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# ROOSEVELT BOROUGH



# BULLETIN

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Vol. VII, No. 1

Roosevelt, New Jersey

September 1983

## Thefts and petty crimes discussed by council

by A. Weiner

The issue of public safety from a rash of thefts and petty crime in the borough arose at the September borough council meeting in the period open to public discussion. Reverend Grauel asked that the council take appropriate measures to contain the persistent law-breaking in our town. In response, Mayor Barth made it clear that only the State Police and possibly the Hightstown Police Department are in a position to take control and to follow through on incidents that require law enforcement. They in turn have called upon residents to take their share of responsibility by undertaking to report immediately any and every sign of irregular behavior, even the most trivial. (See box.)

Safety Committee Chair, Bill Counterman, explained that the sooner the police can intervene and take charge, the less will be the need for the observer to become involved in pressing charges or acting as a witness. The police themselves will undertake these

tasks. Several council members urged, however, that people not be timid about carrying through charges against teen-age vandals. Freda Hepner made the point that although committed crimes are properly subject to strict law enforcement, the response of the community to youngsters and parents who are "in trouble" should not be just a punitive one. They should be offered a source for referrals for counseling and other assistance. The Borough Juvenile Committee was mentioned in this connection.

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## council

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A meeting for full discussion of this matter has been arranged between the borough council, and mayor, and the State Police and Monmouth County Police Department at an early future date.

The Borough Bulletin hopes to feature a more complete report on problems of public safety in a forthcoming issue.

The regular business of the meeting included the following:

### Financial appropriations:

- Authorization for repairs at the water plant (\$1649.00) and sewer plant (\$2864.00) was given.

- Final reading and passage of Ordinance 110 awarding capital improvement funds (\$3770.00) for widening doorways and for the purchase of two new doors for the municipal garage was concluded.

- Approval was given to hiring Leon Lawson as an hourly employee through December 31, 1983, at the rate of \$5.00 per hour plus minimum benefits. He will also replace Jim Manzi as week-end plant operator.

- Council approved emergency repair of Cemetery Road in the amount of \$856.00.

- An increase in hourly pay from \$3.50 to \$4.50 per hour was agreed upon as a means of attracting applicants for the post of school crossing guard.

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### STAFF RESPONSIBILITIES

Editorial Board:

David Brahinsky  
Hortense Socholitzky

Peter Berlinrut...Issues & Debate  
Bob Clark...Planning Board, features  
Lynn Friedman...Business/ad manager  
Rosemarie Greenman...Layout, paste-up  
David Herrstrom...Features  
Norma Kushner...Treasurer, ad sales  
Allison & Bob Petrilla...Book Talk  
Becky Russell...To Health!  
Arthur Shapiro...Features, Minutes Ago  
Elly Shapiro...Features  
Joe Solomon...Love of Words  
Marilyn Vitolo...Headlines  
Peter Warren...Council News  
A. Weiner...Circulation, Council news  
Helga Wisowaty...Senior news  
Adeenah Yeger...Fire Company news, typing

The policy of the Bulletin is open expression of ideas and opinions. The authors have sole responsibility for content. The Bulletin is open to discussion, disagreement and commentary through letters to the Editor, or interested persons may submit articles to be considered for publication.

(Cont'd. from previous page)

The job requires three appearances during the day amounting to two full working hours. A proposal to consider re-constituting a student safety patrol for this purpose will be suggested to the school board.

- The council approved outlay for Rutgers University courses for the borough clerk and deputy at a cost of \$474.00.

- The purchase of a smoke ejector unit by the Fire Dept. was authorized at a cost of \$450.00.

- Schoor Engineering was instructed to initiate negotiations with the designated bidder for entry-way shelters for the Senior Citizens Housing Project.

- Consideration of possible plans to finance reconditioning of borough roads is now underway.

#### General Welfare:

- Postponement of the reading and discussion of Ordinance 97-5, an amendment to the Land Use Ordinance was announced by the mayor. The amendment defines a resident family unit within a single house. The new date is September 21st at the special meeting already called to consider problems of garbage collection and recycling.

- Discussion of infractions of the ordinance covering stray dogs was discussed on a complaint from George Loyer. Correct procedure for lodging complaints is to call the borough clerk or the mayor who will contact the Animal Control Agency of the East Windsor Police Dept. Fines of \$50.00 will be imposed on violators of the ordinance.

- The council responded to a complaint by resident Timothy Hartley concerning a blocked

culvert and the flooding it caused at the North Valley Road end of Farm Lane. The borough engineer has been assigned to investigate and remediate the condition.

- October 22 is the date for the premiere of a quality film on the history and development of Roosevelt, which is slated to be shown on national public television. Howard Green of the NJ Historical Society will be one of the speakers at the program planned for the school auditorium.

- The offer of the NJ Dept. of Agriculture to conduct a survey of gypsy moth egg mass incidence in the borough was accepted.

- At a previous meeting, the appointment of Steve Halpern to replace Roy Terry on the planning board was announced. Peter Warren will be his replacement as alternate for the remainder of the term.

- Saturday, October 15th is the pick-up date for large trash items. These may be placed at the curb not more than three days ahead of this date, that is, not earlier than Wednesday, October 12th.



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## Site approval given for new post office

by Bob Clark

During the summer routine site plan reviews and minor variances occupied most of the planning board's time. The site plan for an additional geodesic dome dwelling was approved for one of six 2½-acre lots on the northern side of Cemetery Road. The house is now under construction. No certificate of occupancy will be issued until road improvements are completed and power lines are installed.

At the regular meeting on August 29 the board gave site approval to Adolph Schultz to renovate the vacant commercial building next to the present post office. The improved structure will house a new municipal post office, and the existing post office building will be demolished.

For a variety of reasons the planning board has had difficulty obtaining a quorum for its regular monthly meetings. Less than a quorum were present at the June meeting, and several matters had to be carried over to a special meeting. As a result the planning board will no longer meet on the last Monday of every month. Instead it will meet on the first Wednesday of each month. There will be no regular meeting in September, and regular meetings will be held on October 5, November 2 and December 7 during 1983. The meetings are at 8:00 p.m. in the Borough Hall.

Mayor Leon Barth appointed Steven Halpern to replace Roy Terry as a regular member of the planning board. Halpern previously served as an alternate

member.

The planning board approved member Ralph Seligman's motion that two copies of site plans be filed with the Board Clerk at least one week prior to a meeting in order for the board to hear an application. This will give members time to study plans prior to a meeting. Seligman also proposed limits on the type of animals that may be allowed in the agricultural zone.

At the suggestion of Zoning Officer Paul Eichler the board decided to review the borough's fence ordinance and to make recommendations to the council as to height, distance from boundaries and penalties.



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## F. D. R. - Who was he and what?

by Peter Berlinrut

It was early in 1982 about a year and a half ago that I found myself in a community where I lived as a young man many years ago. They were celebrating the centennial of Franklin Delano Roosevelt's birth and speaker after speaker gave vent to lavish praise of him. Something strange hovered in the air and it took many minutes for things to grow clear: everyone was bestowing warm tributes but no one was telling why. No one was itemizing or elucidating his achievements. I could observe the faces of younger people born years after his death, set in mystified respect. They were readily won to belief F.D.R. was a great man and therefore all the more burdened for not knowing in what way. It occurred to me then that it was a disservice to anyone credited with human achievements to canonize him before establishing what they were.

Oddly I had the same impression during the ceremony in 1962 when we dedicated our memorial to F.D.R. and I could see young people around me lost in wonder as they listened to the affectionate eulogies that flowed so freely, unable to understand what deeds or merit had earned them. Eleanor Roosevelt was the last and featured speaker and she must have sensed the situation because she opened her remarks as she gazed at the children sitting nearest to her, "Who was the Franklin Roosevelt we are honoring here today?"

Her presence in Roosevelt was one of her last public appearances. Her health was not at its peak (she died later that

year), her voice was a trifle more quavery than usual and she could not do justice to the question she so aptly raised. All this suggests why I think it in point to review very briefly F.D.R.'s accomplishments in this country's troubled history before the process of ikonization (positive or negative) takes him away from us in popular lore and makes some sort of statue we must feel devout about or a dragon we must symbolically slay every year.

It is a familiar story and its dramatic beginning has to be F.D.R.'s election as the thirty-second president of the United States in 1932. But before we can limn the impact of his career on American life we have to know something of the times. The economy was in a severe depression, no doubt the worst of many in its history since independence. The stock market collapse in 1929 was the overture and it led to mass unemployment, bread lines, apple vendors on street corners of cities, business failures, bank closings, feverish panic. Whoever having seen long lines of depositors waiting to withdraw their hard-earned savings from a bank rumored to be failing, each person in his own gnawing despair that funds would be gone by the time he or she reached the teller's window, can forget it? The country was in shock. Given our history, the crisis was just as much cultural as economic. America had developed with the idea that in this new continent of abundant raw materials and freedom, each man wrote the ticket for his

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## F. D. R. -

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own future. All it took was a will for hard work. Everything else more or less took care of itself, and the less tinkering with what was thought to be the natural order of things, the better. Least government was best government; cheapest government the most viable government. All this was in ashes in 1932, a dream that was almost entirely illusion and now in its real-life consequences a nightmare. Laissez-fair economics was dead as the proverbial door knob (and today's efforts to resurrect it in some quarters not too successful).

