was cool for the parents, and, believe me, hockey parents are as bad as anyone — just ask Sarah Palin! Spencer shocked everyone by scoring his first two goals of the season in one game, which we won by one goal. After the tournament, we resumed our humble losing ways, but for one brief moment, we were the upset kings; the little engine that could.”



Time now to give a *Not-So-Newlywed Game* hello to couple number three. Hailing from Roswell, Georgia, are:

Bill Reif ('71) and Linda Reif



I remember the exact day I met my wife, Linda. It was April 12, 1981; the same day as the launch of the first U.S. Space Shuttle. First, though, I'll tell

you about the circuitous path that brought us together.

I went from Jericho to SUNY Buffalo. I spent five years at UB and went through five different majors: film-making, environmental design, nutrition, and then premed. A new one each year. Back then, during registration, you'd stand in line for a half hour or more to sign up for each class, clutching your computer card.

I was standing in line for a course in human physiology, and the girl behind me said over my shoulder, "Human physiology? You must be in physical therapy."

"Physical therapy? What's that?"

I took the course and became enamored with physical therapy. It also occurred to me that I could graduate a lot faster by becoming a physical therapist than going all the way through medical school. So physical therapy became major number five.

Upon graduating, in 1976, I moved to Chicago to be with my girlfriend from Buffalo. She was going to law school, while I began working in PT. Two years later, we broke up. It's kind of an interesting story of how I wound up in Atlanta, which is where I met Linda.

In 1978 I'd made a film about the use of biofeedback in physical therapy. It was accepted to be shown at that year's international physical therapists convention in Israel. I couldn't go, so it was brought there by a woman who headed Emory University's master's degree program in physical therapy.

A month or so later, I flew to Las Vegas for the national physical therapists convention. I was hanging out by the pool at the MGM Grand Hotel and met the women from Emory. She asked me if I had any interest in getting a master's in PT. Yeah, I said.

"Well, then why don't you apply to Emory?"

I explained that being at the convention constituted my vacation for the entire year; I just couldn't go all the way to Atlanta for an interview.

"Well," she said, "if you want, I'll interview you here in Vegas tomorrow. At the pool."

One month after my poolside interview, I was accepted to the graduate program at Emory, and I arrived in Atlanta in late 1978. Two years later, I graduated.

Linda is originally from Philadelphia, but her family had moved to Atlanta when she was eleven. When we met, at a friend's party, she was a third-grade teacher. We discovered that I play guitar, and she liked to sing. I asked her if she would like to make some music. We left the party, I grabbed my guitar, and we sang together. She had a very good voice. A year and a half after that, we bought a house, moved in together, then got married, on May 1, 1983.

I've been in physical therapy now for thirty-two years. I owned an eight-office practice, which I sold in 1989. Ten years later, I sold another practice with fifteen locations. Now I'm semiretired; I still work as a physical therapist, but at sometime else's practice, Body Pros Physical

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The Reifs of Roswell: Josh, Jake, Linda, and Bill.

*The Not-So-Newlyweds!
Bill & Linda*

Continued from page 12

Therapy. Linda retired from teaching when we had our two sons, Joshua and Jacob. Josh turned twenty-four on January 7. He's in osteopathic medical school in Bradenton, Florida. Jake, who's twenty-one, will be graduating early from George Washington University next fall with a degree in political science; he plans to go to law school.

Linda and I both spent as much time with our kids as possible. If there's a theme in our family, it would have to be *Tikkun Olum*. That's Hebrew for "Heal the World." My wife has been very active in ORT, the international Jewish charity organization; for a time, she was the regional president for the Southeast.

Between her involvement with ORT, and my being a therapist, we've always tried to impress upon our sons the importance of giving back to the world. Do that, and you'll be happy in life.

I think they get it. They two very grounded kids. Both of my sons are very much into volunteer work and working with children. They work as camp counselors over the summer (Josh's goal is to become the camp doctor) and work with disabled kids too.

Jake wants to become an attorney who advocates on children's issues. When they would look for work while still in school, I used to tell them, "I don't really care if you get a job that pays, I just want you to have work that's fulfilling."

I think they're going to end up okay in this very difficult environment that we're in. It's very hard for kids. Most of my sons' peers don't know what they want to do with their lives, and they're in their twenties now.

What Makes Bill and Linda Great Together

Linda and I are very good friends first, and that, to me, is what has made it work. I mean, it's very difficult to stick together, and to me, being friends and being able to talk everything out is what did it.

We both play tennis (Atlanta is like the tennis capital of the world); we're also really big into movies. We have a theater in our

Reifs numbers 3, 4, and 2, respectively: Celeste, Bill, and Danny at the most recent annual pow-wow.



home, and for the past nine years we've sponsored a preview of the Jewish Film Festival in Atlanta.

We're both very political too. Make that very, very political. In fact, Linda's sister, Ricki Seidman, worked in the Clinton White House. She was deputy communications director, counselor to the chief of staff, and director of scheduling and advance for the president. We all got to meet President Clinton in the Oval Office during a trip to Washington; ever since, Jake wanted to become a poly-sci major. We're all staunch left-wing Democrats; did a lot of volunteering for Obama.

Naturally we're thrilled about the 2008 election. It really restored my faith in this country, which I'd lost during the last eight years.

A Reif Reunion

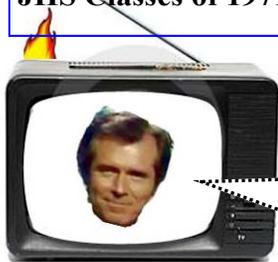
Five Reifs went to Jericho schools. No one in our family lives there anymore. My sister Barbara, the oldest, is in California; Danny, the second oldest, lives in Amherst, Massachusetts; Celeste lives in Sacramento, California; and Rael, the youngest, is in Oregon. Between us, there are eight grandchildren. Our mother, who's eighty-eight, lives in Florida.

Every year we get together to visit Mom. It's a big deal, because it the only time each year that we all get to see one another. We just met in Florida for the holidays. Our mother has had Alzheimer's disease for the past five years, and it's gotten progressively worse.

But I'd bought her a CD of Neil Sedaka singing all these old Yiddish songs, and when I put it on, she came to life and started singing every song. She

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First Date: "Our first date wasn't a 'date' per se. It was us leaving a party and going to a lake to play guitar and sing. Which songs? Probably a lot of Elton John and Cat Stevens."



You probably remember our next couple back from when they were dating while at Jericho High School. Give it up for:



Laurie Ross ('73) and Fred Schneider ('73)

I know this is going to sound ridiculous, but:

I was a cheerleader, and Fred was a football player.

The team captain. But that's not why we got together.

The two of us met as early as seventh grade; he was from Princeton Park, while I grew up in West Birchwood. We had a lot of the same friends and used to all hang around together. There was Wendy Keavey, Leslie Brick, Lynn Balaban, Lisa Green, Marc Osit, Scott Friedman, Frank Bovino, John Santa, Karen Litman, Isabel Bass, Sal Guasto. We knew of each other through them.

Do you remember the old Howard Johnson's, at the corner of Jericho Turnpike and Brush Hollow Road? They used to have Monday night chicken fries. Or maybe it was the fish fry. Anyway, a bunch of us — me, Fred, Wendy, Leslie, Marc, and Scott — used to meet there every Monday night for dinner.

Eleventh grade is when Fred and I started to get serious about each other. I don't even know what happened; it was just one of those things.

Most high-school romances don't survive when the guy and the girl go to different colleges, but Fred and I made it work. He was a business major at the University of Rhode Island, and I was studying physical therapy at the University of Buffalo. After having seen each other practically every day for years, the separation was pretty traumatic at first. But we made it our business to see each

other every month, and we usually did, unless exams or something else got in the way. Then, of course, you had all that time off for holidays, midwinter break, spring break, summer break, so we still got to see other a lot.

The summer between my junior and senior year, though, I had to stay in Buffalo for all of June, July, and most of August for gross anatomy lab. *That* was pretty tough. I remember coming home to Jericho at the end of August for just a weekend. Fred and I got engaged, then I went right back to school.

After Years Apart, Back Together On L.I.

The second half of my senior year called for me to put in six weeks at different hospitals. Starting in January 1977, I got to come home to Long Island (sparing me the infamous Buffalo blizzard of '77.) First I worked at Albert Einstein Rehab Center in the Bronx, then in a private practice, and then at Hempstead General Hospital. I also had a wedding to plan.



Fred and I got married just weeks after college graduation, on June 19, 1977 at the Crest Hollow Country Club in Woodbury. It's still there, by the way. I got a job literally one day after I finished my hospital affiliations, at South Nassau Community Hospital in Oceanside; Fred, meanwhile, began working in the family business, in Queens. His father owned a company that manufactured wall decor. Eventually

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First Date: "Our first 'official' date was on Thursday, December 16, 1971: the opening night of the school play *Good News*. Fred wasn't old enough to drive yet, so [aside to Fred] how did we get there? I think maybe his mother took us? [Further husband-and-wife consultation] Oh, I know: Fred was friends with a lot of seniors; one of them probably drove us."

*The Not-So-
Newlyweds!
Laurie &
Fred*

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they opened up a retail store in front of the plant, right on Northern Boulevard. We lived in Mineola for a little more than a year, then bought a house in Commack.

I still love being a physical therapist. Today I run an office in East Setauket, not too far from where we live. Fred, too, has

managed to avoid the LIRR commute. He used to have to drive to Queens, but in 1987 he was offered an opportunity to run a much larger company in Bohemia. He's still with that company, which has since relocated to a larger facility in Holtsville.

We have two children. Michael, the oldest, is twenty-seven and an attorney at a large Manhattan law firm. He's very much into sports, like Fred was, and if I say so myself, is very charismatic. He got married in October 2007. The wedding was right around the time of the last reunion, which was why Fred and I couldn't attend.

The two of us were, um, a bit busy.

Our twenty-five-year-old daughter, Jennifer, also lives and works in the city. She's a merchandise planner for the fashion industry, and is as intelligent as she is beautiful. Both kids are different than we were when at their age. Young people's social scenes are constant now; they're always going out. We never went out as much as they do! I think it's just a sign of the times.

Fred and I are very family oriented, so wherever our kids wind up is where we'll be. Right now, they're both in Manhattan. Fred's three sisters all live

On Long Island, and his younger brother is in New Jersey. On my side, my mother, who's eighty, still lives in our house on Westchester Avenue, and my sister, Meryl (JHS '70), lives on Chenango Drive. With everyone in the same area, I can't see us ever moving away.

What Makes Laurie and Fred Great Together

We have fun together. We have a good time. We laugh, and we enjoy the same things, like traveling, seeing plays on Broadway, going out to dinner, dancing (not that we get to do it

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(Left) Fred and Laurie on their wedding day, 1977. At right are daughter Jen, son Michael, and his wife, Aly.

*The Not-So-Newlyweds!
Laurie & Fred*

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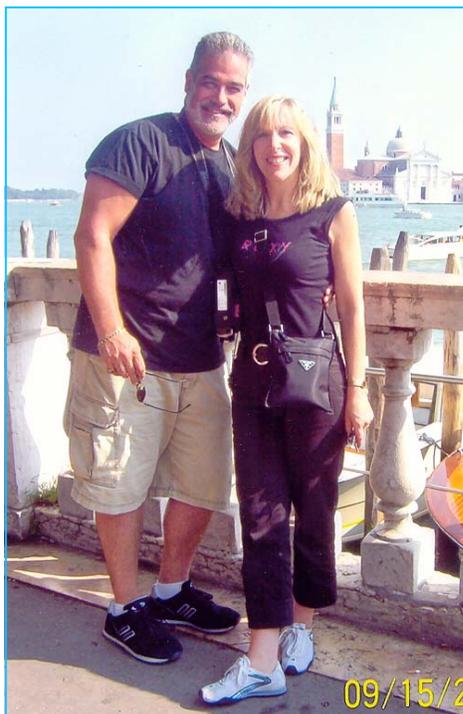
that often), and being with friends. And the two of us are still best friends after all these years. That's what makes it so good.

Plus, our relationship has a whole other dimension to it from having known each other since we were thirteen or so. We've been so involved in each other's lives going back to high school, and we've never stopped. So there are so many connections that we share. I'm not saying that we never argue, but we really don't have that many things to disagree on.

And when you're with someone that you knew as a kid, you still see them as they were. Every now and then, I'll think, God, we're getting so old! But we don't feel it. I mean, Fred was still playing flag football when he was forty, and I play tennis all the time. Some of the women I play with are in their seventies. Nowadays, people just keep moving.

It Must Be an Epidemic!

"Not only did Fred and I get married, but my sister married her high-school sweetheart, Daniel Fischer, also from the class of 1970, and our son, Michael, married *his* high-school sweetheart, Aly."



Laurie: "One benefit of marrying your high-school love is that when you go to a reunion, you never have to worry about running into your teenage sweetheart. You're already with him!"

Takin' Care of Bidness!



