



**William Bill Heran**  
**ROBS History Project**  
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His name is Bill Heran and he was born on July 16<sup>th</sup> nineteen thirty-two in Queens County, New York. His family moved while he was still a child to settle in Astoria, Queens. At the age of five he entered P.S. 5 off Fourth Ave and Ditmar Avenue near the Elevated subway. The school itself is no longer there. Even the name Ditmar Avenue has changed to become a Boulevard. Little about the area has remained the same except to say that it is still a coveted location in which to live and call home.

Bill said it was at Astoria Park and the Astoria Pool that his father first introduced him to the game of baseball. By way of growing up and keeping a close connection with his son William's father would take him to the Sunnyside Yards of the Pennsylvania Railroad near Sunshine Biscuits. That experience very much piqued his interest in travel and trains and geography. When they lived in Astoria the family had an apartment in a five story apartment building. The landlord's son was a teenager and quite involved in the C.C.C. (Civilian Conservation Corps), which eventually spurred Bill's interest in the Boy Scouts of America. To this day that same fellow who now lives in New Jersey, is retired and has an executive position with the Boy Scouts. There were in the same building people who came from several differing cultural heritages. The first floor was home to an Italian family and from them he learned all about Enrico Caruso and opera. Living on the second floor was a German lady who had a cat she called *Picula* and as you walked through the building you would smell the most pleasant aromas of food unfamiliar to you being prepared in the renters apartments. The owner of the building was the matriarch of the Medulla family, Mrs. Palchek and her son was a salesman for Colgate Palmolive Peet, so Czech was spoken in the family and in the

building. Bill learned about food from their aromas first as simultaneously he learned about cut glass, fine lace and the Czech heritage. Growing up for him was a totally awesome experience.

As he reflected upon my question about the Depression he could honestly say he didn't remember ever feeling denied anything. Perhaps that was due to the fact that he had so many other young people around me. There wasn't for example, any competition about who had the best bike or anything like that, or who had traveled to a certain location. Everyone back then seemed to have been in exactly the same boat.

Bill was baptized at Our Lady of Perpetual Help. He said when he traveled into NYC for his cancer treatments at Sloan Kettering he passed that church and each time it would remind him of his earliest neighborhood memories. In 1936 for example, the Tri-Borough Bridge was completed and as another divergence his father would walk him a good part of the way across the bridge. Among other things they would do together was to accompany him to the Fire House in Long Island City where he had a good friend who was a Lieutenant assigned to that House. These were all free trips and mind expanding to a young lad.

They left Astoria when they moved to Middle Village Queens. It was at that time and almost at the beginning of World War II that they shared a rented home with a family from Bay Ridge in Brooklyn; a widow, her daughter and son. He had graduated from Bay Ridge High School near Fort Hamilton and enlisted in the Navy serving on an oiler; an oil tanker that supplied the fleet. That ship was called *The Laramy*. He wasn't satisfied with that duty and while on leave visiting with his mother and sister in Middle Village, - because he had an interest in baseball - he gave to Bill his caricatures in full color of the uniforms major leaguers' wore in the American League and the National League at that time. He also gave Bill a box of trolley coupon transfers and in those days almost every street in Brooklyn had a trolley. So he left and they corresponded as much as they could and then we l

earned that he was assigned to to a PT Squadron in the South Pacific and that was where he lost his life. I remember the naval officers coming to the house one day with a telegram. There was a funeral Mass at the Church of the Ascension in Rego Park, but the dear lady was never shown a body. We had placed in the window a notice indicating that a Gold Star Mother lived at that address. People, during that decade lived on coupons. I remember my father receiving a gasoline coupon that had to be affixed to the windshield of the car. It limited the amount of fuel you were entitled to purchase. Everything was rationed; meat, sugar, rubber. People were encouraged to grow a 'Victory Garden' in their backyards, if they had one. We would go on paper drives or tin can drives so that limited resources could be recycled for use in the war effort. Fats were collected in cans and dropped off at the local butcher. These would be picked up later and used to manufacture armaments and weaponry etc.

He remembers August of 1945, VJ Day, being the day when everyone celebrated the official end of WWII. Never before or since had he ever experienced a comparable degree of community or neighborly cohesion than he did then. There was never any back biting and always a great deal of concern if people were serving in the military at the time and known to the family, the youngsters were encouraged to write. I remember writing to a fellow who served on an aircraft carrier. Going to school every window pane in the school was covered with tape. It was not opaque, you could see light coming through the windows. We would have fire drills, air raid drills. We all lived in close proximity to the school, three, four or five blocks away and teachers would walk us to our homes or at least to a location close to our homes and then we would return home. This was a very interesting and emotional experience.

