



—Photo courtesy of Joe Panella/City of Yonkers



Wolf Tales

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

'The strength of the wolf is in the pack'



July 2023, Vol. 85

May the 4th
Be With You



—Photos by Seth Harrison/Journal News

From seas to shining seas, fireworks light up the skies in Yonkers, at Rye Playland and Tarrytown near the Tappan Zee. On top, Yonkers fireworks at the pier as seen from City Hall.



A LONG BEACH GOODBYE—Phyllis Yatchie Benjamin and her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren at Long Beach Island. Her granddaughter and her husband (far right) will be moving to Israel.



SUMMERTIME BLUES—Kennedy and Camden Smith join their grandparents Susan Dratch and Norman Eaton on the porch while their brother Hudson plays with cousin Ethan Paturynski on the Connecticut shore. The Smith family relocated to South Carolina but Ethan's folks still live only 10 minutes away from Susan and Norman.



SPACE CADET—Hudson James, Alex Poletsky's grandson, stands outside NASA's Hampton, VA, center after being awarded a Virginia Earth System Science scholarship to attend NASA program.



DOUBLE ANNIVERSARY—Elaine London Glover and husband Jimmy Glover join Phyllis Yatchie Benjamin and Kenny as they celebrate their 54th and 55th wedding anniversaries, respectively.



THE ROAR OF THE PROUD—Ursula Belle Healy with her granddaughter after Ava's performance as ZaZu in the Lion King at the Bijou Theatre in Bridgeport, CT.



DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER—Oliver Brown ("OB"), Malcolm Brown's grandson, holds his medal for winning the Northern California baseball 10-and-under division.



DEAR ABBY—Congratulations to grandparents Malcolm and Eileen Brown as the world welcomes Abigale Rose Brown, born July 7, and weighing in at 9 lbs, 5 oz. Parents Amanda and Malcolm Brown, along with big sister Isabel, welcome Abby home.



EAT YOU AT THE FAIR—Kathleen Morrone Hanold treats granddaughter Sawyer and grandson Peter to cones at California's Orange County Fair.



THE GREAT SANTORINI—Steve and Alice Tuers, along with daughter Tricia and grandson Zach, are joined by the Dehrer family on Santorini Island off Greece during their Mediterranean Sea cruise.



ONE-EYED JACKS ARE WILD—Sam Fried teaches his granddaughters Eloise and Bonnie Fried some card tricks (poker).

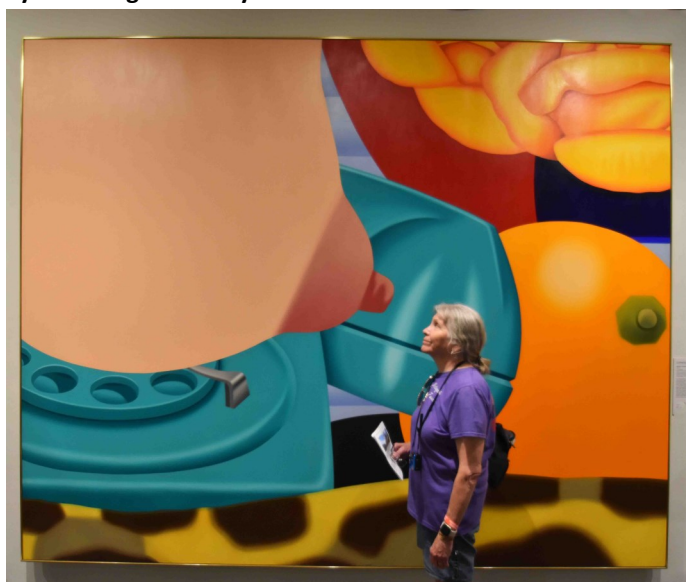
YES VIRGINIA—Joan Lawless Kennedy's clan soaks up the sun at Sandbridge, VA. Back row Jackson, Caraline (holding Roan) and in the front row are Henry, Pace, Liv and Lane. Callie and Caitlyn were away at camp.



HIGH FIVE—Alex Poletsky (seated) and family enjoy a meal at the Prime Pub in Somers after a four-day visit before his son and grandchildren had to fly back to Norfolk, VA. From left, Ryan, Karen (wife), Alec and Vincent.



A DAY AT THE MUSEUM—Joe Mikulsky and Anne Chandler explore the new \$12 million West Wing at the Hudson River Museum and Kengo Kito's 2,100 colorful hula hoops symbolizing humanity's interconnectedness.



Pronouns are Bugging Me

There seems to be much confusion these days over what pronouns to use.

One thing is clear to me, however, when to use the pronoun "them." THEM are giant ants from a cult classic sci-fi movie in the '50s and the '50s want them back.

The Jury's Still Out

I heard that there is a proposed remake of that classic movie about a jury deliberating over a murder case. In order to make it gender neutral, the new title is Twelve Angry Them.



Parry's Ponderings

AOC has a Capital Idea

Rep. Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez. D-NY, doesn't like to be referred to as AOC.

She prefers aoc because she doesn't believe in capitalism.

