

WCA

WORDS



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WCA WORDS Committee

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We are grateful to WCA members **Wendy Israelite**, for designing our wonderful cover, and to **Maureen Schaab**, who makes each issue of WCA WORDS into an online journal. Thank you to WCA President **Patti Boochever**, who was most generous with her time to help make this project a reality.

This issue of WCA WORDS showcases a large variety of writing styles and topics. We have a book review for the first time and we would be happy to publish more book reviews and movie reviews from our members. We also have a historic first hand account of the horrendous event that took place on the 4th of July, 2022 outside of Chicago.

Some of the pieces are fiction and some non-fiction and sometimes you won't be able to tell which is which. We encourage you to try your hand at both.

Keep in mind, as you read through, that we are providing a platform for any of our members who would like to be published. The purpose of this literary journal is, in part, to encourage people to write. So, even if you are not a "writer" you can try your hand at it and we will publish your piece in WCA WORDS....as long as you follow the guidelines listed on the last page of this edition.

Iris Shur
Editor

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Joe Bungalow – A Bronx Tale

By Linda Y. Denning



You may have heard of the Good Humor man. He didn't come to my Bronx neighborhood, but Joe Bungalow of the Bungalow Bar did. Joe's truck did look like a bungalow, with a chimney on a brown shingled roof, and a white picket side door.

Joe wore a spotless white uniform with a wide black belt, on which he hung a coin holder. His white hat had a wide black peak, which offset his tanned, clean-shaven face. He was a handsome addition to the lives of sheltered nine and ten-year olds, and it was easy to have a crush on him. Joe arrived consistently at three in the afternoon, and offered a tempting array of cool, sweet treats. A favorite was ices and ice cream. It consisted of a cup filled half with vanilla ice cream, and half with orange sherbet. It was eaten with a flat wooden spoon. Other offerings included popsicles of various colors and flavors, drumsticks (cones with vanilla ice cream dipped in chocolate and nuts), chocolate covered ice cream pops, toasted almond bars and fudgesicles. Prices ranged from five to fifteen cents. It seems impossible in today's world, but it's true – you could buy one and get change from a quarter!

The jingle announcing Joe's arrival was music to our ears. He was the pied piper of our summer days. He would pull up in the right-hand lane, double park, and hop out. The back of the bungalow had a door that swung out and revealed a freezer compartment that held his wares. One by one, he greeted each child with his sunny smile, and happily dug into the freezer to pull out the refreshing reward that made the wait worthwhile.

It might be a rumor, but recently I heard a story about Joe that seems preposterous but is altogether possible. You see, I reconnected with an old friend from College Avenue on Facebook. As we reminisced, (all we had in common were those Bronx days), she told me this tale.

She said that Joe was her friend Vonda's brother's Army buddy, and when Joe returned from Korea, he needed a job, badly. Vonda's uncle had connections, and he recommended Joe to the owners of Bungalow Bar.

Vonda's cousin, Cynthia, took a liking to Joe. She was older than us, and a more age-appropriate relationship developed. Joe and Cynthia began dating, and soon they were going steady (that's what people did back then). Sometimes Cynthia rode the route with Joe, although it was frowned on by corporate. When she began to gain weight, everyone knew that she was taking advantage of lots of free ice cream. Who wouldn't, especially if it was available in the heat of the day, and you were pinching pennies.

Cynthia began wearing all the colorful mumus and tent dresses that were becoming fashionable in those years. The bright colors were quite flattering to her olive skin and dark eyes. She looked happy, and though some of the older girls were a bit jealous, on the whole we enjoyed watching this romance bloom.

Well, one day, according to Vonda, Joe Bungalow didn't show up at his scheduled time. The kids on the block waited and waited. It was such a hot day that the fire hydrants were on, and there was a long line waiting for Joe. Then someone's father came home from work early. He had walked up 167th Street from the Jerome Avenue L and had seen Joe Bungalow parked outside Morrisania Hospital. There was a great big blue balloon attached to the radio antenna, and Joe was giving out free ice cream at the door of the emergency room. "I have a son," he proudly announced over and over again.

You can imagine the shock when the news went through the line. You see, nobody even knew that Joe and Cynthia were married!!!