Into this agonized breach stepped Franklin Roosevelt and it quickly became a situation in which the times found the right man, giving instances to the truth that any progressive event in history has to be a meeting between a qualified person and a social dilemma that cries out for that particular qualification. Was the country in terror that every belief and hope about itself was a mirage void of any tie with reality and truth? There was F.D.R. on inaugural day to sing out the words loud and strong, "Let me assert my firm belief that the only thing we have to fear is fear itself." Not exactly a new idea but one that the country needed, proving again that the importance of ideas is not their newness but their power in clarifying the mind.

It now becomes relevant to digress a moment and ask who was this Franklin Roosevelt who had so much of what the nation needed at that troubled moment? Here historians disagree or feel the question unanswerable and rather impertinent to raise.

Maybe so. I have to risk being impertinent. I think this F.D.R. who came forward that moment (and in the famous Hundred Days that followed, to be mentioned later), with that jaunty and even cock-sure confidence that so many persons disliked, was a man who had faced and mastered a mortal ordeal in his own life and therewith earned the confidence that enabled him to rally the country and win it to face the wrongs of its life.

He was born to the patricianate that resided in the Hudson River Valley, money and family prestige on both sides of his consanguineal line, quite assured of a smiling future for his life. Mothers often dote on sons who are the only child but that wouldn't begin to describe how Sarah Delano felt about her princeling, Franklin. There wasn't a milestone in his life from the day of his birth, mementos of which she didn't hoard like precious and sacred relics. His christening dress, his first kindergarten paperwork are preserved under glass forever in the museum in Hyde Park. Harvard and Columbia Law School were fitting way-stops and he came away with an aspiration for public service and a career in politics. Elected to the New York State Senate he showed an expectable patrician disdain for the low-life politics of Tammany Hall and headed a group of insurgent Democrats in blocking the nomination of William F. Sheehan the the Tammany choice for the U.S. Senate. And when Woodrow Wilson won the nomination for the Presidency from the Democrats, he had the good character, the probity and cultiva-

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tion to win F.D.R.'s vigorous support. It earned him the appointment as Assistant Secretary of the Navy (ships were one of his lifelong likes) in 1913. He served in that office some seven years, was considered an 'able administrator' (according to the Encyclopedia) and achieved sufficient prominence and political promise to be designated vice-presidential candidate with James M. Cox on the Democratic ticket in 1920.

I can still see the Hearst Pathe movie news clip from my boyhood, showing a political parade with Cox and Roosevelt striding along behind a marching band somewhere, Roosevelt in a frock coat, wing collar and Ascot tie, top hat (in full political panoply contrasting starkly with the semi-nudism of our current Governor Kean in tieless open shirt, coatless and hatless, hunting for traces of Dioxin in Newark). The tempered wisdom of the old Latins says it: *Tempora mutant et nos in illis mutamur.*

The Cox-Roosevelt slate went down to defeat of course, the times such that the voters succumbed to the allure of a mystical something promulgated as 'normalcy' by the successful candidate, Warren Gamaliel Harding. The country was surfeited with the troubles of World War I and the violent dislocations of its aftermath. The sound of 'normalcy' was music. Whatever disappointment it brought F.D.R., it was nothing compared to what happened in the following year, 1921. He was vacationing in Campobello and he went down with poliomyelitis. And that I think was the true beginning of the Franklin Delano Roosevelt of history. If I have it right he

was completely paralyzed at first, then from the waist down leaving him with a struggle of years to regain a little freedom of movement in his legs. Suddenly he went from the status of darling of life, good marriage, family life, private means, promising career, capacity for enjoyment of the good things of life to a status of immobilized flesh absolutely dependent for survival on others, never again to know the miraculous luxury of standing up, walking, moving with freedom. (Can we ever devise oblations devout enough, warm enough for the Salk and Sabin vaccines?) The change couldn't have been more devastating, more abysmal. Another person could have settled in for lifelong invalidism, for that hapless resignation or stoic bitterness, perhaps that subtle or bald tyranny that the incapacitated exercise over those who must care for them, not F.D.R. We can easily imagine him lying there hour after passive hour initially more wearied by the solicitous attentions of nurses or family than cheered, musing, what am I now but a useless hulk burdening the lives of those who have to wait on me hand and foot? He must have soon discovered the anomaly that a person has to exercise energy to have energy, even energy to enjoy having someone read to him or listening to music. Even with the best of care, with Eleanor to help morally and physically, it could be only uphill and more uphill. It was a slow protracted matter, this drama of the birth of spirit as the one and only way of confronting the embarrassments and failures of flesh. That ebullience and

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smiling confidence that were to be his distinction did not drop from the sky. Nor did he read of their desirability in a book or hear them from Sarah as a child. He earned it as the one good with which to face his inability to move his lower limbs; to fight for the power to wiggle a big toe was better than a thousand strictures against god or man or the unfairness of the cosmos. That was the spiritual capital he brought to the presidency; let's do something, let's not just lie there and be supine to whatever blight wants to fall upon us. If one thing doesn't work, let's try another until we right the wrong.


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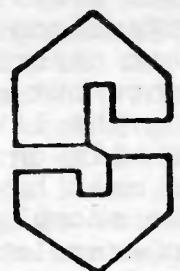
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## Education and Art

The following article was offered as a reprint in response to discussions held concerning recent Issues and Debate articles on education. Due to its length, it will be continued in the next issue of the Bulletin.

The Editors

by Jacob Landau

I have for many years been involved in more than just my own discipline. I have been described as a futurist. True, I have been involved in the future but I am not actually a futurist. I discovered long ago, according to the Jungian typology, that intuitive types of which category I am one, generally live in the future; feeling types tend to live in the past; sensory types tend to live in the present; and mental types strive to synthesize past, present, and future. When I began to get involved with the futurist movement, I learned that what bound most of us together was a certain kind of anxiety that we shared about the future. In fact, I listed that as the principal prerequisite for a course called "Future Studies" which I taught at Pratt Institute, I found that there were quite a few students who felt as I did.

Futurists generally are extrapolators. They extend in a linear fashion whatever happens today into the future. I would put myself essentially in the pessimist category which reminds me that Margaret Chase Smith was once asked by a reporter, "Are you an optimist or a pessimist?" and she said, "I am an optimist." The reporter then asked, "What is the

difference?" And she said, "A pessimist is usually better informed." I hope that is my *raison d'etre*.

The first question that I want to ask today is the question I feel is at the bottom of a lot of our efforts to teach art and to improve education, and that is: "Is art necessary?" When I was in junior high school, believe it or not, I wrote a play called, "Is math necessary?" and I tried to prove the fact that math is necessary by creating a world in which math was suddenly outlawed. As a result, bridges fell and buildings toppled and trains didn't continue on their straightaway and the entire civilization crumbled practically overnight in some magical manner. Would that it were possible to prove this in relation to arts! I feel we are completely at a loss in our time to be able to understand what art really means because we live essentially in a kind of artless or left-brained society. Being left-brained is being half-brained, which is a little bit worse than being half-assed, in my opinion.

I am not going to try to belabor the right-brain issue except for a number of rather more pointed and specific ideas that I think are significant and non-trivial in relation to what we are trying to do here - to become better artists and art educators. Marshall McLuhan, during the 1960s, tried to prove that art was actually a form of information and I find that that is a prejudice which is shared by quite a number of futurists.

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## Education and Art

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We are told often enough that we live in an information society and we tend to treat the production of art and the appreciation of art essentially as a matter of the transmission of information.

With the rise of computer graphics and computer art and, of course, computer science, computer politics, computer war and computer everything else, we find ourselves imitating our machines and tools. We tend to become more like the processes that these machines engender. I am inclined to think the reverse - that it isn't art which is information, but that information is essentially an art and what we tend to believe as the transmission of fact, is actually the transmission of a lot of art forms, usually debased art forms. In other words, we know literally nothing at first hand, even the things that we experience in our own families, our own homes, our own gardens, our own automobiles. These are things that we experience through a screen of information, that come to us from a variety of media. Ours is a received culture. We have nothing to do with it, except to become its consumers in a consumer oriented society. Marshall McLuhan said, for example, that war is pure information. On the contrary, war is pure entertainment. When we had the experience during the 1960s of watching the war in Vietnam on our TV screens in our living rooms, we were experiencing something like the catharsis that the Greeks did during the various tragedies they went to witness - but without the enlightenment, the structure, the form, that

was included within the Greek tragic idiom. We experienced it vicariously, we experienced it at a distance, and we were constantly being titillated and amused and struck dumb and at the same time, elevated by all the various dramatic events that were being unrolled in front of our eyes.

I think it is very easy to see how when we use the word "myth" nowadays, we tend to use it as a kind of synonym for untruth and we forget the fact that myths were actually works of art. When myths were indeed true -- that is to say, when myths were vital lies in the best sense of the term -- they functioned in a way to give meaning to all our lives. Important myths, which were the basis of all the great works of art of ancient societies, somehow underlying almost every work of art that has ever been created, are essentially lost to us in present day society. They are now largely considered to be obsolete and untrue. The new myths that we live by are the myths of progress and constant accumulation of material benefits towards a kind of earthly paradise. Myths of rationalism tell us that we can through the exercise of mind alone in the Cartesian system we inherited become as gods.

