

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

JHS Class of 1972 Quarterly On-Line Newsletter

The Official Propaganda Tool of Jericho High's Class of 1972

WELCOME TO the first quarterly on-line newsletter of the Jericho High School class of 1972.

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THANKS TO this issue's correspondents and to Web Macher Freda Salatino. Hope y'all enjoy our snazzy little debut and will contribute news, first-person essays — even suggestive personal ads, if that's the best you can manage — to future issues. Wishing all members of the class of 1972 a healthy and happy 2003!

Next Reunion — In the Guise of a Mass 50th Birthday Party for Everybody — Set for July 17-18, 2004

The class of 1972's mass 50th birthday party (or 32nd high-school reunion, if you prefer) will be held on Saturday, July 17, and Sunday, July 18, 2004.

Once again, you will get to inflict your preferences on everybody else via the democratic process — only to have your vote ultimately overturned by the Supreme Court. Sometime in the next few months, you'll be e-mailed a survey asking you to state your choices of

venue and so forth. The reunion committee will present you with three or four choices reflecting either a Jericho theme or — given the dire shortage of Jericho themes — a Long Island theme, on the order of "The-Quaaludes-and-Plastic-Slip-Covers Party." (Note to self: Concept needs polishing. Badly.)

We can tell you a few specifics, such as that there will be an open bar this time and a karaoke

karaoke and inhibition-shedding booze should generate *lots* of unintended humor.

Like last time, you get to choose all the music, only instead of being restricted to the years 1966 to 1972, we'll ask you to choose your fave party songs from your fifty years spent on this planet — or any other — which conveniently encompasses the entire history of rock & roll. Stay tuned for future developments. ■

Jericho Then Vs. Now: A Unique Perspective

by Debbi Nathel Kazan



My family moved to West Birchwood at the start of sixth grade, and I've been back in Jericho raising my own family since 1984.

After we graduated high school, I attended Nassau Community College for two years. Then in 1974 I transferred to the SUNY College at New Paltz — mainly because half my friends from Jericho went there, like Beverly

Weissman, Neil Goldman, Bob Winston, and Debbie Traikos. My younger sister, Sharon, also got into New Paltz, so we drove up together for our first semester.



It was funny: I was dating this guy from Jericho at the time, and during the whole car ride there, I was crying, "Oh, I can't believe I'm leaving him!"

(Cont'd on page 5)

Boldface: Nooz About Yooz

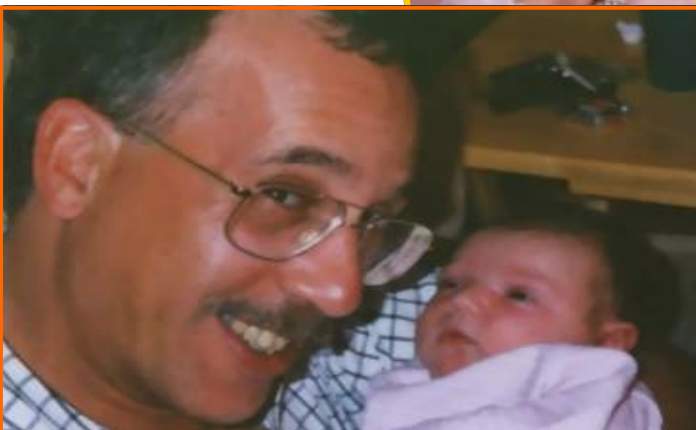
Arnie Tropper, who lives in Smithtown, L.I., has become the first member of our class — at least that we know of — to become a grandfather. On August 31, 2002, his daughter Margie gave birth to 9 1/2-pound Felicity Rose. Congrats! ■ **After hearing that Gary Roney** attended Jericho High School, scrumptious supermodel **Tyra Banks** begged her handlers for an introduction. As they talked intimately deep into the night (see photo), Tyra asked Gary for a stick of gum, noting that she hadn't eaten since gorging on a

sprig of parsley and a carton of cigarettes at Thanksgiving. F-f-feeling faint," she gasped. "C-c-can't breathe ..." Our chivalrous Mr. Roney, now of Laguna Niguel, California, kindly obliged. ■



One of the perks of throwing together this newsletter is a little self-promotion. **Philip Bashe's** 16th book, *The Complete Cancer Survival Guide* (Doubleday, 996 pages) was named best health book of 2001 by the American Medical Writers Association, an organization he refuses to join because he writes on many subjects and prefers to think of himself as a writer, period. Besides, we're talking about someone who *barely* passed Mrs. Reff's tenth-grade biology class. Foreword is by President George Bush (not Dub-ya; H. Dubya), who lost a daughter to cancer in 1953. Says Bashe, who still admits to being an ardent Democrat even after last November's debacle at the

In what is undoubtedly the coolest news of all, **Patty Ryon Quiiri** and **Stephen Spiers** are finally getting married — thirty-one years after being voted Class Couple. Obviously they didn't want to rush into anything. Patty has three sons from a previous marriage; Steve, two daughters. Both now live in Florida. They reconnected early last year for the first time since 1973, thanks in part to the reunion committee's giving each of them the other's e-mail address. As Patty understates, "Better late than never." Congratulations to both of you!!!! ■

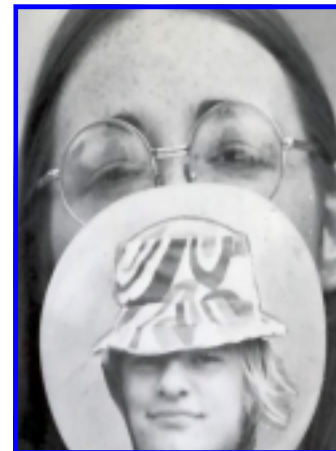


What a cutie! The baby, too! Grandpa Arnie Tropper welcomes Felicity Rose, also shown in the inset photo above. All together now: "Awwwwwwwwwwww!"

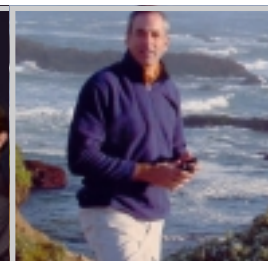
Be sure to catch *The Agency*, created and produced by our own **Bob Simon** (below at far right), Saturday nights at 10 P.M. ET on CBS-TV. Starring Beau Bridges (*not* a Jericho grad, but desperately wishes he was) as CIA Director Tom Gage, a former U.S. Senator and war hero, the series is the first ever granted permission to film inside CIA headquarters. Each episode focuses on the brave men and women who risk their lives in the name of national security as they combat any and all assaults on the United States. ■



polls, "If he only knew that I voted against him and/or his son in five of the last six elections ..." ■



Patty and Steve: together again.



