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ROOSEVELT BOROUGH



BULLETIN

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ROOSEVELT, NEW JERSEY

June 1985

He Grew Up in Roosevelt to Cover the World

Joshua Friedman, who grew up in Roosevelt, was part of a three-person team that reported for Newsday on the famine in Africa. Their articles and photographs were the first reports by American journalists from the refugee camps. They won the Pulitzer Prize for journalism.

In his article, "Death in the Camps," Mr. Friedman reports on the effects of the three to four year drought that reached its peak this year when all food ran out in some areas and people began dying in great numbers. He says that the elderly and infants went first while the able-bodied fled to towns over somewhat inaccessible roads. The refugees sleep in drainage ditches and open lots while the lucky ones are packed into camps. In the morning the living quietly remove the bodies of the dead who died in the cold mountain night.

Oddly, he reports, life in the towns near these scenes goes on with a veneer of normalcy--in September a week-long celebration of the 1974 Marxist revolution in Ethiopia occurred amid the starvation and dying.

At a Red Cross feeding station children are selected for

feeding. The director selects the sick ones and leaves the good ones alone. Guards, armed with sticks and World War I-era rifles rush around the camp beating starving people who are fighting over turf. Young boys push old ladies back to snatch morsels of food. Men of 65 lie down and die. Women with children on their backs, however, fight like hell.

Death by starvation comes in many guises: diarrhea, anemia, fever, tuberculosis, typhus, measles or other diseases.

In "The Widening Famine," Mr. Friedman reports on various areas in Ethiopia, comparing conditions in different camps. Those that receive U.N. support, he says, have more food than those who wait for governmental support, but they remain dissatisfied with their lives. Former nomads, they have become wards of the U.N. and have lost their sense of dignity.

In "New Start for a Chosen Few," he reports on a large reshuffling of the population now going on in Ethiopia where only the young and strong are allowed to migrate to areas where conditions are better.

In "The Struggle to Survive," he reports on conditions in eight

African countries where 400 million will have died this year. Sudan is the second worst-affected country where 4.5 million Sudanese and 700,000 refugees face starvation. In Mozambique a quarter of the population still needs food aid; in Chad three million are affected by hunger; in Niger, half the population of 2.4 million are affected by drought. Similar conditions prevail in Mali, Burkina Faso and Mauritania, and possibly in Kenya and in black areas of South Africa.

Problems of drought and hunger are exacerbated by poor local management, poor choice of development projects, explosive population growth, civil strife, decreases in aid from wealthy countries, deterioration in balance of payments and other factors.

In "Mali Adapts to Pestilence," Mr. Friedman reports on how the drought is destroying the culture of this country, and in "A Fragile Improvement," on how food distribution has slowed the death rate in Ethiopia to some extent.

In "Frustration in the Cities," he tells of other difficulties facing city dwellers: few jobs, low pay, shortage of housing, high taxes, scarcity of fuel, continuing civil war, shortage of transportation leading to poor food aid distribution, the prevalence of fear of the secret police and political arrests, and so on.

THE EDITORS

Editors

David Brahinsky, Hortense Sochowitzky

Contributing Writers

Mary Jane Berlinrut, Peter Berlinrut, Bob Clark, Aaron Datz, Herb Johnson, Florie Johnson, Becky Russell, Arthur Shapiro, Elly Shapiro, Joe Solomon, Dominic Vigiano, Adeline Weiner, Helga Wisowaty, Steve Yeger

Production

Lynn Friedman, Carla Wragge, Elly Shapiro

Business

Lynn Friedman, Norma Kushner, Adeline Weiner



Editorial policy of the Borough Bulletin is to welcome open expression of ideas and opinions either in the form of articles submitted for publication or Letters to the Editors. All material should be typed, double-spaced with margins of no less than 1 1/2", on standard white typewriter paper. It is requested they be held to 3 double-spaced typewriter pages. The Editors reserve the right to reject any material they deem inappropriate.