We forget that ideas are works of art, too. Ideas are like myths. Ideas are paradigms. Ideas are images. Ideas are forms. Ideas are objects, particles fished out of the stream in the fields of human experience. Without imagination, without inventiveness, without the ability to conceive hypotheses and proposals, nothing but mechanical operations can be performed.

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Invention and design are not truly logical operations. Logic alone is as incapable of leading a person to new ideas as grammar alone is incapable of inspiring poems.

Jack Burnham has pointed out that we now have too much information for "informed" decision-making. After we have asked the computer to give us back the information we seek, we are obliged to make a selection, which ends up being an aesthetic choice. But that choice is based not upon or within the matrix of a living vital mythological structure but is an uninspired decision based essentially upon a structure that lacks a center or any kind of organized understanding of the meaning of the universe, the meaning of our lives within this universe, of the relationship between the arts and the sciences and the technologies that we have created and all of the rest of it. Backer, I think, puts his finger on something which is at the heart of our problem. He says that the work of our lives is our self-creation as works of art. This is a concept which I think is very difficult for most of us to realize because we are essentially created by the media and by the categories which are extended or projected through the media in our received culture and which pervade the myths of that culture.

I think that many of us have had experiences which would bring us frequently to that brink where we are extremely lonely within ourselves because we discovered that we are out on a limb. We have stayed too close to

the center of that normative culture and have come to despise ourselves because we have alienated ourselves. Self-creation is a work of artistic effort, and art is a forming activity. Being consumers within an information society is a receiving activity and when we consume information as we consume products, we are not obliged to do any forming or creating with that information nor can we because we have no paradigms that help us to do the forming.

The art experience, as all of us know as teachers, is one which helps bring people closer to their centers, which helps them become rooted, which brings them into contact with their forebears, with history and with the future, if you will. Art also makes it possible for people to come closer to each other, to become in some ways more involved with the parts of their personalities that are suppressed. I am speaking of the right-brained parts that are left out of the equation in the educational picture. I am speaking of the passions which are left out of the classrooms, which are also left out of conferences, lectures, workshops, curricula, etc. I am speaking of the entire half of the human person and condition which is no longer part of the equation that we are shaping for our future. As a consequence, we tend to create in our society people who are hyperspecialized, hypertrophied in one direction or another, who have lost connection with the human side, with the eternal, with the cosmic, with the sacred and with the artistic. Instead, they have been somehow persuaded to become involved in the

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## Education and Art

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temporal and quantitative values and the accumulation of bits of money, status, information, etc.

If we were more involved in understanding what we have lost, we would know, for example, what ancient wisdom taught all along, and that is that you always pay a price for any choices that you make. If you wipe out disease and you have a population explosion including mass starvation, that doesn't mean that you have failed. But you have to know what you are in for when you take a step in the direction of doing so and you have to be prepared to prevent some of the consequences from visiting us. You expand defense as it is sometimes called euphemistically and you create greater insecurity. You increase the gross national product but by the same token you also increase the gross national pollution. The interplay between reality and imagination, between the left and the right sides of the brain, is that interplay to which I was referring before. If you have too much rigor you produce monsters and if you have too much imagination, you are insane and if we can't find our way back to some way of integrating the society and the curriculum and the personality, we may end up being both. Chances are that the side effects that I just referred to will be only a drop in the bucket.

I want to tell you a little bit about my own experience as an artist that illustrates the point that I have been trying to make. When I went to art school back in 1936, I was obliged or urged or

proselytized by my teachers and by various adults and by all the information sources that were available to me at the time, to move in the direction of what was then the beginning of the New York School of Art, the avant garde movement. I found myself in my own secret feelings about art resisting that particular tendency. Instead, I was attracted to Mexican painting, particularly Orozco. I was attracted to northern German paintings by Grunewald and Durer. I found myself passionately interested in the German expressionists. I was particularly wild about Oscar Koschka and Rouault. I was not sure of myself because I was not yet aware of the rights that I possessed to create myself in accordance with my own inner needs. I tended to suppress my own desires and tried to move along with what was then beginning to be called the mainstream. For a number of years, I took on an alien form and became alienated from myself in the process. It wasn't until I got to Europe in 1949, in France to be exact, that I discovered that I had a right to express myself in my own way, in my own language, and I began for the first time to pursue the expressionistic northern European tradition which has only recently been given recognition in a book by Robert Rosenblum called Modern Painting and the Northern Romantic Tradition as an important alternative to the French tradition.

I remember once visiting the Rockefeller Institute for a luncheon where I met Norbert Weiner, the author of cybernetic history, and we talked art. It was a great pleasure.

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He loved talking about art and I loved talking about cybernetics. He asked me what I thought about French painting and I hemmed and hawed a little bit because I felt it was necessary to answer in one or two sentences, and I used words like "nuance" and "sensibility" and so on. He listened patiently and then said it was pure humbug and that was what he thought about French mathematics. And that was the first time I realized there are styles in mathematics that correspond to styles in the arts and that one could choose among styles.

But you see, in my education as an art student, I had never been made aware of the fact that there are roots I could be in touch with in my own inner tendencies or potentials rather than whatever possibilities were thrown at me from the outside. I had to make a selection out of all the information given to me by the culture that would make it possible for me to create my own form. I would be inclined to say that it took me a lot of years to be able to create my own form because there were no guidelines, no guideposts. It was almost impossible for me to find them until I began to discover that there were people like myself working on developing alternatives to the sciences, to the political and social structures we live by, and so on. So I began for the first time to create myself in a way that was totally exhilarating and liberating.

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## History hot off the griddle - part I

by M.J. Berlinrut

"...men and women and children in multiplying numbers lie rotting alive, body and soul at once, in those awful catacombs of disease and crime..." (the cellars and workshops of every city in England, and we here in New York) "...have our Five Points (the juncture of Baxter, Worth and Part Streets), our emigrant quarters, our swarms of seamstresses to whom their utmost toil in monotonous drudgery gives only bare subsistence, in a life barren of hope and of enjoyment; our hordes of dock thieves, and of children who live in the streets and by them. No one can walk the length of Broadway without meeting some hideous troop of ragged girls, from twelve years old down, brutalized already almost beyond redemption by premature vice, clad in the filthy refuse of the rag-picker's collections, obscene of speech, the stamp of childhood gone from their faces... And what am I doing, I wonder: I'm neither scholar nor philanthropist nor clergyman, nor in any capacity a guide or ruler of the people... But if Heaven will permit and enable me, I'll do something in the matter before I die...."

These words were written in 1851 by George Templeton Strong, native New Yorker, lawyer, trustee of Trinity Church and Columbia College (his was one of the major voices in moving it from a small institution of classical studies to a great university), an early president of the New York Philharmonic

Society, a founder of the Church Music Association, a director of the American Academy of Design and of the New York Historical Society. Later he would find his enabling niche on the U.S. Sanitary Commission during the Civil War.

He began keeping a diary on October 5, 1835, the night before he started his sophomore year at Columbia College at the age of 15, making daily entries until a few days before his death in 1875. As he had no intention to publish--in fact, no one ever knew he was keeping this diary except possibly members of his immediate family, who, however, never got so much as a peek during his lifetime (the full diary was not made public until sometime in the 1920s or 1930s), he was free to write whatever he thought; he commented on everything, held nothing back. What an enormous amount of history is embedded in its pages over this span of 39 years! Homely history of the conditions of living in the city of New York, as well as the broader history of the nation's industrial and cultural development, the agony of the Civil War, with comments too on European affairs. All this is shown us through the mind of this extraordinary man--a mind sensitive, disciplined, perceptive and wide-ranging in its interests. He gives us witty and discerning criticisms of art, music, and literature. He went regularly, often several times a week, to the galleries,

(Cont'd. on next page)

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opera, concerts, and read everything--classical and standard works, the latest works of contemporary writers (e.g. Longfellow, Dickens, etc.) as they came off the presses, as well as four or five newspapers a day--and his satiric comments about people and the ways they reacted to events are a delight.

A prime example, the first successful (briefly) laying of the Atlantic cable, an insulated copper strand nearly two thousand miles long, much of it under two miles of water, uniting the Old World and the New: "August 10 (1858) --Everybody all agog about the Atlantic cable...Newspapers vie with each other in gas and grandiloquence. Yesterday's Herald said that the cable (or perhaps Cyrus W. Field, uncertain which) is undoubtedly the Angel in the Book of Revelation with one foot on sea and one foot on land, proclaiming that Time shall be no longer. Moderate people merely say that this is the greatest achievement in history. Possibly not the very greatest; some few things have surely been done in the old time...That run the cable rather hard. Morse's first forty miles of telegraph wire included this and much more that shall be hereafter...Laying this wire unbroken across the abysses of the Atlantic was no light undertaking, but success, with all the armories of modern science in the service, is not so much to brag of. Is it a success at all? No message has yet been transmitted...." He quotes another orator as saying war was "henceforth impossible, that the millenium had been manufactured by electro-galvanism, gutta-percha, copper wire, and Cyrus Field, that 'tomorrow

the whisper of the Kremlin... would be heard in the hills of Berkshire'...." On August 24: "It's alarming to consider the amount of impious brag which this cable has generated all over the country...Here in New York the triumphant pyrotechnics with which our city fathers celebrated this...subjugations by man of all the powers of nature--space and time included-- set the City Hall on fire..." After the initial silence, some few messages were exchanged, then silence again. September 29: "The Atlantic cable speechless still. Its high priests talk of defective insulation...What can the precise difficulty be? Perhaps some huge sting ray grubbing in the oozy bed of the ocean for bivalve mollusca has closed his massive dental plates on the cable...and given it a fatal crunch...." For whatever reason, it had completely broken down and would not be undertaken again until after the Civil War.

