

Wolf Tales

The Newsletter of
Gorton's Class of '65

'The strength of the wolf is in the pack'



November 2023, No. 89



The Coal Bunker Theatre



Rehearsals for the "American Dream," 1967.

A Phoenix Rises From The Ashes

By Robert Foley

Not many of us could look at a cavernous hole in the ground, probably filled with asbestos dust, assorted debris and rodent excrement, and visualize a wonderful little theater. Mildred Dickson Streeeter, had just such a mind. Mildred arrived on the Gorton scene in 1927 and went on to produce roughly 25

plays on the Gorton stage before taking up design and construction of the Coal Bunker Theatre.

Built in an abandoned coal bunker, the Coal Bunker Theatre opened for business in November 1949 with a production of Norman Krana's *Dear Ruth*, starring Betty Hazard and Donald Basine heading a cast of 10. From all reports of the time, the production was an immediate success.

Records from contemporary Promenades inform that the "black box" theatre-in-the-round, seating 100, may have been the first of its kind in an American

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We Want You For Our Wall Of Fame Team

The holiday season came early at Gorton with the arrival of 36 Wall of Fame plaques.

It seems fitting that their arrival coincides with a *Wolf Tales* feature written by Hall of Fame inductee Robert Foley about the Coal Bunker Theatre, which was created by his fellow inductee Mildred Streeeter.

Closed nearly 50 years ago, it was the city school district's first theater-in-the round and the field of dreams for many aspiring actors.



Alumni News

Four years ago, borrowing from an idea started at Saunders, our late Alumni President Bill Tolany came up with the idea of a similar Wall of Fame to honor former Gorton students and teachers. Relying on institutional knowledge, candidates were selected and the

inductees' names and biographies were published in *Wolf Tales*.

Interest in the Wall of Fame caught hold. With almost 100 years of history behind us, and alumni interests piqued, more names were brought to the forefront. In fact, support for some of our recent inductees came at class reunions where alums named their "favorite teachers" and reminisced.

See **ALUMS** on Page 4

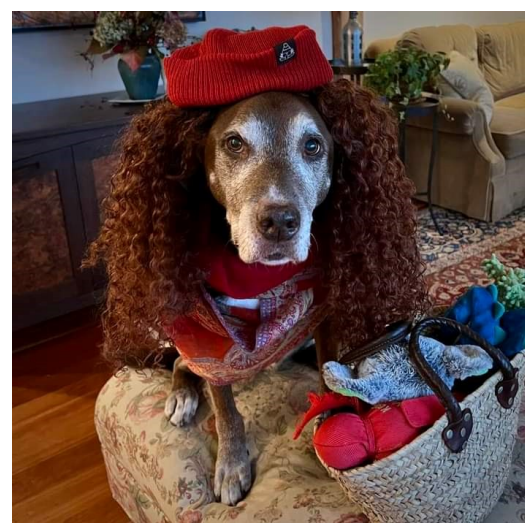


READY FOR A NIGHT ON THE TOWN—Stu and Daryl Hershaff give their final Halloween tips to grandchildren Brody and Lacey Hershaff. To the right, their grandchild, Zoe, goes trick or treating with her parents Melanie and Dan Herring.

DOG-GONE CUTE—Yvonne Price's granddaughter, Aspen, lets her inner Dalmatian out.



A HOUSEWARMING PRESENT—Ursula Healy visits her son, Russell, in his new home in Salt Lake City, Utah, after his recent retirement from the U.S. Air Force. He took a job as a pilot with Delta Airlines and now has his view—a far cry from military housing. With Ursula and Russ are Ursula's sister Anna Maria Kanakaraj and his wife, Melia.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOUND—You can't teach an old dog new tricks but Lori Rowe's Scout is always up for a new outfit.



THE ROYAL TREATMENT—Princess Nella, 4, and her brother Count Dimitri Poletsky, 6, are about to give their neighbors a royal visit on Halloween.



HALLOWEEN MAGIC—Malcolm Brown’s grandchildren, Abigale as a pixie and Belle as a unicorn, are ready to make the rounds.



A SKELETON CREW--Joan Kennedy’s youngest grandchildren, Roan and “big” brother Pace, are ready for treats.



ONE COOL CAT—Janet Hanford dresses for the occasion to greet Halloween treat or treaters.



GLOVER-LY—Elaine London Glover and husband Jimmy celebrate her birthday with children Lori and Eric. Below, she takes the plunge on a Disney ride while her grandchildren Emily and Hannah and their cousin Belle meet Sully from Monsters Inc.



Join The Wall of Fame Selection Committee

We need you to volunteer your time to join our newly created Wall of Fame Select Committee.

The Select Committee will receive nominations via email and gather additional information from the nominator. The Committee will then narrow the field and present the finalized list to the Board.

If you're interested in joining us, contact me, Dan DeMatteo, at 914-438-0426 or coachdematteo@aol.com

The Inductees

Theodore H. Smith C26
 Adolph Yedowitz C26
 Mae Morgan C27
 Fletcher Knebel C29
 George Giddings C38
 Anthony Clemens C49
 Dennis Pryzgodka C49
 Warren Casey C53
 Eileen Hedy Schultz C50
 Ben Ermini C54
 James Pitches C55
 Peter Kachmar C58
 Arthur Hellman C59
 Peter Morley C59
 Ron Petro C59
 Frank Forcelli C60
 Gayle Sourenian C64
 William Tolany C64
 Ralph Johnson C65
 Paula Giddings C65
 David Owen Harris C65
 Charlie Criss C66
 James Bostic C71
 John J. Malone C03
 James Cavanaugh - Principal
 Gertrude Braslow - Faculty and C26 grad
 George Foster - Faculty
 Mildred Streeter - Faculty
 Don DeMatteo - Faculty
 Sandy Siegelstein - Faculty
 Roger Sorrentino - Faculty
 John Juliano - Faculty
 Robert Foley - Faculty
 John Volpe - Faculty
 Muriel King Taylor - Faculty
 Mary S. Galda - Faculty and C32 grad



PERFECT PITCH—A drone photo of the city's newest soccer pitch. It's located near St. John's Hospital (background) off North Broadway.

