

YASOUR'S FIRM (YASOUR, YASOUR, YASOUR, AND O'BRIEN, LLC) PRESENTS

# JHS Gathering of the Tribes 7

# woodstock

for Old People!

# Photo Album

1969 - 1970 - 1971 - 1972 - 1973 - 1974 - 1975 - 1968 - 1967 - 1966  
Saturday,  
September 7,  
2019, 7 pm

107 South Street  
THE HOMESTEAD  
Oyster Bay, L.I.

## 3 Days of

**Sex!**  
&  
**Drugs!**  
&  
**Rock'n'Roll!**

**Well, Sexagenarians - and lots of 'em!**

**Our dealers have the finest in statins!  
Mexican Colace! Bitchin' beta blockers!  
(But don't take the brown antacid!)**

**The "nice," soft kind. Not that godawful "acid  
rock" packet those crazy kids listen to.**

Unlike the Original Rock Festival of 50 Years Ago, You Won't Have to Put Up with Any of That Annoying Mud, Horrible Hippie Food, and Cheap Wine. Woodstock for Old People Features All the Comforts and Amenities of Your Plastic, Bourgeois, Suburban Home, Man!

Like Joni sang, "We've got to get back to gardening!"





The straight media's coverage of the 1969 Woodstock Festival was almost comical in its condemnation and hysteria. Based on the finger-wagging accounts of newspapers and network TV news around the country, you'd have thought that hundreds of thousands of stoned long-haired hippie radicals who'd made their way to Bethel, New York, were trapped in a disaster zone, either starving to death or clinging to rocks to keep from being washed away by a biblical flood—all while ingesting enough illicit drugs to turn their brains into cottage cheese and engaging in orgiastic, ugly-dirty-monkey sex. The overall tone of reporting was that of Jane Goodall crouching in the jungle brush and observing the strange habits of these primitive creatures through a pair of binoculars.

The reality, of course, was far more prosaic: most of the young people there were having the adventure of a lifetime, spending three days in the country, communing with nature—and with one another—while whooping it up for the greatest lineup of rock talent ever assembled. Yes, there were sex and drugs, but the festival revolved primarily around rock & roll. And when it was over, the kids went back to their mostly suburban lives.

Now, had you plunked a few hundred thousand martined and marinated *adults* in the middle of a hot, muddy field for three days of Totie Fields, Shecky Greene, Jerry Vale, and Steve and Eydie, and the promoters announced that the concession stands had run out of vermouth and cocktail weenies, the scene undoubtedly would have resembled *The Lord of the Flies*, with the mob of moms and dads yelling, fighting, and eventually cannibalizing one another until there was no one left.

Continued on page 3





Continued from page 2

For a different perspective, we thought it'd be fascinating to turn over news coverage of the Jericho High School Gathering of the Tribes 7 "Woodstock for Old People" Reunion to a trio of teen reporters from the JHS paper, the *Jer-Echo*. We encouraged them to blend in anonymously all night and report on what they saw. And heard. And smelled.

Senior Ann Jina posed as a smiling albeit klutzy waitress.

Junior Craig Street impersonated a hustling busboy. Perhaps he almost ran over you with a tray of dirty dishes.

And senior Meghan Lee came incognito as a tall potted plant. Never saw anyone stand so rigid and suppress their breathing for five hours before.

So, what did the kids think of the older generation's partying ways?

Quite frankly, they were utterly *appalled* by our free-spirited nature, their go-to adjectives consisting of "Gross!" and "Undignified!"

Their negative reactions should probably make each and every one of us pause and reflect soberly on how we conduct ourselves in public, because now, as senior citizens, we have a *duty* to model chaste, temperate, *responsible* behavior for today's impressionable youth. Furthermore, we—

Aw, I'm just kidding! Ya don't like it? Then piss off, ya inhibited snot-nosed Millennial twerps! Lighten up!

**Yes, some of what you see here will SHOCK you!**

**Some of what you read here will CONFIRM YOUR WORST FEARS about the state of our world and the future.**

**In some cases, you may even need to AVERT YOUR EYES!**

Yep, it was *THAT GOOD* of a party. Here's how it all went down. Dig ...

## Getting There Was Half the Fun

# Old Hippies Clog Roads to Oyster Bay



So many people descended on the unsuspecting Homestead restaurant in Oyster Bay, that the roads leading to the historic town were brought to a standstill, and the asphalt actually began to sag. Just like at the 1969 festival, many of the hippies left their BMWs, Mercedes, and SUVs by the side of route 106 and made the rest of the trek on sandaled foot.

Some stopped off at the Jericho Cider Mill for something to eat; others whipped out their cell phones and ordered sushi from Uber Eats. Still others, totally buzzed on vibes of peace, love, sharing, and caring, walked up the mile-long curved driveways of the good people of Muttontown, hoping to rely on the kindness of strangers and perhaps receive a small cup of brown rice. Or soy milk. Or, ideally, a Porterhouse fresh off the grill. Their innocence was met with threats to call the police, and, in one case, a snarling "I've got a Ruger semiautomatic pistol, and I'm not shy about usin' it. So get the hell out of here, ya damn, dirty hippie!"

**"Cedar Swamp Road is CLOSED, man!"**





## Crazed Old Hippies Go On Rampage— Trash Hotel Room!

Several hippies from the class of 1968 crashed at Woodbury's Fox Hollow Inn before heading to the festival. At right, longtime friends Dolores Dee D'Acerno Mason and Grace Andresini.

(Below left) Mitch Seltzer came up from his home in Silver Spring, Maryland. He was one of the few attendees who'd actually been at Max Yasgur's farm in August 1969. But, he says, he left midway through, weary of the rain and muck, something that his son still won't let him live down.



(Left) Rumor has it that Terry Drucker hitchhiked down from Cambridge, Massachusetts, catching a ride on a magic bus piloted by gypsies. That's classmate Nick Pellicoco, another veteran of the original Woodstock Festival, relected in the mirror.

Or maybe Nick is trapped in another dimension! Ooo-whee-ooo! Too weird, man!