Silver Linings:
A letter to our granddaughter 2020
By Rhonda Brazina

Dearest Allie,

On January 4, 2020 Pappy and I kissed you goodbye after spending two delightful weeks with our precious three-year-old granddaughter. During our ten-hour drive home my husband and I talked about our "bucket list year" plans for 2020 beginning with a trip to Spain and Portugal in May. We were also excited to plan our cruise to the Arctic in July and hoped to bring you a penguin to join your collection of stuffed animals. Finally, we were going on another real adventure in November. India and Dubai would be thrilling and exotic and, perhaps, an elephant would ride home with us for you.

We knew that you and Mommy would spend your spring break here with us in March and we were counting the days until your arrival. That did not happen because the world changed almost overnight. A strange virus called Covid 19 began in Wuhan China and people were getting very sick and many died, especially older people. The virus traveled to the United States and by March people were very worried and many were very ill. It was like nothing we had ever seen in our lifetime. I felt as if I was living through a bad dream.

Your very wise Mommy decided not to fly with you to visit us in Florida because of the danger of getting this virus. If you had caught it on the plane and brought it to us it could have been tragic. Your Mommy cancelled the trip. We were sad but we knew she made the right decision. People began wearing masks and gloves and many businesses were closing. People were a bit crazy as they bought all of the toilet paper in the stores. I still don't know why toilet paper was so coveted. Many people stayed in quarantine in their homes for months to be safe from this invisible disease. Pappy ordered our groceries to be delivered to our front door. I would handle them with gloves and wipe them with Clorox wipes and leave them in the garage for days to be sure the virus didn't enter our home. It became a pandemic and so insane that we stopped watching the

news. Your school was closed, and Mommy had to work from home while she home schooled you and did her homework for her Master's Program.

After weeks of this your Mommy decided to pack you and Izzy, your cat, in the car and drive to Florida. To stop for gas or a potty stop for you she wiped everything clean with gloves on to be safe. You knew at 3½ all about germs and handwashing and not touching things in public places. Both of you wore masks too. You arrived safe and sound and stayed in quarantine with us for 25 days. No Zoo, movie theaters, Children's Museum, or restaurants on this visit. We all stayed home together and took lots of walks, played games and baked yummy eats. You learned to swim across the entire pool by the time you left us. We read books, painted wooden animals, and snuggled a lot.

You were only 3½ years old when this invisible film of terror and dread covered our universe with no cure and over 350,000 deaths in the world. By the time you read this and understand a pandemic I pray there will be a vaccine and you will never be affected by this virus. Our lives changed in 2020. Things we took for granted like hugging and kissing became a danger zone. Playing with friends on a playground was a potential breeding ground for viruses to be shared on a toy, a swing or a touch. Life changed for us overnight. Those plans we made to travel the world and meet people and share their world were stopped dead in their tracks. We would stay in our own home. I have always said, "We make plans and God Laughs!" How true this was now because my only plans now were planning meals, cleaning the house and seeing friends and family on ZOOM, Facetime and Whats App!

Someday when people speak of 2020 you may not remember anything, but this letter will tell you our own family story. Even if you don't remember, please know that we treasure the weeks we spent with you in our safe "cocoon" while the world around us spun in chaos as the search for a vaccine moves forward.

Love you forever,

Nonni and Pappy

May 25, 2020

Excerpt from her book
Beyond the Holocaust
By Sylvie Heyman

On November 28th, 2018, I attended a meeting held at Temple Emanu-El in New York City on the state of moral emergency. The panel discussion was moderated by Rabbi Joshua M. Davidson and the guest panelists consisted of Daniel Altschuler, Director of Civic Engagement and Research, Make the Road New York; Stosh Cotler, CEO, Bend the Arc; Rabbi Jill Jacobs, Executive Director, T'ruah: The Rabbinic Call for Human Rights; and Melanie Nezer, HIAS' Senior Vice President for Public Affairs.