ALUMS (from Page One)

What began as an idea will soon be a central part of Gorton's centennial celebrations next year, a physical reality. Flanking both sides of the welcome desk in our main lobby, the Wall of Fame will be clearly visible to visitors and students alike. Each plaque will have a photograph of the honoree and a brief biography on a metallic 12x9 format.

Above the plaques will be a wooden Wall of Fame banner with white lettering on a green background trimmed in gold relief. The design complements the original Charles E. Gorton High School wooden banner that is being refurbished and will return to its rightful place of honor in our lobby.

We are grateful to Principal Jamie Morales whose steady and unflinching support for allocating a place of prominence for the Wall of Fame as well as its design, was paramount. In fact, he liked the idea so much that he allotted space on two flanking walls for current and future honorees.

This is one wall we can all agree on—The Charles E. Gorton Wall of Fame, which honors students and faculty who have made an impact inside and outside of our alma mater. And this is where we ask for your help.

We need you to volunteer your time to join our newly created Wall of Fame Select Committee. The Select Committee will receive nominations via email and gather additional information from the nominator. The committee will then narrow the field and present the finalized list of nominees to the Board.

It is our goal to have a broad-range and diverse Committee of alums and former teachers who span several decades and interests. We hope to have the Select Committee in place by the start of the new year. All we need is you.

If you're interested in joining us, contact me, Dan DeMatteo, at 914-438-0426 or coachdematteo@aol.com

Meanwhile, keep those nominations coming. Gorton graduates who made a name for themselves while students or later on, as well as former long-time teachers and personnel, are eligible for consideration. Those with life-lesson stories are also eligible.

Afterall, once a Wolf, always a Wolf.

Dan DeMatteo, a 1994 graduate and teacher at Gorton, is the president of the Charles E. Gorton Alumni Association.



When Gorton opened its doors on Oct. 8, it welcomed 878 students along with 30 teachers from the original Yonkers High School building, which was located on South Broadway. According to newspaper records, it marked the first time in the history of Yonkers schools that there were two separate high school teaching staffs.



Go Gorton! Beat Yonkers!

An annual tradition—parades and floats, alums home from college, THE game against the Yonkers Bulldogs and a Thanksgiving Day dinner.



1936 Pep Squad.



The 1939 game with dust rising and Gorton High in the background.



The 1947 Gorton mascot. 1939 cheerleaders.



1947 Gorton v. Yonkers with leather helmets.



A late 1970's game.



In memory: Coach Don DeMatteo and 1964 MVP Ralph Johnson.

Class of '65 Veterans

† (Deceased)

- Tom Boynton** USAF
- Malcolm Brown** Lt. Naval Reserve
- † **Bill Camperlengo** Army Vietnam
- Bill Cherko** Army
- George Conway** USAF (husband)
- Dennis DeLillo** Army
- Ray Debenedictis** Navy (husband)
- Capt. Michael DiPietro**
Army Active (son-in-law)
- John Eberhart** Navy
- Bob Edie** Army Vietnam
- † **Capt. John Esau** Army 2½ tours
Vietnam, 173rd Airborne Brigade
- David Farr** Army Vietnam (brother)
- Ric Farr** USAF
- † **Wayne Ferguson** Army Italy
- Dean Hamilton** USMC Vietnam
- † **David Owen Harris** Navy
- John Harter** Army Korea (brother)
- Jerry Healy** Army Vietnam (husband)
- Maj. Russell Healy** USAF (son)
- Kevin Henry** Army Vietnam
- Barry Jacobs** Army
- † **Jim Johnson** Army
- † **Ralph Johnson** Army
- † **Terry Kennedy** Navy (husband)
- John E. Knox** Naval Reserves
Petty Officer, 3rd Class
- Dan Laino** USMC
- Mark Laino** USMC (son)
- Mike Lekhmus** Army
Afghanistan (son-in-law)
- † **Capt. Donald Leonard** USAF, Vietnam
- Rick Maher** Navy
- Des Mas** Army, Vietnam
- † **Jim Masterson** Navy
- Michael Mauro** Army 101st Airborne
- Nick Mikulsky** Army Ranger
Afghanistan and Iraq (son)
- Ricky Milnarik** Navy
- † **Mike Morrone** Army Vietnam (husband)
- Jack Nicholls** Army
- Joe Paretti** USMC Dang Ha, Vietnam
11th Engineers (husband)
- Don Parry** Army 101st Airborne Vietnam
- Vincent Policelli** USAF (husband)
- Dennis Porucnik** USAF Thailand
- Ron Trautvetter** USAF (husband)
- Dennis Wasiczko** USAF Thailand
- Rich Whittaker** Army National Guard



Two years ago, on Nov. 10, 2021, the Gorton Alumni Association unveiled its Never Forget Garden during ceremonies outside Gorton's main entrance. The occasion coincided with the national centennial celebration of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Gorton was, and is, the only public high school in the U.S. to dedicate both its own tribute and honor the 100th anniversary of the Tomb.



MEMBERS OF THE BAND—There was a time when the Gorton Marching Band provided entertainment at Veterans and Memorial Day parades. Above, GHS '67 Bob Wollen, (circle) and a young Dave Mikulsky (inset) GHS '63.



Parry's Ponderings

A Final Salute to Veterans Day

By the time you read this, Veterans Day will have passed. Let that serve as a reminder to us that we should honor our veterans not only on Veterans Day but EVERY day. We owe them a debt we can never repay.

THANK YOU, VETERANS!

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

From Shea, To Today, and Now & Then

There are moments, events, experiences that capture and crystallize whole segments of your life. A thing, a happening, where you are YOU and also NOT you. Where you are young and old simultaneously. That is what happened to me today, the instant I heard the first notes, the first words, of the “last” Beatles song.

I was prepared. I was primed to hate and disparage the song and the means by which it was “created” by Artificial Intelligence. As if! The audacity of anyone thinking the greatest musical group of all time could be artificially resurrected, repackaged, resold. Repulsive!

I lived a Beatle mania existence from the moment I first heard them, in March, 1963 and I haven’t recovered, although the mania part has been toned down. I now have to admit to a less animated reaction to anything Beatles. Except for today. Today it was reborn.