New Networking Directory To Go Up on Web Site

Michael Osit came up with the brilliant idea that we start an on-line networking directory where class members can make their professional services known to other alumni. The collective list of occupations among us is remarkably broad, including lawyers, doctors, builders, editors, accountants, financial consultants, printers, pharmacists, more lawyers, business owners, therapists, publicists, *still* more lawyers, one judge (**Doug Hoffman**), four male strippers, sixteen Cher impersonators, and one Exalted King and Almighty Creator of the Sun, Moon, and Heavens from the Sovereign Republic of Schizophrenia.

As Michael puts it, "We all have specific needs, whether they be health related, child related, construction, etc. Wouldn't it be great to be able to contact a trusted classmate to ask for guidance and direction? I am specifically thinking that **Howard Silber** will be able to get me Super Bowl tickets! I know I would be more than happy to assist a classmate with a problem they are encountering." Of course, there are *some* services – proctology comes to mind – that might be best left to strangers ...

Michael, a clinical psychologist, is the first to volunteer his information, which we reprint here as an example:

Michael Osit

Clinical psychologist
Watchung Psychological Associates
5 Mountain Boulevard, Suite 4, Warren, NJ 07059
Telephone: 908-757-1399/Fax: 908-757-3938
E-mail: M054895@aol.com

Expertise in diagnosis and treatment of most psychological and psychiatric disorders affecting children, adolescents, and adults. Expertise in assessment of learning disabilities in children. Speciality in child and adolescent disorders including ADHD, bipolar disorder, depression, OCD, and anxiety disorders. Multitude of experience working with effects of divorce on all family members.

Interesting in having yourself listed? E-mail your info to webmacher Freda Salatino at: support@jhs1972.org.

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**The New York Times Bestseller
That Everyone Is Talking About!**

RUMINATIONS ON FREUD



BY ANNA
NICOLE SMITH



"Anna Nicole sets loose her prodigious 42DD IQ on the life's work of Sigmund Freud. The results are ... truly, truly startling."
— Liz Smith

Excerpt: "... At first I thought, *Sigmund*? What the *&^%* sorta name is *Sigmund*?! But then I remembered — well, *kinda* remembered — that back when I was, like, strippin' in Texas, there was this old guy named Sigmund. I think he was a chicken farmer or somethin'. From Odessa. But he'd done real nice for hisself; used to pay \$5,000 for a lap dance. And *so-oooo* sweet! I almost married him. Except that I was *already* married to two *other* old rich guys. And bigotry is illegal in Texas, or that's what my lawyer told me, anyway. Hold on a minute: *Kim-mie!!!!???* *Mama's hungry!!!!* Fix me a coupla chicken-fried steaks with gravy, tater skins with the whole works, and a bottle of Southern Comfort, will ya, baby? No, not later, *now!* 'Cos *Mama's weely, weely hungry! Kim-mie!!!!*"

*Alumni Update***Patricia Ryon Quiri: Author! Author!**

Patricia Ryon Quiri, who lives in Oldsmar, Florida, has written twenty-one nonfiction books for children, making her the class of 1972's most prolific author. Patty, a school-teacher and the mother of three boys, explains that she started writing seriously in 1984, "when I could not find a suitable book for my sons regarding children and strangers. I wrote that book, *Stranger Danger*,

with a friend, and it was published in 1985 by Simon & Schuster.

"But then I moved to San Francisco," she continues, "so I didn't have my partner to write with anymore. I was commissioned to write all of the subsequent titles. Since I have always enjoyed history, that series was right up my alley."

Patty's books, the majority of them published by Children's Press, ad-

dress such aspects of American history as the U.S. Constitution, Ellis Island, and the workings of Congress (perhaps it should be mandatory reading for all 535 members, so they might one day figure it out) in a warm yet authoritative style that makes these events and famous figures come alive for kids.

Writing, too, was always one of Patty's interests. "I know I bored my

And to Think It All Started the Day We Graduated ...

According to the *Washington Post*, your alma mater is the highest-ranking public high school academically in New York State and number four in the entire United States? Yep, JHS trails only (1) Stanton College Prep HS, in Jacksonville, Florida; (2) George Mason High School, in

Falls Church, Virginia; and (3) Gainesville, Florida's Eastside High. Who knew they even *had* high schools in Florida?

Strangely enough, Jericho High's drive to the top can be traced to Sunday, June 25, 1972, with the graduation of approximately 360 lackluster seniors. ■



Patty Ryon Quiri flanked by two of her three sons: Rob (left) and Brad (right). In case you're wondering, no, that is not a short Xmas tree; yes, they happen to be a couple of tall young guys.

The Six Degrees of Separation, JHS Division

Premise: a recurring feature in which class members tell us about running into fellow JHS '72 grads – hopefully not with their car – in the most unexpected of places. We'll get this started, to show you what we're talking about. Philip Bashe recounts a recent unlikely encounter:

Andy Romanoff and I were best friends from second grade until about eleventh. We did practically everything together. In between playing ball and going to Camp Balfour Lake (later renamed Camp Deer Tick) in the Adirondacks for a few summers, we discovered a mutual love of music – and that we both played instruments.

It is no exaggeration to call Andy a prodigy on guitar. We'd walk into Sam Ash or Straub Mu-

sic to ogle new guitars, amps, and drums, and Andy would plug in a guitar and start playing. It could be Hendrix; it could be something classical. Usually the guys manning the
(Cont'd on page 7)

You can run, but you can't hide! We are everywhere! Everywhere! And we will hunt you down like dogs.

third-grade teacher to tears with a thirty-page story that went on and on," she recalls. "I always loved school as well and played school after school. And I'm still playing school! I use the material from my books to write history plays and songs for my students each year." Patty has also tried her hand at children's fiction, which she hopes to have published soon.

If you'd like to see – or better yet, buy – titles that Patty has written, go to either amazon.com (<http://www.amazon.com>) or barnes&noble.com (<http://www.barnesandnoble.com>) and search for Patty Ryon Quiri. ■

Nathel/Jericho, Then Vs. Now

(Cont'd from page 1)

The first night on campus, I met Paul Kazan, who would become my husband three years later. I called up my boyfriend – about to become an *ex-boyfriend* – and said, “Y’know what? Maybe *don’t* come up for the Jewish holidays like we’d planned.”

Paul is originally from Fresh Meadows, Queens, which is where we lived after we were married. Then when our daughter, Dyana, was about eighteen months old, we moved to East Birchwood. My parents still lived on Craig Street at the time. Now my youngest brother Shelly and his wife live there. Mom passed away eleven years ago, and my father has since remarried and moved to Florida.

Lots of Familiar Faces

I loved being back in Jericho, especially then. I’d go into Waldbaums, and the people behind the counter were still the same. The people at the drug store were still there. And the dry cleaner’s and the beauty parlor, J’Art, were the same too. Also, when Dyana started high school, tons of the teachers that we had were still there. She had classes with Mr. Hoffman, Ms. Murphy, Mr. Lamm, and Mr. Drabbe. Dyana is now a junior at New York University. My son, Evan, was born in 1986. Even by the time he got to high school, some of the teachers were the same, like Mr. Fontane.

