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A friend and former colleague Frank Carnese, is known as having come just about as close to becoming an institution in Brentwood as one can possibly get. Our first question might not otherwise have been so easily answered had he and his wife Loretta, not so recently returned from a sojourn to Italy, where with two close friends they visited a little town in Sicily, he pronounced *Metsiozo*. He said it had been the birthplace of his father. We inquired *“How much do you actually know about your family origins or the history of the Carnese name?”*

He must have been pleased to get the question because the next thing we knew, we were learning a great deal. *“Funny you should ask”,* he said as he told us about their experience. *“We had planned a vacation in Sicily to include a stopover in the little town of Metsiozo which I learned was the site of origin of my father whose last name was spelled Carnesi. Then for reasons unknown it was changed when he came to America. At first when they arrived in the little town they were greeted coolly by the locals and were really ready to leave when Loretta spotted a municipal building. They entered the building and because she spoke Italian she indicated that this had been the town of her husband’s ancestry. At that point people began to stream out of all the offices. They met the Mayor of the town who asked, ‘What is your name’? Frank said it was originally ‘Carnesi’ but was changed when the family came to the USA.”* He said, *“Carnesi, why we have Carnesi’s who work in this building. Within five minutes they not only had a sense of the derivation of the family tree but had met Vita Carnesi, his cousin. He’d never met her before and didn’t even know that that group of cousins existed. With tears in her eyes, he met the cousin he didn’t even know.*

It was emotional to say the least. They then spent some time walking in the hills and down into the valleys of the town where his ancestors originated. It was a seminal moment his life, to return and be in the actual area from which his father's side of the family had come.

His mom came from another small town in Italy, near Benevento where they'd already visited. He had now been to both towns of his mother's and his father's ancestors.

His father was a second or third generation American. His family had settled and remained in the Connecticut area for ages. His mother's father and mother were both born in Italy and came to the U.S. at very young ages; thirteen and fourteen. I asked when the family started to call him by the name Frank, and he asked me, "Have you been talking to my mother"? I told him, "No. Not yet" He laughed and continued. "When I grew up, following along the lines of the Johnny Cash song, "A Girl Named Sue", my mom did not want me called Frank, because she didn't want two Frank's in the family, since I was a Jr." So, my name became Fran, which became Frannie. That wasn't an easy name to grow up with until Fran Tarkington immersed it was quite a burden to have to deal with it because every new kid that came into class would have me wondering whether he was going to beat me up or I was going to have to beat him up depending upon the size of the individual. Then there was Francis the talking horse and Frannie being a girl's name. It was not until Mr. Tarkington appeared that everything changed. I used to say prayers to him at night."

Frank's father was one of three brothers, the oldest of whom is still alive. That was his uncle Fred who was also Frank's godfather. He lives in Oregon. Frank has a whole cadre of first cousins in Oregon. There's Greg, Rosemarie and Theresa and her family. It's an extended West Coast Family. He has a really good friend Rich who was married to his Cousin Rosie. That whole side of the family is out on the West Coast. His Uncle Andy (his father's brother), was a person he was very close to for his entire life. He passed away the same day that Frank's father did. Upon hearing the news of his brother's death, his uncle died suddenly. There was a dual burial. As you might imagine it was a very tough service.

His mom is from a very large family. She had four sisters and three brothers. Frank still has a number of uncles and aunts that are very much alive and well; his Aunt Elanda, Aunt Sylvia, his Aunt Louise who passed away, he has an Uncle Mrico and just recently lost his Uncles Al and Ernie. His large family is spread out all over the New York metropolitan area. Frank happens to be the oldest of four children in his family. He has three younger sisters the eldest, being his sister Elvira who is in business in the Washington D.C. Virginia area and has a daughter (Frank's niece), Laura who is married to Don, a wonderful fellow. They have two girls, one of whom Frank is godparent to, and his sister Carol, who lives upstate New York and has four children. They are all in various stages of entering the business world or in college or high school. His sister Natalie lives with their mom upstate New York. She's been involved with the business of horses all her life. She's trained and driven horses and is certified as a muscular therapist for equine therapy and is very involved in that venture too. The theory is just as any athlete a horse will perform best when the muscles are not knotted and they are in prime condition. After all, we would never let an athlete who is a half-back or a tight end go out on the field with a pulled muscle but we would send a race horse out to trot not being in the best of shape. His sister can spot that because she's got the hands to manipulate the area and put the horse in a much better position to be at their best. It's an interesting line of work that she's been involved in.