Jerichonians At Work

Wendy Keavey Beck ('73)



**Co-owner,
Licebeaters
Roslyn, NY,
<http://www.licebeaters.com>**

I never thought that I would be doing this for a living. I did go to the University of Vermont and Adelphi University for a B.S. in biology, but I don't remember ever learning about lice. Here's how I got into it:

Penny Good is one of my oldest friends. She's originally from Levittown, but we know each other from when we both worked at Milleridge Inn as teenagers. I was a bus-girl. (The best thing about that job was if you got to work in the ladies' room; you'd hand everyone a towel, and they gave you a quarter. Sometimes you'd earn twenty bucks per day, which was a fortune back then.) We've stayed friends ever since.

Around 1996, Penny was managing her then husband's pediatric practice. A lot of the

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*The Not-So-Newlyweds!
Bill & Linda*

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knew every single word. It was amazing, because ordinarily she has a very flat affect. All the grandchildren were singing with her, and it was very exciting for all of us; a very special week.



Rael Reif (r.) and daughter Khahlela with Mrs. Reif. "My mom always used to pick up kids hitching around Jericho," says Bill. "Because with five kids, she figured she probably knew them somehow. Inevitably, she did!"

Wendy Keavey

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Wendy (right) with partner and close friend Penny Good.

kids he saw had lice, and the parents kept complaining that the over-the-counter shampoos and rinses on the market didn't work.

Penny and I did a lot of research into this, and we discovered that olive oil suffocates the live bugs. My husband, Stephen Beck, is also a physician. Together we developed a patented treatment process that coincides with the bugs' life cycle. It's 100

percent effective. And it just evolved from a need.

Penny had the idea of turning this into a business, where we would make house calls and treat people's scalps. I was running Stephen's practice in Queens, but everybody could use extra money, right? I told her, "It sounds crazy to me, but I'll do it." And that was the start of Licebeaters.

Buggin' Out, but in a Good Way

I spend about one-third of my time in the office, which is in our home in Roslyn; we've lived here for twenty-one years. The rest of the time, I'm traveling to handle the lice cases. We're so busy, it's unbelievable. About five calls come in per day — or night — but it can be as many as ten; it depends a lot upon the time of year. So we'll average about three or four house calls a day. It could be on Long Island, the city, Westchester, Fairfield County.

Naturally, nobody wants to wait to be treated, so you have to go the same day that they call, including nights and on weekends. A typical house call takes one to two hours, depending on the severity of the problem. Two of us always go. Usually it's me and Penny, who lives in Baldwin, but if we're extremely busy, she and I will each go out with one of the other people that works for us.

Before we begin treatment, we check the head carefully to see the extent of the lice problem. We shine bright lights on the hair and very carefully go through the hair using magnifying glasses. We check the hair in all

different directions, since lice adhere to only one side of the hair. We then quickly, carefully, and thoroughly remove all nits by hand and with a nit comb.

Next we comb the olive oil through the hair. The oil suffocates the live bugs, and if a nit hatches, it also suffocates the baby bug before it becomes old enough to lay eggs. Then we carefully explain to the family how and when to apply the olive oil, as well as instructions on cleaning the hair and any household items. Most of the time, a single visit is all that's required. However, a particularly difficult case might call for a follow-up appointment.

The worst case I ever saw was this girl who'd been infested for *five years*; her school wouldn't let her back in, so she'd been home schooled at that time. But once she had the treatment, she's fine; the family is so appreciative.

One of the things I handle is promotion and marketing. In addition to our website, I do mass mailings and email blasts to every school and pediatrician in the tristate area. We get a lot of calls from schools in September, when kids have come back from summer camp. The school nurse will check the kids, and a lot of them are loaded with bugs. (Lice fact: Not everyone with lice itches, so they may be walking around full of lice and not even realize it.) During the summer, we drive up to camps in Maine.

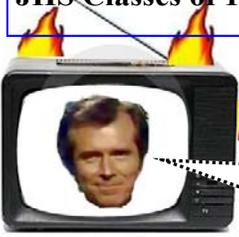
Franchise, Anyone?

The business has been so successful that I'm hardly at my husband's internal-medicine practice anymore. Last

Continued on page 15



Wendy and her (100% lice-free!) family: daughter Allison, son David, and Dr. Stephen Beck.



Time now to say hello to couple number five.
(Does anyone smell something burning?)
Hailing from Orlando, Florida, are:

Carole Etkin Sincic ('71) and Alan Sincic

I met my husband, Alan Sincic, in 1984 at rehearsals for a production of *Fiddler on the Roof*.

"But, Carole, you didn't do any acting in high school." Right. I *did* try out for a school play once; all I got to do was walk in a circle along with everybody else, and I got typed out. That was it! Other than that, I don't remember joining much of anything in high school; I was either very stoned or very shy.

From Jericho I studied dental hygiene for two years at Fairleigh Dickinson, in Teaneck, New Jersey. I didn't really want to go to school, but I knew I needed to support myself. And I did. Then I started to just try other things.

I kind of fell into acting. I always played guitar and sang. By the mid-seventies, I was living in Manhattan. I'd had some semiserious relationships before I met Alan. But I didn't really want to get married. They were serious until they got really serious; then I moved on to something else.

My first impression of Alan? I liked him instantly, but he was very annoying. At that *Fiddler* rehearsal, we were trying to learn the songs, and he must have asked a thousand questions. One thing about my husband is that he needs to know details that nobody else need. He's not Jewish, but he was playing Perchik, the student revolutionary who reads a book while he's crossing the street. That's very much like Alan: He's an actor, he's a writer, has a masters in Literature and half a masters in Poetry, and he lives a little bit in his own world.

He's originally from Orlando, Florida, where we now live, and had come up to New York to check out the opportunities. Like most struggling actors, he was broke and ate nothing but pancakes.

But did I mention that he was really cute? Also, I liked the way he looked at this *other* girl he really liked; the look in his eyes was very sweet. I didn't pursue him, though, because he was busy pursuing every woman in the show. I just kind of steered clear of him until about mid-way through the run, we got to talking and talking and talking, and got to know each other.

The Best Part of Breakin' Up Is When You're Makin' Up

Alan is three years younger than me. Although we hit it off really great,

we're very different. In 1987 or so, I was over thirty. After three years of living together, I said to him, "Look, I'm too old to be in a serious relationship for years and then find that it's not going to go anywhere." I wanted to know if we had a future. He was kind of fumbling around and saying, "Well, I don't know — I haven't dated everybody in the world yet!" It was hard for him to think of setting down, so I broke up with him.

Except that we didn't totally break up; as actors, we were still in each other's orbits. In fact, at one point, I was doing a one-woman show in New York clubs. It was me on guitar, plus piano, three female backup singers, and one male backup singer. That was Alan. So we still had to rehearse with each other. He even wrote some of my between-song patter, and, I have to say, it was really good; real literary. I never truly had aspirations to be a performer; I was kind of playing at it, but it was fun.

I also sang backup in shows and on recordings and made a killing on the street with two other singers and

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five Motown songs until the police chased us away, and the neighbors — sick of hearing the same five songs for hours — poured vinegar on us from above. Then I put

the word out that I could sew, and, once again, I fell into another career: making costumes for Broadway and film. I preferred that to acting, actually. For one thing, there was more work.

Every year, I used to go to an astrologer for my birthday. During the time that Alan and I were apart, I had a reading where he told me about this person in my life. He described Alan so clearly; his way of thinking and of being. Afterward I thought to myself, "Okay, this is who Alan is. I have a choice. I can either accept him, because I really do love him and enjoy being with him, or I can want him to be something different." I decided then and there that I would accept him for who he was. (But I can't say I haven't tried to change him at times!)

He said, "I want to get serious, but there might be other people I need to date." And I said, "Well, date them. Go out and do what you need to do."

"But you won't be here when I get back, right?"
"Right."

He decided that I was more important than those other women he "desperately" needed to meet, and he's been happy ever since.

There wasn't any big announcement: "Oh, we're back together!" It was as if we were just taking a break from each other, and now we were living together again. The two of us got married in 1989. I actually asked Alan to marry me. About a year later, he answered me by asking me to marry him.

We got married at the interdenominational chapel at Columbia University. It was a small ceremony for about thirty-five people, followed by coffee and cake at the Essex House. Then the next day, my mother had the big, 100-person ... *crap* with the dancing. By the way, my

parents are still well, living in Fort Lauderdale, at ages ninety-three and eighty-seven.

Living in the Land of Mickey and Minnie

I lived in Manhattan for twenty-five years and loved it. Our building, at 86th Street and Riverside Avenue, was a derelict brownstone, but it was in an amazing neighborhood. We were paying just \$350 a month for a three-bedroom apartment. Then the city took it over. The tenants bought the building, but it needed so much renovation that in the end we sold it. I had no intention of leaving New York, but, basically, we were faced with a choice between a small apartment in the city — and now we had two kids — or we could have a five-bedroom house with a swimming pool and a half acre of land in Orlando, where my husband's family still lived. So, in 2001 we moved down here. I'm still getting used to it, but it's now home.

The hardest thing about Orlando is that it doesn't have much in the way of arts, and I'm an arts person. This is Disneyland. Still, there are a couple of great theaters down here, and Alan is actually doing more acting now than he was in New York. In addition, he writes and performs his own shows, has written several children's books, and teaches drama and creative writing at a local school of the arts.

I've recently cut back on dental hygiene work, from five days to three days, so I'm back to sewing costumes for some theater companies and films. My other job, of course, is chauffeur to our son, Casey, and daughter, Allegra. I was thirty-nine when I had my first child, and forty-two when I had my second, and it's hard to have teenagers at age fifty-five, but my kids are awesome!

Casey, who's sixteen, is a sweet, amazing kid. He's an AP honors student, just became an Eagle scout, and he's in TV production and film and his high school. He's good, too. Wants to go New York University. All I can say

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First Date: *"We were on the subway, coming back to Manhattan from a rehearsal of Fiddler, in Brooklyn. We stopped at Thirty-fourth Street, where there was an Arby's. Alan picked me up and carried me over the threshold. 'Anything you want — for a quarter,' he said. We just sat and talked all night. Then he walked me home, took out a pen, and corrected the spelling on an April Fool's joke I was playing on the tenants in my building. That was our first date."*

TOONS CARTOONS SCARTO OTOONS SCARTOONS SCART



By Dan Clurman

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

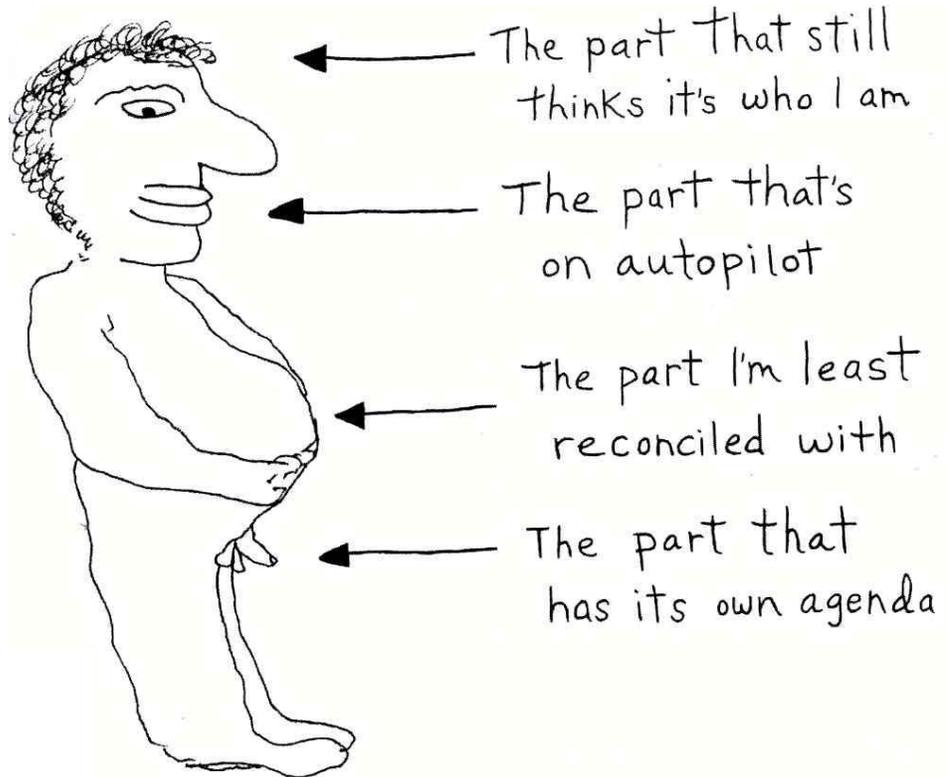


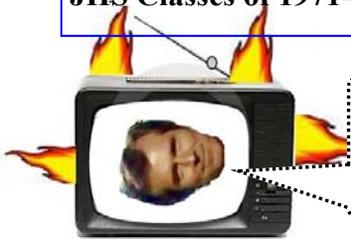
"I assist professionals, business people, couples, and students to more skillfully navigate life transitions, as well as improve their communication and presentations. I also have a small practice as a Feldenkrais® practitioner, a movement-based form of education.