The hippies at right stopped into Canterbury Tales in Oyster Bay for an early dinner. They wouldn't give us their real names, identifying themselves only as (l.-r.) Sunshine Daydream, Moon Child, Granola Joe, Sea Urchin, and Timothy "Eerie." But, in fact, their names in the straight, plastic world are Leslee Moskowitz Catalano and Jill Thierman Parrott, from the class of '72; Jill's husband, Harold Parrott; and Sandi Chertok Clark ('72) and husband Dave Fischbein ('69). The restaurant, a typical tool of our oppressive, capitalistic society, insisted that patrons wear shoes! In true Merry Pranksters style, the hippies ordered everything on the menu, then split without paying. Power to the peoploids! The waitress behind them clearly sensed these longhairs were up to no good.





# Entering the Festival? Steal This Name Tag! Free Acid!

At the communal check-in table, the old hippies were encouraged to steal (or "rip off") their own name badges and to peruse some of the all-natural products being sold to help them enhance their festival experience, such as Tie-Dye Spanx and Corned Beef Hashish.

There was even free (ant)acid, which the organizers brazenly left out in a bowl, in plain sight, as if to taunt the uptight establishment: "Hey, man, we're gonna do our own thing whether you dig it or not! You wanna arrest us? Go ahead, fuzzi!" A number of partygoers did help themselves to the free antacid, especially after having sampled some of the Homestead's five-alarm chili.



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**New! Tie-Dye Spanx**

Let Your Freak Flag Fly!

Instead of Droop ...

**For That Stage of Life When "Letting It All Hang Out" Could Get You Arrested**

AVAILABLE AT FINE HEAD SHOPS EVERYWHERE

**The Magic Meat That Doth Giveth the Munchies and Doth Taketh Them Away—at the Same Time! Heats Up in Just Minutes!**





## Old Hippies Doff Duds and Go Naked! \*

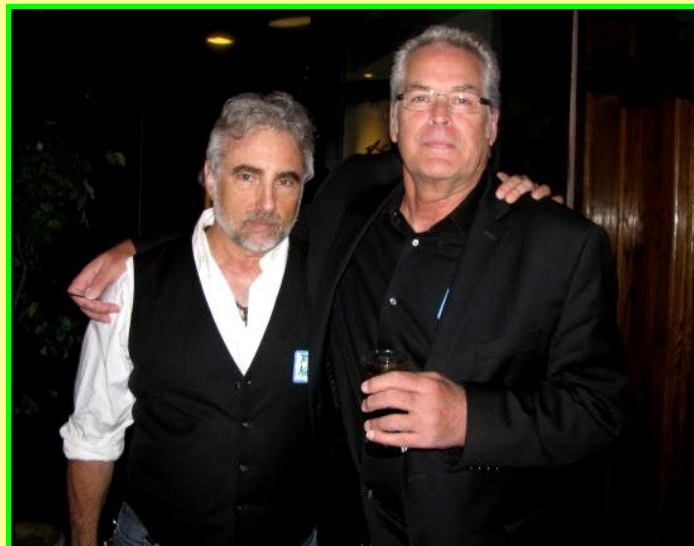
**“I was deeply offended—even traumatized!” complains Oyster Bay resident who kept her high-powered telescope trained on the hippie hijinx all night**

**\* Because impressionable children may see this photo album, we have Photoshopped clothes on everyone, opting for a casual yet sophisticated look and a fall color palette**



*Nice turnout from the class of 1969, even though their own fiftieth reunion was just seven weeks away: (l.-r.) Robert Weinstein, Linda Fils, and Geoffrey Touretz.*

*From the class of 1975, Rik Kellerman and Sean Kelly.*



*Debbi Nathal Kazan ('72) and her husband, Paul, shown smiling with Meryl Ross Fischer ('70), now divide their time between their homes in East Birchwood and Florida. Luckily, we caught them before they headed south for the winter.*



*Dianne Oliva and Owen Brown, class of 1974, went steady in elementary school. We had so many former flames and married Jericho couples in attendance, you could hear hearts fluttering. Of course, at our age, it could have just been arrhythmia.*

**“Hippie”:** a usually young person who rejects the mores of established society (as by dressing unconventionally or favoring communal living) and advocates a nonviolent ethic; **broadly:** a long-haired, unconventionally dressed young person.





# Gotta Revolution! Got ta Revolution!



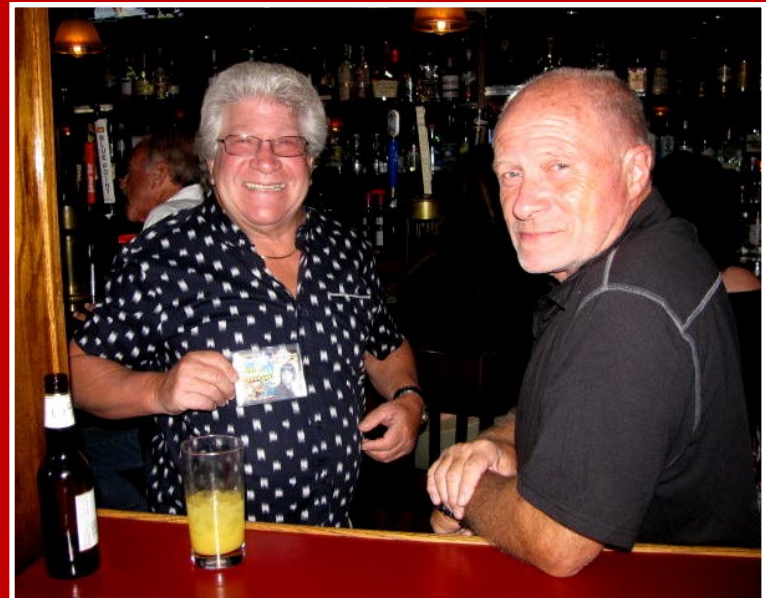
*You'd never know it, but Marilyn Della Vecchia Profita and Hope Davis are both from the JHS class of 1964. The range for this reunion party spanned from '64 to '84.*



