



**Amy Leftenant**  
**ROBS Interview**  
**May 13, 2000**

We interviewed Amy Leftenant in the High School at the Brentwood District's television studio on May 13, 2000. We learned that her paternal grand mother's maiden name had been Amy Milligan. Her father wanted Amy to be named Amy Milligan after her grandmother but at first she was named Amy Mildred by one of the children in the family who had been given permission to do so.

It was on her sixteenth birthday that one of her many gifts had been to have her name legally changed to Amy Leftenant as both her father and she preferred. More recently she had become interested in finding out where all the members of her family were. When we asked if her father came from a large family she said she was so looking forward to an upcoming reunion of family in New Jersey on the 30th of June and first and second of July. It was to be attended mostly by members of her father's side with whom she looked forward to becoming acquainted. Amy and her siblings have really gotten to know more people from her mother's side. They are just beginning to get to know family from her dad's side. Last year the Leftenant branch of her extended family from Columbus Ohio made a serious attempt to chronicle everybody to bring family together. There are so many offshoots. She wishes she had asked a lot more questions when her parents were alive because the younger members seem not yet to be interested in asking about the people who were born before them. The same motivation echoes part of our reason for the ROBS History Project. It's a race against time to learn all we can, while we can.

A long time ago her family had hosted a reunion at Heckshire State Park. There were in excess of two hundred attendees all of whom had a great time. Both her mother and father's families each consisted of eight or nine children. She is the eleventh child in her family. She had six brothers and six sisters. Her father had married before so she has a half-sister. She is the oldest sibling still living. The youngest one in the family is sixty four. Amy is somewhere in the middle, she said.

Her mother was originally from Goose Creek, South Carolina and so was her father. She originally came up here to work in service, ie housework. She met her husband, and returned to Goose Creek to marry. At this point she said her father liked to tell the story about his first wife who upon seeing them together said of his second wife, "*You know, this is a good woman. You should marry her*".

Her mom married her dad and they had seven children before coming to New York. When she came to New York to work in service at that time her mother was always impressed with the fact that the children all were eligible to have nine months of public schooling each year. When she was born in Goose Creek in 1989, she remembered the children had only three months of school. She remembered that sometimes her mother could afford to pay someone \$1.00 to give the children extra work. She was impressed with that opportunity and said to Amy's father, *"I would like to go back to New York."* He said, *"if you ever get the money, let me know and I'll go."*

Someone her mother had once worked for told her that if she ever wanted to come back to New York, to let her know and she would send her the money. At that time they would have to come North by ship. *"Miss Virginia"*, (Amy never knew her last name then), sent her mom the money – and she already had seven children. Her father came home one night and she said, *"Jimmy, I have the money"*, and he wanted to know what money, and she said *"I have the money to go to New York and you promised"*.

So off they came to Amityville. Mom and some of the children came first followed by dad and the rest of the kids after they straightened out some family matters, sold their cow and whatever else they had. Amy was then living in the same house that her mom and dad built in 1923. They had an extension put on it about ten years previously. Miss Virginia had offered her parents a place that they could have stayed in but her father said *"not on your life. I'll build my own place"*. As she thought about it, Amy said *"we might have been living down by the water"*, but with a wave of her hand she said, *"Oh, well."*

All of the girls were still living and as were two of her six brothers. She said they still talked about her mother and father like they were still alive, in fact, Mary and she are hosting their seventh buffet luncheon for the senior citizens in honor of their mom. She belonged to the arts and crafts group there and really became accustomed to us doing it at home, where we put up tents and have them outside sometimes providing entertainment. There were other times when their guests entertained and it was really a very nice time.

Her father was a proud man. Upon his death his obit was entered into the Congressional Record. The family thought that was very nice gesture. Nancy her sister, was the first black female inducted into the regular army. She spent twenty years in the Air Force and then she came home and became a school nurse at Amityville High School. She has another sister Mary and her brother Charlie who live with her. They were both in military service for twenty years. Amy is the youngest. They were both older, but she's still a senior citizen nevertheless. You might expect there are times when they really go at it. At one point there were seven of the sisters and brothers who were all in the service. During WW11 the family was honored for having had so many children in service. They are all proud of each other.

When they were doing renovations on the house one of the things they realized was that there were not enough closets. When her mother asked her father to address that issue by making a few more closets he said to her, *"Why?"*

*You'll have no clothes to put in them"* Amy never married and never had any children.