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

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

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





Seriously, I think the TV is on fire. Anyone?! No?! Never mind. Time now to welcome couple number six. From West Babylon, Long Island, they are:

Maureen Alles Bifulco ('73) and Fred Bifulco

There were five kids in the Alles family: Catherine, the oldest; then my brother Michael; me in the middle; and my brothers Kevin and Terence. Michael, who was in the class of 1972, was killed four years later in a car accident.

I went right to work following high school. At one point, after Michael died, I was working at Sears, on Broadway, in the automotive department. If you brought your car there around that time, I probably changed your tires. I worked there for three years, and I loved it.

A coworker introduced me to this bar in Farmingdale called J-Two. It was a neighborhood bar, kind of like the Shady on Jericho Turnpike in Westbury. A lot of cops used to hang out there. I don't drink nowadays, but sometimes I'll stop in at the J-Two, and the same people are there. Or their kids, now grown up, are there.

One of the people who also used to hang out there was Fred Bifulco, who lived in Farmingdale and had grown up in Huntington. I'd see him there and knew of him, but I didn't know him. One day during August 1982, I wanted to go see some movie. I asked a friend if he wanted to go, and he said no. "But I think

Fred wants to see that movie." I asked him, and sure enough, Fred came with me, my brother Kevin ('75), and Kevin's girlfriend to — where else? — the Westbury Drive-In. No, I don't remember the name of the movie.

Best Birthing Story Ever

We got married after dating a little more than a year, in November 1983, the same year that my sister,



Catherine, married her husband, Richard. The wedding ceremony took place at St. Paul's Church in Jericho, with the reception at the Jericho Terrace in Mineola. We went to Hawaii for our honeymoon. We figured that once we had kids, we probably wouldn't be able to afford Hawaii

ever again, so, since we had the money now, we might as well just do it.

The first year that Fred and I were married, we lived in his apartment. In 1984, while I was pregnant, we shopped for a house. We moved into our home in West Babylon on a Saturday in January 1985, and that very night, I went into labor while watching *Saturday Night Live!* (Finally, too; I was ten days late.)

Now, we had our furniture in the new house, but little else, including: no telephone service! And this was long before everyone had cell phones. So we had to go down the street to a nearby gas station to call the doctor from a pay phone - and then stand there in the freezing cold waiting for him to call back.

But everything worked out fine. Our daughter, Kristin (that's with an *i*, not an *e*; she's very sensitive about that *i*) was born the next morning, perfectly healthy. I came home from the hospital to a house that hadn't been set up for a newborn. Plus, we didn't know anyone, having just moved in, and my parents had recently sold our house in Westbury and moved to Vermont, near Catherine and her family.

Fortunately, my mom came down for about three weeks; she was a huge help, putting up curtains and doing all the other things I couldn't do at that point.

Kristin graduated from West Babylon High School with honors and

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First Date: "Fred tried to impress me the first time we out by borrowing his brother's Corvette. I was living with my parents in Westbury at the time, and when he pulled up in front of the house, Kevin and Terence were looking out the window. 'So who's this guy you're going out with, the one with the Corvette?' they wanted to know. Typical overprotective brothers."

The Not-So-Newlyweds! Maureen & Fred

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maored in finance at Manhattan College. She's a financial adviser at a company called First Investors. Both she and our son, Edward, live with us right now. Edward, who's

twenty, is an aspiring deejay with his own company, Generation Entertainment, which he started when he was just sixteen. He also works full-time at the Coach store at Walt Whitman Mall in Huntington. He loves his job there, mainly because he's the only guy in the store, and he gets to meet lots of women — and our son is definitely a ladies' man.



I worked at Citibank for twenty years. Now I work in administration at Zwanger-Pesiri Radiology in Lindenhurst. I'm in charge of the department that handles all the films and medical reports that go out to patients and doctors. We have ten locations, so on a typical day, we process something like two thousand reports a day.

What Makes Maureen and Fred Great Together

Fred, who is fifty-six, is also the middle child in a family of five kids. When I met him, he was a cross-country truck driver. Then he worked for a company in Plainview for about ten years, making deliveries around Long Island and upstate New York. Now he works for Oceanside Institutional Linens, which delivers sheets, scrubs, and so forth to local hospitals and nursing homes. It's been nice, because he works just Monday through Friday and we both have weekends off.

Fred's a homebody; he likes to do anything that doesn't have to take him anywhere. (Probably because he's been on the road so much of his life.) He loves to build things. One of the things I love most about him is that he is very wise and intensely curious. He's always reading, watching the Discovery Channel, and learning about all different subjects. He's also a great teacher and has lots of patience. He loves kids; he's great with my younger nephews, who just love him.

We come from families with similar values. His parents died in the last few years, but I loved them, whereas I know a lot of people can't stand their in-laws. Our two families just gelled. Since my mom and dad moved to



In February, Maureen and her kids, Eddie and Kristin, took part in the annual Polar Bears Club Super Bowl Splash, to raise money for the Make-a-Wish Foundation.

Vermont after we married, Fred's parents became my surrogate "Long Island parents."

We were both raised with the belief that if you were going to marry someone, you'd better know what you were doing, because marriage is forever. In both our families, there have been no divorces. You take the good with the bad, and whatever problems arise, you just work things out together. That's the way we see it.

Some Sad News

My father, Joseph ("Bud" to his friends), died on February 15. Dad, who was a whiz at crossword puzzles, would have been eighty-eight years old in April. He was a pro-

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"This is the last picture I took with my parents together, at Mom's eighty-first birthday party in November."



Hey, fellas, I'm burning up in here! Somebody get the fire extinguisher! How about you, couple seven, from Sudbury, Massachusetts?!

Amy Harmon Snodgrass ('72) and Jeff Snodgrass



After leaving the comforts of Jericho, I went to college at SUNY Oswego, where it was freezing most of the time. Why in the

world I picked that school, I don't know. But I'm so very glad I that did. Why? That's where I met my husband, Jeff.

It was the second week of freshman year. Remember how, back in the 1970s, most colleges had all-male and all-female dorms? Well, my all-female dorm had a little piano room in front, with a big window. One day — this was in September 1972 — I was playing piano with another girl who was playing the guitar; my sister Jill's roommate. Jeff and a friend walked past; they stopped to watch us.

They waved at us, beckoning "Can we come in?" Being young freshmen women, we were happy to invite them to join us. Jeff didn't do very much of the talking; unfortunately, his friend did. During the entire encounter, I was thinking, *I'm not interested in this guy; I'd really like to get to know the other one, the quieter one.*

It's funny: Jeff still remembers what I was wearing and how I looked. I had just come back from a summer in Israel. I had a great tan and bleached out hair, and was in a red shirt. It must have been a becoming look because he was as eager as I to

exchange information: dorm room numbers, phone numbers, etc.

A few days later, my dorm was having a scavenger hunt at the male dorm: Jeff's dorm. I decided to participate, though the only thing I was really looking for was *him*. And when I found him, the rest was history — a thirty-six-year history! I wasn't even nineteen years old.

The first things that attracted me to Jeff were his handsome looks and strong, upstanding character. Because he came from upstate New York — Whitesboro, a town outside of Utica — he was different from most of the people I'd gone to high school with; I liked that diversity as well. The

other thing that really attracted me to Jeff was that he was a man of real integrity. Always has been and always will be.

We started dating right away. By October, I was already meeting his family. We hitchhiked, which is something I'd never done before, to Whitesboro in the back of a pickup truck. Nearly froze to death, too.

His family still teases me about that initial visit. I went to Oswego as a music major; I don't know if anyone remembers, but I played the oboe. Anyway, I brought my oboe with me; I have no idea why. Jeff is the eldest of six, and they still remember me playing the oboe and doing gymnastics on the front lawn. They must have wondered, *Who is this girl?* In retrospect, I would have wondered the same thing! I'm actually very close to Jeff's brothers and sisters, because I've been a part of their family for almost as long as some of them can remember.

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"The family that rocks together ..." (Damn, can't think of anything that rhymes.) **"Eats bagels and lox together"?** Whatever. From left to right are Stephanie (drums, keyboards, vocals), Brenton (guitar), Amy (keyboards), and Jeff (drums). How about playing **"Whipping Post"?** **"Freebird"?**

*The Not-So-Newlyweds!
Amy & Jeff*

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As said, I was a music major. Jeff was a business and economics major. In my sophomore year, though, I did some soul searching. As much as I loved playing the oboe, I didn't want to teach music, and I knew I would never be good enough to perform. It was a love of mine, but to make it professionally, you have to be outstanding, and I was not.

So I thought, *Where do I go from here?* I did some research, spoke to my parents, and decided to change my major to speech pathology. Oswego didn't have the program I was looking for; SUNY Albany did. So midway through the school year, I transferred. Until we graduated, Jeff and I just traveled back and forth between Albany and Oswego to see each other.

No Proposal Necessary

My children have often asked me, "When did Dad propose to you?" Well, there wasn't any proposal. It quickly became understood that we would just be together. One of the things about meeting your spouse when you're so young is that you literally grow up together.

If you think about it, a lot of growing up goes on between eighteen and even throughout your twenties. That's probably why a lot of young marriages don't last. You simply grow apart. With Jeff and me, though, our relationship just strengthened over time. So there was no defining moment when we said, "Yes! We're going to get married." We did get married, in April 1978 at Old Bethpage Restoration Village on Long Island. It was wonderful; a beautiful wedding.

By then, we were both living in Chicago. After graduation, I had returned to my parents' home on Schuyler Drive, and Jeff went back to Whitesboro. We were waiting to see where we'd end up. Jobs were pretty scarce in New York during the mid-1970s. Jeff landed a job working for American Airlines in its food service division, which was called Sky Chefs and located in Chicago. I joined him there and worked as a speech pathologist in



an inner-city school for children with mental handicaps and special needs.

Every time Jeff was promoted, we moved. After three years in Chicago, we lived briefly in Miami. I really enjoyed working as a speech pathologist there, in the Miami-Dade school district. Once again, I worked with special-needs children and adolescents. After a couple of years in Miami, Jeff was promoted again, this time to Dallas. That's where both of our children were born: Stephanie, in 1984; and Brenton in 1988.

We spent almost eight years in Dallas, then lived in Stamford, Connecticut for a year when Jeff joined the Trump Shuttle, then moved to San Francisco, where we lived for another almost eight years. Of all the places that we had lived, San Francisco was my favorite. I loved everything about it: the culture, the climate, the geography. It was very liberal too, which I really liked, especially

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First Date: "We were in college together, so dating consisted mainly of hanging out in each other's dorm rooms. But the first thing we did together would have been sitting in his dorm room, listening to Firesign Theatre. Jeff was really into them, and I'd never heard of them before."





My toupee is *melting*. Ya hear, that? M-e-l-t-i-n-g? Guess these [cough] are my last words: from St. Louis, it's [cough] couple number eight:

Joan Beer Damask ('71) and Donald Damask

I grew up in West Birchwood; my husband, Donald Damask, went to Westbury High School. We met in 1971, just a week before we both went away to the Rhode Island School of Design, or RISD. We met through a mutual friend, Rita Corwin, who had a friend that lived in Westbury. This friend knew that Donald was going to RISD too, and so he picked me up at my house on St. Lawrence Place and took me to see an exhibit of his art at the Westbury Public Library. I was seventeen at the time. (I'm the youngest member of the class of 1971.)

And what can I say? We've been together ever since. We were friends first. Donald lived on the first floor of the dorm, and I was on the third. But he didn't like Providence, Rhode Island, so he moved back to New York after one year and attended New York University and Cooper Union.

We got serious during our senior year, which I spent at RISD's school in Rome, Italy. He came over to be with me, and — yep, Europe is what did it! As soon as we came back to the States, in 1975, we moved in together in an apartment on Twenty-fourth Street and got married at Jericho Jewish Center in 1978.

We stayed in that same apartment for almost twenty years, until we moved to St. Louis. We also bought a house in Southampton in 1983. I went into clothing design. If anybody remembers the school play *My Fair Lady*, I sewed the costumes for it; I started sewing when I was just ten years old.

In 1993 I was working at the May Company, which owned Lord & Taylor. They offered me a job at the corporate office in St. Louis as VP of design for all its sweaters. We had to decide what we were going to do, because Donald has had a very interesting career.

For a long time, he was self-employed doing graphic design in advertising. His first job not working for himself was with Henri Bendell; he opened up the store on Fifth Avenue and was vice president of marketing there. Donald ended up getting a job in St. Louis with the Brown

Shoe Company, to redo its entire image, so I took the job with May Company, and we moved.

Then he got a job with the Body Shop in London for one year. That was a crazy time; I was commuting back and forth to England. When that ended, we decided the hell with it: He should go back to being an artist, which was what he'd wanted to do when we first met. So he's been doing his artwork for five years now and has galleries in Dallas, Hanoi, and Hong Kong. He also works full-time with me in our business, Damask LLC, which I'll tell you about in a moment.