*Not only are they classmates, from 1970, but also former neighbors in Rosewood Gardens, near White Birch and Hicksville: Margo Lamel Lampert and Debbie DiMaria Silvestri. "Margo lived in between Linda Fils and me," says Debbie, now a resident of Garden City.*

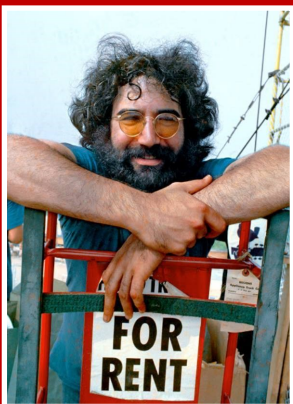


*Did you know that Janet Giannetto ('69) and Paul Pellicoro ('74) are cousins? Well, now you do!*



*Ya gotta love a man who comes prepared: the class of 1971's Rick Morrison, here with classmate Roy Fiorino, didn't give advance notice that he was coming, so we didn't have a name badge for him. But resourceful Rick brought his name badge from his last Gathering of the Tribes appearance: 2016's "Rock 'n' Roll Heaven Reunion."*

*Well played, sir!*



*Jerry Garcia deeply regrets not being able to make the Woodstock for Old People Reunion—something about his being "indisposed." Maybe next year!*





**“Come on, people now, smile on ya brother.” Or sister.**



*(Left) Amy Lubow Downs ('72) poses with her older brother, Allen, from the class of '68.*

*(Above) We had sisters, too: Meredith ('70) and Randy ('73) Ringler. Mere lives out in Vail, Colorado, but had a wedding to attend in Montreal. She was able to zip down to Long Island and join everyone.*



*Always nice to see Michael Cohen, from the class of 1984, and, making her first appearance at a Jericho gathering, Ilene Fortunoff Dall ('82)—and not just because they lower the average age of the party's attendees.*



*Leslee Moskowitz Catalano ('72) and Tricia Longo, the wife of the class of 1971's Ken Longo. But Tricia, who grew up in Rockville Centre, has been to so many of our reunions over the years that she's a honorary Jerichonian—whether she wants to be or not.*



*If we asked you once, we asked you a thousand times: "People, please stay off those towers!" But did you listen? Hell, no!!!!*



# Born to Be Wild!



We had a fair number of first-timers at this year's gathering, including Keith Lazarus (below, right, with fellow class of 1975-er Mike Diehl) and (above) John Heilig ('72) and his wife, Susan.



We were thrilled to have teacher Mrs. Joan Kupferberg join us. Although she lives in Boynton Beach, Florida, she happened to be on Long Island at the time. Above: Mrs. K. with sisters Diane Fils Drake ('82) and Adrienne Fils ('78), and below with the class of 1971's Craig Libstag. Craig's mom, Harriet, happens to be Mrs. Kupferberg's best friend. "She's the sister that my parents neglected to give me," she explains. "Harriet was a tutor and reading teacher at George Jackson Elementary; our rooms were across the hall from each other."



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## OUR HIPPIE BLANKETS AND BED LINENS WILL KEEP YOU WARM AND DRY, OR OUR NAME'S MUD!

When the "No rain! No rain!" chant fail to work, no mud should defile your skin unless it's a mud facial. Let our sinfully luxurious blankets and sheets come between your precious posterior and the cold, wet ground.

Made from the same Egyptian cotton used to mummify the great pharaohs, from Tutankhamun, to Amenhotep I, to Cleopatra. With thread counts of 60,000 and up, our hippie blanket is so dense and heavy, you'll need a full road crew to carry it to your spot on the rock festival grounds.

### PORTHAULT JOURS DE PARIS

Available at Neiman Marcus, Bergdorf Goodman, and Other Fine Stores

"Even at a festival during the height of monsoon season, your hippie blanket kept my royal arse perfectly dry, allowing me to be the Sultan of Swing! (And Schwing!)"  
— The Sultan of Brunei, a Most Satisfied Sovereign







Jimi Hendrix wasn't able to make this year's gathering, citing "scheduling conflicts." But who will ever forget the moment at Woodstock fifty years ago when he thrust a finger in the air and asked, "Which high school is number one in the nation?!" A half million beautifully stoned voices rang out, "Jericho! Jericho! Jericho!" Supposedly the chant continued echoing throughout the grounds long after the last hippie stumbled off, covered in his own puke.

Go, Jayhawks!



Thanks are in order for Philip Bashe's wife, Patty, and son, Justin, for driving Mrs Kupferberg to and from the party. Muchos gracias!



Meredith Ringler (front l.) and Rick Scher (front r.) caught plotting the class of 1970's fifty-year high school reunion, which they plan to hold on Long Island in October 2020. Sitting behind them, clockwise from left, are Mere's husband, Steve Fuller; history teacher Mr. Ira Greene; Randy Ringler; and Rick's wife, Anne.



Great to see Dr. Andrew Van Tosh, a cardiology specialist at renowned St. Francis Hospital in Port Washington, and his wife. Given the advanced age of our reunion cohort, it was, um, highly comforting to have him on the premises.



(Right) Say hello to the class of 1972's Toni Molina Romas, and her husband, Tony. They live just one town over, in Syosset.





# “Maybe if we think real hard ... maybe we can stop this rain!”



Remember the “No rain! No rain!” chant at Woodstock? Not very effective, was it? (See photo at left.) That’s because 1969-era hippies did it all wrong. The modern hippie of 2019 has read all the double-blind studies and knows that the time to conduct the chant is weeks, if not months, before the actual event you don’t want rained out. In other words, prophylactically, not reactively.

And so your dedicated reunion committee began its chanting last May. Every day for an hour. “No rain! No rain!” No matter where we were. “No rain! No rain!” Which wasn’t always appreciated at the local Whole Foods. Or the waiting room at the dentist. But the weather on September 7, the day of the Woodstock for Old People reunion? Dry as a bone, baby. Dry. As. A. Bone.



It took some prodding—and threats of resorting to an actual cattle prod—but we finally got folks to go outside into the Homestead’s courtyard. What a beautiful night.

