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**BOROUGH**



**BULLETIN**

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ROOSEVELT, NEW JERSEY

November 1986

## Letter from Franklyn Folsom

### Reporting on the Great Peace March for Global Nuclear Disarmament

During October the March proceeded through many large population centers in Pennsylvania and New Jersey where our reception was cordial. In Harrisburg the Democratic candidate for the Senate gave us warm support, and many marchers regretted that our policy forbids us to endorse candidates. One reception we will not soon forget came in Kutztown. There a very brisk marching band came out to meet us and escorted us to our camp on the grounds of a big amusement park that had closed for the season.

For several days before we reached New York I took leave from the March to meet with two groups arranged for by my daughter Rachel Folsom and her husband Robert Moll in Amherst, Massachusetts and at another gathering in the home of my son Michael and his wife Marcia in Boston. Old friends and new ones attended and made generous contributions. In Amherst I had a chance to meet people from the Peace Development Fund which helps to fund many grass-roots peace organizations and has also helped the March.

For members of the March New York City was a great and glorious blur, with big names, big meetings, big media coverage-- all blending together under skies that were sunny until Sunday when persistent rain set in. Media coverage

included an eleven-page photo essay in People Magazine done by the photographer Jeff Share who has been with the March for six months. The Daily News magazine section gave us a big story. Then on Thursday, October 23, the Phil Donahue show was devoted entirely to the March. A wide variety of Marchers, including your reporter, had a chance to reach NBC listeners all over the country, each one telling in her or his own way why we have crossed the continent on foot. Big names began to appear when the March reached the middle of the George Washington Bridge. There, after we furled the New Jersey state flag and raised the flag of New York State, members of Congress and the New York City Council appeared and greeted us. (Mayor Koch pointedly did not appear). Candidates for seats in Congress also mingled with us, obviously expecting that their public association with the March would bring them votes.

As we entered the Big Apple, peace activists greeted us by giving each of us a big red apple. Whole classes of schoolchildren also met us. Soon doors began to open to marchers who were invited into scores and scores of homes to stay overnight and take showers and do laundry.

In the evening of our first day in

the city, Thursday, marchers and supporters gathered in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. There leaders from many faiths made known their support of our efforts to rid the world of nuclear weapons. Also greeting the marchers was the leader of the American Humanists, Corliss Lemont, who has supported our March from the beginning.

On Friday marchers walked through noonday throngs from Columbus Circle to Dag Hammarskjold Plaza near the United Nations. There we celebrated United Nations Day with music and with speakers who included Yoko Uno, widow of the murdered Beatle John Lennon, Betty Thomas of the Hill Street Blues TV show, a young Black African from South Africa and Rev. Jesse Jackson who repeatedly emphasized that the March has been a great success. Ann McFarlane, a marcher from New Zealand, told how her country had declared itself free of nuclear weapons and pointed out that the only country New Zealanders fear is the United States -- under the present administration.

Reporters from all sectors of the media moved around the Plaza, interviewing young and old, native and foreign participants in the March which now numbers about 800. Many of us spoke of our dismay at the way the Iceland summit ended, and we also expressed our hope and confidence that fairly soon the near-agreements in Reykjavik would become real agreements -- with the aid of popular pressure. One of the reporters in the Plaza was from the Soviet newspaper Pravda. He taped many interviews representing all shades of March opinion. Radio station WBAI devoted much of the day to live coverage.

Saturday the marchers joined many peace and justice organizations to walk through midtown Manhattan to the office of Reaganite Senator D'Amato. There Bella Abzug, a former member of Congress running for reelection, endorsed the March and its objectives.

Saturday evening entertainers shuttled between two concert halls where simultaneous fund-raising concerts were taking place. Among the performers were Odetta, Pete Seeger,

Peter Yarrow (of Peter, Paul and Mary), along with a band and chorus made up of marchers.

On Sunday good weather gave way to rain, but marchers and many supporters walked with spirits high across the Brooklyn Bridge. Later the marchers went on to a camp on Staten Island. On Monday many of us brought the story of the March to schools and colleges. I talked with two groups of students at Fordham University and showed a video tape of scenes on the March.


Our success with the media in New York far exceeded our financial achievements. Only the Donahue show brought in contributions above expenses. Six days after our marchers appeared on the show, viewers had sent in \$8000 and checks were still coming -- but not fast enough. A meeting of the Board of Directors held on the campus of Rutgers University in New Brunswick, NJ, initiated emergency measures to raise money we will need to see us through to Washington, D.C. The Board meeting received immediate help from one observer who was in attendance. He wrote a check for \$6000. Every marcher is being asked to address letters to persons they think can contribute \$100 or more. Readers of this report will not receive such a letter, but all who can contribute on a mileage basis. We would like to suggest that you send Mary your final check now instead of waiting till the March is completed. The total miles walked will be about 3600. This is longer than the original estimate because of the route we have had to follow.

Last night, October 30, old friends who visited the March or who heard me speak at a meeting in Roosevelt, New Jersey, where Mary, our children and I used to live, contributed most generously. For the occasion of the meeting, the sculptor Jonathan Shahn made and gave me a special peace medalion which will be cast in bronze and donated to one of the archives that specialize in peace materials -- when and if Mary lets me part with it.

