



The Tappan Zee Bridge and Empire State Building display Ukraine's colors.



Wolf Tales

*The Newsletter of
Gorton's Class of '65*



March 2022, No. 70

'The strength of the wolf is in the pack'

Prayers for The People Of Ukraine

New York is home to the largest Ukrainian population in the U.S., and after New York City, Yonkers has one of the largest and proudest.

The spiritual and cultural home of 400 Ukrainian families is St. Michael the Archangel Ukrainian Catholic Church on Shonnard Place, a block away from Gorton.

Father Kiril Angelov of St. Michael said 99% of his parishioners have families in Ukraine and he's doing his best to give comfort and spiritual guidance. "We will win with sincere prayers, and we will win with kindness. It's so hard to take this and swallow especially



—Photo by Seth Harrison/The Journal News

Anna Hrynyak, 6, of Yonkers wears a hair bow in the colors of the Ukrainian flag as she attends a special service at St. Michael the Archangel Ukrainian Catholic Church.

living in the 21st century, 2022, to have this in Europe in this civilization for me is unacceptable."

See *UKRAINE* on Page 3



A BABY GIRL—Nick and Makani Mikulsky cuddle their newborn daughter, Meleana Susan, born March 23. The granddaughter of Joe Mikulsky and Anne Chandler, she entered the world at 8.3 pounds, 21 inches. She has a big brother, Asher, waiting for her at home.



MAZEL TOV TO OUR NEWEST GREAT-GRANDMOTHER—Phyllis Yatchie Benjamin proudly holds her first great-grandchild, Riley Rose, born to Jaren and Gabriella Benjamin. The baby, 6 lb 11 oz, is named Riley after Phyllis' mom, Rita, and Rose after Phyllis' grandmother, Rose. Phyllis cried when she heard the name, and who wouldn't?

A REAL SWINGER—Happy birthday to Joan Kennedy's grandson, Pace, who just celebrated his first birthday.



MY VALENTYNA—Kevin Henry poses with Valentyna, the nursery school teacher who is loved by all three of his grandchildren. She is from Ukraine and still has two sons and grandchildren there. He made her Ukrainian flag on 8x10 canvas.



HOW SWEET THEY ARE—Susan Dratch Eaton with her grandson Ethan Clyde at the Sugar Bowl Luncheonette in Darien, CT., and her other new grandson, Hudson Michael.



Words cannot express the gratitude we feel today.

Our whole community came together in prayer for the sake of peace in Ukraine and the world. Our elected leaders, spiritual leaders, Roman Catholics, Jewish, Muslims, Baptists, Protestants and more, joined with Ukrainian Catholics in earnest, united prayer for peace.

May the blessings you brought to us today, be returned to you a thousand fold.



**Photos & Text
By Sophia
Shchur C71**



The Very Reverend Fr. Kiril Angelov addresses parishioners who filled St. Michael the Archangel Ukrainian Catholic Church.



UKRAINE (from Page One)

The church is an oasis for Iryna Romaniv who has friends and family overseas. "I think of it as my homeland," she said. "It's sad seeing kids are losing families and being displaced and how many have to move to another country because they want to guarantee their safety."

Tetiana Dziubii, who moved from Ukraine six years ago, called the situation "heartbreaking." Her days are now filled with fear as her family's future is uncertain and many of the people she grew up with are fighting for their lives. "Please tell people there's no winner in the war because there's somebody's father, brother, friend all dying ... for what? It's the 21st century, I can't imagine it," she said.

"It's just a constant stream of stress," said Yuriy Fizer, a Yonkers resident whose parents, sister (and her husband and two

children), and grandmother are in Uzhhorod, a city in western Ukraine.

Fizer, a vice president at Suma Federal Credit Union (SUMA FCU) in Yonkers, said he has urged his parents to leave. "They have green cards, and could make their way through Slovakia or Hungary and then come to the United States." But, in a decision likely similar for many, his father does not want to leave behind his sister, whose options are more limited, he said.

In order to promote and assist members who want to support family, friends and the Ukrainian war effort, SUMA FCU is waiving the fee for all wires being sent to Ukraine during the current crisis.

Nadya Solop says her parents and other family members live in a western city of Ukraine away from the bombing. So far, they are safe. "We speak every day, but

it's different because you can't hug and say how important, because they are the most important people to me. I can't go to my country, they can't come to me, and we don't know how it's going to finish," she said.

On Feb. 27, Mayor Mike Spano and Westchester County Executive George Latimer called for a day of prayer for Ukraine and attended Mass at St. Michael along with State Sen. Leader Andrea Stewart-Cousins. Afterwards, there was a car rally to the Russian compound in Riverdale to protest the invasion.

"Russia's unprovoked and unjustified attack on Ukraine is a blatant affront to the most fundamental basic values we hold at our core," Spano said. "Ukraine is our friend and ally and deserves our full support as they find themselves fighting for their freedom."



Here's How We Can Help



Ihor Kinal, Class of '65 valedictorian, is a first generation American-Ukrainian. His wife, Oksana Kozak, is Ukrainian and their son, Iwan, married a Ukrainian, Oksana Vovk, whose mother lives near Lviv.

By Ihor Kinal C65

Here is a list of organizations that provide aid to displaced people.

Voices of Children

[Voices of Children](#) is a Ukraine-based aid organization that provides psychological support to children who have witnessed war. It uses art therapy and storytelling to support children's wellbeing, and provides financial support to families.

Vostok SOS

[Vostok SOS](#), also based in Ukraine, partners with German-Swiss NGO Liberico to provide immediate evacuation support to Ukrainians attempting to flee their homes. Vostok maintains a hotline for Ukrainians in need and hopes to provide trauma support to victims of the Russian invasion.

Malteser International

[Malteser International](#), a nonprofit based in Malta, has been collecting "everyday" supplies such as medicines, cots, blankets, food and cash for Ukrainians who have been forced to flee their homes.

United Help Ukraine

[United Help Ukraine](#) is an American nonprofit that formed after the 2014 annexation of Crimea. It is raising money to send first-aid kits and other humanitarian aid to Ukraine. The fund has surpassed its goal of \$600,000 but is still accepting donations.

Nova Ukraine

[Nova Ukraine](#), an American nonprofit, works with Ukraine-based organizations and is assembling supply packages that include diapers for children and adults, baby food, hospital supplies and dry foods for a children's orphanage in Donetsk.



A young mom and her child.



'Dyak' (cantor) Yuri Yanovski and Oleg Kukil, choir member.



Parishioners, young and old, partake in the Holy Communion



County Executive George Latimer.



Elected leaders who showed their solidarity with Ukraine pose with Fr. Kiril Angelov after the service.

Sunflower of Peace

Another American nonprofit, [Sunflower of Peace](#), is raising money for first-aid backpacks for paramedics and doctors on the front lines. In 2014, the organization built first-aid backpacks for medical professionals providing aid to those fleeing the annexation of Crimea.