At left are the class of 1968: standing from left to right, Nick Pellicoro, Peter Miller, Mark Grand, and Bruce Steiner. Sitting: Richard Mandor, Terry Drucker, Dolores “Dee” D’Acierno Mason, John Molina, Grace Andresini, Allen Lubow, and Mitch Seltzer.

Shari Strongin (’76) gets cozy with Glenn Handler (’73), a friend of her older brother, Corey Strongin (’73), who’s an artist in Los Angeles.



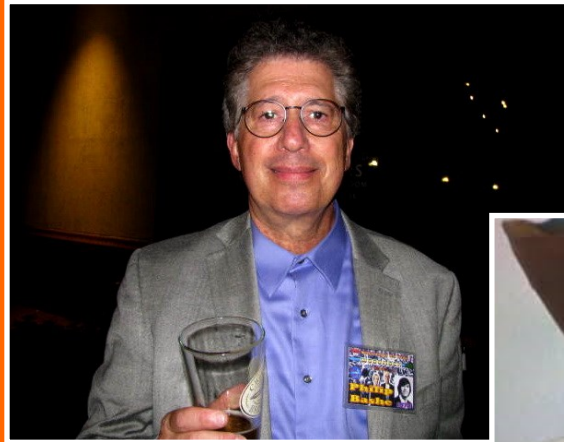




Left: The class of 1970's Debbie DiMaria Silvestri strikes a pose with her hubby, Greg, as well as Linda Fils and Dean Nataro from the class of '69. This was the first gathering for both the Silvestris and for Dean.



Below, left: Always nice to have some young blood at our gatherings, in the persons of Shari Goldberg Stearns ('76) and Linda Goldstein Sherman ('77). We mean that literally, too: with so many old alumnuts wandering around, you never know when somebody's going to need an emergency transfusion.



Between taking lots of photos and fetching people's name tags like an obedient golden retriever, reunionizer Philip Bashe ('72) functioned as the Wavy Gravy of Woodstock for Old People. Main difference: he's got all his teeth. For now.

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## Delicious New Math!

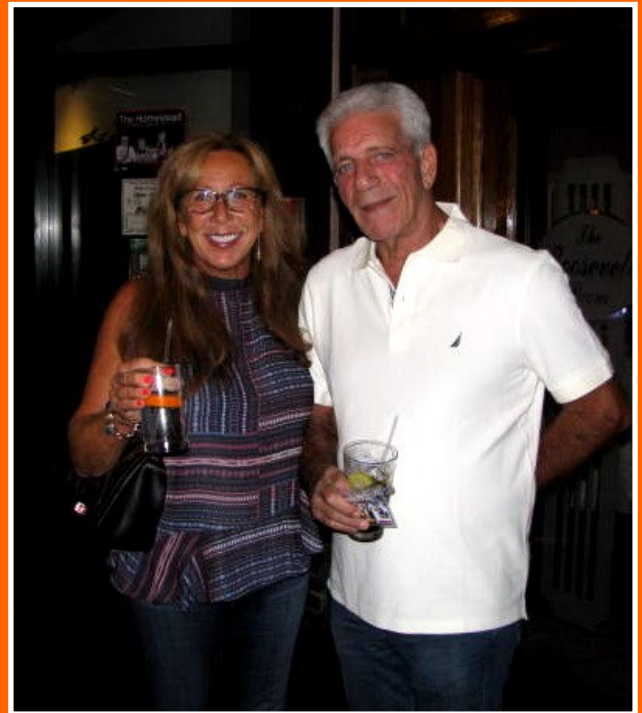
Take 1 bottle of  
1999 Chateau Lafite  
Rothschild Pauillac

Combine with  
Boone's Farm  
Strawberry Hill

Hoity-toity taste in a  
hoi-polloi jug!  
(Also comes in boxes.)



New S 'n' S—Slummin' in Style—the ideal wine for when you want \$846-a-bottle taste but also \$5-a-bottle taste, and in a more socially acceptable container. Full-bodied flavor, with notes of strawberry, transmission fluid, and a fifteen-minute Jerry Garcia guitar solo.



Jericho couple: Estelle Oliva Scarpinato ('70) arrives with husband Manny ('68). They grew up on the same street in Brookville.

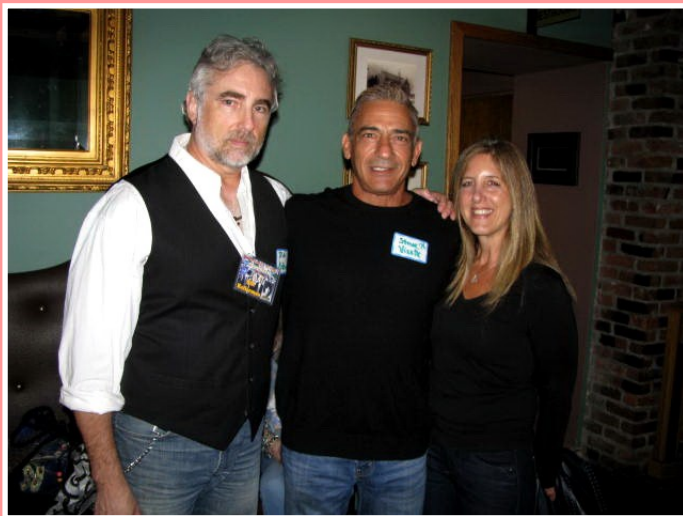




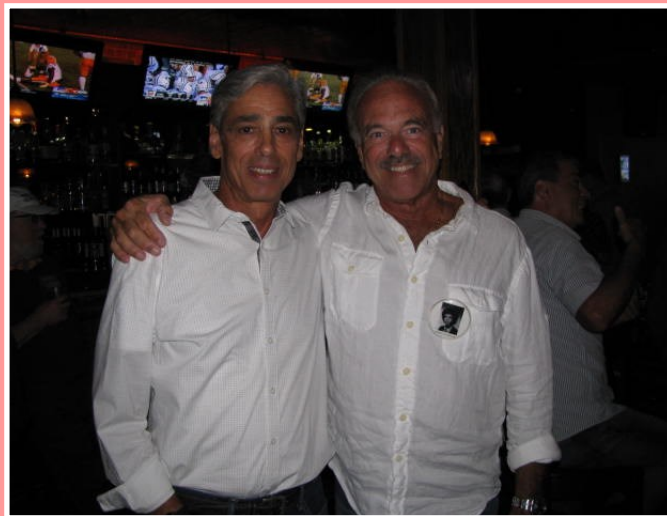


As noted previously, it was a beautiful late-summer evening. So beautiful, in fact, that several of the old hippies piled into a VW bus, drove over to Jericho High School and went skinny-dipping in Lake Jericho. Surely you remember Lake Jericho: that's what we called the parking lot behind the junior high, which used to flood regularly even after a drizzle.

