

ROBS - RETIREES OF BRENTWOOD SCHOOLS

Since 1991 - Still Serving

Issue 1/2013-2014

September-December, 2013

MEETINGS

General Meetings are held at the Brentwood Public Library, 2nd Avenue and Third Street at 10:00 a.m. on the **first** Friday of the month unless otherwise noted.

October 4 - Jennifer Gunn on
Protecting your Wealth
in Retirement

November 1 - Meditation Techniques

December 6 - Luncheon TBA

January 3 - Breakfast TBA

ROBS CARES CONTRIBUTIONS NEEDED

Pronto, the community action group we support, is in need of dry and canned goods, paper products and toiletries. **Please** bring your contributions to **every** meeting. Thank you.

OFFICERS

Nick Siciliano - President
kpnici1@aol.com
Kathy Guleksen - 1st VP
Harriet Pepine - 2nd VP
Nancy Churchillo - Secretary
Marge Kirchner - Treasurer
Dot Zuckerman and Phyllis Goodwin
- Presidents Emeritas

AFFILIATIONS

ROBS is proudly affiliated with NYSUT, AFT, NEA, AFL-CIO, RC21 & NYSARA.

www.robsny.org

ROBS WELCOMES THE 2013 RETIREES

FACES OF OUR NEW RETIREES



Alice Neidig



Diane Spagnuolo



Valerie Vismale, Joanne Brown, Carmen Roldan and Carol Comerford

The first **ROBS** Meeting of the new year was held on Friday, September 13. Over 70 members attended and the new retirees, officers and Executive Board of **ROBS** were introduced. Old friends greeted old friends and new friends were made. It was a very lively meeting. John Sherin had an activity for all of us involving keys. The keys on our key rings, the keys in our lives, the sentimental ones, the ones that bring memories, good and bad were discussed. Everyone had to move around and share stories. It made for an interesting and insightful time. Thanks, John.

EXECUTIVE BOARD

Carmela Criscione - ROBS Cares
 Adrienne Eastman - BCA Liaison
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 tecnoqueen@aol.com
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 John Sherin
 Nick Siciliano

TALK TO US

The phone numbers, home addresses, and e-mail addresses of all the Officers and Executive Board Members are in the Directory should you wish to contact us.

Stories, ideas for stories or columns and news items are always welcome.

www.robsny.org

Visit us today!



NICK'S NOTES - by Nick Siciliano

NOVEMBER 22, 1963 - REMEMBERING 50 YEARS AGO

In everyone's life certain events stand out in their memory. They remember where they were and what they were doing, and so it was 50 years ago when President John F. Kennedy was assassinated.

Brentwood High School was on split sessions. I taught the morning session which ended about noon. As soon as my last class ended I immediately left school and went home. I was living in Williston Park at the time.

I decided to go shopping for some clothes and went to the nearest JC Penney which was in Lake Success. After shopping, I got back to the car and turned on the radio and heard the announcement that the President had been shot. By the time I got home, news reports were that the President was dead. Along with everyone else, I could not believe that someone had assassinated the President of the United States.

My family and I were glued to the television to view reports as to what happened and why. I received a call on Saturday from Brentwood that school would be closed that Monday which was declared a day of National Mourning. For the next few days we watched the events of this tragedy unfold. We saw Lee Harvey Oswald being brought to jail and Jack Ruby shooting him. It was high drama and, at times, appeared to be unreal. Monday was the funeral, and we continued to watch the sad events of the day.

Tuesday morning as I awoke at 5 a.m., I heard John Gambling on WOR radio saying that we must move on and continue with our lives. Classes resumed and the shock of the past four days was still with all of us as we went about our daily activities. In my classes we talked about the tragedy and tried to make some sense of what had happened and its impact on the country.

In the weeks and months ahead we would continue to revisit the assassination. Numerous articles were written as to why this had happened. There were conspiracy theories galore. As you are aware, the new President, Lyndon B. Johnson, had set up a commission to determine exactly who was responsible for the assassination of President Kennedy. Even though the commission ruled that there was only one person, Lee Harvey Oswald, was responsible many people still refused to believe he was the lone assassin.

Here it is 50 years later and people are still obsessed with this assassination. This past year another book was published placing the blame for the assassination on President Johnson. Several years ago the film director, Oliver Stone, made a movie that tried to place the blame for the assassination on others aside from Oswald. The conspiracy theories continue and will probably do so for many years to come.



Dr. King at the Lincoln Memorial

MY REFLECTIONS ON THE MARCH ON WASHINGTON FOR JOBS AND FREEDOM

by
Paula Moore

Fifty years ago Martin Luther King, Jr. stood in front of the Lincoln Memorial and spoke to over 250,000 civil rights activists. They came in spite of threats of violence by members of the American Nazi Party and other racists. They came because they felt it was time to take a stand against racial injustice. They came because they felt it was time to fight for freedom and equality. They came because they felt it was time to stand in memory of Medgar Evers, a civil rights activist who was assassinated in Mississippi on June 12, 1963.