Among these prominent leaders of various Jewish and humanitarian organizations was a young Mexican woman who had been invited to share her experiences. She spoke first and told us about herself. She had been 2 years-old when her parents came to the United States and as a result of her undocumented status, she fell under the category of DACA (Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals). She had never returned to Mexico and, as far as she was concerned, she was an American. At the end, with trembling voice, she asked, "What would I do if they deport me?" The audience became still, anxiously waiting to hear more.

DACA is an American immigration policy that allows children who were brought to the United States illegally to be protected from deportation and are given an opportunity to obtain legal status with certain requirements. They are called "Dreamers," which is based on the Dream Act of 2017, a bipartisan bill that provides these children who have lived in the United States at least four years protection from deportation and the opportunity to obtain legal status if they meet certain requirements. (Source: National Immigration Forum) But now that protection was threatened and her dread of being deported was palpable. She lived in a state of constant fright. There were many people in that audience who were Holocaust survivors and who understood what that meant because of their own journey. I could sense their collective memories, as I felt my own.

Questions about my roots and my identity resurfaced as I listened to her talk. Memories of living in fear, buried and almost forgotten, arose in me again. I remembered the fate of the SS St. Louis and my parents fear of

deportation when we lived in Brazil. A series of rapidly moving images like a movie of my life flashed through my mind and propelled me to run out of the meeting before everyone else. The approaching cold November night was a welcome change from the heated auditorium, and the brisk wind brought clarity to my visceral reaction moments before. Wait a minute, I said to myself! How could I relate to her experience when our stories were so dissimilar? We were both 2 years-old when we emigrated from our native country with our respective parents, but that was where the similarity ended. While I was forced to move from one country to another, she was raised in the United States and, for all intents and purpose, she was American. I, on the other hand, grew up in various countries during my childhood and struggled with my identity as a teenager in a new country. My memories rushed to the surface like water gushes out when the dam breaks, and I ran home. It was near 10 pm, past my bedtime, but instead I embarked on a frantic search to better understand the response that those memories had elicited.

Two Night Visitors

By Sally Brickman

It was an unusually cool evening in Florida and I had opened my lanai/bedroom door for a fresh breeze. At about three in the morning, I was suddenly awakened from a deep sleep on the den room couch where I sometimes go when I have trouble falling asleep in my bed.

A tall, uniformed, serious looking policeman with a gun at his side pointed a very bright, large flashlight into my face! What??? I was in my own home in my nightgown sound asleep. What had I done?

He had walked right into my bedroom from the open door and found his way to my den room couch. He simply said, "Do you have a staircase to your upstairs neighbor's unit?" as his flashlight glared into my face. The elderly neighbor had apparently called 911. I replied, "No. He has a separate entrance," and off the policeman went. Why didn't he ring my doorbell and not scare me half to death?

Then, would you believe me, about a year later I was home in Deerfield, Illinois. It was five in the morning. Again, I was wakened from sleep by a uniformed chunky-looking man at my bedroom door in a third-floor condo building. Half asleep I said, "How did you get in here?" He replied, "I have keys to all these units." Great, I thought, a robber.

Finally he said, "Did you call for help? We got a call at the fire house for unit 222." Wearily I said, "This is 322."

I reported this caller to the head of the fire station and received a letter of apology.

When these things happen you just find you handle them in a state of shock.

Pandemic Grey
By Marsha Wilchfort

it's a mood
it's a feeling
it's the color of my hair
it's not a shade on a color chart
it will be etched in history forever
i have toyed with the idea of going grey
but never did
March 20th, 2020 was the day of the not
so perfect storm
the experiment was a success
my pandemic grey grey hair is grey and white
it is fuller than the originally mousy brown
i embraced the greys as I chased away my fears
i was mindful of the sounds I heard
my shoes sliding across the tile floor
the kettle whistling that it was teatime
the birds singing to one another
a family of birds created a nest on a traffic light
i watched them fly back and forth with twigs for the babies
i wondered if that site was chosen for the warmth from the traffic light
i watched turtles creeping along the roads hoping to stay alive

the news was devastating
i cried for those who died and those that will die
i tuned out and turned inward
rain pounding on rooftops lightening electrifying the sky
tomorrow the sunset will be in its glory right as rain

