

Winter 2015–2016
Issue No. 30

Est. 2003

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

Jericho High School '68-'69-'70-'71-'72-'73-'74-'75 Online Magazine

State of the (Re)union

Gathering of the Tribes IV

To be held on September 17–18, 2016

Yearbook to Facebook

Pamela Shufer Eskind ('72), Roch Priete ('75), Amy Cherry Lowenstein ('74), Mary Goldstein Agape ('71), Maxine Suchotina Rand ('68), Barry London ('69), Warren Libutti ('70), Lisa Green Kossar ('73)

Nooz About Yooz

Sharon Chalkin Feldstein ('73) and Charles Koppelman ('73) in Italy Together Apart

In Tribute: Karen Bunin Huss from the class of 1972, remembered by JHS alumni

Catch Up With ...

Dr. Jane Weston ('70): From Theater Major to Operating Theater

Takin' Care of Bidness:

Jerichonians at Work

Lisa Frisch ('75), executive director of the Legal Project

Q&A: On the Air with Gene Bogart ('69)

Cartoons by Dan Clurman ('72)

Everything You Wanted to Know About ...

Doug Baumel ('74): Lessons Learned

Faculty Lounge:

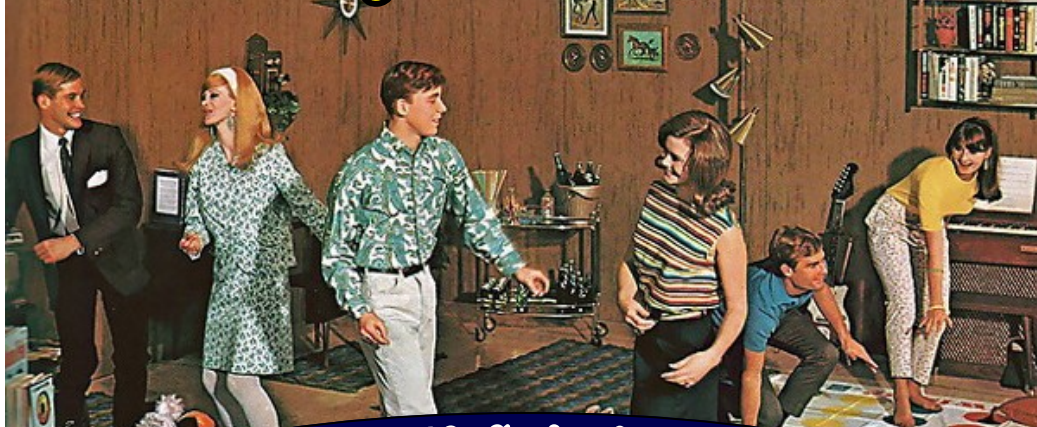
Mrs. Judith Broadwin: She's Taught Three Generations

Rachel Glickman's New York New York

A girl, a camera, and the greatest city in the world!

Official Propaganda Tool of 1968-1975 JHS Alumnuts

Gathering of the Tribes IV



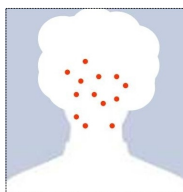
Sat., 9-17-16: Swingin' Shindig!

Two Fabulous Days! Two Excruciating Hangovers!

Sun., 9-18-16: Bayville Beach Party!



Invitations coming in January



Yearbook 2 facebook



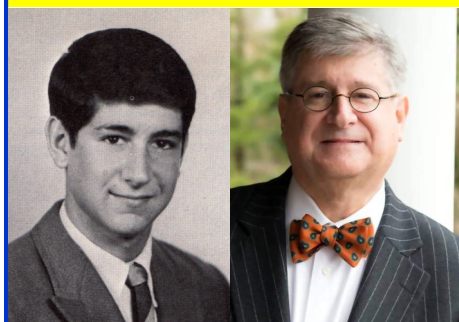
In our travels around cyberspace, we frequently come upon photos of former classmates, especially on Facebook. Can you *believe* how good everyone looks?!

Maybe they're all robots. Yep, that must be it.

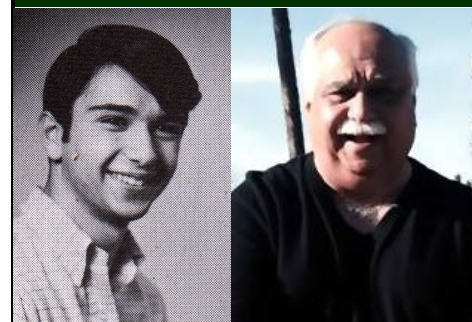
Maxine Suchotine Rand ('68)
Great Neck, NY



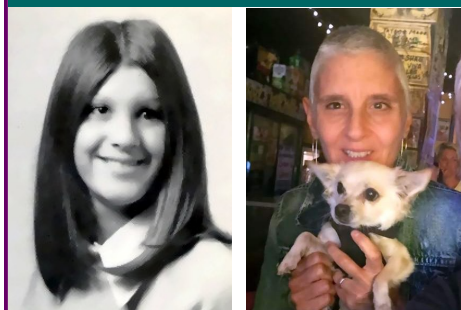
Barry London ('69)
Ridgefield, CT



Warren Libutti ('70)
Leland, NC



Merry Goldstein Agape ('71)
Nashville, TN



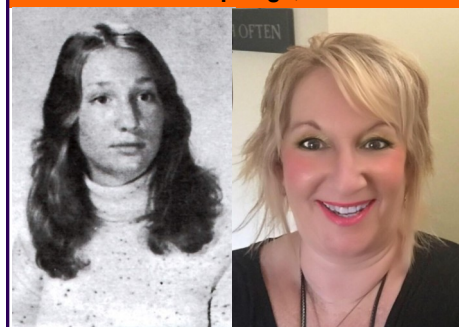
Pamela Shufer Eskind ('72)
Irvington, NY



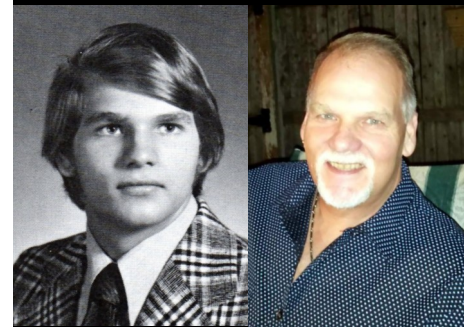
Lisa Green Kossar ('73)
Suffern, NY

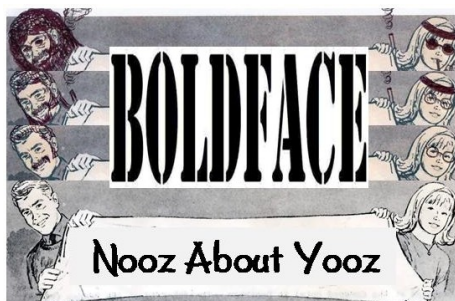


Amy Cherry Lowenstein ('74)
Coral Springs, FL



Roch Damien Preite ('75)
Coram, NY





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.

Jerichonians: You Can't Avoid 'Em!



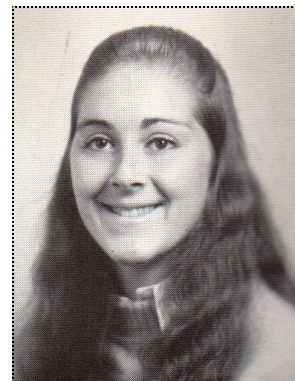
You can travel to the other side of the globe and *still* bump into someone you know from Jericho. In October Sharon Chalkin Feldstein ('73) crossed paths on the streets of Florence, Italy, with classmate **Charles Koppelman** (and friend Greg, at right). Okay, Sharon and Charles each knew that the other would be in the city, and they'd planned to meet for dinner that night, but nonetheless, they ran into each other unexpectedly in the afternoon. Over the summer, **Beth Flanders** and **Bruce Stern**, both from the class of 1972, encountered each other while visiting Prague in the Czech Republic. Ooo-wee-ooo!

In Tribute

Karen Bunin Huss, 1954–2015

We're sad to report that Karen Bunin Huss from the class of 1972 passed away on September 25. She was just sixty years old. Many of you will remember Karen as a talented singer and guitarist who played at many talent shows and other performances; later in life she even played Carnegie Hall.

From Jericho, Karen went to Stony Brook University, where she earned a bachelor of science degree in social work. While managing a newfangled video-dating service, she met Martin Huss; the two married in 1982. Their daughter, Nicolette, was born four years later.



(Above) Karen (at right) with husband Marty Huss and her daughter on the day of Nicolette's marriage to her high school sweetheart, Adam Nikolic.

(Right) Karen holding Nicolette in the late 1980s.



(Right bottom) Karen (at right, with Dotty Korosh Juell and Antoinette Molina Romas, all from the class of '72) was still living in Dutchess County, New York, when she attended her thirtieth reunion in the Jericho High School gym in 2002. In 2009 she and Marty moved to Redondo Beach, California, to be near Nicolette and Adam, and not long after, their son, Logan.



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Karen Bunin

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Your Memories of Karen

"Karen and I were friends in high school; I remember the two of us playing guitars and singing together in Mr. Vigilante's class. She was so talented."

— ROBIN BERGMAN ('73)

"I'm so sorry to hear this. Karen was a kind, lovely person. Wishing her family peace and sweet memories."

— RACHEL GLICKMAN ('72)

"So sad to hear this. A sweet voice has been stilled."

— BENITA ZAHN ('72)

"Very sad. Taken so young. Living one street over from Karen, in West Birchwood, I remember her well. Just a real shock. RIP. Karen."

— LARRY LIGHT ('72)

"Karen was a sweetheart. So sad. My condolences to her family."

— DEB McLAUGHLIN CIONEK ('72)

"Karen was my first and best friend from Jericho. And we remained friends all these years."

— SUSAN FINKELSTEIN GORDON ('72)

"So sad. My condolences to her family."

— CAREN ELLENBOGEN DAYNEY ('72)

"So sad to hear this. Caren was a good soul and a very interesting person."

— WENDY FOXMYN ('72)

"So sad to hear this news, You will always be in our hearts."

— CINDY ROSA PELZAR KORNREICH ('71)

"Sorry to hear this sad news. RIP, Karen."

— TOM NAVARRA ('72)

"I am so very sad. Karen was my first friend in Jericho, and we shared the same birthday, November 19. My sincere condolences to her family."

— GAIL SPIEGEL COHEN ('72)

"Very sad. Karen was such a sweet woman! My heart goes out to her family."

— LORI BERMAN MANN ('72)

"Rest in peace, Karen, May she receive the blessing of the angelic choir. And may her family take solace in her love for them."

— EILEEN MARDER-MIRMAN ('72)

"So sad. My heartfelt condolences to her family."

— MARCI GLICKMAN ROSS ('72)

"This is such sad news. I have many many fond



In the early 1980s, Karen (at left) was one-third of the dance-pop trio Girl Talk, along with fellow JHS alum Iris Weinstock ('73, middle). Here they are performing at the NYC rock club Trax.

memories of Karen. We spent hours singing and playing music together in high school (including Sam's Jam in, I think, 1971) and again at Stony Brook, where we both went to college. Not to mention countless hours just hanging out.

"We reconnected in the '90s and then stayed in touch through Facebook. She was a good friend. I'm so sorry, and my heartfelt condolences go out to her family."

— DEBRA CHERSON ('72)

"Karen was a wonderful girl and woman with so much talent and spirit to share. My sister was best friends with her cousin Cherie West Berk, so we spent much time together early on. May she be sing-

ing forever with our departed family and friends."

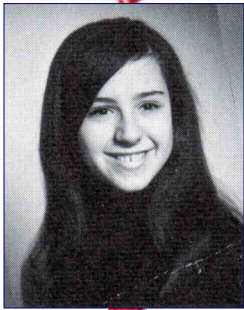
— RANDY RINGLER ('72)

"Karen and her older brother, Alan ('69), were my first cousins from my mom's side. There were three sisters, each of whom had two children — my sister is Adrian West Modansky ('65), and the six cousins grew up like siblings, always at one another's houses, going to school together, and so on. All the Bunins are truly missed."

— CHERIE WEST BERK ('70)

Alan, a music director for National Public Radio in Hawaii, died suddenly in 2001, at age forty-nine.

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"It's probably not mere coincidence that my claim to fame at NYU was playing the role of Helen Keller in *The Miracle Worker*—a role in which I had only one line!"

Catch Up With ... **Jane Weston ('70)**

From Theater Major to Operating Theater

When I was in high school, I wanted to be an actress more than anything else in the world. Despite the fact that I couldn't sing, and my dancing was just so-so, I had visions of spending my lifetime in theater, aspiring to be a great Shakespearean actress.

My high school theater credentials were less than impressive. I played a Hot Box Girl in the musical *Guys and Dolls*, a fun but relatively insignificant role. The show was studded with many masterful performances by my classmates, and I was just happy to be a part of the magic. In my senior year, I won a trophy for Best Supporting Actress in the One-Act Play Contest. This, of course, fed my passion. I can't remember what play I won it for or what role I played, but the trophy fueled my fire, and I left high school with my sights set on the stage.

I headed to New York University, majoring in theater and music. I loved being in New York! What a fabulous place to live and what a wonderful playground. I was able to continue my study of the harp with one of the country's best harpists. As for the theater, opportunities were everywhere! You could find anything you were looking for in New York. I remember com-

ing up with an independent-study project in which I had the opportunity to survey theater audiences in attendance at every play on Broadway. It was a theater lover's dream!

I spent my junior year in London, trying to capture the essence of British actress Diana Rigg (*The Avengers*), my role model. How I wished to be tall and commanding like her! It didn't take long for me to realize that I was never going to become the next Diana Rigg. I was too little, too cute, and had a voice that was entirely too high and squeaky. It's probably not mere coincidence that my claim to fame at NYU was playing Helen Keller in *The Miracle Worker*—a role in which I had only one line!

[Little-Boy Voice-Overs?](#) [I Don't Think So!](#)

Returning home after my junior year in England, it was time to face reality: Was I really going to make a career as an actress? I had to admit, I didn't think so.

And if I had any second thoughts, my advisor at NYU gave me the push that convinced me I needed to look elsewhere for success and satisfaction. He said to me, trying, I think (?), to be encouraging: "Jane, I think you have a great future in little-



boy voice-overs!" Yikes! I thought. *I don't think that's going to work for me.*

I turned my focus in a different direction. I was fascinated by my observation that children, however young they were, were locked into their views of themselves in relation to the world. Given an improvisation in which possibilities were endless, a child, seeing himself or herself as a victim, replayed that role over and over in changing plots and scenarios. Trying to shift that mind-set was a challenge. I saw creative dramatics as a possible vehicle that might make it possible for children to see themselves in new ways. I decided to change my major to psychology.

As it turned out, the early 1970s was a time of self-exploration for many of us, and psychology was among the most popular majors in college. Ironically, with all of its required prerequisites, a major in psychology would have taken many more addi-

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Jane Weston

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tional years to complete than a major in biology. I chose the premed route and graduated after an intense senior year plus one semester filled to the brim with science and math.

By the time I graduated from NYU in 1975, I was in a position to apply to medical school. I had no idea how good my chances were of getting into a medical school, since my “premed” path was far from typical. Many of my so-called safety schools wanted nothing to do with someone who had spent the majority of her college career immersed in theater and music. Luckily, a few schools were intrigued, and I was offered a place in the class of 1979 at Stanford University School of Medicine. Off I moved to California.

A Woman's Place Is in the ... OR?

Growing up in Jericho, I never really thought about going into medicine, despite the fact that I was a pretty smart, dorky kid who did really well in science and math. In fact, if I'm being really honest with myself, I don't think I seriously thought in terms of having a career.

I grew up in a traditional home, where my mom ran the household and my dad worked as the breadwinner. My mom let my dad have the last word, and she received a weekly “allowance,” which she managed masterfully, from my vantage point. She'd save money each week and stash it away for special occasions—some of which involved shopping sprees with me!

My parents expected me to go to college, of course, but I don't think they thought about me actually having a career. They were hoping I'd meet a nice Jewish guy and get married. And preferably he'd be a doctor. I probably had the same expectations for myself when I started college.



Jane (right) in the role of Helen Keller in an NYU production of The Miracle Worker.

It's funny how much times have changed. I lived in an all-girl's dorm that had formerly been a grand hotel. A guard was stationed at the front entrance, and if a young man was going to come up to a girl's room, he'd have to leave his ID at the front desk before he was allowed in the elevator. He'd have to check out at the desk to retrieve his ID. There were no coed dorms when I started school, but within only a few years, that all changed!

This was also a time when so little seemed to be expected of women. When I was a senior at Jericho High School, Yale (my first choice for college) and some other male bastions had just started accepting women into their classes. When I started at NYU, *Roe v. Wade* was still

three years away, but abortion had just become legal in New York State. My dorm became a haven for out-of-state girls who had come to New York to get safe and legal abortions. Most of the time, the girls were travelling alone, having scraped together just enough money to get to New York and pay for their procedures.

These girls were so scared and vulnerable. People forget what it was like back then.

The seventies were a time of huge societal change and turmoil. The Kent State University shootings happened just a month before high school graduation, and the anti-Vietnam war movement was in full swing.