I have not walked all of the way recently because of tendonitis that set

in when we were in Pennsylvania. Some days I have not walked at all. Other days I have stopped to rest my leg after eight miles. But I am in good health and will certainly do all the walking there is to do on the final day.

Franklin Folsom



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### Petrilla Thanks

The Petrilla family--Bob, Alison and Molly-- thank the Roosevelt and Millstone Fire and First Aid companies for their outstanding speed and efficiency in fighting the fire that broke out in our house in the early morning of October 10th. The fire crews not only extinguished the flames quickly, but also made a great -- and much appreciated -- effort to protect our remaining furnishings from the water and smoke. Thank you, one and all -- we think you're terrific! We would also like to thank all those good neighbors who helped us in the days after the fire: Karyn, Jane, Anne, Dennis and Donna, Ginny and Ferris -- you were all wonderful! And many thanks to the Kleinmans for offering us the use of their house, despite their previous decision not to rent it out this winter.

A final word to Rooseveltians who live in old "original" houses like ours: Don't think they can't burn! The structure certainly proved almost indestructible, but one fluke of wiring and our entire kitchen and bathroom were demolished and every other room suffered major damage as the heat ducts carried smoke throughout the house. We all need smoke detectors!

And we all should support our neighbors in the fire and first aid companies -- they do a great job!

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David Brahinsky

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### Business

Lynn Friedman, Adeline Weiner, Lillian Warren

### Status of Contributions

\$1093 To Go

The Editors of the Bulletin thank the readers who contributed to our 1986-87 Fund Drive. To this date, 38 people have donated a total of \$507.

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## VIEWPOINT

*Mademoiselle*

By Harry Mack

In the years prior to WWII, I was working in my spare time as a mechanic at an air field in Long Island. In return for my work I was paid in flying time.

Some time in the years 1940/41 Mademoiselle came out there to the flying school for flight training. A dark haired, brown eyed petite little lady about 40 years of age. Her English was heavily accented and she worked as a secretary at the French Legation in New York.

Her period of flying instruction was extraordinarily long with the result that instead of the standard norm of 10 hours of dual flight time, it took her 30 or more hours of dual instruction before being released for solo flights. Then there was the build-up of solo flying which must have been close to 50 hours before she gained the confidence to take the test - both written and flight- and acquire her license to carry passengers. However, she did pass. This was about the time Germany invaded Paris, her home town.


With her newly acquired passenger license, she had yet to find someone who would go up for a ride with her. For about three weeks "Mamzel" was in a high state of expectancy, hanging about the office, hopeful the someone would stop and chat with her and give her the opportunity to offer an invitation for a ride - to be her first passenger under the newly acquired license. The regulars around the air field were aware of her extended period of training/instruction and pointedly avoided her. The office was usually crowded with the comings and goings of pilots on week-ends - all too concerned with their own progress to even pause for pleasantries. Besides, they knew full well she wanted a passenger and it would be awkward to decline. After a full day of lounging about with no takers, she would head back dejectedly to her apartment in the city.

Then came that fateful day when I

was cornered while on the field talking to the boss. She managed to get up the courage to come over and request to take a plane up, to which we agreed. Almost in the same breath she turned to me and asked if I would fly with her. One look at her pleading eyes and I could not turn her down. It was an uneventful, conservative flight and after an hour we landed. I thanked her for a very proficient performance, knowing full well I had made her day. Her face was alight with pleasure and confidence. Her first passenger had provided her with a much needed boost to her morale.

Three years later during WWII while I was flying a mission over Paris, I wondered where "Mamzel" was now and I felt pleased that I had once done a good deed- for La Belle France and for a little gal who desperately wanted to fly. I hope she lived on for many years with thoughts of her youthful accomplishments, and perhaps remembering back to the guy who was her very first passenger.

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Feigenbaum-Fuchs

Scott Feigenbaum of Roosevelt-East Windsor and Lynne Fuchs of Hazlet have announced their engagement. A July 11, 1987 wedding is planned. Scott is the son of Sylvia Feigenbaum of Jackson Heights, New York and the late Harold Feigenbaum. Lynne is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Fuchs of Hazlet, NJ. Scott is presently employed by the New Jersey Credit Union and Lynne with Blue Cross/Shield of NJ.

**PLANNING BOARD NEWS****Master plan in works**

By Bob Clark

After months of deliberation by the planning board and redrafting by board chairman Alan Mallach, the land use element of the borough's revised master plan is finally nearing completion. The proposal should be ready for a public hearing some time in January, according to Mallach.

In its present form the plan would call for the council to adopt a revised zoning map and the planning board to seek a qualified individual or organization to prepare an environmental/landscape design for the "Notterman tract," an 80-acre plot near North Valley Road and Eleanor Lane. The proposed study would determine the location of areas for open space preservation, appropriate road locations and the amount and location of dwellings consistent with policies set forth in the master plan. Board members Ralph Seligman and Gail Hunton are already searching for experts willing to do a proper and affordable study.