Pictured at left is Heidi, the poor, bedraggled-looking pooch who loved to wade through the water, and whose image graced the last page of the class of 1972's Imperator yearbook.



Rik Kellerman ('75) with the class of '76's Steven Visalli and his guest.



Mark Rosenfeld ('70) and Westbury High's Mark Silverman ('72), a good friend (and ex-boyfriend) of many Jerichonians.



From the class of 1968, we have Nick Pellicoro bookended by Grace Andresini and reunion committee member Dolores "Dee" D'Acierno Mason.



David Kass and Larry Levinson, both from '69, with Betty Cohen, another honorary Jerichonian. This must be her tenth reunion, or something like that.





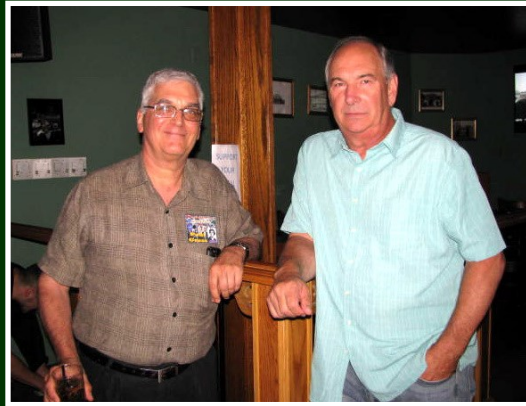
**"We are stardust, we are golden, we are billion-year-old carbon ..."**



Have to give a shout-out to the class of '72's Amy Lubow Downs, shown here with classmate Jill Thierman Parrott. This was Amy's twelfth reunion in a row—going all the way back to 2002. That ties her with Philip Bashe for the all-time record; but, of course, he has to be there every year. She's already RSVP'd for 2020's Gathering of the Tribes 8, to be held on Saturday, June 6.



Love this shot of Randy Ringler ('73) with the class of 1970's Robert Cogan and his wife, Anne.



Paul Gress from the class of 1972 with '71's Tom Giordano.



Peter Miller ('68) and Jeffrey Arkin ('75).



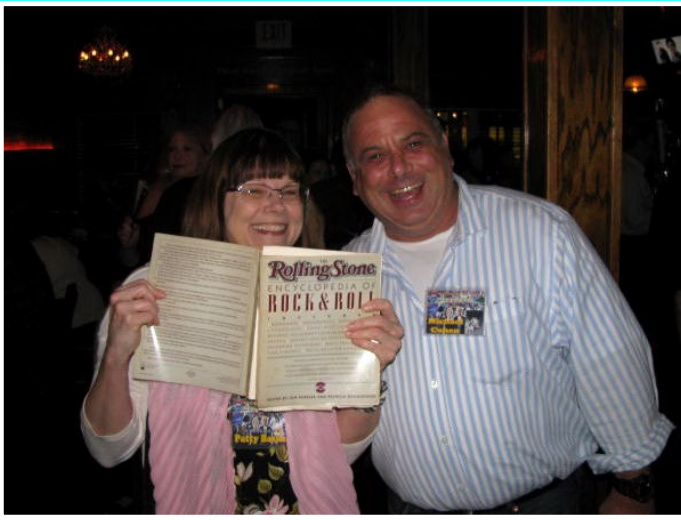
Hadn't seen the class of 1971's Gary Malin (sitting between Sandi Chertok Clark ('72) and Dave Fischbein ('69) since the 2007 Reunion in 3-D at Milleridge Cottage, after which he relocated to Utah. But he happened to be back on Long Island the same weekend as the reunion and joined us. Fortuitous timing, it's called.



Class of 1969 doing their thing: Anne Gruber (with Dean Nataro and Betty Cohen) demonstrates the proper way to wear a reunion name badge—directly over the nose and mouth, your two breathing orifices. Don't try this, however, if you have one of the pin-backed badges. That would really, really hurt like hell. Could leave a scar, even.

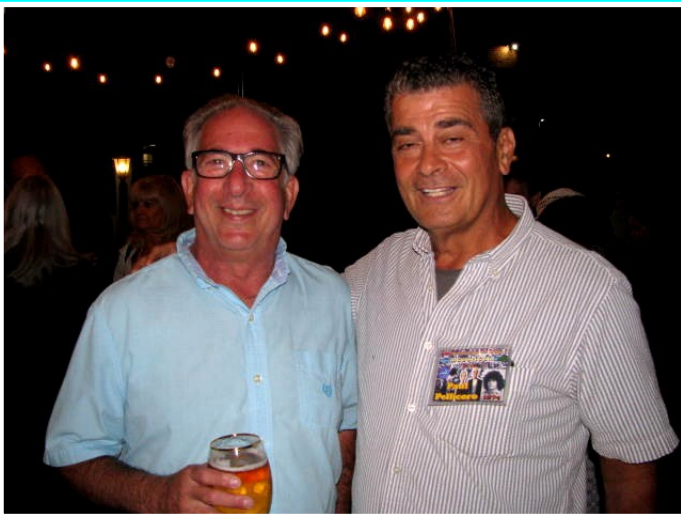






Story behind the picture: In recent years, Patty Bashe and her husband, Philip Bashe ('72), have had the pleasure of getting to know Michael Cohen from the class of 1984. This was his third time as the youngest alumnus at a JHS Gathering of the Tribes.