She was born on the 6<sup>th</sup> of October 1933. Unmistakably a child of the Great Depression, she pushes back on the idea that it may have had an effect on her. Her earliest memories of living in Amityville include her memory of the outside toilet running, a water pump in the kitchen and a coal furnace in the winter with two registers both of which were in the living room and through which the heat came up. Upstairs there were slots in the wall with grating through which hopefully warm air circulated. She recalls always being tired because they were constantly trying to keep warm. Often the heat didn't come up because there were no pipes in the wall. They raised chickens and pigs and her father had a garden from which they grew and canned almost everything they grew. What Amy remembered was that her mother only went out and bought flour, sugar and coffee. They raised pigs and had a smoke house. When they killed a pig the neighbors would come over and they would share the meat and her mother would make head hog cheese and clean those chitlins. Amy won't eat them to this day because she'd been in the kitchen too many times when her mom was cleaning them and she remembers the awful smell, even though today they're considered a delicacy. She can remember her dresses on the bed being made out of the feed bag for the chicks they raised into chickens. Her ma made most of the children's things. While today Amy can sew, her mother was really good at it. She embroidered and crocheted. She did it all. She enjoyed being with people and doing things for them.

Her grandparents died by the time Amy was born. The five youngest children in the family never experienced what it was like to have grandparents because they were already gone by the time they came along. When her oldest sister had children then they would come over to visit. She reluctantly admitted that the kids used to be jealous of them. I shouldn't say this on the screen but I would tell them to *"come over after breakfast, bring your lunch and leave before supper,"* because when they walked in her mom would always say with a wave of her hand, *"come on in"*. The table was always set and she would always make sure there was enough for everybody. It seemed to Amy that everybody loved her mom. Her dad was a very strict person who she belied really enjoyed himself when he was younger before he took on the responsibilities of raising a family.

During the second world war, especially black soldiers who were all out at Camp Upton, used to be bused in to go to the different churches on Sunday. And I said to my father, *"Listen, when are we going to invite a soldier home to dinner on Sunday"* and he said, *"Not in my house"*. At that time there were all girls in their home. She tried to reason with her father. *"You know, six of your children are away in service and other people are taking care of them on Sunday. Can't you do the same for one of theirs?"* Not a chance. Her parents had very clear rules and regulations in the home. The young ones didn't ever have to ask what they should do in any given situation. They knew. Sometimes friends would say, *"But they're not around"*, but they always knew, and she knew too. Her mom could always talk her daddy around a problem. If they wanted to do something that their father was out and out opposed to doing,

first you would talk to mother. And Amy would go in there and lay on the bed and placate her until one day when she was much older her mother said to her *"I have always listened to you and taken you seriously, but now I'm beginning to doubt you."* Amy said, *Who me?* She said, her mother was much smarter than her father. They talked amongst themselves and concluded that she must have had no more than a sixth grade education but they never talked about the extent of it with her. She was always willing to learn. She made them all realize they could also do whatever they wanted to do. She may not have had the money but she would always have been supportive of their goals and ambitions. Growing up, they always had a very close and loving family. The boys could all have been out on Saturday night or had nothing to do but on Sunday morning they all knelt together and prayed in the living room and that started their week every week until, her Aunt came and she prayed too long. But they all were close. The boys knew never to touch the girls, never to hit them. The boys did the heavy work, washing floors and whatever. There were no battles. They had fights but her mother would say, *"I don't want to hear it"* So they learned if she was out and then came home Amy couldn't say to her, *"Clara did this or that to me."* She would say, *"I don't want to hear it"*. She would not listen to anyone. That's how they learned they had to settle conflicts themselves. Their mother never took sides. As a family they were very self sufficient; and unto themselves. There were no other close adults within their sphere of influence.

Amy began higher education at Adelphi. She wanted to be an interior decorator. The closest thing she could find to what she wanted to do was Home Economics. She took Home Economics and then the idea was if she could find some kind of substitute work she could teach. She took a Minor in Education. She also took an interview at her student teaching job at Baldwin High School and almost from day one she thought, all right, this is what I want. She never considered Interior Decorating after that.

She was the first in her family to attend college. Her sister Clara, the youngest, went to Hofstra. Mary, Joan and Nancy were all Registered Nurses. Joan was a Nurse Practitioner; she finally finished. Mary and Nancy never attained their baccalaureates. Jimmy was a Police Detective, Charlie was a Watchman and Chris owned his own business. *"We had a family refuse Collection Business. Well I guess it was started before the war because before WW11 my mom and dad did the work. My mom would put overalls on and they just had one of those dump trucks. She would get up in the back and my dad would throw the garbage up in the back and they would keep the business going until the boys came home"*. They were quite a couple. They dragged Amy around on Saturday and she would write all the Bills out for the different houses. At that time home and church were the only institutions that defined their lives. When the church doors opened they were there. Amy taught Sunday School. She sang in the junior choir, she even played the piano for junior choir.