They came because, as Martin Luther King Jr. wrote in April 1963 in his **Letter from a Birmingham Jail**... "we have waited for more than three hundred and forty years for our God-given constitutional rights." They came because... "we still creep at a horse-and-buggy pace toward the gaining of a cup of coffee at a lunch counter." They came because... "when you have seen the vicious mobs lynch your mothers and fathers at will and drown your sisters and brothers at whim; when you see the vast hate-filled policemen curse, kick, brutalize, and even kill your black brothers with impunity; when you see the vast majority of your twenty million Negro brothers smothering in an airtight case of poverty in the midst of an affluent society..."



He ended this paragraph with, "There comes a time when the cup of endurance runs over and men no longer will be plunged into an abyss of injustice where they experience the bleakness of corroding despair. I hope, sirs, you can understand our legitimate and unavoidable impatience."

But Martin Luther King, Jr.'s **I Have a Dream** speech on that August day in 1963 had a profound effect on the country. What I vividly recall as I watched the march on television was the sea of humanity; blacks and whites from all walks of life; priests, rabbis, labor leaders, ordinary people, famous people, together arm in arm marching for justice and equality. This wasn't reading about history, it was history unfolding before me.

This is what the March on Washington meant to me and others of my generation as well as my parents' and grandparent's generation.

Much progress has been made since this historic speech, but it is not complete. We are reminded that we are not free from those who try to repress or violate our rights. There is the new onslaught of outrageous restrictions on voting rights. Our nation needs the moral courage to stand up against the segment of our population that wants to erase the gains made by Black Americans and other minorities. In 2008 the American people voted for Barack Obama to be the first Black American to become President of the United States. even after he won a second term in 2012, that same segment of our population continues to try to delegitimize his presidency.

I know Martin Luther King's dream will someday become a reality. Today, the generation of my children and grandchildren don't see the world in the black and white of segregation, and I know the generation of my great-grandchildren will see the world Martin Luther King, Jr. envisioned when he said, "I have a dream that my four children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character."



50 YEARS AGO

WHERE WERE YOU WHEN YOU HEARD THE PRESIDENT HAD BEEN ASSASSINATED



In the last newsletter we asked members to send a paragraph or two about where they were when they heard the news. For many of us that moment is seared into our memory. Thank you to all who contributed.

Adrienne Eastman

I remember being on my hands and knees planting crocus bulbs around a dogwood tree in my front yard on 11/22/63 when my neighbor approached me and said, "Did you hear the news?" I replied, "What news?" He said, "The President has been shot in Texas!" My immediate reaction was one of shock and disbelief, so I ran into my house and turned on the TV. The news was on most of the channels, and people were stunned and crying. It was so hard to believe that something like that could happen in the 1960's! I will always remember, as I watched with great sadness, the funeral procession and the grief on Jackie Kennedy's and Caroline's faces and John-John's brave salute to his dad.

Lynda Romano

I was in high school when I heard the terrible news about JFK over the loudspeaker. Like most people I was glued to the TV watching it all unfold. The footage of the actual shooting was very disturbing, seeing Jackie cradling her husband's head in the car. The picture of John Jr. saluting his father's funeral procession was so sad and hard to watch.

Elaine Levy

I was in a supermarket, at the meat counter, and the butcher was crying. I asked what was wrong. His reply was, "Don't you know the President has been shot?" My husband and I could not believe what we heard. We stopped shopping and went home to listen to the terrible news that followed. We were glued to the TV for days. I felt like I lost a family member.

John Sherin

It was my first year teaching. I was to be married on November 30. Earlier that fall we had found a spacious six room, second floor apartment in an old house on Wall Street in the Southdown area of Huntington Hamlet. We began cleaning, painting and refurbishing the neglected ancient space planning to start our lives and build a family. Obsessively, each evening I was also creating idealistic lesson plans for my American History classes at Brentwood. Life was on track and would only get better with time, or so I thought. I was so wrong. The news exploded on television Friday afternoon as I was painting a wall in the living room. Nearly upsetting a newly opened gallon of paint, I was dumbstruck when I heard the news. Next, I was sitting on the floor, eyes glued to the TV for the rest of the week, and then the funeral with almost unfathomable special reports to follow. One with the entire nation, I was in shock. The marriage took place as planned only to end painfully some twelve years later. The once optimistic, naive view I had held of what it was like to live in America as a proud citizen, was forever transformed. It was without a doubt one of the most traumatic weeks of my formative young life.



WHERE WERE YOU...