COUNCIL REPORT**No Beer on 4th**

By Aaron Datz

There will be no beer served at our 4th of July celebration this year. The Council, by the narrowest of margins, so ruled at the regular June meeting. The Borough had received advice from its attorney that it was liable for any accident attributable to the imbibing of any alcoholic beverages at a Borough-sponsored event. The same question was raised last year and the Council voted against it, but later reversed itself and allowed beer to be served. The vote this year was: Chasan, Levinson, and Seligman against; Watchler and Seldon for, with Leefer abstaining.

A resolution was read declaring the celebration of the 50th Anniversary of the establishment of our fair borough to be next year on Memorial Day weekend. Mayor Hepner asked for volunteers to serve on the various committees to be established. Those interested are urged to contact Councilperson Carol Watchler.

It was announced the Gloria Hazell was admitted to the Fire Company. She is the first woman since our own renowned Augusta Chasan was appointed the first woman fire-fighter nationally, back in the early days of Roosevelt.

Steven Chegus was hired as full-time maintenance man-trainee.

It was announced that all private-pool owners will now be billed for water/sewer usage by July 1st.

Discussions initiated by the public dealt with how to treat the problem of stray cats and dogs. (The Borough will treat

seriously any complaints regarding roaming dogs and cats. They may even buy a cat trap to nab the critters who wander off their own turf.)

There was a discussion led by David Savage, a Roosevelt resident who is a traffic analyst for Monmouth County, on some local traffic problems. David Bulkin complained about the physical state of the Borough Hall inside and out and about residents leaving their garbage cans at the curb for half the week.

Ellie Bermowitz has devised a petition to senators, congressmen, etc., protesting the possible closing of the post office. She asks for volunteers to cover every street with the petition. Her number is 448-2856.

CORRECTION

The percentages in Bernie Leefer's article last issue were incorrectly reported as 8% to 9% agreed and should have read 87% to 94% agreed.

The Editors

HELP WANTED

ODD HOURS NO PAY
ROOSEVELT VOLUNTEER FIRE COMPANY

Folk Music

The third annual Roosevelt Labor Day Weekend Folk Concert will be held on Sunday, September 1, at 7:30 pm at the Memorial. Those interested in performing or joining the end-of-concert-jam, please contact David Brahinsky (443-1898) during the summer.

PLANNING BOARD NEWS

Growth Spurt Ahead

By Bob Clark

1985 will mark the beginning of Roosevelt's fourth substantial growth spurt and may, if the planning board's efforts pay off, also usher in the fourth major stage in official attempts to preserve the borough's historic character. In the 1950's 22 ranch style houses were built on the portion of Lake Drive farthest from the center of town. In the early '70s several raised ranches or bivelevs were built, along with four geodesic dome structures, on Pine Drive, Farm Lane, North Valley Road and the middle portion of Lake Drive. In 1983 twenty-one units were added in a single development, the solar village at the intersection of Farm Lane and North Valley Road. This year approximately 17 dwellings are being built or planned for Lake Drive near Rochdale, North Valley Road and Eleanor Lane.

Each spurt in growth has coincided with activity to preserve Roosevelt's character as a green belt town and, lately, as a rare community-wide example of Bauhaus architecture. Following the first Lake Drive development, green acres funds were obtained to purchase a wide strip of land along Clarksburg Road from Rochdale to the Millstone Township border. This purchase ensured that Lake Drive would develop in keeping with the original concept for Jersey Homesteads (now Roosevelt): a design calling for substantial green belts of commons land to abut individual plots. The borough's master plan, created in 1978 to comply with the state municipal land use law, placed great emphasis on the average growth rate of 2 1/2

houses per year during a 40 year period in order to retain large tracts of land for agricultural use. In 1983 Roosevelt was placed on the state and national registers of historic places. Most recently a determined group of planning board members has worked for several months to draft an historic district ordinance.

If finally recommended by the planning board and adopted by the borough council, the historic district ordinance would rely on persuasion and, in some architectural situations and all site design circumstances, mandatory provisions to preserve Roosevelt's historic character. Most of the debate during the drafting process concerned architectural provisions. Nonetheless, all versions have provided "standards designed to ensure that any future subdivision and development of open land in the borough will be planned and laid out in a manner consistent with the site plan of the original development of the community," in the words of the ordinance's principal drafter, planning board chairman Alan Mallach.