Despite his sarcasm, almost always aimed specifically at what he called humbug and puffery, Strong was and continued to be all his life intensely interested in all the scientific advances of his time in all fields, electrical, chemical, medical, etc. He experimented with chloroform on a pet mouse (to which, he records sadly, he gave too much) and on himself and traveled to Boston to have his teeth fixed by a dentist who used chloroform as an analgesic. In another entry he says "If no great revolution or cataclysm throw mankind off the track...it will be a strange place in 1958... the diverse races of man seem tending toward development into

(Cont'd. on next page)

## History

(Cont'd. from previous page)

a living organic unit with railroads and steam-packets for a circulating system, telegraph wires for nerves, and the London Times and New York Herald for a brain...." What would he have said could he have known our electronic gadgets, satellites, air and space travel!

But let us go back to the particulars of his life. He was born in New York City in January 1820 of a family already many generations in this country, comfortable but by no means wealthy in terms of the fortunes being amassed at the time. His father was a lawyer (Yale 1803) and the family lived at 108 Greenwich Street near the corner of Rector. It was a fashionable residential area--pleasantly treed, with views of the Hudson River between houses and down the cross streets--within a short walking distance of everything: City Hall Park (where presently 'Croton water' would emerge in a decorative fountain), Battery Park (band concerts and a favorite promenading place on summer nights), Castle Garden (Jenny Lind), Columbia College (then situated in the neighborhood of Murray Street), his father's office (Wall Street), theaters, galleries, fashionable restaurants like Delmonico's (roasted oysters a specialty), the business and commercial life of the city with its busy port where ships arrived daily bringing the latest European news and, Strong's particular interest, the latest books by European authors; where too the new and progressively improved steam-packets were built and launched. Because the city was so compact (its northernmost built-up limit was, in

Strong's young manhood, not much above City Hall Park), few people kept horse and carriage, relying on the horse-drawn omnibuses and sleighs or cabs in inclement weather. Everyone walked everywhere, often taking long walks for exercise and pleasure: "...up Broadway and along the railroad, some distance beyond that abode of sweet savors, the big glue factory on the middle road (Fifth Avenue). Came home through the Bowery...." Riding a horse around the city was a favorite occupation of George's father who found it cleared his head and enabled him to work until eleven at night. After rising at five and lighting the fire, he would take a brisk canter up Greenwich Street, then the shore road to the village of Greenwich, sometimes going as far as Bloomingdale where Columbia University is now situated. Later George too bought a riding horse but the city by then having expanded northward, he'd ferry to Hoboken and ride in the woods and meadows of New Jersey.

Goerge's education began at home when he was a very little boy. His mother taught him reading and writing, history and botany; his older half-sister taught him astronomy and grammar; his father, Latin. He entered his first school when he was 6, moving on at 12 to the Grammar School attached to Columbia (comparable to the better known Boston Latin School). He entered Columbia College at 15, admission based simply on a brief interview with the college president (Wm. A. Duer) and his father signing Goerge's name in the register. Upon graduation from Columbia in 1838 (at age 18), he started

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the study of law in his father's office, was admitted to the bar in '41, became a Counselor at Law in '44. To be examined for both, he journeyed (by river boat to Albany and thence by the rather chancy and dirty 'cars') to Utica where in the chambers of the State Attorney General the examination was held --a matter of answering a few questions about fine points of law. In 1848 he married Ellen Ruggles, daughter of a man prominent in financial and Social (capital S) circles. This after years of entries in his diary that he'd never marry or maintain an establishment of his own, that his material requirements were few; he could get by very nicely on a small income with his books and his music (he played both piano and organ proficiently by ear); he disliked Society, saw it as trivial and time wasting and avoided 'going out' as much as he could, when he went, feeling awkward and dumb, lacking in 'polite conversation.' But meeting Ellen by chance at one of these affairs changed that. For her sake he undertook the furnishing and servanning (with many a mean to his diary, "...The almshouse is always visible in the 'middle distance'...") of a house at 74 East 21 Street on Gramercy Square, built for them by his father (the cost being meticulously deducted from his father's will) with embellishments (a stone front and bay windows) contributed by Ellen's father. After a nearly fatal puerperal fever (Ellen's life probably saved only by George's assiduous nursing after the doctors had given her up) resulting in the still-birth of their first child,

a daughter, the couple had three sons. He continued the practice of law in his father's firm becoming in due course its senior officer. He died at the age of 55 in 1875.

(To be continued)

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### HISTORIC DESIGNATION

On September 15th, the New Jersey National Register Review Board unanimously recommended that Roosevelt be included in the State Register of Historic Places. The recommendation now goes to the Deputy State Historic Preservation Officer for his formal approval, which is expected before the end of the month. The recommendation for national designation will then be forwarded to the Keeper of the National Register in the Department of Interior, who will respond within 45 days of reception.

## A BETTER WEIGH

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Love of Words*It's a good thing it's obvious*

by Josef G. Solomon

Every once in a while, the response to some words that come tumbling out of my mouth makes me wonder if, unbeknownst to me, I have a strong death-wish. The incident that provides this month's title is a good example. About a hundred years ago, when I was in graduate school, I had a course in quantum mechanics, from 7-10 Thursday evenings. Parenthetically, the reason that quantum mechanics is physics of the 20th-century, and not of the 17th-century, is that quantum effects do not play any part in one's ordinary life: They become important only when you are considering very small particles--nuclei, for example, and other particles not discovered until the 20th century. So there we all were, all working during the day at something far removed from the subject of our Thursday evening class, and already tired when we arrived there. The professor was good; he would glance at the book, from time to time, just to make sure he was going in the same direction as the text, but he knew his subject. At 10 p.m., we would stand up, glassy-eyed from the new material the professor had covered, and stumble into the night. At 10 one night, just to be funny, I remarked, "It's a good thing this is all obvious!" However, some of my classmates directed at me looks of hate: Believe it or not, they had taken me seriously. OK, now what? The following week my exit line was, "Boy, it's a good thing this is all obvious--otherwise we'd never understand it!" Then they

understood, and didn't murder me.

A Clinic in Obfuscation

What prompted this article was a document thrust upon me. True, it's a technical document, and they are not noted for clarity. Even so, it seemed as though the author deliberately tried to keep me from understanding it. Here is one sentence: What does it mean:

In an effort to improve bandwidth, efficiency of microwave line-of-sight (LOS) digital radio systems use of independent cross-polarized transmission channels have been used.

First prize is a copy of the entire report. Several of us tried to decipher it, and came up with a candidate. We think that the sentence might mean,

Independent cross-polarized transmission channels have been used, in an effort to improve bandwidth-efficiency of microwave line-of-sight (LOS) digital radio systems.

Of course, it might also mean something entirely different. Why? Presumably, the purpose of writing the report is to tell the reader something. (This may be an invalid reference.) If the reader has to decipher the prose, the author is not doing a good job of communicating.

Buy 'em While You Can't

Here's a sign I saw recently: "Half Price Sale on all Records in Stock Until They Last" In the first draft  
(Cont'd. on next page)

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of this, there was a Freudian typo, and the sentence started out, "Here's a sigh..." These things do sadden me.

As you might guess, advertising is a fertile field for discovering these bizarreries. The writing on a can of hair-spray fairly leaped off the can to tell me that it was "unscented--the natural way to spray". Oh? And then there was the name-brand package of fig-bars. According to federal law, the label must list ingredients in descending order of their amount--the principal ingredient first, etc. On the label to this package, figs came in fifth: Bars they are, but are they fig bars?

In attempting to understand these expressions, it is helpful to know the motive behind the expression. In the above examples, of course, the motive was to sell something. Frequently, the motive is to poke fun at a group that isn't us. For example, "French leave" means departing without leave (i.e., permission), because the custom in French society was that you did not have to bid farewell to your hostess--thus getting permission--before departing. "German silver" isn't silver at all. I don't know the origin of this one, but "guinea pig" isn't a pig. Etc.

#### Old Clothes Only

There's a nearby diner I frequent, despite the sign out front: "...Food at It's Best"... The food is good enough to overcome my aversion to the sign. (But I always go there in disguise, so nobody will recognize me as the Resident Grammarian.) What puzzles me is why the owners

claim that they won't let in anyone who is wearing new clothes. The sign taped to the door clearly says, "Shoes and shirts must be worn." One day, I sneaked in wearing a new shirt. They didn't notice.

Sometimes, new information comes from unexpected places. My sister was so surprised, one day, when I read her a roadside sign informing us that Trucks Under 40MPH Use Flashers. That conjures up quite a picture. For another picture, why do promoters of contests want me to urinate where I'm not supposed to? They're always telling me to Void Where Prohibited.