I have two brothers and one sister, with a ten-year age range among us. It seems like I’m always running into someone I know, or one of my siblings knows, or I’m running into my parents’ friends. In fact, the day before Thanksgiving, I saw an article in the paper asking for donations of turkeys. I happened to be entitled to a free turkey from Waldbaums. So I called the person in charge of this food drive to make arrangements to drop off the turkey. We got to talking, and I mentioned that I’d grown up in Jericho.

“Oh,” she said, “maybe you dated one of my children.” Her voice sounded so young over the phone that I said, “No, no, they must be *much* younger than me.” It turned out that she was Sandy Sylvan’s mom!

What’s Changed, What’s Still the Same

When my family moved to Jericho in 1965, it was way beyond our means. But I never felt that anybody else was above us economically; I just had to make concessions. There were certain stores I didn’t shop in, but it wasn’t a big deal.

Today there is a huge amount of pressure on kids to “keep up with the Jonses.” There’s also a big separation between the people who live in Jericho itself and those who live in Brookville and Muttontown. Those are now million-dollar-plus

homes. Back when we went to school, tons of my friends lived in Brookville, but they were just like everybody else. It wasn’t anything you gave a second thought to.

There’s a lot of status consciousness that didn’t exist before, with a big emphasis on fancy name-label clothing. I remember when Evan was in middle school, a girlfriend of mine from down the block once gave him some Diesel jeans that cost over \$100 a pair. The first time he wore them to school, he came home and said to me, “Mom, all the popular kids talked to me today, because I was wearing Diesel.”

“Evan,” I said, “that is the most *absurd* thing I’ve ever

heard! Maybe they spoke to you because instead of wearing a hat, a sweatshirt, and sweat pants, you look nice today. You’re wearing shoes, you combed your hair and everything ...”

“No, Mom,” he insisted, “it’s because I’m wearing Diesel.” I told some of my friends about what he’d said, and they all agreed with Evan. Which I thought was so sad!

To be fair, it’s not just Jericho where this goes on; it’s everywhere. My sister lives in Levittown, for instance. The kids there are no less consumed with wearing name-label clothing; it just happens to be *different* labels. Personally, I’ve never believed in keeping up with what everybody else has just

(Cont'd on page 11)



Debbi Nathel Kazan and husband Paul.

First Person Singular

Eileen Marder Mirman: Adventures Along the Healing Path

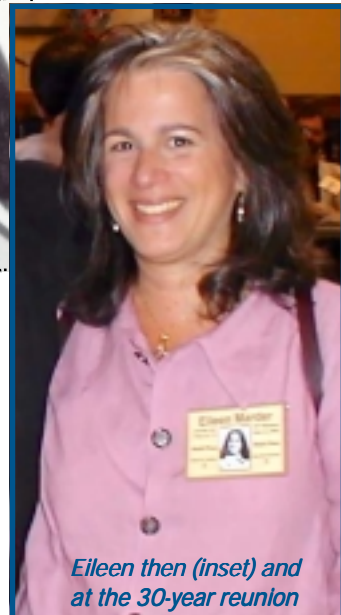
Since I have not been in touch with most of you for many years, here is a sketch of my life. I decided to share with you personally so you could get a sense of how I developed into the person I am today.

As a child living in West Birchwood, I had a lush inner life. I privately pondered the existential

issues of life and death, infinity, and reality. In the early hours of the morning, when most of the world was still asleep, I would watch the milkman driving down Clinton Lane. During these quiet moments, I felt peaceful and a unique connection with the world.

My childhood curiosity led me to who I am today; a mother, lover, healer, and seeker. These early experiences set the stage for my exploration of psychology, spirituality, philosophy, art, music, and most importantly, relationships.

(Cont'd on page 7)



Eileen then (inset) and at the 30-year reunion

First Person Singular

George Ploskas*: Living — Really Living — With MS

Anyone who knew me in high school probably remembers that I was deeply involved in music, playing double bass in Mr. Arnold's orchestra and electric bass in the Doom, with Andy Romanoff and Philip Bashe, and later Mitchell Forman.

After graduation, I went to Ithaca College on a music scholarship play-

ing string bass in the school orchestra and majoring in music education. It was a great place to go to college. Back then I made some side money as a "ringer" for several other orchestras and symphonies: the Cornell Symphony, led by the famous conductor Carl Husa; the Elmira Symphony; the Scranton Philharmonic;

and the Binghamton Symphony. I also played electric bass for Sandler and Young, Skitch Henderson, and the New York Pops Orchestra.

When I graduated from I.C., I had my choice of string jobs. But I'd already done so much playing that I felt I wanted to share what I'd learned

(Cont'd on page 15)



George Ploskas (right) rocking da house (well, da gym, if you must get technical) circa 1968.*



CLASS OF '72 ON THE WORLD WIDE WEB

Be sure to visit our official Web site at <http://www.jhs1972.org>. Features include a class directory with contact info for more than 300 of us, an updated yearbook, photos from the 30-year reunion, updates on upcoming reunion activities, the newsletter, and more.



Eileen Marder

(Cont'd from page 6)

The real Eileen was hidden inside a shy and fearful child and an idealistic young woman. I resonated with activities that supported the counterculture and were antiestablishment. I identified with the feminist and antiwar movements. I sought to understand human suffering and the purpose of life.

Drugs, sex, poetry, gestalt therapy, Kripalu yoga, psychic development, meditation, hiking, camping, and rock & roll were all important endeavors that brought me along the path of life. Each experience taught me something significant about the world and about relationships. I yearned to get closer to the truth and live a life that was filled with meaning and purpose.

I completed my Bachelor's degree in December 1975 from Syracuse University. I also received a

Master's degree from Syracuse in Rehabilitation Counseling during the summer of 1977. Following graduation, I moved to New York City and worked as a rehabilitation counselor at the International Center for the Disabled. I pursued post-graduate training in various therapeutic and alternative healing modalities.

“My spiritual and emotional growth have been slow and steady.”

In September 1979 I married my husband, Jamie. We have had a conscious and committed relationship, which has incorporated much growth. He is truly a wonderful friend and lover, and I feel blessed to have him as my life partner. Jamie is a sensitive and intelligent man who works for a bank in the real estate division; he is also

studying to become a healer. Together we owned and ran an artsy Native American inspired store, Purple Coyote, in our hometown of Rockville Centre, Long Island, for five years.

The greatest joy in my life is my eighteen-year-old son, Josh. He is a talented, funny, sensitive, and determined young man. Josh is studying illustration at the School of Visual Arts in New York City. If you are interested, you can get a good sense of who he is and the issues that he struggles with by visiting his incredibly creative web site at www.stubblecomics.com.