Carmela Criscione

I was a senior at the Ross Building in the A.M. session. My brother was in the P.M. session. We took turns watching our handicapped sister while our mom worked in a dress factory across the tracks on Wicks Road. My job was to watch the soap operas and report on them over dinner. They were the duller things on TV in 1963. I remember wishing, while watching the inaction on "As the World Turns", for something exciting to happen. At that very instant Walter Cronkite broke in with the news that the President had been shot. Seconds later he took off his eyeglasses to wipe the tears from his eyes and then we knew. For the longest time I felt guilty, as if my thoughtless wish could have caused this horrific deed. We did nothing all weekend except watch TV, cry and mourn. Sometimes it feels unreal, sometimes it still feels like it was just the other day.



Walter Cronkite on 11/22/63

Marge Kirchner

On November 22, 1963, I was a senior studying in the Vanderbilt Library at Adelphi Suffolk University when a blonde-haired, young French woman came in yelling, "He's been shot; he's been shot." She didn't say who was shot, but we all left the library and gathered with the crowd of other students and faculty in the lounge where CBS was on and we heard Walter Cronkite utter his famous remark, "President Kennedy died at 1:00 p.m. Central Standard Time." Drove of people from the college rushed to St. Lawrence Church in Sayville where we joined hundreds of other mourners in disbelief.



Lyndon Johnson sworn in on Air Force 1

Letty and Sheila Sustrin

On Friday, November 22, 1963, we were both at Northwest Elementary School where we were Kindergarten teachers. It was dismissal time for our classes and we took them outside to the two buses. Both drivers, women, were sitting in one of the buses listening to the radio. They were both crying and told us, "The President is dead." At the same time, there was an announcement on the school loudspeaker telling the staff and students. We remember boarding the children, and the buses left. This was a nightmare! This couldn't happen in the 20th century. Our beloved president, John F. Kennedy, was assassinated. Many children and staff were crying and were in a state of shock. We called home, and our mother was crying and told us that our father was on the way home from work. When we arrived home, our parents were watching TV. The commentator was saying that Lyndon B. Johnson had been sworn in as the President of the United States aboard Air Force One. It was a very traumatic weekend as friends and neighbors all mourned together. There was definitely a feeling of unity amongst all of us. We were all Americans, and we would stand together in this crisis.



The Commander in Chief's horse with reversed boots.

WHERE WERE YOU...

Ronda Brooks

I was 9 years old and a 4th grader at P.S.109 in the Bronx. It was Friday afternoon and we'd had a substitute teacher all week...Mrs. Forman. No one liked her very much. When we returned from lunch, Mrs. Forman turned on a radio in the back of the classroom. The entire class sat in shocked silence and listened to the news that our President, John F. Kennedy, had been killed at the hands of an assassin. All Mrs. Forman had to say was, "Surprised?" Soon afterward, our principal, Miss Murray, got on the PA system and asked for everyone to stand and observe a moment of silence. My friend, Susan, told me she wished that they would make Jackie the new president. I saw some teachers in the hallway crying and hugging each other. After dismissal, I walked home in a daze. I got to my apartment building and rode up in the elevator with my British piano teacher, Mrs. Llewellyn. She struck up a conversation with some neighbors and reported to them that "they're all dead..Kennedy, Johnson, Connolly." I'm not sure where she got her information. We arrived at my fifth-floor apartment, and were greeted by my mother. The moment we saw each other we fell crying into each other's arms. When I composed myself enough, I sat down for my lesson. I recall crying through most of it. The rest of the weekend was pretty awful. There was nothing on TV besides the assassination coverage. I had very little appetite. I remember eating a bowl of Rice Krispies for dinner and then coming down with a cold and spending the rest of the weekend in bed. I was probably the only person in America who didn't see Jack Ruby shoot Lee Harvey Oswald. It's amazing how much detail I can recall from 50 years ago when I can't remember what I ate for breakfast today!



John-John
saluting
his
father's casket

Gloria Hannemann

On November 22, 1963, at around 12:30 in the afternoon I was on the C.W.Post Campus of L.I.U. I was a sophomore in college at the time, sitting in one of my classes in Hoxie Hall. As I looked out of the classroom window I could see a gathering of students in the courtyard causing a commotion indicating that something had happened. One of the students was jumping up and down outside our classroom door trying to get her boyfriend's attention through a small window. It looked like she was trying to tell him something. As soon as the class was over, and we were leaving the room, she shouted out, "The President has been shot." We all thought that she was referring to Gordon Hoxie, the president of our college. "No, no, the president of our country," she said. We didn't have any details at the time other than a shooting, so we didn't know that the president had been killed. Everybody stood around stunned. It seemed surreal. Then we all left, so we could get to a radio. As a commuter student, I rushed to my car immediately so I could listen to the news on the car radio. When I got home, I turned on the TV right away. That entire weekend we were all glued in front of the small black and white family TV watching as the events unfolded. I can't put into words the shock and sadness that I felt, and to this day, I can still see the images..Jackie, John-John, Caroline, Oswald, Ruby, crowds of people walking through the Rotunda to pay their respects, etc..etc. This was truly a devastating tragedy.



Lee Harvey Oswald shot by Jack Ruby



The Eternal Flame. Arlington Cemetery

WHERE WERE YOU...