The site is presently zoned for agricultural use. The plan would require that it remain so designated unless adequate water and sanitary sewer service were available. Since present development is already taxing the capabilities of the sewer system in particular, any substantial development would require significant upgrading of the borough's sewer plant and repairs to its antiquated collection system.

Providing for proper development of the Notterman tract has recently become more than an intellectual exercise. The area around Roosevelt has experienced relatively sudden and significant surges in residential growth, and Roosevelt has not been immune to the pressure. Indeed, at least one potential buyer has recently inquired about the Notterman tract. With the right price for the land and a reasonable offer by a developer for

water and sewer system upgrades, Roosevelt could witness the largest construction spurt since its founding.

The proposed plan would also recommend that the council change the zoning on several acres of woodlands fronting Windsor-Perrineville Road from agricultural to residential with 2 1/2 acre lot minimums. The agricultural zone requires lots of at least 10 acres. Other large tracts in the northern panhandle of the town would remain in the agricultural zone.

In Roosevelt's small commercial zone at Rochdale Avenue and Farm Lane, the plan would reduce the maximum permitted square footage of commercial floor space from 10,000 square feet for every 40,000 square feet of lot space to 7,500 square feet for every 40,000 square foot lot. This would reduce the amount of future building that could occur on the lots occupied by the post office and deli.

The present draft of the plan calls for a feasibility study of potential industrial and office development in Roosevelt. Meanwhile it recommends that the council amend the present industrial zone at Rochdale Avenue and Oscar Drive to provide for office buildings as a permitted use. The change would also require a setback of at least 200 feet for any buildings in the industrial zone bordering Rochdale Avenue.

In other action, at its November 5, 1986, regular meeting the planning board decided to recommend no change in the council's recent ordinance requiring that the zoning board of adjustment refer variance requests to the planning board for its recommendation before acting on them. The zoning board had asked that such a referral be made voluntary rather than mandatory.

It also appeared that a future neighbor would, with the planning

board's approval, solve the borough's concern about what to do with a long, narrow tract of woodlands paralleling a streamcourse running from Rochdale Avenue behind many houses along Pine Drive. Paul Gerlinge indicated his intention to submit a plan for a single house near the end of the School Lane cul-de-sac and to retain the rest of the former "Kaplan strip" as open space.

## P.T.A. NEWS

# Toxic Incinerator Discussed

By Joan Grossman

Two guest speakers were featured at the October 20th meeting of the Roosevelt Public School P.T.A. -- Dr. Stanley Sussman, school principal, and Richard Schwartz, representative of the Millstone Homeowners Association.

Dr. Sussman discussed the differences between the school's supplemental education program and the resource room. The supplemental program, according to Dr. Sussman, offers students assistance with their school work on a periodic basis and is a backup to instruction offered by the child's regular classroom teacher.

The resource room, on the other hand, is the child's classroom for up to three subjects -- reading, math and language arts. A student leaves his or her regular classroom and goes to the resource room on a regular basis for instruction by the resource room teacher in any or all of these subjects. A special, highly individualized curriculum is laid out for the resource room students as opposed to the curriculum which governs instruction in the regular classroom, Dr. Sussman explained.

The second guest of the evening, Richard Schwartz, discussed the continuing campaign against the siting of a toxic waste incinerator in Millstone Township. A chemical engineer with fourteen years' experience in air pollution control and hazardous waste

cleanup, Schwartz reiterated the association's arguments against the Millstone site, which were presented to the State Hazardous Waste Siting Commission during a public meeting on September 25th at Great Adventure.

Schwartz also told the P.T.A. audience that the Millstone Homeowners Association had commissioned a private company to do a groundwater study of the proposed site in an effort to determine if Millstone could be disqualified because of the way in which the water flows. Groundwater in the area of the incinerator must flow up, considered a safeguard against contamination of the water supply in the case of an accident, Schwartz explained. If it is found that the groundwater flows in any other direction, the Millstone site should be stricken from the list of proposed incinerator sites.

On November 5, the Homeowners Association was scheduled to meet with the Siting Commission to further discuss the issue, Schwartz said. He offered to return to the next P.T.A. meeting with an update of the situation.

In other P.T.A. news, the October 25 bake sale raised \$110 for the Summer camp fund -- special thanks to all who baked and all who purchased the goodies.

The new Roosevelt School sweatshirts went on sale at the Art Fair on November 23. Children's sizes are priced at \$11.50; adult sizes at \$12.50. Contact Margaret Schlinski, P.T.A. president, if you missed the opportunity to purchase one. Her number is 443-5180.

The November 5 meeting was cancelled due to inclement weather. At presstime, the next meeting had not been set.

Congratulations, Ed.

Ed Grossman has completed his doctoral work in Science Education at Teacher's College, Columbia University. He recently defended with honors his dissertation, titled "Antecedent Cognitive Skills Related to Science Inquiry: An Assessment with Deaf Children," and has earned an Ed.D.

**COUNCIL REPORT**

By Aaron Datz

The November meeting of the Council was enlivened by two discussions. First, there was the question of what to do about the Food Coop refrigerator. It had been residing in the place that the toilet for the Fire Dept and First Aid Squad was supposed to be, and these organizations have been trying to reclaim that space. Both the representative of the Food Coop and Councilperson Moser were to seek a better location for the fridge.

