



PORT OF CALL

The newsletter that keeps Port's retirees connected and informed.

**PWTA RETIRED EDUCATORS CHAPTER
PORT WASHINGTON, NEW YORK
Booster Time Fall 2021 Vol. 31 No. 2**

NYSUT NO. 19 080R Visit our website at: <http://pwretirees.org/>

Bubbles - Jeffrey G. Moss

“The bubble
is what you make it
levying an emotional tax ...
as magical as a typical
Disney trip.”

(Excerpted from “The True Cost of Life in the NBA Bubble” NY Times 9/2/20)

*

Curly haired Rachel Landau blew a bright pink Bazooka bubble bigger than a basketball.
Just as she paused, wide eyed with pride, to inhale for a final gentle puff
Just as Jenna Maslow prepared to drape black thread around its circumference to gauge and catalogue this momentous achievement
Just as the bell rang
I snatched the Spaulding and broke from the handball game, hurdled the crisscross applesauce witnesses, stabbed my dirty index finger through the heart of Rachel’s accomplishment, and bounced away buoyed by the peal of the girls’ shrieks and shouts.
The hairy chinned lunch aide escorted an inconsolable Rachel Landau to the nurse.
Rachel missed math, music, and a vocabulary test, returning the next morning with her curls shorn. Mrs. Chastain kept me in at recess for three days to write I will not pop bubbles any more! one thousand times.
The girls kicked my shins inside the sliding door wardrobe for more than a week.

*

On the Saturday night of a steamy Labor Day weekend I take out the bucket, magic wands, Joy, glycerin, and warm water to assemble the perfect potion for conjuring oversized bubbles.
My buddy and I scramble along the misty street, lean over car hoods, clamber over fences, onto stranger’s stoops, and stop traffic to keep our creations aloft.
Fanning ephemeral spectral spheres is our mantra. We vow to have t-shirts made.
Our wives sip chardonnay on the porch and cackle at our heroic antics.
Our newborn sons sleep soundly in baby seats at their feet.

*

Late afternoon at the Coney Island aquarium, after the daily onslaught of school groups, there is a return to quiet and the steady hum of the hidden pumps, to the rhythmic rolling and receding of the waves on the nearby shore.
We traditionally transition through the Technicolor coral reef display, absorb the colors: the clown fish, jacks, butterflies, rays, tiers of vibrant anemones.
Then it’s an anticipatory stroll to the beluga tank.
I hoist my young son on to the ledge of the thick glass window and wave to catch the cetacean’s eye.
When Cut Tail arrives on the other side of the pane I wave again, short, staccato arcs, like a conductor.
The beluga fills its melon and unleashes a steady stream of bubbles from its blowhole. My son channels the surge of emotion by stomping his feet and laughing like a dolphin.
I gesture again.
The whale, nodding and ostensibly smiling, releases a series of bubbles from its mouth directly at the window.
And again.

Continued on page 3

Making Strides 2021 - Bonnie Utzig

By the time this article goes to print, the 28th annual American Cancer Society's Making Strides Against Breast Cancer walkathon at Jones Beach will have occurred on Sunday, October 17, 2021. Due to COVID and its variants, this year's fundraiser was a hybrid event, with several options. Participants were given choices to satisfy their comfort level.

The traditional 5K walk came back this year, with the addition of masks being highly recommended. This event took place at Jones Beach Field 5. Many safety measures were put in place, including registration of every single participant (even children).

As an option, the Step Challenge was offered this year to encourage friends and family to make a pledge for each day the walker hit his or her goal of 6,000 steps.

Other options included walking with the use of a LIVE APP BASED VIRTUAL 5K Experience, walking on your own or with a ZOOM group, and dedicating a pinwheel in honor or memory of someone who has had to fight breast cancer. The pinwheels were added to a Making Strides Pinwheel Garden.

Thank you very much to all those PWRE members who donated checks to the American Cancer Society again this year. Your donations are helping to fund patient support services, breast cancer education and prevention programs, and breast cancer research.

At the time of this writing (Sept.28), the PWRE has raised \$3,927. Last year we hit \$4,020. Donations are welcome until Thursday, October 28th. THANK YOU!!!!