Importantly, his mother was one of the strongest influences in Frank's life and choice of career because she was state certified and had been a Special Education Teacher in New York City for many years. Obviously, many of the techniques and ways she had with the kids and the way she "*was always the teacher with us*" making rainy days into an interesting event whether it was learning to make beads out of macaroni or having them find special words in the newspaper, she was always the teacher and very much an inspiration in that she had dedicated her life to working with so many of the children that were in some cases "*street urchins*" from the streets of New York.

She worked in Jamaica and Flushing, Queens and at one point after his mother and dad and sister moved upstate, she was teaching in some of the local residential (therapeutic) schools that are New York City Schools but are located upstate and teaching in that kind of venue. Following that she retired. His mother continued to substitute teach well into her seventies being called into her local school district. She's a multi-talented woman who spoke many languages. She's

really amazing. If someone was trying to speak to her in Latin they would get quite an earful back. She could read, write and speak, Latin, Italian, get by in Spanish was fluent in French and was overall a tremendous source of educational knowledge as was his dad. He was very much a self made man and an entrepreneur. He had his own business for years. Originally he was involved in sales of electro-dynamic computer type programs before there were PC's. Eventually he found another vocation he truly loved. It was floral supply; growing and raising exotic plants that he sold to various folks on Long Island; which believe it or not, was a tie-in to that part of the story of how they came to Brentwood.

At that time they were living in Roslyn. Frank was in the process of graduating from Niagara University in the Spring of 1966, was engaged to be married and had a job he'd applied for, interviewed for and already given to him in Plainfield, New Jersey. His engagement at the end of their college years was a kind of mutual parting of the ways. He was helping his dad deliver some flowers to Towers Flowers in Brentwood off Washington Avenue, where there was a gentleman ordering a bouquet for his wife's birthday. Mr. Towers knew Frank and liked him a lot. He turned to the gentleman and said, *"Ray, if you had a brain in your head this is the guy you should hook because you could steal him from where he's already got a contract. This person turned around and said, "What's your field?", and Frank said, "English", and he said, "Really"?" "How committed are you to this other place? ".Frank said, "I just signed a pre-agreement letter" He asked his father if he had anything else to do and was told, "Yes. I have these other deliveries to make". So Frank said to 'Ray', "Well, why don't I come with you". That person was Ray Fornier. He took Frank with him to East Junior High School where he sat at a table with three gentlemen, Ed Murphy, George Pitman and Tom Martello. They interviewed Frank for fifteen minutes when Ed Murphy said "Would you be interested in doing things like Yearbook, Directing Drama Group and starting a Literary Magazine"? He said, "Yes" but feeling there was a certain line of questioning about to come next Frank interrupted and blurted out, "In case you're going to ask me about discipline issues, let me tell you this right now, I don't have discipline problems in my class. I handled the toughest kids that Gaskell Junior High School could offer and the average man in that school was 17 years of age in the eighth grade. Most of the young ladies that were placed there by the courts and I've dealt with some really tough situations and I can assure you, I don't have discipline problems." They took him upstairs and walked into a classroom with Mr. Murphy and Mr. Pittman, to Room 221 where Mr. Murphy*

had put his name on the board. He turned to me and said, "See this piece of chalk? He said "yep". "Do you want it"? It's yours if you do and so is the job and so is the room. "Frank said, "Okay". It was April 1966. He was 21 years of age. He turned 22 on May 22nd. Graduated from Niagara University and the contract offered him was for \$5,300, more money than he had ever seen. He was able to give money to his mom and dad, buy a car, pay off his debt, get clothes and then he told his dad he was going to be working in Brentwood. They were ecstatic! That was because the original plan had him leaving and not living at home. In an Italian home getting out of college doesn't mean anything but returning home, which he did for a couple of years. They knew that the area he had selected was a tough, tough, area. Not to say that Brentwood didn't have its' reputation even then, but Plainfield N.J., was really a tough area. That's what he had looked for. He wanted kids who were looking for what he had experienced at Gaskell, a population that was needy and ethnically mixed in its racial background. Well he found it, and it found him.