Another source of confusion is the use of familiar words in an unfamiliar context. I once heard a talk-show host ramble on in amazement about a "dedicated computer". That example is a problem that you almost have to make for yourself. Other problems are more reasonable. For example, there is nothing insane about numbers that are irrational. The word comes from the Latin word "ratio"; in this context, "irrational" means that the number cannot be expressed as the ratio of two integers. Most numbers are irrational. Most people are rational--I hope.

#### I Rise in Opposition

A grand source of confusion is words that are their own opposite. Fortunately, there are not many. At the moment, I can think of only two. What does it mean when someone says that he dusted the table. Did he wipe the table clean of dust? Or did he put dust on (e.g., fingerprint powder)? If the label on a product says

(Cont'd. on next page)

# It's obvious

(Cont'd. from previous page)

that the product is inflammable, will the product burn or won't it? The prefix "in" has two meanings: "in", and "not". So you can be assured that the product will burst into flames --or maybe it will not. Manufacturers try not to use that word. They will use either "flammable" or "non-flammable". I have seen "non-inflammable", but that doesn't help much. Things like that really burn me up.

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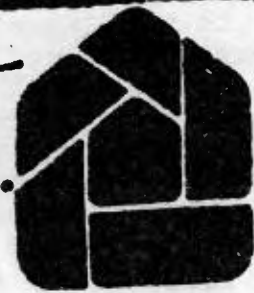
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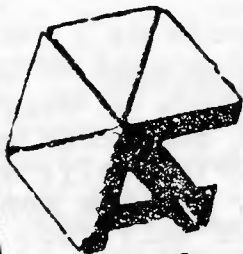
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Roosevelt Community and School CalendarOCTOBER 1983

- |    |                      |  |
|----|----------------------|--|
| 4  | Tuesday, 10-11 a.m.  | Exercise class - Borough Hall            |
|    | 10-12                | Blood Pressure clinic - Borough Hall     |
| 5  | Wednesday, 8:00 p.m. | Planning Board - Borough Hall            |
| 6  | Thursday, 10-11 a.m. | Exercise class - Borough Hall            |
|    | 8:00 p.m.            | Fire company meeting - Borough Hall      |
| 10 | Monday, 8:00 p.m.    | Council agenda meeting -<br>Borough Hall |
|    |                      | Sisterhood meeting - Synagogue           |
| 11 | Tuesday, 10-11 a.m.  | Exercise class - Borough Hall            |
|    | 4-p p.m.             | Voter registration - Borough Hall        |
| 12 | Wednesday, 8:00 p.m. | Council meeting - Borough Hall           |
| 13 | Thursday, 10-11 a.m. | Exercise class - Borough Hall            |
| 15 | Saturday             | Big garbage pick-up                      |
| 18 | Tuesday, 10-11 a.m.  | Exercise class - Borough Hall            |
|    |                      | Food Co-op distribution                  |
| 19 | Wednesday, 7-10 p.m. | First aid - Borough Hall                 |
| 20 | Thursday, 10-11 a.m. | Exercise class - Borough Hall            |
|    | 7-11 p.m.            | Boy Scouts - Borough Hall                |
| 25 | Tuesday, 10-11 a.m.  | Exercise class - Borough Hall            |
|    | 7:30-10:30 p.m.      | First aid - Borough Hall                 |
| 27 | Thursday, 10-11 a.m. | Exercise class - Borough Hall            |

## The correspondence continues

From Chipi in Roosevelt to  
Theodore in California

June 15, 1983

Dear Theodore-

Your card from Paris arrived today and came as a complete surprise. I did not have the faintest idea who could be writing to me from France. I am delighted it was you.

Ellie had told me of Christine's proposed trip, but we had no inkling you would be included. How thrilled you must have been.

Your mention of your visit to the Louvre was especially interesting to me. How did you enjoy it? I wish I could have been there with you. But how did you manage to gain admittance?

I imagine that being confined in latticed hampers in the luggage compartments of aeroplanes could not have been a very pleasant experience.

From some of the things I have written in my letters, you may have gained the impression that I am a giddy female. Really I am not. While I do have my lighter moments, I am mostly of a serious turn of mind.

When I am alone, perplexing thoughts frequently enter my mind. As an example - I know that everything on earth, both inanimate and mobile is composed of atoms. I ask myself - If a pane of glass is broken, does it experience pain?

Of late Jack has not been walking me, and I asked him why. He explained that he has circulatory problems and it is

difficult for him to walk. But in spite of this, he tells me that day by day he feels younger and younger, to the point that now even his breath comes in short pants.

Jack is always making puns, and as you can see, some of this has rubbed off on me.

In your note before last I thought you were much too modest about yourself.

Believe me, I value character and common sense above book learning. At the same time I admire your resolve to study and broaden your horizons. I am sure it will not take as long as you said it would.


Your notes have been so brief. I should very much like to receive a long letter from you telling me much more about yourself.

Convey our regards to everyone.

Chipi

(Cont'd. on next page)

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## The correspondence continues

June 24, 1983

Dear Chipi -

I cannot begin to tell you how delighted I was to see your letter awaiting me on our return home.

I was very much disappointed that we could not come to Roosevelt on our return. Shall we ever meet?

On our arrival at Kennedy Airport, we immediately went to Williamstown, Mass., where Christine had to conduct some business connected to the property they own there.

We were there for a day, and returned to Kennedy for an immediate flight home. The reason for this haste was that rehearsal for an episode in the latest series of "Saint Elsewhere" started the day after we arrived home. Not much time for badly needed rest to recover from jet lag.

As you probably know, this show will again be seen on television in the fall, day and time still undetermined.

Christine, who is a permanent member of the cast, will be appearing in practically all of the new segments, and Victor will be directing a considerable number of these.

You asked me how I managed to get into the Louvre. Quite simply, as there was no attendant at the entrance we just walked in. Of course I was on my very best behavior.

I did receive some strange looks, which I understood to mean, "What are you doing here?" But no one bothered us, and I thoroughly enjoyed looking at all the beautiful paintings on display. My pleasure would have been greater had you been

here with me.

England was a delight. I only felt sad for awhile, that being so close to my birthplace, I could not manage to return for a visit.

Being put into baggage compartments was a great discomfort, but you learn to take the bad with the good. Besides, I would not have missed this trip for any inconvenience.

I have taken up the study of agronomy, and I am applying myself intensely. I am sure I told you I come from a farm family.

In your letter of Feb. 26, you asked me if I ever look at your photo. Indeed, I very often do, and, no flattery intended, I see that you are lovely.

From your letters, which I have saved and treasure, you leave me in some respects bewildered. In one letter you are witty, in the next you make bad puns, and then proceed to ask philosophical questions. Which is the real you? I have come to the conclusion that these are all facets of your personality, and are for me, adorable.

I hope you have noticed that through my reading, but primarily due to your influence, how much my vocabulary has been enhanced.

I have never corresponded with anyone before, and I never dreamt that I would one day be writing to a wonderful dog like you.

I have your photo in front of me as I am writing, and I find myself overcome by my emotions. Dare I say it? I have fallen

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(Cont'd. from previous page)

in love with you.

Should you find it within you to share my sentiments, you will make me the happiest dog in the world.

Devotedly,  
Ted

To be continued.

#### A CORRECTION

I should like to point out an error in Chipi's second letter to Theodore, dated Feb. 26.

Where reference is made to her caudal appendage, the word after vigorously should have read wave instead of wag.

Chipi, an acknowledged authority on this subject explains that an ordinary tail is wagged, while a caudal appendage is waved.

Jack Bermowitz

I wish to thank the First Aid very much for its response to my distress. Many many thanks to my friends and neighbors who helped me in so many ways to sustain myself while I was recovering from a bad leg injury. Thanks for the cards and calls. Special thanks to Elly Shapiro who gave me her professional help and was on call when I needed her. Thanks to all who were concerned about me. Last but not least, many thanks to Saliba, who hardly knew me, for his kindness in helping me in many many ways.

I am very glad that the Roosevelt Bulletin exists so that I can express my gratitude to all.

Norma Kushner



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Alison Edwards Petrilla



THE SUNSET IN HER LIFE

So, now little man, you've grown tired of grass,  
L.S.D., goof balls, cocaine, and hash.  
And someone pretending to be your true friend,  
Said, "I'll introduce you to Miss Heroin."  
Well, honey, before you start fooling with me,  
Just let me inform you of how it will be.  
For I will seduce you and make you my slave,  
I've sent men much stronger than you to their grave.  
You think you could never become a disgrace,  
And end up addicted to poppy seed waste.  
So, you'll start inhaling me one afternoon,  
You'll take me into your arms very soon.  
And once I have entered deep down in your veins,  
The craving will nearly drive you insane.  
You'll need lots of money (as you have been told);  
For, darling, I'm much more expensive than gold.  
You'll swindle your mother, and, just for a buck,  
You'll turn into something vile and corrupt.  
You'll nag and you'll steal for my narcotic charm,  
And you will feel contentment when I'm in your arms.  
The day when you realize the monster you've grown,  
You'll solemnly promise to leave me alone.  
If you think that you've got the mystical knack,  
Then, sweetie, just try getting me off your back.  
The vomit, the cramps, your gut tied in a knot,  
The jangling nerves screaming for just one more shot.  
The cold chills; the hot sweat.  
The withdrawal pains,  
Can only be saved by my little white grains.  
There's no other way, and there's no need to look,  
For deep down inside, you will know you are hooked,  
You desperately run to the pusher, and then  
You'll welcome me back to your arms once again,  
And when you return (just as I foretold),  
I know that you'll give me your body and soul.  
You'll give up your morals, your conscience, your heart,  
And you will be mine until DEATH DO US PART.