SUMA Picks:

The SUMA Federal Credit Union in Yonkers also suggested these charitable sites:

[Support Ukrainian Humanitarian Efforts](#)
[Revives Soldiers Ukrainian](#)
[Humanitarian Aid to Victims of War in Ukraine](#)



Editor's Note



Boris Once Told Me: We're All Bolyoks

First of all, the guy on the far left is not Joseph Stalin—he's my grandfather, Joseph Poletsky. And yes, he *IS* smiling.

That handsome guy to the far right is my dad. I inherited his good looks and sense of humor. That's his mom, Avdokia, next to him while Aunt Mary and Aunt Anna guard the couch. Immigrants and first-generation Americans living in Port Chester, NY, the city of nuts and bolts and *Life-savers* with the little holes in the middle.

I grew up as a Russian Orthodox American, on both sides. The Poletskys came from the ex-burbs of Minsk (Belarus); my mom's side, the Adamovich clan, emigrated from Galicia, which is in the western section of the Ukraine and straddles eastern Poland. They came here in the late 19th century. World War I erased their homeland.

Grandpa Julian and grandma Mary, my babushka, only allowed English to be spoken in the Adamovich household. My

See **EDITOR** on Page 6

My Parents' Escape to Freedom

In the early morning hours of Thursday, Feb. 24, the frightfully unthinkable came to pass—Ukraine was invaded by Russia in an unprovoked act of aggression.

The unjustified invasion was launched by Vladimir Putin in his delusional obsession to take over Ukraine to restore the expanse of the former Russian empire. As the immoral invasion continues, the military destruction of once thriving cities, the deaths of residents, military and civilian, as well as the unprecedented humanitarian crisis, with more than 3 million refugees having already fled westward, are shocking to witness. The extensive media coverage of this brutal war and its heart-wrenching consequences have consumed and affected many across the world.

The heart-breaking scenes of the refugees constantly remind me of my parents who immigrated to the U.S. after WWII. They, too, were forced to flee, but western Ukraine, just before the second onslaught of the Russian communists in 1944 because they knew that they were targeted for deportation, imprisonment or death for being bourgeoisie. They had already experienced the brutality and atrocities of the Russian communist occupation in 1939, followed by the German Nazi occupation and its brutality beginning in 1941.

At this time, my father, an attorney, was the director of personnel at a very large oil refinery and my mother, who had to drop out of college, was manager of two dairy cooperative stores. Their roots were in the cities of Drohobych and Boryslav, not too far from Lviv. I can't even imagine



By **Arcadia Kocybala, C65**



The St. Michael the Archangel Ukrainian Catholic Church on Chestnut Street is now home to St. Thomas Malankara Orthodox Syrian Church.

what it would be like to close the door of your home forever, leave the life you knew behind, compress your new life into a couple of pieces of luggage and travel through war-torn countries not knowing what awaits you.

This journey, in which one had to fend for oneself, took my parents and my mother's immediate family to Poland, Slovakia, Austria and Germany, where by the end of WWII they were officially displaced persons. Except for some moving and remarkable stories, my parents spoke little of this time.

My parents, along with many others, arrived in the U.S. in 1949 and settled in Yonkers, which already had a Ukrainian immigrant community and St. Michael the Archangel Ukrainian Catholic Church, then on Chestnut Street.

While the Ukrainian community that emerged with the influx of new immigrants was not very large, it was substantial, cohesive and very active in creating a variety of institutions and organizations.

See **ARCADIA** on Page 6



ARCADIA (from Page 5)

These “greenhorns,” as they were called, tended to reside in the vicinity of the church, which was a center of the community and reinforced their Ukrainian bonds.

While assimilation was very important, my parents ensured that I learn about my Ukrainian heritage while I was still in grade school. This meant attending Ukrainian school on Saturdays, folk dancing lessons, scout meetings and memorizing and reciting poems at special events. As I grew older, being bilingual was actually appreciated and not resented because Saturday school didn’t let me watch the *Lone Ranger* on TV.

I spent an academic year (1976-77) in the Soviet Union on a graduate student exchange program conducting research for my dissertation. It was a singular experience, since we lived much like Soviet citizens, and this was not always easy. I was based in St. Petersburg in a dormitory of



The iconostasis at the former St. Michael’s Church.

Leningrad State University, but undertook research trips to Kyiv and Odessa in Ukraine. I couldn’t visit my family in western Ukraine because of travel restrictions placed on Americans.

On the day before leaving the Soviet Un-

ion, walking along the Neva River with the Hermitage on my right and the Peter and Paul fortress on my left, I defiantly blurted out, “I’m going home.” This remark has now made me think about the hundreds and hundreds of thousands of refugees who have left and are not able to go home.

I have relatives in western Ukraine with whom I’ve spoken on the phone and an elderly “aunt” in Kyiv, who is too critically ill to travel and, worst of all, now unable to obtain needed pain medication. It is heart-breaking and a source of great concern, but at least her daughter has come from Moscow to be with her.

The destruction, devastation and upending of millions of lives by Putin and the Russian forces is a tragedy of colossal proportions and perhaps the most transformative event on the European continent since WWII, and also serves as an alarm to other countries of the Russian threat to peace in this world.

EDITOR (from Page 5)

mom and four siblings went to Russian school to learn their parents’ language, which turned out to be “Church Russian,” or Slovak.

Growing up in Yonkers, many friends thought I was Polish because the ending of my name sounded like “ski.” Hey, Polski! And, because it ended in “sky”, some thought I was Jewish so I ended up in a Jewish Cub Scout den in Greystone making menorahs instead of Christmas decorations. Meshugana! My sister, Marilyn C59, remembers being treated like a communist because of her Russian heritage.

It was a muddled political mess, compounded by a religion that celebrated different dates for Easter and Christmas. When I went to college, I turned it into my advantage. I was able to convince professors that I was Catholic, Orthodox or Jewish, depending on the difficulty of the class assignment and nearness of a religious holiday. And since I thought I was Russian, I cashed in on May Day.

As Bill Blazejowski (Michael Keaton) said in



Night Shift, “Is this a great country, or what?”

Ancestry.com tells me that I’m 67% Eastern European and Russian, from a region where Poland, Slovakia and Ukraine now meet, and 33% Baltic (mostly Latvian and Lithuanian). Bottom line, I’m a mutt. My ancestors were farmers and laborers. They migrated to where the crops grew. My uncle Boris, nicknamed “Stosh” at Boyce Thompson, called us “bolyoks” (sic)—which to him meant peasants throughout Eastern Europe.

What the Eastern Europeans had, before the rise of Communism and in defiance of it, was the church and its traditions. Mine was the Holy Trinity Orthodox Church (aka Onion Church)—its iconostasis adorned in religious art, the wooden pew where my mother sat, arriving 30 minutes early for a three-hour Easter Eve service for Communion after a 24-hour fast with no nothing, not even water.