The other discussion arose from the second reading of the new ordinance governing the protection of the stream corridor. Herb Johnson was of the opinion that forbidding any construction within 200 feet of the stream was too restrictive. The ordinance passed, but the Council decided to ask the Planning Board for the basis of the 200-ft. restriction.

The new ordinance governing mandatory recycling was also read and adopted. It is now necessary for the Council and the Recycling Coordinator, Lou Essakoff, to implement the requirements to separate and dispose of recyclables. The first bids received for trash collection and collection of recyclables are very high. Efforts are being made to ease the sting to the taxpayers.

Other business included the hiring of a water/sewer trainee for 20 hours a week; a plan to beautify the cemetery was discussed. Also, the Fire Dept. has announced that they will inspect any Roosevelt home on request. This is an important service and may be particularly so for new home owners.

The Mayor offered official thanks to the following for volunteering to flush hydrants: Chasan, Dexheimer, Karpick, Koffler, Leefer, Essakoff, and Yeager.

**FIRE COMPANY NEWS**

By Gloria Hazell

We would like to thank the few adults and children who attended our 'Open House' on October 5th. Those who visited us had the opportunity of a hands on demonstration of usage of a typical home fire extinguisher, inspected the truck, and saw the equipment that we use at a fire. For those of you who had wanted to come along but who had prior engagements, watch the Bulletin in the spring for news of another open house.

Our visit to the Solar Village was encouraging. The people made us very welcome, and we enjoyed speaking with them. In the near future we hope to help them initiate emergency procedures, and also hold a fire drill.

When we went to the school for our talk with the children, they experienced more than us just talking. We had just come from a house fire which had occurred that morning and felt it was a good time to speak to them as most knew about the fire and their curiosity was already aroused. The Chief was very impressed with the knowledge the kids had, their contributions to the talk, and their awareness of handling the subject matter. We have to thank Dr. Sussman and the Board of Education for inviting us to the school, and also thanks to Jeanette Koffler and the Seniors for inviting us to the Solar Village.

If anyone would like to join the Fire Company, please call me for further details. We do need volunteers. When on a fire, the hours are terrible and the pay is lousy (\$00,000 per annum); but the work is rewarding. So if you've ever thought "maybe one day", or even if you haven't, call. (448-5146).

**HAPPY CHANUKAH****MERRY CHRISTMAS**

## LETTER TO EDITOR

## The Recycling Issue

To the Editor:

Mr. Warren's article in the October Issue of the Bulletin about recycling is absolute nonsense. The fact is that the council read Mr. Warren's and his committee's report on recycling and did not accept it because it was not only impracticable but totally unrealistic. The allegation that the borough could earn \$5000 to \$11,000 from recycling was and is pure fantasy and miscalculation.

Carol Watchler in her article in the same issue of the paper described very accurately the situation that existed at the time. The fact is that the bottom had dropped out of recycling and the vendor who was servicing Hightstown, and with whom we were about to contract simply went out of the picture due to inability to make a profit. I might add, that we asked Mr. Zaayenga, the then and now county re-cycling coordinator for help, and he too could not find a vendor willing to deal with the small volume this community produces. In short, we could not give away our recyclables, never mind sell them for profit.

In the matter of the grantsman, what has that to do with recycling? I believe Mr. Warren is mixing apples and oranges. However, it is necessary to set the record straight. The grantsman we employed came well recommended at a time when money, thanks to the Reagan administration, was non-existent. If the results were not all we hoped for, it was the unanimous feeling of the council that we had to try.

I have two suggestions for Mr. Warren. The first is that he gets his facts straight before writing articles on vital issues. His misinformation only serves to confuse our residents. The second suggestion is that if Mr. Warren feels unwanted and ignored at council meetings, he should not attend.

Lou Esakoff

Councilperson & Recycling Coordinator - then

Recycling Coordinator - Now

## ISSUE &amp; DEBATE

## Is Our Government Floundering?

In the October issue, the Bulletin published an article under Issues and Debate charging that the town government had wasted taxpayer money by its inaction on recycling and its action in hiring a "grantsman" who didn't bring grants.

A Councilperson wrote a revealing article showing how Government is floundering: it had statements like "Back to square one," "no resolution could be reached," "No plan has been finalized," and "Ultimately the town may work out..." What it did not say was that Government has not met the County deadlines for presenting a recycling plan. Nor did it say that Government can slap you in jail for three months or fine you \$1000 if you are caught slipping an aluminum can or glass bottle into your garbage after April 1.

"Curbside collection seems strongly preferred," opines the article, implying that Roosevelt residents have been polled and have given an overwhelming majority vote to curbside recycling pickup, in spite of its also seeming to be a sure prescription for littering. Or does Government know our thoughts even without asking us?

Meanwhile, at \$25,000 a year for picking up only about 600 tons of trash, garbage collection continues to be by far the largest single item in the municipal budget. If, as another Councilperson suggested in the last issue, instead of raising taxes, it would be a better idea to "cut our expenses without cutting our services," this would be the logical place to start.