At its June 5 meeting the board authorized a revision which would define an historic architectural area to include the area of the borough's original houses. Within this area a homeowner desiring to build a "substantial addition" on an existing building, or demolish or construct a building would first have to obtain a "certificate of appropriateness" from the planning board stating that the activity is "compatible" with the character of the historic arch-

itectural area. A substantial addition would be defined as one which increases the interior living area of a building by more than 10% and which has a substantial effect on the appearance of the building as seen from a public street. It would, therefore, be within the power of the planning board to deny the construction of a substantial second-story addition with a peaked roof if the peaked roof were determined to lack visual compatibility with nearby flat-roofed structures.

In the case of alterations of existing buildings or additions not considered substantial, the applicant for site review or a building permit would have to go through a consultation procedure, receiving suggestions from an historic preservation committee of the planning board. The applicant would not be bound by the architectural suggestions of the committee.

The board expects to have a final draft to consider at its July meeting. If recommended by the board, the ordinance would have to be introduced by the council and passed after a public hearing one month later before it would become law.

In other action the board conditionally approved the location of a Swiss screw machine company in the old factory building. Operators of the company, which primarily manufactures small precision parts for the defense industry, explained that noise levels would be low, traffic would be negligible and pollutants non-existent.

The board also decided to take no action to recommend to the council that it provide for the connection of Lake Drive to Rochdale. Instead, the board will ask the council to request the county to improve visibility where South Valley Road meets county route 571 (Clarksburg Road).



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Farm Lane Off Limits to Speeders

There have been many instances of cars speeding down Farm Lane especially at night, we are told. A resident of that street has filed a complaint with the State Police. They have said they will increase their patrol in the area. It is hoped that if there are other instances of cars speeding on Farm Lane or any other street in the Borough, witnesses will notify the police.

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SCHOOL BOARD NEWS

Parents' Wishes Denied by Board

By Herb Johnson

On June 6 the school board meeting was attended by a group of parents and 8th grade students representing the bulk of this year's graduating class. The group was there to question and protest the school administrator's handling of the annual class trip.

The parents complained that although the trip was less than a week away, they had never been officially informed about the date and itinerary of the trip and had obtained information from hearsay and remarks filtered down through the children.

A second complaint centered on the question of the financing of the trip. The parents complained that although most of the money was to have been raised exclusively by the students' efforts, the students were denied the right to maintain a ledger of monies they had raised which the parents felt denied the children the participation necessary to learn responsibility.

The parents also felt that a two day trip, which included nearly ten hours of driving time to and from Washington D.C. in a school bus, did not provide adequate time for a meaningful and enjoyable experience. The parents expressed the feeling that the denial of a third day appeared punitive in nature.

A motion was made by John Burghardt, seconded by Al Unger to approve a three day trip and advance the extra \$290 needed as long as the students agreed to try and raise that amount (or close to it) after the trip, if two school employees would agree to the extra day, and if reservations for a second night could be arranged.

At this point the principal requested that the board recess to speak privately with him in closed session because personnel issues were involved.

Prior to this, a letter was read into the minutes by the board secretary to the effect that due to staff awareness of community discontent with various occurrences at the school, the staff expressed its unanimous support for the efforts of the principal in contributing to a stable educational environment during the past three years.

Upon returning to the open meeting, board president Mary King indicated that at this late date extension of the trip to a third day was an unfair burden to the chaperones and their families. The motion to add another day was then denied.

In the final visitors' input session a student and parent declared that a grievance procedure against the school administrator would be initiated.

Other students and parents declared their disappointment with the board's decision about the trip; their lack of knowledge about when and how graduation would take place; their surprise that the program for the graduation ceremony was going to the printer the next day when students had not yet decided what their performance would be; their puzzlement over why all the teachers signed a letter to the board expressing strong support for how the principal was carrying out his duties and requesting the chance to present information to the board if any complaint about the principal came before the board; and other things.