There was incense in the air that drifted over the aroma of kielbasa and horseradish as the priest blessed baskets filled with ornately Ukrainian decorated eggs (pysanka) or the more peasant-style ones colored by onion skins or beet juice.

If you’re in Yonkers, check out Miasarnia Market on Lockwood Avenue. Take in the sights and smells of Eastern Europe. You’ll get my drift.

This issue is dedicated to our Ukrainian friends and classmates who cherish freedom and democracy. We are all Ukrainians, we are all American bolyoks.

Alex Poletsky (C65) is a retired journalist and managing editor of Wolf Tales.



Three Tries Were a Charm For My Family

My family were all from Galicia, the portion of the Austro-Hungarian Empire that encompassed Austria's Polish and Ukrainian lands.



**By Walter
Capp C65**

Specifically, both sides of my family were from villages very close to Sanok, a town on the San River about 135 miles east of Krakow. This region is now part of Eastern Poland; the hilly/mountainous region known as Malopolskie (Lesser Poland). My paternal grandparents immigrated to the U.S. early in the 20th century. My father, the younger of two boys, was born in Sayre, PA, in 1908. At that time, any healthy, non-criminal European could enter the U.S. at will. Any existing immigration laws were to restrict Asian immigration.



Walter, left-most male, and his sister Irene to his right, at their folk dance group during their high school years. To the right of Irene is Peter, her senior prom date.

Sayre was steel-worker country and life was very difficult for new immigrants. For reasons that were never fully clear to me or my father, the family returned to Austria prior to WWI. Since my father was a natural-born citizen, he returned to the U.S. in the early 1930s, settling in New York City.

proved and my father had learned sufficient English that he was able to work as a cabinet maker, a trade he learned in Poland. After saving some money, he decided that he wanted a wife from the old country so he returned to the Sanok area and met my mother. They were married in 1938.

After several years, the economy im-

See **WALTER** on Page 8

Ukraine: A Brief History of Time

Ukraine is the second largest country in Europe with its own distinct language and culture. It has suffered the ravages of wars, repression, deprivation and destruction seemingly for centuries. It has been invaded or partitioned by its neighbors, mainly Poland in the west and Russia on the east in the decades, even before WWII.

In 1918, Ukraine declared its independence which was short-lived. In the early 1930s, when the eastern part of Ukraine was a Soviet republic, Stalin's program of collectivization of farms resulted in the "Holodomor" in which at least 4 million Ukrainians died of forced starvation. This was accompanied by the suppression of

the Ukrainian language and culture during the Stalinist period. During WWII, it is estimated that between 5- to 7-million Ukrainians perished and some 700 cities and towns and 28,000 villages were destroyed.

By October 1944, both the western and eastern part of Ukraine were under Soviet control. The people of the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic, as it was known, endured a regime of persecution and repression, with nearly half a million deported from western Ukraine to concentration camps in Siberia or the far north in the Stalinist period. By the mid-1950s, this mass terror had diminished, but political repression and fluctuating russification continued in the following decades along with the emergence of a dissident movement.

In 1991, after the fall of the Soviet Union and after countless difficult struggles for

so many decades, Ukraine was finally able to declare its long-sought independence. The rapid transition from communism to capitalism and democracy had its complexities, e.g., the Orange Revolution in 2004 and the Revolution of Dignity in the Maidan in 2014.

For the past eight years, the war with Russia in the Donbas region resulted in the death of 14,000 Ukrainians and the displacement of more than 1.5 million people. Nonetheless, Ukraine optimistically celebrated the 30th anniversary of its independence as a democratic and sovereign nation with a promising future.

Today, Ukraine's struggle to maintain its democracy and independence with resilience, pride, determination and courage has garnered the support and solidarity of an overwhelming majority of the world, yet it fights the war alone.

—Arcadia Kocybala

**WALTER** (from Page 7)

By this time, the immigration laws had changed (primarily to restrict immigration from Eastern and Southern Europe) and he could not return with my mother. While preparing the paperwork to have my mom rejoin him, WWII broke out and she spent the entire war in Poland. Meanwhile, he was drafted into the Army and served in Europe. After the war, due to his veteran status, he was able to bring my mother to NYC and I was born a year later in October 1947.

We lived on St. Mark's Place, between 1st and Avenue A in what is now the East Village, also called Little Ukraine. My first language was Ukrainian and I was baptized in St. George's Ukrainian Catholic Church on 7th Street. We moved to Yonkers in 1949 where my sister Irene (C67) was born. Irene was baptized in St. Michael the Archangel Ukrainian Catholic Church on Chestnut Street and she was married there shortly before the parish moved to Shonnard Place.

We lived in a non-ethnic neighborhood so English soon became my dominant language. My parents kept close ties to Ukrainian friends and relatives both in New York City and in Yonkers. We also were part of the St. Michael community; the Eastern Rite Mass and customs were very different from those of our Roman Catholic neighbors. Irene and I maintained our ethnic identity, going to Ukrainian School on Saturday mornings to learn how to read and write in Ukrainian. Irene was a good student in Ukrainian School; I was not.

In the early 1950s, many Ukrainian war refugees were allowed to come to the U.S. and, after first settling in NYC, moved to Yonkers in the '60s. With this new influx of Ukrainians in Yonkers, a branch of the Ukrainian American Youth Association opened on Nepperhan Avenue. There Irene and I were further drawn into Ukrainian culture.

However, things were different for my European relatives in Poland. After the war, Polish and Soviet Ukrainian governments began to ethnically cleanse both



Walter visiting his relatives in Lviv in 1972 (below) and his family in Drohobych (above). To the right, his sister Irene and his wife Kathy in Lviv in front of the statue of Taras Shevchenko, Ukraine's beloved poet and artist.



countries. Poles in Ukraine were moved to Poland; my Ukrainian relatives in Poland were moved to the western Ukraine near Lviv. Ethnic Germans were also ousted from Poland and Ukraine.

When I moved to California, I didn't become part of San Francisco's Ukrainian community even though the Ukrainian Catholic Church was on Capp Street. However, after working for several years, I decided to take some time off and hitch hike through Europe. This was an opportunity to meet my relatives. My sister Irene had met them on a trip several years earlier.

Although I hadn't spoken Ukrainian for several years, it all flooded back during my visit. Aside from tour personnel and government agents, no one spoke English. It was a great kick to meet all those people whom I have heard of from my parents

See WALTER on Page 9





From Dychky To Yonkers: A Legacy



**By Patricia
Halychyn
Gillis C67**

I am 100% Ukrainian.

My father, Joseph Halychyn, was born in the small village of Dychky, the youngest of 13. Three months before the invasion of Poland, he immigrated to New York City with the assistance of my godfather, Dmytro, who was already

established in the U.S. Dmytro was the head of the Ukrainian National Society until 1957 when he died after apparently being pushed down subway stairs. No suspects were ever found.