Becoming a mother has been one of the most rewarding and challenging experiences of my life. The biggest sorrows in my life came from the losses of four pregnancies, the death of an extremely close friend, and the death of four dogs. I also had to process through many mixed emotions when my

(Cont'd on page 13)

Six Degrees

(Cont'd from page 4)

guitar counters wore perpetually pained expressions from having to listen to an endless string of long-haired kids play mistake-riddled versions of “Whole Lotta Love” at ear-splitting volume to compensate for their utter lack of technique and soul. Whenever *Andy* played, they'd stop what they were doing and sometimes come out from behind the counter to listen, amazed. This was when he was *fourteen*.

For four years we had our groovy little rock group together, the Doom — which we later saddled with an even *worse* name, Tubas in the Moonlight — and played many if not most school dances and gym sock-hops. Around eleventh grade,

though, Andy got more into jazz and left the band, and we grew apart, as happens. After graduation, we lost touch completely.

Andy didn't come to any of the three reunions, but I did hear through the grapevine that he lived in West Hempstead (true), had four children (true), and had become an educator (ditto).

My wife, after having written some two dozen books to date, decided to change careers and get a masters degree in autism education at C.W. Post, inspired primarily by the fact that our son, Justin, has Asperger's syndrome, an autism-spectrum disorder. This past semester, the professor for her class in educational research walked in and introduced himself as Dr. Andy Romanoff. You guessed it, he

turned out to be one and the same. Yes, he lives in West Hempstead, just two towns over from me; yes, he has four kids, all boys; and yes, he's an educator (obviously). Says he *might* actually consider showing up at the 50th birthday blow-out. Anyway, the chance encounter definitely calls for some *OOOOO-WEEEEEE-OOOOO!!!!* background music. ■



Other Recent Sightings

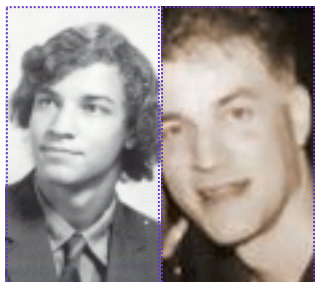
Howard Silber wrote to tell us that shortly after last May's 30-year reunion, he spotted fellow Californian **Ken Kalb** at an L.A. Lakers game. “Never would have known him but for the reunion,” he says. “Until then, I hadn't seen him in thirty years.”

• GALLERY •

A place for displaying your creativity and adding a little culture (or “*kul-chah*,” as they say on Long Island) to this here rag

Selected Poems

by Dan Clurman



“I have been a coach and educator for the last 20 years, delivering training and classes in non-profits, universities, and corporations. I assist professionals, business people, couples, and students to more skillfully navigate life transitions, as well as improve their communication and presentations. I also have a small practice as a Feldenkrais® practitioner, a movement-based form of education.

“I’ve cowritten a few books, *Money Disagreements: How to Talk About Them* and *Conversations With Critical Thinkers*, as well as a book of poems and drawings, *Floating Upstream*. A book of cartoons will be out in February.”

TO DAVID

*We never did finish our conversation
about God. But I don't think
anything was missing.
I remember reading Walt Whitman
to you in the hospital. You,
stoned out on medication.*

*Your wife said
she had never seen one man read poetry
to another before.
You told me you loved me.
I didn't think you'd die.
We didn't finish our conversation about God,
the one we're having
right now.*

WAITING

*At the hospital
waiting
for test results,
for the right moment
to say I love you or
What should we do if..*

*Waiting for breath to
signal, yes, still alive.*

*Waiting for test results
to explain
how some
hidden blood clot has
taken root
in your life.*

*But the tests don't explain.
And the huge silence
beyond these words
pours down on everything
like the night's cold rain.*

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

Care to share any of your poetry, photography, drawings, short stories, etc.? Just let us know, and the page is yours.

“Great Caesar’s Ghost!”

We’re Looking for a Few Good Correspondents



YOU DON'T HAVE TO PARADE AROUND in skimpy tights like Superman — unless you really want to — or pad your shoulders à la Lois Lane to join our illustrious staff of crack reporters. (However, wearing a goofy bow-tie, as per “The Jimmy Olsen Guide to Newsroom Fashion Faux Pas” is mandatory.) And all you have to report on is a subject near and dear to your heart, you unrepentant little egomaniac you. Namely: *you*.

For our “Boldface: Nooz About Yooz” page, tell us about recent or upcoming newsworthy items involving you (see?) and yours, such as: a child’s bar mitzvah/communion/wedding ■ a move to a new location ■ birth announcements ■ family members’ accomplishments and major milestones: graduation, academic honors, acceptance to college, athletic competitions, miscellaneous awards and honors ■ career change, promotion, or any notable job-related news ■ the approximate date of and issues relating to your imminent midlife crisis.

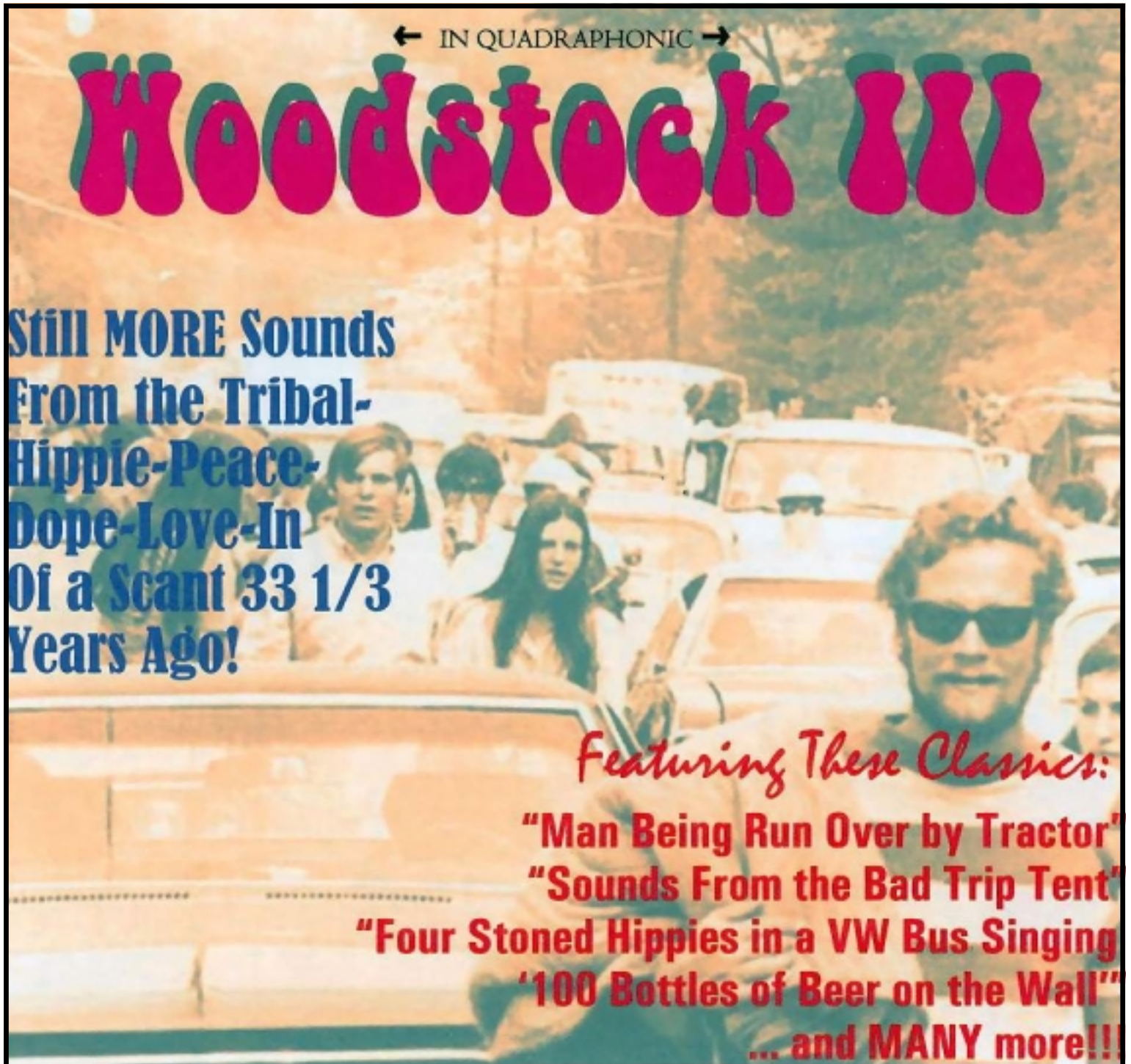
In addition, we’d like to run longer pieces about your lives, written by you. It’s fascinating to learn the path that folks have traveled, be it a straight line or a zigzag pattern. More to the point, we’re just plain nosy. And life here in [Anytown, USA] is so stultifyingly boring that we need something to do besides whittling soap busts of the forty-three U.S. Presidents. Hold on a sec — one more cut ... and ... *voilà!* William McKinley, done! Here are some sample themes, to get you started, though feel free to write about anything you wish.