When I play their music these days, I’m not lying on the floor with my head on or between the speakers, declaring my undying love for George. I’m not wearing my Beatle bracelets or trying to determine which trading cards I’m missing and who might have them. I’m not ditching my homework, so I can keep practicing the harmony to *Here, There and Everywhere* a bit longer, but I am still getting goosebumps when listening to the guitar work of my George, which still makes me weep.

I saw them twice. The first time was at Forest Hills on Aug. 26, 1964. It was their first stadium concert and what I remember most, is that the conductors on the train we took were all wearing Beatle wigs. As for the show itself, I remember the shock and awe, more than the music.

And then there was Shea Stadium.

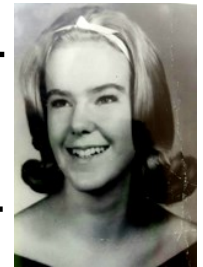


There has been enough written about it, as well as a documentary made, so there is not much I can add. My personal memory is of helicopters coming in and flying out and sensory and emotional overload on speed. It was joyful, chaotic and very scary. It was also obvious that those four “lads” were terrified and were all too soon a band on the run, after less than an hour’s performance.

At the end, they looked like little tan mice, jumping from the stage and high-tailing it away. I was one of 55,000 mostly overwrought teenage girls in attendance. If I had not had a seat next to a giant speaker, screaming is all I would have heard. In the ensuing years, I continued to purchase every album, learned every word to every song, saw every one of their movies, was heartbroken at their breakup and always stayed true to George.

Which brings me back to today and *Now and Then* and my moment. In the words of Elvis, “Now and then, there’s a fool such as I.” I was wrong in my assumptions that this was some kind of trickery, created to tickle technology fancies.

Priceless Memories



From the first sound of John’s distinctive “one, two,” his familiar piano accompaniment, the first guitar chord, I was me; not me; here; not here; young; not so young. That speaks to their musical genius far more than to scientific technology. It is the final legacy of four fabulous boys from Liverpool, who changed the world without artificial anything.

Every note and sound and feel, from the perfect harmonies, to the distinctive instrumental intricacies, to the phrasing and finally, to the musical majesty created by these combined talents, all of it is back again and it is real.

They are real.

This November, when we traditionally express gratitude for what we have that enriches our lives, I will be thankful for this one last gift from John, Paul, George and Ringo, who assured us that all we need is love.

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



Mildred Streeter, 1930

To
 Mildred Dickson Streeter
 in gratitude for all that her
 kindly spirit has done
 for us we dedicate
 The Promenade
 of 1930



Coal Bunker's debut play "Dear Ruth"

THEATRE (from Page One)

high school. Along with Miss Streeter and her troupe of Gorton Players, construction of the theatre was accomplished with the assistance of John Clermont, head custodian at Gorton.

The project was certainly not an easy undertaking.

Once debris had been cleared, walls and floors had to be scrubbed and painted. Risers were built by the students and old auditorium seats were hauled down to the bunker to create a three-tiered viewing space. Pipe rigging for fresnels was installed after which extensive electrical work was needed to support theatrical lighting equipment.

Masses of green fabric were hung to create a warm, theatrical environment complementing the striking mural of Comedy/Tragedy Masks created by the Art Department. The final step was the tiling of the floor in the summer of 1949.

The two-year project was completed with one remaining caveat. There was no internal access to the theatre. There must have been a good deal of anticipatory excitement among members of the first audience who gathered in the Convent Avenue parking lot and waited until a single door opened allowing access to the theatre, down a steep staircase into a barely lit area. Turn one corner and low and behold: The Coal Bunker Theatre would greet its first audience.



The 1930 Promenade was dedicated to "Mildred Dickson Streeter, in gratitude for all that her kindly spirit has done for us." It was both an homage and a prescient tribute.

Now a local celebrity, Mildred Streeter reigned at Gorton until her retirement in 1960. Over the course of her tenure, some 16 productions were mounted in the Coal Bunker Theatre. Most were light comedies of the period, always popular crowd-pleasers playing to capacity audiences: Goodbye, My Fancy; Good Housekeeping; and Stage Door—dated plays mostly forgotten today, written by authors

whose names are found only in theatrical history books.

How many remember the cry of "Henry! Henry Aldrich!!" blaring through our radios. He was the main character in What A Life by Clifford Goldsmith, directed by Ms. Streeter in 1951. Gortonite David Norton played the iconic teenage character.

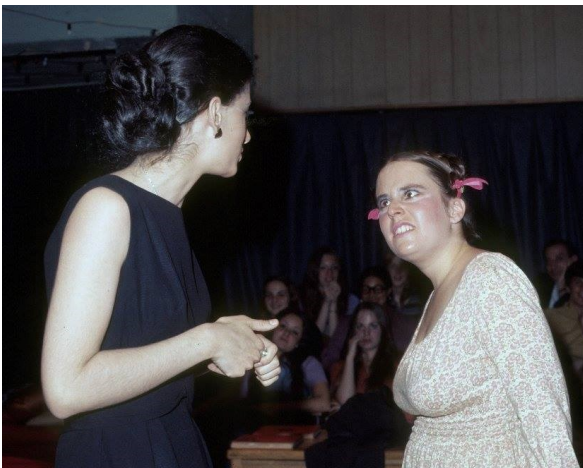
Following Streeter's retirement, custody of the Coal Bunker fell to English teacher Michael Rubin who directed a single play, followed by Bill Bastiansen, who took over the helm for A Roomful of Roses and The Tender Trap, after which the Coal Bunker once again fell into disuse.

January, 1961: Enter yours truly.

As documented in a previous issue of *Wolf Tales*, I was in love with theatre, but knew absolutely nothing about directing. After I was cornered by the late Sandy Siegelstein (and the redoubtable James Cavanaugh) to work a spotlight for Annie Get Your Gun, I cut my teeth on three additional musicals, never enamored of the experience as musical comedy was not my forte.

I took up directing a couple of major productions (King Lear and the infamous 4 ½-hour Oresteia, which gradually saw the audience whittled down to my wife and Alice Schwartz, both of whom applauded loud and long for a cast of 60.