My father married Catherine Kreskow in the mid-1940s. She was born in the U.S. to Agnes and John Kreskow, also immigrants from the Ukraine. I believe their village was near the Polish border.

The atrocities in the Ukraine awoke strong memories of my childhood—including attending Mass every week at St. Michael the Archangel Catholic Church, the same church where I was married in 1969.

See **PATRICIA** on Page 10



Kay Fedirka Trautvetter C65 shares these photos of her parents, Catherine Makar and Roman Peter Fedirka (circled), in the Ukrainian Choir before they were married at St. Michael on Chestnut in 1944. Below, is her mom on the left sitting at the 1939 New York City World's Fair. In 1971, life came full circle as Kay's dad walked her down the aisle at St. Michael. In attendance (rear pew) was Al DeFlorio, who taught history/geography in the 7th Grade at Gorton. DeFlorio was also a special guest of honor at the Class of 65's 50th reunion.

WALTER (from Page 8)

for many years.

After my mom died 40 years ago, I lost contact with my relatives. My limited Ukrainian reading skills and almost non-existent writing skills could not keep up communication with them. But I still feel close to my ethnic roots, especially during this era of turmoil in the Ukraine. In 2017, Irene and I decided to show our spouses

the Poland of our ancestors. We had no contact with any family, but had a great time.

Over the years, my Ukrainian identity has faded into the background. About the only ethnic activity that I do is a traditional Ukrainian Christmas Eve dinner. My wife, Kathy, has learned to cook the traditional dishes, but I am still the paska (aka bakpa) and pierogi maker. But, here in Baltimore, you can get good pierogies locally made so

I am losing one of my few cooking skills. With the Russian invasion into the heartland of Ukraine, my Ukrainian identity has strongly returned. I have been to Kyiv and remember its beauty before the bombings. It was difficult to keep a dry eye when I watched the Dumka choir sing on Saturday Night Live.

To my fellow alums—check out the annual Ukrainian festival held at St. Michaels—it's a few steps from Gorton.



Afya: Massive Airlift Of Medical Supplies

The Yonkers-based Afya Foundation will be shipping 100,000 pounds of medical supplies to the Ukraine through an expanded joint effort with the State of New York and the Greater New York Hospital Association.

The “expired” medical supplies are being diverted away from landfills. Afya, a critical response nonprofit, has already sent 62 pallets of supplies to the Ukraine before New York beefed up efforts to coordinate the humanitarian efforts. The supplies will be shipped to Poland and then trucked across the border. Click [here](#) for more information.

PATRICIA (from Page 9)

I look at the news now in horror, watching my fellow Ukrainians endure the atrocities that its citizens had lived through for thousands of years...thinking that one of these men, women or children could be a distant relative of mine. I just wish there was more that we could do to help.

My father told me stories of his past, about his family that owned a small general store in Dychky that sold everything. The Russians took that over and left them nothing. History is repeating itself but it seems surreal that it is occurring now.

I remember so well, my dad saying to me, “We are NOT RUSSIAN, WE ARE UKRAINIAN.” His beliefs are seen every day as we watch in horror but pride the unity and bravery of the Ukrainian men, women and children.

Most Russians feel that they are brothers of the Ukrainian people, sharing the same hardships and cruelty caused by rulers and dictators that terrorized the world, past and present. My thoughts and prayers are with the whole region, for a peaceful resolution to this horrible conflict and that it will happen before there is irreplaceable destruction.

The resilience and patriotism of the Ukrainian people makes me so proud to be part of their heritage.



--Photo by Sophia Shchur C71

A GIFT OF UNITY—Fr. Kiril Angelov of St. Michael the Archangel Ukrainian Catholic Church presents Speaker of the House Nancy Pelosi with a Ukrainian amber Rosary of Unity, blessed by Sviatoslav Shevchuk, head of the Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church. Fr. Kiril was a special invitee of Rep. Jamaal Bowman’s (center) invitation-only town hall at the College of Mount St. Vincent in Riverdale. Speaker Pelosi didn’t mention specifics on how the U.S. would help refugees but said it’s the nation’s responsibility to let them in “whatever numbers they want to come.”

A Call to Arms For the Ukraine

Like many of us, I have been very upset by what Putin is doing in Ukraine. The killing of innocent civilians, especially children, has been a call to arms for me.



**By Kevin
Henry C65**

Recently, I saw my chance when I learned that Ukraine was forming a foreign legion, The International Legion of Territorial Defense of Ukraine. I knew I had to join so I applied immediately through the Consulate General of the Ukrainian in New York City.

There is nothing that could motivate me more than fighting to save children. I would not enjoy killing young Russian soldiers, but I would have no trouble doing so to save Ukrainian lives. Also, if Putin succeeds in Ukraine, I feel certain he will attack Moldova and Georgia.

After waiting days for a reply, I called the consulate’s office. A military attaché told me that the age limit was 55. I am disappointed. My wife and daughter are understandably happy. Everything happens for a reason. We will help in other ways.

I want to share this with our readers who are Iraq or Afghanistan veterans and might feel encouraged to fight in a just war. It might be a way for them to use their combat experience in a truly great cause, saving good people from this century’s Hitler.

See KEVIN on Page 11



Pianist Plays And Prays For Peace

Ukrainian-born concert pianist and Dobbs Ferry resident Irena Portenko is scheduled to take to the stage—twice—to raise funds for her besieged homeland.

"The first day (of the invasion) it was shock; the second day it was all tears because your hands are tied," Portenko told *The Journal News*. "Then, you start thinking, what can I do? And what I can do as a person who lives here is donate. But I'm also an artist; I have some kind of leadership in me."



That leadership led to two concerts, the first at the Tarrytown Music Hall on March 27 then at Carnegie Hall on March 29. All proceeds will benefit the *Razom for Ukraine* and *United Help Ukraine*.

Portenko's parents live near Kyiv, Ukraine's capitol. "I'll try to put the program together so that people will feel what we are fighting for. What, in terms of culture and character, that will not be (taken) by anyone because it's beautiful, warm and welcoming," she said.

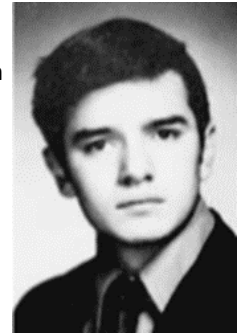
The Tarrytown concert will feature the Ukrainian *Dumka Chorus*, who were recently featured on *Saturday Night Live*. Dumka will also make an appearance at the Carnegie event along with bass opera singer Stefan Szkafarowsky, pianist Svetlana Gorokhovich and countertenor singer Jeffrey Charles Palmer.



On St. Patrick's Day, the Ukrainian flag flies with Old Glory at Greg and Yvonne Price's home in Connecticut.

A Close-Knit Love of Family And Ukraine

My given name, Lubomyr, is a combination of two Ukrainian words, Love and Peace.