We have just witnessed another example of Government floundering. When the State gave us a \$35,000 wind-fall for roads, Government repaved Homestead Lane, which didn't need it, instead of paving either Brown Street or Spruce Lane or Eleanor Drive or Oscar Drive to the edge of Millstone, all of which need paving.

By Peter Warren



## ASKING HELP

Some days I think help, or our desperation  
 as we turn, crying out to the angel,  
 is just part of us, like the glasses you can't find  
 some morning. How frightening  
 it will be, without them forever. Don't get me wrong,  
 I'm not dismissing suffering  
 and how each of us gets through. How should I know,  
 to tell anyone? But I remember  
 watching a cat lick up the afterbirth  
 from its first kitten, out of some instinct,  
 and thinking it was an attempt to keep some  
 of the effort bearing them had taken.  
 What an impossible act. It's hard enough  
 to recall what happiness feels like, when it's gone.  
 That's what I wish I could figure out.  
 One year, taking snare drum, I had a lot of trouble  
 trying to get my left hand to play  
 evenly with my right. I felt such relief  
 when my teacher told me what was wrong.  
 I thought I'd died for a second,  
 the feeling was that wonderful  
 and the glare of the difficulty going away  
 whenever I paid attention. I tried it, over  
 and over. Like heaven, I thought,  
 though I was never good enough anyway  
 on things like xylophone to become a professional  
 the way I wanted so desperately.  
 I'm still sorry I quit music, sorry  
 whenever being a musician  
 would be good, Happy, I imagine,  
 as that mother cat. His advice, you understand,  
 was not out of affection, as I'd hoped,  
 so much as from a desire for order  
 in some way he might have understood.  
 It takes time, but the feeling's worth it;  
 you'd be surprised. Turn, he said,  
 turn your left palm up a little more.

David Keller

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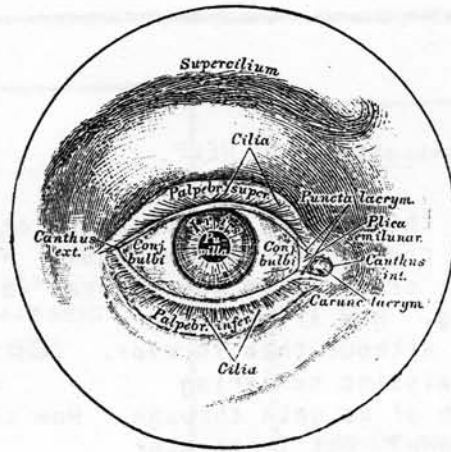
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## The 1986/87 Roosevelt Arts Project

### *A Series of Events*

Roosevelt, New Jersey is home to a community of artists—painters, musicians, poets, playwrights, novelists, and composers—who have come together to present the Roosevelt Arts Project, a series of artistic and cultural events.

The Roosevelt Arts Project, seeking to be more than the expression of individual artists, is grounded in the idea of a community of artists interacting, working together, and sharing works in progress with the wider world. The Arts Project programs will bring together poetry with music, painting with commentary, music with theater. Many of these programs are offered to the public for the first time.

Each program is organized by a different person, representing their unique approach and a different way of looking at the community and the world. We believe the Roosevelt Arts Project will be something different on today's crowded cultural calendar. We welcome your participation.

November 23

### **Herb Steinberg-- A Collection of Works With Remarks by Jacob Landau**

Herb Steinberg, who grew up in Brooklyn, studied at Tyler College of Temple University and with Moses Soyer. He has exhibited at numerous museums and galleries, including the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts and the National Academy. Among the many awards he has received are the Louis Comfort Tiffany Foundation Fellowship and the Adolph and Clara Abrig Prize of the National Academy of Design.

January 10

### **A. Walton Litz-- A Lecture on W.B. Yeats**

A. Walton Litz, Professor of English at Princeton University and editor of the recently issued *Poems of William Carlos Williams*, is the author of books on James Joyce, T.S. Eliot, and Wallace Stevens.

February 7

**David Brahinsky--The Music of Stan Rogers**

Stan Rogers, the late Canadian folk musician and songwriter, has developed a large and devoted following in this country. Many consider him to have been the greatest singer and songwriter in Canadian history. His songs of working class men and women will be presented by David Brahinsky, Paul Prestopino, and friends.

March

**Alan Mallach and Laurie Altman--Compositions**

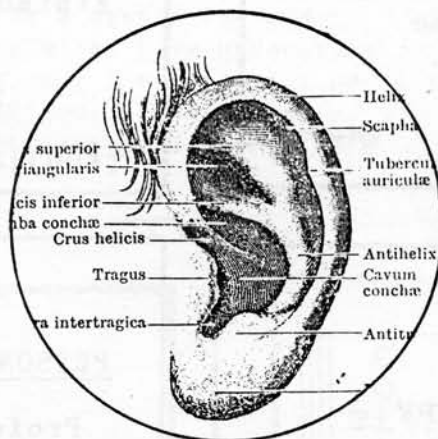
Alan Mallach studied composition and piano at Yale Music School and has given numerous recitals and concerts, most recently playing in the premiere of Laurie Altman's "Sonata For J.S. Bach," sponsored by Westminster Choir College. Alan, who lives in Roosevelt, is also a city planner and low-income housing advocate.