My own desire was to do serious but not
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Scenes from "Old Dad, Poor Dad..." (left) and "Picnic in a Battlefield."

THEATRE (from Page 8)

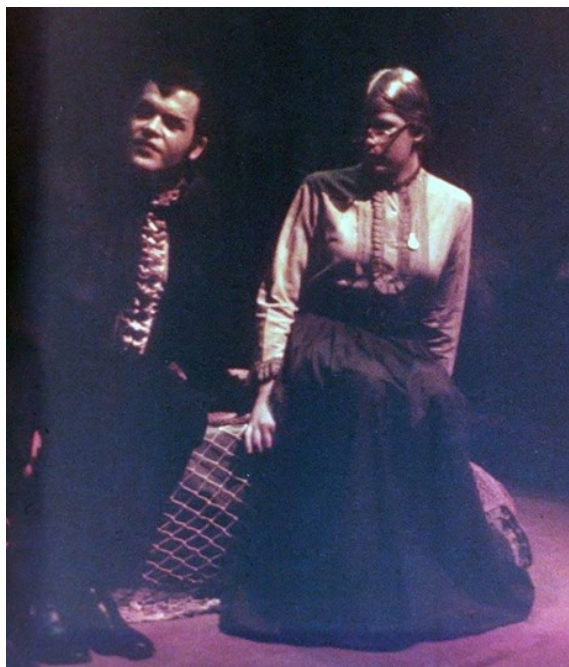
epic drama with casts of thousands, dramas that were not suitable for the Gorton auditorium, which was not designed with subtlety in mind. The space was huge, the acoustics horrible. No effective sound system was available and the space between the stage apron and the first row of seating was formidable, making communication between stage and audience difficult.

Then someone, and I honestly don't remember who, whispered in my ear, "Bob, you know there's a small theatre in the basement that's no longer used."

Down I went to investigate and, once again, the cobwebs were dusted away.

March 31, 1967 saw the first reincarnation of The Coal Bunker Theatre with a double production of Edward Albee's *The American Dream* and George Bernard Shaw's, *Passion, Poison and Petrification* for which we built a small balcony to hold a Choir of Heavenly Angels. The balcony was retained as it furnished an additional seating area for future productions.

The next few years of my tenure at Gorton saw mountings of a number of plays by then contemporary authors in addition to Albee, notably Terrence McNally, Arthur Kopit, Samuel Beckett, Eugene Ionesco and Fernando Arrabal. With a little imagination, the space proved extremely versatile. A 1971 production of *Dracula*, starring Richard Weidner as the blood-thirsty Tran-



"Dracula"

sylvanian, saw the entire arena hung with vibrant red tennis netting (supplied by costar, Alison Lipson) through which the audience watched the play.

Various productions were mounted through 1972 by which time the Yonkers Fire Department had become aware of the environment. No doubt about it from its inception, the Coal Bunker Theatre was a fire trap. There were insufficient aisles, the only two exits were not properly marked, pathways out often led across a stage cluttered with furniture and props.

The mere announcement of a production would lead to the arrival of a fire marshal. Eventually, the compromise was to have a



"Endgame"

fireman on duty for every performance. Administration grew disenchanted with the controversy and soon joined the chorus demanding that the theatre be shut down.

Theaterless, I staged one final "revolutionary protest" production before moving on to Lincoln High School—The *Marat/Sade* mounted in the boy's shower room. No problems with the fire department; running water everywhere. No problems with administration; they had no idea what was happening. Gym teachers and coaching staff? Yes, there was some outrage, but there was little they could do once risers had been moved into the

See **THEATRE** on Page 11

Spano Wins 4th Term as Mayor

Yonkers Mayor Mike Spano cruised to an unprecedented fourth term with a decisive victory over Republican Councilman Anthony Merante.

The 59-year-old Democratic incumbent won by a 60-40 margin.

Spano, a Yonkers native from a large, politically involved family, is set to become the longest-serving mayor in the city's history. Spano has been mayor since 2012 and served 20 years as an assemblyman before then.

4 Harness Drivers Hurt in Major Crash

Four Yonkers Raceway drivers were thrown from their carts and injured after one of the horses tripped and fell during a race, triggering a domino effect.

None of the horses were hurt but drivers suffered a variety of broken bones.

"It was an unfortunate accident. Very rare in our game in harness racing," said Joseph A. Faraldo, chairman of the U.S. Trotting Association.

Ex-City Manager Cited in Hit-and-Run

The former Yonkers city manager from 1988 to 1991 during the height of the city's desegregation case has been charged in a hit-and-run accident that left a 66-year-old woman seriously injured in Valhalla.

Neil DeLuca, 74, of Hawthorne, appeared in Mount Pleasant Town Court on a felony charge of leaving the scene of a serious injury accident.

Gino's Wins Best Pizza

If you want a slice of heaven, go to Gino's for a slice of pizza.

After weeks of crust-to-crust competition,

Gino's Pizzeria in the Park Hill section of South Broadway edged out Louie & Johnnie's Ristorante Primavera near Yonkers Raceway as the city's best pizza pie. Thirty-two eateries participated in Yonkers' "March Madness" pizza contest.

Teen Charged In Cop's Death

A 16-year-old Yonkers teen was charged with criminally negligent homicide for a crash last December that killed a veteran Yonkers police officer who was on duty.

Det. Sgt. Frank Gualdino, 53, a 24-year veteran of the force, was set to retire in August.

The teen spent several months in a hospital before appearing in youth court wearing Gualdino's handcuffs. The teen, whose name was withheld due to his age, surrendered his passport and entered a not guilty plea. Bail was set at \$5,000.

500 Drivers Ignore School Bus Lights

When it comes to tests, passing a school bus gets you a "D."

In the first week after installing cameras on the sides of school buses, nearly 500 drivers were caught passing stopped school buses with red flashing lights and stop signs.

For the first 30 days, anyone that drives by a stopped school bus receives a warning. Afterwards, first-time violations carry a fine of \$250 and incur higher penalties with subsequent notices.

DMX Exhibit Opens in Yonkers

Yonkers Arts is celebrating the life, music and impact of late rap legend and Yonkers native DMX with a new exhibit called "Let Me Fly" which will run until January.