By Lou Shchur C70

I was born in England, the first child of a Ukrainian and an Austrian immigrant. My father was born in western Ukraine and lived in a small village called Lityatyn, in the Ternopil Oblast. I was soon joined by a sister Sophia (GHS71) and brothers Taras (GHS73) and Steve (GHS81).

There was an active Ukrainian community in our town and we attended Ukrainian school on Saturdays where, in addition to the language, we learned about the history and geography of Ukraine. We participated in Ukrainian choirs and dance groups. We were members of Plast, a Ukrainian co-ed scout organization and went to their camps during the summer.

We have always been active members in Ukrainian communities, first in England, then New York City (1964-68) and then Yonkers (1968-present). The Yonkers Ukrainian community is where I met my wife, Alexandra, who graduated from Gorton in 1973. We were married a year later at St. Michael the Archangel Ukrainian Catholic Church when it was on Chestnut Street in Yonkers. It's now at the corner of Shonnard Place and North Broadway, just a block away from Gorton.

See LOU on Page 12

KEVIN (from Page 10)

Having worked with veterans, I know many harbor bad feelings about the way they were used and abused in our recent conflicts. It could possibly help in their emotional healing.

How ironic is that!

They must have actual combat experience. Support personnel (seven are needed for every fighter) depending on their specialty. My combat service in Vietnam was nullified by my age.

I think it would be great if one of our younger graduates would step up and take my place. I will gladly pay the airfare to

Warsaw. Donors are needed to help the fighters get to Ukraine and can use this website where there is a tab at the bottom for donations: <http://www.fightforua.org>

Kevin Henry (C65) is a decorated Vietnam veteran and a staunch advocate of our nation's veterans.



Dancers perform at the Ukrainian Heritage Festival held annually on the Father's Day weekend in June.

LOU (from Page 11)

When our sons were born, my wife and I spoke to them exclusively in Ukrainian, even though we spoke to each other in English. We were brought up to be patriotic and proud of our heritage.

For decades now, my family and I have been active in Yonkers' large and vibrant Ukrainian community. Many married people from Yonkers' or neighboring Ukrainian communities. Almost all of my friends are Ukrainian or have Ukrainian spouses. While some have moved away, there's been a constant infusion of new immigrants from Ukraine after 1991 that has strengthened our community.

For more than 30 years, Yonkers' Ukrainian community has sponsored the three-day Ukrainian Heritage Festival that is held annually on Father's Day. It's an opportunity for us to showcase our culture, music, dancing, singing and our cuisine. It's a huge undertaking that requires hundreds of volunteers. I expect that all proceeds from this year's festival will go to aid for Ukraine.

I visited Ukraine in July of 1991, while it

was still part of the Soviet Union, primarily to meet my father's side of the family. I find it infuriating when Putin says he is defending Russian-speaking people because under the Soviet Union, the official language in Ukraine was Russian.

Communication with some of my relatives was tough, even though I was well-versed in Ukrainian. I have (and hope I still do) two cousins and their families who live in Kharkiv in eastern Ukraine who only speak Russian. I have many more cousins in western Ukraine in the Berezhan region who speak both Russian and Ukrainian.

I also have two cousins in Moldova in a Russian-backed separatist region called Transdnistria, a result of a 1991-1992 war. This was Russia's first attempt to re-take former Soviet countries. Russia has since followed the same model in Georgia, Chechnya and in Ukraine, starting in Crimea, then moving to the eastern Ukraine regions of Donetsk and Luhansk.

It is clear to us that Putin's invasion of Ukraine is equivalent to Hitler's invasion of Poland and this proxy war is the beginning of the next world war. For now the war is limited to Ukraine, or is it? In addition to

all of the humanitarian aid that has come from Ukrainian organizations in the U.S., they have also been providing non-lethal aid to the Ukrainian defense forces.

In New York, we collected body armor for 400 soldiers that were packed and ready to go for shipment to Ukraine. The offices near 12 Street and 2nd Avenue were broken into and all of the bulletproof vests were stolen, including those sent from the Yonkers Police Department. The question remains: Was this a random theft or did Putin's war come to America's shores?

Our community is devastated by the horror that Russia has unleashed. We have all been watching the news and scouring the Internet, hoping that the destruction in our land and the killing of civilians will stop. We are all united in our resolve to help put an end to it.

Even though I am distressed at what's going on, when I see President Zelenskyy, the bravery and the ferocity of the Ukrainian armed forces, civilians picking up arms and men returning from other countries to join the fight, I can easily say that I have never been more proud of being Ukrainian.

Alumni News



It's Time To Change

Greetings fellow Alumni and Friends of Gorton High School.

We hope all is well in your world with the spring season upon us. Our recently installed and dedicated Never Forget Garden continues to flourish, attract attention and is being well-maintained by the 2025 freshmen class.

Considering the challenges posed by the COVID pandemic and subsequent school closings, remote learning, hybrid attendance structure, the results achieved are amazing. There was a considerable period of time visitors were not allowed into Gorton or any other public school. How could anyone conduct business? Yet we did...and we achieved our goals for the year.

The annual board meeting for the Alumni Association will be held at the end of April. The board has informally discussed the needs of the Association and its ability to have a meaningful impact on the school.

We have all agreed with our next steps. What is needed now is:

- New board members that want Gorton to thrive;
- Board members from later graduating classes, 1970 to the present;
- Board members geographically closer to Gorton; and
- Board members with charity experience.

A point of clarification. "Board members from later graduating classes" is not a politically correct way to say younger people.



Above, Donald with members of West Hudson Detachment, Marine Corps League; at right, with his wife Sally, daughter Kate, and granddaughters Emily (in pink) and Beatrice in front.



Donald Pitches Awarded Legion Of Honor

Donald Pitches, C67, is the recipient of the Legion of Honor Award by the Four Chaplains Memorial Foundation.

The foundation's award recognizes and honors outstanding members of society whose lives model the giving spirit and unconditional service to community, nation and humanity without regard to race, religion or creed.

What it means is we need to dramatically expand the Alumni community beyond our current core strength of the '50s and '60s. And it will start at the board level.

If the Association is to survive, it needs to reach graduating classes from later years, from the '70s to the '90s and even into the

The foundation honors the bravery of four chaplains of different denominations who sacrificed their lives when a German U-boat sank their transport carrier carrying 902 servicemen, merchant seamen and civilian workers in the icy Atlantic in WWII. The chaplains comforted the wounded and gave up their life jackets so four more could be saved.

Only 170 survived.

Past recipients include Presidents Harry Truman, Dwight Eisenhower, James Carter and Ronald Reagan along with Bob Hope, John Glenn, Mickey Rooney and Tommy Lasorda.

21st century. We have more than adequately covered previous graduating classes and honored alumni and faculty going back to Gorton's earliest years.

It's time to move forward.

See ALUMS on Page 14

ALUMS (from Page 13)

Presently, the board consists of two members from the Class of 1964, three from 1965 and one from the 1971 class. They are hardworking, bright and extremely knowledgeable of the Gorton history. Two are still employed full time and currently or in the past worked directly with the school and students in securing internships, job opportunities and college placements. They have all made an impact in the less than two years they have been together.