Come to the PWRE Book Club - join us



The PWRE ZOOM Book Club began in March 2021, and transitioned in July 2021 to a HYBRID Book Club, with alternating months of Zoom and In Person meetings. All PWRE members are welcome to attend. If you are not on the book club list and would like to be, email [Barbara Mayer](mailto:Barbara.Mayer). (blmayer3@gmail.com)

Date: Monday, November 29th at 3:00pm - Zoom

Book: The Personal Librarian by Marie Benedict & Victoria Murray

Date: January 2022 - TBA

Book: West With The Night By Beryl Markham

PORT OF CALL

Booster Time Fall 2021 Vol. 31 No. 2
Published by the Retired Educators Chapter
Port Washington Teachers Association
99 Campus Drive
Port Washington, NY 11050

Erlyn Madonia, Editor
emadonia@gmail.com
(518)392-2201

PWRE Webmaster: Barbara Mayer
blmayer3@gmail.com



FRIENDSHIP/REMEMBRANCE COMMITTEE

Norma Ziegel

Condolences Were Sent:

To the family of Bob Busby
To the family of Dorothy Dadirrian
To the family of Jane Diaks
To the family of Joanne Freyer
To the family of Jack Grande
To the family of Carolyn Heath
To the family of Ira Nadler
To the family of Rita Schwartz
To the family of Anita Strauss
To Therese Egan on the death of her husband
To Harriet Englander on the death of her sister
To Kay Marra on the death of her husband
To the family of Charles McNally, husband of Betty
To Margaret Murray on the death of her husband

A \$100 contribution was sent to the PWRE Scholarship Fund in memory of:

Robert Busby
Dorothy Dadirrian
Jane Diaks
Joanne Freyer
Jack Grande
Carolyn Heath
Ira Nadler
Rita Schwartz
Anita Strauss

Bubbles cont. - Jeffrey G. Moss

Cut Tail clicks and squeals. So do we; our little trinity.

Again and again.

In early September heat or bundled against biting January winds, until the voice on the crackly loudspeaker urges us home.

I wondered back then, how long can a creature that relies on echolocation swim, blow bubbles, and still smile while living in a circular, concrete tank before suffering serious psychological damage?

*

This brutal winter I wield those same wands plunged into a different bucket of Joy, glycerin, and warm water: dipping, lifting, opening, releasing ...

dipping, lifting, opening, releasing ...

a riverside Tai chi step and roll.

The formations freeze, crystalize, and drift downstream, iridescent with promise, before they implode and melt into the current.

*

The oldies station plays from the blue radio on the Formica counter. Don Ho croons “Tiny Bubbles” in his rich baritone. Grandma’s shoulders dip and sway before the stove, stirring and seasoning chicken soup.

At sixteen Gram was a tap dancer in Vaudeville shows on the Lower Eastside, sipping cocktails, flirting and flouncing her dress, fleecing drunks, she confessed on more than one tipsy occasion, for taxi cab fare instead of a long subway ride home to Brooklyn.

*

At 7 months of age our first son, clad in floppy footed pajamas, is razzing, spraying and babbling Dada poetry. His tiny feet and fists flex and clench, alternating spasms of delight and frustration. I understand that this is an important human developmental milestone.

*

Note from the author: This is a flash (meaning under 1000 words) piece I was fortunate enough to have published in an online journal, Bending Genres, in the spring. Rights have reverted back to me. I spent the first year of retirement and pandemic monk-hood digging out of the trenches and triage of middle school writing classes working to rebuild my own writerly practice. I am, slowly ever so slowly, getting there.



We Asked To Hear From You

Vicki Field

This is a watercolor of sail boats in Northport Harbor, titled “Rigged and Ready to Sail”. I’m hoping this piece will be accepted into the Northport Art walk display starting October 17.

What’s Inside Port of Call Booster Time Fall 2021

Bubbles.....	Page 1	Film Noir.....	Page 5
Making Strides 2021.....	Page 2	Hello From Ed and Shirley Schlett.....	Page 5
Friendship/Remembrance Committee	Page 2	Merry Go Round.....	Page 6
Come to the PWRE Book Club	Page 2	An Update from Mary Anne.....	Page 6
Bubbles, cont.....	Page 3	We Asked To Hear From You: Sharon Frank, Sally Slater, Carla Rueck, Donna Persson & Frank Clark.....	Page 7
We Asked To Hear from You: Vicki Field.....	Page 3	A Reminder From Mary Anne.....	Page 7
Eagle Project Dedication.....	Page 4		
Carolyn Heath.....	Page 4		