Bill's father was not of an age to serve. He was too old at the time of the draft. Back in the depression for one second, he reflected, *"my father's income was thirty-seven dollars a week. He worked for Farmcrest which was later bought by the Borden Company from which he retired in 1969.*

While he was growing up and transferring from one school to the next, he still maintained his interest in baseball. Living in Middle Village he attended Grover Cleveland High School where he tried out for and made the Baseball Varsity Team as a Sophomore. They used to play a Farmers (*inaudible*) team in Glendale. That was a Queens Alliance Team and then there was the Ridgewood Farmers, Medical Pikeman, Greenwald Jewelers; these were fellows who were older - eighteen, nineteen and twenty. They would have double headers on Sunday and pass the hat for a quarter or fifty cents. It was Spring, Summer, Early Fall Baseball, Fall & Winter Football, Winter and Spring Basketball, and no other sports were involved. Baseball was a competitive neighborhood sport in those days. It was not the professional enterprise that it later became. There was no TV in the early forties. I would listen to the ballgames that were transmitted by Western Union. I would keep a scorebook and keep score. It created images in my mind about the location of cities, and distances by being able to compute batting averages, earned run averages, and I learned an appreciation for mathematics and numbers. The family then moved again from Middle Village after Bill completed his Sophomore year at Grover Cleveland to Merrick in Nassau County and then he transferred to Mepham High School in North Belmore.

He knew of only one other person who had lived with them in Middle Village and then moved a year ahead of them to Merrick. The Guidance Counselor at Mepham had difficulty placing Bill in a Social Studies Class when he transferred from Middle Village because in NYC schools had Civics, they had Government, they had American History one and two and they had European History. The Counselor sat with Bill's transcript and couldn't figure out what Social Studies Class to put him in. They finally went upstairs to the second floor where most of the Social Studies classrooms were and he had to answer questions to each teacher along the entire hallway. They finally decided that they couldn't find a class for me to be placed in so they made me an offer. They said, "*Would you mind sitting in Mr. Schneider's freshman class?*" I didn't know how to say no.

Mr. Schneider was an interesting fellow. He took me aside and told me: *"I want you to sit in the last row, last seat. You can observe and you can participate. I will call on you, unless you let me know that you're ready"*. What a blessing I thought. But some of the better teachers I remember over at Grover Cleveland. I remember a time over at Cleveland apparently when there was some kind of dispute or the students were going out on a strike and they did the same thing at neighboring Newtown or Forest Hills. I forget the cause but I remember a Homeroom. The Homeroom teacher was Jack Levits. He had to be six foot four and his shoulders just barely touched the door jams and he said to the class, *"If anybody wants to leave, go right ahead."* And he stood in the doorway. Six foot four and two hundred pounds and I'm a sixteen year old wimp.

Now I transferred to Mepham in the Spring and I hadn't completed my Sophomore work at Cleveland and I had to complete my time at Cleveland because my accommodations weren't ready or something so I had to leave the house in Merrick I took the Long Island Railroad to Jamaica Station took a street car (Trolley Car) on Jamaica Avenue to Metropolitan along Metropolitan to Hemrod Street in Ridgewood so I could finish my term at Grover Cleveland. I did that from September and I had perfect attendance. The more I think about it I must have had a guardian angel because one of the things I remember about growing up was before I got involved in any activity either before school or at school I always had the feeling that there was something on each shoulder. Either it was the Church, my Family, Schools, Teacher's and I remember when my Grandfather was saying to me, and this was when I was very young and he was still alive, he passed away in 1938. He said your father's job is to support this family, your mother's job is to maintain the house and prepare meals, and your job is not to disgrace the Heran name. So, wherever I went and whatever I did there was always someone on my shoulder. My mother's maiden name was Velebou which was Czech. My father's heritage was German. My brother has done a lot of genealogical work. My brother is six years younger than I am. He was born in 1938. He has traced the family back to the seventeenth century and has been kind enough to send me all sorts of printouts and verifications which I have

at home. The only family we have today is my brother but I did have an uncle who is now deceased. Growing up I had an understanding of German and Czech if I heard it spoken. As kids we picked up on the fact that when adults didn't want you to hear what they were saying they'd speak in another language in hopes that you wouldn't understand. I remember during my Junior and Senior years at Mepham when I was taking advanced German we would have a pen pal. My pen pal happened to come from Baden in Germany. She wrote to me in English and I wrote to her in German and it was up to either one of us to make the corrections. Wow! I thought this is a wonderful experience. We had a German teacher at the time whose name was Frau Furley and would tell us stories about swimming nude in the Swiss Alps and tell us how wonderful that life was to appreciate the environment.