If we are to expand the alumni base to later graduating years, we need to connect with that population now. There is no natural evolution here. As we age, our numbers dwindle. If allowed to continue in this fashion, in five to 10 years there will be no Gorton High School Alumni Association. We can't let this happen... change is needed now.

Wolf Tales has made numerous calls via this column for alums, especially from newer classes, to join the board or volunteer their time. The response was minimal, to say the least. This, however, was more of an issue of the messenger, not the message. We must cast a wider net in two ways:

- A direct outreach from the school and faculty. Who better knows those later graduating classes?
- Contact several ad hoc Gorton groups on social media sites.

This is of the utmost importance to the effectiveness and survival of the Association. The board is very interested in your thoughts as well and values your opinions and recommendations.

In closing, I'd like to thank our Association board for their hard work and support during this past 18 months...job well done. And most of all, thanks to all those alumni for their confidence and generous support for Gorton High School.

Bill Tolany is the president of the Charles E. Gorton High School Alumni Association and a member of the Class of 1964.



—Photo courtesy of Mark Vergari/Journal News

Yonkers mayor Mike Spano poses for a photo with Grand Marshal Patricia McCrudden and her husband Larry, atop a horse drawn carriage, before the start of the Yonkers St. Patrick's Day Parade.



—Photo by Steve Tuers

After a two-year wait, the crowd on McLean Avenue is thirsty for the St. Patrick's Day Parade down Yonkers' Emerald Mile.

The Jig is Upside Down Now

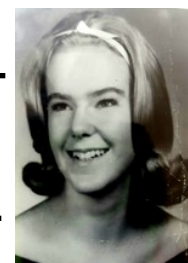
Tis true, we all come from somewhere, some of us more than one somewhere.

My somewhere is Ireland, the land of leprechauns, rainbows, peat and poetry. We were the Sullivans and Halligans, Gormans, Joneses and Motts.

Growing up, being Irish was not at the forefront of our family psyche. We had corned beef and cabbage on March 17th and did make sure to wear some green on that day. I remember pinning on my "Kiss Me I'm Irish" button, but it seldom worked the way I hoped it would. We never went to the Saint Patrick's Day Parade in New York City, but I think that there was a parade in Yonkers for that holiday, although I may have that memory mixed up with the Ragamuffin parade through Getty Square.

I do remember visiting my Aunt Marion and Uncle George on Amackassen Terrace, where my Uncle George would sit down at

Priceless Memories



Yvonne catches her cute leprechaun, Prairie Sky.

his highly polished piano and play many Irish songs, which I can sing to this day, songs like My Wild Irish Rose, MacNamara's Band, and of course the iconic, Danny Boy. I also remember being in a minstrel show at Christ the King Church, where Peggy Terry and I were in a group that performed the Irish jig. What I remember most about that is the way I messed up the steps and almost fell on my Wild Irish "pog mo tho-in." (Google it).

In later years, I did start to feel a sense of pride about my Irish roots. It made me happy to know I was part of a heritage of such richness of literature, music and dance, sprung from the lush greenness of

See PRICELESS on Page 15

PRICELESS (from Page 14)

that island nation.

My heart swelled with pride when our school faculty saw *Riverdance*, the original with Michael Flatley, who was never in danger of falling on HIS netherside. When I read Sean O'Casey, Oscar Wilde, Iris Murdoch, Edna O'Brien and Maeve Binchey, I'm in awe. The poetry of Yeats, Eavan Boland and Dermot Bolger speak to me in ways that convince me I am part of the Irish experience somehow, some way.

My passion for dancing all my life was inspired not only by my famous dad, Ed Sullivan, but also by the likes of Gene Kelly, James Cagney and Donald O'Connor. My more theatrical endeavors were inspired by watching Maureen O'Hara and of course, Maureen O'Sullivan. Some more recent stars of stage and screen who claim Irish ancestry include George Clooney, Pierce Brosnan and Jimmy Fallon, not too shabby.

My eventual trip to Ireland only solidified the connection I felt with such a beautiful land and friendly inhabitants, but I have already told that story in a prior issue of Wolf Tales. The somewhere for me is indeed, in part, over the rainbow, way up high, but it also holds claim below, where at a certain dark time, pots of gold lay broken and buried beneath fields of blackening, rotting potatoes.

Wherever you've sprung from, there are stories, songs and dances that should be celebrated. Yes, there are stereotypes that you will have to learn to live with, but there are endless opportunities to add to our individual libraries, songbooks and dance cards by embracing the best of our personal cultural histories but also exploring others.

So, let me start. Who is up for joining me in an Irish jig, holding a pint of Guinness in one hand, a shot of Baileys in the other while reciting *Sailing To Byzantium*? You know what they say about the Irish!

Yvonne Sullivan Price was queen of the '65 senior prom and is a retired school administrator.



Steve and Alice Tuers.



The Yonkers Fire Pipes and Drums march along McLean Avenue.



Yonkers' 65th annual St. Patrick's Day parade down McLean Avenue on March 19 is welcomed by open arms after being canceled in 2020 and 2021 due to COVID-19 related concerns. This year also marks the 10th anniversary of the parade's first march down the city's "Emerald Mile."

Did You Know?



She Helped Make Our Day

Theresa Serber was born in Bar, Russian Empire (now Ukraine) on May 1, 1874, one of seven sisters. Faced with antisemitism, the family immigrated to the U.S. in 1891 and settled in New York's Lower East Side.

There, the 17-year-old Theresa went to work as a cloakmaker in a garment factory. Conditions in the factory were terrible—shifts could last 15 hours, injuries were common and women were paid half of what men earned, barely enough to pay for the rent in crowded boarding houses and tenements.

Like many of the Jewish and Italian immigrant women, Theresa joined a labor movement and then started a union for women cloakmakers. Theresa became a socialist and, at 26, married fellow socialist and lawyer Leon Malkiel. Her husband's income allowed her to quit her job in the sweatshop. The family moved to Yonkers and soon had a young daughter.

Theresa continued her activism by providing aid to immigrant women, taking leadership positions in the Socialist Party and,



with her husband, founding *The New York Call*, a socialist newspaper.

In 1905, Theresa organized the Women's Progressive Society of Yonkers, which became a branch of the Socialist Women's Society of New York. Theresa believed a women's organization was necessary to attract women to the party who wished to be activists of their own. Women were tired of their limited positions in the party as "official cake bakers and money collectors," she said.

In 1910, Theresa Malkiel published *The Diary of a Shirtwaist Striker* that was a fictionalized account of a shirtwaist strike. The story is depicted from the point of view of an American-born worker who is wary of her immigrant co-workers. Over time, she grows closer to them and realizes the need to win the ballot, as well to

strike, and the need for more solidarity between male and female workers.