- ◆ My Passion — Tell us about anything that makes your face light up when you yak about it. It could be a hobby, a political or social cause, a car — anything that means a lot to you.
- ◆ My Job — What’s a typical day like for you at work?
- ◆ My Favorite Memory of (or Funniest Story About) Jericho — good, bad, or indifferent
- ◆ My Love — Who is or was the love of your life?
- ◆ My Dream — Where do you see yourself in ten years? Twenty years?
- ◆ My Town — Where do you live now? What’s it like? In what ways is it similar to and different from Jericho?
- ◆ My Family — self-explanatory. Unless you have more than one.

Seriously, don’t be shy. Think of it as writing a letter to an old friend. This isn’t a competition; it’s about sharing, not bragging. Be as brief or as mind-numbingly verbose as you wish. Deadline for the spring issue is March 1, 2003. Please submit copy via e-mail only to philipbashe@earthlink.net. Photos may be e-mailed or snail-mailed to P. Bashe, 974 Stanton Avenue, Baldwin, NY 11510-2444.

Advertisement

You saw the movie! You bought *Woodstock I!* You bought *Woodstock II!*

A vintage-style movie poster for Woodstock III. The background is a photograph of a crowd of people at a festival, with a man in sunglasses in the foreground. The title 'Woodstock III' is written in large, pink, bubbly letters at the top. Above the title, it says '← IN QUADRAPHONIC →'. On the left side, there is blue text that reads 'Still MORE Sounds From the Tribal-Hippie-Peace-Dope-Love-In Of a Scant 33 1/3 Years Ago!'. On the right side, there is red text that reads 'Featuring These Classics: "Man Being Run Over by Tractor" "Sounds From the Bad Trip Tent" "Four Stoned Hippies in a VW Bus Singing "100 Bottles of Beer on the Wall" ... and MANY more!!!'.

16-CD Set Now Available in Fine Stores Everywhere
On Stale Leftovers Records™

Nathel/Jericho Then and Now

(Cont'd from page 5)

because they have it. My husband and I were more interested in giving our kids interesting *experiences* rather than things. Like, the school used to offer trips to Europe; for four years in a row, Dyana got to go to Europe. She spent one summer in the Caribbean.

Just recently, she paid me the greatest compliment. High school was very easy for her; she had an eclectic group of friends and never felt pressured by what her peers would do. And she wasn't into wearing fancy clothes and all that. Anyway, she said to me, "Mom, if all you did was push me into name-label clothing and all of that, I'd be a totally different person today. Yet you gave me everything I ever wanted."

Competition With a Capital C

Dyana *loved* going to school in Jericho. When she comes home from college, she's always bringing friends with her, partly because she's proud of where she's from; she likes this community. She was a good student, she was in the National Honors Society, and so on.

Nowadays the competition to get into a good college is tremendous, and it starts as early as the ninth grade, which is when kids take their PSATs. When I was growing up, I *never* asked people what they got on their SATs. Maybe that's because I didn't want anyone asking me what I got on mine! But, seriously, the thought never would have occurred to me.

One thing that I find funny: If you think back, a kid used to get tutored because he was doing poorly in a subject. Now it's the A students who get tutored, so they can do even better! Everybody, it seems, is on a sports team and a club, whether they're really interested in it or not. They join because "it looks good for college." Even all the girls are on the sports teams.

Hang Out Where *You Used to Hang Out?* No *Way!*

Obviously, the places where we used to hang out aren't around anymore. When Dyana was in high school, all the kids used to meet at what they
(Cont'd on page 13)

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HELP US FIND THE STILL-MISSING 40

Of the approximately 350 of us, thus far 40 or so have eluded the teams of mercenaries we currently have combing the globe. If you're in contact with any of the folks listed below — or know the whereabouts of brothers, sisters, and/or other family members -- please notify us or have them get in touch directly. Even tidbits of information might prove helpful, such as: "The last time I saw good ol' So-and-So, he was on the TV show 'Cops.' And he *wasn't* a cop. Still could run fast and leap fences, though ..." Etc.



We have mailing addresses for the following folks, or we can contact them via classmates.com. But we'd love to be able to send them occasional e-mail announcements. If you know the e-mail address for any of these alumni, please e-mail philipbashe@earthlink.net.