ANONYMOUS ADDICT

Letter to the Bulletin

EDITOR: ROOSEVELT BOROUGH  
BULLETIN

Editor: Roosevelt Borough  
Bulletin

I have been enjoying the Bulletin for several years now. Reading it keeps me in touch with the first half of my life, with the town and the people I will always love.

I especially enjoyed the June '83 issue. Although the community has changed substantially over the years the names that speak a continuity for me came at me in this last Bulletin - Clara Levinson, Les and Adeline Weiner, the Pogrebins, Peter Berlinrut, Bernarda and Ben Shahn, my old neighbor Marvin Block, Diana Lobl Mueller, Allison Edwards, the Maley family, Arthur Shapiro. I have enjoyed the poetry selections and the thoughtful articles, the nostalgia by A. Shapiro, the etymologies of Mr. Solomon. I was surprised to learn that the Benjamin Brown Essay Contest seemed not to have been held at the graduation ceremonies and wondered why. I was saddened to learn of the deaths of Joe Pogrebin and Nate Bard and offer my condolences. I was shocked to hear of the vandalism at the cemetery - my mother and father both are lying there. It is a peaceful lovely place and should be kept secure.

I will be too late for the literary supplement, but include a memory poem with my love:

Nights on lawn chairs  
in Roosevelt, New  
Jersey  
Thirty years ago.  
Green and white webbed  
chairs  
Fireflies, mosquitos  
and stars  
Screen doors slamming  
I can almost hear my  
own voice.

Ruth Bauman Britton  
St. Helena, Calif.  
July 24, 1983

THANKS FOR THE THANKS

"I enjoy reading the Bulletin. It keeps me in touch with Roosevelt" writes a former Rooseveltian who moved to points south a few years ago and wishes to re-renew her subscription.

We love to hear from our subscribers. Let us know how you feel about our paper. Are there any changes you'd like to see; any additions or omissions you'd like to suggest?

The Editors

## Hiroshima-Day Commemoration

by Adeline Weiner

A sudden rain dislodged the thrid annual Hiroshima-Day commemoration meeting from the Roosevelt Memorial over to Borough Hall. More than fifty people chose to endure the evening's sultry heat to re-affirm, on this solemn anniversary, their devotion to world peace.

Guest speaker Barbara Sigmund, former Mercer County Freeholder and current Princeton mayoral candidate led off with a personal remembrance of her experience with mass protest during the Civil Rights struggles in the South. She likened the Nuclear Freeze campaign to what became a powerful, nation-wide movement for Civil Rights and urged the same patient and tireless pressure be brought to bear until we again wrest significant victories such as the Civil Rights Act from Congress and the Administration. The speakers who followed "bore witness" to the memory of the victims of the only nuclear mass death known to date, delivered by United States' atom bombs. Many of our townspeople took the occasion to express with moving eloquence their deepest personal feelings and memories of that time. Among them were Freda Hepner, Peter Warren, Leslie Weiner, Evelyn Datz, Neil Selden, Ellie Shapiro, Bernie Sutak, Ed Moser, Anita Ashkenazi and Carol Watchler. Perhaps the most touching witnesses were two young speakers, Michael Selden and Eric Shapiro who bravely faced an adult audience to describe how they felt and

thought about what lies ahead. They gave extra poignancy to the fervent hope that there might still be a world in their future. Ronald Orlando's playing and singing added to the shared mood of sadness mixed with pride and faith: we had come together, each of us with diverse histories and interests, to express once again a unified determination to do all we can to protect the world from nuclear annihilation. The meeting sent a telegram to the President urging that no new missiles be deployed in Europe.

Another event which merits notice is the excellent turnout from this part of our State for the March to Washington, August 27th. Although the number of Roosevelt marchers was unaccountably small, the bus which departed from here was booked to the full with people from neighboring East Windsor and Freehold. The Roosevelt contingent proudly carried our banner "Roosevelt is a Nuclear Free Zone", aware, of course, that we were but a micro-portion of the gigantic procession of over 300,000 people, many of us probably invisible to the media in our desperate effort to hide under the trees and away from the punishing heat. Most of us felt that this was a day well spent at a time when unemployment, discrimination and the threat of nuclear war have brought our country to a new low. In view of the coming elections, this seemed a good time to let the President and Congress know how many of us are actively willing to de-

(Cont'd. on next page)

Fire Co. news

by Adeenah Yeger

The Fire Company has been busy pre-planning fire protection for the Senior Citizens Solar Village. On July 24, a mutual aid drill involving both Roosevelt and Millstone Township fire companies was held at the senior citizens' complex to see what problems could arise in a firefighting situation. The drill succeeded in its purpose. Certain problems were noted; the council was made aware of them, and the safety committee is actively working to remedy the situation.

The fire company has just received council approval to purchase a smoke ejector. This apparatus channels damaging, harmful gases and smoke through chosen vents. It aids in rescue operations by creating visibility and by letting fresh air into an environment that will not support life. It also aids in preventing unnecessary damage by smoke and fire.

Fall is here and some tips about fire prevention should be mentioned. When starting up fireplaces and wood burning stoves, be aware of creosote build-up inside the chimney. This build-up could catch fire and cause quite a bit of damage, not to mention the possibility of starting a structure fire. It would be wise to check for this condition about once every month or two. If you do find creosote build-up have it cleaned immediately. Green woods and wood such as pine can cause creosote build-up. Seasoned wood is the best to use.

Fire company members are

planning to attend the Monmouth County Fire College basic training course and the state fire college water shuttle course.

## Hiroshima

(Cont'd. from P. 27)

monstrate for Jobs, Peace and Freedom. In that sense, the March appears to have been a genuine success...we sent a good strong message.

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## Summer in Israel

by Abby Rose

Israel: the word brings forth various feelings -- Energy, new, war, small, desert, Jews. These were my initial thoughts describing the country I would visit in the summer of 1983, a gift from my grandfather. This gift enabled me to spend six and a half weeks in Israel this past summer, on an Ulpan sponsored by Gratz College in Philadelphia, traveling all over the country and learning its language. My first week was spent touring Jerusalem, living in a hostel called Kiryat Moriah. Despite the bugs, flies, foul smells, unappetizing food, and lumpy cots, we all managed to make it to the second week without illness. My group consisted of fifty-eight students between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, four madrichim (counselors), and two advisors. All of the participants were from Philadelphia except me.

On July 3 we left Kiryat Moriah and journeyed to an agricultural boarding school called Kfar Galim (Village by the Sea), and were greeted with peach cobbler, which was an unexpected and delicious treat after the "food" at Kiryat Moriah. Kfar Galim is situated on the outskirts of Haifa, which has been described as the most beautiful city in Israel, often compared to San Francisco.

In the month spent at Kfar Galim we attended fourteen classes, divided into four levels (beginner to advanced), and took day trips. Our longest venture from Kfar Galim was a three day trip to the Golan Heights, in the Galilee. (North

of Israel). Here we planted trees, went to the Good Fence (Lebanese border), boated on the Kinneret, and other activities.

Leaving Kfar Galim was upsetting because many Americans became friends with some of the one hundred fifty Israeli teenagers who were living at Kfar Galim while we were there. But, soon our four weeks was up and we set forth on a five hour trip to the Negev, the desert in the south of Israel. The 110 degree weather didn't faze us, and we climbed steep mountains with sheer drops of 150-200 feet. Here we lived in a place called Sde Boker, a university which has dormitories for traveling groups. During this week, we visited famous sights such as the Dead Sea, Ein Gedi, and Masada, among others.

Near the last week of our trip, on August fifth, we made the five and a half hour ride further south to Eilat in (Hallelujah!) air-conditioned buses. Eilat is the southernmost city in Israel, with Egypt, Syria and Jordan its neighbors. Eilat is also a tourist city, having hotels and shops as its major businesses. Here we stayed in a hotel with a real pool. We went snorkeling in the Red Sea, visited an underwater aquarium, went to a disco, and slept late!

On Sunday, August seventh, we returned to Jerusalem for our last three days in Israel, where we visited the Knesset, (Israeli parliament) and Yad Kennedy (a memorial to JFK). We bargained in the Arab shuk

(Cont'd. on next page)


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(Arab market--similar to Englishtown) where I bought jewelry and t-shirts.

On our last evening in Jerusalem and Israel, we returned for the fourth time to the Western Wall. There is such an incredible feeling at the wall--of sadness and happiness, of sufferings and joy, of almost every emotion one can imagine.

I left via Ben Gurion airport at one a.m. with visions in my mind of a Roy Rogers roast beef sandwich with all the dressings!

I am grateful to my grandfather who provided me with this experience, and I hope to return to the land of my people.



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## Principal's Letter

School has reopened. The building again rings with the sounds of children. Amidst these sounds are those of our staff. This year we are pleased to welcome the following new staff members to R.P.S.