But I wasn't thrown off-balance by the state of the world. I think that growing up in Jericho (our house was in East Birchwood), gave me a great sense of groundedness. The community was so stable and calm, and I left for college

with an ultimate trust in the stability of my life. I participated in many of the antiwar marches in New York and Washington, DC, but I was far from radical. It was hard to be a rebel when my parents were also participating in the peace marches of the day!

The drug culture was all around me during those years, but I was spared the attraction, since pot just made me sleepy. Guess that kept me on the straight and narrow. I was an idealist, and I really did believe in peace and love. A lot of us thought that we could make a better, more peaceful world. Yet here we are, more than forty years later, dealing with violence and atrocities that were beyond my imagination.

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Jane Weston

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California Dreamin'

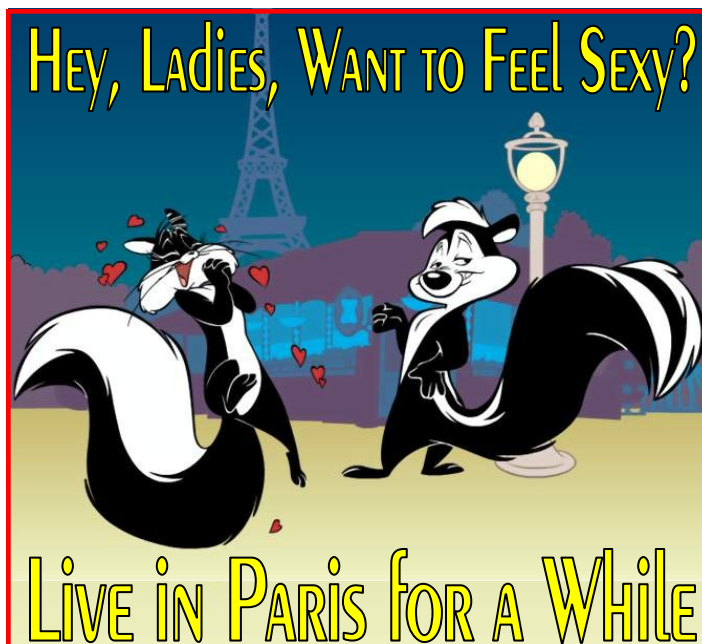
I went to Stanford with the intention of moving back east when I finished medical school. But by the time I finished four years of medical school and six years of residency, I'd been in California for a total of ten years. My older brother, Dan (JHS class of '68) followed me out to California after he'd graduated from Emerson College in Boston. He was in the radio and TV industry and eventually landed a job working for a TV station in Los Angeles. After my dad retired from his dentistry practice, he and my mom moved out to California to be closer to me and my brother. For those of you who don't know, Danny died of a brain tumor seventeen years ago, leaving behind a wife and two daughters—and a very sad sister.

After I moved to California, I met my husband, Jan Horn. Ironically he is from Wantagh, Long Island. And, even more coincidentally, he and I actually played in the Long Island Youth Symphony Orchestra together as teenagers! We didn't realize this until we were engaged to be married. My mother-in-law was showing me some of the memorabilia she had saved from my husband's high school years, and lo and behold! There was a program with both of our names in it! Jan was playing first violin, and I was playing harp. I don't think we were even slightly aware of each other's existence.

So here I was in medical school, interested in using creative dramatics as a therapeutic modality for mental health. During my third year of school, I started my clinical rotations. My first rotation was in psychiatry. The resident I was working with was a very uptight, controlled kind of guy—not very warm or engaging. I used to watch him interact with patients, and his remarks seemed so staged and unnatural: a patient would talk, the resident would process the patient's remarks and then process his own response. He didn't seem to be relating to the patients at all, and it just didn't work for me.

As it turned out, Stanford was in the forefront of researching the biochemical basis of behavior. It was around this time that psychiatric practice began to focus more on medication management, and talk therapy became more of the care offered by psychologists. Medical management of behavior left me cold. I was much more interested in human interaction and intrapersonal communication. I left my psych rotation feeling dissatisfied and unsettled. Was this really what I wanted to do?

My next hospital rotation was surgery. Now, I'd purposely picked the surgery rotation early on purely to get



During my residency, I spent six months in Paris doing a fellowship in craniofacial and aesthetic surgery with Dr. Daniel Marchac. I'd studied French in high school and was amazed to see how much of it I was able to put to good use.

Living in Paris was a wonderful experience. I believe every American woman should live in Paris for a while. I never felt more beautiful in my life! It has something to do with the way that French men and women interact. I've made a study of this! In the United States, people are so politically correct, and interactions tend to be asexual. In France, however, when a man and a woman talk, there is a tacit understanding that it's a man talking to a woman. There's a flirtatious, a gentle acknowledgement that "I'm a man, you're a woman, isn't that wonderful, and let's enjoy it!" No expectations. Just lovely banter.

Very cool.

it out of the way, because I knew for a *fact* that there was *no way* I was ever going to choose surgery as a career. How would I ever be able to get married and have a family?

As a medical student on the surgery service, my job was to admit patients to the hospital the night before surgery. I would go to the patients, take their medical and social histories, and conduct a physical exam. Basically, I had an opportunity to get to know who the patients were and what their lives were like. In doing so, I felt like I was getting to know these patients as people and not as "disease entities." I felt privileged to be of-

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Jane Weston

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ferred little windows into their lives. I was delighted to find that people shared things so readily with me as their “doctor.” I knew they almost certainly would not have shared such information with other strangers. It was exciting to get to know people in such an intimate way in such a short time. This was particularly true of surgery patients: they were so anxious about their upcoming surgery. With acknowledgement of their fear, the patients would talk and talk. I loved it!

By the time I finished that rotation, I was hooked on surgery. I loved the concreteness of the specialty. It was so clear: a patient either had a surgically amenable problem, or he/she didn't. If surgery couldn't help, the patient wasn't on the surgery service. Simple.

I checked out the different surgical subspecialties, and plastic surgery caught my eye. At that time, Stanford had a large pediatric plastic surgery department. It took very little time before I came to realize that helping a child with a deformity look normal could make far more of a difference in his or her life than could be expected from years and years of therapy. The specialty combined art and science, imagination and skill, and I was completely won over.

From 1985 to 1990, I worked as a plastic surgeon at Kaiser Permanente Medical Group in San Jose. There I performed a lot of pediatric plastic surgery and breast reconstruction. I left in 1990 to join one of my mentors in private practice. This was at a time when my husband and I were struggling with infertility, and I needed to have more control over my workday. Because, you know, when the dot turns blue, you had better be available! (When all was said and done, we made a family through adoption. More about that later).

I've been in private practice since 1990 and have had my own surgery suite, Atherton Plastic Surgery, since 2001. Over the years, the kids I worked with grew into young adults. I got to know the families and the parents, and little by little, my practice morphed into a more cosmetic and less reconstructive practice. I still do breast reconstruction, though, which I still really love.

I found a perfect medical field where I get to

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The More You Know!

JHS Alumni Mag Answers Life's Most Pressing Questions:



When two surgeons marry each other, who carves the Thanksgiving turkey?

Jane: “Well, having grown up in the era that I grew up in, of course the husband does. I let Jan do the carving. But then I make it all look beautiful on the serving platter. Trauma surgeon and plastic surgery working as a team! And we both work on keeping the knives sharp!”

Artist's depiction of Thanksgiving at the Horn-Weston home by Norman Rockwell.

Karen Bunin

Continued from page 4

"Karen was one of my first friends in Jericho. A lovely and loving person. My love and prayers to Karen's family."

— CYNTHIA GREENBERG ('72)

"So sorry to learn this about Karen. She was part of the fabric of our class, and we all knew her and liked her. Sending love to her family on their untimely loss."

— BEVERLY WEISSMAN COGAN MARKSOHN ('72)

Even at Seventeen, a Remarkable Voice Hear for Yourself

From Philip Bashe: Much to my surprise, I actually got permission from Principal Paul McKee to put on a folk and rock "festival" in an afternoon assembly in the auditorium on March 28, 1972. Karen was one of the performers. I recorded the whole show on a reel-to-reel tape machine that must have weighed a hundred pounds. The sound quality isn't great—we didn't know from PA systems then, with the microphones being plugged into the guitar amps—but it will give you an idea of what a gorgeous voice she had and what an accomplished guitarist and pianist she was. Karen performed four songs: a beautiful untitled composition of her own; Elton John's "Sixty Years On"; an ill-advised attempt at audience participation on Donovan's "Happiness Runs" (With this crowd? Not a chance!); and "Jimmy Newman," an antiwar song by Tom Paxton. The lineup consisted of, in order, soloists Ken Kraus ('72), Karen Bunin, Karen McBride ('73); an acoustic quartet with Ken, Andy Romanoff ('72), George Ploska ('72), and Lynne Rosenbaum ('74); fifties-parody act "Little A.C. Ducey and His Fabulous Flamin' Farina Eaters (Ken, Mark Paris, Barry Asrelesky, Philip Bashe); the guitar-banjo "Doo-wacka-Duo" of Andy and George; and my rock band with George, Mark, and Mitchel Forman ('73), "Tubas in the Moonlight." And, no, that's not a typo.



[CLICK HERE TO HEAR](#)



Jane Weston

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work with my hands, practice a unique form of psychology and make a difference in people's lives. It is important to understand my patient's motivation for wanting surgery. For instance, if a patient thinks surgery will save a marriage, she is setting herself up to be dissatisfied with the results of the surgery. Of course, surgery is not going to be the answer.

I need to get to know my patients before I feel comfortable operating on them. It's a rewarding meld of science, art, and psychology, not unlike architecture. It's possible to make a pretty picture on paper, but you really need to understand what each client wants.

[How to Parent Two Children While Working Eleven-Hour Days](#)

Jan and I adopted two children. Both were born here in California. My son,

Jon, is now twenty-one. He lives with us in Emerald Hills, a small town just a few miles from my medical office. He is a special-needs "spectrum" kid with learning disabilities and bipolar disorder. Of course, we didn't know this when he was born.

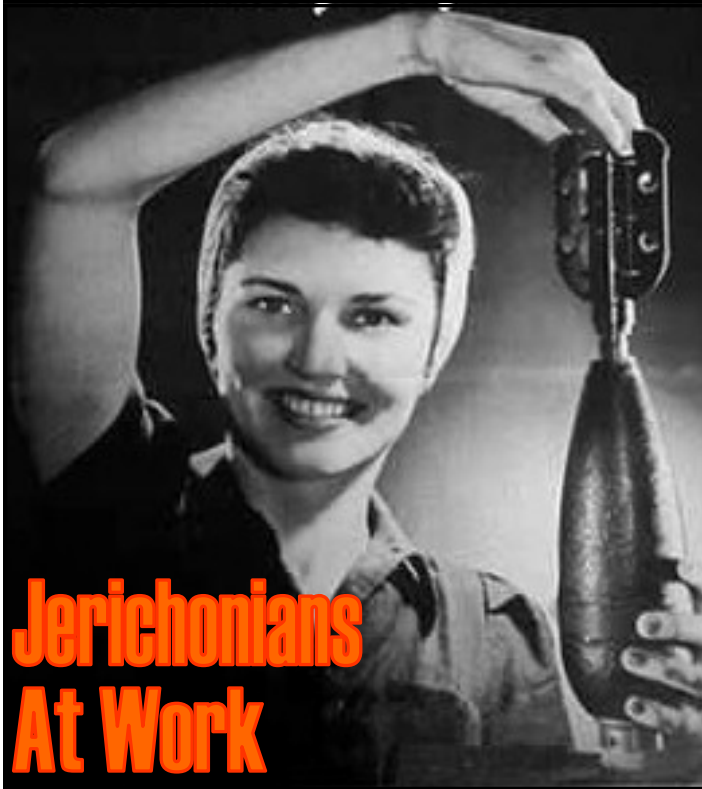
Parenting has probably been the most challenging thing I've done in my life. Having my own practice gave me a lot more flexibility than my husband, who was a trauma surgeon at San Francisco General Hospital. Jan was in the hospital more often than not. I made a point to be home in time for dinner nearly every night. That often meant that after dinner, I'd have to do charting and take care of office paperwork, but I thought it was an important trade-off. I was able to attend my children's special events at school, as long as I had enough advance notice to block off my schedule. It took a lot of home management skill, which developed over time, to balance family life and work. At one point, we employed not

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"My parents have been married for sixty-eight years. They live about twenty minutes away from us in a senior facility but are pretty independent. My mom still drives. They go to the theater, they go out for dinner. They're both healthy. Yes, I realize how lucky I am."

Takin' Care of Bidness!



Lisa Frisch ('75)

**Executive Director, The Legal Project
Albany, NY**

www.legalproject.org

I was probably one of the shyest people at Jericho High School. So it amazes me that I was a DJ on the school radio station, WJBS. I don't know, maybe hiding behind a microphone gave me the confidence to do it, although I almost got thrown off the air for playing too much Elton John. I was very much into music and still am; where I live in upstate New York, near Albany, we have great music venues like the Troy Music Hall, which has just about the best acoustics in the country. Artists come from all over to play there.

Growing up an only child in Old Westbury was a bit socially isolating. We lived on Applegreen Drive. That's west of Cedar Swamp Road and off of Wheatley Road. The Fortunoffs and the Brennans lived down the street from us. A lot of the kids near me went to private schools. I was fortunate enough to have a horse when I

"My last year of high school was difficult: my mother passed away that May. On August 31, 1975, the day after my seventeenth birthday, a friend and I took off on a three-month cross-country drive to California and back. I just needed to get away."

was a young teen, and helped pay the boarding fees by cleaning stalls and teaching riding to children. There wasn't any public transportation out there, you'll remember. I'm embarrassed to admit that many of us out there in the 'burbs of Jericho sometimes relied on hitchhiking as a mode of transportation which, of course, is incredibly dangerous, and I did have at least one not-so-great situation when I was doing that.

On the other hand, between the isolation and not having any brothers or sisters, I learned to enjoy my own company, which is not a bad thing. I was never bored, as a child or an adult. At that time we lived there, there were all sorts of woods behind us on Applegreen, so I spent a lot of time exploring outside. There are pros and cons to being an only child. I remember, when I was really little, I used to pretend that I had four brothers and sisters, and I would tell all these tales about doing things with them. But later I came to the realization that being an only child wasn't so bad after all.

I graduated a year early, in 1975. My last year of high school was difficult: my mother passed away that May. On August 31, 1975, the day after my seventeenth

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Lisa (left) in October at the Legal Project's nineteenth annual Pro Bono Reception with Board President Elizabeth Lott, Assistant Director Jessica Lennon, and Office Manager Rose Porter.



Lisa Frisch

Continued from page 10



No, this isn't Lisa spinning Elton John on JHS's WBSL; It's her being interviewed on local station WCNY's program "The Capital Pressroom."

birthday, a friend and I took off on a three-month cross-country drive to California and back. I just needed to get away, and in retrospect, I'm so glad I had the opportunity to do that. It was an incredibly educational experience because I saw so much of the country.

In January 1976 I moved up to Troy, New York, where I knew virtually no one, and went to Hudson Valley Community College, in its criminal justice department.

Hudson Valley had one of the better criminal justice programs around—there weren't a lot of them

at the time—and, just as important, it was affordable, as I was paying my own way through school.

Even as a kid, I'd been really interested in criminal justice. I read every true-crime novel I could get a hold of, as well as mysteries. I was just fascinated with crime and criminals, and I wanted to understand better. I never really thought about it as a career, though, since, in the early to mid-1970s, women were not encouraged to get into the field.

As I got closer to graduating high school, I was working in the JHS guidance office. Guidance counselor Mr. Allen Layton was such a wonderful mentor to me; an incredible force in my life. He really helped guide me to pursue a career in criminal justice, saying that if it was something I wanted to do, I should go for it.

But when I got to Hudson Valley Community College, they did not look kindly on having women in the program. Out of about two hundred students, there was only one other woman besides me. We were the 1 percent, literally.

I'd look around the classroom and think, *What on earth? Where are all the other women?* Jericho had been such a progressive place; we were never raised or taught to believe that girls had any limitations.

Because I wore glasses, the department

chairman said to me, "Well, you can't be a police officer, and there's really nothing else you can do in criminal justice. Trust me: you don't really want to do this. You need to go into liberal arts for a semester, and let's see how you do. Then if decide

you want to transfer into the program, fine, we'll talk about it."

I worked especially hard that semester, as I was determined to prove myself and ended up with all A's. I'm sure that the chairman of the department thought I would be dissuaded, forget all about going into criminal justice, and want to become a kindergarten teacher or something. But no. When the semester ended, I came back to him and said, "Now I'd like to come into the program," and they really had no choice but to let me. Much to our collective surprise, I ended up being the class valedictorian. I'll bet my high school teachers would have also been surprised to hear that, too.

Those were the days when you could work your way through college. I had all sorts of crazy jobs. Probably the weirdest one was working in the college



Lisa (right) with one of her best friends from Jericho, Pam Lopez, back in the old neighborhood at what we hear is something of a local landmark. Hmm, "the Jericho Cider Mill." We'll have to check it out sometime!

TV studio, where we occasionally had to videotape autopsies. In addition to having a criminal justice department, Hudson Valley also offered mortuary science.