A Jewish Immigrant's Story

By Jackie Sallade

1955: We had just moved from the childhood of Jewish Eastern European immigrant's heaven, where my little group of neighborhood friends had taught me to speak English without a strong Polish-Russian-French accent, to York, PA, which had been featured on NPR for its history of bigotry. Here, my mother lied about her Russian roots, her German upbringing, and even her Jewish family (admitting that Dad was Jewish, though). Here, in my 2nd grade classroom and even my whole school, I was different. My parents had survived the Holocaust. I understood that much of my extended family had not survived concentration camps and some who had survived with their serial numbers tattooed on their arms remained scarred externally and internally forever. My parents' accents and mannerisms stood out. Also, my mother played and taught piano, but she didn't iron clothes, so my dresses were wrinkled, which made me look deprived, even though we had a large two-story apartment with oriental rugs, my mother wore diamond rings, and a maid worked for us. (Eventually, the maid took home our clothes to iron.)

Soon after we moved, I was walking to the park to play when a car pulled up alongside the street and a man leaned over and asked me for directions to the local movie theater. I pointed in the right direction. Then, he asked for the directions to the local public swimming pool, and I pointed in the right direction. Next, he pulled a photo out of his pocket and said, "Let me show you a picture." I peeked and it was a naked woman all splayed out with legs spread. I knew what my mother looked like naked and recognized the fact of pubic hair but never had seen anything like this. Instinctually, I knew that this was not normal and ran as fast as I could, reaching the gas station down the street. The car didn't follow. I asked to use the phone and called home and Dad picked me up.

The next day a police officer came to school to interview me alone. He showed me head shot photos of men. I pointed to one. I've never been good at facial recognition, but when the officer said that man had robbed both the movie theater and the swimming pool, I knew I had picked the right man. The man was arrested. I was thanked. I felt like a hero and from then

on, I guessed whether or not I'd ever really fit somehow into the community, I could somehow manage to take care of myself.

Gradually, at school, I became known for my good grades and quiet observation. I was invited to the home of a popular girl for dinner. I noticed that her parents set the table carefully. At our home, my mother just threw some silverware (sterling) on the table in a pile. This girl's home seemed so much more civilized in the sense of housekeeping. I couldn't put my finger on why our home felt so different. Later, I learned the word "Bohemian."

I felt quite independent and competent, which was a help later that year, when my mother had gone to help her ailing uncle in New York for about six weeks. The maid only came when my mother was home, ironically. After school, I unlocked our door and cooked dinner for Dad, always steak (broil 7 minutes on each side), canned peas and a baked potato. Sometimes, a little girlfriend came home with me, and I let her open the can of peas.

The Parade

By Elaine Waxman

It started like any of the many 4th of July parades I have attended. Up early to meet the kids. They and so many others have their favorite place to set their chairs. It is a place to see your neighbors and enjoy a wonderful tradition in our hometown.

Highland Park is a suburb north of Chicago where I have lived for more than 50 years. The 4th of July is one of the many events we celebrate as a community. I live close to town now, so I just walk to meet them.

I reached the corner and saw them sitting across the street. A band was just going by when what sounded like fireworks exploded. People began running and a man standing next to me said "those are gun shots." I have little memory of the next few minutes as I followed the crowd. A store opened their door and I and others went inside, and it was immediately locked as there was an active shooter still out there.

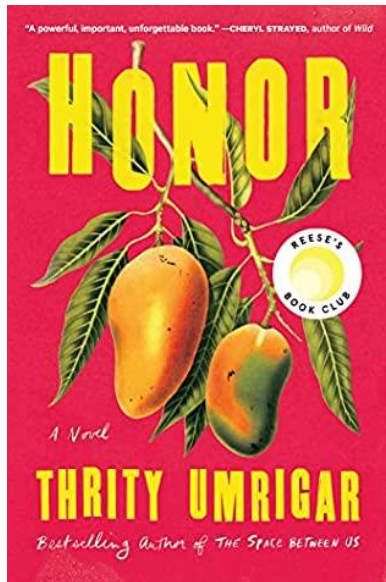
I later learned that the shooter was on a roof directly across from where I was standing. Seven people lost their lives and many more were injured. I still think "why not me?" The aftermath of what should have been a joyous day is far from over.