In other business, the board approved the Fourth of July Committee's request for use of school equipment; two state grants were accepted--approval was given to the principal to apply for a "Technology for Children" and an "Introduction to Vocations" grant; and approval was given for the affirmative action goal of adding one person whose ethnic background is that of a minority to the full-time staff.

Dulicai-Forshay Wedding

Kimberly Michelle Dulicai, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James F. Dulicai of Roosevelt, N.J., was married Saturday, June 1 to Gary Thomas Forshay, a son of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Forshay of Phelps, N.Y. The Rev. Sydney Sadio of First United Methodist Church of Hightstown, N.J., performed the garden ceremony at the home of the bride's parents.

The bride, a graduate of Hightstown High School, attended Mercer County Community College in New Jersey and Richland College in Dallas, Texas. She is employed by the Dallas Medical and Surgical Clinic.

The bridegroom is a graduate of Midlakes High School, Clifton Springs, N.Y., and of Alfred State College, Alfred, N.Y. He also attended Texas Christian University, Fort Worth, Texas.

The bride and bridegroom, until recently residents of Dallas, will reside in Garland, Texas, after returning from their honeymoon in Jamaica, W.I.

Fire Drills to be Held

Following Council approval, the Fire Department will shortly initiate their plan to conduct monthly fire drills utilizing the fire hydrants in town on a rotational basis. The drills will be held on the third Wednesday of each month, approximately 7:30 to 9:30 p.m., and the proposed order for opening the hydrants is as follows:

June-----Farm Lane
 July-----Pine Drive
 (Triangle)
 August-----Lake and Rochdale
 September---Tamara Drive
 October----Brown
 November---Lake Drive (Horse
 Farm)
 February---Brown and Rochdale
 March-----Tamara
 April-----Pine Drive (Sewer
 Plant)

December and January are not listed due to the severe weather in these months.

If for any reason (such as the current drought, weather conditions or water level) a hydrant is not opened in its designated month, it will be skipped and the rotation will continue as specified above.

Roosevelt residents should be aware that when a hydrant is utilized, water in that immediate area is apt to become temporarily discolored. Please check the schedule for the hydrant in your area, mark your calendar accordingly, and be prepared if necessary to forego laundry, dishes, etc. for that brief period of time. While this water may not look appealing, it is perfectly safe to drink.

If you have any questions or concerns about the above, please call Pat Archambo (448-7358) or Lee Seldon (426-0292).

ISSUE & DEBATE

Is Kafka Alive and Well at the Roosevelt School Board ?

By Josette Altman

If you are, just as I am, completely ignorant of school board meeting procedures, you might be interested in my little story.

First of all, those of you who have been living here a long time should do well to forget "the good old days" when somebody with a question or complaint could come to the school board meeting, state his/her point of view, discuss it, not only with the board but with the subject of the complaint and the public. Everyone had something to say or scream about and I must say, whether or not anybody walked out completely satisfied, it took care of an important human need: letting it all out.

It was healthy and direct and I don't think it victimized anybody. In those days the idea of a libel suit did not seem to dominate school board matters. Well, not anymore, folks!

What we once did was very naughty and, from what I am told, downright illegal. Everything, after all, falls under some policy, and policies are made to be followed.

And should your mouth move more quickly than your willingness to obey the law (which most of us don't know anyway), watch out or somebody else will.

So if you have a complaint or a question about how certain things dear to you have been handled in the school, this is about what you have to expect:

You will be told, if you inquire, that nothing involving personnel can be discussed at an open board meeting. When you ask for a closed session with the board to discuss the matter with

the person involved you will be told that it is impossible and that your only option is to file a formal grievance, which includes several formal steps, even if you feel that your complaint does not deserve such dramatic attention.

But the law is the law, and considering somebody must be watching, you cannot in good faith inform your board of your worries, even with the person present, unless you make a formal COMPLAINT. They could be sued.

So you put your concerns aside for a moment and decide to go to the public board meeting to at least ask them to reconsider a decision made earlier regarding your children. Of course you cannot explain intelligently why such a decision seemed unfair to you, for you cannot talk about the events that led to such a decision: it involves personnel!