Now, you know how in comedies you'll see hardened policemen faint at the sight of a dead body? That really happened. We had to tape the autopsy of one poor fellow who'd drowned and had been in the water for many weeks. Not to gross out everyone, but the body was all but unidentifiable as that of a human being. While everybody else around me was fainting dead away, I managed to stay in there and videotape the whole thing. (However, the experience convinced me without a doubt that this was *not* an

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Lisa Frisch

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area of criminal justice I wished to pursue.)

You Can Check In, But You Can't Check Out

When I first moved upstate forty years ago, I never dreamt that I was going to stay here. I figured I'd graduate from college and then get out of Dodge. But after graduating from Hudson Valley in 1978, I ended up studying criminal science at night at a private school up here, Russell Sage College. And then from there I went to SUNY Albany for a joint master's and PhD program in criminal justice.

I've come to the conclusion that the capital district is like the Roach Motel: you can check in, but you can't check out. It happens to a lot of people who've moved here from someplace else. Over time, you begin to appreciate the area. Admittedly, there's more snow and less ocean here than I would prefer. But the Adi-

rondack Mountains are just north of us, along with Lake George and Saratoga Springs. We can drive to Boston, Montreal, and New York, all in about two hours. The area has a lot of culture, too, and I've come to think of it and the people with great affection. This is my home.

It's also where I met the man who years later would become my husband, Joseph Caruso. He's one of those unusual people who are actually *from* Albany and was one of my criminal justice professors at Hudson Valley. We got to be friends, and later on we worked together for a long time, training law enforcement personnel, lawyers, and judges on domestic violence issues. Then many years later, in 1995, we got married.

My husband has a son, Michael, who was fifteen when we were married (and who served as his best man). Almost exactly one year to the day of our anniversary, our daughter, Gianna was born. Michael, who is now thirty-five, and his wife, Rebecca, have a toddler, our beautiful granddaughter, Scarlett.

I started later than most to start a family, but it was worth the wait. I think the fact that Joe and I started out as friends is really important. We've dealt with each other in so many different ways and so many different roles, and yet we can still enjoy each other's company. He still teaches at Hudson Valley—in fact, he was recognized in December for forty years of teaching service (although retirement is starting to look pretty good to him.)

Testosterone Overload

Back while I was working on my bachelor's degree, I got my first job in the field. I became a campus police officer at SUNY Central Administration, and went through all of the usual police and firearms training, wearing a Sam Brown belt and a hideous brown uniform. (I uncovered the one and only fuzzy photo of me in that uniform that has never before left the safety of the photo album). I never intended to be a police officer, but the salary was a lure for me, as my previous job was a manager of a convenience store, where the highlight was when my wallet was stolen from behind the counter. I was so young—only nineteen when I first joined the department, younger than some of the students at SUNBY that I dealt with.

Later in my career when I was training police officers, this experience helped me understand some of their challenges of responding to domestic violence calls, but I was never destined to make policing a career. I then cut my salary almost in half to become a probation officer in Rensselaer County,



1995: Lisa married Joseph Caruso. By then, the two of them had known each other for twenty years.

"We had to tape the autopsy of one poor fellow who'd drowned and had been in the water for many weeks. Not to gross out everyone, but the body was all but unidentifiable as that of a human being. While everybody else around me was fainting dead away, I managed to stay there and videotape the whole thing."

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Lisa Frisch

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where I worked doing investigations and supervising offenders for over five years. That was one of my favorite jobs. I learned a lot about the entire criminal justice system and its strengths and failures, and I learned a lot about people. One important lesson is the thin line that often exists between so-called law-abiding people and those labeled criminals.

In 1985 I was offered a graduate internship at the Office for the Prevention of Domestic Violence (OPDV). At the time, it was called the Governor's Commission on Domestic Violence, started in the 1970s by then-governor Hugh Carey. I worked with about a dozen women in prison who had been horribly abused. Most of them had killed their abusers after lengthy victimization, and some were serving life sentences. I had to interview them all personally and prepare to present at a public hearing at Bedford Hills Correctional Facility.

It's important to understand what victims of domestic violence have to endure. Many of the women at Bedford Hills tried reaching out for help and reported the abuse more than once, but eventually they found themselves in a position where they had to defend themselves, and they ended up incarcerated for it. In the mid-1980s, nobody talked about domestic violence toward women. I received a tremendous education through these incredibly strong women. It was eye-opening and com-



Lisa and Joe with their nineteen-year-old daughter, Gianna, a college sophomore. And since no issue is complete without at least one cute-wittle-kitty or cute-wittle-doggy photo, at right we have Shih Tzus Paulo (aka Pesci, as in Joe) and Coco (aka Murphy).



pletely changed the direction of my career. OPDV ended up creating a position for me, and I would spend the next eighteen years there, working on statewide domestic violence policy, training, and legislation.

Society has come a long way in the last thirty years. Back then, if police received a complaint of domestic violence, they'd show up at the residence and maybe take the guy for a walk around the block and give him a talking to. One of my tasks was to educate law enforcement about importance of arrest to hold offenders accountable and help better protect victims and children.

At first, our training team encountered a lot of resistance. I remember participating in one particular police training class on domestic violence, and the officers who attended were openly hostile. They tried very hard to intimidate us: one took out a newspaper and started reading, while others began cleaning their pistols right at the table. You wouldn't find that behavior today, thank goodness, although certainly

more work needs to be done to continually improve our response to this crime.

We were able to put in place policies, procedures, and training programs throughout the entire criminal justice system, and also throughout the medical, mental health, substance abuse, and social services communities—really, across the board—with the intent of bringing people together in a coordinated way. I worked literally with thousands of police officers and others in the system. During my eighteen years at OPDV, I saw tremendous change, mostly for the better.

The Juggling Act

I was a “geriatric” mom when I had Gianna: thirty-nine years old. Now she's on the verge of turning twenty. She is an amazing young woman and one of the lights of my life, naturally. Gianna is currently in her second year of studying business at Hudson Valley Community College. Appar-

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You have a great voice. You've been a radio announcer, a voice-over artist, and now produce your own video podcasts. Were you an avid radio listener when you were a kid?

Oh, sure. I used to listen to Cousin Brucie and Dan Ingram on 77-WABC, the WMCA Good Guys, and also 1010 WINS. People forget that before it became an all-news station, it played Top Forty: [sings] "10-10 WINS, New York! Okay, chime time 4:22 in the afternoon, and now here's the latest from ... the Byrds!" The radio was so cool in those days, and there's really very little like it nowadays except for some oldies stations, which essentially recreate what they were doing.

Jericho High didn't have a radio station like it does today. There was only the morning announcements over the loud-speaker during homeroom. If it had, I would probably have been very interested in doing that.

Usually a love of Top 40 radio goes hand-in-hand with a love of music. How about for you?

Like so many other kids, I got interested in playing music after seeing the Beatles on Ed Sullivan in 1964, when I was twelve. "All those screaming girls? Ooh, that's what I want to do!" It seemed like everybody was in a band back then, and I was in several. In my senior year, I played with the Kirk brothers, Jim and Rob, who were a year behind our class of 1969. Rob played drums, and Jim played bass. He had a real Hofner bass, too—the violin-shaped one that Paul McCartney made famous and still plays today. That was a rarity at the time. Vinnie Rasulo, who lived in Brookville-



Muttontown but went to Chaminade High School, was the keyboardist.

The group's name was Jeremy, although no one in the band was named Jeremy. I have no idea what the significance, if any, was; I think we just thought it sounded cool. We had two different girl singers. One was Terri Calabrese, from the class of 1970. And we also had Christine

Christine Pupilla, from my year. She was a real pretty girl, tall and slim, with short hair. She'd acted in some school musicals.

I was in another earlier band that had a *really* ridiculous name: Me and the Others. Somewhere I have an old business card of ours. The gag was that whenever somebody asked, "So what's the name of your band," we'd say, "Me and the Others."

"Well, who's 'me'?"

And we'd all chorus, "I am!" at the same time.

What were some of your other interests when you were in high school?

Music was pretty much it for me. I didn't have the most wonderful high school experience. Honestly, I just don't remember a lot about it; it's as if it all happened to someone else—someone that I observed closely but don't feel a personal connection with. (Okay, this probably indicates a completely dissociative personality disorder and might not speak well for my general mental health, but that's what we're stuck with!)

I always felt like a little bit of an outsider. I wasn't in the clique. My mom, dad, and I moved to White Birch at the start of sixth grade, and by then, it seemed like most everybody else had known one another since first grade, and the hierarchies had already been established.

My best friend was probably George Betscha. I remember the first day of sixth grade at the Robert Williams Elementary School, my mother and I were waiting on line, and she spotted somebody that *she* knew from her childhood in Hicksville: it turned out to be George's mother.

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Gene Bogart

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They hadn't seen each other in decades. So it was, "This is my son, George," and "This is my son, Gene."

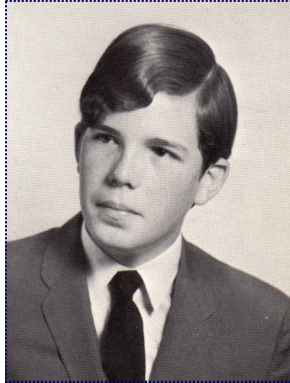
George was more of a jock than I was; a real sports enthusiast, which I wasn't at all. But he played guitar as well, so we had that in common. We have remained friends over all these years.

George moved down to the east coast of Florida several years before I did in the late 1980s, and we reconnected. He was a police officer in the North Palm Beach area, and I got a place nearby. (Years later, my wife and I would end up living in Boca Raton, in the southern part of Palm Beach County.) I was the best man at George's wedding. Now he's up in Port St. Lucie.

In school I was also friends with Geoffrey Touretz, Jim Brennan, Peter Goodgold, and two excellent musicians: Neil Brodbeck and David Starobin. I always knew that David was good, but it was only recently that I realize what a superstar he is in the classical guitar world. For about fifteen years, I was the station announcer for the local ABC-TV affiliate down here, WPBF-25. One day one of the producers, Scott, was saying how he'd picked up classical guitar in college but didn't stick with it because it demands an incredible commitment. Apparently you have to play for at least three hours a day, every day, just to maintain your abilities. It's that difficult.

I mentioned that I'd gone to high school with a classical guitarist named David Starobin. Scott's jaw dropped. "You know David Starobin?" It was like I'd said I was friends with Sting. He's that well known. David was a nice guy then and is still a nice guy, even though he's a giant in his field. We keep in touch via Facebook and email.

I don't want to dwell on the negative and have people think, "Gene Bogart: obviously an embittered old man!" But I've often wondered if Jericho, and maybe all



of Long Island, didn't have a certain edginess to it. As kids, we lash out, we do crappy things to other people, because we're afraid for ourselves, and so it's that whole adolescent pattern.

I had an interesting experience when I was around fifteen or sixteen: We took a trip to a little town called Bluffton, Ohio, where my dad was born, to visit my Aunt Pearl. (Pearl Bogart Mann was something of a Midwestern legend: a well-remembered pianist and classical music instructor at Bluffton College.) Bluffton is the quintessential small town: a lot like Mayberry from *The Andy Griffith Show*. From what I've heard, it's still like that to this day.

Anyway, one evening my dad and I walked down to the local high school, where they were having a basketball game against another school. Afterward, they pulled back the bleachers so that the "young people" could have a dance. No live band. Just two girls spinning 45s on a record player with foldout speakers. My dad said to me, "You'll probably enjoy this," and he went back to Aunt Pearl's, leaving me there by myself.

I was just hanging out—didn't know a soul, obviously—when a kid walked up to me. "You're not from around here, are you?" he asked. And he just started talking to me. Then he introduced me to some of his friends. And my first thought was, "What's going on here? Is he going to set me up, and then he and his friends are going to make fun of me?" After the conversation went on for a while, I realized, "No, he's not! He's just being ... nice!" That really floored me. I couldn't imagine kids at my school doing that, to be honest.

So what was it? Were we just edgier in New York? Again, kids anywhere can be mean to one another, but maybe it manifests in different ways depending upon where you live.

[The "Guidance" Department: Giving Directions Without a Compass](#)

I don't remember my guidance counselor's name, which is probably just as well, so she can remain unpugned by my testimony that she gave me very bad advice! (*Wink!*) She suggested that I go to Southampton College, which was part of Long Island University. "It's wonder-

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Gene doing voice-over work at a recording studio in Newport Beach, California. See that microphone? It once belonged to the legendary Mel Blanc, the man of a thousand voices, including Bugs Bunny, Porky Pig, Tweety, Sylvester, Foghorn Leghorn, Barney Rubble, Jack Benny's long-suffering violin teacher, et al.

Gene Bogart

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ful,” she gushed. “Very progressive and exciting!” Then I got there, and everybody I met hated it and couldn’t wait to transfer out. First of all, you think, It’s in Southampton. This is going to be great because it’s a big, happy, party town. Yeah, it is: *during the summer, when you’re not around*. The rest of the year, it’s this lonely, gray, rainy, depressing mud pit. After three semesters, I transferred to Nassau Community College.

I attended full-time at night while working during the day at the department store S. Klein in Mid-Island Plaza. “S. Klein on the Square.” Remember it? The original store was on Union Square in Manhattan. NCC was probably the best school experience I ever had. You had a lot of adults coming back for class, as well

as college-age kids like me. Most of the teaching staff weren’t just educators, they actually worked in their respective fields. For example, I was studying psychology, and one of my psych professors was a clinical psychologist. While there, I took an oral-communications class, which totally grabbed me. Nassau had a small TV production facility that our class utilized, and a lightbulb went off in my head: “This is great! This is something that I want to be doing: some kind of broadcast or television work.”

Except that I’d already been accepted by Stony Brook University, for psychology. Guess what Stony Brook didn’t have? Broadcasting training. Nothing at all at that time. Boy, did I pick the wrong school. Again.

So I became more involved in playing music. In the early 1970s, Long Island had a thriving live-music scene, with tons of clubs. One of my bands was a rock group called Shot-

gun, which included Vinnie Rasulo again. By then, he’d graduated from a Farfisa organ to a mighty Hammond B-3. Incredible to hear; terrible to have to move from gig to gig. We had so many tragedies trying to move that thing, because we didn’t have a van, only rental trailers or our cars. But we worked pretty steadily for several years.

I had some interesting adventures along the way. As guitarist and one of the lead singers for a band called Fame and Fortune, we got booked (among *many* other gigs) on two trips to play at US military bases: two in Greenland and one in Iceland. We were in Greenland for two months—which seems a lot longer when you’re surrounded by all that ice. Also in that band were my first college roommate, Bill Galbavy, on bass; my lifelong friend guitarist Tommy Kearns from New Jersey; and

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CAREFUL WITH THAT AXE, EUGENE!

Left: Providing entertainment for your next NRA convention, the band Shotgun, circa 1973, with Gene at bottom and Vinnie Rasulo, far left. “Most of the armaments came from Vince’s father’s gun locker.”

Below left: Later that decade, Fame and Fortune (Gene, bottom again), with razor-sharp shirt collars that could put out an eye; and (right), the Magic Band, late 1990s.



Gene Bogart

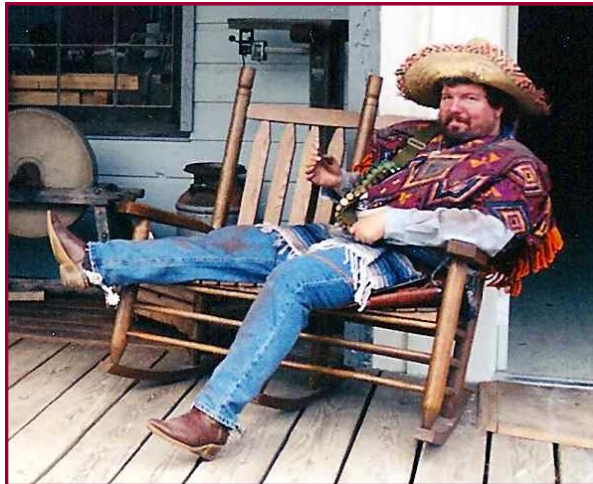
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drummer-vocalist Susan Sosna from New York City. All three of them remain among my closest of friends to this day.

After Fame and Fortune disbanded, I was contacted by an old pal named Fred, who owned a nightspot in Rocky Point, just east of Port Jefferson. The Dry Dock was a club that F&F had played regularly, and Fred and I had become close friends. He wanted to shift from live bands to deejay entertainment and asked me to take the job. We eventually turned it into one of the hottest places on Suffolk County's north shore, and I spent the next few years entertaining a lot of wild folks and having a great many memorable experiences, making a number of lifelong friends along the way. I could write an entire book about my life and crazy times at the Dry Dock!

In 1982 I got booked to play guitar and sing with Irish entertainer Mike Carroll aboard the *QE2*, which was the preeminent cruise liner in the world at that time. I spent almost a year on that ship. Our schedule was as follows: perform thirteen out of fourteen nights. The typical transatlantic trip, from New York to Southampton, England, took six days to get there, because you're going with the current, and seven days sailing back west to New York. We'd have Friday night in Southampton off, which allowed us to hit the pubs there and drink ourselves blind. As opposed to drinking ourselves blind aboard the *QE2* on all the other nights.