The community has come together to grieve with vigils, prayer meetings and concern for each other. You never think that you could be part of a mass shooting. So many people are still feeling effects from this awful day. Will children who were there ever want to go to another parade?

I am proud of my town and the way things are being handled. There is a terrible lesson here for everyone. If it could happen here, there is no place where it could not happen.

Reader's Corner

By Susan Sherwin



In *Honor*, Thrity Umrigar introduces the reader to an age-old conflict in India between Hindus and Muslims and a timeless patriarchal belief that brothers are obligated to maintain their family's dignity to "save face" when their sister breaks their proscribed traditions. To them, revenge equates honor.

Independent thinking Meena first defies her older brother when she takes a job at the local sewing factory instead of keeping the household for her brothers. Adding insult to injury to her family's reputation, she speaks with Abdul, a Muslim man, and, against all village practices the two fall in love and marry. However, the small rural village outside of Mumbai has strict rules, customs and traditions that eclipse true love and open-mindedness. Women are regarded as the property of men, and men with wounded pride are dangerous. As a result, Abdul is set on fire and his Hindu wife is attacked by her two brothers and the neighboring villagers for marrying a Muslim. Even after reconstructive surgery Meena is marred for life. Yet, in spite of her disfigurement she has a burning desire to speak out for justice. Meena's acts of defiance against her brothers, their conservative community and the Hindu majority makes her a social pariah.

Meena is encouraged by her lawyer to be interviewed by a journalist to let the world know the truth of her situation, to fight for her dead husband's honor and to inspire other Indian women to confront their perpetrators.

While vacationing in the Maldives, Indian American journalist Smita receives a call from her fellow journalist friend Shannon, who is undergoing surgery and asking her to cover the story of Meena and her toddler. Although Smita never anticipated she ever would return to the country of her birth since she left India with her parents as a teenager, she agrees to take the assignment. Smita tries to work within Indian society to right

Meena's wrong, but at every turn she finds that the scales of justice there are not the same as those of her own naturalized homeland, the United States. She is assisted by and increasingly drawn to Mohan, an upper caste Indian man who helps ease her entrance into the village's misogynist culture.

Thrity Umrigar's poignant storytelling in *Honor* conveys to the reader the strengths and convictions of two brave women against intolerance and prosecution. This novel set in India is what Khaled Hosseini's *The Kite Runner* and *A Thousand Splendid Suns* is to Afghanistan. This is literary fiction at its finest, extremely compelling and easy to recommend.

Book Club With a Curse

By Janet Cooperman

Years ago there were rental libraries. In our town, West Hartford, Connecticut, the rental library was in the back of the local bookstore and a godsend to those of us who were voracious readers. All the best sellers were there for a daily rental fee and we didn't have to wait for our books on reserve at the public library. Instant pleasure, no kindles then. I was a steady customer at Huntington's Bookstore in West Hartford, Connecticut, and frequently bumped into women I knew as we were choosing our books. We decided to get together and discuss what we were reading. We each asked another friend and thus our book club was born.

We were the first in our town. This was long before book clubs became popular and we knew the 8 of us we were special.

We met monthly and along with our discussions and book reviews, we prepared elaborate gourmet lunches. All the women, except one, loved to cook. Louise, who didn't cook, took us out or, always at Christmas, to her mother's huge home which was elaborately decorated for the holidays. Book club was always a glorious day, until.....

Ann's husband was diagnosed with cancer, and after a difficult illness, passed away.

A few years later, my husband became a cancer patient and after 2 1/2 years with the disease, on July 8th, he died. In August, Marge's husband was diagnosed with cancer and died in October. Then the horrific news on a rainy day in March that her daughter, a local tv news reporter, had been killed while jogging.

A year later Louise's husband died of a heart attack.... he was in prison! Louise was from a well-known political family. Her father, John Bailey was the head of the Democratic National Party when Kennedy was in office. Her sister was a congresswoman from Connecticut and her brother was Connecticut's Attorney General. The political Irish Mafia. Louise's husband was a prominent attorney who had been sent to prison for swindling \$4 million from his clients. It was quite the scandal.