Eagle Project Dedication



Leon Goutevenir, who died in 2020, was a long time physics teacher at Schreiber as well as a past president and chief negotiator of the Teachers Association. His grandson, Kevin Carl, chose to dedicate his Eagle Scout project to his grandfather's memory. With the help of a donation from the Port Washington Retired Educators, he planned an outdoors classroom at Schreiber just west of the science wing. Next to preexisting benches he installed a teachers' podium on a raised platform. He also assembled and installed three potting tables to be used in an adjacent learning garden area. Already this last summer the garden area was used by community groups presenting environmental activities for children.



Carolyn Heath - Sally Reinhardt

Almost every morning on my way to work, a woman with dark hair in a silver Honda Accord would drive past me on Shore Road. I figured that she was a Port teacher, but had no idea at what school. In 1985, when Sousa closed as a junior high, I was assigned to Weber. On my first day there, I recognized the mystery woman. She said that her name was Carolyn Heath and that she taught Latin at Weber and Schreiber. Carolyn also mentioned that she lived in Freeport, same as me. What we didn't realize at the time is that it was the start of a beautiful friendship. As we got to know each other, we discovered that we had both grown up in Massachusetts. After awhile, we decided that we should carpool together. We did that for the next seventeen years. We met each other's families, attended family functions, went for walks, played golf, and discussed everything under the sun on those commutes. Carolyn was a devoted wife and a loving mother. She was a wonderful and enthusiastic teacher and instilled her love of Latin to her students. Carolyn was a great colleague. She was supportive and caring and always ready to lend a hand. Carolyn was kind to everyone and so much fun. I'm sure all her former students have fond memories of Saturnalia with her beloved cohort Ruth Haukeland each December. I feel blessed to have known Carolyn. She was a role model to me as a person and a teacher. Carolyn holds a special place in so many of our hearts. Bob Acevedo said that Carolyn was "a class act." Mary Ann Moyer said upon hearing the news of Carolyn's passing, "My heart broke. I loved Carolyn - we all did." Nancy Zove said, "Carolyn was such a wonderful lady in so many ways."



Ruth Haukeland said it best, "Ave atque vale, Carolyn!"

Note: If you would like to make a contribution in addition to that for the PWRE Memorial Scholarship Fund, you can make a check out to: The Carolyn Heath Memorial Scholarship Fund c/o Sally Reinhardt, 1 Anchorage Way #302, Freeport, NY 11520.

FILM NOIR - Marty Farber

I love those old black and white movies which have come to be called "Film Noir." During this pandemic, which seems to be neverending, I have many of them on TCM and YouTube to watch, analyze, and enjoy. If you watch enough, you will notice that they all seem to have some common elements such as booze, broads, and bank holdups. Not all of them of course, but enough to get me thinking about writing an outline for a screenplay combining some scenes from my favorites. It might go something like this:

A beautiful blonde walks into a private eye's office. She sits down on his desk while explaining that someone stole her statue of a bird. The venetian blinds are open (there are always Venetian blinds) and cast stripes of sunlight across her face. She takes out her compact, looks into the mirror, and realizes that there are actual stripes on her face that she never noticed before. The private eye takes her case, boards a train, and meets a guy who says he will kill his wife for him if he returns the favor and kills his wife. A Nazi with a limp walks past them before realizing that he is in the wrong movie. In the meantime, a man walks into a police station to report his own murder when he is promptly hit from behind with a gun butt. When he awakes, he is in a diner where he discovers to his horror that the price of a burger has risen to 20 cents while he was unconscious. On the bright side, he sits down next to a gorgeous blonde (not the same one), puts two cigarettes in his mouth, lights them, and offers one to her. In disgust she refuses, but agrees to fly with him to Morocco where they meet a guy in a white suit who offers them letters of transit (whatever those are). They see no need for them since they have Eurail passes and have booked a suite in Monte Carlo where the hotel is filled with men in trench coats and fedoras. Strange, since it's 95 degree in the shade.