I almost became a professional drinker that year. Because not only are you drinking with the musicians in your own band, and the musicians in the other acts, but also the dancers, and the croupiers, and so on. Then you have all the passengers who see you onstage and then want to buy you drinks and hang out afterward. I don't know how long one could sustain a lifestyle like that. It almost killed me. But I'm not complaining; it was actually kind of wonderful: you're on a cruise ship with a bunch of happy drunks! The audiences were always appreciative, and I got to work with some cool people, like boxer Sugar Ray Leonard, and actress Mary Steenburgen and her husband at the time, actor Malcolm (A *Clockwork Orange*) McDowell.



A comedic actor, too, here's Gene on the set of a TV commercial in which he starred as a bandito in desperate need of Jon Smith Subs. "Clint Eastwood, eat your heart out."

How did the transformation to radio come about?

Indirectly. When I returned to Long Island after the *QE2* in 1983, live music was being replaced to a large extent by club deejays. I began doing that at various clubs, and that led to my getting booked to perform at lots of private parties: weddings, bar mitzvahs, corporate functions. Then I got hired by WRIV-AM 1390 out in Riverhead. The format was sort of a cross between adult contemporary and hits of the day. There was a basic playlist, but I had a lot of flexibility as to what I

played and total free reign on how to handle the show, which was the afternoon shift, two to six: PM drive-time, as they call it. I would do a lot of funny on-air gags, and it was just great for me.

Basically, I was working three jobs: club work, deejaying private parties, and on-air personality for WRIV. Although my shift went from two o'clock to six o'clock, you have to bear in mind that I'd come in early to prepare for each show. And then once I was off the air, I'd be handed a stack of local commercials and public-service announcements to record in the production studio. It would turn into a long day. I lived in Blue Point at the time, and I used to grind back and forth across Long Island almost every day. I can remember spending Saturdays and Sundays marooned in bumper-to-bumper traffic on the Belt Parkway on my way to emceeding a wedding in Brooklyn, in my cranky old van with no air-conditioning, surrounded by the thick white summer haze. I calculated that I put on about fifty thousand miles of driving a year.

One day I saw a human interest story on *Eye-witness News* about some old guy who was retiring after having driven a truck for his company for many years. "Some years," the reporter said in awe, "he drove as much as fifty thousand miles a year!" Now, I'm thinking, "Hold on a second: this guy drives fifty thousand miles a year as his job; I drive fifty thousand miles a year—at my own expense—just to get to my three jobs. And he's being lauded on the frickin' TV news for having been such a hard worker?" Meanwhile, I have people telling me, "Gene, your whole life must be like one big vacation!"

The truth was, I was working myself to death and

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feeling totally burned out. I had what I would call a genuine existential crisis. I realized that if I stayed in New York continuing to do what I was doing, I would not survive. I thought, *There's got to be a better way.* And since I'd always longed to live among the palm trees in someplace sunny, in 1987 I decided to move to South Florida. I have to say that I really do enjoy living here much more than living on Long Island. And it was in Florida that I met my wonderful wife.

Let's Get Metaphysical

Everybody loves a good love story. Where is your wife, Helen, from, and where, when, and how did you two meet?

Helen is from Attleboro, Massachusetts. She'd moved to Florida in the late 1970s and works as a licensed massage therapist.

Before I continue, though, I need to back up for a moment.

Beginning years prior to my meeting Helen, I've been on a kind of metaphysical spiritual path. I had a brief incursion into Scientology back when I still lived on Long Island—enough to eventually see through what was going on. But I'll give it credit in that it opened my mind to the fact that there are other ways of thinking than we normally think. There is more to the world than what it appears to be. In other words, there are other paths to explore. Once in Florida, I became involved with meditation and studied TM—transcendental meditation—with a TM instructor who had been trained by the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, who had become famous as the TM instructor for the Beatles. In the early



Gene and his wife, Helen, flank Justin Hayward of the Moody Blues, whom Gene had interviewed on a South Florida TV show. "Very nice guy," he says. "Since then, we've connected with him several other times over the years."

days of TM, the only way you could be an instructor was to go to the Maharishi and have him personally teach you. That obviously has changed, since he has passed on. But even prior to his passing, it had become more and more of a big business. So TM has its issues too, like Scientology does, in terms of being a big business that is allegedly all about spirituality but is also a lot about profits.

However, the technique works. TM really isn't all that different from any kind of meditation, which is basically a quieting of the mind, shutting off your conscious thoughts, and experiencing the stillness that is there, which is much more in line with what we really are. Meditation is just a pure state, and it doesn't matter what method you use to arrive at it. There are people of the Catholic faith for whom, when they say the rosary, it becomes almost like a mantra. They're not even really listening to

the words; it just becomes a flow, and they lose themselves in it and open themselves up to God's presence.

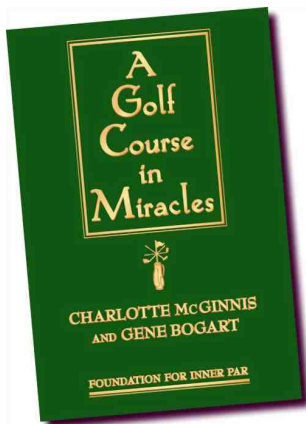
I had read Marianne Williamson's *A Return to Love* (1992), which I'm sure many people have heard of. It focuses on the teachings of *A Course in Miracles*. Well, I became involved with a group called the Palm Beach Center for Living, which Marianne cofounded with a lady named Charlotte McGinnis, who remains to this day one of my closest friends and associates. Charlotte is a professional golfer and golf instructor, and we eventually coauthored a book together: *A Golf Course in Miracles* (2011), which, as the title suggests, applies the teachings of *A Course in Miracles* to, yes, the game of golf!

There were several Centers for Living around the country, including New York and San Francisco. Years

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ago, Charlotte met Marianne and suggested opening one in South Florida. They got together and formed the Palm Beach Center. The way I became involved with Charlotte was that Marianne was going to speak at a fundraiser for the Center for Living, at the Kravis Center for the Performing Arts in West Palm Beach. It's a really nice, large, opera-house-style venue. Charlotte knew about my radio and entertainment background and said, "We need an emcee for the program. Would you like to introduce Marianne onstage?" Well, I own a tuxedo, from doing weddings and other affairs, so I said sure, and I hosted this program in front of something like two thousand people.

After that, I became a very active volunteer at the Center, which was based around the principles of *A Course in Miracles*: emphasizing forgiveness in the world, releasing grievances, and seeing our

brothers and sisters as extensions of ourselves, and *all* of us as extensions of God. It's not a religious thing—it's *spiritual*—and I found both it and the people it tended to attract to be very refreshing. Not at all like Scientology or even TM.

Okay, now we *finally* get to the part about how I met Helen. One night the Center was hosting a performance for this incredible flutist who plays an amazing style of Native American music: it's beautiful and haunting, and you can almost imagine the canyons, and eagles soaring—very meditative, transporting music. It was a great event. I was handling the door and accepting donations.

The Palm Beach Center for Living was in an open-air two-story building with an atrium and palm trees growing in the center—very much an old South Florida-style place. I left the room where the performance had just ended and was on my way to our office at the other end of the building and one floor down. I was just floating on air from this wonderful event! I saw a very attractive blonde lady come walking down the hallway toward me; we made eye contact and nodded "Good evening" as we passed. I thought to myself, *Life is good*.

A few moments later, I'm in the office when a knock comes at the door.

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Lisa Frisch

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ently HVCC runs in the family, Michael got a degree in criminal justice and is back studying personal training there. Gianna is interested in accounting (my math teachers would certainly be shocked that she is my daughter) and hopes to get an MBA degree.

We have lived in Columbia County, south of Albany, for nineteen years. It's a somewhat rural setting, in an area that attracts New Yorkers coming up for the weekends as well as long-time, less affluent residents. Ironically enough, I ended up raising my daughter in an area similar to where I grew up, at least in terms of social isolation. It's a lovely place, right across from a lake. But like Old Westbury, you can't just hop on your bike and ride to the store.

When Gianna was born, in 1996, I was a bureau director for the state, and although I tried to reduce my schedule, that just wasn't possible given my

job responsibilities. As a supervisor, you're expected to come back and hit the ground running. I can remember, just three days after returning home from the hospital, holding the baby with one arm while editing a time-sensitive work-related report with the other, on the gigantic early nineties computer we had at the time. It helped make me more aware of



"This is one of my favorite photos," says Lisa. Easy to see why.

the challenges that working moms face. I was a very lucky mother, as I could not have the career that I've had without Joe. He was truly a primary force in our daughter's life, with me often traveling or working late.

I loved my job at the New York State Office for the Prevention of Domestic Violence and the people I worked with, and I'd probably still be there were it not for an opportunity that presented itself in 2003.

As I was working with people all around the state, one of the most glaring gaps was the fact that there was virtually no access to civil legal help for

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Lisa Frisch

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victims of domestic violence—such as affordable lawyers to help with family court issues or to represent them in a divorce. And without that, you can never really achieve true justice and safety.

In 1995 a group of local attorneys founded a private nonprofit organization called the Capital Women's Bar Association Legal Project, with the mission of providing free legal services to victims of domestic violence, as well as to the working poor and other people who require legal assistance. People who live from paycheck to paycheck often can't afford to pay an attorney, yet they're considered "not poor enough" to qualify for other public legal assistance. So their cases tend to fall through the cracks.

When I first heard about it, I thought, *If ever there was a need for anything, it's this program.* I worked closely with the Legal Project for its first seven years, helping to train some of its attorneys.

In 2003 the organization's executive director moved out of state when her husband got a new position, and she asked me if I would be interested in applying for the job. I thought, *Oh, I'm not the least bit qualified to do this. I've never worked for a nonprofit, I've never raised money; I just wouldn't have a clue.* But I decided to interview anyway, and, shockingly, they decided to take a chance on me.

My colleagues and family thought I must have lost my mind at the time. In taking this leap, I left a job that I loved, I left the security of working for New York State, and I took a significant pay cut, too. Believe me, I wouldn't have done it for any place other than the Legal Project—that's how highly I thought of the program. And I felt immediately energized.

This is probably going to sound trite, but from the time I was a teenager, I always wanted to be involved in something that could make a difference in the world. And I saw that I could do more for the issue of domestic violence at the Legal Project than I could at that point working in state government. After eighteen years, it was time for a change.

When I came to the Legal Project, we had 6 employees and a \$500,000 annual budget. Now we have a paid staff of 23, plus approximately 225 volunteer attorneys, and a budget of more than \$1.5 million. Because we've grown steadily, my job calls for juggling lots of balls: managing the staff, responding to community needs in a creative way; and, as with any nonprofit, raising money to support our mission.

We've also expanded our services. Although legal services in domestic violence cases and providing legal advice in clinics remain our core work, we also offer home foreclosure and bankruptcy legal assistance, we work with small businesses, assist with wills and end-of-life planning, and we have a growing immigration program right now, too.

We work with military veterans, and also consult with colleges regarding sexual assault, domestic violence, and stalking on campus. Through the Legal Project and other programs like it across the country, people are able to find free, non-criminal legal help for their life crises. This not only impacts the individual in need of help but also benefits the entire community.

One of the reasons I love my job so much is the people that I work with. They are truly the most compassionate, committed, and dedicated people that I have ever known. They quite literally do all that they can to help and empower each of our clients, always with great professionalism as well as

"I was the type of kid who didn't smile much. In fact, if you look at my yearbook photo (please don't!), I have on this painful smile. Now, though, I'm always smiling. I think that's probably one of the biggest differences in my life. I have learned how to be happy."



(Top): Lisa, smiling away with granddaughter Scarlett. As for that yearbook pic (left), "I'd actually chosen a different photo, in which I wasn't smiling—my usual expression" (right).

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TOONS CARTOONS CARTO OTOONS SCARTOONS SCART

By Dan Clurman (72)



About Dan:

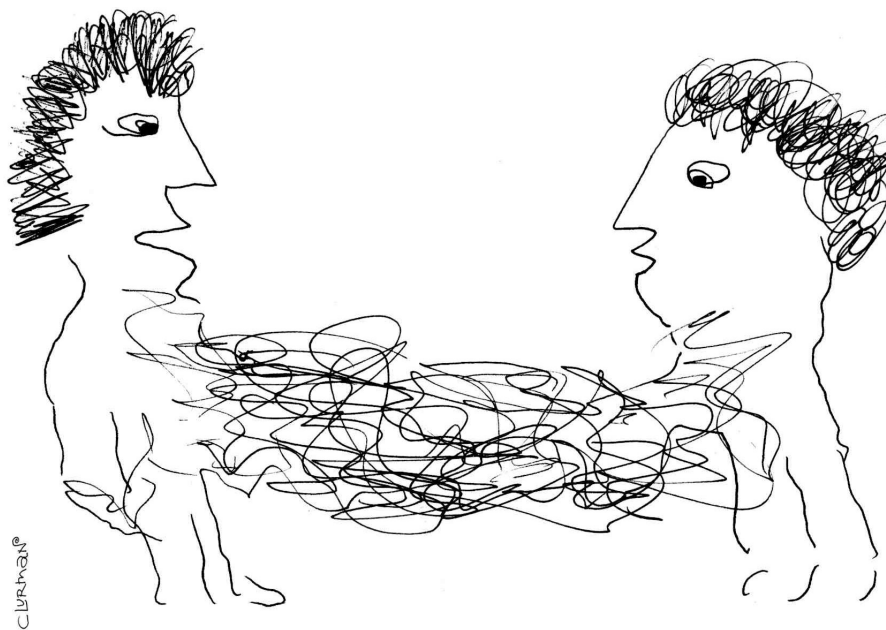
"I have been a coach and educator for the last thirty-plus years, delivering training and classes in nonprofits organizations, universities, and corporations.

"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 taken from Dan's most recent 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."



Unprotected Interaction



She's draw to square men

National Bestseller

Everything you always wanted to know about Doug Baumoel ('74)*

* But Were Too Self-Absorbed to Ask!

LESSONS LEARNED

Having personally experienced the ups and downs of a family business, Doug started his own consulting firm, Continuity Family Business Consulting, specializing in helping others navigate the unique challenges of working and owning together as family.

My family was one of the first to move into Princeton Park—and one of the last to leave. Until just a few months ago, my mother still lived in our old house at 107 Columbia Drive, just behind the Jericho firehouse. Now she lives near me and my two brothers, Mitchell ('73) and Kenny ('76), in Massachusetts.

Gary Katzenstein lived next door, and the Zahns (Benita, Alan, and Jeffrey) lived on the other side. Leslie Moskowitz lived across the street. Other kids in Princeton Park included Billy and Jimmy Poster, Jon Cantor, Herb Shultz, Brian Isaacson, Steven Einstein, Gary Wachtel, Owen Brown, Joel Ackerman, Keith Johnson, and Paul Weiser. But our neighborhood group also included Neil Schlusel, Peter Koffler, and Ricky Schneider from Oakwood.

Unlike today, pickup games of basketball, football, baseball and ice hockey were the norm: no helmets, no parents, no clocks to watch. When it got dark, we went home—most of the time in one piece. When it snowed, snow forts and massive snowball fights were the norm.

I was by far the smallest kid in my class, so high school was a bit awkward for me. When I graduated, I actually looked more like I was

graduating *junior* high. I was a decent guitar player, though, which helped me through, and I played in a couple of bands. Some of those bands included Joel Ackerman on drums, my brother Mitch on keyboards, Marc Sacks on vocals, Mark Paris on guitar, and I believe I had a brief brush playing with keyboardist Mitchel Forman, who ended up making music his career.

I was involved in theater for a while, costarring with Elyse Pepper in *Archie and Mehitabel*, our class's entry in the 1972 One Act Play contest. I was Archie, a cockroach who

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Doug was inducted into the JHS Alumni Hall of Fame in 2013, and both his mom and his older brother, Mitchell, were there at the ceremony and at the dinner beforehand at the Milleridge Inn.

Doug Baumoeel

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who typed out stories and poems by hopping from one key to another; Elyse played his best friend, an alley cat named Mehitabel. I also played Anna's son in *The King and I* with Kathy Hartley.

My grades were never stellar. Essentially, I just got by. But a few teachers started to reach me—Mr. Boroson, Mrs. Broadwin, Mr. Martin, Mr. Cesarini—and helped me realize that I had a talent for math and science. I fell in with a different group of friends who were in the advanced placement math and science classes, and that's where I really started to find myself.

As a senior, I combined my love of music and science by building an electronic music synthesizer for the science fair, where I won some kind of prize—forgot which, though. It led me to understand the mathematics of music: for example, the frequency intervals in Western scales are based on the twelfth root of two. From that, you can figure out what voltages you need to get the right notes out of an oscillator. The point is that learning math and science in high school enabled me to do some interesting stuff. It was practical. And I realized that math and science would help me to better understand what my father was talking about when we would talk about his business.

Dad the Inventor

My dad was (and still is) a brilliant inventor: an electrical engineer who received over forty patents during his career. And he's still inventing at eighty-nine. When I was very young, he invented a liquid-level sensor. It was a small device that screwed into a tank. Let's say that you're filling a



They was cats before Cats was cool: Doug (left) and other cast members of Archie and Mehitabel, the class of '74's sophomore entry in the March 4, 1972, One-Act Play Contest, directed by Corey Pepper. The fetching felines are, from left, Meredith Cohen Roseman, Barbara Starace, Anne Glussman, and possibly Gwen Sylvan (anyone know for sure?), and in back, Rhonda Green Johnson and Amy Cherry Lowenstein. Photo courtesy of Carrie Kass Rubin.

tank with oil or some industrial liquid. When the liquid reached the sensor, it would send an electrical signal to shut down a pump, close a valve, light a light, or sound an alarm. The device was also used in aircraft, and one of the largest customers in the early days of his company was the US Air Force. Based on the strength of this invention in the early 1960s, our family business, Controlotron Corporation, was born.