In 1914, as head of the Socialist Suffrage Campaign of New York, Theresa organized a mass meeting at Carnegie Hall. In 1916 she was one of three women appointed by the National Executive Committee to travel across the country campaigning for suffrage. Theresa went on two national tours for the Socialist party during WWI speaking on women's rights and against American involvement in the war. In 1920, she ran for the New York State Assembly on the Socialist ticket and was narrowly defeated.

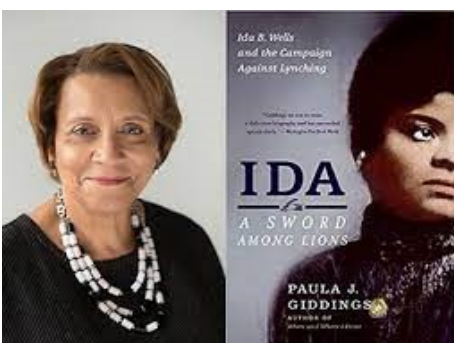


Theresa spent the last two decades of her life promoting education for immigrant women and assisting them with naturalization. She founded the Brooklyn Adult Students Association and directed its summer classes and summer camp.

Over the years Theresa and other women turned away from the Socialist Party where she and other women were constantly frustrated by the sexism of its leadership. On Nov. 17, 1949, she died in Yonkers.

In the 1960s, feminists in Western Europe and the U.S. pushed for an international Women's Day. A quarter of a century after her death, the United Nations adopted March 8 as International Women's Day to celebrate the achievements of women.

Joan Lawless Kennedy (C65) is a member of the Yonkers Historical Society.



An Interview With Paula Giddings C65

On March 7, the U.S. Senate joined the House of Representatives and passed federal anti-lynching legislation, called the Emmett Till Anti-Lynching Act.

WNYC's The Takeaway interviewed Paula Giddings, professor emerita of Africana studies at Smith College. Paula, a '65 Gor-

ton graduate, is the author of *Ida: A Sword Among Lions*, a biography of Ida B. Wells. It chronicles the work that journalist Ida B. Wells did to bring awareness to racial terror lynchings during her lifetime.

Read or listen to the interview by clicking [here](#).

Ask Janet



Springing Ahead Can Be a Breeze

Dear Janet,

Do you like March, the Windy Month?

Brie Zee

Dear Brie,

*I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a -blowing all day long.
O wind that sings so loud a song.*

Mrs. Gurney with her little pitch pipe taught us this song at PS 25. It's Robert Louis Stevenson's poem, *The Wind*, set to music.

*I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all--
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!*

Wind. The invisible force that breezes in and out of our daily conversations: Chicago, the windy city (named for frigid winds or political windbags?); The answer is blowing in the wind; They run like the wind; Don't spit in the wind; Candle in the wind; The drunk was three sheets to the wind; "Who's walking down the streets of the city...everyone knows it's Windy."

See ASK JANET on Page 18

Believing Again in Miracles On Fresh Ice

Tuers De Force



Lake Placid, a village of 2,300 in upstate New York, has twice hosted the Winter Olympics and will always be remembered for the "Miracle on Ice" when a group of college students and amateurs upset the powerhouse Soviet Union, 4-3, en route to winning the 1980 Olympic gold in hockey.

My story is far more recent but still a gold medal moment when I accompanied my grandson Zach's youth hockey team to the CAN/AM hockey tournament at the fabled Adirondack Olympic site. It took an incredible amount of planning by the Greenwich Youth Hockey Organization and parents but when the time arrived for the 4 ½-hour car trip, it was all systems go!

The Thruway was uneventful but when we finally exited, the 45-minute ride to Lake Placid suddenly turned scenic and into a wilderness of beauty—snow-covered mountains everywhere and ice-covered rivers where families were ice skating. When we arrived at the Best Western, I fantasized that Al "Do You Believe in Miracles?" Michael would be there to greet us. Instead, it was a pizza party for the early arrivals.

That night, the entire team ate dinner at



the spectacular Golden Arrow Lakeside Resort and afterwards went night skating on Mirror Lake while the older folks sipped some wine and watched.



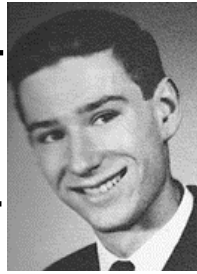
Zach poses with mom Tricia and Grandma Alice after winning the relay race.

The hockey games began the next day including two at the Olympic arena where American skaters shocked the world. It was renamed the Herb Brooks Arena in 2005 in honor of the team's deceased coach. Before the trip, my daughter Tricia thought it would be a good idea if she and Zach watched the movie, "Miracle on Ice." It definitely made an impact. The Greenwich Cardinals won both games, 4-0 over the Rye Rangers and an 8-0 shut-out over the Long Island Sharks.

After scoring a goal in the second game following two assists in the opener, Zach said that scoring a goal in that historic arena was something he'd never forget. I got goosebumps.

See TUERS on Page 18

Parry's Ponderings



Taking a Bite Out of Inflation

One way I've found to beat inflation at the grocery store is stop trying to eat healthy. Junk food, loaded with sugar, fat and cholesterol, is much less expensive than food that may actually be good for you (and usually tastes better, too).

There's a Remote Chance

Back in the day, we had to get up to change the channel on the TV. Today, we still have to get up, but this time to find the remote so we can change the channel.

Don Parry (C65) was awarded Westchester's Safest Teenage Driver Award and is a Vietnam War veteran.

TUERS (from Page 17)

The next day, the skills competition was held in the 1932 Olympics Arena. Zach was the lead-off skater for the four-member relay team that won the gold, the first time a Greenwich team was in that event. For the non-hockey moms and dads out there, it's similar to a track and field relay but instead you hand off hockey sticks not batons. Each member received a gold puck.

The following day, the Cardinals lost at the USA rink to another Rye Rangers team, 5-0. After a foot of snow fell the next day, the Cardinal's Miracle on Ice dreams ended in the medal round. Bedlam broke out as Zach scored the first goal for an early lead that was quickly tied by Pelham. The game remained knotted in regulation.

The 5-minute overtime in a 3-player format saw Zach hit the goal post with a



Steve takes the Gold for best grandpa ever.

slap shot that rung throughout the arena. And suddenly, just like that, a Pelham skater fired the rebound into the net for a game-winning score.

There were a few tears in the stands and a frustrated Zach nearly broke his stick on the ice. However, team sports teaches you it's not always rainbows and sunshine and to Zach's credit, like most of his teammates, they were able to turn the page very quickly. I was extremely proud of that.

During the four-day road trip, the team bonded together, shared meals, skated together on Mirror Lake and on the speed oval. They also took in many of the sites of this unique village. All in all they became a better team and more importantly, better friends!

Steve Tuers was a member of Gorton's championship basketball team and is a lifelong resident of Yonkers.

ASK JANET (from Page 17)

The list goes on.