They try their hand in the casino playing roulette but discover that the croupier has a button to stop the ball wherever he wants. With this discovery, he leaves the blonde, steals a car with big fenders, and is chased by mugs with their guns blazing. He manages to get as far as Vienna where he searches for a friend who is involved in selling Twinkies on the black market. He decides to leave Vienna because the zither music is driving him crazy. He boards a freighter (not easy in Vienna) bound for South America where he checks into a cheap hotel room with the sign outside constantly flashing "Hotel, Hotel, Hotel." Driven to distraction, he shoots the hotel manager but not before getting his parking ticket validated.

Meanwhile, back at the private eye's office (let's call him Sam since that's his name anyway), the blonde who walked into his office is glad to learn that the statue has been recovered, smashes it open, only to discover that it contains letters of transit (whatever those are) and not the jewels that she expected. She shoots Sam dead, but not before taking back her retainer. The movie concludes with our "heroine" going to the chair after refusing pastoral care from a fat guy in a white suit.

Anyone interested in writing the screenplay?

Note: I alluded to three of my favorite film noirs in this article: Casablanca, The Third Man, and The Maltese Falcon. To learn the rest, you'll have to watch a lot more film noir!

Hello from Edd and Shirley Shalett

I hope all of you are safe and doing well around the country (world). During the Pandemic I got very busy on Ancestry, rediscovering many cousins I had not seen since I was a teen. I discovered my father's extended family was from Lithuania which had many geographical border configurations over the last 500 years. I have identified my great grandparents and some of my great great grandparents. I also found that my grandmother and her brothers lived in Johannesburg, South Africa for a few years. If your family lived in New York City or Long Island, your coal may have been delivered by one of my relatives. One of the most unusual contacts that I have made was a fourth cousin named Laura Aiges. She was a seventh grade student at Weber when I retired in 2000. Her married name is Kovacs. We don't know the exact relationship yet but we share a chunk of DNA. We both will continue to explore our families until we find the connection.

On a brighter note, my daughter Deborah, (product of Port Washington schools), was married to Dr. Gregory Hertzberg on March 20th. The ceremony was officiated by the bride's sister Rachel Halstrom, also a Port Washington graduate. Her on-line ordainment is accepted in Arizona and many other states. The wedding party contained all five of our grandchildren.



Merry-Go-Round by Merry Gilbert

Perfect in an Imperfect World Adventures in Orthopedics

Or, am I not more than the sum of my parts?

I am signing in for an appointment with a specialist physician. It could be most any specialist nowadays. I am asked for my name, and the response is "Perfect." Of course it's perfect, that's what my mom named me, after Marilyn Miller, the dancer.

I am situated in an exam room to wait, as a green light goes on above the door (I'm next), and my file is placed in a folder outside the room. The doctor comes in and says, "Hello, Marilyn," and I know it's a sham. S/he no more knows me except that s/he sees that I am a part of a whole: an ankle or a back or a foot.

I feel regret at each of these visits, missing the doctors who retired and who knew who I am and actually knew my name for real. I used to say about some non-medical situations of confusion, "The right hand doesn't even know there's a left hand." The foot person and the back person and knee person see only the part they're treating. Might the parts be related?

I am, unfortunately, working my way through this orthopedics practice. The last time I signed in (when I discovered my name was perfect), I said, "This is the fourth doctor I've seen in this practice; buy four, get the next one free." (Luckily the young woman had a sense of humor.) When I checked out, and asked about my co-pay, I discovered I had some funds left over from a previous visit.

I am now running a tab... at the orthopedists' office! I find this less than perfect.

Thanks to me, you will now be sensitized to hearing how many times a day and in how many ways and situations things are deemed perfect. For a generation that communicates in texts, "perfect" may actually be longhand.

Alert Roget's to this new synonym for most anything!

I taught a PEP unit on "codes for communication." A concept in communication is that the sender and the receiver have to attach the same meaning to the word or symbol. I had warned the PEPsters not to say that PEP was fun. That we could get into trouble. So, some parent "reported" me to the Superintendent, complaining that all the kids do is have fun. Oops! Luckily, in that group, we could attach a new meaning to the word fun. We rehearsed the response to "How is PEP?" The reply: "PEP is "challenging."

"Fun" became our private curse. That made a perfect solution

Update from Mary Anne

We had hoped that the pandemic would be long over by now. Although things are much better, especially in New York, the pandemic is not over yet. The PWRE continues to do all the things that it can do, but it is not as good as having in-person meetings and events. We had one in-person Board meeting during the summer, and we may have another soon at someone's home. The storm, unfortunately, flooded the PWTA Office and Teacher Center so they cannot be used at present.