As the company became more successful, my father began playing golf. He started participating in golf tournaments and noticed that at every tournament, there would be a half dozen people with pads and pencils calculating everyone's handicap. He thought to himself, *I can automate this!* Now, this was before microprocessors and pocket calculators. He came up with a dedicated, digital golf computer—in the early 1970s! Every golfer at the club would have his or her own punch card. Af-

ter a round of golf, they would put this card into the machine, punch his or her most recent score onto the card, and the device would figure out and display the golfer's handicap instantly. He formed a subsidiary, Sports Computer Corporation, and leased these Golf Handicappers to most of the major golf courses in the country. It was a great business. But the real value of this device was that it taught my father about digital computing. The success of the Golf Handicapper funded the next, and most important, phase of the company.

Controlotron grew, and my father built a modern factory in Hauppauge. His next invention was something even more valuable to industry: a clamp-on, ultrasonic, liquid flow-rate meter. To accurately measure the flow rate of liquids from outside a pipe using ultrasonic technology wasn't easy in the early 1970s. Digital circuits were just being made avail-

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Doug Baumoeel

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able, and microprocessors were over a decade away. So, with what we would consider antique technology today, he did something no other company could do. To give you an idea of the challenges involved, measuring the flow rate in a one-inch pipe required precision equivalent to measuring the distance from New York to Boston to the nearest thousandth of an inch. And, whether you took that measurement in the summer or winter, the snow or the rain, it had to be accurate. That's how precise and repeatable this instrument had to be.

By the late 1970s, Controlotron was the leading ultrasonic flow measurement company in the world. Our customers included P&G, Dupont, Dow Chemical, Shell, and other well-known companies, in almost every industry.

When my dad came home for dinner, which was rare because of the demands of running a company with dozens of employees, the dinner conversation wasn't so much about us kids. We mainly talked about the business: the technical, sales, and management challenges he faced. He always asked us what we thought about things at the office. Although we didn't really understand what he was talking about, the three of us would all contribute to the conversation and try to sound smart. It was mainly an opportunity for my father to think things through out loud. The dinner table was sort of his boardroom and thought lab.

In high school, once I became so interested in math and science, I started to realize that my father's business could become a career for me. And, looking back, I now understand that one of the things that drove me into the technical fields was the desire for a stronger connection with my dad.

Cornell, by Way of Albany

I originally wanted to go to Cornell, but although I did exceptionally well in AP physics, calculus, and chemistry, my grades in English, Social Studies, and Spanish pulled

me down substantially. The best school I could get into was SUNY Albany, so that's where I spent my freshman year of college.

I was a dual major in physics and music at Albany and did well enough to get into Cornell's electrical engineering program for my sophomore year. Cornell's electrical engineering program was a shock (pun intended): my GPA plunged immediately from a 3.9 to a 2.3. But I got my act together by the second semester and began to do really well. After the initial adjustment period I routinely made dean's list.

I played guitar for the Cornell Jazz Ensemble and formed a small jazz septet—the Blue Seven—with the rhythm section and some of the horn players. We played at frat parties and some alumni functions. I remember that the president of Cornell, Frank T. Rhodes, was a big fan, and we got to know him a bit. Another highlight was taking Astronomy 101 with Carl Sagan. He was an inspiration, and I now tell my kids about the stars and stories I learned

from Carl. I absolutely loved Cornell, and I now have the opportunity to visit frequently, since I'm on the board of the Smith Family Business Initiative at Cornell.

Every summer during college, I'd work at my father's company, with ever-increasing levels of responsibility and greater technical challenges. I started off just soldering stuff together and packing boxes on the shipping dock. Then I began doing testing work. And then simple design projects. It was a great opportunity for me because I got practical experience for what I was learning in school. In addition, all that experience gave me a very strong resume coming out of Cornell in 1978.

The plan was for me to join the family business, but not right away. Conventional “best practice” says that you should work somewhere else first before joining a

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While at the Wharton School of Business, Doug (at right) played guitar in a popular area band—all Wharton grad students—called the Power Tools. Prerequisites for joining included musical chops and ample chest hair.

“Looking back, I now understand that one of the things that drove me into the technical fields was the desire for a stronger connection with my dad.”

Doug Baumoeel

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family business. My first job was working in the laboratory of the remarkable scientist and inventor Dr. Edwin Land at Polaroid's corporate headquarters in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Polaroid was the Apple Computer of its day. It was among the most coveted job opportunities at Cornell and one of the leading high-tech companies of that era.

Dr. Land was in his late sixties and semi-retired when I worked in his lab. In addition to its SX-70 cameras, Polaroid's big new product was the recently launched Polavision instant movie system. Anybody remember Polavision? Probably not! Basically, the system consisted of a long, thin strip of Polaroid film housed in a cassette. You'd shoot your home movie on a special camera, then insert the cassette into this big chemical processor/movie screen that looked like an old twelve-inch television set. It would develop the film and, in a few minutes, play back the movie on its little plastic screen. The movie images were grainy, only about three minutes long, and lacked audio.

Unfortunately for Polaroid, Polavision was launched just a few months before the Betamax video system hit the market. Dr. Land thought that Polavision's biggest weakness against videotape was its lack of sound. That's where I came in.

With my background in synthesizer design and music processing, I was selected to work in Dr. Land's lab on digital music compression. This was like Mp3 before Mp3s were even thought of. It was real high-tech stuff, which used not only the engineering I'd learned at Cornell but also all that I'd learned at Jericho High School about how music works from a mathematical perspective.

In addition, Polaroid was a pioneer in autofocus cameras using ultrasonic technology. Remember the gold discs on the top of the SX-70 cameras? That was the ultrasonic ranging/autofocus system. One of my other jobs was to adapt the ultrasonic system from the still-cameras to the movie camera. Instead of a single focusing event, it had to continuously track the distance to the subject being filmed and adjust the lens accordingly. I designed one of the first gate-arrays for this project. In addition, I adapted the ultrasonic ranging technology into a cane for the blind, and as a height sensor for the Gossemer Albatross, the first human-powered airplane to fly across the English Channel. My ultrasonic technology experience at my family business, Controlotron, was invaluable for this project.

In addition, I had a small side project that was also pretty interesting. Tom Scholz, the founder and lead guitarist of the band Boston, was a mechanical engineer at Polaroid who left the company a few months before I joined. His signature sound was made, in part, by a collection of tape delays he'd designed. He was looking for a solid-state electronic device that would accomplish this more reliably and recruited one of my bosses to do some after-hours design work for him. I had a small hand in this work as well, though I never got to meet Tom. This technology eventually made its way into his Rocktron product line.

In the end, however, Polavision failed, and Polaroid took a \$400 million hit on its balance sheet. The product was discontinued abruptly in 1980. But it was certainly a great beginning to my career.



Doug and Victoria (Hackett) Baumoeel. The couple met in 1997 while swing dancing at a Boston-area club and married three years later.

The Time Has Come

I had been at Polaroid for two years when my father came up to Boston to recruit me into the family business. He said, "Son, I'm getting older; I have to think about retirement. I think it's time for you to come to the family business." I jumped at this opportunity and left Polaroid to move myself down to Controlotron. Now, Hauppauge was in the middle of nowhere, and here I was, single, in my twenties; I wasn't ready to live in the suburbs, not knowing anybody. Instead, I got an apartment in Manhattan and commuted to Hauppauge for two years: subway to train to car kept at the Hicksville LIRR station, to factory—and back—every day. What a nightmare! But I was able to learn a bit of French in the car and learn chess on the train.

Microprocessors had just come out, and Controlotron's products were not yet microprocessorized. They were all "state" machines—which meant that they were hardwired digital/analog computer systems with no software component. While I was at Cornell, I'd learned a lot about the new micro-

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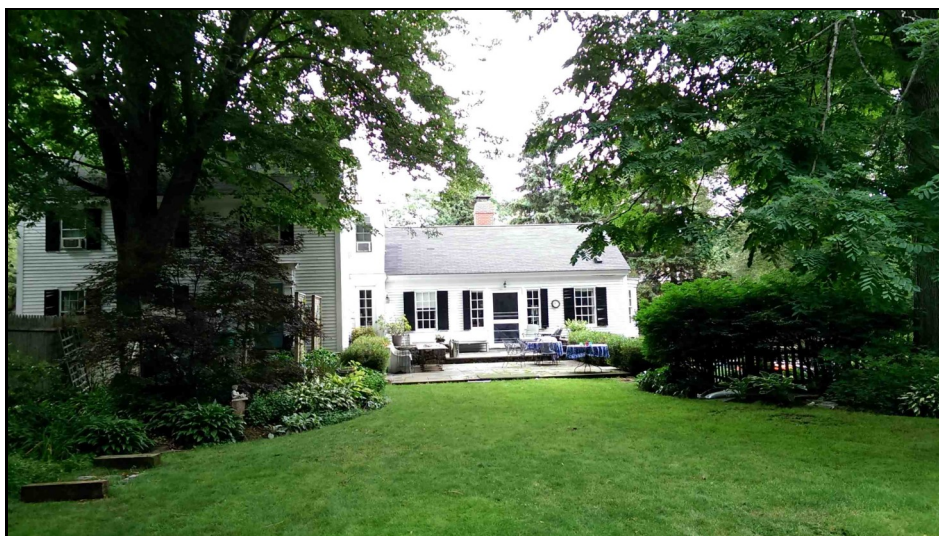
Doug Baumoe

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processor technology, and I thought that once I started working at my father's company, I would be able to bring in all of this new knowledge. I quickly found that my dad wasn't ready to embrace a lot of these ideas, at least, not from me, and so we butted heads. A lot! We disagreed about the direction of the company, about technology, about design—pretty much everything. This would become a long-standing pattern, which, I would come to learn, is not atypical in multigenerational family businesses.

In addition to being the boss's son, I was also a shareholder in the company. My two brothers and I were each given a small stake in the company as a gift, and there was an understanding that there would be additional stock for any sibling that made a career at the business. I had all of this education and experience—and I was an owner—so felt that I should be listened to.

I had some interesting projects, however. One of my jobs was to combine the flow measurement technology with temperature measurement to make an energy flow meter. One my big projects was the installation of dozens of energy meters at JFK Airport and the World Trade Center. I've actually been underneath the Trade Center in the sand and dirt to install energy meters on the big pipes that carried chilled-water through the towers for cooling. I was also tasked with designing higher-temperature sensors for use in the nuclear power industry. I was one of the first outside engineers into the Three Mile Island power plant after the shutdown in 1979, and I had the opportunity to work on a 400° F., sixteen-inch pipe at Maine Yankee, on a catwalk a hundred feet up in the air while dressed in an asbestos suit. When it's your own company, you don't really think about the risks.



Doug and Victoria bought and then personally renovated this house, built in 1723, in Beverly, Massachusetts. “It had been the clubhouse for the Montserrat Golf Club, which was a seven-hole golf club for kids,” Doug explains. “President William Taft’s kids used to be members. We have a squeaky stair step that we assume was damaged by the four-hundred-pound president himself.”

But I was miserable at that point. I spent too much of my time arguing with my dad. The other employees at the company saw this and were now thinking, *We’re in the middle of this; this is not good*. So I figured I needed to do something different.

A very good friend of mine from SUNY Albany had, by that time, gotten her MBA from Columbia University. We got to talking about careers, and she explained what an MBA program was and why it might be valuable for me to pursue. I decided to go for it, but I had only a few weeks to take the GMAT and apply to schools. This was before PCs and word processors, so I taught myself how to type as fast as I could and basically didn't sleep for about a month in order to study for the GMAT and get in my applications. One life skill that Cornell taught me was how to cram for tests. I did well enough to get into the two-year MBA program at the Wharton School of Business at the University of Pennsylvania.

I approached my father: “Dad, you know we’re really not able to work together on the engineering side, but I think what the company really needs is somebody who knows more about marketing and global sales. That’s the kind of education I can get at an MBA program. Would the company send me to an MBA program if I could get into a good one?”

“Okay, we’ll think about it.”

I pulled out my acceptance letter to Wharton, and the company sent me there.

[MBA and Rock & Roll](#)

Since I was really good in math and had four years of corporate experience, I found Wharton less challenging than most. My first week there, I started a band: the Power Tools, “Wharton’s Masters of Supply-Side

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Doug Baumoeel

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Rock and Roll.” We covered artists like Tom Petty, the Go-Go’s, the Pretenders, Bryan Adams, Dire Straits, Springsteen, Men at Work, David Bowie, Pat Benatar, and the Cars.

Not only was it great fun, but it opened a lot of doors. We played at MBA parties, alumni functions, and local concert venues.

Wharton was known for training students for careers on Wall Street. Most of my friends and colleagues at school were constantly setting up interviews and attending cocktail events when the banks and consulting firms came to campus. I, of course, didn’t need to do that: I already had a job waiting for me at my family business.

During my two years at Wharton, I kept my father abreast on everything that I was learning. I tailored my studies to focus on industrial products sales and marketing, and was one of the first to integrate entrepreneurship into the program. During the summer, I landed a great internship in the strategic planning department at Analog Devices, back in the Boston area, helping them with their industrial product strategy.

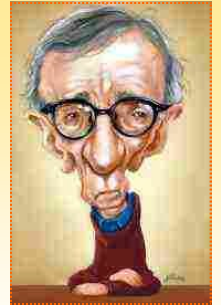
Six weeks before I was to graduate, my dad came to visit—with a message:

“You know, Doug,” he said, “the things you learned at Wharton sound like they’re really good for big companies. But they’re really not applicable for what we’re trying to do at our small business. So I really don’t think it’s a good idea for you to join the company.”

Thud.

Now I found myself scrambling to get a job, and by this time, there wasn’t much left. I ended up taking a job in the strategic planning department of Sperry Corporation, in Man-

“The first time I met Victoria’s parents, it was like a scene out of a Woody Allen movie. I’d just had back surgery and needed a cane to get around. So Victoria introduced me to her parents: a Jewish guy, which they’d never expected, who’s stooped over, with a cane, and was currently unemployed. I probably didn’t seem like a good catch.”



hattan. I had come to Wharton from the city, so a move back was easy, and since most of my bandmates went to NYC, it enabled us to keep the band together. Sperry was going through tough times, though. In my role in the strategic planning department, I was part of the team that recommended the merger with the Burroughs Corporation to become Unisys. In the process, our department would be dismantled, and it was clear I would be looking for a job again soon.

[Back to Controlotron](#)

In 1986, just about the time that my career at Sperry looked bleak, my father had undergone major back surgery, and my mother had a bout with breast cancer. (She’s fine, BTW.) With all the health turmoil, the company seemed to need me again. Since I also needed a job, I returned, warily, as director of marketing. Perhaps, I thought, this would work out because I’d be in marketing, not engineering. And I had the two years of working elsewhere as an MBA, which is supposed to raise the odds dramatically for family business success. At least that was what the “best practices” said.

What I didn’t know was that while I was at Wharton, my father had begun reading up on marketing and sales and now considered himself an expert in that area as well. So we continued butting heads—this time about marketing and sales!

One of our recent technological advances was the ability to apply our flow-measurement technique to very small pipes with pulsating flow. This opened up the aircraft market, and I was responsible for developing sales to this industry for hydraulic control and fuel flow. I got to work in the jet engine testing and hydraulic labs at most of the airframe and jet engine manufacturers, as well as with the US Air Force at Wright Patterson AFB.

One of my responsibilities was to develop European sales. This enabled me to start traveling the world. Because I knew both the technology and the markets, I was a big help to all of our distributors in Europe and Asia. But after three years of butting heads with my father *again*, I’d had enough and was again ready to quit. Our European distributors, however, who had depended upon me for their success selling this highly technical and application-sensitive product, banded together and sent around a proposal to hire me. Their plan was that they’d all contribute to setting up a Controlotron International in Europe, and I’d lead it.

Well, that would require approval from the mothership, and that wasn’t going to happen. However, my father saw that this did make sense. It would provide some separation between us yet keep me in the fold and productive. We created a fifty-fifty-owned European subsidiary. So in 1989 I invested all my savings in this start-up.

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Doug Baumoeel

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A Six-Month Sojourn to Europe Becomes a Six-Year Odyssey

I was supposed to be in Europe for six months just to set things up and hire my replacement. But two months after I arrived, the Berlin Wall fell, and I found myself with a market that suddenly more than doubled. My six-month plan to live in Europe ended up turning into six exciting years.

It was a fascinating experience. I learned so much about European culture and about starting my own business, working with distributors, and selling to the top instrumentation and purchasing people from multinational companies throughout Europe and the Middle East. Because flow meters are so ubiquitous in industry, I got to visit so many different types of companies.