Carr, Robert
 Clark, Dennis
 Clay, Jonathan
 Cole, Grainger
 ~ Lives in Sherman Oaks, CA;
 can't find address or phone #
 Cucco, Juliet
 Esposito, Joseph
 Faber, Alan
 Haas, Randy
 ~ Believe he lives in California
 Fiedler, Howard
 Fisher, Scott
 Forest, Glenn
 Forst, Robert
 Friedlander, Danny
 Genna, Michael
 Gross, Steven
 Hanan, Ira
 Hartley, Billy
 ~ Might be in Oregon
 Horowitz, Zena
 Kraus, Ken
 Landis, Debra
 Mari, Bea
 McEwen, Alan
 Meadow, David
 Meslin, Harvey
 Nerken, Sara
 Nuszer, Bela
 Rorer, James
 Rosenberg, Monica
 Savini, Mary
 Siegel, Laurie
 ~ Pretty sure she lives on L.I.
 and is married to a caterer
 Silverstein, Janet
 Simpson, Barbara
 Snow, Emma
 Weinstein, Ellen
 Weiss, Lee
 Wright, Philip

Armstrong Kopman, Debbie
 Asrelesky, Barry
 Barry Jay, Joyce
 Bercu, Scott
 Berg, Lorrie
 Bernstein, Steven
 Brodbeck Rosenberg, Mary-
 ellen
 Carmel Sichel, Caren
 Cashton, Kamholtz, Robin
 Chazotte, John
 Cohen, Allen
 Cohen, Debbie
 Crane Rothstein, Cyd
 D'Amore Ascari, Debbie
 Danenbaum Martens, Sue
 Davis Bromberg, Maryellen
 Dominy, Kevin
 Douglas, Mitchell
 Edelheit, Andrea
 Eisenberg, Paul
 Fialkov, Harvey
 Fialkow, Carolyn
 Friedlander, Danny
 Friedman, Jeff
 Galgano, Pat
 Geisser, Stuart
 Gilbert, Michael
 Goldenbach Cherry, Mindy
 Goldstein, Larry
 Gordon Yuruckso, Melissa
 Gould, Peggy
 Greene, Jan
 Greer, Norman
 Gruber, Jill
 Gurien Dubin, Sherry

Halperin, Howard
 Hamlin, Gary
 Heilig, John
 Held, Marsha
 Kashan, Robert
 Katz, Elaine
 Kaufman, Ross
 Kaufman Nadam, Debbie
 Kinberg, Mass, Dorene
 Koffler, Jeff
 Koss Astor, Pam
 Krasner, Howard
 Kula, Meryl
 Lagona London, Carole
 Lehrer, Steven
 Libes, Richard
 MacDougall, Bruce
 Maguire, Flip
 Mansberger, Anne
 Maurer, Michael
 McCoy Munson, Linda
 McGrath, James
 Mellman, Steven
 Mourguides, Emily
 Nelson Schuster, Lori
 Nerken, Sara
 Neubert, Suzanne
 Parker, Jeffrey
 Patelis, Dino
 Paull, Jeffrey
 Pellicoro Rienzo, Claudia
 Peralta, Brian
 Perlman, Steven
 Pfriender, Susan
 Regan, Joan
 Resnikoff, Brad

Romanoff, Andrew
 Rosen, Cliff
 Rubin, Amy
 Ruestow, John
 Ruzek, Barry
 Sardo, Ron
 Sarris, Stacy
 Saunders, Mark
 Savino, Peter
 Scarpinato, Vinnie
 Schatzberg, Meschkow, Carol
 Schwab, Leslie
 Shalat, Elyse
 Silverberg, Mark
 Silverstone, Lee
 Sixt McNulty, Jane
 Stein, Richard
 Steinmeyer, Dean
 Sugarman, Michael
 Sugarman Gold, Susan
 Sussman Kusek, Sharon
 Sylvan, Sanford
 Tabakin Cain, Bonnie
 Torre, Lynn
 Towne, Kenneth
 Tropin, Mitchell
 Visentin, Steven
 Wander, Marc
 Weisenfeld, Laura
 Weissman, Alexis
 Wilson, Kenneth
 Wiskosky, Walt
 Witteck, Frank
 Yetman Kesner, Maureen
 Zlattner, Richard
 Zweibel Heyligers, Abby

Nathel/Jericho Then Vs. Now

(Cont'd from page 11)

called "The Hill," which was where the Waldbaums parking lot meets the Marshall's parking lot. Marshall's stands where the Floyd Bennett store used to be.) On a Friday or Saturday night, they would have thirty cars parked there until the police came and broke it up.

They don't go to Broadway Mall, which you knew as Mid-Island Plaza. Kids go to the movies at the Westbury 12, the indoor theater that sits on the site of the old Westbury Drive-In. They'll meet there

and go to more than one movie, play the video games there, and just hang out. The other big hang-outs are on Jericho Turnpike: the Celebrity Diner and, during the summer, Ralph's Ices.

One big difference that anyone would notice is that nobody in Jericho walks *anywhere*, not even around the corner! On a Friday night, the streets would be full of kids looking to meet up with their friends. Not anymore. Except for some joggers, the streets are deserted.

There are no more dances, either. They used to have a dance at the beginning of the year, but nobody went, probably because so



The Milleridge Inn, too, has survived – but based on the law of averages, probably not this couple's marriage!



Maine Maid Inn: still the same.

many of the kids go to city clubs that have nights just for teenagers. They're *supposed* to be drug- and alcohol-free, but of course kids smuggle stuff in. They ride the train in, then come home at who knows what hour. Amazingly, there are some parents who push their children to be more popular! They'll actually pressure them to go to a Manhattan kids club with their friends! Can you imagine?

(Cont'd on page 16)

Eileen Marder

(Cont'd from page 7)

brother, Neal (JHS class of 1975), and his wife, Jodi Finkel (JHS class of 1977), moved to Israel with their five daughters. They now have eight daughters and one son-in-law. Despite the distance, we maintain a close relationship.

My spiritual and emotional growth have been slow and steady. I have embraced many healing paths over the years: yoga, gestalt therapy, bodywork, and many New

Age modalities. Six and a half years ago, I began to study Integrated Kabbalistic Healing™ with Jason Shulman, an internationally known healer, author, and musician. He developed IKH, which is an intensive spiritual healing program and is taught in Princeton, New Jersey. IKH integrates the wisdom and teachings of the Kabbalah, or Jewish mysticism; Buddhism; psychology; physics; and metaphysics. It is a holistic paradigm that allows the healer to access altered states of consciousness for the healing of body, mind, and spirit. For addi-

tional information, the Web site is www.kabbalah.org.

I have committed my life to healing others and myself. I work as a healer and psychotherapist in Rockville Centre. I work with individuals, couples, and groups. I also run intensive healing retreats and teach spirituality classes.

People come to me for healing because they want to make their lives better. I believe that at the core of our being – our souls – there remains a spark of true wholeness. But due to the struggles

(Cont'd on page 16)

In the News:

Caren Kushner Gottesman's Transatlantic Reunion

You Do the Math: 24 Letters Per Year Multiplied by 37 Years Equals How Many Stamps?

In our celebrity-obsessed culture, you're nobody these days unless your mug has graced *People* magazine, "E.T.," or "America's Most Wanted."

Caren Kushner Gottesman, now of Cooper City, Florida, has been in *People*, and here's the proof. We suspect that those who know Caren — a mother of two and director of clinical services for Amsurg Corporation, which operates outpatient surgery centers around the country — realized she was somebody special long before she came to the attention of *People*. Nonetheless, it's a great story of a transatlantic friendship conducted through the mail for nearly forty years. Read on. ■

Caren, below with husband Allan, son Jared, and daughter Amy, began her pen-pal relationship when he was ten years old.