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

City Names Interim Schools Chief

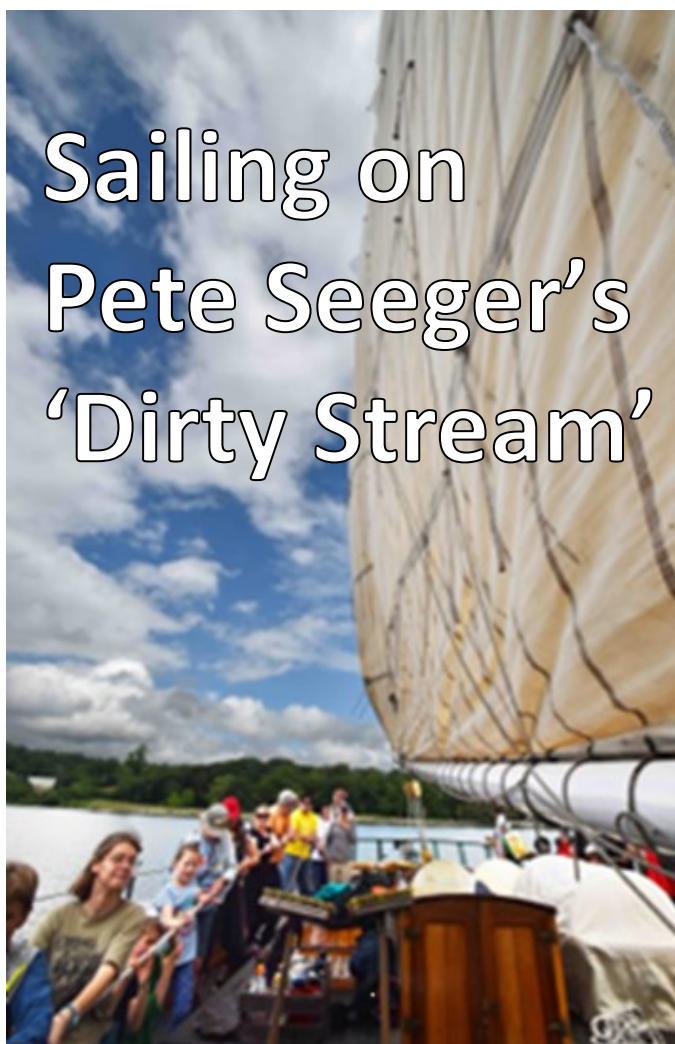
Luís Rodríguez has been named interim Yonkers school superintendent to replace Dr. Edwin Quezada who tendered his resignation in May to assume a position in Philadelphia.



Rodríguez, who has been with the district for nine years, was previously the assistant superintendent for Special Education. Prior to his tenure in Yonkers, he worked for the New York City public schools.

Meanwhile, the school board voted to hire Hazard Young Attea & Associates to conduct the search for a permanent replacement.

Sailing on Pete Seeger's 'Dirty Stream'



Annie (middle) helps hoist sail aboard the Clearwater.



A view of the Hudson from the bow.

By Joe Mikulsky

Back in 1970, I had the privilege of being a friend of a crew member of the Clearwater. My friend Marilyn's father had participated in the design and building of the sloop and later became its initial first mate.

I was able to be part of crew-only sails and as such, I was allowed to climb out onto the bowsprit during one sail. One time, when the Clearwater was docked at the South Street Seaport and Pier in lower Manhattan, I climbed the rigging to the top of the main mast, 84-feet above the deck.

Another experience I cherish was meeting Pete Seeger. During a rained-out concert at the Lyndhurst Estate in Tarrytown, we all huddled underneath a tarp and sang songs until the rain stopped.

I had always hoped to be able to share the

See **CLEARWATER** on Page 6 The Clearwater sails along the Hudson with Storm King Mountain in the backdrop.





At the helm of the Clearwater.

CLEARWATER (from Page 5)

Clearwater experience with Annie.

We had the privilege of a day's sail on the Clearwater during our visit to New York in June. The day started with heavy rain. As we boarded the Clearwater at the dock in Cold Spring, it was still raining lightly. Thankfully, the rain stopped, but, unfortunately, so did the wind. In dead calm, the Clearwater motored out into the Hudson River channel.

One of the fun activities on board was helping to raise the sails. This is a totally manual procedure and is hard work. With the help of the passengers, including Annie (I was busy taking photos), the main and jib sails were raised to the singing of a sea shanty. Unfortunately, with no wind, we drifted with the current until it was time to return to the dock.

While on board, the crew discussed the many aspects of the Hudson River. These included the kinds of aquatic life that are supported by the river, the environmental issues affecting the river and a brief history of river life.

Even with no wind to our backs, it was an incredible experience.

About the Clearwater

"The sloop Clearwater, a replica vessel modeled after the Dutch vessels that sailed the Hudson River in the 18th and 19th centuries, was launched on May 17, 1969 from Harvey Gamage Shipyard in South Bristol, Maine.

Those early cargo vessels were specially designed for the variable winds, currents and depths of the Hudson. Sailing from town to town today, the Clearwater models her course after that of the his-

toric Dutch sloops. Their cargoes and crews were the main communication link between riverfront towns and outlying areas which now house one-tenth of this nation's population.

Clearwater continues that tradition as a vital link between communities and carries a message to the people who sail on her and see her iconic broad sails from the shore about the beauty and wealth of our region's waterways – and the everlasting need to protect, preserve and celebrate them."