Bill met his wife Betty while he was in college. He was collecting tolls in the summer and winters at Jones Beach State Park. In his senior year at College he was just about a month away from graduation when a couple of his fellow toll collectors said to him *"When are you due to graduate"? What is your degree and what are your plans?"* I told them I had a BBA in Marketing. And they looked at each other, smiled and laughed and said, *"Oh, You're going to take the Long Island Railroad into the big city with The New York Times and I didn't know what their point was"*. Then he said, *"Is there something I should know?"* They looked up and then pointed out the beauty of the sun and the outdoors and asked me a question. They said, *"Wouldn't you like to do this every summer?"* I began thinking to myself, *how can I do that and work? So he asked directly, "Well what do you fellows do?" "We teach! "* At that time in 1957, there was a program called the ITTP (Intensive Teacher Training Program). And it was sponsored by New Paltz. And at that time almost every school system on Long Island was hiring teachers. The people at New Paltz would take a person with almost any degree regardless of major and they would take courses for provisional certification and nine credits per summer and at the conclusion of the third summer you would be

permanently certified. This was how I met my wife Betty Lou at New Paltz. As a matter of fact we had to take some courses at the State University at Farmingdale and the faculty would be sent from New Paltz to Farmingdale, L.I. where one of my fellow toll takers who was a fraternity brother and friend also owned a Volkswagen. If you are familiar with the configuration of the front of the campus of the State University at Farmingdale from the parking lots on either side there is a very wide sidewalk. We would take breaks for lunch and Duffy and Betty and I to insure that we wouldn't be late for class would get into the Volkswagen and Duffy would take us right to the front door of the building where our class was to be held directly off the pedestrian sidewalk in front of the building. That's where I met Betty and as I said at my retirement function the two smartest things I ever did in my life were entering this noble profession and marrying a teacher. Betty taught Kindergarten for thirty-four years. She started in Syosset and when the Sagtikos Parkway was finally completed the trip from East Islip to Northern State Parkway to Syosset finally became a hassle for me for the PTA and all that sort of thing. Bill started in North Babylon in 1957. He taught fifth and sixth grade and remedial reading during the summer and served as a building representative, treasurer and later as a vice president of the North Babylon Teacher's Organization. During the Second World War, he worked for a butcher and did that after school. He was paid 25c and worked from 2:30 through 5:30 delivering chopped meat and that sort of thing that was available to neighbors in the surrounding community. It was interesting because he would always get these strange telephone calls. He would always talk numbers and he would say how about the 8<sup>th</sup>? and weeks went on and on and on I didn't realize that his hobby was....he liked to gamble. He would place bets over the phone. His father used to take them to Bayville. That was a big treat. There was a time when he was in the Boy Scouts when we would go to Ten Mile River in Narrowsburg New York for two weeks was amazing.

I also remember insurance agents coming to people's apartments to collect 25 cents from them during the depths of the depression to keep a policy in force when people didn't even have sufficient cash on hand to feed the family. That minimal payment toward the policy would have kept the family policy in force.

That was also a time when doctors would regularly make house calls. A different world from the one we know today.

*While I was going to school at PS 49 8<sup>th</sup> Grade and 9<sup>th</sup> Grade at Cleveland I also remember getting involved with a team from Ridgewood, Queens called the Freshpond Boys Club. In those days Grover Cleveland had an outstanding soccer team because most of the people who lived in that area came originally from Austria, or Hungary or Germany. That was when soccer was a very important aspect of the sports life of those people. Anyway, we were playing a traveling league and had the home field. We won the traveling League Championship and we played the Queens Nassau League Finals in Glendale. Now we played *The Joe Austin Celtics* and the Centerfielder on that Team was Mario Cuomo. And I kept the score cards and line scores from all the newspapers from my high school and college days and I had this one; *The Long Island Review Star from the Long Island Press. It was from 1946.* I had the box score. I had the write up and I sent it to the Governor. He sent me a return letter and he said, *“We always hit lefties like Bobby Wright very well.”* Of course, we lost the game. *The ..... Celtics was an outstanding team.* And he signed it, *“Life has been good to us, hasn’t it?.”* Mario.*