Life in the Show-Me State

Living in St. Louis was a big adjustment. It still is, in fact, to this day! Sometimes I'll ask myself, "What am I doing in *Missouri*?!" But St. Louis is

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Donald and Joan (standing at left) flew in for the 2007 reunion. Appropriately enough, sitting in front of Donald is the person who introduced them in 1971: Rita Corwin. The rest of the group are (standing) David Fiveson and Rick Morrison, and (sitting) Fred Schlusel, Steven Penn, and Paul Rosen.

Photo by Jay Brenner

*The Not-So-Newlyweds!
Joan & Donald*

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actually a very easy city. You can do everything that you need to get done very quickly. Plus, we don't live in the suburbs, we're in the central west end, which is much more interested. It's a real amalgamated mix of people.

Also, we're away a lot. Three years ago, Macy's bought the May Company and offered me a job that would have been wonderful, but we decided not to do that. Donald and I started our own company, Damask, so we work 24/8. We show at all the trade shows in New York and have showrooms there and in Atlanta, Chicago, and

Dallas. (If anybody wants to come visit, just let me know!)

In a typical year, I'll travel to New York five or six times, and Asia five times. Donald will often come with me, but sometimes it's more important to be home watching the business at this end. Besides, on some of my trips to overseas factories, it's all work-work-work until ten-thirty at night, and I'm wearing jeans and a T-shirt the whole time. That kind of trip he doesn't need to be on. But we both just came back from two weeks in New York and will be going back again.

Neither of us has any family on Long Island anymore. My sister, Barbara, and brother, Ira, both live in California. And my parents moved out there as well in 1983; we lost our mom a few years ago. So I consider my and Donald's relocating to St. Louis as part of my family's westward migration!

Until the reunion in 2007, I'd fallen out of touch with most people from Jericho except for Ellen Cooper ('70) and Rita Corwin ('71), who'd introduced us. Not too long ago, Rita came to St. Louis because her son attends Washington University. The two of us got together for

lunch with Debra Schwartz, also from '71, and had just the best time.

What Makes Joan and Donald Great Together?

What makes us work? The fact that Donald doesn't like sports! No, we both have the same interest: art, art museums, fashion, and movies. And because we're in the same business, you have someone who understands what it's all about.

We love each other very much and tell each other that every single day. That's probably the most important thing: that we're each the most important thing to each other; we're always going to come first. I'm really, really lucky. How many people can say they've been together for thirty-eight years?

Also, he's so cute! ■

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

So how about sharing it in a future issue? You can either write it yourself or be "interviewed" over the phone (it's a conversation, that all). It's your story entirely in your words. Pretty painless, really — even therapeutic. Interested? If so, get in touch with Phil at philipbashe@optimum.net (note new email address).

*The Not-So-Newlyweds!
Maureen & Fred*

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duction manager at Moore Publishing and then a senior buyer for Lever Brothers for nearly thirty years. He also worked with children with autism and other developmental disabilities as an assistant teacher at Variety Preschoolers Workshop in Syosset on Long Island.

My mom will continue to live in their home in West Dover, Vermont. She's eighty-one and is still as active as can be. Catherine and her family live just five minutes away, and Terry lives in New Hampshire. Kevin and I are the only ones still on Long Island; he also lives in West Babylon, with his wife and two children.

I always talk about Jericho and all the good times I had in school there. Whenever the subject comes up, like, with my mother, she'll reel off the names of Michael's friends, like Gary Strudler, Roy Fiorino, and Peter Savino.

Of all the people that my parents knew, besides the kids from our neighborhood, Michael's friends were the ones that she got to know best, and she asks about them all the time; she really does. ■



First Date: "We didn't really have a 'first date,' because in college back then, everybody dated in groups."

National Bestseller

**Everything you
always wanted to
know about
April Katz ('73) ***

*** But Were Too Self-Absorbed to Ask!**

Attending the same school where my father taught had its awkward moments.



There were several times when I cut class to go to some political event off-campus, like a protest against the war in Vietnam. Inevitably, the teacher would inform my father, and it would come back to me at home that night. It didn't happen often, but had he not taught at Jericho High, I would not have gotten into trouble.

Fortunately, Dad was well liked by his students, which made things better. When I was a junior or a senior, I remember that the newspaper ran a survey asking kids at JHS to name their favorite subjects. Math came in near the bottom. But when they were asked to name their favorite classes, math was number one. I was so proud of my father for that.

The teacher at Jericho who inspired me the most was art teacher

Scott Mackay, who I considered a dear friend. At first, he terrorized all of us seventh-graders; he was a total crazy man. But it was his craziness that gave me permission to feel that I didn't always have to follow rules.

Until meeting him, I'd always been very obedient. And I didn't even consider myself an artist then; I wasn't one of those people who naturally drew. But his passion for art was a model that I'd never experienced before. Scott gave me attention and was supportive of my interest in art. It's not an overstatement to say that he was someone who changed the direction of my life. I occasionally kept in touch with him after I went off to college in Buffalo, but, sadly, he passed away some years ago.

I was a fairly confident person in high school, and I lost some of that during my four years at Buffalo State College. I made the mistake of taking too safe a path: entering the art education program instead of going exclusively into art. I love teaching now, but I wasn't sure I wanted to do that then; I really wanted to be focusing on my own artwork.

My first teaching position took me to an inner-city high school in Omaha, Nebraska. I loved working with high school students. But then in my fifth year, I was transferred to a grade school. I didn't like that at all. At such a young age, most kids don't take art seriously. Plus, I was overseeing something like one thousand children, and with that many, you don't get to know them very well. By midyear, I was begging them to find a replacement for me, and I quit to pursue my passion.

It was the first time in my life that I hadn't been in school. I mean, my parents were both teachers (Mom taught English in Wantagh, where we'd lived until moving to Jericho when I was in fourth grade); I went from kindergarten through college, then right into teaching. It felt like jumping off a cliff. Was there life outside a classroom? Yes.

Finding Fulfillment in the Southwest

To save on money, I sold my car and walked everywhere. It was during this time that I began to focus on printmaking, using the facilities at the local university, and I fell in love with it. Eventually I assembled a portfolio and

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Above: April on a terrace in Rome. At right, Belgian beer and blue skies. Our kind of vacation!



April Katz

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started exhibiting my work in shows. In 1983 I decided to go to graduate school ~ back in the classroom again ~ but the difference was that the time I spent on my own work had given me a greater sense of myself and more drive.

I'd always wanted to live in the Southwest. Arriving at Arizona State University, I felt like I'd landed in heaven. There were these amazing facilities, the landscape was beautiful, and I was involved with other people who agreed with me that ink on paper is one of the best things on the planet. Plus, I received a lot of assistantships in return for teaching at the college level, which I love.

After six years, and armed with a master's of fine arts degree, I accepted a teaching position at Clarion University of Pennsylvania in 1989. Clarion, a dot on Interstate 80 (although it does rate two exits!), couldn't have been more different than Arizona. It's in the western part of the state and feels more like Appalachia than anything else. The house I lived in backed up to beautiful woods and had a creek, along with deer, bear, raccoons, and songbirds. It was very idyllic, but incredibly isolated, and I could not see spending my whole life there. Clarion's total population came to five thousand people when school wasn't in session, and ten thousand when it was.

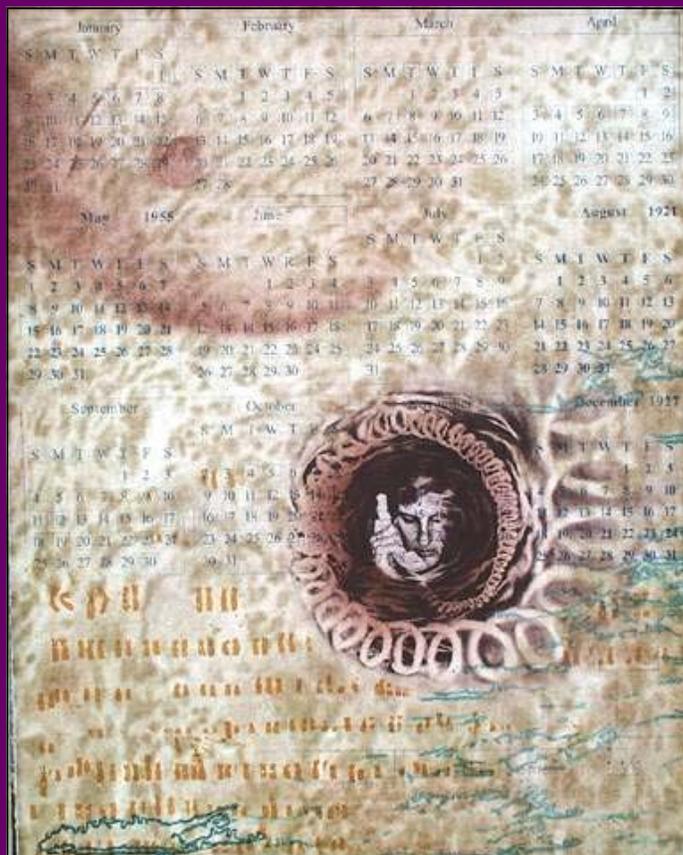
I taught there for ten years, during which time my mother died, in 1992. Then, four years later, I was diagnosed with early-stage breast cancer. It came as a total shock. I happened to be on sabbatical and was working on my own prints, feeling incredibly creative, powerful, and full of energy. I had a mammogram done. One night, I returned home from having picked up some of my work from a show, and there was a message from my doctor: "Call me when you get in." That was not normal. I called her, and she informed me that I had cancer.

As she was saying the words, I felt a chill, and it was as if I'd fallen down a deep funnel. I asked my partner, JoAnn, to get on the phone, because in my shock, I couldn't grasp all the details of what was being said to me.

My surgery was performing at an amazing breast care facility in Pittsburgh, which was about an hours and a half away. Because the tumor had been caught early, I required only several weeks of daily radiother-

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Printmaking by April Katz



Title: "The Results Were Positive"

"A chaotic visual sea of cancer cells covers the print to reflect my constant awareness of the cancer during treatment. The image of my breast conveys the preoccupation I had with my body during the same period.

"The primary focus of the print is to express the 'why me?' that I initially felt. Buried within the image is a health warning label from lacquer thinner (which I used extensively for printmaking). I also included a diagram of Long Island, New York (where I grew up and which has a high incidence of breast cancer), and a Jewish star (again, a high incidence of breast cancer is found in Eastern European Jews). The calendar shows me birth month and those of my parents.

"Initially, 'the results were positive' was an extremely negative message. Yet, as the concept of homeostasis implies, I have adapted to the external and internal changes and can now happily say, 'the results were positive.'"

April Katz

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apy. No chemotherapy. The radiation treatments were able to be carried out at a center closer to where I lived. I was really lucky to have been on leave at the time, so I was able to recover from the operation and follow-up treatment at my own pace. In many ways, it was both the best of times and the worst of times.

Everything's been good since. I've had a few scares, and there are times when I get nervous that the cancer will recur, but so far I've been completely healthy. The experience definitely improved my capacity for understanding other people who are going through a health crisis. Of course, everybody's experiences are different, and people react in their own way. Some patients want to downplay it. But it's really helpful for the people around them to at least broach the subject and ask if the person wants to talk about it. Then follow their lead.

Art Imitates Life

My art has always been personal; looking back at my personal history and kind of figuring out who I am relative to where I've come from. So my being a cancer survivor is definitely reflected in the work. One series of mine, BRCA2, includes real direct images about my having breast cancer, but also addresses the idea that somehow my past history led me to have this cancer potentially. BRCA2 refers to the cancer-predisposition gene that is carried by many Jewish women of Eastern European extraction. Although I'm not very religious, it made me realize in a very direct way that I really am a product of my heritage.

So in a lot of my recent work, I've used Yiddish letters, which I knew at one point but had forgotten over time and am in the process of relearning. There are also references to the Middle East and to genetic symbolism. I had to pay a company called Myriad Genetics to perform the genetic test, and I discovered that it *owns* the mutant gene. The whole idea of genetic ownership and the fact that companies "own" parts of us became real interesting to me. So there's one body of work that explores that, and then the other body of work tends to be more general: the idea of evolution and going back to early images of my family, and then going back into earlier cultural references. It's all part of my effort to convey the complexity of the individual and all the facets that go into determining who we are.

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Printmaking by April Katz



Title: *Time Is a Great Legalizer*

"In the series of prints called Marking Time, I integrated fifteen years of my mother's date book entries with Shakespearean text (she was an English teacher) to convey time and memory. The record of the minutiae that make up our lives conveys the core of who we are and what we care about.

"This digital print combines legal documents that helped to define my mother, including her college diploma, passport, and divorce decree. In addition, her kitchen timer, tea kettle, and pages from her daily planner, all associated with time, are included."

To see these and other works by April, and in a larger size, go to <https://dmrc.bgsu.edu/webapps/collections/collections.jsp>. (1) Click on "Advanced Search"; (2) Under "Creator," type "Katz, April"; (3) Then press the "Search" button at the bottom of the page.