—Source: Clearwater.org



*Sailing down my dirty stream
Still I love it and I'll keep the dream
That some day, though maybe not this year
My Hudson River will once again run clear*

*It starts high in the mountains of the north
Crystal clear and icy trickles forth
With just a few floating wrappers of chewing gum
Dropped by some hikers to warn of things to come*

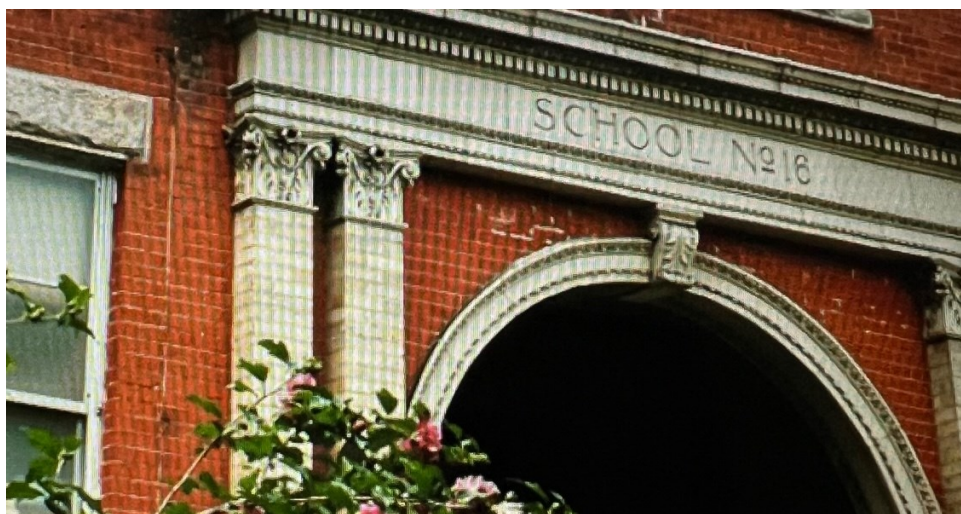
*At Glens Falls, five thousand honest hands
Work at the consolidated paper plant
Five million gallons of waste a day
Why should we do it any other way?*

*Down the valley one million toilet chains
Find my Hudson so convenient place to drain
And each little city says, "Who, me?
Do you think that sewage plants come free?"*

*Out in the ocean they say the water's clear
But I live right at Beacon here
Half way between the mountains and sea
Tacking to and fro, this thought returns to me*

*Well it's Sailing up my dirty stream
Still I love it and I'll dream
That some day, though maybe not this year
My Hudson and my country will run clear*

—Pete Seeger



School 16 used to be the Morsemere School.

Morse Left His Mark On Yonkers

What's in a name?

In Yonkers, a name on a building, street or area of the city is often the name of a well-known former citizen. For example, Untermyer Park is for Samuel Untermyer; Shonnard Place for Frederic Shonnard; Bolmer Avenue for William Bolmer; and, of course, Gorton High School for Charles Eugene Gorton, long serving superintendent of Yonkers schools.

Another famous resident whose name is very familiar was Gilbert Livingston Morse.

Gilbert Morse was born in New York City on Feb. 8, 1841. He was the son of Sidney Morse, one of the founders of the New York Observer, and the nephew of Samuel Morse, the inventor of the Morse Code system of electrical telegraphy. Gilbert was an 1863 graduate of CCNY and went into business with Frederic Shonnard in 1879 and formed the Nickel Alloy Co.

At some point, Gilbert Morse moved to Yonkers. There he served as an alderman, police commissioner, trustee of the First Presbyterian Church and member of the



Did You Know?

Board of Education. In 1871, he married Mary Cole of England.

Morse owned several large tracts of land in northwest Yonkers. It was there he built an estate and called it Morsemere. The northwest section of Yonkers came to be known as the Morsemere section of Yonkers. His own home was on or near the public school close to the corner of Roberts Avenue and North Broadway. At first, it was called the Morsemere School but its name later changed to P.S. 16.

On Jan. 12, 1891 Gilbert Morse died suddenly at his home in Yonkers following a stroke. He was survived by his wife and eight children. His will directed that all his property and estate be sold. Gilbert Morse was buried in the family plot in Green-Wood Cemetery in Brooklyn.

As a prominent member of Yonkers, Gilbert Morse had two streets named for him—Gilbert Place and Morsemere Avenue. A park located at 151 Morsemere Avenue was named for Gilbert Morse but was later changed to Kinsley Park.

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



Before it was Kinsley Park, it was named after Gilbert Morse.



The Gilbert Morse family plot in the Green-Wood Cemetery in Brooklyn.

Tuers De Force



Fore Score And 351 Rounds Ago

Some golfers collect scorecards; some purchase baseball caps bearing the golf course's name; and others pocket insignia-embellished golf balls bearing the site's name or logo.

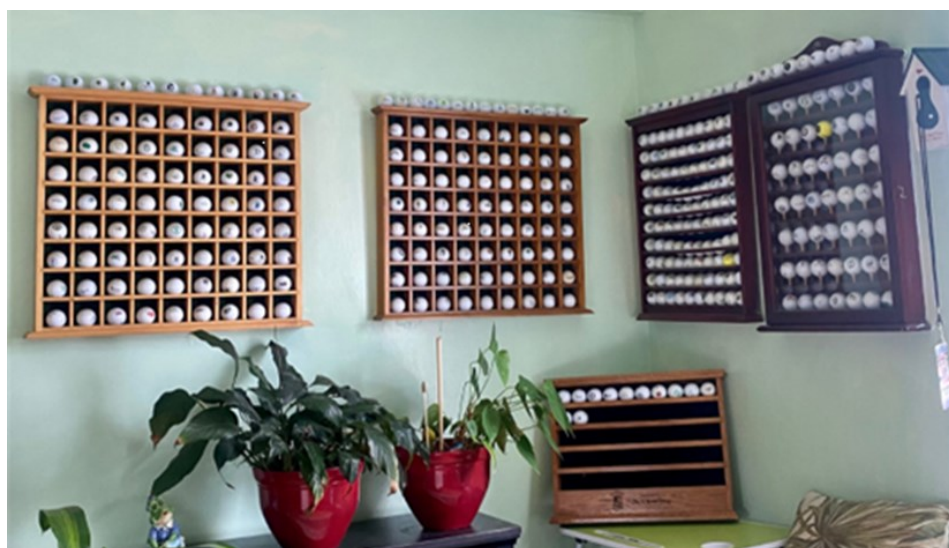
I belong to the latter group.