I asked Frank to speak about his wife Loretta and the family. He alluded once again to the role that destiny had played in his life. He had started as an English teacher in 1966, 1967, and 1968. Ed Murphy and Tom Marcello had come to him and said, *"You're here working incredible hours. You're out in the community working with families and we're now going to have an opening in the Guidance Area. You'll have to get a Masters Degree and we'll want you to get yours in Guidance"*. "Fine," he said. He did that and as we were able to in those days, when you were not totally certified but on your way to becoming certified they could hire you. In the summer of 1968 Mr. Pittman came to Frank and said *"I'm going to take you out of the classroom and hire you as a Guidance Counselor. I want you in my Guidance Office"*.

So that's how he began his career as a Guidance Counselor at East. Several years later, 1969-1970 he had a young lady in his caseload who proved to be a handful. He asked his Secretary to make an appointment with the Social Worker from Suffolk County responsible for her oversight and two days later he met Loretta, who was the Social Worker in that case, and it was from that day on that they were interested in each other. The following June they were married. It was Kismet.

His family now includes, “*one of the most precious gifts*” God has given him, his son Adam. He is a joy and has been Frank said, one of the most wonderful presents a father could get. “*He’s presently employed in NYC by K & E one of the largest of Law firms and is an Operations Manager.* He’s not an attorney, but lives on his own in NYC and happily involved in enjoying its cultural activities. He’s a great kid, everything you could ask for. Loretta is at home where more recently they’ve added an addition in the form of two, two and a half year old labs, twin brothers who keep them very, busy. -Tawney and Thunder are a handful but give them great fun.

As he scanned the generations of his own family with respect to commonality of interests, talent, abilities and a passion for doin’ stuff he effortlessly pointed to themes like the knowledge of foreign languages, people skills, world travel, communications, empathy, theatre, performing arts, including music and opera, leadership, an enjoyment of literature, planning and problem solving.

His family moved from Brooklyn where he was born, to Jackson Heights Queens, where two of his sisters were born, and then to Roslyn in Nassau County on Long Island where he grew up and from which his earliest childhood memories are retained. His world consisted of a square block bounded by 93rd Street and 94th Street, 35th Ave and Queens Boulevard and all of the houses and apartment buildings within. They weren’t allowed to cross the street unless they were watched by his mom from the 4th floor apartment window across from the Blessed Sacrament Church. The school and the church were across the street where they were allowed to play and ‘*hang out*’ within that block, until middle of third grade. That was their entire world. It was a programmed existence they all shared. There was a time of the year for marbles. if it was bottle tops it was bottle tops, if it was ring-a-levio it was ring-a-levio or whatever the game or the issue was they were involved in at that time of the year, trading baseball cards or flipping cards, whatever it was. He remembers clearly the joy with which they watched new cement being poured on the one part of the block that had a hill on it. That meant that roller skating would soon take place on fresh concrete. Those kind of really warm memories of relatives; Aunt Lavinia and Uncle Joe coming to visit during a wonderful, joyous childhood. His grandmother would come because they only lived about six blocks away on 89th Street. Sometimes on a Sunday afternoon there would be an impromptu gathering for a traditional Sunday, of

Church, before a meal, lasting six or eight hours. It was not uncommon for the apartment to be filled with relatives who would just show up with a box of canolis and Italian pastry. It was typical for 20 to 25 people to be in that apartment with the men outside or up on the roof smoking cigars; those incredibly horrible wrinkled DeNoblie's that stunk like heck, and ice cream and all kinds of treats and good weather and ices from a local vendor and all sorts of sweet memories.