She took piano lessons. There was music in the family. My sister Clara was a lyric soprano and she really has a beautiful voice. Jimmy played the trumpet, Sam was a pilot in the famous 99 Fighter Squadron and was lost in

action April 12<sup>th</sup> 1945, on the same day President Roosevelt died. He played clarinet. What a day that was.

She was walking home from school with another girl,. She was in the sixth grade then and was walking past one of the neighborhood stores and a neighbor lady Mrs. Richie was standing there and said to her, *"Hey Leftenant, I heard your brother got killed today."* I got very emotional. I was walking with a girl that my mother told me I should have nothing to do with because she wouldn't have a good influence on me. That girl said, *"you don't know what happened. You'll have to wait until you get home. You have to just ignore her."* When Amy got home, all the shades were pulled down. Somebody had already sent flowers. The house smelled like a funeral parlor. She went in the house and threw away all the flowers and pulled up all the shades. She was never chastised for that and it was a very long time before we could ever talk about Sam.

*"Come to think of it"* she said, *"I don't know how they do that."* She said, *"we had a fellow come and explain to us that if it hadn't been for him, Sam would still be living"*. This was really a terrible thing for this guy to have carried with him all his life. He told them how he had been out the night before and Sam had replaced him on the flight line. They said Sam's plane and another plane collided over Austria and his plane was damaged so he bailed out, and while they saw him bail out, they never did find him. That meant that you had to wait for a year while he was considered MIA after which the government declared him legally dead. In Amy's mind he'd been the nicest of all the boys. Her loss and trauma was plainly visible even after the passage of years. She said Jimmy used to pick on her all the time but she said, she probably gave him reason. She remembered one day when Jimmy was picking on her, he and Sam came home from school and she said, *"That Jimmy was picking on me"* after which he and Jimmy got into some fisticuffs and they broke the dining room window. Her father was absolutely furious when he came home. There was a big discussion during dinner and they both were told they had to find jobs after school, which they did. They had both been Long Island wrestling champions when they were in school.

When she did her student teaching in Baldwin High School, she really put herself into it. She enjoyed it and the young people responded. She was in her element. But it was tough getting a job. One of the Home Economics teachers was leaving and she thought, *"Oh great, I'll have a job"*, but they said we don't have any Negro teachers here. She spoke with a Principal several years after she left Baldwin who asked through the grapevine *"What's Amy doing?"* She tried very hard to get a job on Long Island but couldn't find one because at that time (1955-56) most schools didn't have a black teacher on staff. She decided to go back to school and get her Master's Degree. She went to Penn State where she got her Master's and went looking for a job only to get the same story, *"So, you have a Master's Degree with no experience?"* At one district she was being interviewed by a group of eight or ten people when someone said, *"The only negroes our students might ever have known in their experience might have been family domestics. How do you suppose you might react if a student thought you were a maid?"* Well" she said, *"Since I've been one I*

*don't think it would make any difference to me at all".* They didn't like that one bit. She was asked if she would have any problem disciplining a white child. She said, *"Children are children"*. She was told if she wanted the job, the job was hers.

She was there in Ellenville, New York, for two years and then they started cutting back. After that she registered with the New York State Employment Agency. She came to Brentwood for an interview where she had heard they accepted people on their individual merits regardless of where they had graduated school or come from the north or south or Ivy League School. Brentwood was known by 1959 to have had the largest population of black teachers on staff than any other district on Long Island. If you came, applied and had the qualifications, you got the job.

When she first came to the school she spoke with Dr. Lenny Sachs. He told Amy, *"Okay, The job is yours"*, as he sat back with his feet up on the desk. Well she was getting kind of desperate by then because she really wanted a job. She went to see Dr Hoyt after that and he said, *"Do you know Mr. Painter?"* She said, *"Do you mean Fred B. Painter?"* She said, *"yes, I know Mr. Painter"* Dr. Hoyt continued, *"Well Mr. Painter said, "if you find a Leftenant and they want a job you give 'em the job. ....If you want a job the job is yours"*.