One of his favorite toys growing up was the *“Erector Set”* his father bought him but he was mostly involved with baseball. *“I remember going to the sporting goods store on Woodhaven Blvd. with my mother one day because she wanted to buy me a birthday present. She wanted to buy me a glove and so we went into this store and I took a glove and put it on my left hand because I threw right handed, and my mother said No. I’m not going to buy you that glove. It’s not the right fit.”* She wanted me to put the glove on my hand. So I said, *“Mom, I don’t throw with my right hand.”* And this went on for about five minutes and then finally, the store person said, *“It’s alright. You seem to be doing the right thing by letting him choose the glove because he seems to know what he wants”.* Baseball has always been part of my life. *I was fortunate enough in my senior year at Mepham to make the Nassau County all scholastic team as a result I had a tryout*



*at Ebbets Field with the Brooklyn Dodgers and two other tryouts with the Philly's and the Cubs. I'm still waiting for the telephone calls. I played at Hofstra and I was the fourth outfielder as a Freshman. I played in my Freshmen year – that was when they had Freshmen Baseball – I remember one game we played against NYU and we played it at Hofstra, I batted fourth and struck out three times. We were in the bottom of the ninth inning with a runner at second base and I was up and fortunately hit a line drive over the shortstop and drove in the winning run. We won the game fourteen to three and I still have that box score. Was I embarrassed! "Why were you embarrassed?" Because we were playing with Jack Plunkett from Freeport, Bob Vogel from Mineola who were All Scholastic and I felt that I let them down and I felt so good that night when I thought about it but, when I went to the varsity next year I was the fourth outfielder and they had an outstanding team, one that had won the Conference Championship the year before and I wasn't getting too much playing time as a sophomore. So I had an opportunity to play some fast pitch softball at Jones Beach. The official scorer and the public address announcer didn't use my name and I would use an assumed name. One night I happened to go two for three in a game. The public announcer was sick and his replacement didn't know my name. And somebody told him "Bill Heran." Bill Heran's name appears in NEWSDAY the next day and I go into the Hofstra locker-room the next day to get ready for a double header against Queens College and I never saw a man so angry and irate in my life. And Jack Smith said to me, "You give me your uniform and your glove and your shoes and leave. You could have forfeited every game that you ever played here for us." That was the end of my career at Hofstra. But while I was at Hofstra I also was in the ROTC (Reserve Officers Training Corps). I was in the ROTC for two years and I was called into the Colonel's Office one day and he said to me, "I can't understand what you want from this program. Your grades range anywhere from an A to an F."*

I was having trouble academically. I was in a fraternity. I had played baseball and I guess school just wasn't a priority. I knew I was in trouble so I left the ROTC thinking I could spend more time applying myself to studies and they

notified the draft board that I had quit the ROTC. That's how smart you are when you are nineteen or twenty years old. So I knew I was going to have to go for a physical and I knew I was going to have to do something to pick myself up and give myself time to think where what I might decide to do would be socially acceptable to society, to my mother, to my family, to my father, to my brother. I went to Freeport and I volunteered for the Draft. Well, my parents weren't happy. The Korean truce was signed in June of 1953. I was inducted and went into service in October 1953. I had two years of active service and later on seven years in the Reserve. I finished basic training at Fort Dix, They told me through testing that I had Code Aptitude. They sent me to Intermediate Speed Radio School for thirteen weeks at Fort Dix, I'm Close to home, I had a car, Class A Pass. What could be better?