He intuited that it had always been his mom and dad who wanted him to go into education. One of the things that was constant in their lives was the stability of his mom's income from teaching and the high's and low's of his dad's entrepreneurial effort; the finest cuts of steaks on the table one year with four cars in the driveway and incredible successes could easily result in the legs being cut out from under the business – which happened. There were times when life was incredibly “tight”, to put it mildly. Frank had many memories of those times too. He remembered thinking about the enduring balancing act of what you get out of what you give to teaching with the return of stability from education as a career. That was definitely an influence in his own life.

Growing up it was never okay for him not to work. He remembers himself doing jobs in the neighborhood and having regular customers, whose lawns he did or houses in which he worked. He had the responsibility of an extensive paper route, for the Long Island Press where he worked with a Manager and Assistant Manager. It wasn't that he was industrious as a kid. It was more like he said, *“We needed the money and I needed the money”*.

He'd also been exposed very early to being successful as a fisherman. At a picnic in Casina Park in Queens his dad provided him with a ball of kite string, a balled up piece of bread from the inside of an Italian loaf of bread, either a bent pin or a hook and the next thing he knew there was on the grass this very large karp as if his dad had been responsible for all his feelings of accompanying success that 'his' catch provided. Very early on he therefore was very interested in fishing, a pastime in which he is deeply involved today. He is currently President of the New York Sport Fishing Federation of Long Island and families. He is proud to be the founder of one of their most successful ventures which is the Teach a Kid to Fish Program. They take individual youngsters through a program of 5 or 6 stations during which they learn (1) boating safety,(2) fish identification, (3) conservation methods, (4) hook safety. When they complete the program they

received a Certificate, a lot of supplies and a trip on which they can go with a parent. It fosters family unity, something with which he has been involved for his entire life. It puts mom and dad and the child in a place with a common interest. This program is now receiving a lot of attention, even national attention, because they have put over 4,500 kids through this program over five years and it's wonderful. The Suffolk representative for this program lives in Brentwood; that's Richie Salvatore, who was this year's Man of the Year. There is a whole Cadre of volunteers from the Federation who have learned just how rewarding it can be not just to be a fisherman but also to teach children.

Besides Franks interest in fishing he has also been interested in Theater. When he first came to Brentwood he was the Director of several productions including the very memorable one 'Auntie Mame'. They had 162 students involved in that production 'The Miracle Worker' was another one. He had some magnificent times with kids in the theater too.

He claims to have always survived with little sleep because of his high energy level. Four or 4½ hours of sleep, maybe 5 hrs of sleep is fine. He is usually up until 12:30 or 1 am and starting his day by 5:30 – 5:45 in the morning. The biggest difference between him and Loretta is the way each of them greets each day. He is a phenomenal morning person and literally rises with a song, often but not always of the do-wop variety. She on the other hand is usually begging him to *"please stop your singing"*. She is definitely a two cup of coffee person when she wakes up and he is the one who is pre-wired and ready to go.

Though the fall provides an abundance of fish types here on the Island for Frank, he confesses a particular fondness for summers. He and his wife purchased their first home before they were married as an investment opportunity on the water of the South Shore where he keeps a boat in back of the house. One of the best pieces of advice he received from his father was, *"Don't rent. Buy a house on the water if that's what you want"*. He did that, sold it and they did well, enabling them to purchase the home they are living in today.