One of the things she always tried to do was to obtain a job on her own merits. She did not want to get a job because she was a Leftenant. Yes, the family did have and still has a nice reputation. In Amityville, her brother who was President of the Board of Education pushed her to go there but she said I don't want to go there to get a job. She insisted she was smart enough and she had her Master's Degree. She didn't want a job because she was a Leftenant. Well they didn't give her a job, nor did they call her and tell her to come to see them after vacation. Whatever job they might have offered her was gone and so she came to Brentwood to work where she thought she would be given a position based upon her qualifications. Dr Sachs interviewed her very well but when she got to Dr Hoyt that was the essence of her finding acceptance; but the process was one she really enjoyed. She enjoyed Dr. Sachs and was sorry to see him leave when he did. Yet one of the memories from that time that stands out was the whole systems approach to Home Economics teachers that existed. The impression overall was that Home Economics Teachers were there solely to sew buttons on ie. *"one morning this woman came down and said, Miss Amy would you sew this button on? I said to myself, I'm getting' sick and tired of this So, Dr. Sachs asked me one day "would you sew this suit jacket button on?"* She said, okay fine. She went down and got her children together and gave them something to do and sewed his button on. Then she sewed up his top pocket here with his cigarettes in and she short sleeved his left arm and long sleeved his right sleeve and asked somebody to please watch her class while she went down to see him. When she walked into his office he saw her and said, *"Oh, that's so nice"*. She said, *"Stand up. I want to help you into it.* So he stood up and she left him standing there just like this and she said to him, *"There! Do you see this? I'm here to teach your children and not to sew button's on people's clothes because they have someone at home who can do it for them"* After that it was fine. We had great times.

North Junior High School was opening and Mr. Mrowka was very serious. Like most things you learn to appreciate things and people after they've gone. He interviewed everyone there and asked me would I like to go to North Junior High School and I said no. I'd rather stay here.

We'll I was away for the summer. When I came back my mom said, "They're calling you. They're calling you over at North. I said, "What"? Why are they calling me from school. Anyway, I drove over to South. Stella Nash was the Secretary then. I said, "*What are you calling me for?*" She said, "*We're not calling you. They're calling you from North Junior High School.*" "*For what reason?*" She said, "*You've been transferred.*" I said, "*What do you mean I've been transferred*" Oh, she was furious. She said, "*If he thinks he can fool with me, I'll just quit and find myself another job.*"

*"He was not a guy who could laugh with you over a joke. He really helped us to understand those youngsters. We had one heck of a good school over there at North. He fooled me one time. I was having some trouble in the cafeteria and so its Friday afternoon and Mr. Mrowka calls me in the office and says, "Listen Amy, I wish you'd do me a favor."*

*For years she'd been the only female teacher on Cafeteria Duty in the small cafeteria. Would she move over to the large cafeteria? "I guess so. Why not?" and then over the weekend she thought to herself, this is a big two hundred pound guy on duty over there. Why should she go over there. She was only ninety pounds soaking wet! "I'm not doing it" Monday morning I walked right over to his office and said, "I don't think it's fair. I would like to say that don't want to go over there". He said, "But you promised me." She said, "Okay! You got me".*

But she thinks to this day it may have been one of the reasons she lost her hearing – the constant, unrelenting din in the room. Stephen Hoyt was in her cafeteria with his friends. They would give her such a time. They would come in late and she would stand right up there behind them ---- she made her own rules.-----if you come in late you get no ice cream and you eat last. They would try to give her a bad time and I would give it right back to them. But the best time about having cafeteria duty after all those years was when I finally got back into the small cafeteria and Mr. Mrowka consented to having me train this other guy Dick Griffin. If he stayed, he would take me off.

One day Dick and she went into the cafeteria and this man comes in and he's walking around and looking and she says to Dick she doesn't know who the guy is. She added, don't you do anything any different from what you would normally do. Eventually he walked over and says are you Miss Leftenant? She says, "*Yes, I am*". He knew about her brothers wrestling success in Amityville. She learned he was a member of the Brentwood Board of Education. When he spoke at the next public meeting he announced that everyone should have a Miss Leftenant in their cafeteria and he praised her to high heaven. She had a rich overall experience during her time in the School District.

She acknowledges working with everyone. She had to work with the PTA, put on fashion shows, do things like that. Back then it was more like a family, the first big district wide party that she remembers was held in the basement of Grover and Juanita Adams house. We were always all in somebody's house or basement. But then it grew so large we had it in the school cafeteria. It continued to get even bigger and then the Union came along.