The first thing you see when you enter the room where the meeting is to take place is a tape recorder. Sure, that's legal and is probably there to facilitate the task of our numerous school secretaries, in this case the school board's, in recording the minutes.

If you are paranoid, however, you might think that it is a reminder not to open your mouth improperly unless you wish to get in trouble. The stoned-face board welcomes you and immediately warns you to behave. There is an atmosphere of great seriousness and suspicion floating through the air.

To top it all, you find that five teachers who very rarely come to such meetings are here on a defensive warfare that you

don't understand, considering your annoyance has nothing to do with them.

Things become even more confusing, but quite obvious later on, when at a very opportune moment a letter from the staff is read. It is something of a loyalty oath to the administrator, completely irrelevant to what is being discussed.

The board listens attentively to what you have to say but rarely answers questions. They nod their heads very seriously every so often and seem to seek advice every other minute from the principal on how to conduct the meeting. As you can see one should be quite grateful to our administrator for being such a wizard on rules and policies. God knows what would happen without his infallible knowledge. Anarchy probably, and we certainly cannot run that risk!

Anyway, after two hours or so of deliberations by the board, once you feel reassured that the people you have elected to protect your interests are lending a sympathetic ear to your problem and definitely lean toward granting your request, a new happening takes you by storm: the administrator, who does not seem to agree with the change of mood one sees in the board, requests something that has been refused to you all along—a closed meeting.

And under your incredulous eyes everybody retires to another room. When they return, ten minutes or so later, the public meeting resumes and you are being told that your request, after deep thoughts from the board, has been denied on the recommendation of the principal who feels a change in plans would mean great imposition of the staff.

Now whatever was said at this private meeting that couldn't be said in public remains a mystery. You, on one hand, have no right to say anything harsh that would help your cause, neither in public nor in private for that

matter, since you haven't filed grievances.

On the other hand, within ten minutes one single person has the right to change the mind of almost the entire board, and being protected by the private session, does not have to display in public the reasons used in his argument.

Mind you, before the retiring of the board to private quarters some allusions had been made by the principal that some staff members might feel an unwelcome imposition as to the reverse of the board's decision. Which prompted one board member to shyly ask why those same staff members being present at the meeting couldn't be asked right now if they felt imposed upon. "Not proper," replied our walking policy encyclopedia, and everyone abided.

Rules, policies and laws certainly have their place in our society. But between you and me, what exactly are our rights as parents and taxpayers when policies prevent us from talking freely about truly disturbing matters, unless we are willing to take steps which quite often are disproportional with the complaint you have?

Some of the policies are up to your local boards, the state giving only general guidance. Isn't it time that all of us got a bit involved in our local affairs? Not in a destructive and arrogant way, mind you.

Most of those policies have been passed with the best intentions and with everyone's welfare in mind. But isn't it worthwhile to get involved if only to try to convince others that over defensive attitudes come only from fear, and fear from mistrust? I cannot help thinking that he who fears libel suits is the one who usually inflicts them upon others, and that disagreement shouldn't be regarded as a threat, but as a constructive adventure.

LETTERS TO EDITOR

To The Editor

What exactly is bugging Bernard Leefer? He has assumed the mantle of Public Defender against violations of our individual rights by that surprising hotbed of tyranny and intrigue, our own Borough Council! (He's the only good guy on it.) To show we won't easily give up our liberty, he cites the results of his survey which cloaked his grievances in questions of staggering simple-mindedness. Can there be two answers to such as "Should laws be enforced? Equally? Should we subsidize the non-needy?"? Why did he leave out "Would you rather be rich or poor? Check one."? No wonder there was unanimity from those who bothered to reply. Public issues which can only be answered in one way, if at all, are counterfeit issues; they're absurdities. Then what's all the fuss? Why did Public Defender twice leap to his word processor and harangue us with his dark visions?