Laurie Altman, who studied at the Mannes School of Music, is a well-known composer and jazz pianist. Recipient of numerous grants and the Mason Gross Award, his most recent recording is "For Now At Least."

April

**Dinah Coe, David Herrstrom, David Keller, Rod Tulloss--Poems By NJ Poetry Fellowship Winners**

These four Roosevelt poets, associated with the US1 Poets Cooperative, have published extensively in small magazines and read widely in the New York and New Jersey area, most recently at the Waterloo Village Poetry Festival. Rod Tulloss's latest book is *The Machine Shuts Down*, and David Keller's most recent collection of poems will appear in the next issue of *Quarterly Review*.



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## A Tribute to John Grauel

By Peter Berlinrut

The woman who called us that early Friday evening with the dire news was not to be doubted: John Grauel had died in his sleep that afternoon. It couldn't be, it simply couldn't. In the late afternoon of the day before he had been sitting in our living room a few feet away from me in that strain of high-spirited talk innate in his character. Few were the things he mentioned that didn't take on heightened life and color in his way of referring to them. True, he had mentioned he hadn't been well the past few weeks but there was no telling it from his verve. At least not by me or my wife Mary Jane, who, after he left declared he seemed better than he had been recently.

High spirits formed the very marrow of John Grauel. I speculate that they as much as anything led him to the ministry. I believe that at some hour in his early life John, looking at the human beings around him, decided that the essential difference among them was that some were low or poor in spirit, some high. And that it behooved those of higher or better spirits to share their vistas and warmth with those of needier state.

The big shaping event of his life was learning the full truth of the Holocaust. Six million human beings hideously put to death for no reason, for no cause other than the accident of being born to parents professing a particular religious faith. It struck him to the core and he never got over it. It was not only the greatest tenets of the Christian faith that were challenged by this greatest crime in human history, it was also his innate and fervent priestliness.

He felt that either his vocation of caring for human life demanded a total commitment to redressing this monstrous and unspeakable crime or it was a hollow thing. Out of it he became the only Gentile in the crew manning the

Exodus, that hapless ship that roamed the high seas looking for some port or haven where its Jewish passengers would find asylum from the annihilation that was destroying kin, neighbors, fellow Jews in Europe. The ship found none, no door open on any of the world's continents, including this one. That experience (graphically told in the book Grauel) burned its meaning permanently in John's soul.

John was never tempted to convert to Judaism, nor was he attempting to practice Christian principles when he threw in his lot with the founding and survival of Israel. I think he was very much in the grip of that native priestliness he was born with, that priestliness that suggests a vocation of man caring for man, of human being caring for human beings. That was the way he lived his life. If there was a touch of anything creedal about it, it was his way of expressing the Judeo-Christian outlook that to be witness to a great injustice and not do something about it was to fall into a pit of spiritual disgrace.

John loathed violence in any form yet he brought himself to believe that whatever violence attended the birth of Israel was moral. It was an instance of an extreme situation in which human beings could avoid absolute and certain annihilation only by raising their arms in self-defense. It distressed him intensely to witness Israel arming itself so heavily, even if in the interest of bare survival. He couldn't think of going public with any criticism because he felt deeply that the Israeli soul harbored no urge for expansionism, no aggression, no enmity for the Arab world. He lived and died with the dream that sooner or later Arab and Jew would rise above the disasters of history, forgive the hurts each inflicted on the other, and share their sub-continent in peace. Whatever real politik he had been forced to

accept was totally subordinate to the priestliness of spirit and its universal reach.

John landed in Roosevelt rather by accident than design. For a while he had no intention of settling here permanently. I gathered it was a time of change in his life. Much as he had cast his lot in with the survival of Israel, he felt an urge to be free for at least a while of its intensely pressing and practical problems. Finally he decided that Roosevelt's general atmosphere suited him and he decided to stay. He liked the people and we liked him (even before appreciating his important role in the founding of Israel). Between his frequent trips lecturing on Israel and his interest in our local affairs, his days were full.

I think that what ruled his life was what he gave and what he got from people. His spirit was up or down depending on that. He could cry coming across an instance of human distress, laugh at a piece of human absurdity, rejoice over an item of human triumph. People and their fates were his vocation.

I used to see him mornings sitting in the Deli over coffee with friends holding court. There was no mistaking how people brought him to his native high spirits, whether as audience or interlocutors or just presences.

A necessary part of his natural priestliness of spirit was a sense of humor. If we define a sense of humor as the power to win release from a false or gratuitous discernment, he had it up to the hilt. In his conversation and lectures he would often inject a one-liner as a way of making sure he had his listeners attention. He had something of the artist's anxiety about that: what was the use of saying even the most important things if listeners attention had strayed? Laughter brought it back instantly to the here-and-now.

There isn't a doubt in my mind that John gave much to the town in the years he lived here. He liked it and he was prepared to spend the rest of his days here. He served as a county Committee

Official, proving that natural priestliness could pay attention to this world. He concerned himself with the troubles of the young, he concerned himself with the troubles of anybody and everybody who was in trouble. He lived by the precept that as went the lives of the people in the community where he lived, so went his. We could do a lot worse than honor his memory by dedicating some tangible and lasting thing to it.