Mike Fasullo

The State University of New York at Stony Brook had just opened for its first freshman class and consisted of six academic buildings and a single dormitory classically named "G Dorm". I was in my freshman year and was working in the physics lab when the word started to spread that the president had been shot. At that time there were no intercoms in the buildings and telephones were still all hard-wired, so communication was limited. The only televisions were in the two lounges in G Dorm. We all simply left our classes and returned to the dorm. When it was confirmed that President Kennedy had been assassinated, the feelings on campus were both depressed and agitated. My friends and I noticed that there wasn't a single flag pole on campus so we had no way to fly our country's flag at half-mast. We opened the emergency fire cabinet, took the fire axe and went into the woods, cut down an oak tree and brought it back to the dorm and erected a flag pole, found a flag and flew it in honor of our president. Although others may not remember, the primary rumor was that Castro was responsible for the assassination. A bus was arranged through the university to take volunteers into Whitehall Street, New York City, for the male students to volunteer for military service to avenge the death of our president and free Cuba from communists. Fortunately, this proved only to be rumor and the trip never took place or I would never have become a teacher.

Ruth Grossman LaRocca

On November 22, 1963, a Friday, I was a 10th grader and was 15 years old. I remember that day as if it were yesterday. I was on my way to class after spending time in the auditorium of Uniondale High School. An announcement came over the loud speaker, freezing me in place on the grand staircase. There was not a sound. People were frozen in place all through the building. Even when the paralysis wore off, no one spoke a word as they continued to their classes. Dismissal was never so quiet. I rode the bus home and not a word was spoken. We watched the TV broadcasts and listened to the news all weekend. There was this feeling of disbelief. Whether young or old, no one could quite grasp what had happened.



Ellen Edelstein

I was in the 7th grade at Van Wyck Junior High School, Queens, when the Principal instructed us to return to our homerooms. A short time later, he announced that the President had been shot, and we were dismissed for the day. I remember walking home and feeling terrified that now the Russians were going to attempt to take over the country, in partnership with Cuba, even though the Cuban missile crisis was over and detente had been reached with the Soviet Union. There were tears on all the faces I passed. Over the years it became clear that everyone remembers where they were when they heard the news.

Phyllis Goodwin

It was a bitter, cold and rainy day and I was doing my student teaching block at Elmira Free Academy. I was extremely excited because my teaching block was with my high school choral director and mentor, Roland Bentley. Since we were spread out all over Chemung County, we had to hitch rides to whatever school we were assigned to for the week. This meant standing out in the rain or snow waiting for a ride depending on the kindness of strangers. I was sent home the previous day with a raging fever of 104°. I made a cup of tea and dragged my aching body to the living room couch. I turned on the TV and started to watch "The Enchanted Cottage" with Robert Young and Dorothy McGuire. Ten minutes later, Walter Cronkite changed everyone's life. Horror, fear and uncertainty would become a way of life. There was no place on earth that seemed safe, and I was on my way to the hospital trying to stay alive.

Kathy Guleksen

It was almost time for dismissal on Friday afternoon in Sister Albana's 8th grade class when the crackle of static from the PA system interrupted our lesson. Sister was quite annoyed as she thought the system had been turned on inadvertently. As she walked to buzz the office, the static lessened and it was clear that we were listening to a radio broadcast. Our beloved president, John F. Kennedy, had been shot in Dallas. He had been rushed to the hospital and there weren't many other details. Before we left school that day we learned he had died. I remember my family Thanksgiving the following week. The adults were remarking how everyone had been glued to the television set for an entire week. Indeed, it was the first time television had brought everyone in the world together for an event -- sadly, the assassination and funeral of John F. Kennedy, our president.

Lucille Fink

The Syosset High School senior class trip to Washington, D. C., took place late in November, 1963. As the train headed to Washington, my classmates and I were all intent on enjoying every minute of our trip. We chatted, sang folk songs and just joked around, moving from car to car and having fun. We toured Washington and saw some of the sights. On Friday, November 22, we were taken to Williamsburg, Virginia by bus. As we exited one of the historic buildings, we became unnerved when we saw several of our male chaperones, all Kennedy Democrats, sobbing. They gave us information about the shooting, but didn't have all the details. Much of their information was alarming and inaccurate. I was shocked and frightened by what they reported and it felt very unreal to me. Upon our return to the hotel we all gathered around the television, hungry for details, feeling uncertain about the future, and wishing for a return to normalcy. We followed the planned itinerary for the rest of the trip, but the joy was gone. We were somber and quiet. When I returned home, my family and I remained glued to the TV. My dad and I watched as Jack Ruby killed Lee Harvey Oswald at the Dallas Police Headquarters. We really didn't quite believe what we were seeing. The images of that weekend -- Jackie in her bloodstained suit, the horse-drawn caisson, the riderless horse, and John-John's salute to his father are engraved in my mind forever, as is the overwhelming feeling of sadness.