We hope to resume activities as soon as we can and everyone is comfortable. Meanwhile you are receiving the Port of Call thanks to Eryln Madonia. Rita Auerback and Tessa Jordan are working on membership and the directory. We do attend PWTA meetings using ZOOM. We will continue to keep you informed with emails and the website. We thank Kathy Reilly and Barbara Mayer for their work in making this possible. If you have questions or concerns, please email, text or call.

We Asked To Hear From You



Sharon Frank: Finally went on our first vacation since Covid started. One week in Oahu and one week in Maui. Hawaii has strict protocols with vaccine requirements and masking - which was just fine with everyone. Because it is off season and the Governor said don't come, everything was just perfect and not crowded. Hawaii is such a beautiful state and everyone here is just very gracious. And happy for the tourism that is starting again. Aloha

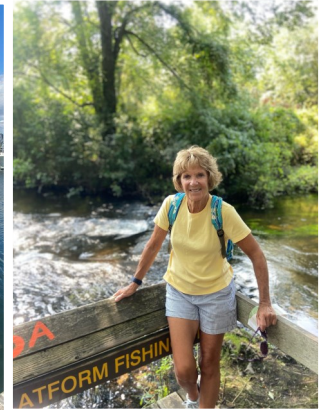
Sally Slater: Memories at 94. I have been retired for 30 years and I miss most of all the lunches with Carla, Nancy, and Martha. Did we really laugh as much? For years in California I taught, volunteered, and worked with children. The Port children were different and it just wasn't the same. I still miss it all and would love to know what the students are doing with their lives. I miss you all. Love, Sally Slater



Carla Rueck: My first grandchild arrived this January. Her name is Louise, which is my middle name. As you can see she is already an avid reader. Since Billy lives in Portland, Oregon we have not yet been able to hug her but I get daily pictures and videos and spend time with her via FaceTime. I read and sing songs to her. Last week I actually kept her occupied while my son had to take a work-related call, so now I am a virtual babysitter. You will be please to know that my daughter in-law, Addy, is an art teacher in Portland Oregon and is a building representative for her union.



Donna Persson: David and I celebrated our 55th Wedding Anniversary on May 28th. Dinner with family is always special, any day. Here's our photo from this moment at Gardiner's Bay Country Club, Shelter Island, NY.



Fran Clark: This June I had the honor of attending a retirement celebration for three Port physical educators: Maria Giamanco, Michael Cain, and Megaera Regan. Including myself we were all hired the summer of 1990. It was an honor to work with them and to know them as friends and colleagues. They have now joined our ranks and I wish them the best in retirement.

On another note, no distant travels. We navigated close to home, making many boat visits to Fire Island, from Watchhill National Seashore to Kismet. I continue to be an avid Zumba and Pilates enthusiast, taking Pilates to the paddle board and boarding the bay. Hiking and biking trips to various state parks became a regular for us. Jim and I remain well and look forward to traveling this fall.

A Reminder from Mary Anne

We continue to be bombarded by TV, social media, mail, and email advertisements dealing with various Medicare advantage programs. **IGNORE them all.** When we retired and were eligible to participate in Medicare, the Empire Plan (New York State Health Insurance Program) became our secondary insurance. This combination of Medicare and Empire is the best and most cost effective program that anyone can have. So **IGNORE** all the ads now and in the future and appreciate what we already have.



Port Washington Retired Educators Chapter

Meetings will be held at the Port Washington Library on the dates and times listed, **unless otherwise notified.**

Please check your email or the website: <http://pwretirees.org/> for any meeting changes.

2021 Meeting Dates

Please check our website for future meeting dates.
pwretirees.org.

PLEASE NOTE: Checks for contributions to the PWRE Scholarship Fund should be made out to the PWRE. Put the name of the honoree on the memo line or in a note. Please mail to:

**Gerri Ganzekauer
51 Longview Road
Port Washington, New York 11050**

PORT WASHINGTON
RETIRED EDUCATORS CHAPTER, PWTA
99 CAMPUS DRIVE
PORT WASHINGTON, NY 11050

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

FORWARD SERVICE REQUESTED

FIRST CLASS MAIL