Rosalie Fitzgibbons and Lauren Mount are working as a team with our sixth, seventh, and eighth grade pupils. The schedule has been arranged so that the pupils will move between each classroom. Mrs. Fitzgibbons is teaching science, reading and language arts. Mrs. Mount is teaching mathematics, social studies and reading.

Mrs. Fitzgibbons comes to us from Meriden, Connecticut. While in the Meriden Public Schools she served as a teacher in the middle grades and most recently as language arts department chairperson in the Jefferson Middle School.

Mrs. Mount has most recently served as a teacher in the Hamburg, New York Central Schools where she taught Senior High School mathematics and English. She also has experience teaching middle school grades reading and social studies.

Another new member to our staff is Helayne Van Sickle. She has joined us to serve as a teacher in our resource room and as our art teacher. Mrs. Van Sickle has experience in several areas. Her background includes training and experience in the fields of art education, art therapy, educational psychology and the teaching of

the handicapped. She was the recipient of a scholarship award by the American Art Therapists Association. The scholarship was awarded for a graduate research proposal. Mrs. Van Sickle has most recently served as an art therapist and as a teacher at the Ocean Institute in Manahawkin.

Instrumental Music has also been added to our program. Filling that position is Al Greco who is both a professional musician and an experienced teacher. Mr. Greco's teaching experience has resulted in many of his students winning places on the All South Jersey Band as well as gaining admission to a wide variety of College Music Programs and music conservatories.

This year our district is the recipient of a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts awarded through the New Jersey State Council on the Arts. Miss Aldona Middlesworth will be our Artist in Residence. She is currently employed as an instructor at Stockton State College where she teaches poetry writing and journalism. In addition she has conducted poetry workshops on all levels from the elementary grades to senior citizens. As both a professional poet and teacher Miss Middlesworth will conduct workshops in our school for fifteen weeks this year.

Our T.A.G. program will again participate in the Olympics of the Mind Competition. In order to meet the large amount of

(Cont'd. on next page)

## Principal's Letter

(Cont'd. from previous page)

interest expressed by the community we need volunteers to serve as team advisors. Team advisors must be available to work with pupils after school hours for the length of the entire competition. We would like to make this exciting experience available to every pupil who wishes to become involved. The number of pupils who can become involved depends on the number of adults who can work as team advisors. Please contact the school and let me know if you are interested. Do not be bashful; we will provide the necessary training but we need you as advisors. We hope you will join us.

--Stanley Sussman

### EXERCISE CLASS

Now that summer is over, let's start to shape up.

There is no fee, and we meet every Tuesday and Thursday at the Borough Hall 10-11 a.m. Nancy Warnick is in charge to help you keep physically fit. We're into our second year, so you know it has to be good!

HELP WANTED: BABY SITTER

Mature Adult to baby sit, part time in my home. 448-2779

### ROOSEVELT DIRECTORY

The Citizens' Group is preparing a "Brochure for Newcomers" describing the activities that take place in Roosevelt.

If you have not already been contacted and would be willing to be included in the appropriate category, please phone in the relevant information to 448-3717. We hope to issue the brochure by October 22.

The categories and format for which we want information are shown by the following examples

#### Community Organizations

Citizens' Group applies the interests and skills of its members to research and projects of community interest. The Citizens' Group meets at members' homes at 8 p.m. on the Thursday preceding the monthly Council meeting. Call 448-3717.

#### Recreation

Exercise Class meets Tuesday and Thursday, 10-11 a.m. at Borough Hall.

#### Business Services

Floor Refinishing. Call 443-6081

#### Artists and Craftsmen

John Smith. (Painter, Sculptor, Ceramist, Weaver, etc.)

#### Musicians, Photographers,

#### Writers

Mary Doe. (Category as above)

Thank you for your cooperation,

The Citizens' Group



## Visions of Utopia

by Evelyn Datz

On October 22 Roosevelt and all of its friends and relations will be in for a treat--an especially delightful treat.

On that night Roosevelt, New Jersey--VISIONS OF UTOPIA will enjoy its world premiere at the Roosevelt Public School. The film is a 55-minute, 16-mm. documentary in color produced by Lumen Productions under the aegis of Richard Kroehling, who wrote and directed, and Laura Nathanson, who edited. PBS is seriously considering it for nationwide release.

The Kroehling-Nathanson team, professional film and TV producers, originally had no personal connection with Roosevelt; they occasionally drove through the town on the way to fulfill an assignment. They became intrigued by the history of Jersey Homesteads, the dream and its decline, and decided to apply for funding in order to film something of its history.

They received generous support from the N.J. Committee for the Humanities, the Herman Goldman Foundation, and the National Endowment for the Humanities. Husbanding these resources parsimoniously allowed them to do considerable research in still and motion picture archives, personal and national, to rent a house in Roosevelt for two months last summer, to interview original settlers and their families, and to complete the arduous work of filming and editing attendant on such an enterprise. The few people who previewed the film were unanimously enthusiastic.

Paul Bauman, head of the Herman Goldman Foundation and

one of the original settlers and presently a permanent part-time resident, is contributing a print of the film to the Roosevelt Oral History archives. Lumen Productions is contributing its voluminous material--more than they used in the film--to the Roosevelt Oral History archives. Our Oral History archives are now as complete as we can make them.

We also hope on that night to be able to announce officially the presently-imminent Historic Designation for Roosevelt.

Visions of Utopia will be shown at 8:00 p.m. on October 22. Afterwards Mr. Kroehling will describe briefly his experiences in the making of the film. Howard Green, Director of Research and Oral History of the N.J. Historical Commission, will also speak. Two other speakers will be announced shortly. The Roosevelt Chorus, under the direction of Laurie Altman, will sing.

When the speakers are finished, the audience will be invited to participate in a discussion, ask questions, make statement, offer theories, etc.

Admission is free.

Book talk

## Book collecting as a hobby - part II

by Bob &amp; Alison Petrilla

In our last column, we offered some of the reasons that people have collected books in the past, and we indicated briefly the sorts of books they collected. We emphasized that collecting books for fun need not be an expensive hobby. Finally, we stressed that for the true collector, choosing a course of action becomes in itself an exercise in taste and intellect.

Let us assume, then, that you have, for your own reasons, decided to collect books. The next step is to narrow your scope and identify a particular area of collecting interest.

Choosing Your Field Intelligently

Probably the most popular, traditional area of book collecting-- and the one with which the public is most familiar-- is that of literary first editions. Why the first edition? Because it is the form in which the author himself first saw his work in print. If this kind of literary treasure hunt sounds like your cup of tea, then it is essential that you concentrate on only one or two of your favorite authors. Set out to acquire, in time, first printings of all of your author's output: major works, minor works, secondary material (magazine stories, anthologies in which your writer is represented, etc.), as well as biographical and critical material about your author and his or her work. This effort will take time,

of course, and a good deal of browsing wherever books are found for sale-- that's what makes it fun. One word of caution before proceeding: acquire the best bibliography of your author's work that you can find. You will need it to distinguish first printings, first states, and first issues from the later ones (often a fine line).

Another favorite avenue of book collecting in the U.S. is Americana. Here again, the collector must narrow his field. Some of the more popular areas of collecting have been: early travels in America, the Civil War, the American Revolution, the Gold Rush and expansion of the Western Frontier, etc. Fortunately, bibliographies are available for all major, and many minor, facets of U.S. history.

Because of the large number of collectors in these fields, however, we suggest that you consider leaving the well-trod paths of literary first editions and Americana and strike out upon a less obvious trail which holds fascination for you. We know people who collect such esoteric subjects as tobacco and smoking material, American songbooks before 1850, science books for children, writings on grapes and wine, Masonic rites and history, chess, and Gilbert and Sullivan. At the very least, you will find that the competition for books important to your collection is limited. Secondly, once you are

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immersed in your own specialty, you may eventually find yourself breaking new ground-- an exciting and rewarding experience.

In our next column, we plan to examine the bookseller-book collector partnership, your key to professional guidance and economy in the development of your collection. We will also recommend books on book collecting that are of help to the tyro.

In the meantime, your comments and inquiries are welcome at 448-5510.

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The editors are happy to present a new feature for children and the young at heart contributed by Karen Block. See if the children can complete the Scramble and the Puzzle. Answers will be published in the next issue.