Some of the spherical souvenirs bear the name of the course; some could have the year it opened. Others bear a symbol of what the course represents—an animal, a flower, or even city skyscrapers! They are unique and can be very artistic and attractive.

You can find them online or in a glass jar at the pro shop. They usually cost between \$3 to \$6. Some folks collect them without ever playing a round, but not me. My collection, all 351 dimple-faced beauties, are reminders of the courses where I played a round.

My collection is proudly displayed in wooden cases, individually separated, so I can glance at one and see if there's a memory behind that round of golf that day. To be honest, most of the time, nothing comes to mind, so I do a quick Google search and, if I'm lucky, it will jar a memory or two.

Today when I search for a course I have never played, my first question is, "do you sell a logo ball of your course?" If no is the answer, I pack my bag and look elsewhere. The first golf course I played was a nine-hole course named Mosholu Golf Course,



If my walls could talk, you'd hear a lot of stories.



This was where Tiger Woods and Elin Nordegren took their vows in the Barbados. I remember calling for a cab to the course and being picked up by a Mercedes, the only car that was allowed into the resort.



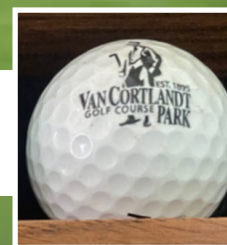
Only one of its kind in my collection. The Cayman golf ball, developed to play like a conventional golf ball while cutting its distance by half. The Britannia Course at the Grand Hyatt was designed by Jack Nicklaus but destroyed by a hurricane. It was never rebuilt.



The Mosholu Golf Course in the Bronx, where my collection began.



Played them on the same day. The oldest continuous private club and the oldest public golf course in the U.S.



located minutes from the Yonkers border. I didn't plan on buying their logo ball, it just happened and I'm not sure why.

When I look at that ball some 40 years later, I believe it might have been the New York City Skyline as a backdrop and the letter "L" in Mosholu is a red flagstick. I wouldn't call my collecting logo balls an

obsession, but it's par for the course and adds a certain element of enjoyment for playing golf.

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



Downtown Montpelier, VT under water.



The intersection of Yorktown, NY's Triangle Plaza.

Priceless Memories



High Noon Happens Every Wednesday

Mark Twain didn't say, "Everybody talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it" as I believed. It was actually an editor for *The Hartford Courant*, who made that statement. Just another disillusionment to deal with, right?

I have written about weather for Wolf Tales before. There was the microburst, when we lived in one room of the house for eight days, there were storms that took down so many of our trees, my heart tree included, leaving me heart broken. We have sought shelter in the basement more than once. One time, when the kids were little, we kept warm by huddling around the wood burning stove in the basement overnight.

It might seem like life in Connecticut is dangerous, but in truth, these weather phenomena have only become troublesome in the last decade or so. Storms are becoming more severe, causing many

See **PRICELESS** on Page 10



A wash out at West P:oint.



Testing the waters in Westchester.



A bridge swept away in Long Lake, NY.

Editor's Note



The Weather Blows and So Do Forecasts

You know that it's bad when a friend checks in with you from California and asks how you're dealing with the weather.

Joe Mikulsky has seen pretty much everything that Nature can throw at you—droughts, floods, wildfires, landslides, earthquakes and mandatory evacuations. If cicadas ever make their way West, they'll probably be 10-feet long and radioactive. We in the Northeast used to take solace that, despite high taxes, we only have to deal with the four seasons.

Now, the worm, or warm, has turned. In recent years, hurricanes have missed their intended target of Florida and flooded my Westchester basement. Tornadoes, apparently bored with trailer parks, have swept through small upstate towns sending meteorologists scurrying off to Google search to find Amenia and Stony Point.

Recently, parts of New York and Vermont
See **EDITOR** on Page 11



Flooding caused the West Point Military Academy \$100 million in damages.

PRICELESS (from Page 9)

homeowners to remove trees on their property.

There has also been an increase in people opting to install full-house generators. For several years, we have had a portable generator. When a severe storm threat arose, we would prepare for it by making a ramp from the basement, pushing this very heavy piece of equipment out of the house, hooking it up, filling it with gasoline and waiting for the moment when we had to start it up. More than once, we were trying to set it up in torrential downpours and heavy winds, but it always provided us with enough power to get by.

This spring, Greg made the decision that it was time for us to get a full-house automatic generator.