"I cannot ever remember her not being a part of my life," says Gottesman (right, at Clarke's home in Essex) of her friend.

Red Letter Day

After sharing their lives through the mail for 37 years, pen pals Carol Clarke and Caren Gottesman meet at last

Peering through a hotel window on the drizzly morning of Aug. 7, Carol Clarke finally spotted the van. When it pulled up and a jet-lagged woman stepped onto the curb of the busy London street, Clarke dashed outside. "That's her," she cried. As the two embraced, Clarke tearfully whispered, "It's you." The women had never met, yet they knew one another well. Their relationship began 37 years ago, when Caren Gottesman, then a 10-year-old Girl Scout from Jericho, N.Y., was assigned an overseas pen pal named Carol from Essex, outside London. At the time Gottesman had one thought in mind: "I wanted my Girl Scout badge." But what began as a means to an end gradually became a labor of love. "My first letter told

her the basics: my name, problems I had in certain subjects," recalls Gottesman, now 47 and a mother of two living in Cooper City, Fla., with her CPA husband, Allan, also 47. "She wrote back and told me the same kinds of things."

Over the years their twice-monthly correspondence deepened as they shared the joys and heartbreaks of school and boyfriends, then husbands, careers and family. "Because Caren is so far away, I knew she would never tell anyone else," says Clarke, 47, a receptionist who raised four children after her 1980 divorce. "So I told her lots." They also exchanged photos and occasionally spoke by phone. Then this spring, as Gottesman planned her 25th wedding anniversary, she had a brainstorm:



From Caren to Carol: A letter and postcards of Manhattan (front) and Washington, D.C.

"To go to London to meet Carol." At Clarke's house in Essex, the pen pals swapped stories and gifts: from Gottesman, a laptop and a gold charm bracelet with a heart inscribed "37 years of memories"; from Clarke, a fruit-and-flower basket and a gold earring and necklace set. "We grew up together, going through the wonderful times and the bad," says Clarke. "After all those years, we couldn't help but be close." ■

George Ploskas*

(Continued from page 6)

with students. In 1976 I became a music teacher in Mahopac, New York, located fifty-two miles north of Manhattan. There I built a district-wide string program. One thrill has been conducting the high-school orchestra at Carnegie Hall four times. Last year was my twenty-fifth year here; in fact, one student that I taught beginning in fifth grade is now the district's elementary-school string teacher!

In 1983 I toured Europe with an orchestra. It was a fantastic trip, except for one thing: After swimming in a lake in Yugoslavia, I developed a viral infection of the middle ear. That same year, I was diagnosed with what the doctor called a "mild case" of multiple sclerosis. Interestingly, although experts are not positive, they do believe that MS gets its start from a viral infection of some sort. I basically held my own for the next twelve years. After a car accident in late 1996, though, my condition really deteriorated, as is common after any sort of physical trauma.

I was home a lot from work, which turned out to be a blessing, though, as my daughter, Alexis, was born on March 9, 1997. She is the greatest gift in my life. Between having a teacher's hours — home by three; sweet! — and sometimes missing work for weeks at a stretch, I've spent more time raising my daughter than most dads. Once you have a child, you realize why you're really here. I wish I'd had her sooner in my life, but you know

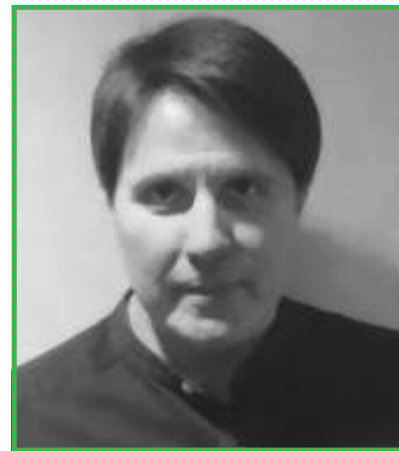
what they say about good things coming to those who wait.

Alexis started kindergarten this past September. She's a bright young lady, and I think you'd say she is quite stunning. She has her own electric Ferrari that she drives around our large property on Lake Mahopac. She also loves to ride on my electric wheelchair when I take it to the mall. I've been teaching her to play violin and piano, too.

Over time, my symptoms have slowly worsened to the point where I'm numb from the tips of my fingers to the tips of my toes. The only thing the so-called specialists can do is to prescribe drugs that slowly destroy you mentally and physically.

My brother Philip, who is an orthopedic surgeon in Georgia, had an idea for me years ago, but I told him I wanted to try the MS doctors first. Now I'm on a new medical protocol that he has developed with a doctor friend of mine, and it has saved my life! Just fifteen months ago, my MS attacks came often and were severe, but I haven't had an exacerbation in over a year! I lift weights and swim laps at the gym, I'm eating right, and in general feeling great.

At work, I made a few changes to conserve my strength and energy. After conducting the orchestras here for twenty-three years, I've stepped down from the podium and entered the general-music classroom at the middle school. With MS, one must try to avoid mental and physical stress. And heat! Standing onstage under the hot lights was not a good thing for me at all. I love the new position be-



* *Nope, not a typo: Ploskas. George recently added back the s at the end of Ploska, which was how his grandfather, also named George, spelled the family surname.*

cause it allows me to share so much about music with my students. I encourage them to broaden their musical horizons so that, possibly, they may find they can enjoy music they didn't even know existed before. Like Vivaldi. Or the Beatles!

The school administration has really helped me continue to teach. (Of course, under the Americans With Disabilities Act, they have to!) I've been given a permanent classroom on the main floor, across from the office and adjacent to the lavatory. They rent an electric scooter for me to ride on school grounds, and I have a key to the elevator, so that I can visit the band room and the library on the second floor. It couldn't have worked out better, although of course I wish I could still make my fingers work well enough to play my many instruments. Maybe that will happen someday.

Despite the negative aspects in my life, I continue to keep a positive attitude; life just goes by too quickly not to. I have a strong religious faith in the Lord that all things will work out eventually. ■

“Despite the negative aspects in my life, I continue to keep a positive attitude; life just goes by too quickly not to.”

Nathel/Jericho Then Vs. Now

(Cont'd from page 13)

Again, most of the things I'm talking about are not exclusive to Jericho; for better or worse, the world that kids grow up in has changed. And there are communities that are definitely far more over the top. In fact, I get a little defensive whenever anybody criticizes Jericho! We're very happy here, we've made a lot of good friends, and we feel a real sense of community. ■



Hey, how come we never had anything this cool when we were in school? Today's JHS students have their own TV station, JET-TV, the lucky little bastards!

Eileen Marder

(Cont'd from page 13)

of being human, we have split from wholeness and walk in the world in a trance and react from our wounded parts. We feel alone and do anything we can to avoid the knowledge and awareness that we are avoiding our emptiness. However, there is a place deep inside of us where separation does not exist. We can return to a more unified state. I help people to reunite with this place and be able to engage more fully with life. I believe that there is one reality, and we are either connected to it or escaping from it.