I've been to nuclear reactors in France, breweries in Denmark, oil refineries in Norway and Holland, irrigation plants in Israel, and countless more. I've spent weeks on offshore oil platforms in the North Sea, helicoptering out to them in a survival suit. I worked with pharmaceutical firms in Sweden, power plants in Hungary and Czechoslovakia, and opened up our sales in Russia. I traveled Europe, from Lapland through Rome, and spent a lot of time in Scotland—almost moving there at one point. I met so many of people, some who are still close friends today. It was such a rich, rewarding experience.

There were some serious drawbacks, however. For one thing, I rarely slept, since I had to work American (even West Coast), European, and Middle East hours. But working virtually nonstop overseas also set me back in terms of getting

my personal life together. Working all the time and traveling virtually non-stop was not conducive to settling down.

Another downside was that my relationship with my father didn't get any better. We continued to argue over everything. Being away from the factory only made me less effective in driving the changes I thought needed to be made. In the end, after six years in Europe, my father and I had another big blowup, and I decided to get back to America—and to leave the family business yet again.

Back to the States

It was now more than ten years since I'd graduated Wharton, and I had spent my post-Wharton career as an industrial product specialist—mostly in my family business. I felt like I'd squandered the opportunity Wharton had provided and that I was trapped in this narrow career path. So I took a job in the Boston area with a similar company and moved to a small town called Beverly, about a half hour north of Boston.



**The Baumoeels hit Manhattan:
William, Victoria, Emily, and Doug.**



"My wife jokes that I've reinvented myself more times than Madonna. And it's true. But at forty-five, I found my calling."

I'd always liked New England and still had some friends living in the area. Plus, my brothers Mitch and Ken had settled there as well.

Mitchell and his wife had just had a baby, my niece, Lisa. I figured, "If I'm coming back to the States, I want to be near family." The job I found was as a midlevel marketer for a German-based company called Krohne, selling ultrasonic flow meters. They were a competitor of my family's business, but much larger and with many more product categories. It, too, was a family business. The heir apparent was my age and had a similar background. I got to know the family very well, but that only made the fact that I was not working for *my* family business harder to deal with.

There was a brief attempt at creating an alliance between Krohne and Controlotron. Our company's technology would have been a great advantage for Krohne, and Krohne's manufacturing and distribution would have been great for Controlotron. But negotiations failed, and, just like in Europe, I found myself on the road all the time.

After two years of this, I had an epiphany: "What do I want on my tombstone when I'm gone? 'He sold flow meters'?" That wasn't why I'd gone to Cornell and Wharton and spent a career struggling with my father. I did all that to run my family

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Gene Bogart

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It's the pretty blonde lady.

"Well, hello again."

"Hello again!"

She was there to give someone named Jesse a ride home. "Do you know where I can find him?"

For some reason, I lapsed into my silly Monty Python-esque British accent: "Oh! Not only do I know where he is, but I'm going there right now! Would you care to walk with me?"

And she comes right back with [*affects British accent*], "Oh, I think it would be lovely to do that."

"Well, it 'tis a bit of a dash!"

"Oh, well, I just love dashing!"

We go dashing down the hallway like a couple of kids. Like two idiot friends who've known each other for years and years.

Jesse wasn't ready to leave yet, so Helen and I sat and talked. We both said the same thing later: it felt as if we were surrounded by a giant bubble. There was a busy room full of people chatting away, but it was like a scene in a movie, where everything else is very muted and out of focus, and only the two principles are in tight focus, and you can hear them clearly.

On the ride home with Helen, Jesse, who is a very Native American shamanic kind of guy, turned to her and said, "What's going on with you and that guy Gene? I was looking at the two of you from across the room, and I could see these sparks of energy flying between you. It was like, Wow, there must be some connection there."

She said, "We'll see."

I'd gotten her card before she left to drive Jesse home. We talked on the phone the next day, and the following night we got together for our first date ... and we have rarely been apart ever since. That was in February 1996, and we married two years later. She is the love of my life, and we have one of the world's all-time spectacular relationships, I think.

Does Helen share your interest in meditation?

Yeah. We found that out early on. She wasn't specifically into *A Course in Miracles*, although she was familiar with it. But she was and still is a meditator, and was very open to metaphysical paths and ideas in general. Over time, she felt herself drawn more and more powerfully to the Course. We've now both been involved in the study and practice of it for a good number of years.

Lots of people work from home these days, thanks to technology. And that's true even of voice-over artists. Tell me about your home studio.

It began around 2000, when I switched from a PC to a MAC. With a quality audio interface, a couple of good near-field monitors, some high-end microphones, and other equipment, I realized I could do voice-over work and commercial work from home. My studio is in a spare bedroom, and it just happens to have very good sonic properties. Just live *enough*, but quiet and muffled. Probably from the massive clutter! I haven't been in an outside recording studio in a long time.

Over the last few years, I've moved away from commercial voiceover work. I host and present an online *Course in Miracles* study group called *On Course with Gene Bogart*. Hundreds of people from all over the world "tune in" daily. So I spend a lot of time on that, answering people's questions, responding to emails, designing and writing the website content. The URL is www.forgiveness.tv. A lot of it is busywork that I really should assign to my staff. Oh, right: I *am* the staff. I wear many hats.

I also produce a highly ranked series of podcasts with a writer-speaker-lecturer named Gary Renard. Let me tell you about him. He's written three books: *The Disappearance of the Universe* (2004), *Your Immortal Reality* (2006), and *Love Has Forgotten No One* (2013). They are all based on *A Course in Miracles*. I came across *The Disappearance of the Universe* when it first came out, and it blew me away. I got in touch with Gary, and the two of us hit it off immediately. We're the same age, he's deeply into meditation as well as *the Course*, and he's a long-term spiritual seeker. (He's a really good guitar player as well!) Long story short, we now produce podcasts together. In fact, I'm finishing up our latest one. I just have to comb through the recording, clean it up, and tighten things up, and ship it out to iTunes and to the world.

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Gene producing a podcast with author Gary Renard.

Gene Bogart

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He Said, I Know What It's Like to Be Dead ...

One more thing we could talk about is the fact of my having died and come back.

Nah. Everybody from Jericho has that happen to them. Kidding. Tell me more!

August 1, 2011. I had been looking pale and feeling progressively weaker for a couple of days, and I didn't know why. It was the weekend, so I figured I'd wait until Monday morning and call my doctor. Helen was out, and I was sleeping. I got up to go to the bathroom and just collapsed on the floor, unconscious but yet still aware. Luckily, Helen came home and called 911.

The EMTs loaded me into the ambulance and raced off to the hospital. By this time, I was awake and talking. One of the EMTs took a blood sample, or tried to. As I learned later, I had practically no blood in my circulation. He immediately began a blood transfusion. At the hospital, they performed an endoscopy, and what they discovered was a large benign tumor in my stomach and around part of the colon, and it was siphoning off blood, as tumors often do. It's called a gastro-intestinal stromal tumor (GIST). The mass was obviously too large to remove endoscopically, so I wound up having major surgery; they opened me up from my sternum to down below the navel. The operation took six and a half hours.

Later on, I said to the surgeon, "I really believe some kind of divine intervention allowed me to remain alive long enough for you guys to get to me."

"WHEN I WAS RIGHT AT THE THRESHOLD OF DEATH, I FOUND MYSELF IN A COMPLETE STATE OF PEACE. I WAS FILLED WITH JOY."

He said, "I can't argue with that. I can tell you that there really is no medical reason for you to be alive, because when they brought you in here, you didn't have enough blood in you to be alive. And yet there you were, not only alive, but conscious and talking to us!" So I got to be a zombie, I guess, for a few hours.

A small percentage of gastrointestinal stromal tumors can become malignant. Mine wasn't. The large size was deceptive. Only a small section of the tumor was "active," as they say; the rest was this huge mass of blood. But the fact that I had one means that I face a higher-than-average probability of developing another one in the future. The surgeon was absolutely positive that he got the whole thing: he took out half of my stomach and about a third of my colon for good measure. He's brilliant. A friend of mine who's into fishing said to me, "Wow, Gene, you were both gutted *and* filleted." But everything works. I don't have any digestive problems at all. Just a big, nasty scar. It was such a blessing of happenstance that I got these really good medical professionals handling my case.

My father had died from kidney cancer at the age of sixty-three. And I was just turning sixty when my crisis occurred. So that's always on your mind. Mom passed away from COPD in 1999. She was almost eighty. Up until the last six months of her life, though, she was still driving around—and even golfing! She'd take her

portable oxygen tank with her and go meet her girlfriends. I'm happy to say that she lived with Helen and me for the last year of her life—sold the house on Long Island and moved in with us just as we were getting married in 1998. She never had to spend a day in a nursing home or assisted-living facility, which I'm very grateful for. Helen became like a daughter to her.

Getting back to my near-death experience: I know this gets into very deep territory, but when I was right at the threshold of death, I found myself in a complete state of peace. I was filled with joy and totally at peace. I've told people that being dead or hovering at the precipice of death was the most wonderful experience I've ever had. I can't emphasize that enough. And I would like to share that with anybody who fears death or is worried about that for a loved one or for themselves.

Now, granted, I came to that situation after twenty years of spiritual development. So maybe that's part of where all that peace comes from. But I'm convinced that it is available to anyone. It's our own fears that we have to get out of the way. I had this feeling—this kind of *knowing*—that I had a choice. I could choose to either move forward with the process of dying, or I could remain. It was my call, so to speak. I thought of Helen, and I knew that she wanted me here. So I came back.

And I have a great story to tell!

It wasn't, by the way, like you see in the movies: no white light, no angelic choir. (Although there *is* a horn section, apparently, and Jesus walks over to you and extends his hand, and with his other, he's holding a platter of hors d'oeuvres. If I'd encountered that, I think I'd have been gone for good. I mean, who could resist heavenly hors d'oeuvres?) I

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Gene Bogart

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was just in this peaceful space in which to make my decision. Either way, I had this sense that everything was going to be fine.

Does having an experience like that inform the way you've lived since then?

Yes, although not in a particularly active way. I haven't really recovered fully; I don't have as much energy and stamina as I used to have, and I can't work as hard as I used to do. I still seem to think pretty clearly. (Although with me, it's tough to tell. But I feel like I do.)

I'll say one thing. I know a lot of people who are fin-

ancially better off than me. But I don't know many people who, generally speaking, are as happy as Helen and I are. I truly think that living a lifestyle that's based on a philosophy of forgiveness, and being loving and helpful to people transforms you.

What we're doing is working internally between us and the Holy Spirit. The gist of it comes down to doing whatever brings the greatest peace to whomever you're with. I don't have any anger toward other people; it's just not in my consciousness anymore. I think when you get to that stage, nothing in the world bothers you to any great extent.

Hell, I mean, I've been *dead*. What's the worst thing that could happen to me now? ■

Gene and Helen: Fighting the Good Fight—Together

Postscript: My beloved wife, Helen, was recently diagnosed with stage 4 breast cancer. However, the type of cancer she has responds very well



to newer treatments, so her prognosis for recovery is actually quite positive. After only the initial five sessions of chemo and targeted therapies, Helen's primary tumors have reduced in size by over 50 percent. As always, we are both handling this challenge in an upbeat manner, with a full sense of faith, peace, and forgiveness.

To read more about what Gene and Helen are facing, both medically and financially, go to the Forgiveness TV website: www.forgiveness.tv.

Doug Baumoe1

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business, not to just sell flow meters! I was forty-one years old and thought that there had to be more to life than this for me. So I quit—not only the business, but also the industry as well.

At the time, I had enough money saved to buy breathing room for about a year. I took some time off to figure out what my next chapter would be. I wanted to combine my love of music with my knowledge of business and manufacturing. So I started going to vintage guitar shows and taking guitar lessons again, hoping that something would develop.

Meeting My Wife

It was Yom Kipper, the day I left Krohne. I'd always been a moderately observant Jew. On the high holy days, whether I was living in New York, or traveling in Europe, Scandinavia, the Far East or the Middle East, I'd always find a synagogue to go to. On this particular Yom Kipper, I was questioning *everything* about my life and trying figure out my next step. I was even considering going back to school to become a lawyer—or maybe a musician. I just didn't know what to do. I felt that so many of my decisions to date were ... wrong! My personal life seemed to always have been on hold because of the family business. I decided to start over with a clean slate. I even questioned my faith.

A few months before, I was inspired to take swing-dancing lessons. I had attended the wedding of a friend who had married a choreographer. The dancing at the wedding was really amazing. It was the late nineties, and a lot of people were doing it at the time. That night, Yom Kipper of 1997, I went to a swing dance night at Johnny D's in Somerville with a live band and met Victoria Hackett.

She grew up in Bethesda, Maryland, but was now living in Massachusetts, instructing teachers in early childhood education. We danced and hit it off right away. I was lousy, she was tolerant, and we laughed all night. Victoria was from a completely different world. We "courted" for about three years and got married in 2000.

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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 ...**



Mrs. Judith Broadwin

She Taught Us Baby Boomers ...
And Then the Gen X-ers ...
Now She's Teaching Math to
Millennials at Baruch College

The years from 1968, when I came to Jericho High School, through the mid-1970s were the golden years of Jericho for me. I could tell you the name of every student I had during that time and even where they sat in my class.

It was a time in education when there was respect for education and a love of learning. I remember coming to school in the morning, and kids would be waiting outside the glass door downstairs wanting to discuss a math problem they had solved the night before. (No email then.) When I close my eyes, I see and hear Mark Jay Friedman, Bob Schechter, Barry Waters, etc. in front of me.

The parents were supportive of teachers in those days. The parents in Jericho were mostly middle-class people who wanted the best education for their kids. It wasn't a question of demanding A's. I taught in Jericho through 1997, and later on it got to the point where everybody had to get an A, no matter what.

Growing up, I went to two different high schools. And I do mean *different*. Erasmus Hall in Brooklyn was filled with smart kids; everybody I knew was college oriented, and this was in the early 1950s. I got to do so many wonderful things there, like belonging to the Art Students League in Manhattan. Then my parents moved us to the end of the earth: Laurelton, in east



(Above) Worldly travelers: Mrs. Broadwin and her late husband, Stanley, on one of their many trips abroad. The couple met on a New York City bus in 1951.

ern Queens, where one of my neighbors was Bernie Madoff. He was three years younger than I, and I didn't actually know him. He lived three short blocks away.

I graduated from Andrew Jackson High School. Talk about culture shock. There, out of a class of about 450, only 14 of us went right on to college. It was a different world.

I attended Queens College, with the intention of becoming a teacher. Not that I wanted to, at first. My father chose teaching for me and my two younger sisters. We could not go to college unless we prepared to be teachers. I was very unhappy taking education courses. I could have majored in anything. I was a good student with many interests. I loved English and French particularly. I said, "Daddy, can I at least be a high school teacher?" He agreed, and the

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Mrs. Broadwin

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big question was what I would teach. I was never a brilliant math student. I *liked* math, but then, I liked everything. The main reason I chose to become a math teacher was that it seemed the least threatening, in that I wouldn't have to spend a whole lot of time in the library. Also, in high school, I'd had a few math teachers that I really loved, and I loved my math professors at QC.

As you can probably imagine, there weren't many women math majors back in 1951. For the past thirteen years, I've taught at Baruch College in Manhattan, and even now the women's room near my office is usually empty. The math faculty is mostly male.

While in college, I married Stanley Broadwin, in 1954. He was my only boyfriend, and I was his only girlfriend.

A Lifelong Love Affair

We met in 1949, when I was fifteen and he was sixteen. Actually, I should say that we *almost* met. A friend of mine was throwing a party and wanted to introduce me to people. Stanley was supposed to pick me up, but he got cold feet at the last minute and cancelled. My family didn't have a telephone at the time, so I didn't know this. I was expecting a tall boy, and a little short boy walked in the front door instead.

Two years later, we bumped into each other on the Q5 bus. We became boyfriend and girlfriend immediately. The reason we got married when we did was that Stanley received his greetings from Uncle Sam. He was drafted and was to be stationed at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. The "moral" rules at that time were that you couldn't be together unless you were man and wife. We got married, and had Beth three years later, in 1957, and Sharon in 1958. Believe me, I was the last one among my friends to have a baby. Back then, you got married at twenty and had a baby right away. Nowadays, Sharon's friends all had their first babies in their forties.

In fact, I just looked up the statistics about this, because I made up a math problem (line of regression) about the average age of marriage for females in the United States. In 1950 the average age of marriage was under twenty. Now it is above age twenty-six for women and twenty-eight for men. Everything changes.

After earning my master's degree at Queens College, I was invited to become part of the faculty. My very first job in education was at the college level, teaching calculus full-time.



Mrs. Broadwin with one of her favorite students, Lainie Friedman Ross ('78) at the Milleridge Inn in 2010, the year of Lainie's induction into the Jericho High School Alumni Hall of Fame. If you'd like to get in touch, Mrs. B. would love to hear from you. Her email address is Broadwin@aol.com.

I *loved* teaching at Queens College. My problem was that I was on a lecturer's line, and in those days, lecturers did not receive either tenure or retirement. My colleagues in the math department kept reminding me that I was a second-class citizen at QC and that I would never be able to retire. I was too young then to care about retirement but I reluctantly began to think about leaving QC.

We moved to Hicksville in 1956 and then to Jericho in 1967. We lived on Yates Lane in West Birchwood, and my in-laws lived just a few streets away, on Orange Drive. With two children, it made sense to try to teach locally, and so I applied to the Jericho School District.