## LETTER TO EDITOR

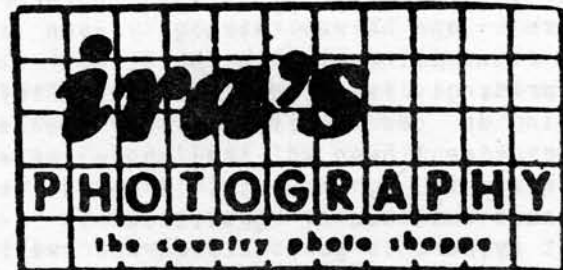
Dear Friends

And you are, you know: Because you are friends of my beloved son Prof. Joseph, you are also my friend: We have enjoyed reading your Bulletin, especially the articles that my son writes: and I am not prejudiced... So, in his honor, and because the Bulletin just came with its "request", I am happy to send you ten dollars in honor of my son: Keep that Bulletin going.

Very Sincerely,  
Esther G. Solomon (Mrs. Aaron)

Thank you Esther. We will try to keep going, and with your help and the help of every Bulletin reader we will succeed.

DB



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## LOVE OF PARENTS

## The Year 5746

By Josef G. Solomon

Yes, yes, these columns are usually about words, and sometimes these columns are even funny. However, too much has happened in our family; I will not ignore it. I will not write a funny column, and appear to be going on as if nothing had happened -- although, of course, this "monthly" column has not even appeared in almost six months. Now let me tell you what has happened.

My father was the second of eight children -- four sons, four daughters. Rachel, his elder sister, died in 1977. September 19, 1985, Miriam, my father's next-younger sister died. July 16, 1986, my father died. July 29, Victor, the husband of my father's youngest sister, died. Our family has a bludgeoned feeling.

My mother has been saying for years that the only reason she is still alive is that G-D is afraid of her: He knows that, when she gets there, He will have some argument on His Hands! To mention only some of the reasons for her statement: I used to have two brothers, two sisters, and two parents; I now have one of each. My parents have lost a son, a daughter, a grandson, and even a great-grandson. I'm not in any hurry to get there, either, but there are a few things for which an explanation would be helpful -- and appreciated.

It is said, "The days of our years are threescore years and ten, or even by reason of strength, fourscore years." My father did attain fourscore years -- and he was strong. Even in his final illness, his handclasp was surprisingly firm. His illness left me in an odd position: For years, every time I hung up the phone after talking to my parents, I used to express out loud my gratitude to G-D that my parents were alive and well. When my father became ill, I wrote them, "After being so grateful for having both parents all these years, is it greedy of me to want more? I want more."

The only good thing to be said about the whole episode is that his death was as peaceful as anyone could want. He had been back in the hospital for only two days. My mother was visiting him, and holding his hand. His breathing and his pulse became slower, and shallower, and stopped.

But the year leading up to his death was another matter. In July of 1985, he and my mother went to Jerusalem; I made it a point to be there with them, video equipment at the ready. I had to drag the equipment all over, and it speedily got heavy, and the temperature was in the 90s, but I got some marvelous footage of my parents, aunts, uncles, and my fourth son. Even then, my father was complaining of a severe pain in his shoulder. My father was a very private man; he didn't like to talk about himself. If he complained about pain, you knew that it really hurt. He went to his doctor several times in 1985, but the doctor couldn't find anything wrong. Even x-rays showed nothing out of the ordinary. The doctor suggested that perhaps it was a pulled muscle. We didn't like the fact that he was in pain but, inasmuch as we had no reason to imagine anything terrible, we all knew no reason to fear.

At the beginning of September, 1985, his sister Miriam, who had caught what seemed to be an ordinary cold, began slipping into a coma. She never came out of it. She died September 19.

In November, the pain became so severe that my father went to his doctor three times in one week. That began an intensive search. There were many tests of different kinds. A follow-up x-ray showed a "coin lesion" -- a tumor the size and shape of a coin -- in his lung. At first, the medical team considered surgery, to remove part of the lobe of one lung. They decided that surgery would require removing too much of his lung. And then further



examination revealed that the "coin lesion" was in fact just part of a massive tumor all through his chest. Not only was it malignant; it was terminal. In defense of the medical profession, let me say that the reason lung cancer is so deadly is that it doesn't hurt (until the cancer spreads to some other organ), and it doesn't show up on x-rays until far too late.

My father had several weeks of radiation therapy: five days a week as an out-patient. Amazingly enough, he simply re-arranged his schedule so that he went first to the hospital for radiation, and then went about his normal routine. (My father's "normal" routine was really impressive. About ten years ago, My father became ill. After several days, the doctor announced my father's recovery in the following words: "All right, Rabbi, you can go back to work -- but forty hours a week, not sixty!" And, of course, my father speedily resumed his normal, sixty-hour week.) My father had some of the usual side-effects of radiation, but not the really awful ones.

As far as I know, the radiation at least shrank the tumor (and may even have killed it), and lessened the pain. And then, he slipped on the ice on his own doorstep, and struck his face against the door. His mouth was cut, and it became infected. It reminds me somewhat of Job: Is this the reward for a mouth that had praised the Lord every day of his life?