WE ALL REMEMBER

by
Carmela Criscione

We've devoted a lot of space to this searing moment in our history. We all remember it differently but the same way; a shock to the system, disbelief, and grief as if a family member had been taken suddenly without warning.

In many ways we were innocent and idealistic. The grandfatherly Ike Eisenhower was gone and, a young vibrant handsome president was in the White House with his charming family. We watched them playing touch football in Hyannis, copied Jackie's pill box hats, sighed over her gorgeous gowns, and indulgently smiled as Caroline and John played under the desk while JFK worked. We were entranced.

John F. Kennedy was the first president born in the 20th century. Think about that. Even though the century was decades old, times were new and optimistic with this charismatic and energetic president.

Suddenly we were plunged into a harsh reality. Viet Nam was around the corner, Richard Nixon became president and we lost trust in the government because of Watergate. Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy were killed and suddenly we weren't happy, naive or innocent.

This issue isn't meant to be a history lesson but a study in how much we are the same. We should rejoice in what binds us together instead of what divides us. There are many issues today that threaten to tear us apart. We have to approach these issues with the knowledge that while we disagree, we can still try to reach common ground and build upon that. We have to.

**ADDENDA TO THE
2013 ROBS DIRECTORY**

The addenda to the 2013 ROBS Directory is being prepared. It will list all new members to ROBS as well as changes and corrections to the full Directory which was issued last year.

In order to get a copy of the addenda (and the newsletter) you must be a member of ROBS. If you have not already done so, please complete the membership form (you can get it on the website, www.robsny.org) and return it by **October 31, 2013**.

The next full directory will be published approximately December, 2014.

If you have any questions regarding your listing in the directory, please contact **Kathy Guleksen**.



1963

AH YES, I REMEMBER IT WELL

But do we really remember it well? The biggest events in 1963 was Martin Luther King Jr's "**I Have A Dream**" speech and the assassination. Do you recall what else happened?

February

- 7 - The Mona Lisa is on loan to the Metropolitan Museum from the Louvre.
- 11 - Julia Child's **French Chef** premieres.
- 27 - Willie Mays signs a \$100,000 contract with the Giants.
- 29 - Mickey Mantle signs a \$100,000 contract with the Yankees.

April

- 7 - **Lawrence of Arabia** wins the Academy Award.

May

- 9 - Sean Connery stars in **Dr. No**, his first Bond film.

June

- 8 - The American Heart Association's first campaign against cigarettes.
- 9 - **Cleopatra** opens with Taylor and Burton steaming up the screen.
- 11 - Gov. George Wallace tries to prevent black students from attending the University of Alabama.
- 12 - Medgar Evers shot in Mississippi.
- 16 - Russian cosmonaut, Valentina Tereskova, is the first woman in space.
- 26 - President Kennedy visits Berlin and gives his **I am a Berliner** speech.

July

- 2 - The zip code is introduced.

August

- 6 - The first Nuclear Test Ban Treaty is signed.
- 18 - James Meredith is the first Black to graduate from the University of Mississippi.
- 30 - The telephone hotline between the US and USSR is installed.

November

- 11 - The first push button telephone is installed.

And, of such things, history is made.

BRENTWOOD REMEMBERS **AND** **COMMEMORATES 9/11/01**

by
Carmela Criscione

Dr. Rebecca Grella is an amazing person. She describes herself as a university professor in a high school setting. She runs a state-of-the-art lab at the Brentwood High School that can hold its own at the university level. She has worked in the United States and Madagascar. She has chosen to work in Brentwood because of its diversity. There are at least fifty-seven nationalities making up the community and student body. She has a small staff and 87 students from grades 10-12. In 2011 three of her students were Intel semi-finalists and in 2012 one student, Samantha Garvey, made national headlines. Dr. Grella is still a strong mentor for Samantha and has high hopes for her.

This article is about something else. In April 2002, Dr. Grella and Adrienne Davis, a chemistry teacher also at the High School, contacted the Office of Emergency Management, Town of Islip, about obtaining a piece of the World Trade Center for a memorial to be placed at the High School. They got back to her that it was indeed possible but that Brentwood would have to get it moved. Dr. Grella was acquainted with the owner of Bay Crane who volunteered to get the girders to Brentwood. Buildings and Grounds prepared the foundation and all that entails. The weight of the steel and heavy equipment left track marks knee high in the ground.

Mawlish Hamrani was her student liaison for the project. Tony Salerno, a Social Studies teacher, landscaped the area known as Ross Gardens. September 11, 2002, one year after the tragedy, the dedication of the memorial took place. It was one of the last public appearances of Board of Education President Anthony F. Felicio. Local politicians and dignitaries were present as were heroic fire fighters from 9/11/01. A wreath was laid by the ROTC. Flowers crowded the courtyard and trees were planted in Madagascar in a spirit of solidarity. It was a tragedy that touched the whole world. A plaque was installed that read in part, "All gave some, some gave all." There is a similar plaque at Ground Zero.