His real target, which he takes no great pains to conceal, is our Historic Designation, granted by both State and Federal Landmark Commissions. The designation recognizes and honors our history, our economic make-up, our layout with its emphasis on space and safety, our modest natural beauty, and the celebrated fact that half our land is common land owned by the Borough, thus enhancing our own private property. It is one of the very few communities in the country so blessed. Our town, together with Social Security, are virtually the last functioning institutions of FDR's Administration, so it is fair to say we're double-beneficiaries of that government which was so responsive to the needs of working people. In this blighted day

and age FDR's Washington looms as a fount of enlightenment and humanity. The Borough of Roosevelt is our heritage from that benign period, and most of us don't intend to let it go the way of Revenue Sharing and Amtrak and other curtailed artifacts which made life a little easier.

Let me state a special interest. I, together with Marilyn Magnes, wrote the original application for landmark designation. In explaining the whys and wherefores of the designation to the public (at several meetings), it was stated explicitly that this did not prevent homeowners from changing the shape of their roofs or altering surfaces or adding rooms, etc., so long as changes conformed to local ordinances. This was an assurance confirmed by the State Historical Commission. I have not consulted the Planning Commission but I know they do not mean, nor do they have the power, to enforce "aesthetics" on any property owner. The intention of the Planning Commission, justly proud of our designation, is to exercise some communal restraint on proposed modifications which would grossly violate the consistency and homogeneity of our structures. They are a body of public-spirited neighbors hoping, if the situation calls for it, to promote the common good over private interests. If at last they fail to dissuade an owner from committing a gaffe, so be it, we'll all have to live with it. But the volunteer members of the Commission are neither villainous nor ignorant; I think we'd do well to listen to their suggestions with respect.

This town won't be affected by one more or less A-shaped roof--half the houses already have them. What is crucial is the maintenance of the character of Roosevelt in the immediate future. Building conditions are changing, interest rates are falling, developers are salivating for the chance to erect houses on

privately owned tracts. We can't stop the building of more houses (nor should we try). What we can do is see that new construction faithfully follows the guidelines of our ordinances. And that means specifically and most importantly that the principle of common land among the half-acre housing sites is strictly adhered to. Our greenbelts which contain our lush wooded areas are the most distinguishing characteristic of our landscape. Without them we are any other rural outpost, and less. Indeed without them we are not Roosevelt.

In his famous Social Contract Rousseau says that to serve as a legislator is a great honor. A legislator is a teacher obliged to set a model for the promotion of the common good; he should be able to answer two questions in the affirmative: are you informed? are you asking the right questions? Applying Rousseau's standard, how can we give Public Defender more than an "F"? He addresses himself to non-issues

which loom large only in his imagination. However if his feverish concerns contain a germ of real feeling for the town of his father, perhaps he will devote the rest of his term as legislator to fighting off not ghosts but genuine threats to our communal integrity.

Leslie Weiner

To the Editor

An open letter to those who do not wear seat belts, following up on Joe Solomon's auto-safety articles.

Perspective is all. Seat belts are our friends. They just suffer from poor marketing. They could be covered with satin-y fabric in tiger stripe, or come in warm fuzzy designer patterns. They could be considered a chastity belt, reminding you that driving is a very serious affair not to be disrupted by idle hanky-panky. Or vice versa.

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FIRE COMPANY NEWS

By Steve Yeger

It is nice to report that it's been quiet around town lately. The only fire that we've had occurred on Thursday, June 6. At about 2:30 pm a dumpster fire was reported at the liquor store.

The Roosevelt Kindergarten children made a trip to the firehouse May 24th. They were given a quick tour of the premises and a demonstration of fire equipment and apparatus. The children took a special delight in the airhorn and fire bell on the truck.

Two new members were voted into the fire company, and their names will be submitted for approval by the council. We are pleased to welcome Burch Young and Gloria Hazell to the ranks.

A few items were submitted to the council for approval to purchase: a 5" suction hose and an extra air bottle. This hose can transfer huge quantities of water to the apparatus.

Monmouth County Fire College finished its yearly series of lectures. Roosevelt had four members attending. These seminars are used for reviewing procedures and briefing firefighters on new techniques used in the field.

Senior Citizens Meeting-June 11, 1985

By Helga Wisowaty

Esther Pogrebin and Jeanette Koffler brought us up to date about plans for future activities which include:

1. A concert on June 19 at the Garden State Arts Center- "No No Nanette" is available to members signing up for the trip. The bus will leave the Post Office at 10:55 am.