But why is March known as the windy month? Long meteorological story short, as the sun "marches" toward the northern hemisphere, the increasingly warmer and more frequent southerly air masses meet, heat and beat out the much colder northern air masses, creating strong winds that push them away. You might say they're gone with the wind.

*O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!*

Wind can be a yin/yang, love/hate force in our lives, as a blowhard beast adding destructive fuel to wildfires, or as a welcome, gentler wind stoking charcoal and camp fires. The yin can sink ships at sea or the yang can fill the billowing spinnakers for

recreational sailors.

Destructive winds can fell trees and limbs that knock out power lines, cutting off heat, light, appliances, electronics, etc. to the masses, but the big, bad, beastly granddaddies of them all... hurricanes and tornadoes...can completely destroy whole communities, turning lives upside down and inside out.

Conversely, less destructive March winds in the hot and humid southern spring days are as welcome and refreshing as a gentle child.

That being said, on a recent trip to Florida, the hot, humid days turned sharply cold with the arrival of gale winds, pouring rain and a tornado watch. The night temperatures dropped to the 40s, with the predicted wind-chill of 35 degrees. However, the 80-degree days were quick to return and the tornado threat passed.

As the cold winter air starts to dissipate

and the warmer spring winds prevail, I think of Mr. Murdock, our high school music teacher, whose words I will repeat once again: "Deprivation stimulates appreciation."

Deprived of the perfect year-round San Diego-like weather, I brave the chilling winter winds of Rochester, NY. I look forward to spring with the return of warmer days ahead.

When people ask why I continue to endure the long, cold, snowy, bleak northern New York winters, I reply that I'm like the guy who kept hitting his head against a wall and, when asked by a passerby why he was doing that, he replied, "Because it feels so good when I stop."

Winter is so good when it stops. The best part of winter is spring.

Janet Guyon Hanford (C65) is a former cheerleader and was voted Most Versatile by her '65 senior class.



He's a Model Citizen at 4

He's only in Pre-K, but he's strutting the walkway during Fashion Week modeling Russell Wilson's 3Brand line and sitting at fashion shoots for Macy's, Nike and Ralph Lauren.

Meet Logan Ritter, a 4-year-old model from Yonkers. "He loves the camera," his mom Alexis Cloud told The Journal News. "He puts on a show everywhere he goes. Literally."

The Clouds expect to open a new clothing line and modeling agency at 11 North Broadway in Getty Square, where Harry's Shoe Repair once stood.

Owen Donaghey Dies; Owned North End Pub

Owen Donaghey, the owner of Donaghey's Pub at the North End, died Feb. 15 at the age of 91.



Born Jan. 19, 1931, in Derrabard, Northern Ireland to the late Thomas and Mary Katherine Donaghey, he married Catherine Smith in 1961 and they raised their family in

Ardsey.

Owen managed a block of businesses in Yonkers and was a member of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, The Emerald Golf Club and the Innisfail Golf Club. A parishioner of Our Lady of Perpetual Help in Ardsley, he is survived by his wife Catherine, daughters Maeve Donaghey and Fiona Donaghey Ross (William) and a son Kieran and his fiancée Laura.

No Target Date Yet for Target

The city's first Target store is on schedule to open this year at the Cross County Center but no firm date has been set.

Target's 132,000-square-foot store will be at the old Sears location. The shopping



Drone photograph of Yonkers City Hall lit up in colors of the Ukraine.

mall is undergoing large renovations to attract more top-scale retailers, such as H&M. Target will open its Port Chester store possibly next month.



Mayor Spano with Trustee Sykes.

Sykes Appointed To Board of Ed

Mayor Mike Spano has named Lawrence R. Sykes as the newest member of the Yonkers Board of Education.

Sykes is a private practice attorney specializing in litigation, real estate and municipal law. A parent of four former Yonkers Public Schools students, Sykes replaces Andrea Brown and begins a new five-year term through 2026.

YMA Girls Lose Sectional Finals

Tuckahoe defeated the Yonkers Montessori Academy, 45-41, in the Section 1 Class C girls' basketball champion-

ship. It was YMA's first trip to the finals and Tuckahoe's first championship.

Mary K. Scott and Emma Reynolds scored 11 points each for YMA (13-9).

Big Wheel On Campus

A Cornell student who hails from Yonkers was the big money winner on the opening show of Jeopardy's college week.

Patrick J. Mehler, a Fordham Prep grad, won \$51,740. The junior is majoring in Industrial and Labor Relations. Mehler heads Cornell Vote, a non-partisan group that promotes voter registration among students.

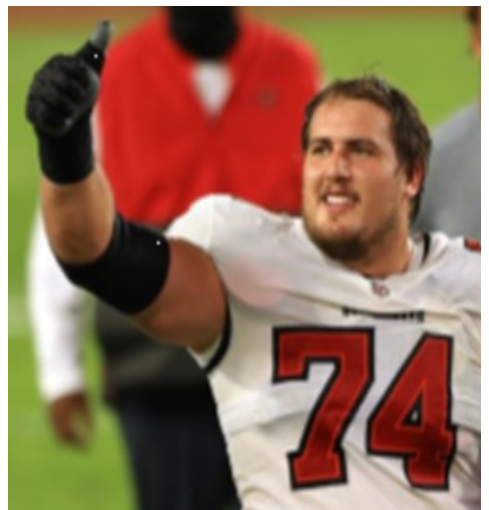


He has also served as an alderman representing the 4th Ward in Utica.

Marpet Hangs Up His NFL Cleats

Ali Marpet, a standout football player at Hastings-on-Hudson, retired from the Tampa Bay Buccaneers at 28 after seven seasons.

Marpet, a "surprise" second-round draft pick from Division III Hobart in 2015, started all 101 games as an offensive lineman for Tampa Bay. He made his first Pro Bowl in the 2021 season, the year of the Bucs' Super Bowl victory behind QB Tom Brady.





A BUNCH OF GUYS TALKING SPORTS—Friends join Coach John Volpe (center front) for a belated 90th birthday celebration at Dom's and Vinnie's Restaurant in Yonkers. Front row (l-r) is Joe Mack, Ron Garan Sr. (father of retired astronaut and former Roosevelt star Ron Jr.), Mike Meade and Steve Tuers. Back row (l-r) former Gorton football coach Dan DeMatteo, his uncle Coach Tony DeMatteo (Roosevelt and Somers), Topper, Mike GianDomenico, Anthony Sarno (Sacred Heart) and Connie Huduk.



A Celebration of Life

The love for Coach Volpe from family and friends was overwhelming! To see two great coaches, Tony DeMatteo and John Volpe, embrace each other at the end of a long night, was special! Tony compiled 360 victories with the Roosevelt and Somers high school football teams. Volpe recorded more than 500 basketball wins at Gorton and Sacred Heart. Above, I present John with a plaque highlighting his many achievements. Donated by the Alumni Association, it will hang in a place of honor in the main entrance to Gorton.

—Steve Tuers