To convince me, we took many rides around the Connecticut countryside, looking for homes that had them. From a distance, when visible, they looked of reasonable size. It helped to know ours would be out of view to passersby. I accepted it was getting increasingly hard for us to grapple with our portable, so I agreed that this probably was the right decision to make. Reality bites. The day the generator ar-

rived, it looked like a cooler that Jack's giant, (the Jack of beans fame), might take to the beach. The day the two tanks arrived, they rivaled the alien terrorists we thought Dr. Who had vanquished, but apparently hadn't. Disillusionment number two.

As if an assault to the eyes was not enough, I learned that every Wednesday, at high noon, for five minutes, the system performs a test, to ensure all is well. For those of you unfamiliar with the decibel level of a full-house generator, it makes the sound that people say a tornado makes, that of a train rushing toward you. It does this every Wednesday. At high noon. For five minutes.

Gary Cooper was the star of High Noon. He spent most of it looking unhappy, scared, anxious and wishing he could high-tail it out of there. Exactly how I feel, every Wednesday, at high noon, for five minutes.

Mother Earth is finally and unequivocally turning on us. She has taken enough of our abuse. Her temperature just reached the highest ever recorded.

I can't believe there are still people who do not believe in climate change, or that

we face a global emergency.

Maybe they are in a better position to avoid the extreme temperatures that have blanketed our country.

Maybe they have central air, maybe they can escape to beach homes, or own landscaped acres, free of trees next to their homes.

Maybe they have already visited the polar regions, able to marvel at the magnificent beauty, before it melts away.

Maybe they don't care about extinction of animals, insects, forests, plants or themselves.

Maybe their oceans aren't filthy yet. Perhaps their rivers and lakes are still swimmable and the fish they catch edible.

Whoever they are, I will remember them each time I gaze upon the two aliens behind my garage and hear my freight train arriving. Every Wednesday. At high noon. For five minutes.

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

EDITOR (from Page 9)

had 10" downpours including West Point and nearby Highland Falls, which was cut off from civilization by landslides and collapsed roadways. It was the same all the way to Vermont.

To no one's surprise, the climate-change deniers were nowhere to be heard but they probably could be seen lining up for federal infrastructure funds that they were against.

Then Sen. James Inhofe once brought a snowball onto the U.S. Senate floor to "prove" the planet wasn't getting warmer. He represented Oklahoma—home to the Dust Bowl and Tornado Alley. Stupid is as stupid does.

So, while the world falls apart, I'd like to offer some simple tips to TV meteorologists.

Look out the window: You can keep your weather walls and weather labs but take a peak outside. Imus in the Morning went on a rant while reading a weather forecast that called for the chance of a wintery mix. "Don't these guys have windows? There's six inches of chance sitting on the hood of my car!"

Hello, Weather Channel?:

Your job description is in the name of the station. Weather on the 8's is nice but Mother Nature doesn't wear a wristwatch.



Sen. Inhofe holds a snowball to prove that global warming is a hoax.

I don't need to see Highway Thru Hell or Why Planes Crash when I want to know if I need an umbrella tomorrow.

Turn off the lava lamp: Those multi-color blobs crawling across the TV screen during future casts are animations. They're not radar blimps. The weather hasn't happened yet. Save the Steve McQueen blobs for the real show.

Local weather is local: The tri-state region is pretty big but the Southern Tier in New York and the Delaware water gap aren't part of it. One NYC forecaster described Binghamton as "nearby." On a good day it takes 3 ½ hours to get there if you don't stop at the Roscoe Diner.

Lighten up: On a Tonight Show appear-

ance, Johnny Carson said to the late TV meteorologist Dr. Frank Field, "I missed your weather report last night." Dr. Field quipped, "So did I." If a guy who was a meteorologist during WW II, when his forecasts were literally a matter of life or death, can laugh at himself so should graduates of the Acme School of Meteorology.

Buzz words are a buzz kill: I hate "I wouldn't rule it out" and "I wouldn't be surprised." That means there's a chance, who knows? Add to that, "Not a total wash-out." Does that mean Noah can keep his ark in dry dock?

No more snow jobs: Don't make me "stay tuned" about early snowfalls and later say the snow is only at higher elevations occupied by Big Foot and the Donner Party.

Back in my newspaper days, Carmine Moccio was in charge of compiling weather stats, forecasts and Hudson River tides. We once were the only metro New York newspaper to call for a half-foot of snow. My boss, Joe Ungaro, was ecstatic and wanted to make it a Page One story in the next issue. I didn't have the heart to tell him we copied the Buffalo forecast by mistake.

Sometimes, it's better to be lucky than good. Be weatherwise.

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



Entrance to the Bear Mountain Park is washed out.



Seven Lakes Road near the Bear Mountain traffic circle.



Cable car over the Niagara River.



Ask Janet

My New York State Of Mind

Dear Ask Janet Fans:

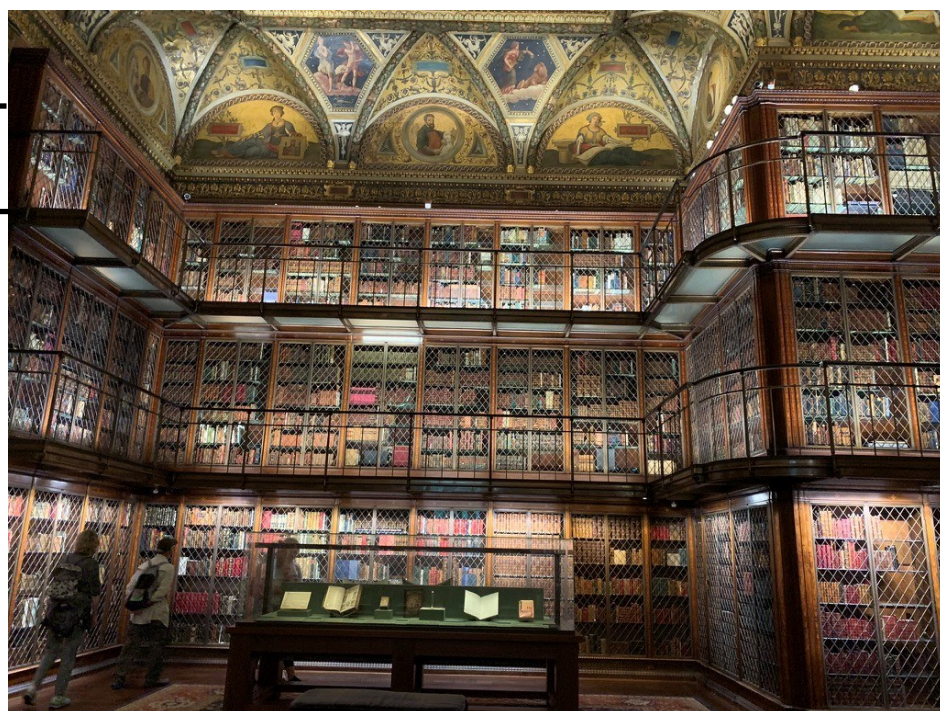
don't have a question today, just a little Ask Janet travelogue to perhaps whet your traveling appetite.

It all began June 21, when I traveled to Stamford, CT and Ursula Belle Healy's house for the mini reunion in Yonkers the next day. After a very quick but fun luncheon, I ventured on to Brooklyn to visit my son, Mike. With the help of Malcolm and a nice lady on the train, I found my way through Grand Central Station to the subway to Prospect Heights.

My three main objectives that weekend: spend a few days with Mike, visit The Morgan Library and Museum (The one I told you about in "The Personal Librarian") and to have lunch with Barrie Donohue.

On Friday morning, Mike and I headed to Madison Avenue to experience a truly

See JANET on Page 13



The Morgan Library and Museum with 350,000 books and a secret bookcase.



Janet meets King Kong.



A 'view' from the Empire State Building's Observation Deck.



The view from Luna Island at the Niagara falls.



Brent Ross' Cottage Gardens with more than 4,000 day lilies.



Reliving my cheerleader days with Mike's team (dark Tee and sweatband) behind me.



JANET (from Page 12)

amazing cultural landmark. We toured the museum with the docent in order to get the inside poop.

Among other things, she pointed out features of the artwork we never would have noticed, like the continuity of colors (teal and dark red) from one room to the next; there is no mortar between the dry construction marble blocks; the only important people in the murals are men; there are 350,000 books in the library, three of which are authentic Gutenberg bibles; and there's a secret bookcase that opens to expose another bookcase that opens to expose a third bookcase containing Morgan's private collection of "dirty" (wink wink) books.

In my book, this library is definitely Bucket List worthy, so "check it out."

From there, we walked to the Empire State Building, where we met up with Mike's friend who was able to get us a

"free ride" to the top. The view was amazing. I sometimes have my head in the clouds but never have I seen so many clouds in one place!! We had to laugh. We were just glad we didn't pay the big bucks to see virtually nothing, although experiencing King Kong was worth the price of admission.

The next day, we went to the Central Park Zoo. It isn't nearly as big as the Bronx Zoo but the penguins, sea lions and bears, oh my, were equally as entertaining, as were the rats "dining" in the birds' feeders. After Mike's summer league basketball game on Sunday, I headed to Penn Station to have lunch with Barrie before getting on the train home.

Great time in the hot town, summer in the city.

In a quick add-on to my travels, Beau and I took a road trip with our friends to Brent Ross' Cottage Gardens, in Medina, NY. Breeders all over the world hybridize day-

lilies that they sell to Ross who then sells cuttings from the plants. The most distant one traveled from Australia. Each cultivar is named after its breeder or is given a unique name, such as Strawberry Margarita. It was incredible to see so many beautiful petals and color combinations beyond the pink, yellow and orange flowers I know. How many varieties of one kind of flower could there really be? Would you believe 4,103 at Cottage Gardens?

On the recommendation of our TV news' traveling photographer, we drove to Niagara Falls to Luna Island, the tiny island beside the American Falls. That place never gets old. The power and the glory of it all are mesmerizing.

There you have it in a nutshell, from Brooklyn to Buffalo and beyond. See one. See all. You'll be glad you did.

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

THROUGH A
CONSERVATION CENTER
IN NEW YORK, YOU CAN
OBSERVE CRITICALLY
ENDANGERED
RED & MEXICAN GRAY
ONES OF THESE

A Jeopardy question in a July show.

A Final Howl for 3 Lobos

July was a sad time at The Wolf Conservation Center (WCC) in South Salem, NY—three of its pack are now spirits in the sky.

The WCC participates in the federal Species Survival Plan recovery programs for the Mexican gray wolf and the red wolf, two of the rarest mammals in North America.

Since 2003, the WCC has played a critical role in preserving and protecting these imperiled species through carefully managed breeding and reintroduction.

To date, the WCC remains one of the three largest holding facilities for these rare species as they resume their rightful place on the wild landscape.