2. The picnic at East Freehold Park in Freehold will be on July 24.

3. Our Senior Citizen's picnic will be held sometime in July.

4. We look forward to the Circle Line boat trip around New York. The date will be set later.

Sylvia Weiss and Helene Ger-gold showed a film about "Elder-hostels". Sylvia and her husband, Isidore, have enjoyed stays at various colleges and universities both in the US and foreign countries. Sylvia was elected to the Board of "Elderhostels" recently. During 1984-85 98,000 Seniors (60 and over) have taken advantage of this program. We enjoyed this very much and thank Faye Libove for helping to arrange it.

Jeanette, as usual, has been busy getting information to us about important subjects. She distributed reading material about "HMO-The Health Maintenance Organization of New Jersey." Lillian Weisenfeld and Thelma Thompson were our hostesses.

For now - A HAPPY SUMMER TO ALL - BE BACK IN THE FALL

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Fourth of July Events

Come one, Come all - to this lively, patriotic, traditional Roosevelt event. It will be held this year on Thursday, July 4, with a rain date of Sunday, July 7. It will give new residents and visitors an opportunity to get to know Roosevelt and the old timers to reminisce and share Roosevelt fellowship.

The day begins with a run-a-thon from the corner of Rochdale Avenue and Tamara Drive beginning at 8 am. There will be a 1 mile course for those under 12 years of age and a 4.4 mile course for those over 12. All participants will receive certificates. A parade will start from the same corner at 2 pm. Marching groups, organizations, decorated bicycles - everyone is invited to join in. The parade route will be around Tamara Drive to Pine Drive, Pine Drive to Rochdale Avenue, then down Rochdale Avenue to the War Memorial Rock at the Roosevelt Public School. After a brief ceremony, a FREE picnic will begin. Hot dogs, birch beer,

iced tea, iced water, etc. will be in generous supply and free to all. There will be various games available with supervised games for the children. Music prepared especially for this event will be presented at the Roosevelt Memorial Amphitheater by local musicians. Art raffle tickets and 50/50 tickets will be on sale to help defray the expenses. The events of the day will draw to a close at 9 pm with a colossal fireworks display held at the baseball field at the school. Everyone is asked to refrain from bringing fireworks as it is illegal and dangerous and will be

prosecuted accordingly.

Please bring your own chair and enjoy an old fashioned Roosevelt 4th of July.

If you wish to help with this event or have any questions, please contact June or Bill Counterman at 448-3182.

**ROOSEVELT
BOROUGH**
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Ashanti/African Focus Day

By Gloria Hazell

On Wednesday June 5th, the 1st and 2nd grade children of the R.P.S. put on an 'Ashanti/African Focus Day' which was the culmination of a social studies unit.

During the day people came to speak and impart their knowledge to the children and the parents alike. One lady who owns an African artifact and souvenir store brought some of the things she sells and explained how they are made, and what they are used for. Another speaker, who is an Ashanti, originally from Ghana, showed the children how to put on his native dress which is called a Kenti. The children sang songs to him in his own language, which pleased him so much that he is going to tell his embassy about the project.

Many of the children's parents, including myself, attended the day, and helped with the crafts and cooking. Mr. Kasahun showed slides of his home country, Ethiopia, which was really interesting.

The whole day was very enjoyable and a lovely experience for all concerned. I have to say a very big thanks to Mrs. Mayberg

and Mrs. Gagliardi for all of the work they did on the project and for having the idea. The kids learned so much by seeing and making all the things they did, and this is the type of enjoyable learning which will stay with them all of their lives.

So, the children can now sing in Ashanti, play African games, cook African food, and put on a Kenti, and what's more, so can I.

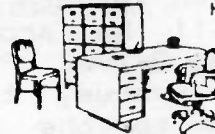
P T A

At the monthly P T A meeting last May 29th new officers were elected for the forthcoming year. They are Margaret Schlinski, President; Mari DeSanto, Vice President; Jan Plumb, Secretary; and Donna Kaufman, Treasurer.