As Michael explained, Patty's maiden name, Romanowski, was familiar to him, but he couldn't pinpoint why or where. Then he realized: her name is on the cover of one of his favorite books ever: the Rolling Stone Encyclopedia of Rock & Roll, which she edited in 1983, back when she was the head of Rolling Stone magazine's book division. (She left RS that same year and went on to write twenty-five books to date, most of them as Patricia Romanowski Bashe or Patty Bashe.) Michael brought along his dog-eared copy with its busted spine.



Andrew Geyer, from the class of 1975, with '74's Paul Pellicoro. We told you already that Paul is a cousin of Janet Giannetto ('69); well, Andrew is the cousin of the class of 1972's Arnold Tropper.

Really nice shot of Mrs. Joan Kupferberg and Dolores "Dee" D'Acierno Mason ('68).

# Too Old to Rock 'N' Roll? LET RENT-A-FREAK COME TO THE RESCUE!



Let's be honest for a moment, shall we? Let's "rap."

Sure, you want to fit in and be "part of the scene" at Woodstock for Old People. But let's face it: at your age, you can only hold up your cigarette lighter to entice the band to play an encore for so long before your shoulder throbs. And two or three shouts of "Play All Night!" "Rock & Roll!" or "Whippin' Post!" leave you gasping for breath.

Maybe it's time for you to leverage your next concert experience with "Rent a Freak." For a reasonable hourly fee, our amiable hippies—who come in all ages, shapes, and sizes, male or female, and with or without pants—do the heavy lifting for you, enabling you to fulfill your festival audience duties. Popular services include:

- Applaud vigorously, whistle, etc.
- Fetch \$100 sandwiches from the concession area.
- Take off clothes and dance manically like Elaine on *Seinfeld*.
- Roll serviceable joints.
- Hold your place in line for hours at the Porta-Pottys.
- Throw communal frisbees and bat beachballs, so you don't have to.

With your fully bonded, licensed, and certified Rent-a-Freak at your side, you'll be free to complain to everyone within earshot about your enlarged prostate and/or rheumatic back while playing Candy Crush on your iPhone. Party on!

Call for rates and references. And consider our his-and-her Rent-a-Freak couples!





## Feed Your Head!



The class of 1968 discusses the communal geodesic dome it plans on building, with a self-sustaining cannabis and kale garden. Around the table are Nick Pellicoro, Grace Andresini, Dolores "Dee" D'Acerno Mason, Allen Lubow, Terry Drucker, and Mitch Seltzer, with Warren Dreyfus standing at right. Deep in discussion behind them are the class of 1972's Amy Lubow Downs and John Heilig, with his wife, Susan. John and Susan's two sons both graduated from Jericho High, and Susan is still the president of the district's SEPTA organization.



(Above) Great pic of Ilene Fortunoff Dall and Diane Fils Drake, from the class of 1982, and 1979's Nadine Nash.



Since we knew the weather wouldn't cooperate and give us an authentic original-Woodstock-style drenching, we hired a cement mixer to dump who knows how many cubic tons of good-ol' upstate New York mud in the Homestead's courtyard. Within seconds, everyone's shoes came off, and we were dancing and sliding in the muck.

The lawsuit against your reunion committee is still pending.



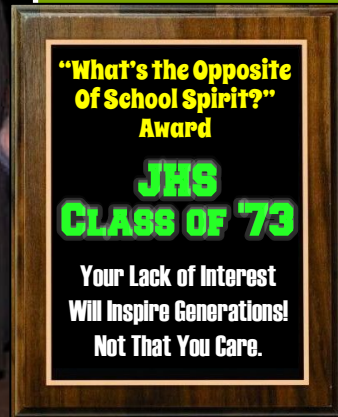
Longtime friends Craig Libstag and Roy Fiorino, both from the class of 1971. For the second year in a row, Craig came down from his home in Vermont to join the party.

Really wanted to get all three Oliva sibs in this photo, but middle child Estelle ('70) was outside. So we got her husband, Manny Scarpinato ('68), to stand-in for her next to Joseph Oliva ('69) and Dianne ('74).

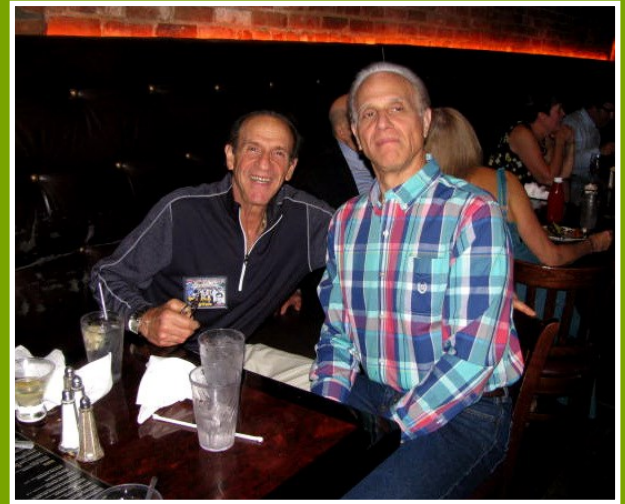




Left: The class of 1973 was well represented. Not sure if we can remember everybody's name, but from left to right, Glenn Handler and Randy Ringler. And Randy graduated a year early, in 1972, so does that even count? Therefore, if it weren't for Glenn, the Jericho High School class of '73 would have been outdrawn by Westbury High School (!). So, to the class of 1973, we bestow the What's-the-Opposite-of-School-Spirit? Award.



Congratulations, one and all! (We prepared this handsome plaque commemorating their impressive achievement, but no one showed up to claim it.)



Warren Dreyfus and Richard Mandor from the class of '68.



Janet Giannetto ('69), Robert ('70) and Anne Colgan, Danny Fischer ('70), and Rick Scher ('70).



Paul Gress ('72), Jeffrey Arkin ('75), and Mike Diehl ('75).



Love the symmetry in this shot of Shari Goldberg Stearn ('76), Linda Goldstein Sherman ('77), and reunion committee member Steven Wainick ('75). That's Tricia Longo looking on at left, and husband Ken ('71).