There were at least two teachers in his life that stand out for him. The first was a male teacher from Chaminade High School in Mineola whose name was Pat Dafford. He was a social studies teacher and guidance counselor. Chaminade proved to be a difficult challenge. It proved difficult in many ways because of the

academics, although prior to High School he had attended St Mary's in Roslyn which provided an excellent education. But for those unfamiliar with what was expected at Chaminade anyone attending in the fifties and sixties would graduate with almost 40 high school credits. If you put in almost two and a half to three hours of written homework per night you better put in another two and a half to three hours to survive. Twenty-eight thousand boys applied to Chaminade High School and they accepted about 350. You were down to 2 or 3 or 4 hundred within a couple of months due to the competition. Marianists were his teachers; it was a very tough row to hoe, but he did well in English classes. He loved any of the ones oriented toward foreign languages and literature. He struggled with math classes because of the level of difficulty and honestly that was not for him because he was a reader and would finish reading five or six books a week. Math was not his thing and had never been.

Pat Stafford was an inspirational teacher. The quality that made him a good teacher was one that Frank tried to incorporate into his own style later on. If one student in Mr. Stafford's class didn't understand what he had just said, it was a requirement in his class that you raise your hand and say, "*Mr. Stafford, I don't understand*". He said to them, "*if one of you don't get it you can be assured that there is someone else sitting here that also doesn't get it. Your responsibility is to tell me and I will explain it again until everyone understands it.*"

The class moved at a rapid pace but it was always with a sense as a student that you knew what you knew and you knew what you didn't know. In his class there were no mysteries because when a test came up, if you studied the material, you did well. There was a real sense of reward with that kind of system.

The other individual was Bill Church. Bill Church was Frank's cooperating teacher and if God ever intended Frank to become a teacher it was because he ended up in Bill's classroom. To say that the population he had was tough was an understatement. One of the first things that happened to him after he had taken over this classroom was when he was in the midst of putting something on the board, a throwing knife ended up in the cork board. He turned around and took the knife out of the cork board and walked down the row to the one student in the classroom that was not being looked at, put it on his desk and said, "*I think you dropped something.*" That student and he became fast friends because he knew that Frank had met the challenge and responded to it correctly. That

student was, what today in a much more formalized way might be recognized as the leader – of the gang, and once he had challenged the teacher and the teacher responded appropriately, that was all there was to it. It was a great experience to have had before coming to Brentwood, where the memory of it served him well.

He arrived in the mid sixties. I asked Frank to tell us the names of some of the people he met and worked with back then. He spoke first about George Pittman who had, he said, a philosophy that might be explained this way, “He intended to train his people to become the very best of the best. For the most part, those people he chose to work in his building were almost to an individual people who had come to Brentwood right out of college. Going to the senior high school on orientation day was kind of awesome because he didn’t weigh the 121 lbs he did then and looked at a huge number of folks right out of college who were the veterans. There were staff members that are still in the District, with whom he made friends and are still his friends thirty-three years later. Tommy Martin was a social studies teacher who was in Brentwood for a few years and then went to Walt Whitman as a guidance counselor. There were brothers that he didn’t have; people who were inspirational to him and that he shared a great deal of professional time with namely, Richard Huttner, Gail Inzarelo, Helene Jarmaul, folks that were great teachers and people who cared about kids. There were a lot of us who lost friends along the way because they moved on or passed on.

After the first three years George Pitman moved on and subsequently came back to be sent to West as the history of Brentwood will confirm. Tom Marcello was there and Steve Howland became the Principal of the building. I worked for Steve Howland as a guidance counselor and was a guidance counselor for him for a couple of years. In 1974 I was hired as an Assistant Principal by Mr. DiPietro, assigned to the Seventh Grade Center with John Galaris and Chuck Puleo as Principal. I was there for several years and then moved back to East at Mr. Howland’s request to be the Assistant Principal. I spent quite a few years as the Principal in charge of Curriculum and instruction at East which was really a joy; I did no discipline, not that I couldn’t but I’d sunk my teeth into – if I could be so bold as to say – helping teachers to become the best teachers that they could be. The luxury was being able to say to a Joan Thorpe (Joan Hayden) Thorpe, one of our dear departed retired ex. United States Marine friends, “*Frank, I want to work through this unit on symbolism and the animal world. Could you come in*”? I said, “Sure, what period”? “5th Period. “How many weeks? “OK, I’ll come in for two