When she was up in Ellenville she taught seventh through twelfth grade. She was convinced then that children who were in high school didn't want to learn. If they wanted to learn, they had to give you a hard time first. The Junior High School students were willing to learn. Maybe they were discipline problems but they were willing to listen to whatever you wanted to tell them. You would get some kind of feedback instead of fighting all the time with youngsters that didn't want to learn.

She left before the transition from Junior High School to Middle School had occurred. Before she left, for one year they had a sixth grade there at North Junior High School and supposedly it was self contained. She thinks that if you talk to other teachers you'll find that that sixth grade class that left North Junior High School caused havoc from sixth grade straight through the end of High School. It was not a good idea to have them with eighth and ninth graders.

She tried to substitute in Elementary School but found that she had neither the time nor the patience to work with the younger ones. After she tried that she told them *"please don't ever call me again because that was just not my thing."* What she liked about the Junior High Schools was that you switched classes. *"If you came in and the first class was great then you had a second class that was lousy so it didn't spoil your whole day because you had three or four more classes to do what you wanted to do and in the process you learned to pick up things that you could improve upon so that your approach was changing all the time and it wasn't static."*

She worked alongside Ed Palovchek who was always helpful to her. She said she learned a lot from him. She appreciated all he did for her. She thinks he made her work harder than some other people she worked alongside. She can laugh at herself because she knows she has enough idiosyncrasies to amuse others and she doesn't mind being a little self-deprecating to give others a laugh here and there at her expense. She remembers asking him *"Mr Palovchek, do you have notes written on the back of your eyelids"* because it seemed to her that he was always looking above the heads of folks when he talked. She said he never looked directly at people, or in their eyes

I asked Amy how she defined her purpose in teaching. She said she believed that *"she had something to offer, to teach what was useful that they could use for whatever was in the future"*. She used her own mother as an example and this was a lady who lived until she was ninety eight years old. She said, *"like my mother said to me I would tell my students, if you can't say something nice about a person, then don't say anything at all."* Now they didn't believe her until one day one of them was ranking out one of the teachers. I



gave her a pass to go and tell the teacher what she had said. *“Oh I can’t do that.”* I said well *“If you said something nice about another person there’s no reason why you shouldn’t be able to say it directly to their face”* Now leave! When she came back, the pass had been signed by that teacher but she never asked the student what she had ultimately decided to share. She hoped a lesson was learned. She never had any more trouble with that particular ninth grader. It was not only book learning we taught but they had to learn how to get along with each other. *“When they started integrating some of the Special Education youngsters into the classroom they had to learn that they couldn’t say anything ugly or negative about any other person. And as far as she was concerned this was an experiential way to teach them how to get along. She did try to explain it to one class by telling them we all have different interests. This young man is here now in our class and we are all going to try to help him and get along with him.* It wasn’t just book learning, it was life. She’d say, if you have a little bit of manners you can go a long way. She would make faces and get them to use their facial muscles and feelings to understand that it takes more facial muscles to frown than it does to smile. She would encourage everyone to make an ugly frowning face and then take their hands to feel the contours and wrinkles in their own faces, and then tell them all to smile, and to feel the difference.

We asked Amy to explain to us what happened over the years to the status of the Home Economics Department. We described how at the high school it had been decimated. She pointed to the Social Studies Department that had grown during the same years. They had talked about teaching about families but Home Economics taught about nuclear families and extended families and what makes a family and how you get along. We first taught for 20 weeks and then for 10 weeks and then 7 weeks and once we taught for 5 weeks after which we switched the whole class. The best thing was when they integrated the classes and brought the boys and the girls together. She really enjoyed that since the boys had a lot to go through because they had such a stigma. She remembered the only young man in her ninth grade sewing class. He was a little guy even shorter than she was. The boys loved sewing on those sewing machines better than the girls.

When Amy was in Amityville High School she had taken all the courses available to her by the time she was sixteen years old. Her mother said she was too young to leave school so she remained a student. She wanted to take Shop Classes but was discouraged because she was told, girls don’t take shop. She was pushed into taking Business Courses like Shorthand. She completed her typing course of study too. She had been taking an academic course of study Her experience taught her that average students were tracked in Commercial courses and when her mother got ill she was released from those classes to go home to assist after a half day so she never finished her Business classes like shorthand before graduating.