"This show encapsulates almost 20 years of DMX's career," explained Ray Wilcox, executive director of Yonkers Arts, who curated the exhibit. "Most of the pictures are of him here in Yonkers." Sharief

Ziyadat, a photographer from Yonkers with a close connection to DMX, started chronicling the rapper's life in 1999.

Yonkers native DJ Superior, DMX's main DJ, hopes the exhibit and DMX's life will inspire other locals. "For everybody to know that you can make it, you can make it because he went through a lot of stuff, but he still did what he had to do. DMX, he's ours, he's Yonkers."

Yonkers Hospitals Get a 'C' in Safety

Yonkers hospitals, St. John's Riverside Hospital Andrus Pavilion and St. Joseph's Medical Center received "C" ratings in patient safety according to a new report from the Leapfrog Group, a patient advocacy group.

According to the group, the report grades nearly 3,000 hospitals across the country based on how well they protect patients from preventable medical errors, accidents, injuries and infections.

Media Group Builds \$100M Studio Campus

Great Point Studios, the owner of Lionsgate Studios in Yonkers, broke ground on its new \$100 million studio campus at 1050 North Broadway off Executive Park.

The 20,000-square-foot studio, which is expected to open next fall, will employ 400 people. It will offer soundstages, post-production facilities and other amenities that will attract filmmakers, content creators, and production companies.

City Scores 100 For LGBTQ+ Rights

For the ninth straight year, Yonkers scored a perfect 100 for LGBTQ+ inclusion in municipal law and policy.

The Municipal Equality Index examines inclusivity among more than 500 cities. Yonkers was among 129 cities registering a perfect score.

"The City of Yonkers has a longtime commitment to promoting equality and inclusion, regardless of who you love," said Yonkers Mayor Mike Spano.



In the boy's shower with "Marat/Sade"

THEATRE (from Page 9)

the shower room and rehearsals had begun.

About four years ago, the late Bill Tolany had the vision of restoring the Coal Bunker Theatre; I even volunteered my services to come out of retirement and direct the first production. But, alas, the fire laws had become even more stringent over the years deeming resurrection an impossibility.

The coal bunker today: Not many of us could look at a vibrant, functioning theatrical landmark and visualize a storeroom for books, papers and janitorial supplies—Louis Benzell, former principal at Charles E. Gorton High School, had just such a mind.

Robert Foley taught English and drama at Gorton beginning in 1963 before ending his teaching career in 1997 at Lincoln. He is the author of three novels.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Due to safety concerns, entrance is no longer permitted inside the Coal Bunker Theatre. Principal Jamie Morales was kind enough to have a copy of Mildred Streeter's Hall of Fame plaque placed inside the Coal Bunker Theatre as a loving tribute.



John and his mother Alice.



Havemeyer Hall, Columbia University.

From Yonkers To Oslo: A Nobel Path

Yonkers has been home to many famous people: Sid Caesar, Anthony Blinken, Mary Jo Blige, Ella Fitzgerald and Gene Krupa just to name a few. However, very few have heard of John H. Northrop, the 1946 winner of the Nobel Prize in Chemistry.

Northrop was born in Yonkers on July 5, 1891. He was a direct descendant of Joseph Northrop who settled in Connecticut in 1639; of Jonathan Edwards, president of Princeton University in 1758; and of Federick C. Havemeyer whose name adorns the Chemistry Department building of Columbia University's Morningside Heights campus.

His father, John I. Northrop, was an instructor at Columbia until he was fatally injured in a laboratory accident shortly before his son's birth.

His mother, Alice Northrop, taught botany at Hunter College. She was largely responsible for the introduction of na-



Did You Know?

ture studies into the curriculum of New York public schools.

Northrop attended public schools in Yonkers and graduated from Yonkers High School in 1909. He later recalled excellent teachers of math: Mr. Graves and chemistry Dr. Metzger. His interest in chemistry became his life's passion.



After graduation, Northrop entered Columbia University to study zoology and chemistry. While there he was an outstanding member of their

rifle, revolver, and fencing teams. He graduated from Columbia in 1912 with a Bachelor of Science, Master of Arts in 1913 and a Ph.D. in chemistry in 1915.

During World War I, Northrop was commissioned a captain in the U.S. Army Chemical Warfare Service. His work with the army included research on the production of acetone and ethanol through

See NORTHROP on Page 12

Food Fight At Congress' Holiday Table

We owe Congress a debt of gratitude—not for not doing its job—but for reminding us what to expect at the family table this Thanksgiving.

Let's start at the adults table, the Senate, where Aunt Stella's Jell-O mold and meet the Brussels sprouts.

During a Senate Transportation Committee hearing, Oklahoma Sen. Markwayne Mullin challenged Teamsters President Sean O'Brien to a fight. If Jimmy



Editor's Note

Hoffa taught us anything, it's not a good idea to pick a fight with the Teamsters unless you want "forever seats" under Giant Stadium near the seven-yard line.

This Sooner versus Truck Driving Man feud had been festering since when O'Brien tweeted that the senator "quit the tough guy act in these Senate hearings. You know where



to find me. Any place, any time, cowboy." The Teamster added a photo of Mullin standing on a box behind a podium as a further reminder that the man from Tulsa needs a step ladder to mount a horse.

Oooh, that made the cowboy mad mean.

"Sir, this is a time, this is a place. You want to run your mouth; we can be two consenting adults. We can finish it here," Mullin said at the Senate Labor Committee hearings. "You want to do it now?"

"I'd love to do it right now," O'Brien, 51, responded.

"Well stand your butt up, then," Mullin said.

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Parry's Ponderings

Don't Blame Me, It's in My Genes

I think I finally figured out what's wrong with me. I'm genetically pre-disposed to getting old.

Insights Aren't Future Perfect

I don't think Yogi Berra said this but it sure sounds like he could have. "Predictions are hard to make, especially about the future."

No Inflation? Don't Bet on It

The government tells us that inflation is easing but you couldn't prove it by me. The other day at the bank they wanted to charge me \$11 for a \$10 roll of quarters.

Banking on Business?

Speaking of banks, ever wonder why there are so many of them around when everybody seems to be broke?