weeks". I had the luxury to be there for a week to plan with her, work through the entire unit, teach with her for two weeks be involved in the actual process to be able to do things like we're doing here; tape lessons, bring somebody else in, set it up so that two teachers could share in the lesson. Frank's job description was curriculum and instruction. The whole functioning of Rm. 116 and the disciplinary process was handled by folks like Joe Silva and Mark Niezawitz along the way so that Steve Howland's concept was upheld. He didn't want it tainted. He wanted his Assistant Principles of Curriculum Instruction to be ordering supplies, ordering materials, working with the staff, doing all of the observations, being involved with hiring and unfortunately the firing process and assured that the entire instructional processes within the school were handled by one person. It was a wonderful place to be in many ways. Steve's faith in him included *"OK, You do it. Let me know. Keep me informed. Insure that there's a sense of communication but let me know about it. That would include, you know, involvement with projects like team teaching, block teaching, group work and higher order thinking skills. Plus, at East we developed a tightly knit professional family. It was the family away from a primary family and in so many cases, it's still there.*

Frank had always been a loyal and staunch supporter of the Brentwood Teachers Association. Right from the very beginning he had been a Building Representative and shortly became a member of the Executive Board, for two or three years Grievance Chairman, a Negotiator for a couple of years with Jack Zuckerman and Maddy Dwyer and Tom Brush. When he became an Administrator he was asked to continue sharing his ability to help out in that venue within the structure of BPSO (Brentwood Principals and Supervisors Organization) and he became the President of BPSO for a couple of years and hoped that whatever he was able to do was influential there. He was very active within all the professional organizations. He was elected to be Suffolk County representative to the School Administrators Association of New York State as a Director and served Feeney for what he thought was eight or nine years .

There are very few people who influenced a community the way Mr. DiPietro did. He had one of those personalities, personas and intelligences that are legendary. He was a motivator, he was a thinker and a planner. I think he was one of the first people in his life about which realized - You know something? *"He mentioned something about this three years ago, now you wouldn't see it, you would not see the capacity of this man to make things happen in the future*

that...he really had a sense of foresight and he really cared about the staff and the kids in a very, important way. He was so significant to all of us here in Brentwood. It would have been blatantly absurd not to have included him in this account. I'm certain that when we look back at the careers of people like him and Mr. Black and other individuals, how could you possibly leave them out? The role he played for example on structuring that teacher's contract. Frank remembered working with him on the professional growth section of that contract. Even though Guy was against it when it was first presented to him and Frank fought for it, but saw in it the ability for our staff to be able to attend conferences. Guy looked with him at the kinds of changes that were occurring within the educational community not just here in Brentwood but throughout the United States, and when he made that presentation to Guy and Guy listened and heard the logic of it he said, "There isn't any question of it. We're going to create a fund. We want our Administrators to go out there and to become knowledgeable. It was that kind of foresight and an ability to move off the dime if you will, that marked him as a leader and a visionary.

There came a moment in time when there were members of the community who were not educators or at all interested in education and took control of the School Board and managed somehow to gain control for a short period of time. Those people like Tony Felicio, who had the best interests of the Community at heart, fortunately regained control of the decision making processes. Those were tough times. Those people were out. They did some damage only because they had other agendas.

Frank's, definition of union always had at its core "Care Protection" and he didn't believe that that definition had changed very much."The histrionics may change and the venue might change in which the histrionics take place, and they may be more or less visible, but they were there then. They just had a different way of being in process. I think there have been individuals in Brentwood who have dedicated their lives to insuring the fact that the union did the best for its teachers and administrators. We've had a succession of strong and caring leadership in this District from Administration right straight through the union that has been expressed in this way; you might not like the individual, you might not like some of the things the individual does at times, but you'd have to stand back from the thirty years that he'd been here and say, in other Districts these men and women would have been incredibly influential people and that's why

there was such loyal representation for years. Jack Zuckerman, Guy DiPietro, all the different people that were involved representing all the different unions were very significant people.