Madam Ambassador

The pillar of the Wolf Conservation Center's Ambassador Wolf family, Alawa, was put to sleep following a prolonged illness. She was 12 years old.

Known for her "lazy howls," Alawa ("Sweet Pea" in Algonquin) lived out her name-sake with gentle and playful interactions with her brothers, litter-mate Zephyr, who passed last year, and Nikai, her 9-year-old younger sibling. She often was called the "true leader" of the Ambassador pack, but in a way that never had to be challenged or reinforced. She had a way of always getting what she wanted while avoiding conflict.

In her 12 years of service at the South Salem, NY center, she taught countless people, in person and online, what wolves are really like, in a style that was uniquely hers.



The Great Escapee

Rhett, a 15-year-old Mexican Gray who experienced the freedom of Nature before arriving at the WCC, died having led an extraordinary life. He leaves behind a lasting legacy.

Born at the California Wolf Center in 2008, he was released into the wild five years later but was returned after straying beyond wolf territories in search of a mate. He found his mate in captivity and released once again. But, true to form, he strayed once again into human settlements. In 2014, he arrived at the South Salem sanctuary.

There he fathered six pups and became a grandfather as well. His remarkable journey, wild and adventurous spirit and his caring demeanor as a companion is a poignant reminder of the center's mission to protect the Lobos.

The Earth Mother

Rosa, part of the first litter born at the WCC 15 years ago on Earth Day, passed away leaving a long-lasting legend. She was the longest-tenured wolf in WCC history, spending her entire life at South Salem.

Rosa played a significant role in the preservation of the species. In her long lifespan, Rosa was a mother and grandmother; seven of her descendants are fostered wild wolves—3% of the total wild Mexican gray wolf population can trace direct line to Rosa!

Her initial pairing produced the prolific Trumpet, a contributor to several wild wolves in the form of cross-fosters. In order to shake up the gene pool, she was later paired with another gray and had nine pups, three of which still live in WCC.





A SNOWBALL'S CHANCE IN JULY—Greg Price brings winter to the backyard pool for granddaughters Aspen and Prairie Sky. He stored the snowballs in the freezer for this moment.



TEE FOR TWO—Dave Girolamo (C64) and Steve Tours (C65) meet at the Atlantis Golf Course in Little Egg Harbor, NJ, 40 minutes outside of Atlantic City.

County Legislator Quits Amid Scandal

It went from bad to worse in a hurry for County Board of Legislators Leader Chris Johnson of Yonkers.

First, he lost the Democratic primary for his seat to City Councilwoman Shanae Williams; then the city's inspector general ruled that his subplot of an affordable housing unit to his brother-in-law was illegal; then his colleagues voted to strip him of his majority leadership along with its \$10,000-a-year stipend.

Finally, as colleagues began to explore options for his removal, Johnson resigned.

Johnson moved into a \$770,000 home in Yonkers he purchased with his wife last summer, then rented his affordable condominium in violation of city regulations. To make matters worse, his new home was outside the district he represented.



Yonkers Native Receives ESPY Honors

Dr. Richard Lapchick, the son of legendary NBA basketball player and coach, Joe Lapchick, was named the recipient of the Stuart Scott ENSPIRE Award from ESPN.



Dr. Lapchick is a Yonkers native, was raised in Park Hill and attended School 13, Hawthorne Junior High, Manhattan Prep and St. John's University. He did his graduate studies at the University of Denver. He is a human rights activist working for racial equality and against trafficking.

The Stuart Scott ENSPIRE Award is named in honor of the late ESPN commentator Stuart Scott. The award celebrates "individuals that have taken risks and used an innovative approach to helping the disadvantaged through the power of sports."

In 2021, Lapchick was named the Muhammad Ali Humanitarian of the Year by the Muhammad Ali Center.

High Court Ok's Term Extensions

Yonkers term limit extension stands after the state's top court, the New York State Court of Appeals, refused to hear a challenge.

The mayor and city councilmembers can now run for four, four-year terms unless.

"Today's ruling is consistent with all the other court decisions upholding the City Council's right to set term limits. As such, I look forward to meeting with voters in the coming months and discuss how we can keep improving our city together," Mayor Mike Spano told *News 12*.

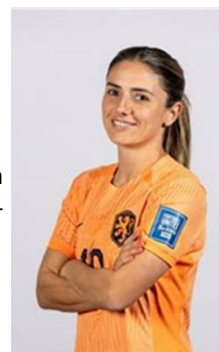
His Republican opponent, Councilman Anthony Merante, is spearheading a drive for a Nov. 7 referendum to roll back term limits to three, four-year terms. The signature deadline is Aug. 7.

A Dutch Treat For Yonkers Fans

If you were watching the USA Women's National Soccer team battle Netherlands to a one-all tie, you may have heard a vaguely familiar name—at least *Wolf Tales* columnist Joan Kennedy did.

The name that rang a bell was Daniëlle van de Donk, a Dutch professional footballer who plays as a midfielder for the Netherlands team. She shares the same surname as Adriaen Cornelissen van der Donck, aka the young Jonkheer (gentleman), whose honorific led his land in New Netherland to be later called Yonkers.

As they say in soccer Joan, "GOOOOOOAAAAAALLLLL!"



A Scope On the Side Of the Road

[Editor's Note: This article was published in 2000 in *Bird Watchers' Digest*.]

By Sam Fried

There was nothing particularly impressive about the small gray telescope or the lightweight tripod holding it. It stood silently on the two-lane road's gravel shoulder, attended only by a very small, older model red car parked behind it. Just beyond the car, there was a sharp drop-off to the beach.