Don Parry (C65) was awarded Westchester's Safest Teenage Driver Award.

NORTHROP (from Page 11)

fermentation. This work later led to the study of enzymes.

After his service, he married Louise Walker in 1917 and had two children, John and Alice. The family lived in a small house in Mount Vernon. Northrop extremely disliked the daily commute into New York City and for that reason he moved his family to Princeton, NJ, taking a job at the Rockefeller Institute's Department of Animal Pathology.

He and the family vacationed in Cotuit, MA, where he could maintain laboratory work at Woods Hole in Cape Cod.

During World War II, he was a consultant to the National Research Committee studying how war gases achieve their desired effect (mode of action) and developing methods of automatic detection and analysis.

In 1946, along with James Sumner and Wendell Stanley, Northrop won the 1946 Nobel Prize in Chemistry. The award was given for their work on isolation, crystallization and study of enzymes, proteins and viruses. At the time, Northrop was a professor of Bacteriology and Medical Physics, Emeritus, at the University of California, Berkeley.

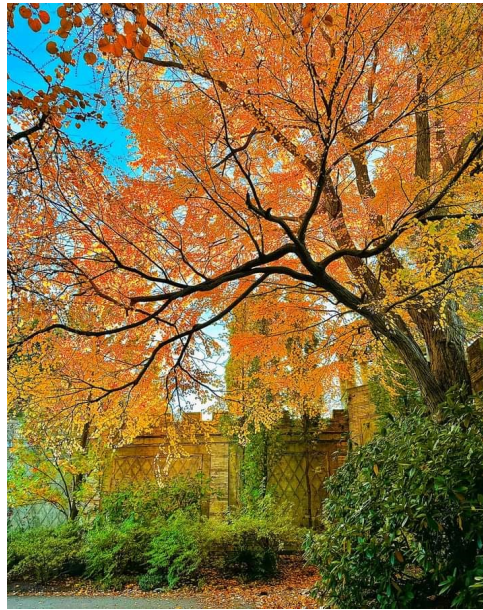
After winning the Nobel, he continued his laboratory work and publications.

During the 1960s, his wife Alice became ill, and John cared for her for several years. The climate in California was not kind to John's sensitive respiratory system. For that reason, Alice went to live with her daughter's family in Ohio and John moved to Wickenburg, AZ. There he hiked, fished, practiced shooting, gardened and made annual fishing trips with his son to Wyoming.

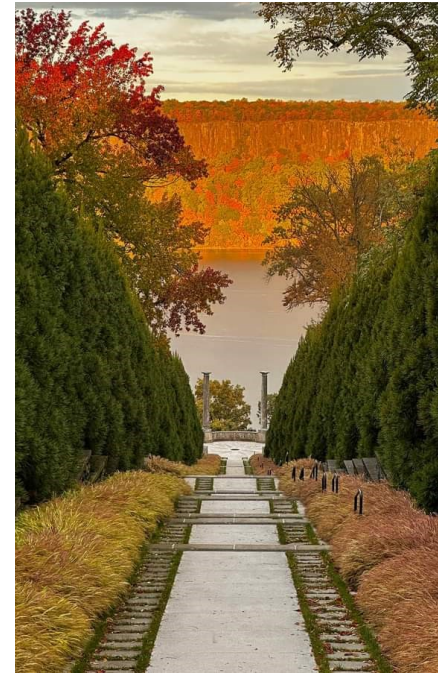
As he entered his nineties, he began to think of himself as a burden to his family.

On May 27, 1987, he took his life.

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



AUTUMN IN UNTERMYER—Vibrant colors and subtle hues abound.



EDITOR (from Page 12)

O’Brien, missing the golden opportunity to say he thought Mullin was already standing, shot back, "You stand your butt up."

Hold the mashed potatoes, the fight’s on.

Mullin stood up and began to take off his wedding ring. I’m not sure why men take off their wedding rings when they are about to have a fight but I do understand why women take off their hoop earrings.

This is where our crazy uncle Bernie Sanders steps in. "No, no, sit down! Sit down! You’re a United States senator! And you sit down too," he told O’Brien. "This is a hearing. And God knows the American people have enough contempt for Congress, let’s not make it worse."

"And pass the candied yams, dammit. And who the hell put orange zest in the cranberry sauce? What’s wrong with you people."

Meanwhile, over at the kiddies’ table, cousins Timmy and Kevin were at it again.

"Mom, Kevin hit me."
 "Did Not."
 "Did too."
 "He hit me first."

Not quite the caliber of the Lincoln-Douglas debates; more like Pee Wee Herman’s "I know you are but what am I?"

The bad blood began when Rep. Tim Burchett refused to endorse Rep. Kevin McCarthy as House Speaker. The animosity later spilled over to the annual family touch-football game when Timmy didn’t pick Kevie for his team.

Burchett said McCarthy elbowed him in the kidneys in a Congressional hallway. To Kevin’s defense, those hallways can be tight at times, especially with all the high chairs. Calling Kevin a "bully," Lassie’s owner added that Kevin "was the type kid who would throw a rock over the fence and run home and hide behind his mama’s skirt."

Whoa, did Timmy just use the "yo momma" put down?

Even after being told to keep quiet, probably by Crazy Uncle Bernie, he pressed on like a flopping soccer player hoping for a yellow flag. "He raised his voice in that very high-pitched thing."

McCarthy countered by showing why he shouldn’t act as his own defense witness or be second in line to the presidency: "If I hit somebody, they would know it. If I kidney punched someone, they would be on the ground."

Missing from the family fracas was Georgie Santos who went Trick or Treating this year as the Liar King. It seems he just got a bad report card from the House Ethics Committee, which is somewhat of an oxymoron.

How bad was it?

He threatened to hold his breath and not run for office. He allegedly stole money from his campaign, deceived donors, reported fictitious loans and engaged in fraudulent business dealings. He spent beaucoup bucks on shopping trips to high-end stores, lavish casinos (in Atlantic City?) and payments to an adult content web site.

But wait, there’s more. The blunderkind also faces nearly two dozen federal charges, including allegations of stealing the identities of family members. He stole from his make-believe family?

The House faces a tough call. Expel him or let him still stay so he can have access to classified documents.