At the end of the thirteen weeks you're supposed to be able to send and receive twenty words a minute. I was sending twenty-three words a minute and I couldn't get off receiving nineteen minutes and they were all encoded texts. If you missed a letter you couldn't substitute a letter to make a word because everything was in code. This went on for two weeks and they recycled me and five other fellows to the next class. The class I was in was re-assigned to was Fort Gordon, Georgia and Fort Bliss, Texas. The class that we were sent back to was the first time in two years that they had a levee from AFFE, (Armed Forces Far East). So I took German in High School, was exposed to German growing up and to Czech and I'm now going to the Far East. Big disadvantage, Worse, they tagged my epaulette as I got on the ship in Seattle and it says 'Korea'. What a smart thing I did when I was in college by leaving the ROTC. The government paid for my cruise (inaudible) to Yokohama, Unfortunately, there was a change in the assignment and they said to me that I would be staying in Japan with the "First Cavalry Division in Hokkaido". I arrived in Hokkaido in May, very close to Memorial Day and looking out of the back of the two and a half ton truck I saw snowflakes. You know a few years ago the Winter Olympics were held at Sapporo;

Japan, a beautiful City, but in the winter time? We lived in an old Japanese Army Base – in a Quonset hut. All the piping on that base was up in the air. Nothing was in the ground, which was yet another clue about winters in Hokkaido.

But anyway, I was lucky enough and I wanted to get away from this as well and I heard they had a baseball team. I wanted to check this out and sure enough but the problem was the baseball team was already selected. I had to wait another whole year to do anything with baseball. I did.

Bill came to Brentwood in 1964. While he was active in North Babylon with the Teachers Organization there were openings occurring in Guidance. He went to CW Post for Certification. He received Certification and he applied for a position in North Babylon and took interviews with all the Administrators that were involved that I knew and I didn't see any problem. The final choice was made to select a high school math teacher to take the Junior High Guidance Position. The Superintendent and the High School Principal in North Babylon were very friendly anyway they found a place for this math teacher in the high school in Junior High Guidance. It so happened that my neighbor in East Islip was Jerry Smith who was the Director of Guidance in Brentwood. When I didn't get the position in North Babylon he said, *"Bill, there are five openings in Brentwood for the coming semester, Please apply."* My interview was conducted by Tom Hastings. Also present was Leigh Stewart. I wasn't interviewed by Dr. Hoyt but as an aside I can tell you a story about Dr. Hoyt's sensitivity to personalities and people and education. He had a practice of traveling to as many schools as he could throughout the school year. There is one story that is corroborated when he was at South Junior High and he walked into the faculty room and apparently two of the teachers were business teachers and one saw Dr Hoyt approach and then come into the room and in shorthand wrote on a piece of paper, *"The Superintendent just walked into the cafeteria"*. So Dr. Hoyt is walking around smiling and saying hello to people knowing all along what the two ladies were up

*to, walked by looked at the paper, took out a pen and in shorthand writes, "Yes. I love shorthand as well." Something I recall admissions Counselors saying to me time and again while I was in Brentwood Guidance, "We always come back to Brentwood because your track record with us shows that your students are so well adjusted socially. The diversity and variety of cultures in Brentwood was really a strength because when people left Brentwood and traveled elsewhere throughout the United States there was never any question of the existence of the humility you should show for another human being. One of the things that I look back on too - I was at West Junior High and we usually worked seven through nine and then recycle seven through nine again. That year when I was finishing my ninth grade assignment there was an opening in the High School. So I moved to the Sonderling Building and moved along with the students I had been working with seventh through ninth grade. So I knew those students seventh through twelfth. I reflected on my own experience as a high school student to define my purpose as a guidance counselor. I wasn't too serious about it then. I wasn't as good a student as I could or should have been. "I said to myself these youngsters can't fool me because I've been down that road and it was a very good experience".*

*When I first came to Brentwood and because of my involvement with the Teachers Organization in North Babylon I knew of Jack Zuckerman and the Nick Siciliano contribution to the Union in Brentwood they were asking me to get involved but for one reason or another I never did. I was always as supportive of the organization as I possibly could be. At the time he retired he had served for thirty three years in public education. There were three reasons why I had to retire. (1) There was an incentive offered at the time to those individuals who were at least fifty-seven years of age. In 1989 I was invited to work as an Admissions Counselor at Dowling. In other words, I had a place to go. The incentive was there and I had an experience in my last senior year with a student who didn't graduate. All year long we went over sequences, courses required for graduation, courses mandated for graduation, art and science, had to be completed. I recycled back to the tenth grade center at the time, I get a telephone call in the fall saying that I have parents here with a young man who went to summer school but didn't earn*