As I open my heart and connect with my clients in a deeply present manner, the wisdom of their hearts and souls emerges, and healing manifests. The healing may be physical, mental, emotional and/or spiritual. I believe that each of us has a specific life purpose and path to follow. Using IKH, I am able to assist people in their journey to their original true selves that they were born to be. The transformations, healing, and freedom that people experience as a result of this work is touching and beautiful. However, it is a difficult and painful process to truly heal our hearts.

"I believe that each of us has a specific life purpose and path to follow."

Through the depths of the shadows of our fractured parts and through experiencing our vulnerability, we can reclaim more compassion, wholeness, presence, creativity, joy, love, wisdom, and understanding.

I am passionate about this work. There is nothing else that I would rather do! I spend a great deal of my time focusing on my own healing, so that I can access the various states that allow me to deepen my work and really heal others. In my free time I love to knit, read, watch movies, and spend time with loved ones. We travel a lot, since my parents are in Florida, my brother is in Israel, my husband's family is in New England, and my spiritual community is in Western and Southern New Jersey!

I hope that you have enjoyed learning more about me. I have enjoyed sharing with you. May you all be blessed. If you have any questions or would like a referral to a healer, please e-mail me or call me. ■

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

**Smilin' Joe "Going" Postal
("Maybe the mail makes it
into yer mailbox, maybe it
don't") sez:**

"You like-ee? No like-ee? We're looking to start a letters page. Please e-mail any comments, announcements, or warm hellos to our palatial editorial offices: philipbashe@earthlink.net."



Your Back Pages

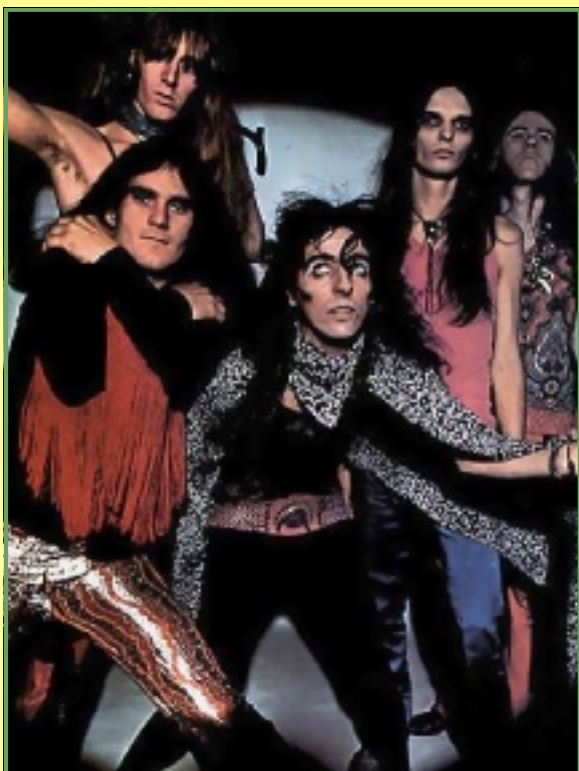
"I was so much older then, I'm younger than that now." — Bob Dylan
You wish!

The World Around You, Senior Year, 1971-72

- The cost of mailing a letter increases to 8¢.
- Now you know where you'll be vacationing in 25 years: Walt Disney World opens in Orlando, Florida.
- Intel markets the first microprocessor. Like this computer stuff might ever catch on!
- After 34 years, *Look* magazine folds, while *Life* magazine suspends weekly publication.



The good news: In February 1972 Richard Nixon became the first U.S. president to go to China. The bad news? He came back!



Can you imagine Alice Cooper (center) saying these lines: "Why, hello, Mrs. Cleaver! Is young Wallace at home?" Nope, we can't either.

- Just as school is starting in September, riots at New York's Attica State Prison leave 43 people dead.
- Assorted Urban Legends:
 1. Alice Cooper is really the actor who played Eddie Haskell on "Leave It to Beaver."
 2. Jerry "The Beaver" Mathers and Jay "Dennis the Menace" North both died in Vietnam.
 3. As a kid, Mets star pitcher Tom Seaver played Spanky on the "Our Gang" comedies.

(Cont'd on page 18)

Your Back Pages

The World Around You, Senior Year, 1971-72 (pg. 2)

On the Radio:

Isaac Hayes, "Shaft" • Rod Stewart, "Maggie May" • Led Zeppelin, "Stairway to Heaven," ad nauseam • John Lennon, "Imagine" • Don McLean, "American Pie" • Chi-Lites, "Oh Girl" • Elton John, "Tiny Dancer"

On the BIG SCREEN:

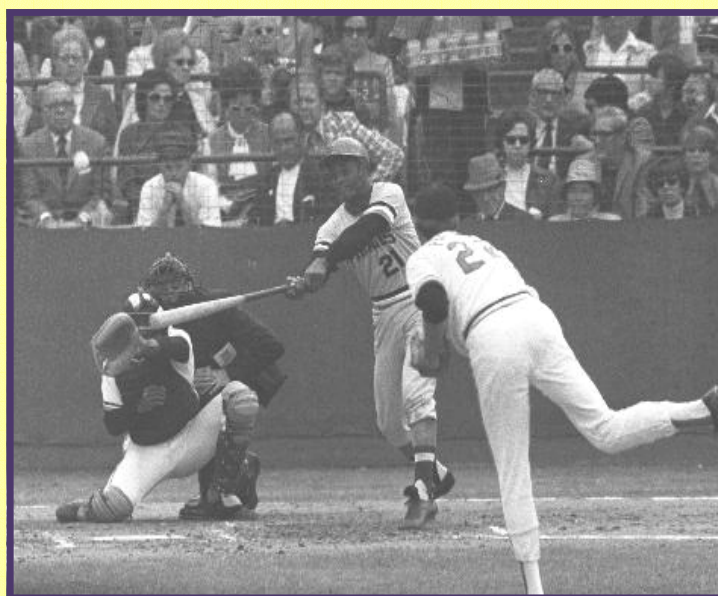
The Last Picture Show • *A Clockwork Orange* • *Play Misty for Me* • *Summer of '42* • *The Boys in the Band* • *The Godfather* • *Deliverance*

On the tube:

"All in the Family" • "The Partridge Family" • "Room 222" • "Mannix" • "Sanford and Son"

In Sports:

- The Pittsburgh Pirates, their backs to the wall, win games five, six, and seven from the Baltimore Orioles to win the World Series.
- After their painful loss in Super Bowl V, the Dallas Cowboys rebound to easily handle the Miami Dolphins 24-3 in Super Bowl VI.
- Lew Alcinder and the Milwaukee Bucks beat the Baltimore Bullets in four straight, while the ABA title goes to the Utah Stars.
- Montreal wins the Stanley Cup by sneaking past the Chicago Black Hawks, 4 games to 3.



Baltimore's Jim Palmer delivers to Roberto Clemente of the Pittsburgh Pirates.