April Katz

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So my life definitely influences my artwork. As does technology. The printmaking field in general has grown phenomenally and expanded, with many new technologies available, like polymer printing plates and less environmentally hazardous materials. As the technology develops new directions, artists begin to incorporate them. The other big change, of course, has been computers. These days, a large amount of my work is done incorporating digital processes with traditional, and I do that in a few ways.

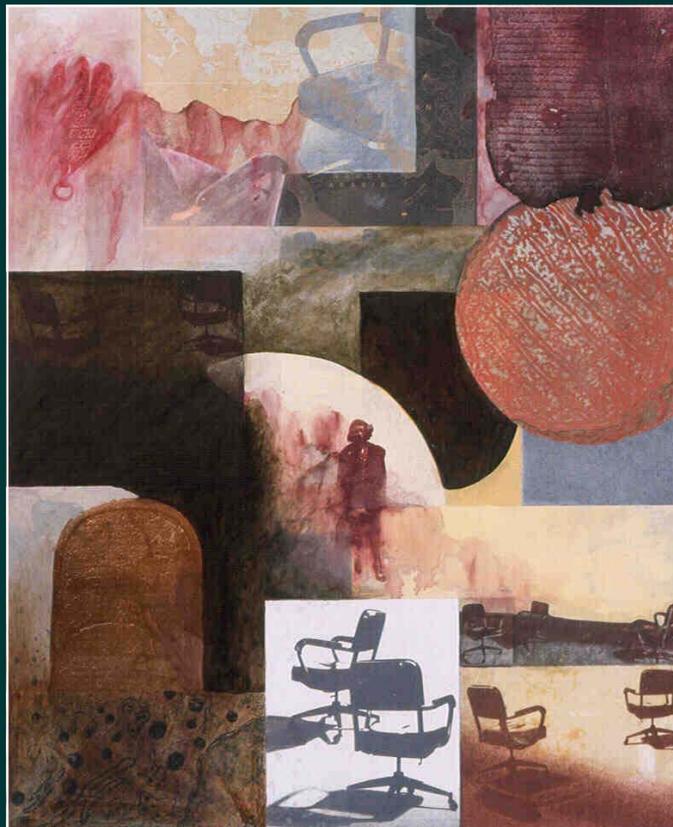
I used to work with photo imagery on the various plates that I used. But now I don't have to go into a dark-room very much at all. I generate my films digitally and manipulate the images digitally. In the last few years, I've begun to layer traditional printing processes over inkjet prints. Like, right now I'm working on an image that's an old photo of my grandmother; my grandfather, who passed away years before I was born; and my mother as an infant. I've collaged that along with images from an archaeological site in Jericho (that's Jericho in the Middle East, not Long Island!) and a diagram of chromosomes. Then *that's* all collaged and will be printed out on an inkjet printer, and over that will be some Yiddish letter forms that I'm drawing very stylized and abstract, so the imagery will get filtered through the letters, in a sense. The process is analogous to multitrack recording, adding layer upon layer.

Back in the Midwest

In 1999 I took a position as associate professor of art at Iowa State University, bringing me back to the Midwest. Is it my first choice of place to live? Absolutely not. But the reality is that the number of positions for printmaking teachers are limited, and the Midwest has a really rich tradition of good art university programs, particularly in printmaking.

My brother, Howard, who graduated in 1976, is in the publishing industry and has a wonderful place on the Upper West Side of Manhattan, right near the American Museum of Natural History and Central Park. The first time I returned to New York City after a year in Nebraska, I realized that living there had mellowed me. Everybody was running to catch trains, and this and that. I confess, though, that I love New York's energy, diversity, and art. The university where I teach is close to Des Moines, which is a surprisingly vibrant city, with a nice arts center. We get quite a bit of theater and music coming

Printmaking by April Katz



Title: *Throughout*

"For the 'Passages' series, intended to convey the concepts of a relationship and the passage of time, I used Photoshop to create groupings of my mother's empty office chair, which I printed using rice paper stencils to block some groupings out. Over that was a photo-lithograph of stylized letters based on a name. These runs created the basic structure of the image. I added photo imagery that included a map of ancient Mesopotamia, a section of the Dead Sea Scrolls, my mother when she was pregnant with me, cellular structures, and an ancient Near Eastern stele. Hand-coloring was used to complete the print."

through. It even has its own alternative theater. What most excited me, however, are the students here. They're really serious about their art, and I find it very satisfying to work with them. In fact, a number of my students have gone on to be very successful.

All in all, I'm able to maintain a pretty good balance between teaching and doing my art. It's a struggle for any artist who does anything. As much as I love teaching, there are times when it takes away from my studio time,

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

Faculty Lounge

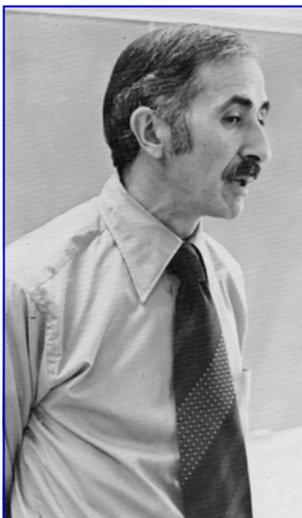


Mr. Stanley Katz: The Art of Math/The Math of Art

I grew up in the southern part of the Bronx. The street I lived on, Colgate Avenue, actually ended at the Long Island Sound. It wasn't as crowded as the rest of the Bronx; in fact, it was kind of swampy. I can remember playing with my friends in the tall grass; we'd pull the tops of them and turn them into arrows.

When I was twelve, my family moved a little farther north to Charlotte Street, near Crotona Park. That's where I met a group of friends who became friends for life. A number of them have recently passed away, but others I remain friends with to this day. One of my favorite pastimes was to take really long walks and bike trips. It wasn't unusual for me to ride my bike all the way across the Bronx and over the George Washington Bridge into New Jersey. Once I walked across the Triborough Bridge into Queens to watch the planes take off and land at LaGuardia Airport, which at the time was still known as New York Municipal Airport.

Like a lot of boys my age, I was fascinated by airplanes. I used to carve my own models using wood from old produce crates. They were extremely detailed. I would paint them based on pictures I would see in the newspaper and in magazines, from three different angles. For me, it opened up a whole world of seeing things in 3-D. And of course it was related to my interest in geometry, which I credit largely to one of my high school teachers.

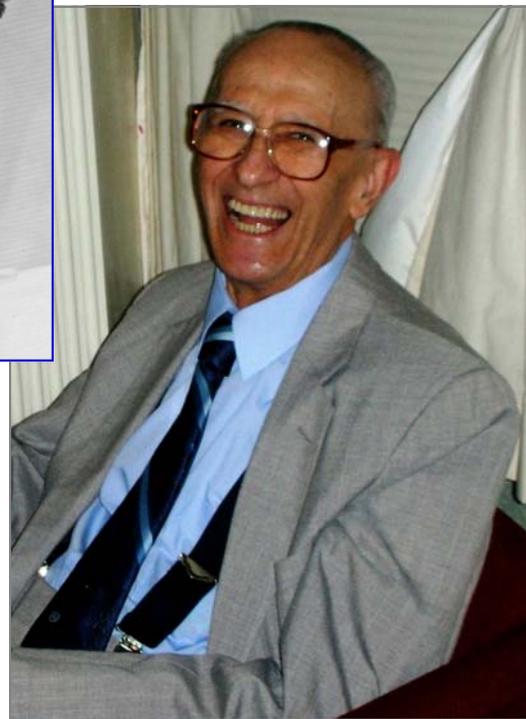


He was an interesting fellow — rode a bike to and from school — and very personable. He also had a unique way of distributing test scores: He used to place each student's name and his or her score on a card. Then he'd distribute them by flinging the cards like Frisbees. They'd land right on each student's desk. This same teacher encouraged me to take an advanced elective math course. What I enjoyed most about it was the challenge of solving problems. By the time I graduated, in 1946, I'd pretty much made up my mind to become a math teacher myself.

I certainly wasn't going to become a professional basketball player. You might remember that I'm pretty tall. Back then, I always played center. You'd see a tall guy on the basketball court, you'd automatically make him center. The problem was, I

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Below: Mr. Katz celebrating his eightieth birthday in 2007, and (at left) back in the day. He now lives in Rhinebeck, New York.



Mr. Stanley Katz

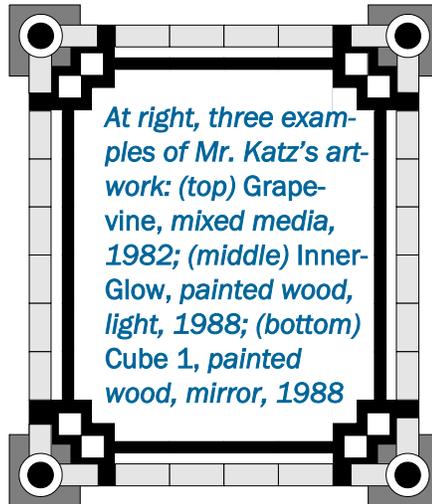
Continued from page 31

was extremely thin and had no weight to me at all. All my opponent had to do was to lean into me, and I'd topple over. Our team was called the Marathons, which was also the name of a club me and my friends formed. We even bought ourselves matching sweaters with a big *M* on them. I can recall one time the group of us going down to Radio City Music Hall in our sweaters; we thought we were the cat's meow, as they used to say.

Accepted to College — And Drafted by Uncle Sam

Although World War II was over, the selective service had not been discontinued yet. (That would happen in 1947.) Around the same time that I was accepted to City College of New York, the army called me up. I spent time at Fort Dix, at the base in Biloxi, Mississippi, and then overseas in the Philippines. However, the military had come up with a new policy, that if the draft had interrupted your higher education, you would be discharged sooner.

Upon my release, I went off to college, but in Florida, because a few of my good buddies from the neighborhood had moved there. I soon tired of living there, though, so I came back to the Bronx and to City College. By then, my parents had moved to California; I lived with my grandmother. I also attended the University of Southern California (USC) for a time — I wanted to help out my parents — before I finally earned a bachelor's degree in math and a master's degree in math education, both at New York University.



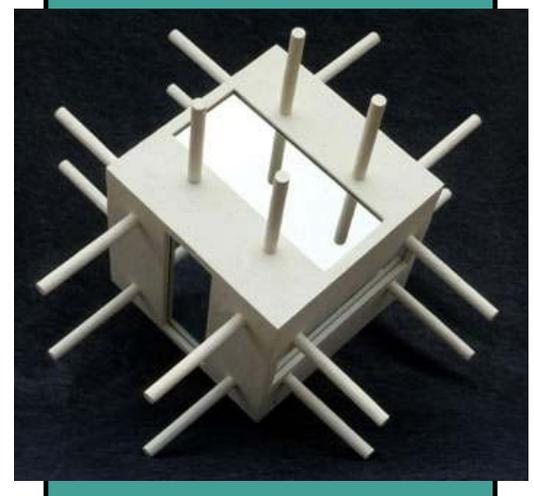
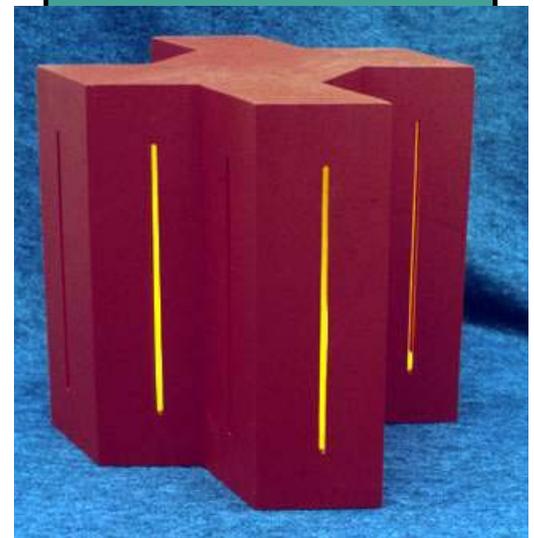
My first teaching job was at Parsons Junior High School, on Parsons Boulevard, in Queens. Two of my math students were Paul Simon and his close friend Artie Garfunkel. They were both good students and had been placed in an advanced scholastic program. The area was pretty tough, though, and they used to bullied sometimes walking to and from school. I also had the two of them in home room.

I had no idea at the time that they were becoming interested in music and had even written a song together; they were still a couple of years away from making records under the name Tom and Jerry. It's a source of some pride that Art later went on to earn a master's degree in mathematic from Columbia University. I'd like to think that his interest in math stemmed from having been in my class.

Welcome to Jericho

I came to the Jericho School District in 1958 and moved my family to Levittown. What a contrast between teaching in Queens and in Jericho. For one thing, the students were extremely motivated. And the parents in Jericho were

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Mr. Stanley Katz

Continued from page 32

very interested in their kids getting a good education. I can remember parents giving us teachers gifts to show appreciation for what we did. And that attitude was reflected in the kids' respectful behavior. We had a great staff of teachers. I had friends throughout the faculty, not just in the



Mr. Katz's former students Simon and That Other Guy. "Paul! Artie! Put down that damn guitar and get out your slide rules!"

math department. As department chairman, my criteria for hiring wasn't that prospective teachers be the best mathematicians; I was more interested in their passion for teaching. All in all,

Jericho was a great place to teach.