The gazebo in Ross Gardens and the memorial have become a place of peace, meditation and fellowship. Fridays in the Park is something students and faculty look forward to and enjoy.

Dr. Grella with the help of effective and motivated volunteers, put together and brought to completion, in less than a year, a memorial for all of us to reflect upon.

She has graciously invited anyone who wishes to visit her lab and learn more about the projects that are being worked on. Let her know if you would like a tour.



Working on the installation.



Unnamed dignitary, Mawlish Hamrani, Rebecca Grella, and Tony Felicio



The memorial after a ceremony on 9/11/2013
photo by Marilyn Boyle

NICK'S NOTES continued

What were the effects of this assassination? We tend to view Kennedy as a great president when in fact he only served less than three years. There have been numerous books written about him and while they cite some notable achievements, they do not place him in the "great" presidents category. There was discussion after the assassination about gun control, and while we have made advances to curb the illegal purchasing of guns, they still pose a problem in our society.

Five years after Kennedy's death there were two other assassinations involving his brother, Robert, who was running a primary challenge to Lyndon Johnson in 1968, and the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr.. Assassination attempts on presidents have not ended. Perhaps the conclusion by some critics that America is a violent society is true.

The Kennedy mystique continues to this day. Walk into any book store this month and you will find a number of books on Kennedy, his family and the assassinations.

Why the mystique?

He was young, handsome, and had a beautiful family.

It was the time of "Camelot" as quoted by Mrs. Kennedy.

ONLY YOU

Only you can help us in our efforts to preserve the history and times of the Brentwood Public Schools.

You have the yearbooks, class pictures, and party photos. They are probably in boxes stored in the attic, garage or basement or in photo albums never opened. **ROBS** needs them.

Please find them and contact John Sherin. We will archive them and use them in future history projects. We will return your originals.



HOLD THAT DATE

2013-2014 MEETING DATES

Below-listed are the general meeting dates for **ROBS** during 2013-2014. Please mark your calendars accordingly. **Remember** it's the first Friday of the month.

October 4 - Jennifer Gunn

November 1 - speaker

December 6 - Luncheon TBA

January 3 - Breakfast TBA

February - no meeting

March 7

April 4

May 2

June 6 - Luncheon TBA

If you have suggestions about a speaker or program, please contact Lynda Romano (information details in the Directory).

See you at the meetings!

ROBS MEMBERSHIP APPLICATIONS DUE

If you have not yet returned your 2013-14 membership application to Marge Kirchner, Treasurer, please do so as soon as you can.

The deadline for renewals is October 31, 2013.

Please complete the form in full. Your e-mail address or telephone number may have changed, but we are not aware of it unless you tell us.

Consider giving a membership to a friend. Also, bringing a friend to a meeting would be a nice gesture.

If you have any questions please contact Marge or any other officer.

Thanks for your cooperation.

A GIFT OF READING

F.A.N.'S ANNUAL BOOK DRIVE

Miriam Massucci will again be collecting books for F.A.N., an acronym for the Food and Nutrition Program. The annual drive seeks to collect new and unwrapped books for young children up to the age of eight.

Books reflecting the ethnic and cultural diversity of the community are appreciated.

The books are put in baskets at Thanksgiving, Christmas, Hanukkah and Kwanza.

Please bring your books to any **ROBS** meeting.

Thank you.



NYSUT REGIONAL CONFERENCE
for Retiree Councils 17-23
2013

Organized by Nassau and Suffolk County
Retiree Services Consultants
Kathleen Lyons and Dorothy Zuckerman

Conference date is
Wednesday, November 20, 2013
at the
Watermill

Speakers will cover
Pensions/Retirement
Legislation Updates
Medicare
Social Security updates for 2014
The Affordable Health Care Act

Flyers will be mailed out shortly. The Conference is expected to be well-attended. Make sure you RSVP early.

For further information contact **Dot Zuckerman** at 631-272-8822.

AFTER THE STORM

by

Marge Kirchner

The sky is a brilliant blue -- wisps of clouds touch the western portion of this area above our earth -- and the sun shines down uncloaked, rather free in its nudity.

It's Saturday; it's afternoon and sun warms me on this day that I wish would be free from responsibilities. This sojourn on a ragged piece of boardwalk affords me freedom to ponder the past 30 hours. Although I know it may provide me with a bit of balance, I doubt it will heal.

There was no beach at high tide last night nor was there one a few hours ago when the tide returned to slam against the shoreline carrying refrigerators, furniture, books, and assorted pieces of buildings. Now the thunderous roar of the surf has diminished and the natural ebb is in the midst of its shift. Those previously smashing objects now bob about like chickadees waiting for their mother's offering of sustenance.

Others appear, but there are no words; there are only the open mouths, blank eyes and crossed arms as each records the carnage that has replaced our haven. Our heads are shaking as we carefully maneuver solid parts of the walk that will take us a few hundred yards farther inland. It is there that the televisions are in trees, clothing appears to be drying on what's left of the bushes and mattresses rest in the previously landscaped gardens.