She always felt we needed a Union. She saw how young men teachers who were married with young families, even those without tenure became active in the organization and being single she thought it was her responsibility to do likewise. If the men could stand up for their rights so should she. The

district wasn't offering much. She started teaching at \$5,700 with a Masters Degree and thought she was doing well compared to other places. In Ellenville she had started with \$4,300. It took her ten years before she brought home \$100 per week clear money. She had been a Building Representative at North Junior High. She was very good friends with Bill Kuriluk. All of a sudden she was told she had to stop being friends with the Administrator. That did not go over with her too well. North Junior always had a reputation for being very supportive of teachers but had Amy and Bill Kuriluk not have had the relationship they did many of the things they accomplished would probably not have succeeded. They went out after school and talked. He wasn't always truthful and she admitted to skirting around the edges too but also found out that there were times when nobody was telling the truth. She told us about one incident at North where as a Union rep she was asked as their spokesperson to support the position of a member who she knew was not telling the truth. She refused but said she would be present but would not open her mouth to say one word. This individual had not supported the union in previous conflicts but now that he needed union support he expected to be protected even though he was not being truthful about his claim. The union took care of it but she wouldn't participate. When North had their Building Meetings they would thrash everything out openly and honestly so that when they came before the Council they had reached a consensus and all knew exactly what they were going to do. Everyone was on the same page before they began any negotiation.

And then it came to a point when Union people were going into management. The Union made things much better for us. She can see that now that she is retired. She recalled the strike in the Roosevelt School District where contributions from teachers in other districts enabled those teachers to survive when they didn't receive their first paycheck until about April.

When asked for her advice to new teachers she began by saying first and foremost you have to be true to yourself. If you are asked to stand outside your classroom door in the hallway you do it. If other teachers don't care to do what they're asked you do it anyway because it's the right thing to do. You are working for the children. How does someone come to teach by going home every day without books and without doing any paperwork? It's a twenty-four hour job. She learned as a teacher that when you are ill, don't go to work. When you come to work as a teacher you are being paid to perform at one hundred percent of your ability.

Amy experienced a total loss of hearing in 1985. She went to school on that first day and couldn't hear a thing. She had lost her hearing twice before. In both situations it had come back and she didn't pay any attention to it. This time was different. She never went back to work again. She switched doctors and expected it to come back again but it was taking so long while they put her through batteries of tests. She was feeling very sorry for herself. When she stopped crying and got herself together and decided not to roll over and play dead she went to speech reading for a whole year on a one to one basis. She went to the Office of Rehabilitative Education still thinking seriously that she would get her hearing back and she told them that she needed to be trained for something. They sent her to school and she earned herself an Associate Degree

in Sign Language Studies. Without her hearing aids now it has to be ninety or ninety five decibels for her to hear. That has worked in some ways to her advantage. She can turn off her hearing aids if she doesn't want to hear something or use it as an excuse if someone has said something that she really doesn't want to hear or she doesn't understand or make the excuse that her hearing aid isn't working today. Her sisters tell her that she has selective hearing, but then, she says everybody does. She remained on disability from 1985 to 1989 when she finally retired at the age of fifty-five. She couldn't possibly have continued to teach given the degree of her hearing disability.

She was living alone at that time in an apartment in Bay Shore. She knew she had to do something but she didn't know what to do and she was living by herself in a virtual world of silence and losing her ability to speak and communicate with others.

She went to an open house at Good Samaritan Hospital and decided to volunteer in the pharmacy of the hospital. It became a win-win by giving to the patients and families of Good Sam she was receiving the gift of reconnection with the human race and her Long Island community. She has continued to volunteer with other groups and organizations with which she has long been associated. When she retired she started taking Calligraphy courses. She shies away from becoming an officer for any and all of the groups she has joined including that one because of the unwanted burden of responsibility that such an obligation entails. Even so she found herself as the editor of *Island Scribes NEWSLETTER*. She enjoys being home. She likes being by herself. She enjoys being out and around people but there is always something to do at home and because she is with Island Scribes she claims she's almost computer literate. She's receiving and sending e-mails and has been in touch with the first Principal with whom she taught in Ellenville New York, when she began her teaching career so many years ago.

She only wishes she could have helped keep the Home Economics Program in the schools and not see it eliminated by farming it out to Social Studies etc. She was honored by being given an Honors Social Studies Class out of her area of certification. Very little of it hit on the subjects they were offering in Home Economics. To cut out such a practical course for young male and female students when they did made absolutely no sense to her. Suffolk County Home Economic department tried to get some of the Long Island Colleges to teach Home Economics but they were unsuccessful in their attempts. Adelphi dropped it a long time ago. When they administered the program it was successful.

Her intention as we parted, was to stay healthy, continue to enjoy her life and meet the future on its own terms, head on.