April: It was very interesting to sit around the table at meals. My father, teaching in Jericho, had a very positive experience. But for my mother, who taught English in Wantagh, there were several times when the town defeated the school budget, and they would go on an austerity budget. She and the other teachers would have to buy their own supplies. And there were major discipline problems, too. It was like she was teaching in a war zone, while Dad was at a country club.

In 1978 I retired. I'd been teaching for more than twenty-five years, and at age fifty-one, I was really anxious

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April Katz

Continued from page 30

and life just gets in the way of studio time. But, then, studio time gets in the way of life, too!

There's another aspect of Iowa that might come as a surprise.

My partner, JoAnn, and I have been together since meeting in Arizona in 1984. When I was submitting applications to teach at various colleges, I intentionally included in my resume, under "affiliations," my membership in the Gay and Lesbian Caucus. To be honest, I wasn't even particularly active. I put it in because I didn't want to teach at any university that wouldn't hire me because of that. But the chairman of my department here accepted it. In fact, both the university and the town of Ames have an equal-rights policy for gays and lesbians, and the college offers domestic-partnership benefits.

What's been interesting is that some of my best students are fundamentalist Christians. In class, I don't talk openly about my being gay, but the young people that I work with closely understand that JoAnn and I are in a close relationship, yet they're totally open and comfortable about it. They are very loving people.

Will we stay forever in Iowa? Probably not. JoAnn and I just sold our ranch house here and bought a new place. Not for us so much as for my printing press. Yes, I own a very large, two-ton printing press. We recently bought a block building that used to be the administrative headquarters for the Doughboy Grain Elevator company, which is right across the street from our building. We had

to do major work on it to be able to accommodate the press, then had to hire this man who is the only certified undersea welder in all of Iowa. I don't know why you would need an undersea welder in Iowa, but there he is! He owned a special truck with a crane, and between him, me, JoAnn, and two other women, we got the press into the studio. It was amazing to witness.

In addition to this wonderful workspace, we designed and built ourselves an apartment in another part of the building. Our plan is to purchase a place somewhere in the south — not sure if it will be Southeast or Southwest — for vacations and such and eventually to retire to.

Coming Out

I came out during my third or fourth year in Omaha. I did have a relationship in undergraduate school, but it was one of those things where we just loved each other and didn't really acknowledge that was who we were. In retrospect, there were lots of indications that I was gay, and when I told my family, my father said that he'd thought that I was gay for a long time. I asked him, "How did you know? And why didn't you tell me? It could have spared me some problems!" That was certainly interesting.

Back in high school, I wasn't aware enough of myself to have even thought about being gay. I probably didn't even know what "coming out" meant. But if you were going to come out somewhere, Jericho probably would have been a good place. I imagine there would have been some rejection and friends lost, but also friends made. Even now, there are always situations on a daily basis where you have to deal with it. Still, of all the places I've lived, I think that Jericho probably would have been the most accepting. ■

Did You Know?

April's first cousin is Jacqueline Schacter, also from the class of '73. Their moms were sisters.

*The Not-So-Newlyweds!
Lynn & George*

Continued from page 6

tell people you were engaged after knowing the guy just three weeks. But I didn't care that things happened so quickly, because I just knew the moment I met

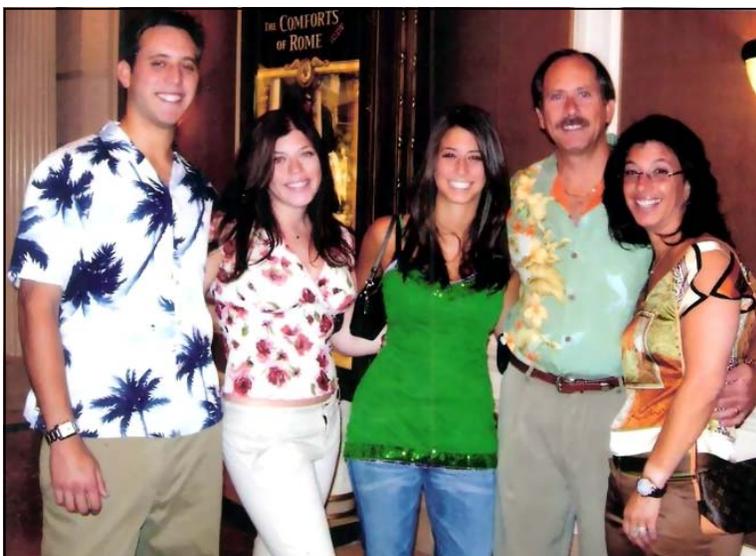
George. It goes to show what can happen when you meet the right person. After all, there are people who get married after having dated for six years, and they wind up divorced.

We got married almost exactly six months later, on September 16, 1979. This was just six weeks after my brother, Mitchell (JHS '69) got married, and about six weeks before Wendy and Steven's wedding. George and I would have gotten married sooner, but we figured it was only fair to give my mother a break! (Mitchell is a teacher in Charleston, West Virginia, where he's lived ever since attending college there.)

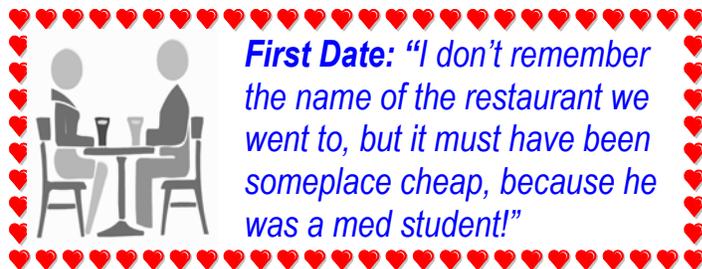
George and I spent our first year together living in New Rochelle, New York; he did his first year of internship at New Rochelle Hospital, in general medicine. Then he switched to obstetrics and gynecology at St. Vincent's Hospital in Manhattan. We lived in the hospital housing for four years.

In 1984, when my husband finished his OB-GYN residency, we moved to Florida. He opened a practice in Boca Raton and Coral Springs. It was the type of practice where you knew every patient's name. I ran the office for twenty years. I know that some couples wouldn't be able to stand working together, but we loved it. George did the medicine, I handled the business, and we never interfered with each other. We used to have lunch dates a lot, because with his line of work, delivering babies, he tended to spend lots of nights at the hospital. Lunches became our time together.

Both offices were near our home in Boca, which was good, because we have three kids. Jennifer, our old-



The gang's all here: Zachary, Jennifer, Chelsea, George, and Lynn (Balaban) Chapkin.



est, at twenty-seven, is an attorney in entertainment law. She's living with us at the moment while she looks for a job. Our son, Zachary, who's twenty-five, is a student at Tulane Medical School. He got married in 2007 to a lovely girl named Lindsay. And our baby, Chelsea, is a junior in a premed program at the University of Florida. A lot of kids of former Jerichonians go there; in fact, Harvey Fialkov's daughter is in the same fraternity as Chelsea.

They're all real southern kids: have never lived anywhere cold and all went to schools in warm climates. Chelsea is in Gainesville, Jennifer was at UCF in Orlando,

and Zachary went to undergrad school at Tulane. He claimed that New Orleans was the absolute farthest north he would go! Warmed-blooded kids, I guess.

George and I retired four years ago. But it seems like I have more responsibilities now than when I was working. I do a lot of volunteer work; in fact, my kids used to say that I logged more hours of community service than all of them put together.

My father passed away from Alzheimer's disease (my mother lives nearby in Florida), so starting a few years ago, Chelsea and I used to go to the nursing home that my dad was in and feed the patients. She then started the first Alzheimer's club at her high school, where the students visit Alzheimer's patients on the weekends. When I'm not volunteering (I'm also on the board of our country club and am involved in the community in general), George and I like to take four, five cruises a year. It's so easy to do in Florida. It's not unusual for us to decide to go on a cruise on a Wednesday and be on the boat that Saturday.

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Wendy Keavey

Continued from page 17

year, we started selling franchises. Another old friend of mine is running Licebeaters in New Jersey. Then, at the 2007 reunion, I ran into Cathy Morway, who's also from the class of '73. We got to talking, and now she's a partner in the Connecticut franchise.

The only investment is the franchise fee; after that, expenses come to only about \$250 a month, for travel, shower caps, combs, and lamps. It's really an ideal business for people our age, whose kids are teenagers or grown. Stephen and I have two children: Allison, who is twenty-eight, lives in the city and works in online

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What Makes Lynn and George Great Together

We'll be celebrating our thirtieth anniversary this fall. It's been a beautiful journey. The thing that has always attracted me to George most of all is his

kindness. I always say that he makes me a better person, and I think I make him a better person too. He's my best friend!

It's funny: Several times when our kids were growing up, they'd have an assignment in school or in temple to bring in a recipe from home that has a story behind it. I would always submit my chicken recipe: "This is a dish I made for my kids' father, and then he asked me to marry him." Probably everyone who knows my children knows all about it. ■

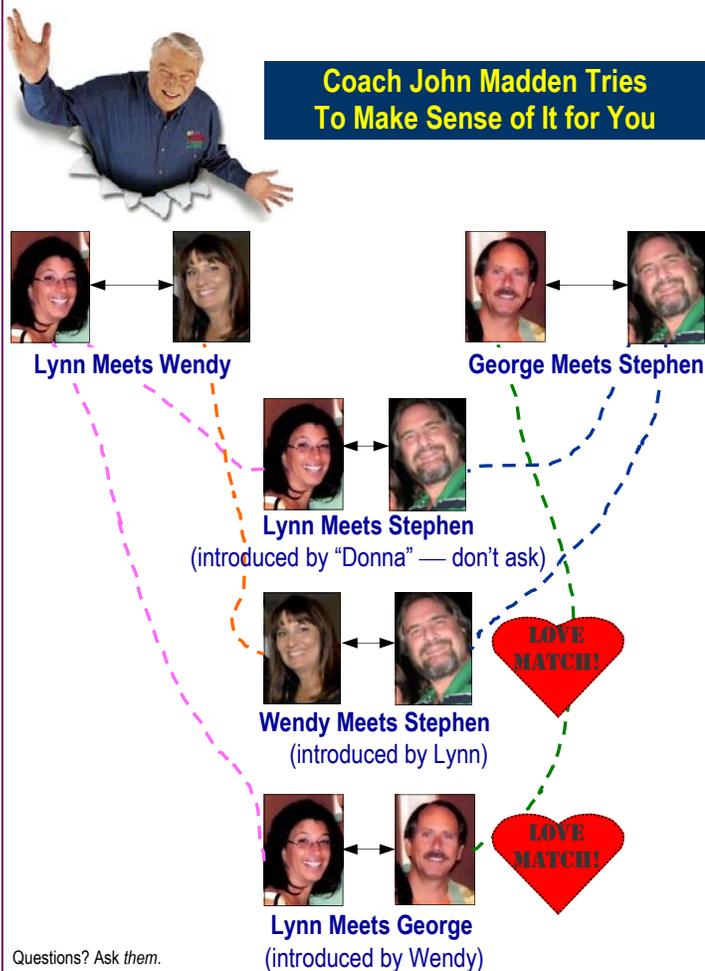
When Lynn Met George ...

Well, actually, she met Stephen first.

No, that's not right: George met Stephen first.

Aw, the hell with it — it's too complicated; consult the following illustration to figure it all out:

Love Triangle? This Is a Love Rhombus!



Questions? Ask them.

Lynn Balaban Chapkin's Famous Chicken D'Amore (Zee Cheek-en of Love)

Getting Started

- ♥ Prep time, 10 min. Cooking time, 30 min.
- ♥ Heat oven to 350 degrees

Ingredients

- ♥ Chicken cutlets (as many as you need)
- ♥ Butter
- ♥ Italian bread crumbs
- ♥ Sweet Muenster cheese

Instructions

Run chicken under cold water. Dredge chicken in bread crumbs. Place in pan, dot with butter, and cover each piece completely with cheese. Bake for about 30 minutes, until cheese starts to turn golden at edges.

1. Enjoy
2. Shop for wedding dress
3. Plan honeymoon

- ♥ Optional: Sprinkle liberally with Malaysian "Love Powder," an ancient aphrodisiac made from ground monkey knuckles.

Mr. Robert Perna

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Rachel with Mr. Perna at our October 2007 reunion. If you'd like to read about his life, see the spring-summer 2008 issue (No. 19).

state or later by 'No Child Left Behind.' He was talented, creative, and very child centered, with an uncommon level of compassion."

Rachel Glickman ('72) had Mr. Perna as an English teacher. "Every now and again I'll drive past Cantiague Elementary School," she writes. "The place looks pretty much the same, although there's something missing. In the far northwest corner of the field there used to be a very large tree, and it was there that Mr. Perna used to hold class outside and read Shakespeare. Inside the classroom, he encouraged us to read and write, and he shared the joy of literature to a group of very young, smart-alecky students.