Donna, Gloria, Bob, Irene, Sandy; it doesn't matter what name or when. What matters is the destruction of this barrier island along with the downtrodden hearts of our neighbors.

Eventually, the beach will return, the feelings of sanctuary may never.





IT MUST BE TRUE – I SAW IT IN THE DICTIONARY

by
Carmela Criscione

Language changes. It reflects the people, culture, social mores and political atmosphere of the time.

Here are few examples of new words according to some dictionary makers.

Apols - an apology.

Defriend - the ultimate disgrace, meaning to be removed from a friend's social media connections, exiled in cyberspace.

Derp - speech regarded as meaningless or stupid.

Digital detox - cleansing oneself from the use of computers, smart phones, etc.

Emoji - a small digital image or icon to express electronically an idea or emotion. ☺ ♥ ♠

Friend with benefits - casual sex with a friend with no commitment toward a relationship.

Matchy-matchy - being excessively color coordinated.

Selfie - photo taken of yourself while on an electronic device.

Space Tourism - traveling in space for pleasure as opposed to a **Stacation** when you explore the delights of home.

Squee - great excitement or delight!

Tweetup - a meeting organized by means of Twitter.

Twerking - to dance to popular music in a sexually provocative manner involving thrusting hip movements and a low squatting stance, think Madonna or Miley Cyrus.

Vom - to vomit or be sick.

To which I add, **srsly** - I mean like totally, seriously?

IT'S ALL ABOUT US BY Carmela Criscione

Dot Zuckerman, Edie Filosa and I were in Scotland in July. The Scots said we brought the sun. The tour guide said she saw some sights clear of mists and rain for the first time in her life.. **Andy Murray**, a Scotsman, won Wimbledon, and while the royal baby did not appear, our tour group won the Scottish National Lottery to the tune of L20 (about \$30), and there were 36 of us in the group. The tour guide bought candy.

We are sorry to report that **Fran Graff** (Elementary Teacher/NE and widow of **Joe Graff**) died December 2012 but we were not aware of this until recently. We also lost **Fran Koch, Rudy Koch's** wife in July. Both Fran and Rudy were elementary teachers. **Joanne Albanese's** father also passed away in August. Our deepest sympathy to their families.

Get well wishes go out to **Marge Kirchner** and **Sheila Sustrin**. Both ladies are doing well, and we hope to see them at our meetings.

We welcome **Nancy Churchillo** as our new Secretary. Nancy was a Teacher Assistant in the Reading Lab at Southeast. Nancy takes over from **Lucille Fink** who recently moved to North Carolina. Check out Lucille's delightful article about settling into her new home on page 13.

Eleanor Steffen's (HS/Art) grandson, Akira, is attending Stanford University on a scholarship for his doctorate in Chemistry. His mom, Ellie's daughter, has won a gold medal from the National Violin Society's Competition for her creation of the Best Bass Bow. She is the first female to win a gold medal in this international prestigious contest.

Clement "Clem" Stancik has been the HS Boys Varsity Tennis coach for fifty years. He started coaching in 1963. Current and past tennis athletes that he coached were going to face each other over Labor Day weekend, 2013 in homage to their coach. Newsday quoted Clem as saying his teenage athletes "wanna beat the heck out of the old-timers." Check out the Newsday article dated Saturday, August 31.

John Sherin passed on this message from Diane Baumann Hoyt, a Brentwood student, sent to the ROBS website. "I watched the video interview of **Mr. (Peter) Cerullo** yesterday. He was my music teacher in the 1950's. I remember the boiler room...I remember we had to down many stairs to get to it. I remember the many parades we were in. The concerts were great and he put together a great dance band. He was a very special teacher. Thank you for doing this. You are doing a great job. I found your site on the library site. I enjoyed their historical area. My interest was piqued because our 50th class reunion was coming up in 2010. I remember Brentwood as a sleepy small town. It didn't start growing until after the Korean War when all the developments were being built. My memories are many." You remember the teachers who made a difference for the rest of your life.



Mark Fink holding Madeline Noelle, Lucille, daughter-in-law, Chelle and Daniel holding Allison Paige

THE TRANSPLANTING OF TWO LONG ISLANDERS

by
Lucille Fink

A word of caution to those contemplating a move off Long Island. Be prepared for the unknown and the unexpected. Life on Long Island is unique compared to many other parts of the country. There is definitely an ongoing, sometimes upsetting (like when we got bills for the car tax, based on the value of your car), sometimes disconcerting (like when you realize you no longer have a familiar set of references to guide you), and sometimes amusing periods of adjustment. We've been visiting relatives in the Raleigh-Durham-Chapel Hill Triangle for years, and we thought we knew the area -- what a laugh!