A year later, Ellen's husband died. He had been living with cancer for 4 years. Janie's husband, shockingly, had a heart attack at his desk and died in his office.

And so it went---6 husbands dead, all in their 50's or 60's.

We had trouble finding books to read. They couldn't be about death, illness, children, Jews (we didn't want to inundate Louise with Holocaust books), grief, sadness, or loss. So we read non-fiction. Our hearts weren't in it. It was difficult to concentrate, someone was always grieving.

With the 6th death, we knew it was time to dissolve. The 2 women with living husbands were spooked and scared. We debated the topic endlessly looking for an answer.

Was it the randomness of life? Coincidence? Or...a curse?

The Glory of the Tea Rose

By Gail Nizin

I am an anthophile, a person who loves flowers. Being born in the month of June, I am well aware that the flower synonymous with the month of June is the rose. The red rose symbolizes romance, love, beauty, and courage. I am truly a June romantic. My mother often categorized me as courageous, never wavering, speaking out, as I embraced fairness, truth and accountability. My inner beauty blossoms when I am kind, compassionate and honest.

My husband Les arrived home one night with a gift for me, as he recounted his introduction to a new fragrance. He had expanded his law practice, and with his calm disposition was inspired to accept cases involving divorce. A woman had retained him to handle her divorce. As she sat across the desk expressing her woes, his discriminating nose was aroused and captivated by her scent. He asked the client the name of the perfume, she was wearing? She exclaimed, "Tea Rose." The glory of Tea Rose was that it smelled exactly like a bouquet of roses, fresh and unadorned, nothing more, nothing less. Tea Rose perfume was launched by The Perfumer's Workshop around 1975, and in my mind, this rose fragrance is the crux of my story.

Les made a concerted effort that evening to track down this fragrance on the way home from his office in Kew Garden. There was no internet or Amazon in the early 1980s which meant that Les had to go to the store and purchase Tea Rose. I graciously accepted the gift, chuckling and grateful that he had bought me the perfume.

This particular brand of Tea Rose was a very, very strong Eau de Toilette and one tiny spray was plenty. Sometimes the fragrance made me sneeze, even giving me a headache when I wore it. I stayed focused on the fact that Les adored this fragrance. It was unimaginable, when getting into a crowded elevator for our arrival at any event, how the elevator passengers would remark that the host and hostess must have spent a fortune on flowers because guests believed that they could even smell the fresh flowers in the elevator, before entering the catering hall. I silently smirked, knowing it was my invisible bouquet of Eau de Toilette that harbored the

elevator aroma. Les and I would glance at each other and smile. We knew it was the Tea Rose.

How could I end my relationship with Tea Rose? Finally I came to a decision. I would very systematically and sparingly pour droplets down the bathroom sink, until the bottle was almost empty. When there was the tiniest amount left in the bottle, I reflected back how Tea Rose came into my life due to a divorce. Ecstatic that my relationship with Tea Rose was about to end, yet fuzzy of the exact season, Tea Rose and I divorced. I ceased wearing the fragrance.

For twenty years, Joe arrived each Monday morning to clean our house in Dix Hills. It was tradition during the Christmas holiday to give Joe a monetary gift and in return, Joe would buy a token gift for me. The year after my relationship with Tea Rose ended, Joe handed me a gift, stating "I noticed in your bathroom, you needed to replenish your supply of this item." Unwrapping the gift, before my eyes was a spray atomizer of large proportion. Noting it was perfume, I glanced at the label, astonished, as I read in dismay, the name of the perfume. Joe's consideration and kindness reunited me with Tea Rose, on a grander scale. Honestly, I was speechless and just said "thank you."

Tea roses often grow much taller than shrub roses and produce a larger bloom.

When you see tea roses, remember my tea rose story.

Behind the Times

By Iris Shur

Many of us “old-timers” complain about being left in the dust when it comes to new technology. I, personally, cussing on old-timerdom, just cannot keep up anymore. When you don’t understand the commercials on TV touting this web site or that new phone, you know it is game over. But I surprise my family when I explain that it wasn’t always so. There was a time when I was a real hotshot with computers—in the ‘old days’.