"I stopped by Mr. Perna's retirement party many years ago to give him a card. I wanted to tell him how much he meant to me. That every time I go to Shakespeare in the Park, or go to the theater, or add a book to my library, it's a direct result of his impact on me. That when my sister Barbara passed away, his visit to my family meant more than I could say.

"I'm told he shared the card in his remarks during the dinner and that he was very moved. How lucky was I to get to tell him how I felt?" ■

Wendy Keavey

Continued from page 35

advertising sales. David, our youngest, is twenty-three. He's finishing up at Queens College and plans to go to law school in September. He lives at home with us. (I don't think he's ever leaving; he's very happy here. It seems to be a Long Island thing among twentysomethings.)

I've always worked my whole life. I'm very ambitious, and I don't like to not be doing something. Operating Licebeaters keeps me busy, and it's lucrative, too, so it's really the perfect business for me. ■

Postscript: Remember Jessica Hahn?

I keep in touch with a lot of people from Jericho, like Leslie Brick Horowitz, Linda Baron Fogelson, and Laurie Ross Schneider, all from my class.

Not too long ago, I was trying to find an old boyfriend of mine, Jeffrey Hahn (not from Jericho), who I went out with for four years or so.

You might have heard of his sister, Jessica Hahn. In 1987, when the whole scandal involving her and evangelist Jim Bakker broke, my mother was watching the TV news one day and did a double-take. "That's Jeffrey's sister!"

I haven't been able to find him and have no idea whatever happened to him. We *all* know what happened to Jessica, of course, but not Jeffrey.



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Those are just some of my questions. All of us in the same situation have our own queries. What issues am I willing to compromise on? Which are deal breakers?

I am determined for my next relationship to last for thirty or more years, and so I am prepared to take my time finding that person. The rush is over; I am dealing with the necessary feelings, and every day brings me closer to a place of comfort with myself and my life as it is today. I have so much to be thankful for: my three children, good health, a job, a roof over my head. I will continue to put things in perspective, feel what I need to feel, and learn what I need to learn in order to continue this journey.

The cliffhanger part of my story has passed, but it's still a page turner. Stay tuned for chapter three. ■



(((Voice of Experience)))

Cheryl Goldenberg ('72)
Roslyn, NY

Back in the dating game since 2005

"I think I've gone on seventy-five thousand dates this year alone! I have wonderful men friends that are like family: men who care about my welfare, are good to my daughter, Taylor, and don't expect me to take care of them. But many of the single or available men I meet are a little helpless for my taste."

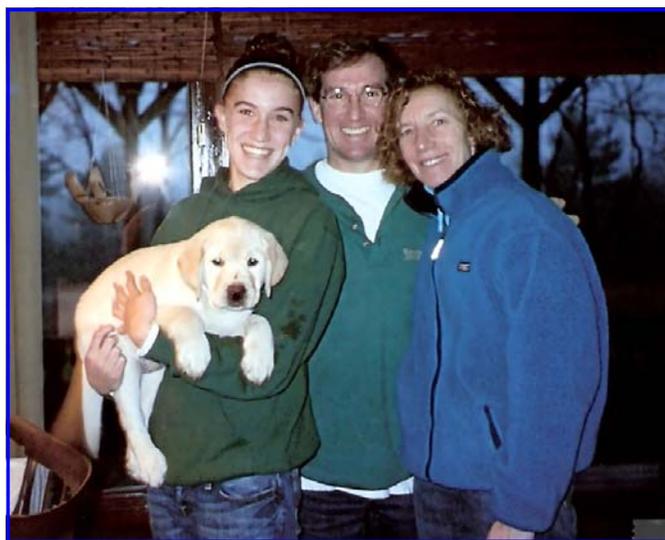
*The Not-So-Newlyweds!
Jill & Mitchell*

Continued from page 8

tense. She's independent, hard working, a great student, loves to go to camp, rock-climb, and play tennis. She's a serious Yankees fan. In general, she's always looking for more

stimulation and to make things more challenging for herself. Somebody suggested to her that she take two honors math classes in high school next year, and her first thought was, Oh, that sounds like fun! Math is relaxing."

And she's my daughter, so she's had some struggles socially in that she hasn't always fit in. I was fairly shy in high school, did my own thing, and didn't have many friends to speak of. Jon, on the other hand, had a whole posse. (This was brought home to me at our thirty-year reunion, where people kept coming over to me, and, instead of asking, "Hi, Jill, what are you up to?" it seemed that all I heard was, "Hi, Jill. Where's Jon?" Obviously he made more of an impression than I did.) Beth, however, has figured things out.



Here are Beth, Mitchell, and Jill in Maine picking up the latest addition to their household: a yellow Lab named Wilson.

What Makes Jill and Mitchell Great Together

When the rabbi who would be marrying us met us, he asked, "Why are you getting married?" And Mitchell said, "Well, I just feel totally at ease with Jill." That really is the truth. We have a lot of interests in common, we're great friends, and we're completely comfortable with each other, which makes a lot of potential problems just sort of melt away. In fact, after getting to know us, the rabbi commented, "You two are the calmest people I've ever met." Also, I'm not very funny, but Mitchell happens to be hysterical, so I laugh at all of his jokes.

We like to travel. (Mitchell and I are going to Alaska this summer while Beth is in camp; I am *psyched*.) We like to cook. But mostly we just like to hang out with each other and ... *talk*. We'll sit around together reading and having really intense conversations.

Basically, we live a very unpretentious, ordinary life. I don't mean that in a self-denigrating way. Ordinary isn't a bad thing to me, especially in this day and age. I like my life. I couldn't be happier and couldn't ask for more. And I try to live by a philosophy of "If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem," and use that as a place to start making changes. I try to teach that to our daughter.

Last year Beth became a Bat Mitzvah. For her community service project, she decided to do something different and raise a service dog. It was a family mitzvah project. We took in a beautiful black Labrador retriever

from an agency called Canine Companions for Independence and raised her for a year. Then after we had her trained and out of puppyhood, we gave her back to CCI so that she could be trained to assist someone with either physical challenges (wheelchair bound) or other difficulties such as autism.

My mother died last May, so now I have no relatives left on Long Island: my father lives in Massachusetts, Jon is in New Jersey, and our older sister, Laurie (class of '69), lives in California. It was pretty devastating for Beth to lose

her grandmother around the same time as the dog, so we've since bought a yellow lab. At sixteen weeks, he's already thirty-five pounds and will grow up to be close to one hundred. Now, I weigh one hundred pounds, so right now we're spending a lot of time training him. He's a sweet, loving, hairy, shedding thing named Wilson. But I can just picture myself walking him and getting dragged down the street! ■

"According to Aunt Cynthia (the one who made the match), Mitchell and I were perfect for each other because we were both short, both Jewish, and we both liked kids. Isn't that logical?"

The Not-So-Newlyweds! Amy & Jeff

Continued from page 24

after having lived in a place like Dallas. Politically, *that* was very difficult.

Career-wise, I'd moved from speech pathology to speech technology. While we were in Dallas, I answered an ad for a speech pathologist at (this is really going to date us) Commodore Computers. They were looking for somebody with a background in speech pathology and linguistics to do speech synthesis. I thought it looked really interesting. I got the job. It was very much like doing speech therapy on a computer. Remember, this was in the early eighties, so speech technology was really in its infancy.

Next I moved into speech recognition with a company called Voice Control Systems. When we moved to Connecticut, I worked in the Science and Technology Division of NYNEX. Once we moved to San Francisco, I worked at Apple Computer. Then I went to work with a company called SRI International, which stands for Stanford Research Institute. It's a nonprofit company that does primarily government work. With each company, I remained in the field of speech recog-

inition technology doing speech analysis and more and more management.

Amy. It's Your Turn

The last time we moved, in 1997, it was *my* turn to move us. As much as we all loved San Francisco, we felt isolated out there. It was time to get back to the East Coast. Before I began to apply for jobs, I thought, *Okay, where are we going to find a city that's similar to San Francisco culturally, with companies in my field?* We settled on either New York or Boston.

I got a position with BBN Technologies in Boston, a research and development company, which like SRI, does predominantly government work. At that time, Jeff was the vice president of McGuire and Associates, an international food-brokerage company specializing in food and beverage products for the airlines. When we decided to make the move, he was able to open an office in Boston. The company was used to this type of arrangement, because it has offices in Europe and all around the country.

After eleven years in Boston, Jeff (who is now the president of the company), still has his office in our home, although sometimes I feel that the world is his office; he travels a great deal. I'm still with BBN, although eventually I moved away from speech technology and am now the direc-

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The Not-So-Newlyweds! Carole & Alan

Continued from page 19

Is that he'd better get a scholarship!

Allegra is thirteen. She plays the flute in the school band and was good enough to be the only flautist from a middle school to make the Florida Symphony Youth Orchestra. She's also in the all-state chorus. One weekend she's performing with the chorus in Tampa, and the next week she's in Winter Park rehearsing and performing with the band. Kids are fun.

Back in high school, I never would have imag-

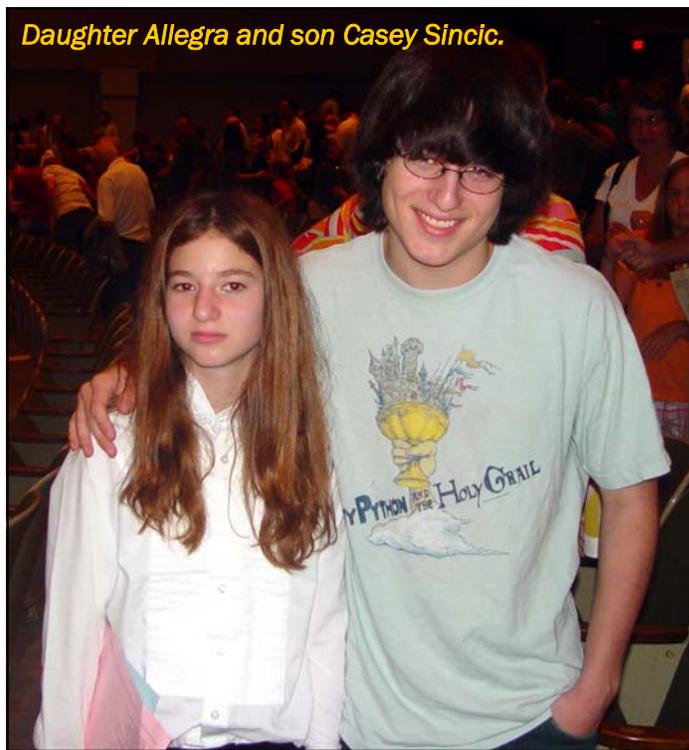
ined that I was where I am today. To be honest, I didn't really imagine *anything!* I thought that as an adult, you were just supposed to go to work, come home, and cook. (Unfortunately, I've never really taken to the cooking part.) School was a little tough for me, so I was just trying so to focus really hard on the moment. Like, I never would have expected that I would work on Broadway, because I do have a shy part of me — or maybe it's an insecure part of me. It's fun to think of where my life has gone and will continue to go.

What Makes Carole and Alan Great Together

A sense of humor is important and, also, having our own things. Getting mar-

Continued on page 39

Daughter Allegra and son Casey Sincic.





*The Not-So-Newlyweds!
Amy & Jeff*

Continued from page 38

tor of operations and facilities at the corporate level. It's a far cry from speech technology since every day seems like a new adventure!

We live in Sudbury, in the western suburbs of Boston. I find that of any of the places we've lived, I click more here than anywhere else. What I love about Boston are many of the same things that I loved about San Francisco: a very diverse population, politically liberal, and rich in cultural and educational opportunities for my children.

Stephanie graduated from Cornell University's College of Arts and Sciences in 2006. She's a real smart cookie; works as a marketing-strategy analyst at the Boston office of Digtas, a digital marketing and PR agency for Fortune 500 companies. Brenton, another really smart Snodgrass, is nearby too: He's a business major at Bentley University, following in his dad's footsteps.

A Family in Harmon-y

One other thing about New England is that it has very traditional family-oriented values, and that's important to me. When you move

as much as we have, you tend to become very internally focused, because you're always finding yourself in a place where you don't know anyone at first. And it takes time to meet new people and to make new friends. As a family, you have to become one another's best friends.

As a result of the amount of time that we spent having to adjust to and exploring new environments, it's really brought us very, very close as a family. To this day, we still remain each other's best friends, all of us.

Music, social issues, and politics are very important in our family. Thankfully, we all share the same liberal political views and all played an active role in the election of our new president. But I'd like to focus on the music.

Our kids happen to love the same type of music that Jeff and I do. So we're always going to concerts together. We've seen the Rolling Stones, Tom Petty, Eric Clapton, Coldplay, and the Shins, to name a few, and I think that my husband and son have been to every Who concert in Boston in the last ten years.