## Scramble

1. DUEFG - Something sweet and good to eat
2. HIWEL - A short amount of time
3. DEVRI - Operate a car
4. BAZER - A striped animal
5. CAHRI - you sit on it

## ACROSS

1. Farm animal
6. Where flowers grow
12. Show and \_\_\_\_\_
14. Female deer
15. A tall story
16. I \_\_\_\_\_ my bed
17. Hearing organ
19. Outer layer of an apple
22. \_\_\_\_\_ or out
23. Use the oven
24. Little \_\_\_\_\_ Muffet
26. Question
28. Work with clay
29. Once \_\_\_\_\_ A Time
32. Garden tool
34. Preposition
35. Used to wash a floor (2 words)
39. Garden of \_\_\_\_\_
42. Payable
43. Used to row a boat
44. Where artists work
45. Frozen rain
46. Honey maker
47. Female sheep
49. Go
50. Challenge

## DOWN

1. Horses eat it
4. Shines in the sky at night
5. Snakelike fish
7. First man
8. \_\_\_\_\_ and reel
9. Do a good \_\_\_\_\_
11. A past president
13. Faucets sometimes do this
15. We do this on the phone
18. \_\_\_\_\_ face
20. Used in pens
21. Ten cent piece
22. Small island
25. \_\_\_\_\_ Big
27. Large body of water
30. Rhyme maker
31. To be in want
32. What you live in
33. Not closed
36. Abbrev. for doctor
37. Used to cut grass
38. No charge
40. Fight
41. One of Columbus' ships
44. Pigpen
46. State of being verb
48. Pronoun

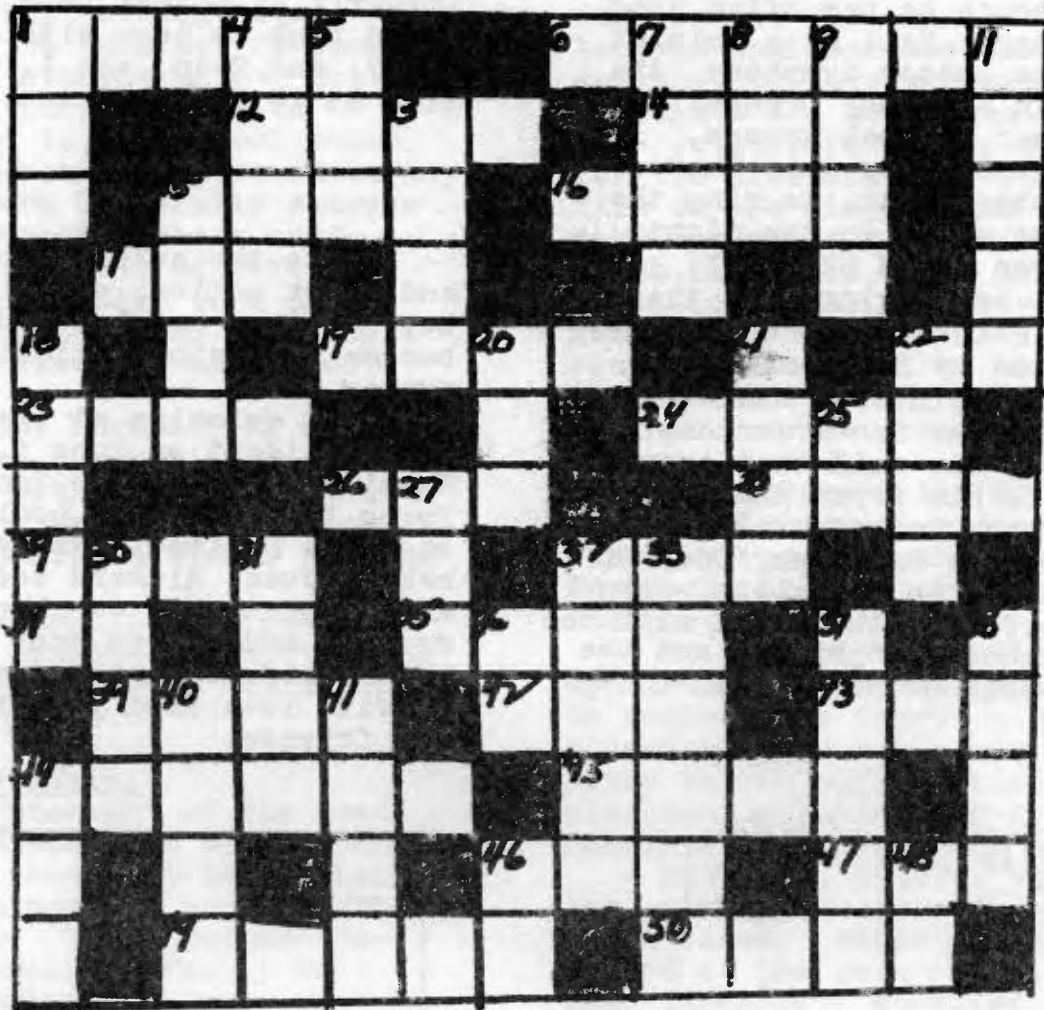


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DAVID ARNOLD RETURNS TO CARNEGIE HALL

Although he has often sung at Carnegie Hall as a soloist with the Boston Symphony, the American Symphony Orchestra, and other musical groups, David Arnold now goes there, on October tenth, to sing the baritone solos in the mighty Beethoven NINTH SYMPHONY.

He will be singing with the Boston Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Ben Zander.

Michael Steinberg, music advisor to the San Francisco Symphony has said that Arnold would be his first choice in all of the United States to perform the baritone 'Ode to Joy' solos in the piece. Arnold has performed the NINTH with the San Francisco Symphony and the orchestras of Hartford.

MCATEERS RETURN TO TOWN

Bill and Susan McAteer, formerly of School Lane, have moved back to town with Jesse, now 7, and Sean, age 1, and live at 14 Tamara Drive.

Due to the quick thinking and quick actions of a local boy, another local boy did not become a tragic statistic this summer.

While swimming at the pool of a resident on June 5, Richard Manzi saw 2-year-old Tony Young fall into the pool. No one else noticed. Rather than make a fuss, Richard took matters into his own hands, dove in and pulled Tony out.

Richard, we applaud you! With love from your family and friends.



Morris Chasan  
Hy Krane  
Ed Rosskam

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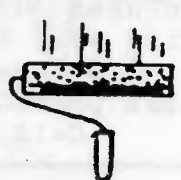
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## HOOTENANNY THANKS

I would like to thank all of those who helped to make the First Annual Labor Day Weekend Hootenanny a success. Firstly, the members of the Roosevelt Park Commission who sponsored the event, particularly John Soloway and David Vitolo (who prepared the flyers and helped organize the show); Marilyn Vitolo who lit the first spark; the Roosevelt Board of Education who offered the use of the P.A. system; Stefan Martin who offered his etching for the announcement and poster, helped set up and break down and performed a mathematico-harmonica miracle in proving, once and for all, that 2 equals 1 (you had-a be there); Ron Orlando and Ed Edder who not only performed but helped immeasurably with the P.A. and lighting; Margaret Schlinski who came to the rescue at the last moment when we learned the memorial lights were non-functional; Ed Goetzman who provided some zesty spice to the evening's fare; Paul Prestopino and friends who added some fine music; Mike Napa, who provided a measure of folk tradition; Leroy Lessane who trekked all the way from the fourth largest city in the U.S.A. to perform for us; and, finally, the hundreds of Rooseveltians and friends who instituted the crucial element, the audience.

David Brahinsky

NOTICE TO ALL RESIDENTS

On Saturday, October 15, 1983 the borough's garbage contractors will collect all items not normally picked up on their regular runs.

Washers, dryers, water heaters, and other large appliances and bundles will be picked up then. Doors should be removed from refrigerators that are intended for pick up, as a safety precaution.

Tree clippings, tree limbs, etc. must be bundled and tied or placed in containers so that they can be easily picked up. Nothing should be over 4 feet long.

Please do not place your garbage on the curb prior to three days before pick up.

If you have any questions, please call me at the borough hall at 448-0539.

Patricia Antosky  
Borough Clerk



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SENIOR CITIZENS' MEETING -  
SEPTEMBER

by Helga Wisowaty  
Secretary

Summer time is over and we have enjoyed our vacations. Our group has attended concerts and dances performed at the Garden State Art Center.

Our July meeting was really a picnic with a lovely setting provided by Clara Levinson with Ellie and Ilus assisting. The lunch was delicious.

We had no meeting in August and our September meeting was concerned with plans for the future. We hoped to have a speaker but, because of the change of date of the meeting this will be reported next month.

Our long time member, Anna Gay, has left us to be close to her family in Michigan. We are happy for her but will miss her very much.

During a vacation trip in May when Tony and I visited an old and dear friend, I read a small part of Charles Wagner's "Fireside Chats". A few lines remained with me - quote - "The most beautiful songs have never been written, The most beautiful pictures never painted." We all experience the thrill of seeing beautiful sunsets; rugged areas where the ocean shows its power; exquisite flowers; the joy of welcoming a baby and celebrating the marriage of young people; knowing the closeness of old and dear friends. The emotions run deep at these times. If only those of us who don't have glorious voices or "hands of gold" could paint the pictures and sing the songs so deep in our hearts - maybe then Wagner would be wrong.

As usual we enjoyed seeing everyone now that a new season approaches.

FIRST AID NEWS:

The Hightstown Elks Lodge #1955 honored local first aid squads with a dinner/dance on September 10. Squads receiving plaques of recognition for outstanding community efforts and dedicated service to the community were Hightstown FAS, East Windsor #1, East Windsor #2, Cranbury FAS and Roosevelt FAS. Representatives from the 9th and 23rd First Aid Districts were also present.

For an October fund raiser, the FAS is sponsoring a bus trip to Atlantic City's famous Caesar's Boardwalk Regency. This "Jackpot Trip" will leave the post office at 6:30 p.m., October 6, and return, departing Atlantic City at 12:30 a.m. Tickets for this fabulous trip cost \$12.00. But read on -- upon arriving in Atlantic City, participants over 21 will receive \$10.00 in quarters, and a chance to win a \$300 cash prize.

Since there are only 49 seats available, arrangements have been made for a second "Jackpot Trip" on December 18. For tickets, call Irene Block, 448-9123.