*a diploma and we were wondering why. I went back to the High School and met with the parents and the young man but before I did that I went to the Summer School offices and met with Marty Efron and said "Marty this young man was given registration forms to register for summer school and I wrote down three courses, three choices, Marty gave me copies of what I had written and signed and we saw that one of the courses was crossed out. Marty gave me copies of a Biology Class roster and a Chemistry Class so that the student could not say to me That the class was filled and there was no room for me to into those classes. The Guidance Director said, "Would you like to come back and take one course in day school in the fall?" and the student said "No", "One course at night school? and the student said "No". And Jerry Cohen looked at me and said, "How about Suffolk Community College"? I reached for the phone and called Kathy Reiella. She could tell by the urgency in my voice that I had a problem or that the student had a problem and had put me in the middle of it. I said I'm with the student and the parents now. She said to me, ""When can they come see me"? and I said "right now", and she said "Fine!" He went and took his course. We gave him his diploma because he satisfied the requirements and (3) I never wanted to go through that again.*

My beginning salary in North Babylon was forty-four hundred dollars a year and I was given a two hundred dollar bonus because I was a Korean Veteran. I spend most of my time since I retired at Dowling and that was a very rewarding experience. One of the things I wanted to say about that and I often thought about doing it and never did. I wanted to write a letter to Gary Mintz. I worked there for four years with students from all over Long Island, New York, the United States and foreign countries, and when I sat and talked with students and asked them what they thought about their Counselor, and they would say What Counselor? I didn't see one. Here at Brentwood we have a Policy. You must see every student in your caseload a minimum of three times a year.

Incidentally, that US Office of Education film, *“Challenge of Change”* produced here in Brentwood in the early sixties foreshadowed the changes that were occurring in Guidance Departments all across the United States but they happened first right here in this community and were due in part to the work of Jack Finan and Jerry Smith. Jerry Smith was an Assistant Superintendent who spoke for Dr. Eugene Hoyt and Jack Finan was District Coordinator of Federal Projects who obtained thousands of federal and state dollars to fund innovations in Curriculum and Guidance reforms implemented first here. “We had in the Ross Building I recall, a black tie affair and debut showing a film made here in Brentwood, with Martin Sheen and some of our own Counselors Dr. Helen Smith was here and Millie Singleton, Frank McDonough. We had people coming to Brentwood to sit in on workshops. The Guidance Department on every Monday would have a workshop from two until four and each of the counselors was asked to make a presentation on a particular area of interest ie, dropouts which were a serious issue for the community at that time.

Periodically over time Brentwood has become the focus of educators from all over the United States as the attention of public educators has become laser focused upon events unfolding in this unusual school district. Many things indeed have happened here first both good and bad. We had the incident that occurred at East Junior High School and that was one of the more terrible things that happened that foreshadowed the tragedies happening in schools throughout the United States. And then there was the Maslow-Toffler School experience which we might want to comment upon. He interjected, *“I really enjoyed the Maslow Toffler experience. They invited us over to the Village School, second and third floor, after they had invited us to stop by and look at the program and I’ve since maintained a relationship with Conrad Follansbee, the Principal of the school at that time with whom I exchange Christmas Cards and that sort of thing. One of the things that really made me nervous about Maslow-Toffler, I don’t really know what was in her mind at that specific moment but Lil Thompson, God rest her soul, had directed her comment to an MT student who was then seated on the sill of a second story open classroom window that lacked a protective window guard to*

*insure students safety, when she was heard to exclaim, "Excuse me, young man but I'd feel an awful lot better if you could just move a little bit off that window sill to put yourself more safely out of harm's way. I think it would put all of us at ease if you would kindly do that."*

*And the other thing that changed and it was a wonderful experience but, the hard part for me as a Counselor was to send transcripts and recommendations when I didn't have a summary of the nature and function and purpose of Maslow-Toffler to forward to colleges until I ultimately did and was able to provide that important background to universities and institutions of higher learning. In all fairness and in the interest of full disclosure it must be said that attempts to disseminate information of that nature had been a priority since before the school had opened its doors. However, overcoming resistance to new and different institutional ideas takes time and comes in many forms. There's an old saying "you can lead a horse to water, etc." or similarly, "There are none so blind as those who will not see." The very reason for extending invitations from Village School to teachers from the high school was to experience interactions between students and staff on location in the fourth year of its existence and underscores the difficulty in revealing its dynamics of change taking place where there are no rules, only simple guidelines, albeit minimally suggested avoidance behaviors.*