We even have the Snodgrass family band. Jeff plays drums. Stephanie plays drums and keyboards, plus she sings. Brenton plays guitar. Me? I sort of play the keyboards. Ironically, even though I started out as a music major, I'm the weakest link in our rock and blues group

because of my more classical training. In fact, I had to break away from my formal training so when Brenton was in high school, I took lessons with him. I learned how to play blues piano. I'm still not as good my husband and children, but at least now I'm able to just sit down and jam with them.

What Makes Amy and Jeff Great Together

Jeff has very strong core values, and he's a very strong individual. He's very self-assured; a real leader. It's his inner and outer strength that attracted me to him. He has amazing integrity and honesty, really strong family values, and a really strong work ethic. These are among the many traits and values that were and continue to be very important to me. Furthermore, these are the traits and values that we have happily passed on to our children. Already that has become quite evident.

The trails through my life have brought me to many good places (having lived in seven states), afforded me many good things and experiences, and a wonderful family to share them with. I am thankful for all that I have and look forward to spending the next phase of my life devoting more of my time helping those who have been less fortunate.

All said, I consider myself to be very fortunate, and hence I am happy to share my story! ■



*The Not-So-Newlyweds!
Carole & Alan*

Continued from page 38

ried later in life, you value your own independence, so it's really great that Alan performs in shows, which gives me a few evenings to myself. He's independent too. Having time away from each other is a good thing, in my opinion, because, you know, relationships can be hard. He's not me — which is kind of annoying! (And, to be fair, I'm sure that Alan sometimes gets annoyed that I'm not him.)

One thing that's nice is to collaborate on creative projects. We both can be stubborn, but once we start working together, it ends up being lots of fun. ■

Nice to See You Too

When Casey was two and we lived in Manhattan, these twin boys used to brutalize him at the local Play Space. Usually they were with a nanny. One day I saw them with a woman who I gathered was their mother. I said to her, "Wow, your kids absolutely *torture* my son." She looks at me and goes, 'Carole? *Ohmigawd!* I know you from Jericho!' Before I could get her name, I had to go rescue Casey because (all together now) her twins were brutalizing my son!

Mr. Stanley Katz

Continued from page 33

to pursue my recent interest in art. It probably grew out of my having made models for my geometry classes. I also began doing some flat work based on geometric shapes, using stencils. While still at Jericho, I earned a bachelor's degree in art at C. W. Post College.

When I say that I retired, I mean that I retired fully. I've spent all my time since having the pleasure and satisfaction of creating art. It's been a whole second career.

My wife and I had divorced, so I moved to Greenwich Village and joined an artists' coop there called Pleiades. The Village was a very exciting place to be, but there was also some loneliness there.

Mixing Art, Math, and Life

It's fair to say that my art reflects the fact that I was a mathematician. There is a sort of systemic organization to it. One of my series [shown on page 32], featuring dolls in boxes, was painful to do. A woman friend of mine died of cancer, and the series depicts the dehumanization that can happen in a hospital, with patients tethered to tubes. I bought dolls from second-hand stores and turned them inside out, so that they look like people, yet they aren't. It's very hard-hitting.

Perhaps as a reaction to that, my next series marked the end of my mourning. The Carnivale pieces used mirrors and bright colors. They're very interactive too. When I was a kid, I used to stand in front of store windows and look at my reflection, moving to distort the image. You see that in this series.

Another series consisted of wooden boxes that I'd found on Canal Street. I'd put grids in them, then

line them with mirrors, so that the grids seemed to go on infinitely. To this I'd add materials such as metal, balsa wood, beads. You'd open this old wooden box to discover a cacophony of light and color inside, contrasting the difference between exterior and interior.

These wooden structures required power tools and very heavy wood (I also tried my hand at building furniture during this time). Eventually I gave up the wood shop and got into digital art for the next ten years or so. I designed sculptures — again, based very much on mathematical principles — but they were virtual sculptures, to be printed out. I celebrated my eightieth birthday in 2007; nowadays I mostly do free-hand drawing.

My wife, Josephine, and I live in Rhinebeck, New York, not too far from Hyde Park, home to Franklin Delano Roosevelt. When I was a child, I can remember seeing him when he was president, riding around New York in an open automobile. It's very peaceful where we live. We have a wonderful movie theater that shows foreign films, and there are art galleries and museums as well, so we do get out and do stuff. In all, I exhibited eleven solo shows — one of the first in 1972 at, of all places, the Jericho Public Library — and I was in many group exhibitions. My last art show was in 2004; while I continue creating art, the paperwork, framing, and shipping necessary to show your works gets to be a bit too much.

So we wound up with two artists in the family. April always used to say that of the two of us, I was the Apollo artist — geometric, ordered — while she was more the Dionysus artist, although if I may say, as her father, that her more recent work features structure and grids that weren't there before.

You Can Go Home Again

April: I can remember my father coming home from teaching all day, and then doing a lot of the finishing work on the Levittown house himself. We moved to East Birchwood when I was in fourth grade. In 1992, after my mother died, I came back to Jericho with my partner, JoAnn, to go through the house before we sold it. I decided to drive past the old house in Levittown.

We were parked in front, and I was pointing out Howard's old bedroom, when I heard a voice say, not all that friendly, "Can I help you?" It was the new home owner.

I explained that I used to live in her house.

"Well, who are you?"

"April Katz."

She said, "We're the ones who bought the house from you." She remembered my parents, and she invited us inside and gave us a whole tour. In some ways the house was very familiar, but they'd also made a lot of changes. Ironically, it turned out that her husband was a printer and had converted the garage into a print studio. When he came home, he got into showing us around too. It was just a wonderful experience.

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Your Back Pages

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

“Mommy? Daddy? What was ‘primetime’? Tell me, please?”

Well, honey, years ago there were only *three* TV networks and *no* reality shows. Here are the primetime lineups for the senior years of the classes of 1971, 1972, and 1973.

1970–71 TELEVISION SEASON

Continued on page 42

SUNDAY	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30
ABC	Young Rebels	The FBI		ABC Sunday Night Movie			
CBS	Hogan’s Heroes	The Ed Sullivan Show		Glen Campbell Goodtime Hour		The Tim Conway Comedy Hour	
NBC	Wonderful World of Disney		The Bill Cosby Show	Bonanza		The Bold Ones: The New Doctors / The Lawyers / The Senator	
MONDAY	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30
ABC	The Young Lawyers		The Silent Force	NFL Monday Night Football			
CBS	Gunsmoke		Here’s Lucy	Mayberry RFD	Doris Day Show	The Carol Burnett Show	
NBC	Red Skelton	Rowan and Martin’s Laugh-In		NBC Monday Night at the Movies			
TUESDAY	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30
ABC	The Mod Squad		ABC Movie of the Week			Marcus Welby, M.D.	
CBS	The Beverly Hillbillies	Green Acres	Hee-Haw		To Rome with Love / All in the Family	CBS News Hour / 60 Minutes	
NBC	The Don Knotts Show		Julia	NBC Tuesday Night at the Movies / First Tuesday			
WEDNESDAY	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30
ABC	Courtship of Eddie’s Father	Make Room for Granddaddy	Room 222	The Johnny Cash Show		Dan August	
CBS	The Storefront Lawyers		Governor and JJ	Medical Center		Hawaii Five-O	
NBC	The Men from Shiloh			Kraft Music Hall		McCloud / San Francisco International Airport / Night Gallery / The Psychiatrist	
THURSDAY	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30
ABC	Matt Lincoln		Bewitched	Barefoot in the Park	The Odd Couple	The Immortal	
CBS	Family Affair	The Jim Nabors Hour		The CBS Thursday Night Movies			
NBC	The Flip Wilson Show		Ironside		Nancy / Winners	The Dean Martin Show	
FRIDAY	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30
ABC	The Brady Bunch	The Nanny and the Professor	The Partridge Family	That Girl	Love, American Style	This Is Tom Jones	
CBS	The Interns		Headmaster	The CBS Friday Night Movies			
NBC	The High Chapparral		The Name of the Game			Bracken’s World	
SATURDAY	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30
ABC	Let’s Make a Deal	The Newlywed Game	The Lawrence Welk Show		The Most Deadly Game		Local
CBS	Mission: Impossible		My Three Sons	Arnie	The Mary Tyler Moore Show	Mannix	
NBC	The Andy Williams Show		Adam-12	NBC Saturday Night at the Movies			

Your Back Pages

1971-72 TELEVISION SEASON

For the '71-'72 season, primetime was shortened to three hours (except for Sunday and Tuesday nights), and the 7:30 PM slot was returned to local stations.

SUNDAY	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30
ABC	Local	The FBI		ABC Sunday Night Movie			
CBS	CBS Sunday Night Movies			Cade's Country		Local	
NBC	Wonderful World of Disney		The Jimmy Stewart Show	Bonanza		The Bold Ones : The New Doctors/The Lawyers	
MONDAY	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30
ABC	Local	Nanny and the Professor	Local	NFL Monday Night Football			
CBS	Local	Gunsmoke		Here's Lucy	The Doris Day Show	My Three Sons	Arnie
NBC	Local	Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In		NBC Monday Night at the Movies			
TUESDAY	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30
ABC	The Mod Squad		Movie of the Week			Marcus Welby, M.D.	
CBS	The Glen Campbell Goodtime Hour		Hawaii Five-O		Cannon		Local
NBC	Ironsides		Sarge		The Funny Side		Local
WEDNESDAY	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30
ABC	Local	Bewitched	Courtship of Eddie's Father	The Smith Family	Shirley's World	The Man and the City	
CBS	Local	The Carol Burnett Show		Medical Center		Mannix	
NBC	Local	Adam-12	The NBC Mystery Movie: Columbo / McCloud / McMillan and Wife			Night Gallery	
THURSDAY	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30
ABC	Local	Alias Smith and Jones		Longstreet		Owen Marshall: Counselor at Law	
CBS	Local	Bearcats!		The CBS Thursday Night Movies			
NBC	Local	The Flip Wilson Show		Nichols		The Dean Martin Show	
FRIDAY	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30
ABC	Local	The Brady Bunch	The Partridge Family	Room 222	The Odd Couple	Love, American Style	
CBS	Local	The Chicago Teddy Bears	O'Hara, U.S. Treasury		The New CBS Friday Night Movies		
NBC	Local	The D.A./ January 1972: Sanford and Son	World Premiere Movie				Local
SATURDAY	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30
ABC	Local	Getting Together	Movie of the Weekend			The Persuaders!	
CBS	Local	All in the Family	Funny Face	The New Dick Van Dyke Show	The Mary Tyler Moore Show	Mission: Impossible	
NBC	Local	The Partners	The Good Life	NBC Saturday Night at the Movies			

Your Back Pages

1972-73 TELEVISION SEASON

For the '72-'73 season, the U.S. Federal Communications Commission pushed back network programming from 7:30 p.m. to 8:00 p.m., to increase the number of locally produced shows.

SUNDAY	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30
ABC	Local	The FBI		ABC Sunday Night Movie			
CBS	Anna and the King	M*A*S*H	The Sandy Duncan Show	The New Dick Van Dyke Show	Mannix		Local
NBC	Wonderful World of Disney		NBC Sunday Mystery Movie: Columbo / McCloud / McMillan and Wife / Banacek		Night Gallery	Local	
MONDAY	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30
ABC	Local	The Rookies		NFL Monday Night Football			
CBS	Local	Gunsmoke		Here's Lucy	The Doris Day Show	The New Bill Cosby Show	
NBC	Local	Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In		NBC Monday Night at the Movies			
TUESDAY	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30
ABC	Local	Temperatures Rising	ABC Tuesday Movie of the Week			Marcus Welby, M.D.	
CBS	Local	Maude	Hawaii Five-O		The New CBS Tuesday Night Movies		
NBC	Local	Bonanza		The Bold Ones: The New Doctors		NBC Reports	
WEDNESDAY	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30
ABC	Local	The Paul Lynde Show	ABC Wednesday Movie of the Week			The Julie Andrews Hour	
CBS	Local	The Carol Burnett Show		Medical Center		Cannon	
NBC	Local	Adam-12	NBC Wednesday Mystery Movie: Madigan / Cool Million / Hec Ramsey			Search	
THURSDAY	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30
ABC	Local	The Mod Squad		The Men: Assignment Vienna / The Delphi Bureau / Jigsaw		Owen Marshall: Counselor at Law	
CBS	Local	The Waltons		The CBS Thursday Night Movies			
NBC	Local	The Flip Wilson Show		Ironside		The Dean Martin Show	
FRIDAY	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30
ABC	Local	The Brady Bunch	The Partridge Family	Room 222	The Odd Couple	Love, American Style	
CBS	Local	The Sonny and Cher Comedy Hour		The New CBS Friday Night Movies			
NBC	Local	Sanford and Son	The Little People	Ghost Story		Banyon	
SATURDAY	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30
ABC	Local	Alias Smith and Jones		The Streets of San Francisco		The Sixth Sense	
CBS	Local	All in the Family	Bridget Loves Bernies	The Mary Tyler Moore Show	The Bob Newhart Show	Mission: Impossible	
NBC	Local	Emergency!		NBC Saturday Night at the Movies			