**"Hey, nice camera!  
"Be a shame if it wound up stickin'  
out of your eye socket!"**



This is the picture that almost led to Philip Bashe sleeping with the fishsticks. I'd just snapped this nice photo of history-teacher-turned-attorney Mr. Ira Greene and Randy Ringler ('73), when the class of '64's Hope Davis and Marilyn Della Vecchia Profita (below), who were sitting nearby, beckoned me over.

Apparently my photo taking had deeply concerned a group of gentlemen having dinner at a table in back. You can see one of them in the upper-left corner. He was with a certain John Gotti Jr. (not in the frame), who, in time-honored Mafia tradition, was sitting with his back to the wall, presumably to ward off waiters bearing pepper mills.



Now, truthfully, I wouldn't have recognized Junior in a million years—certainly not without the orange jumpsuit. Not long afterward, he and his party got up and left. Hope I didn't spoil their dinner. Can't imagine why Gotti Jr. is so camera shy. I mean, he's just A LEGITIMATE BUSINESSMAN.



Phil was relieved to be surrounded by his trusted bodyguard, Justin Bashe, and his consigliere, Patty Romanowski Bashe. He was also thankful that he does not own a horse. He hates surprises first thing in the morning. Don't you?



Purty picture of Adrienne Fils ('78) and Nadine Nash ('79).



Shari Strongin ('76) and Rik Kellerman ('75).



Anne Gruber ('69) and Sandi Chertok Clark ('72,) with Robert Weinstein ('69) behind Sandi.





At the 1969 festival, signs pointed the way to the bad trip tent, where to get bitchin' acid, and to areas in the woods such as Groovy Way. Woodstock for Old People had signs too, directing the ancient hippies to bingo, charades, and other enjoyable golden-years activities requiring minimal mobility and low energy.



The class of '71's Gary Malin, Craig Libstag, and Ken Longo with, from east to west, Linda Fils and Janet Giannetto (both '69), and Tricia Longo.



Dee and the boys (above), and D. and the boys (right). Dolores "Dee" D'Acierno Mason keeps a watchful eye on the class of 1968's Richard Mandor, John Molina, Warren Dreyfus, and Nick Pellicoro, while Dianne Oliva corrals Paul Pellicoro and Owen Brown from their class of 1974.



Debbi Nathel Kazan and Jill Thierman, both from '72, and both looking great.





Here we have assorted dynamic duos, starting with Amy Lubow Downs ('72) and Mr. Ira Greene ...



Ilene Fortunoff Dall ('82) and Mrs. Joan Kupferberg ...



Dean Nataro ('69) and Rick Morrison ('71).



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## 50TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION 1969 VW Bus Classic

### Comes Tricked Out With (Standard)

- ◆ Pink-orange Ripple-stained shag carpet caked with seeds 'n' stems, cat/dog hair, sand, dirt!
- ◆ Fuzzy dice!
- ◆ 8-track-cartridge quadrophonic sound system (plays only Black Sabbath and Deep Purple)!
- ◆ Year's supply of air freshener!
- ◆ Black-light posters (UV light optional)!
- ◆ 4-speed manual transmission, 57 hpr., 23 mpg., max. speed 65 mph! \*
- ◆ 9-cylinder engine (9th cylinder for hiding your stash)!

\* Factually correct.

*Travel in style to your next rock festival!  
(But keep your eyes peeled for The Man. man.)*



**TRUCK ON DOWN TO  
YOUR LOCAL VW  
DEALERSHIP TODAY!**



**Picture yourself on a train in a station, with plasticine porters with looking-glass ties ...**



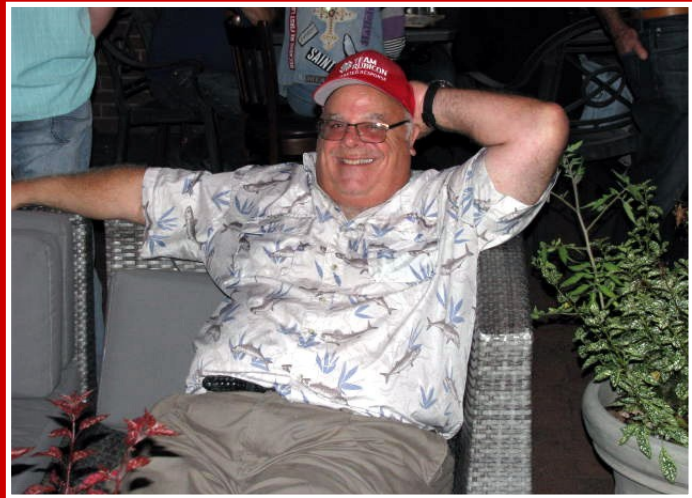
*This was the scene inside the Homestead at around 11:59 p.m. ...*



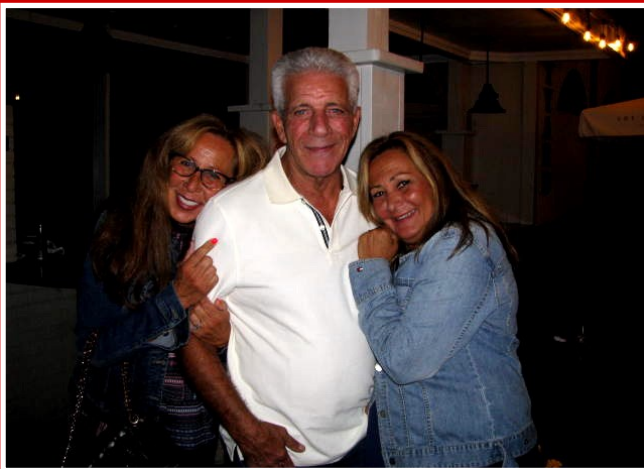
*And this was the scene at midnight, when everyone's anti-acid kicked in at the exact same moment.*



*Mike Diehl ('75) fires one up. A cigar, that is. As Groucho Marx once said memorably, Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar.*



*Jeffrey Arkin ('75) perfects his relaxing-at-the-beach pose. Two weeks after the reunion, he moved from Philadelphia to Florida.*