Brentwood we'll certainly agree is often a place where good things happen – first. We'd most surely agree that not all the things that happen here first are good. Bad things have been known to happen here first - too Therefore, I'd be remiss, if we didn't speak of your memory of events and your take away from that May 16, 1983 day that ended with the senseless, tragic death of a young man from Brentwood, Bobby Wicks. Like you, I was present on that day at East Junior High School where I'd been assigned in that year to teach Social Studies. I remember it as the single most life altering *bad* day.... of my life up to that point.

Frank took a few moments to gather his thoughts. When ready, he began. *"I have learned that in my lifetime for whatever reason, or manifest destiny or whatever it is that we might call it, if God has asked me to be there, He has asked me to be there. Who expected that on a day where I'm working on my budgets at my desk at 11 o'clock in the morning to spend the next 12 to 15 hours with a gun to my forehead, at the other end of which is someone who is fading in and out of reality and who kept playing with the trigger. You say to yourself, this is not what I planned on for lunch today. Frank said "I remember with clarity the expressions on the faces of the police officers who were trapped in the hallway when he (Bobby) had unfortunately lost his mind and crossed the line of being able to be in the real world to the horrible world of pain that he was in. On several occasions he had caught one officer that I knew personally who had responded to the school and he'd caught him in the middle of the hallway and he had him dead to rights in his sights ten feet away, the gun trained right at his head and I stepped between the gun and the officer and I said, "No more killing. No more shooting" and escorted the officer into the classroom that he was trying to get into." That happened twice where I had to stand between a police officer and him (Bobby Wicks), because he had been trapped and was trying to sneak out because he'd been in a different location. There were the expressions on the kids faces having watched their classmates shot...twice - once in the hand and once in the abdomen and knowing that they were being held hostage, the helicopters that originally came by and you know the rest of it and then or course, there was the tragedy of Bob taking his own life.*

I think that one of the things I look back on and understand to some degree, I was at the time taken aback by. That was the reaction by the District of trying to make it all go away. How do you make believe this didn't happen? How do you overnight try to return to "normal"? How do you do that? How do you not say to the press that Frank Carnese was in this room? How do you make believe that Steve Howland hadn't been shot? That kind of stunned me. We could almost understand it better as a gross denial of the abject horror of the experience and in hindsight to predict the need for a traumatic intervention for all. But the entirety of the United States had to learn from the experience in Brentwood. It would become far worse for children elsewhere. Frank looks now in the rear view mirror of history and is aware of the epidemic of violence that followed from coast to coast. He's flat out scared by statements in the press following each and every event that says there were 'no signs.' Was it really that? Or was it that no one was paying attention? He says, "We must become much more attuned to pay attention to what our students are telling us...much more attuned to the personal response, because it's only the word of encouragement, the recognition by first name, the ability and willingness for someone to say, "I do have time", or "I don't have time but I will make time", Frank said, "Here's what I'm afraid of (and I say this with a real sense of approbation and a sense of fear.) I think that the new standards really are important and I think we have to know about that with the same diligence that those same students that have the ability are there but to not provide an alternative for those students who legitimately can't is a dangerous thing. It is a predictable entity to be able to say that in spite of their best efforts there are going to be students who are not going to pass, never can pass a six hour, two day English exam. Those students are going to be doomed to be non-graduates. If we are experiencing in our country today a sense of frustration levels to which students are responding with a sense of violence now, what are they going to do when they have spent 12 or 13 or 14 years trying to get a degree and then they find out that they will always be second class citizens, they'll never have great jobs, never go to college and they're never going to graduate when no one has ever said to them "Ok" you're not going to make it but we want you to know that your ability to become a carpenter, or someone who is in charge of the recreational facility In this community and you can work with young kids in this capacity, you're going to be able to become an entrepreneur. You are as a young woman going to be able to pursue a career in nursing, ok, you're not going to be an RN but you are going to be a PN. We're going to put you in a place where we're going to help you, we're going to test you, we're going to encourage you, we're

going to find a way for you to become successful in some other means or fashion and that's not in place now and no one is talking about the effects and we're talking about gangs taking over? We're talking about a country in which gangs in urban, suburban and rural areas are taking over. We're talking about 12 and 13 year olds blowing teachers away. What are we going to do with these young men and women who in some cases have no family, no support system at home, and the only support system out there is a world filled with violence and drugs and gang activity and as a non graduate someone who is not predictably going to become one of the 'elite' what else does that person do? I'm fearful of that for us in the future.