Since I loved being at Queens College, when I interviewed for the teaching position in Jericho, I put up every obstacle I could think of. I wanted to be two steps above the salary line. They agreed. I went on and on, and every demand I made, Jericho met. I resigned my position at Queens College, after having been there seven years, and began teaching at Jericho High School in the fall of 1968. As an aside, I met English teacher Estelle (Stern) Rankin the day that we both interviewed.

Jericho desperately needed a calculus teacher because some of the parents in the district were engineers, and they were unhappy that their children, especially the boys, were not being offered calculus in high school. That first year, I taught five math classes but only one calculus class. It was the last class of the school day. It was such a *delicious* class! That's the only word I

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Mrs. Broadwin

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can think of to describe it. After a good lesson, I would come home just flying. There was such great camaraderie; we laughed so hard. And, again, I could tell you where everybody sat. They were an incredible class.

In those days, Advanced Placement was just beginning. The first AP exams were given in 1956 (Calculus, American History, and English Literature). Some of the elite private schools like Phillips Exeter, Andover, and Lawrenceville gave the exams and several public schools (Stuyvesant HS and Scarsdale HS) had started to administer them too. I had never heard about AP. In Febru-

ary 1969, I was walking in the hallway with one of my students, Mark Thierman, and he told me about an exam in calculus. I investigated, and JHS started an AP Program. I remember that the cost of the exam was fifteen dollars in 1969, and I felt very guilty collecting the checks because I knew nothing about this exam.

My class took the AP test, and the following year there were more kids clamoring to take the class. By 1974, I was teaching five calculus classes every year in a small school.

The 1970s was the era of the liberal arts education. Science and math were not as important as they are today. Now it is very difficult to start college without having taken calculus. There were incredible people teaching the humanities and literature at JHS. Charlie Vigilante,

“AFTER A GOOD LESSON, I WOULD COME HOME JUST FLYING. THERE WAS SUCH GREAT CAMARADERIE; WE LAUGHED SO HARD.”

Steve Piorkowski, and Estelle Stern Rankin were among the best. I went to every play that Steve ever directed. He's a genius! To this day, I can't see *The Crucible*, because any production would pale compared with the JHS production.

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Is there a doctor in the house? Yeah. How many do ya need? Mrs. Broadwin at the May 23, 2015, wedding of Robert and Beth (Broadwin) Belkin's son Daniel and Johnny Holland. From left to right, we have Sam Belkin, Mrs. B., Beth, Johnny Holland Belkin, Daniel, Robert, and Molly. Mrs. Broadwin's other daughter, Sharon (JHS '76) has two daughters of her own and lives in New Jersey.



Mrs. Broadwin

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Sadly, Steve's adult son passed away last year. At his wake, there were several students from the class of 1972. Steve came to sit with us. We reminisced about what a golden time it was to be at Jericho in those days. The students, now past sixty, felt that way too.

My two daughters were JHS students too. Beth graduated in 1974, and all her friends were my students. I don't think that Beth had any problem with having to see me in school every day. Sharon, though, insists it was the worst thing I ever could have done. Sharon lives in New Jersey and has two daughters, twins, who turn twenty in February. She is a banking analyst.

Beth is a child psychiatrist and is married to one of my former JHS calculus students, Robert Belkin, class of 1972. He was my student twice, in tenth and twelfth grades. They met in

German club. JHS had a magnificent teacher of German named Ron Obstfeldt. I always advised Beth and Sharon to choose any course taught by the best teachers. She and Robert were just friends in high school.

Our family has had extremely good luck when it comes to public transportation: I told you how my husband and I met on a bus. In 1976 Beth and Robert ran into each other on the Long Island Railroad. He was about to graduate from Princeton. Beth was in the process of transferring from Cornell to Duke University. They started to date—she went with him to his senior prom at Princeton—and then they got married in 1979.

Rob is a cardiologist. They live in Scarsdale and have three children. Daniel, the oldest, is a dermatologist in Los Angeles, but he's hoping to relocate to New York soon. Sammy, the middle child, is also out in LA, working for the film producer Harvey Weinstein. And Molly, the youngest, will be graduating from Upstate

Medical University in May. Like her mom, Molly wants to become a child psychiatrist. By coincidence, Molly's boyfriend, whom she met in Syracuse, is the son of one of Beth's classmates from 1974, Lori Seidman Weinreich. Lori and Beth met for the first time since 1974 last June at the most recent "Gathering of the Tribes" Jericho reunion.

When Molly graduates, there will be four Dr. Belkins in one family. It can get confusing. My husband died of leukemia last year, and when he was admitted to Weill-Cornell Medical Center in Manhattan, they were there for him. "Dr. Belkin, Dr. Belkin, Dr. Belkin ..." Beth says that the worst thing that she ever did was giving up her maiden name.

The World Traveler

I left Jericho in 1997 to work as an AP consultant for College Board. For the next six years, I traveled all over the United States and the world to teach at AP institutes. I spent time in Italy, Hong Kong—incredible places—and I loved it. There was one month, February 2003, when I was in three different cities. I would wake up in the morning and not know where I was. I left College Board shortly after that.

I still wanted to work, however. My husband and I lived in Greenwich Village, and I decided that I wanted to be able to walk to work. Baruch College is less than a mile away, on Lexington Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. I have been teaching there ever since.

I teach calculus two days a week, but they are full days. Things have changed dramatically in math education in the past twenty-five years. I was hired at Baruch because I was an expert in technology—teaching math with visualization. The technology changes every six months, and I

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Left to right, Dan Holland, Mrs. Broadwin, Daniel Belkin, Sharon Broadwin Lorman, and Beth Broadwin Belkin.

Mrs. Broadwin

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always must learn something new. No sooner do I learn the new system than another comes along.

School takes up a good deal of my time. It keeps me very busy. When I am not teaching, I love to go to the movies. Living in Greenwich Village is great, because we have every art theater around. I don't go to see blockbusters; I'm talking about good foreign films. Everything plays down here.

I'm also very involved in the Town and Village Synagogue, at First Avenue and Fourteenth Street. About ten years, I grew concerned about what would happen to my husband if I passed away before him. So we joined the temple. Stanley grew up in a conservative household, and I had no religious training at all. In Jericho, we belonged to the Jericho Jewish Center but did not go often.

Once we joined T and V, however, we started attending services every Saturday. My husband became very involved: he joined the board, he would make himself available for an early-morning minion—he loved the involvement.

Since Stanley passed away, the synagogue has become very important to me. I go every Saturday morning and am trying hard to improve my Hebrew. I just learned how to read a few years ago. I am getting better, but it is hard.

Retirement Is for Wimps

I was eighty-one last year, and I feel myself starting to slow down. Something happens when you get that little bit older.

Just seven years ago, my husband and I went on a university-sponsored trip to China. I was there to investigate opportunities for Baruch students to study abroad. We visited the large universities in China. We were treated like Nixon in China. Stanley and I were by far the oldest people on the trip, and this made the Chinese very nervous, because in China most people retire at sixty, if not earlier.

Upon our arrival, in Shanghai, we were assigned a Chinese boy. We called him Jack. He took care of us completely. He carried our luggage everywhere and, in general, made sure that we were okay. But we really didn't need it. In fact, we were the *only* people on the whole trip who didn't get sick, because we were very careful about what we ate. Meanwhile, everybody else was trading Imodium pills like candy!

I don't know if at this point, I could do that trip again. It would be too hard. When I come home from school, I am exhausted. I walk to school and back, and I am on my feet teaching all day. By the time I reach my apartment, I cannot move, and I do not *want* to move!

I have lots of contact with people during the day. I

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I remember the first time I met her parents. It was like a scene out of a Woody Allen movie.

Victoria's father is a very interesting guy: a former member of the US Olympic Ice Hockey Team who went to boarding school with Robert Kennedy. In fact, he was RFK's closest friend. Victoria's mother is equally storied: born in England, she grew up during World War II and then danced her way into the US with the London Festival Ballet and with the first Broadway production of *My Fair Lady*.

I'd just had back surgery and needed a cane to get around. So Victoria introduced me to her parents: a Jewish guy, which they'd never expected, who's stooped over, with a cane, *and* was currently unemployed. I probably didn't seem like a good catch.

Reinventing Myself. Part 1

It was now September 1997. I was forty-one and unemployed, but I'd just met the woman who would eventually be my wife, and I had just hung a shingle to let people know I was available as a small business consultant.

My first client was someone I met at a musical instrument show. He was an importer of stringed instruments whose main supplier was a formerly East German company. That company was going to be privatized (sold) by the Treuhand, the German agency in charge of dealing with state-run companies during the reunification. My client wanted to buy that company and wanted me to do the due diligence.

I found that this company was huge. It was the main supplier to the former Soviet Bloc countries for guitars, violins, cellos, and bases. The factory was massive: almost two hundred thousand square feet. I put together investors and a management team. My role as a consultant changed quickly to coinvestor and prospective managing director. I had learned some Dutch while in Europe, which enabled me to learn German pretty quickly. I took a crash course with the Goethe Institute and was able to lead meetings in German in short order.

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In the end, we got control of the company. The workers union (a key constituency in these transactions) chose our team over our competition. My first act as president was to represent the company, Musima GmbH, at the NAMM Show in LA—the National Association of Music Marketers—alongside all the manufacturers I had revered as a kid: Gibson, Martin, Fender, and the rest. Each manufacturer had a booth, and they would schedule the artists they endorsed for performance slots during the event. A few booths to the right of me was the



was a former high-ranking Soviet appointee, and when he lost the official bid, he pulled in some favors. Suddenly our bridge bank in (East) Germany started some funny business: losing documents, delaying transfers, etc. I started getting threats and anti-Semitic messages sent to

John Zeidler and I continued to look for an opportunity to mass-produce his guitars together, but nothing seemed to work. He died a short time later from cancer, leaving a wife and young son. A real tragedy. I have one hand-built guitar from John: an amazing flat-top that means so much to me. I'm planning to record some of my own finger-style guitar arrangements using this guitar and post them on YouTube.

In 1998 I brushed myself off and thought about next steps. I had started taking guitar lessons again and booking musicians at a local jazz club as a hobby. This was when the internet was just taking off. The internet leveled the playing field for small retailers, so I put together a business plan and launched a jazz record label: Aspire Records.

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Doug Baumoeel

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distribution and even picked up distribution in a few European countries.

I traveled the country with Mark to introduce the CD. Mark was my featured artist at the NAMM show for Musima and created quite a stir—walking away with additional endorsements from guitar, amp, and string manufacturers. I created a website and added several local artists (Bruce Gertz, Henley Douglas, Ken Clarke, Steve Hunt, Mike Mele and others)—mostly from the Berklee College of Music—who added their own self-produced CDs to the site and started the business.

Things looked good, but then some wiseguy in a lab in Silicon Valley invented a laser diode that enabled people to burn CDs on their own desktop computers. Napster was in full swing, which also didn't help. In short, it was not a happy time to be a record label, and I realized that this wouldn't be enough of a career for me.

I had started producing a second album, but gave it back to the artist when I decided to close down the label. If you're interested, you can probably still find *Mark Lucas—Uncovered* on Amazon and although I took it only partway, Johnny A's incredible debut album *Sometime Tuesday Morning* is must-have for any blues guitar collection.

[Reinventing Myself, Part 3](#)

Toward the tail end of the record business, I got a second consulting gig. A friend put me in touch with a German manufacturer of Red-Light Cameras that was having problems with its US distributor. After a brief assessment of the situation, the

company hired me to incorporate and run its own US subsidiary: Traffipax. In that role, I took over a handful of cameras installed in NYC and outside Baltimore. I grew the Maryland project to almost two hundred installed cameras. So ... if you ever got a ticket going through a red light in Maryland in the late 1990s, you can thank me for that. In fact, I had to install a camera about a block from my soon-to-be in-laws' house in Bethesda—which didn't make me too popular with the family for a while.

My role as president of Traffipax took advantage of the knowledge I'd gained in optics and film at Polaroid (this was predigital photography, so all the cameras needed to be serviced every day with fresh film) as well as my instrumentation design skills and management experience. I worked closely with law enforcement and municipal leaders, had a small staff, and managed several subcontractors through the chain-of-custody of the photographic evidence. But after only two years, the firm was sold and a European team took over.

[Marriage, Kids, and Back To Controlotron Again \(!\)](#)

Victoria and I got married in the backyard of the house we'd bought and renovated in Beverly. Built in 1723, it needed a lot of work. One of the things that we do best as a couple is to work together on projects. We gutted the house and rebuilt it. Knocked down walls, relandscaped the property—the whole bit—with some help from contractors, of course. It was great fun, although we didn't get much sleep. Our daughter, Emily, was born in 2002, and in 2003 we had our son, William.

In 2001, just after my Traffipax red-light camera adventure came to a close, came "the call" from Dad once again. My parents were in the process of getting divorced.

"Here's the situation," he explained. "Mom and I have been trying to get divorced for over five years now, but we can't come to any resolution because of the business. Trust has broken down between your mother and me. In order for her to

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Desert getaway, 2015.



Doug Baumael

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agree to not force the sale of the company to get her cash out, she's asking that you get involved. The company can't afford to pay her out now." This is a very typical family business situation. A divorce, if not prepared for properly, can cripple a business because of the cash strain.

The only way that my mother was willing to keep her marital stake in Controlotron was if I were back in the business in a position of responsibility, so that I could give her (and her attorney) assurance that my father would follow the restrictions stipulated in the divorce settlement (such as not taking on additional debt) and that there was a succession plan, and so on. My father was by then seventy-four years old and was intending to remarry.

Since I'd been out of the family business for about five years, my relationship with my father had improved. I needed a job—made more urgent with a mortgage and a baby on the way. The long-term goal was to transition the company to me, but, more likely, we'd sell it—and I was fine with that.

My job was to give my mother confidence in her continued "investment" and to help exploit some of the recent technical developments that were expected to propel the company to the proverbial next level. We had just developed some incredible technology that would let us apply our ultrasonic flow measurement technology to gases rather than only liquids. With the natural-gas market just taking off, we were poised to grow rapidly.

At first, as executive vice president, I was given latitude to make some changes and hire some people. I was even able to build out part of my succession team. My father

and I were getting along well. He was remarried, and I now had a young family and was finally starting to get a reasonable paycheck from the business. Things were looking ... good!

[Back to The Way We Were](#)

As my mother's fiduciary in the company, I had a very conflicted role. Controlotron did not have an inde-



Emily Baumael holds the record for youngest attendee in the history of JHS reunions. She was just six weeks old when she came with her mom and dad to the class of 1972's thirty-year reunion in the gym. She was also probably the most popular person there. Here Caren Kushner Gottesman and Gail Spiegel Cohen stop by for a good look.

pendent board of directors. All the outside advisors—CPA, attorney, investment advisor, and so on—were engaged many years before, when the business was smaller and its prospects were limited. Now we were on the brink of turning into a \$100 million-plus company, and our early advisors weren't much help.

Now, I considered explaining what happened next in gory detail, but I don't think that would be either appropriate or necessary. Suffice to say that divorce is messy, and it's one of the biggest threats to a business and a family. In our case, it destroyed everything.

My conflicting roles as employee, son, brother, fiduciary for my mother,

owner, and heir apparent were virtually impossible to manage—and I had the additional considerations of being a husband and father myself.

I tried to make it all work, but my father and I butted heads again, eventually. We were back to arguing and just as we were beginning to start growing again, I found myself uninvited to meetings and saw that important decisions were being made behind closed doors—with me on the wrong side of that door. This was not supposed to happen *again*.

[Family Business Consultants](#)

On several occasions, we availed ourselves of the services of various family business consultants. We hired our first consultant, Dr. Leon Danco, in 1989, just before I planned to move to Europe. He is often regarded as the grandfather of the family business consulting industry and wrote some of the first books on family business.

I was introduced to him by his son, Ty, the founding bass player for the Power Tools and one of my closest friends from business school. He'd heard I was going through tough times in the family business and told me about his father. This was when I first became aware of the existence of a family business consulting industry.

Leon gave me the right advice—but I didn't listen to him. He told me to walk away. He said that my dad was never going to retire and that I was just wasting my time. But how do you turn your back on something that was ingrained in you for decades? Something that is so much a part of your identity?

Over the course of the next ten years, we hired a few other family business consultants—many of whom actually made matters worse. We spoke with mediators, psycholo-

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gists, and a host of other advisors who billed themselves as family business consultants.

Our last consultant, however, gave me advice I did listen to. It was in 2001—just before everything really went wrong. He told me that things weren't going to end pretty, that I needed to leave, and that I should consider doing what he did and become a family business consultant.

The Death of the Family Business

I did follow his advice and started to disengage from the company. But it was too late. In the end, we suffered the public humiliation that happens to too many family businesses. We blew up in a spectacular display of lawyers and newspaper articles.

Once the divorce attorneys got hold of my family, it was all over. I triggered it by reporting things that I felt I needed to report regarding how the business was being run and some of the choices that were being made.

Controlotron was sold through the divorce courts, with my father and I forced to watch from the sidelines. The business was sold for what I would consider one-third of its real or peak value and the lawyers, accountants, bankers, and receiver took most of it.

When the courts take over, and the family loses control, the lawyers are free to hire more lawyers and accountants, and before you know it, there's an army picking your pockets. After the debacle, my mother's attorney announced proudly, "We won! We got you your money!"