Meanwhile, pass the pork-barrel stuffing.

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

Ask Janet



Giving Thanks All Around The World

Dear Janet,
What is Thanksgiving all about?

Tom T. Urkey

Dear Tom,

Merci. Gracias. Grazie. Danke. Arigato. These are just a few of the ways to say “thank you” in French, Spanish, Italian, German and Japanese.

It’s November. The month in which we celebrate Thanksgiving, a day set aside to give thanks for our blessings, great and small, as we gather with family and friends to overeat and watch football.

Google indicates it wasn’t always that way throughout history. Of course, we all know that the first Thanksgiving was a celebration shared by the Pilgrims and Native Americans. Maybe the biggest difference is that they didn’t watch football.

During the American Revolution, several days were set aside to give thanks after victories over the British. In 1789, President George Washington proclaimed America’s first Thanksgiving Day “in acknowledgment of the favors the Almighty bestowed on them,” namely, winning the Revolutionary War. It was randomly celebrated until FDR signed a Congressional resolution on Dec. 26, 1941, that established the fourth Thursday in November as the federal Thanksgiving Day holiday.

Is America the only country to celebrate a day to give thanks? Absolutely not.

See **JANET** on Page 15



Everybody Into the Pool!

Untermeyer’s Persian Pool is back in business!

The pool’s mosaics have been completely restored to historic accuracy and the lionheads’ fountains, inactive for 50 years, are once again filling the pool that the Untermeyer family once used as a place to cool off during the summer months.

Here’s the best part, besides spectacular views of the Hudson—the water be a year-round feature of the pool.



—Photo the Untermyer Conservancy

SUNRISE AT UNTERMYER—The Temple of Love looking west toward the Palisades.

JANET (from Page 14)

Germany, Austria, and Switzerland celebrate Erntedankfest, generally late September or early October. Canada celebrates Thanksgiving the second Tuesday of October. Japan celebrates Kinrō Kansha no Hi or "Labor Thanksgiving Day" every Nov. 23, to honor workers in the community.

During the Moon Festival, Chinese families get together, to celebrate and give thanks for a good harvest. The festival takes place during the Harvest Moon, the full moon closest to the autumnal equinox.

On their way to America and Plymouth Rock, a group of Pilgrims stopped in Leiden, Netherlands for a short period. Today, many residents of Leiden continue to convene in Pieterskerk, a 900-year-old church, to celebrate an American Thanksgiving by celebrating "the perseverance and good fortunes of the early American settlers."

Way back in time, giving thanks may have

focused on prayers and fasting, but that gradually morphed into the festival it has become today. It became a big party. After all, this is America!

In contrast to these and other celebrations of giving thanks, Native Americans consider the traditional Thanksgiving Day as a day of mourning as it symbolizes the arrival of the settlers and the wars, oppression and genocide that followed.

While writing this article, some thoughts about school days popped into my mind:

The traditional Turkey Tussle versus Yonkers High. Always thankful for a win but perhaps overlooked were the good games and good times together, even when we lost.

The movie *To Sir With Love*. "How do you thank someone who has taken you from crayons to perfume?" How do we thank our teachers who took us from our chaotic, hormonal preteen and adolescent years to become the mature (?) people we

are today, with a solid educational background that makes us proud.

Friendships that began and grew from kindergarten to their renewal and for new friendships that might not have been without our reunions.

Thankful for *Wolf Tales* contributors.

Not all thanks come in the form of words. We thank with gestures such as a nod, a wave, a hug or a kiss.

Animals and plants, yes plants, have a way of saying thanks too. Vincent Van Gogh believed that sunflowers turn their face to the sun to show gratitude.

And thanks for reading my story, it was fun.

With Thanksgiving, the holiday season's begun!!!

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



Middle Alkali Lake, a playa of 376 square miles, a shallow lake that dries up during the summer.



Miles From Nowhere

Just a short distance east from Cedarville, CA, you leave civilization behind. Almost immediately, you are "miles from nowhere." As you leave town, an ominous sign warns "NO SERVICES FOR 100 MILES."

small patches of farmland (mostly hay farms) are passed as you drive toward the California/Nevada border a few miles away. Along the way we saw some domesticated buffalo and a herd of wild horses.



A few farm houses, barns and

Soon, you reach the Middle
See JOE on Page 17



Out where the wild horses and domesticated buffalo roam.



JOE (from Page 16)

Alkali Lake, a playa of 376 square miles. During the winter, it is a shallow lake but dries up during the summer leaving miles of parched, very flat land. Walking on the playa was like being on another planet.

All of this lies in Surprise Valley. The valley got its name from the reaction of settlers travelling west in wagon trains. As they passed over the Pinto Peak Mountain Range in Nevada, after traversing miles and miles of dry desert, they were "surprised" to see an incredibly verdant green valley. The valley is fed by hundreds

of mineral hot springs that supply enough water to successfully farm and ranch in the area.

Today, there is a hot spring resort which lies out in the "middle of nowhere" and the town of Cedarville uses the hot springs to heat the local school and hospital.



As you approach the state border, the paved road ends and turns into a dry, dusty gravel road for the next 100 miles or so. Travel at your own risk!

Another interesting thing in our recent trip to catch the solar eclipse was the number of very small "towns" along the highway.

There's Likely, with a population of 20 even though the sign says 99, as well as a café with a catchy name. It's surrounded by high desert and not much of anything else. In nearby Susanville, we had a very good lunch at the Pioneer Café next door to the Grand Café. Susanville is an actual town with schools, etc.

Joe Mikulsky (C65) is a founding member of the North End Surfing Club and an accomplished wildlife and landscape photographer.

Watching Democracy In Action

On Nov. 7, I woke up at the ungodly hour of 4 a.m., had a banana and coffee, and then drove through a slight drizzle to my polling site on McLean Avenue to help set up the place for the general election.

A month earlier, I attended a three-hour course at the Westchester Manor in Yonkers to learn the responsibilities of being a General Inspector on Election Day. It might sound corny but the reason I decided to do this was an obligation to uphold the democratic ideals on which our country was founded. Every voter matters and every vote counts.