Without a doubt, the fact that repetitively throughout the years there have been students who have come back and said to me "you have been able to influence my life because you believed in me". Now that may have been as an Administrator, that may have been as an English teacher when I taught with Marilyn Flamberg Our class every day was filled with kids who were only capable of seeing themselves with limited potential and many kids do. The thing that comes back and is most enriching to me is that I at the tender age of 54 still have lifelong friends who were students of mine back in my very first classes. We spent the weekend with a young lady who spent the weekend with Loretta and I, Suzanne Cassallo, who is a graduate of Brentwood High School, star of stage and screen, went back to school and got her own degree in Social Work and students who are involved in different kinds of life's work, Jim Doherty is an auctioneer here on Long Island, a whole cadre of them that I have had as lifelong friends. The ability of these people to say, "This is the person who helped me to become the best person that I could be and then you could also say—"Mission accomplished."

His last assignment was in Ross Building as Assistant Principle to Tom O'Brian. "The appointment to Assistant Principal in the HS has truly given me the ability to stretch my leadership abilities, to have my own building and (I hope) influence the staff and students of the District in a positive way, to commit to themselves to be more peaceful, to insure the fact that some of the policies that we've talked about and installed here are effective, including no violence, including the fact that you are required to come to school on time for the first period class, you don't interrupt that educational process, to work with this incredible staff of Administrators; Mark Fink, Gail Swenson, Bill Condon, Cecil Harrishberg, Mary Ann LaBrizzi, just a great staff of Administrators and to have

worked with all of the Administrators has just been terrific. The Ross Center staff, if I leave a legacy of any kind, they are caring and dedicated teachers, absolutely wonderful people and I wish them every opportunity to continue that legacy in the future.

The year 1999 was the year of his re-direction. I asked Frank, if there was anything in his immediate purview that he wished to accomplish going forward as he closes the book on this, the most recent chapter of his professional life here. He responded thusly: "The gift that I want to share is my ability to communicate with other individuals the capacity for them to make changes in their lives and to become the best that they can be.

"If I have the ability to do that as a public speaker, I plan on pursuing that potential, whether it's through workshops or seminars or in the business world or in the educational field, that's what I'd like to be able to do. I think it's a unique combination. He admitted to being a therapist, a psychiatric social worker, since 1985. Prior to that he had a family practice since 1968, a very viable and incredibly enriched training through Adelphi University's intensive program that he received the first scholarship to after the shooting incident. He graduated with a perfect 4.0 average from that program. To that program he brought what he believes made it the success that it was. He was the undisputed leader of those individuals. His private practice has given him a "true perspective "of what people can do when they set their minds to it. To be an educator with the background that you have so generously enabled me to illustrate here today, gives me the capacity to say – I know what it's like to be in a classroom with 21 boys whose background make them into extremely needy individuals. Of course Brentwood has given us the opportunity to work with students of every ethnic and social economic background and part of a very enriched experience. The combination of being a therapist, educator, a teacher, a counselor, and an administrator puts me in a situation to say I was someone intimately involved in one of the first violent incidents in a school and I can help you put yourselves in a position where a lot of what was in the headlines need not occur because, bluntly, the headlines of "no signs of what was to come", isn't true. The signs were there, you just didn't see them. I now know how to instill a sense of community in schools, to help teachers and administrators and students communicate well is something I believe I can help achieve.

So, I'm hopeful that that will be possible and we'll have a sense of fruition. That's the career I look forward to. I also intend to spend more time with family, to expand my ability to succeed with the "Teach your Children to Fish" Program and to work within the structure of the education and business worlds through my own consultancy.