*Hey, check this out! It's a Manny Scarpinato ('68) sandwich. A Manwich! Wife Estelle Oliva Scarpinato ('70) and sister-in-law Dianne Oliva ('74) are the buns. So many lame sexual innuendos, so little time.*



*Which would then make Mark Rosenfeld ('70) a Markwich. Except that makes no sense at all.*



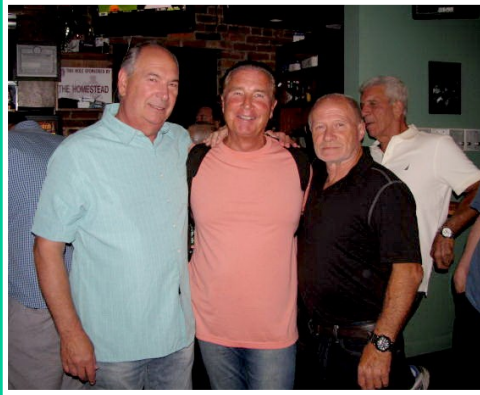


# Okay, people, let's put this puppy to bed ...

This is the part where, predictably, I run out of snappy photo captions and randomly post the last two dozen or so photos, just to get this over with until next time.



Patty Bashe and Leslee Moskowitz Catalano ('72).



The class of 1971's Tom Giordano, Gary Malin, and Roy Fiorino.



David Kass ('69) and Dean Nataro ('69).



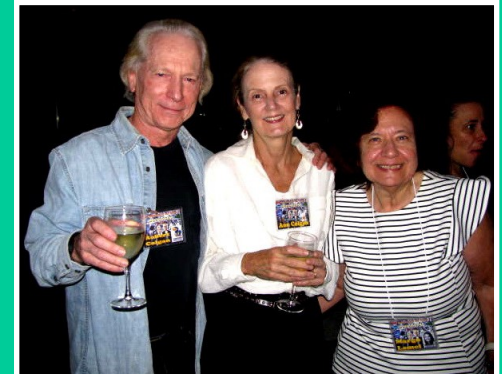
(Right to left) Meredith Ringler ('70) with husband Steve Fuller, and Debbie DiMaria Silvestri ('70) with husband Greg Silvestri.



Spirit of '76: Shari Goldberg Stearn and Shari Strongin.



Ilene Fortunoff Dall ('82), Michael Cohen ('84), Larry Levinson ('69), and Betty Cohen.



Robert ('70) and Anne Cogan with Margo Lamel Lampert ('70).

Advertisement

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**BEER**  
**HERE**  
**NOW!**

The X-clusive  
Micro-brewski  
with the  
Micro-doseski!

Transcendent Flavor!  
And It's Freakin'  
Purple, People!

**BEER**  
**HERE**  
**NOW!**



Solo shots of the class of 1975's Andrew Geyer (above) and Keith Lazarus (right).







(Left) Jill Thierman Parrott and Harold Parrott, Debbi Nathel Kazan and Paul Kazan, Sandi Chertok Clark, and Leslee Moskowitz Catalano, all from the class of '72.

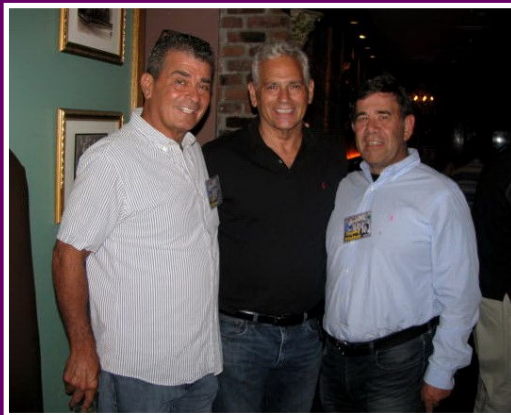
(Below) Owen Brown ('74) and Shari Strongin ('76).



The class of '70's Rick Scher and Meredith Ringler flank Mr. Ira Greene.



Philip Bashe ('72) and Dianne Oliva ('74).



Paul ('74) and Nick ('68) Pellicoro with Danny Fischer ('70).



Glenn Handler ('73) and Debbie DiMaria Silvestri ('70).

Advertisement

## TREAT YOUR VINO TO ITS OWN WINE BAG



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(Above) David Fischbein and David Kass, both from the class of '69.



(Above) Robert Colgan ('70) with wife Anne (l.) and Patty Bashe (r.).

(Right) The class of '72's Sandi Chertok Clark, Toni Molina Romas, and Leslee Moskowitz Catalano.



Sly and the Family Stone sang "Dance to the Music" at the original Woodstock. Dianne Oliva ('74) pairs up with tango master Paul Pellicoro, also from 1974.



Love this photo of '71's Gary Malin and Craig Libstag each planting one on Linda Fils's kisser. Thanks to her younger sis, Diane Drake Fils ('82), who snapped the pic, as well as the other folks who contributed shots: Dee D'Acierno Mason, Bruce Steiner, and Leslee Moskowitz Catalano.

## Going Home, by Helicopter

Old Hippies' Abandoned Cars Snarl Traffic at Junction of Route 106 and Cedar Swamp Road (see photo at right)

## Woodstock for Old People Deemed "Great Success" by Promoters

Unlike at Original Festival, No One Was Run over by a Tractor, Although a Mishap Involving a Roomba Was Reported—Nassau County Police Still Investigating







Right. Didn't think so.

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Express Your Individuality with One of Three EZ-to-Assemble Coverings**

Dup Tent



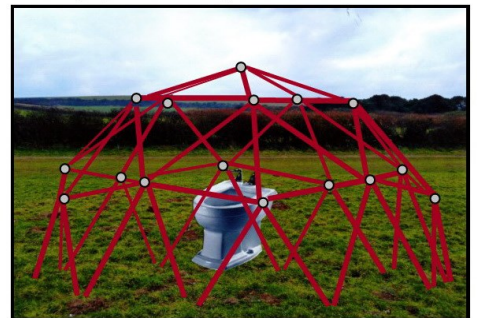
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