We selected a community midway between Chapel Hill proper and Pittsboro. Our neighbors are very friendly. They welcomed us with plants, cupcakes and words of advice - don't let the cat out at night because of the coyotes, your plants and shrubs provide snacks for the rabbits and deer, bears and foxes can be seen in the subdivision and copperheads love rock formations (nix to the rock garden I was going to put in on my very large bank of rocks). They also informed us about chiggers, sewer grinders and other things I've never heard of. Needless to say, feeling ignorant is quite a disconcerting feeling for a retired teacher!

I had only planted flowers in scattered pots when we first moved in - what a mistake! The rabbits and deer did indeed eat most of my plants, but that was okay with me. I had to walk all over my yard in the blistering heat to water the pots daily because we are only allowed to use our sprinkler systems twice a week. Water is very expensive here, and its use is controlled. Now I know why my other neighbors don't have flowers in their yards!

The Chapel Hill Raleigh area is a lot like Long Island, but with a southern twist. All of the major stores and restaurants on LI are also found here, and I would feel quite at home if I didn't get lost so often. The store employees are very friendly, very chatty, and super-helpful. One even offered to assemble a bookcase that I wanted to return. What a great way to get a problem solved!

Head toward Pittsboro and you're traveling back to Long Island in the 1950's. It's like a hippie Mayberry RFD. There is a rotary around the historic town hall with a statue honoring "Our Confederate Heroes". The rotary leads to the holly tree-lined Main Street where many of the stores are located. There is an old-fashioned ice cream parlor, some great restaurants and a bank where you are greeted by name when you enter. Through trial and error we learned that the very modern library has very few books, the bank is closed all weekend and most restaurants are closed on Sunday.

When we first moved here, I really felt like a fish out of water. On Long Island I had an established network of friends, support services and activities. I knew how to get what I needed and where to go to find things. Following our move, I got lost the first time I went to the supermarket, had to go to an urgent care facility when I got sick because I did not have a doctor, and freaked out when I had to pump my own gas (full service gas stations and carwashes seem to be nonexistent). I was also intimidated by the fact that I had to take a sign test and a written test in order to get my North Carolina driver's license.

We do miss our Long Island friends and all that makes Long Island unique. However, our community is made up of many transplants who have lived all over the country, so neighbors are very friendly and helpful. There are many clubs and activities which makes it easy to become acquainted with people who share common interests.

Best of all is seeing our family on a regular basis. My sister took me shopping everywhere when we first moved in and I see her often. We're with our son and his family several times during the week. We now have the opportunity to watch our granddaughters grow and to form close relationships with them. This makes our move so very worthwhile!

Editor's note: Chiggers are small tick-like creatures that live in grass. Lucille still isn't sure what a "sewer grinder" is but thinks it has to do with the in-sink garbage disposal. If it starts making weird noises you have to call the sewer commission.

Now everyone go to a window and wave hello to Lucille!

IN MY OPINION
OR
WHY WE NEED YOUR
HELP!

ROBS is a truly wonderful organization and for many years, most of the work has been completed by a small group of volunteers.

There is, however, an area that has been a concern for the Executive Board. Every year, we work hard to keep you informed on many aspects of senior living and helping the Brentwood community.

We are asking you to complete a simple task. That is to fill out the entire membership form, pay your dues and send the form back to us.

Some of you are not returning the form and then accuse us of ignoring you. Then you realize that you didn't give us an update on your new address or you didn't send in the form because your information has not changed. Many have simply assumed that you will continue to receive the newsletter. We can save our organization quite a substantial amount of money for printing and mailing by sending our the newsletter only to people who return their forms and those who were "grandfathered" in 2010.

Please help ROBS keep our organization running smoothly.

In Harmony,

Phyllis Goodwin

PROJECT HOPE 2013

Dear ROBS Member,

As we start a new year we can reflect upon our many accomplishments.

One such source of pride is **ROBS PROJECT HOPE**.

As you know, **Project Hope** is a way for the retirees of the Brentwood school community to show continued concern for the children of the area. Through **Suburban Children, Inc.**, ROBS adopts families during the traditional holiday season.

Complete dinners are provided for Thanksgiving, and many gifts are bought, wrapped, and presented at Christmas, Hanukkah, and Kwanza.

Letty and Sheila Sustrin, and other volunteers, work diligently to make this endeavor a success. Their effort has been very appreciated, not only by the folks at Suburban, but especially by the children and their parents. If you are interested in participating the "wrap party" at **Kris Dougherty's** house please let us know.

Through our donations, **Project Hope** touches the lives of many. It is an opportunity for our group to add to the joy and spirit of the season. Please help continue this fine tradition.

Please make your checks payable simply to "**ROBS**". You may write "**HOPE**" on the memo line. So that we may keep proper records, please you check to our Treasurer, Marge Kirchner.

Ms. Marge Kirchner
666 Hawkins Road East
Coram, New York 11727

Thank you for your continued support. Best wishes for the special weeks ahead.

Sincerely,

Nick Siciliano, ROBS President