*When I was in Japan I served with a Japanese POW, a man who at that time when I met him was forty-four years old. He was a Graduate of Purdue. He was drafted into the service. He was captured on Corregidor and wound up after spending three years in Japan working in a copper mine. I will never forget the time in a military club in Japan when having had a few toddies on a Friday night and the Post Commander came in. Now "Pop" had been in the service and had service cash marks corresponding to years of service and combat on his sleeve, no stripes, one ribbon. The Brigadier General walks up to this table to "Pop" Ustead, pointing says to him, "Where did you get that, Soldier?" Pop had had a few toddies. He stood up, rigid, threw a salute and said, "April 12, 1942, Corregidor Sir", and the General walked away.*

But those experiences overseas and in different cultures and growing up, I have never been without going to a school since I was five years old. I asked Bill, having done what he's done having seen what you've seen, what was he most proud of? A better way to ask perhaps might have been to enquire about a personal accomplishment for which he felt most proud. His response was telling. *"Well it wasn't really any of my doing but I had one student and this was back in 1976, who ranked first in his class, had a 97 average, scored an 800 Math on the SAT, 720 Verbal and on the Achievement Tests on Physics and Chemistry 800. His brother went to Harvard, wasn't being given any financial consideration, I got a telephone call one day from a representative from Harvard saying, "I want to see this young man, and no one else". She came to school one day. He happened to be on a field trip. He came back and she said, "Would you please have him call me at home? I said, "Would you please do this lady a courtesy"? He did. And two or three days later, a representative from Duke came in and I always carry a transcript in my pocket. "I was so proud of this. I said to this representative, "Would you care to look at this transcript? And he said, "Where is this young man? "And I said, "Well I can call him out of class" That weekend they flew him to Duke – Raleigh Durham, Spent the weekend. Gave him a full (inaudible) scholarship. He went on to Stanford; has a PhD and is teaching at Cornell. And who would that be? Kenneth (inaudible).*

There is one more story I'd like to leave with you. This young man came to North Junior High as a 7<sup>th</sup> Grader without speaking a word of English. It was Marty Hochheister who put me in touch with him. This person came seventh, eighth and ninth. This person would come to me in the tenth Grade and say to me, *"Why can't I take Chemistry like the other students? "Are you putting me in the right Math Class"? He came to me in the Junior year and the Senior year and said, "Why can't I take Trigonometry and Calculus together? This young person drove people in the Science Department crazy. Cornell had a program established by Spanish Engineers for minority students. This person – it was a SUNY Program*



– he was ticketed to go into Cornell and was accepted into the program, he missed the train connection at Penn Station that the bus connection Cornell had. This young man takes a Greyhound to Cornell comes back. He goes to Suffolk Community College in the Honors Program and he later went to Stony Brook. There were times when his car broke down and he would be on the L.I. Expressway, hitchhiking to StonyBrook.

As we approached the end of our limited time together I was desperately trying to squeeze in a few of the additional subjects I wanted to leave time for. One of those which so far we had evaded was Bill's recent fight for life in which we believed he had defeated cancer. He responded openly and true to character with the following account.

*"In 1957 in the Spring I knew I had a problem. I went to a Radiologist-Oncologist in Bay Shore and they said to me we're talking about a problem here that is not months. I said "In anticipation of what you've just said to me, I've already made arrangements." And they looked at me and they said, "Where"? and with whom? And I said, Sloan Kettering, and couldn't think of the doctor's last name but I knew his first name was "Jenkin" and both physicians looked at each other and smiled because they knew this man's reputation. Aram Athanasian's son is a neurosurgeon and he networked an interview for me with this surgeon. My internist went to Medical School with this fellow. He called. I saw this man in a week. He told me exactly what was going to happen how long the operation would take and pinpointed exactly what he was going to do, and he did this – he had a caricature on an eight and a half by eleven sheet of paper of the head and neck and said this is where we're going to go this is how we're going to do it and the procedure will take an hour and a half and he gave me all kinds of exercises to do at home and I saw him regularly to check up and now I don't go back maybe once a year. The operation was in July of 1997".*

As we shook hands I told Bill Heran what an absolute honor and pleasure it had been to listen to the story of his marvelous life experience and his thirty-three year professional Counseling Career in Brentwood. I honestly communicated that I would never adequately be able to thank him sufficiently for his generosity of time and his attention to the personal and professional details he so candidly shared as for the last time, we said goodbye.