One thing struck me when we started the litigation. Each lawyer—my mom's, my dad's, and mine—told us that the first rule is "Stop talking

"One of the results of the litigation was that I didn't see or hear from my dad for almost ten years. That was the biggest tragedy of all."

to each other." That's when the problems really started.

The company is now owned by Siemens Corporation, and they truly do not understand what they have. Incredibly powerful designs that were in the works have languished. Many of the long-term employees—including some of the key employees—have left. A lifetime of work up in smoke.

One of the results of the litigation was that I didn't see or hear from my dad for almost ten years. That was the biggest tragedy of all.

Reinventing Myself. Part 4

I got a small payout from the sale of our business. After taxes, it wasn't much. Remember, the courts didn't care how tax efficient the sale was. I thought long and hard about what went wrong and why most of the advisors, consultants, psychologists, and mediators were of little help—and why many of them actually made matters worse.

As I did throughout my career, I applied my engineering analysis skills to the problem. I dissected the problem from every angle and came up with a methodology that formed the basis of a new approach to family business consulting. Most of the consultants we'd hired approached the work from a "best practice"

framework derived from the study of successful family businesses. It struck me that this was the problem. Would you go to a doctor who only studied healthy people? Certainly not! I realized that one needed to also study what goes wrong in failed family businesses in order to help family business stakeholders avoid the inherent conflicts of owning and working together as family.

I got back in touch with Leon Danco, the "grandfather" of the family business consulting field, and asked him if he would be my mentor. After first trying to talk me out of going down that path—giving me plenty to think about in the process—he acquiesced in the face of my resolve. Leon helped me better understand what family business consulting is all about and why so many of the folks we had hired were not helpful.

Over the next two years, I studied conflict management, family psychology and took several courses in family business, corporate governance, and even studied some neuroscience. I received certificates in both family business and family wealth advising from the Family Firm Institute. I received training and certification in mediation from Massachusetts Continuing Legal Education and in Director Professionalism from the National Association of Corporate Directors.

Over the years, I've attained Fellow status in both FFI and NACD, and I serve on boards of our local Estate Planning Council and the Smith Family Business Initiative at Cornell University. I don't serve on boards of the family businesses I work with, but I help create those boards and facilitate board meetings.

In retrospect, I find it appalling that my Wharton education did not include the study of family business—the most common business type in the world. That's changed now; most

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business schools, including Wharton, now offer such coursework.

I spent a lot of time building out my approach to family business consulting before taking on any clients. Once I was ready, however, I started working with families. What I found was that no matter what the presenting issues were—succession planning, governance development, professionalizing the business—the underlying reason why they were seeking help was to manage the conflicts inherent in these transitions. I found that the approach I developed was extremely effective.

With success came growth. I took on a partner, Blair Trippe, and together we built a national company: Continuity Family Business Consulting. We are now branching out internationally, and writing a book on managing conflict in a family business.

We work with family businesses of all types and in all industries. Our largest clients have been billion dollar companies and families. The smallest companies we work with are probably in the range of \$10 million in either revenue or value. We also work with families who have sold their operating company and are now managing family offices or foundations together, and we often work with families focused on real estate.

We pride ourselves in being the only consultancy we know of that takes cases in active litigation, and we have successfully backed families out of litigation—the kind of litigation that destroyed my own family business.

It took many years, but with time, my father and I reconnected. He's still inventing and has come up with some revolutionary designs for new

*"It took many years, but with time,
my father and I reconnected.
He and I still talk shop, we still butt
heads—but after almost ten years,
somehow it feels good to
butt heads with him again."*

flow meters and other gadgets. Leon Danco was right: Dad never did retire. He and I still talk shop, we still butt heads—but after almost ten years, somehow it feels good to butt heads with him again. We both look back on the family business with regret about what it could have been. My mission, as a family business consultant, is to help others avoid such a fate.

Learning from the Past

My wife always jokes that I've reinvented myself more times than Madonna. And it's true. But, at the age of forty-five, I finally found my calling. The decades' long struggle with my own family business gives me insight into identity-based conflict and family dynamics that one can't get from a book or from studying successful family businesses through surveys and focus groups.

My engineering and business education gave me the analytical perspective I needed to universalize my personal experience, so that it can be helpful to others. My experiences in industry, music, international business, and entrepreneurship enable me to connect with clients from diverse industries and perspectives.

My partnership with Blair has helped to further refine our methodology and process. To be truly

effective with clients, we realized that a team approach is most useful. And, because both men and women lead family businesses, a gender-balanced team helps too.

Blair also comes from a family business, has an MBA, extensive mediation experience, psychology training, and many of the certifications that I have. Together we built out our organization and methodology into a robust and scalable business.

Focusing on Family

My wife is also an entrepreneur. Victorias runs Outdoor Classrooms, an internet-based learning company that helps teachers of school-age children incorporate gardens and outdoor-learning into their curriculum.

Emily is now thirteen and in eighth grade. She's a diligent student and loves school. She studied dance at the Boston Ballet when she was little and continued on with modern. She's always been an avid swimmer, and now she's combined her love of swimming and dance by

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Extra Credit

Doug has supplied the following links to supplement his article:

Performances by:

- [The Power Tools](#) (Doug's 1980s band)
- [Mark Lucas](#)
- [Johnny A.](#)
- [Bruce Gertz and Steve Hunt](#)
- [Henley Douglas](#)
- [Ken Clarke and Mike Mele](#)
- [Mitch Forman](#) (JHS '73)

- [Polaroid Polavision](#)
- [Gossamer Alnatross](#)
- [Zeidler guitar](#)
- [Victoria's Outdoor Classrooms](#)

Doug Baumoeel

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competing on the synchronized swimming team at our local YMCA. She's also dabbled in guitar and loves to sing.

William, is now twelve and in sixth grade. He's a good all-around athlete, and he especially loves soccer. William plays piano and has picked up some guitar. He's a natural musician who can listen to something on the radio and play it in key. Like Emily, he's good at school, particularly math and science. He has mastered the Rubik's cube, even winning a statewide Rubik's cube challenge. He can do the three-by-three cube in about a minute.

At our house, Victoria and I restrict TV. We don't have any Xboxes or video games or anything like that.

Victoria has run eleven marathons and has ridden her bike from Seattle to Washington, DC. I've always been a runner as well, though not at that level. As you can imagine, running, hiking, and biking are what we do for fun.

As the owner of a company, I have the privilege of deciding which eighteen hours of the day I'm going to work. I travel a lot. But whenever I am in town, I make it a point to always be home for dinner. When I lived for six years in Amsterdam, my downstairs neighbor was a gourmet chef. She taught me how to cook, so I am the primary chef at our house.

My wife and I attend the Unitarian Universalist church in Beverly, and we're raising our kids what we call "Jewnitarian."

We see my dad several times a year, and it's wonderful to see my kids develop a strong relationship with him. He lives in New York and Florida and recently incorporated a new business. You can't keep a good inventor down!



Doug and Victoria: still dancing.

My mom became a world-class ballroom dancer. She travels the world, dancing with Arthur Murray Studios, winning competitions both in her age group and across age groups. She's an inspiration to our kids and me. She dances twice a week for at least two hours each and competes several times a year internationally. Go, Mom!

I see my brothers, their wives, and my niece more often since my mother moved up to the Boston area. My brothers are both technologists. Ken is a hardware engineer with a degree from Tufts University, while Mitch is a software programmer with a degree from Stony Brook. Meanwhile, Continuity Family Business Consulting continues to grow. We are fortunate to have some of our thinking published in the *Harvard Negotiation Journal*, the *MCLE Practice Guide to Alternative Dispute Resolution*, and various articles in *Family Business* magazine.

I continue to learn and give back through teaching as a guest lecturer at leading business schools and through presentations at family business conferences. I was also president of the New England chapter of the Family Firm Institute for several years.

I'm looking forward to watching my wife's company grow and to see how she will make her impact on how kids are taught. And as the father of two "tweens," I'm looking forward to see how they will make their impact. We don't offer them a family business that they can rely on for summer jobs, or that will strongly influence the choices they make in their professional lives. That's neither good nor bad.

But one day they will probably ask about "how we got here," and I hope the lessons learned from this saga will inform the choices they make and enhance their lives and their relationships with their families.



Lisa Frisch

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kindness. What we do really makes a difference in our clients' lives: such as abuse victims trying to find safety or families trying to avoid home foreclosure or bankruptcy. We serve over 3,500 people in the capital region who would otherwise likely go without legal assistance.

Much of my time is spent doing fund-raising. October is typically our busiest time, because it is Domestic Violence Awareness Month and also National Pro Bono Week. Every year we have two large events: we hold an awards luncheon for over 150 people, at which we thank our volunteers and supporters. And then we have a reception for more than 300 people.

We have a wonderful board of directors and many very supportive donors, and are in the midst of our Winter Appeal, trying to make a matching grant of \$50,000 to help support our domestic violence program. I still would rather dig a large ditch rather than ask people for money, but I know that it truly is an investment in our community to donate to the Legal Project, so I take a deep breath and do what I need to do to bring the funds in to support our important work.

This past week, I was out four out of five nights. My job also involves a great deal of public speaking. I'm still shy, to be honest, but I just buck it up and force myself to do it because the work we do really matters. I'll never truly be comfortable speaking into a microphone in front of groups of people, but, hopefully, they don't notice. I think that women in particular suffer from "imposter syndrome": "I must be fooling everyone, because I have no business doing this!"



The photo is a bit blurry, but here's Lisa in uniform.

It's pretty funny. Mr. Layton the guidance counselor and all of my teachers would be shocked to see me in the kinds of positions I've worked in during my career. I was even an adjunct instructor at several local colleges, which is certainly

something no one would have predicted as I sat silently in my classes in Jericho.

I was the type of kid who didn't smile much. In fact, if you look at my yearbook photo (please don't), I have on this *painful* smile. I'd actually chosen a different photo, in which I wasn't smiling—my usual expression. But, against my wishes, they used the smiling one. Now, though, I'm always smiling. People say to me, "I remember you because I remember your smile." And then I think of the irony: *When I was a kid, I never smiled. What a difference now.*

I think that's probably one of the biggest differences in my life now. I have learned how to be happy. ■

Mrs. Broadwin

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Six Degrees of Separation

Do you know who teaches with me in the mathematics department at Baruch College? Roslynn Bryant, the daughter of Tom Bryant, the popular shop instructor and coach at JHS. In fact, I helped her get her job. Now Roslynn and I are both colleagues and friends. Mr. Bryant, retired from JHS, is a minister of his own church in Roosevelt, Long Island.

am very happy at Baruch. The college is incredible. One of the things I love most is that I'm around young people all day. I realize that I'm preparing my students for a world that I will never see, but that does not bother me at all. It's amazing to me that I still know all the formulas. Several years ago, I had to teach something from Calculus III that I hadn't taught in a long time, and I still remembered it all without looking it up. I guess that is because I am still teaching. My math teacher friends who have retired don't remember a thing.

Right now, I'm taking it year by year. I have no desire to retire. I have wonderful, wonderful students, who come from more than 160 different countries. Each day is exciting for me. Just yesterday, I had such a great lesson! I introduced the derivative. The students were so attentive and interested, and I thought to myself, *This is why I'm still doing it.* Teaching students like that makes it all worthwhile. ■



Thanksgiving with the grandkids: Molly, Sam, Hannah Lorman, Dan, Bess Lorman, Mrs. B.

Jane Weston

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one, not two, but *three* nannies! Because our children have very different needs, they went to different schools and participated in different activities. One woman came in the mornings to help the kids get ready for the day. She'd taken one to school, and I would take the other.

In the afternoon, we had a nanny for my daughter, Jenny, and a

“manny” for my son. The manny would take Jon to many different therapies after school—occupational therapy, speech therapy, social skills groups — and I didn't want Jenny to have to spend all her time in doctors' waiting rooms.

My daughter is currently a freshman at Santa Clara University. She is doing well, loving school, making friends, and riding horses. This wasn't always the case, however. Her junior high and high school years were turbulent, as she struggled with attachment-related issues, which I have come to understand is not an uncommon struggle that adopted children face.

Years ago, a nurse gave me a book to read called *The Primal Wound: Understand the Adopted Child*, by a therapist named Nancy Newton Verrier. The book talked about children who are adopted and described their first experience of life as one of loss. I was skeptical at the time, not believing that a baby could tell the difference between one set of loving arms and another. Now I have no doubt that this theory is true.

Some adoptees exhibit more outward distress than others, but I do believe they all feel it. I don't know what accounts for this—whether it's pheromones or something else—but studies have shown that if you pass a newborn from one set of arms to another, the baby will recognize his or her biological mother. It is a primal thing.

As a teen, our daughter was angry most of the time, and she withdrew more and more from family life. She refused to sit down to dinner with us. She started to have some difficulties in school and with friendships, and we knew we needed to do more than we were doing. We ultimately were advised to send her to a wilderness program and a residential treatment center. (Interestingly, a disproportionate percentage of kids in those programs are adopted.) Sending our daughter away from home was the hardest thing my husband and I have ever done. We worried that she'd be so angry that she'd never want to talk to us again. Thankfully, we were wrong about our assumptions and have come to think of that time as one of the better decisions we made.

The experience was transformative for all of us. Connection is not quite a scary for my daughter as it used to be, and we've learned to respect her natural reticence.

Today Jenny is living on campus at Santa Clara University. She calls or texts every few nights to touch base and closes with a “Love ya.” We're like, “Wow! Is this our daughter??? This is amazing!” We can tell that she's feeling good about herself, and that is allowing her to feel better about connecting with us.

For a long time, I felt conflicted about being a hardworking mom and doctor. My image of a wife and mother had been

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Family celebrations:
(Above) Jane and husband Jan with their daughter, Jenny, at her high school graduation last May; and (right) with son Jon, now twenty-one, on his birthday.



Jane Weston

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the stay-at-home wife/mom who makes homemade meals from scratch every day and is home at three to listen to her children talk about their day while serving them milk and cookies. I felt guilty that I couldn't cook every night or that I wasn't sending my husband off to work with a homemade lunch. It took years to let go of those expectations, and I'm okay with just doing the best I can. I try not to be judgmental—of myself or others. Life's hard enough.

I tend to be fairly open about my life, my kids, and things in general. When it comes to issues such as developmental delays and mental illness, so many people keep that stuff locked away in a dark closet. I have found that being open and allowing myself to be vulnerable has made it easier for others to share their own stories with me. I've discovered there is a huge community of people who have had to deal with similar issues, and we all benefit from sharing experiences—successes and failures—with one another.

Reconnecting

I had an epiphany when I was reading Malcolm Gladwell's book *The Tipping Point*. In it, Gladwell describes three types of people who have to come together in order to make a "tipping point" happen. One of them is the "connect": someone who enjoys connecting people to one another, just for the satisfaction of making connections happen. I read that and thought, *OMG! That describes me to a T!* I love to hear people's stories, and I love to connect people. Having the opportunity to reconnect with old friends from Jericho through Facebook (thank you,

"For a long time, I felt conflicted about being a hardworking mom and doctor. I felt guilty that I couldn't cook every night or that I wasn't sending my husband off to work with a homemade lunch. It took years to let go of those expectations, and I'm okay with just doing the best I can. I try not to be judgmental—of myself or others. Life's hard enough."

Janet Myers!!!) has been so much fun! I don't get back to New York very often, but now, when I do, I have people to look up and connect with. Last summer as I was passing through New York on my way to Paris, I contacted Lisa-Saitz Sokol, and we spent a lovely day in the city.

It's nice to reconnect with high school friends after so many years. All the silly labels and judgements of those teenage years are gone, and it's almost like making a brand-new friend—except that you already kind of know each other. And, of course, we all know ourselves so much better than we did way back when. I have a list of people I'm eager to reconnect with in person, so I guess I'll have to get back to New York more often!



A recent visit from classmate Michael Grief.

To this day, it's still the place where I feel most alive. My foot touches the pavement in New York City, and I can just feel the blood coursing through my veins. Over the years, some of my classmates have had children who attended Stanford, and I've been able to see them when they've come out for a visit.

I saw Cherie West Berk and her husband, Ralph, that way quite a few years ago, and recently, my husband and I spent a nice evening with Michael Grief, who was visiting his son. I don't think Michael and I even talked to each other in high school. But we connected through Facebook and arranged to get together. It's such a unique interaction, meeting someone "new" and "old" at the same time.

Retirement? Not in the Cards Yet

It's hard not to think about retirement when so many of my friends and colleagues are beginning to hang up their white coats. That said, I think retirement is one of those things that when you're ready, you really know you're ready. I'm not there yet. I still love what I do and I feel like I'm at the top of my game, so why stop now? Ask me again in a few more years! Still, I never used to have mornings where I wake up and think, *Hmmnh, wouldn't it be nice to have the day off?* But every now and then I find that question runs through my mind.

Over the years, my patients and my staff have been an island of serenity for me when home life was overwhelming and challenging. It's still a place where I feel valued and productive. I've got three years left on my current lease, so I know that for at least those three years I'll be changing into my surgeon's costume and spending my days in the operating theater—a life in the theater I never would have imagined oh-so-many years ago



Concept: A girl. A camera.
And the greatest city in the world!

Manhattan Sunrise/Sunset
"Above us only sky ..."