When I arrived at the polling site, I looked over my coworkers and couldn't identify one familiar face. I realized they were from different backgrounds and that was a good thing. But more im-



Tuers De Force

portantly I was thinking about the voters and how I could keep a positive attitude for 15 hours.

The hour before the opening of the polls is like a pregame warmup. There's a reference guide that you need to bring to the polls which has all the intricacies that are needed to successfully open the polls. At 6 a.m. sharp the first voters enter. Game on.

I happily welcomed the voters and was ready to assist with every facet of voting. It didn't take long for a man to test my happy attitude.

After a friendly smile and a happy greeting from me, I had to tell him he wasn't registered to vote at this polling site. That didn't sit well with him. He became irritable. He didn't understand why

See ELECTIONS on Page 18

Asha Leaves to Pursue Her Instincts

Asha, a female Mexican gray wolf, apparently knows something that New Mexico and the U.S. Fish and the US Fish and Wildlife Service don't—where her heart calls home.

Asha's latest journey from the confines of a defined piece of land, the Mexican Wolf Experimental Population Area (MWEPA), has taken her into the northern New Mexico's Jemez Mountains region. Her exploration outside re-ordained borders has come without attacks on livestock or human confrontation.



also those who wish to bring her back to the canine reservation.

"This is where we draw the line," the Westchester Conservation Center (WCC) said in a press release. "It is essential we stand united to ensure Asha is not unjustly removed from the habitat her instincts have led her to."

"This isn't just about one wolf; it's about respecting the intrinsic behaviors of all wolves, ensuring their rightful place in ecosystems where their ancestors once roamed," the WCC stated.

However, wildlife officials have made her locations known as a protective measure against hunters looking for coyotes but

"Let Asha be. Her journey north is an opportunity for learning, for understanding the needs of her species far better than we ever have," the WCC advised.

A Yonkers Scout Gets the Royal Treatment

By Robert Schlegel GHS62

My interest in Scouting started in 1953 as a Cub Scout at Yonkers Pack 125 at School 25. Peter Traub, also a 1962 Gorton grad, moved on to Troop 4 that was sponsored by the First Presbyterian Church, where Peter's father was the Scoutmaster.

I have remained in Scouting ever since, recently receiving my 70-year pin. In that time, I worked on the staffs at nine National and World Scout Jamborees. My interest in International Scouting started when I was a young leader at the 1967 World Jamboree held in Idaho. My wife, Sheena, was active in Girl Guiding in the U.K., which included traveling to Australia as part of her duties.



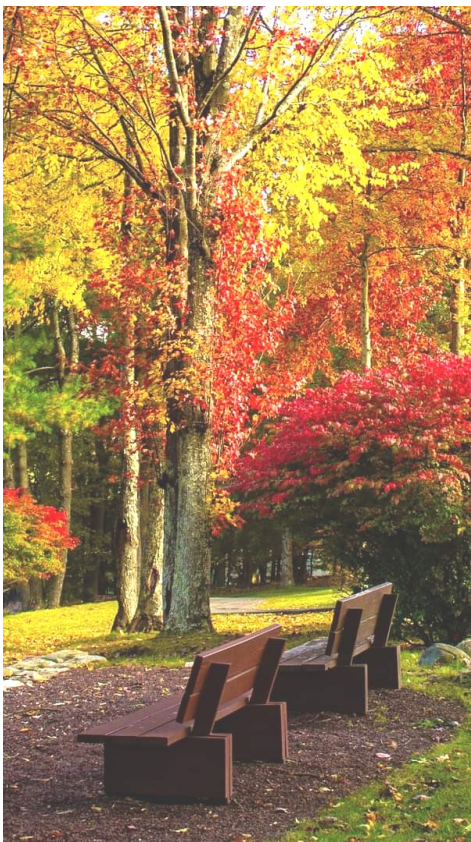
At left, HRH Prince Guillame, Bob Schlegel, Sheena Schlegel and HM King Carl XVI Gustav. At right, Bob as leader of the pack.



We both decided to support the World Scout Foundation and recently travelled to Kandersteg, Switzerland to be welcomed as Baden Powell Fellows at its 75th gathering. Kandersteg International Scout Center is the camping area established 100 years ago by Chief Scout of the World, Lord Baden Powell. We were welcomed into the fellowship by His Royal Highness Crown Prince Guillame of Luxembourg, chair of the Foundation, and his Majesty King Carl

XVI Gustav of Sweden, Honorary Chair.

As a retired U.S. Army Colonel, I have also been involved in a number of veterans organizations, one of which is the Military Order of the World Wars (MOWW). I am also the National MOWW Scouting Chair and recently started a chapter of this 104-year-old organization in my home town of Ocala, FL.



—Photo by Alex Poletsky

A PAUSE AT THE BACK NINE--A respite at the Somers Pointe Golf Course to soak up the changing seasons.

ELECTIONS (from Page 17)

after all the years voting at this site, he'd been moved to a different location. I didn't have the answer and no one else did either. He stormed out swearing that he'd never vote again!

It wasn't a good start to the day and there were still 14 hours to go!

The hours ticked away very slowly because of the small turnout in an off-off year election or maybe the early voting option now available to voters. I heard my stomach growling and realized a banana and coffee weren't enough breakfast. Someone brought in a box of Dunkin Donuts and for the time being this election was going to run on Dunkin.

As the morning progressed, I saw multiple generations voting together and first-time voters casting their ballots. For me that was a real highlight and for the first time I was feeling good about the process. That's not to say that I didn't see my share of disgruntled voters as the lines grew longer as darkness set in.

It didn't matter if you were blind, deaf or

couldn't walk; all involved in the process made sure all persons could vote. I really enjoyed being part of the process and greatly respected the people in the room.

The voters, for the most part, were patient and polite and some even thanked me, which I found very touching. Even though the polls close officially at 9 p.m., about 10 people were still allowed to vote past the deadline. The rules are very specific.

When the chairperson declared "The polls are closed," it was like music to my ears. I immediately volunteered to stand behind that last person in line so no additional people could vote. Luckily that didn't happen.

After the last person voted, we made sure that all final procedures were followed to successfully close the polling site.

Game over. Glad to get back to eating a normal breakfast and no more Dunkin' Donuts.

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