Several weeks after the end of the radiation therapy, he suddenly became very weak -- so weak tht he could not get out of a chair by himself, or out of bed. By chance, I arrived for a visit several hours after it happened. My mother arranged for a nursing aide to come in to help -- as soon as possible, of course, but the service couldn't supply anyone until the day after I left. So my father signed himself into the hospital for a day, until the aide would arrive. In the hospital, it was discovered that my father's blood-sugar was five times the normal level. Why? I don't know, but one medication he was taking had the

side-effect of raising blood-sugar.

Anyway, the hospital kept my father for two weeks, during which time they swiftly brought his blood-sugar level down, and kept it down. On January 15, at the end of two weeks, they sent him home to die. In the usual subtle way that hospitals have of communicating information, they told my mother that they were discharging my father because "he would be better off at home." One does not need a medical degree to comprehend what that means. Nonetheless, we inquired, and were told that he had only a very few days to live.

My father was practically comatose. Once he was home, we asked his physician whether we could decrease the amount of codeine he was getting. He suggested reducing the dosage by half; my father almost immediately rejoined the world. (If there still was any pain, the smaller dosage of codeine was still enough to control it.) He was still very weak, but now he was aware of where he was, he could watch television, etc. It seems to me that, when doctors decide a patient has only a very short time left to live, they treat him differently. In particular, if my father had only a few days left, it didn't matter to the doctors if the opiate dosage kept him in a coma. Well, it mattered to us, and the doctors were wrong: In December, they had said in just so many words that he did not have six months to live. In January, they said he had at most a week. He continued to live. I visited my parents at least one weekend a month. Every time, my father was visibly stronger than he had been the time before.

In March, he was strong enough that we took him for a drive. He had not been outside (nor had my mother) since he returned home from the hospital in January. He said then that he had never expected to see the outside again.

One of my mother's "pep talks" to my father was to say to him, "January 3 is your birthday. Don't spoil it!" Then the same for my birthday, my brother's, my sister's.... As the

months went on, and he kept getting stronger, we began to believe that he would actually make it to their 60th wedding anniversary, the end of June. Shortly before I went to Rochester for that celebration, Dena, my father's youngest sister, called me to say that her husband Victor had had a "moderate" heart attack on June 13. He was already back home, having stayed in the hospital only one week. She asked me not to tell my parents until after the party. It was a small party -- only family, and fewer than 20 people -- and my father was once again unable to get out of bed, but his bed was in the living room, and that's where the party was, so he was there. That's on videotape, too.

Two weeks later, my mother told me that Dad was back in the hospital. That was not good, of course, but it didn't frighten me as much as we now know it should have. Two days later, when I returned to my office after lunch, there was a note on the desk: "Call your mother." There was only one thing that message could mean.

Did I think my parents were going to live forever? Well, why not? You must remember that, as far as I knew, they had lived forever.

Thirteen days later, my uncle Victor died. By this time, all we wanted was to make it out of 5746 -- the year in which all three deaths had occurred. Never has Rosh Hashonah been more eagerly awaited. Less than a month into the new year, Victor's brother died.

In the Fall of 1987, we shall usher in the new year 5748. The Hebrew letters for 748 spell "You will rejoice". I can hardly wait. In the meantime, I'm still working on Denial.



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**PRINCIPAL'S LETTER**

The new school year has begun. This year we welcome two new teachers to our staff. Miss Grosskopf has assumed the position as Resource Room teacher replacing Mrs. Hoffman and Mrs. Simone, our new music teacher, has replaced Miss Peters. Both teachers come to us with excellent references and many years of training in the field of education.

The gymnasium is in the process of our energy saving renovation and shall be completed shortly. Our school has been equipped with a new fire alarm system which includes several smoke detectors.

Our teachers are hard at work reviewing elements of our curriculum and seeking ways to improve the total program for our students.

This year we were honored to be able to display two of our programs to approximately 1,800 teachers during a curriculum conference in the Asbury Park Convention Hall. The two programs "Project Sail" and "WRPS" provide unique opportunities for our students.

"Project Sail" provides an opportunity for our students to meet in small groups with Mrs. Hogue to discuss those problems unique to their age group. It supports them in times of need and aids them in their daily decision-making process.

"WRPS" is a low powered radio station funded under a grant from the New Jersey State Department of Education as a supplement to our Resource Room program. The radio station although limited in transmitting power has already provided tremendous motivational power. I am sure you will hear more about this as the year progresses.

While the above items are ones I am glad to report I am saddened by events occurring during the past four months. During this period your school has been vandalized several times. The total damage has exceeded \$2000. The money for repairs must come from local taxes. We have no other source. Therefore every homeowner in town has been impacted by these events.

The Board of Education will make every attempt possible to locate the vandals and obtain payment for the damage. They will also do everything feasible to prevent the reoccurrence of these incidents. They need your assistance. If you have any information regarding these events, please contact me as soon as possible. If you see someone acting improperly on school grounds or destroying school property, please contact the State Police immediately. If you have any suggestions for ways to prevent vandalism, please share them with us.

Working together we can continue to provide high quality education and maintain pride in our school

Dr. Sussman



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