The car was parked on the wrong side of the road, facing traffic, although comfortably off the traveled portion of the roadway. Many cars and RVs whizzed by in the 10 p.m. light that characterized a July evening in Homer, Alaska, as they departed the carnival atmosphere that dominates activity at the end of Homer's famous spit.

More important than the light, however, was the incoming tide. Rapidly filling Kachemak Bay and the flats on the spit's eastern side, the rising water was pushing migratory shorebirds closer and closer, where they could be more easily observed. At the tip of the spit, gulls, cormorants, alcids and terns would be congregating to feed on whatever morsels the incoming waters might provide.

I was intent on catching the action and desperate to photograph a Kittlitz's murrelet that might be frequenting the tidal rip just off the spit's nose.

Driving along the causeway at a relatively slow birder's pace, however, taking in the rafts of feeding kittiwakes, scoters, and occasional loons further out in the bay, the scope and tripod arrested my attention, forcing me over to the side of the road.

What was it doing there? Whom did it



belong to? Where was the driver of the small red car? Was the bird seen so interesting that the driver quickly parked on the wrong side? Why was the scope left behind? Traveling alone and somewhat lonely, the prospect of finding another birder had irresistible magnetic appeal. The scope on the side of the road was an advertisement I couldn't ignore—a standing invitation, so to speak.

I cautiously crossed the road, dodging vehicles driven by campers, anglers, tourists and workers, all quickly returning to the mainland this summer Sunday evening. Walking up to the small red car, I checked out the scope and tripod, which, like me, had seen a lot of use. Still, nobody home. They must be down below. So, I picked my way down the rocky riprap embankment to the beach, where the

rising sea was now only 100 feet away. There, down the sand, comfortably sitting on a driftwood tree, was a young couple, obviously birders as they stared out across the flats through their binoculars. They looked to be in their mid-twenties, both in good physical condition, he blond and bearded, she with long straight brown hair tied back in a pony-tail, looking like they spent a lot of time outdoors.

There is an instant sense of camaraderie and friendship among birders, especially when encountering others in the field, that makes birding one of humanity's great pastimes. Instant recognition, acceptance and willingness to share information dominate even the briefest meetings. There is great anticipation about hearing what they have seen and

See **SCOPE** on Page 17

SCOPE (from Page 16)

revealing your personal discoveries, as well as second- and third-hand information. All that is required for friendship is an encounter; the common ground is already in place.

I walked up to them, smile on my face, genuinely happy to meet some other birders. "Hi," I said. "What are you seeing?" (the usual birding intro.) Their warm smiles instantly told me I was among friends. The man pointed out a flock of about 100 shorebirds feeding at the water's edge several hundred yards away.

Suddenly the birds took off as one and wheeled around the bay for a minute or so before landing almost where they started. We tracked them with our binoculars as they settled down and once again began to feed. Semipalmated, least and western sandpipers, black-bellied and semipalmated plovers, a few unidentifiable dowitchers, and both yellowlegs seemed to comprise the pack.

Talk of these specific birds naturally drifted into the usual conversation of itinerant birders. Where have you been? What have you seen? Where are you from?

They graduated in 1995 from Evergreen College in Washington State, majoring more or less in biology. Now they were doing field research for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. After spending weeks surveying bird populations in northern Alaska, they had some time off. What were they doing? Taking a "busman's holiday" and birding, of course.

We talked for a while about birding the spit. They had seen both marbled and Kittlitz's murrelets at the point earlier in the day and were planning to return there after watching these shorebirds. Would I like to join them? "Of course," I said enthusiastically, and then introduced myself. The man spoke. "I'm Jay Lancaster and this is Sarah Cornell. [not real names - SF]



Nice to meet you". Plain and simple. Standard birder-speak.

It was 10:30 p.m. and the light was beginning to fade, even by summer Alaskan standards. Fortunately, evenings seem to go on forever at these latitudes. We drove down to the point, parked and walked out to the steeply sloped gravel beach, with the tide now at its peak. Quickly, we spotted what appeared to be a murrelet and with the scope that this time was brought along, identified it as Kittlitz's. I thought about it for a moment and then decided I'd come back tomorrow for photos when the light was better.

Aleutian terns fed in the cross currents and strings of common murres crossed the bay as we scanned its surface. Suddenly, near shore another murrelet appeared, large, very dark, with frosty markings on its back and above and below the eyes and with an extremely long bill. After 25 years of birding, I have finally come to accept that when a bird doesn't look like something you would ordinarily expect, it probably isn't. If this was a marbled murrelet, it was a strange one.

We both rushed back to our cars for field guides and my camera. Photographs (in very low light) were taken and the bird was examined from one end to the other as it swam and dove its way past us. Could this be the newly split long-billed murrelet? We had no idea.

The birds were great, even if the mystery bird turns out to be "only" a common marbled murrelet, but the true wonder was the bond that formed among us. Like the three legs on their tripod, we were joined by a mutual interest, passion and pleasure. We shared a wonderful history before we ever met and meeting only allowed the friendship to blossom.

Meeting unknown birders is like meeting unknown relatives (but often better); you share wonderful traditions and history that go back for generations, you have read the same books, know the same people and have visited the same places. An encounter among birders in the field always presents that "standing invitation" to become friends.

All you have to do is say, "Hello."

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