My first encounter with pre-computers was at my job in upstate New York in the early sixties. We had these keypunched cards and a long metal rod. If you wanted to separate out people who were over fifty years old you put the rod through a particular hole in the card, shook the cards and the ones you wanted either fell out or stayed on the rod. Don’t ask me to remember which, it was in computer cavemen days.

While employed in Boston in the late sixties, my office was next door to Harvard Medical School. They announced a free class in computers. Always up for a challenge, I signed up. We first met in one of their large amphitheaters. They had hooked up a subject to some electrodes to measure pulse rate, heart rate, well, some body rates. The output was displayed on a TV screen next to the subject. Then they had a very attractive woman walk past the subject. We could all see his bodily functions respond big time! It was a dramatic introduction to computers for all of us.

In the early seventies my husband and I owned a computer dating service. I always have to explain that it was not an internet dating service. We had to understand a little about computers in order to process our applications and explain what we wanted to the keypunchers. A “run” cost us thousands at the time and took days and required a room sized computer. Now it would take a few seconds and we would be able to do it ourselves.

In approximately 1983 they started introducing computers into the public school my children attended. Being quite competitive, I could not imagine my kids knowing more about computers than I did. There were no computer courses for adults at that time so I approached the owner of the only computer store in my town. He agreed to give me a course in the Basic computer language. I worked hard, learning to generate all kinds of number sequences. But then the owner went out of business. He gave me back all

my money which I thought was so nice of him. It didn't seem that home computers were anything viable. At the time there were almost no programs commercially available. If you wanted the computer to do something you, the user, had to program it.

Finally, in 1985 the 512K Mac came to live in my house. I remember spending a lot of time deciding between the 128K and the 512K. Mind you I still don't know what 128K or 512K mean. Phone calls were made to people involved in computers to determine which was the better buy for me. They all said they didn't understand what I would do with either of them. But I bought it anyway and I went to the first Mac show in Boston at the Hynes Auditorium. It was amazing to see all the things you could do with a computer and I was in digital heaven.

Sometime in that period of my life I took an adult education class on how to use one of the several search engines that had popped up. We had to learn how to phrase our search very carefully. Now I just go to "Google" and type in what I need any way I want and up pops the answer.

My next computer encounter was at my husband's office in the early 90's when he decided to purchase an IBM clone. I developed a huge database on it with thousands of focus group participants for our business. It took me many months. A part-time employee wiped out the list one day, never to be recovered. That was the end of my computer life at the time. I was so upset I didn't want anything to do with them anymore.

Of course, I am writing this expose on my Apple laptop now. I do use an I-pad as well. My phone is still Generation minus ten, however. Don't ask me to make a spread sheet or put words in columns. I don't seem to have patience for remembering all that stuff. Some in my family are rather upset that I don't text. That is much too advanced for me.

This story was written to prove to people that at one time I was queen of the computer generation. Unfortunately, it is not this generation.

GUIDELINES for WCA WORDS

What is WCA WORDS?

WCA WORDS is a literary journal open to any WCA member and will be published approximately once a month. Our goal is to provide a publishing platform for members who like to write.

How do I submit a piece for publication?

- Your submission must be your original work. It can be poetry, fiction, or non-fiction of 750 words or less.
- A submission should have a title and be typed in a format (not PDF) that can be edited for spelling, punctuation, and typo corrections. We will contact you if any substantive corrections need to be made.
- Submissions are sent to Iris Shur (irisjimshur@aol.com).

What are the Publication Policies?

- Proofreading and determination of appropriateness for publication will be done by a committee chaired by Iris Shur. Publication is also subject to review by the WCA Board.
- Per Jewish Federation of Greater Naples (JFGN) guidelines, "Items of controversial opinions and points of view about political issues will not be accepted for publication." Please keep your language and subject matter appropriate for the WCA audience.
 - It will be clearly stated that the opinions and viewpoints of the author do not reflect the opinions of WCA or JFGN.
- Work that you have previously published elsewhere will be accepted, so long as you have permission to do so.
- Writers will need to agree to a release form before the work can be published. The form will be emailed to you after receipt of your submission.
 - Although writers may submit multiple items, only one submission per member will be selected for publication in any given month.