Martin Schwartz, DDS, P.A.
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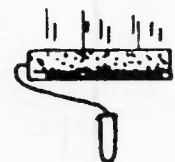
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Roosevelt Community Calendar

July 1985

2 Tuesday	2 pm	Senior Citizens	Borough Hall or Solar Village
3 Wednesday	7-8:30pm 8:00 pm	Monmouth Bookmobile Planning Board	Post Office Parking Lot Borough Hall
4 Thursday		July 4th Celebration	
8 Monday	8:00pm	Council Agenda Meeting	Borough Hall
10 Wednesday	8 pm	Boro Council	Borough Hall
16 Tuesday	1-4 pm	Senior Citizen Health Program	Solar Village
	1-8 pm	Food Co-op	Borough Hall
17 Wednesday	7-8:30	County Bookmobile	Post Office Parking Lot
18 Thursday	8 pm	Board of Education	RPS
31 Wednesday	7-8:30	County Bookmobile	Post Office Parking Lot

Have a healthy, relaxing summer and remember to call me with any functions you would like listed in the Bulletin in the fall. Florie Johnson 443-1947.

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LOVE OF WORDS

A Super~Colossal Spectacular

By Josef G. Solomon

The reader of these columns will have gotten the idea that I like words. That is true. Also, that the misuse of words annoys me. That is also true. One kind of misuse that is particularly annoying to me is the trivialization of words. If a run-of-the-mill movie is described as "a colossal film epic", then what words are left to describe a movie that really is a colossal film epic? And that's the problem. It's like swearing: If the slightest mishap sets you off on a foaming-at-the-mouth string of curses, then what do you say when you really get upset? As a matter of fact, there's a story that fits in here. There was a man who was famous for his ability with cursing and swearing. One day, he was talking with some friends when a tree fell over on his car. His friends eagerly awaited what would surely be his most colorful utterance yet. He took a deep breath, was silent for a few seconds, then exhaled and said: "It's no use. I couldn't do it justice."

Remember Bowdler?

That's one reason I used to Bowdlerize my speech (the subject of my first article for the Bulletin). True, the main reason was that I didn't want to use that kind of language in front of my wife and children; nonetheless, a small part of the reason was that it seemed a good idea to save the really expressive curses for a time when I might need them. It didn't always work. Thirty years ago, I

was standing in the falling snow, and building a rack for an oil-drum. One vigorous swing missed the nail-head, and the hammer glanced off my thumb, taking a certain amount of skin with it. It was so cold, the blow didn't even hurt—but I knew it was going to. Even so, what came to my mind was not a string of curses, but a scene from "Pogo": Albert was hammering on something, and he hit his thumb. In the next frame, he was holding his thumb in his mouth, and with his other hand, he was holding a book and reading. The title of the book was, "Selected Epithets for the Amateur Carpenter". And that's what came to my mind, there in the snow—not a curse, but the title of the book.

Some Insightful Remarks About Politicians

Every now and then, we are informed that some politician is about to make a major address. What makes it a "major address"? Apparently, nothing more than the fact that he says it is. In my experience, the ballyhooed speech is usually not major, and is usually not even interesting. Another event whose logic fascinates me is the publication of a press release informing us that somebody is going to call a news conference next week to announce that he will be a candidate for president. He just told us that he's going to be a candidate; isn't the press release itself the announcement? Come to think of it, here's a legitimate place where the press release should say that he will make a major

address (assuming that his candidacy is important).

The Underground Press Surfaces

In the United States during the '60s, publications that were opposed to the government's policies were described as the "underground press". The term is still in use today. I resent the misappropriation of that word. During the Second World War, the Nazis cracked down hard on clandestine printing-presses, as they cracked down on everybody who disagreed with them. The opposition was driven "underground"--often, literally underground, but at least underground in the sense of "secret". To be caught with anything from the underground press could mean torture and death. Just what did the staff of "Ramparts" risk? They probably got a certain amount of illegal harassment from the FBI, but no torture, no "disappearance", no murder. Even at the height of public support for the Vietman War, dissenters could publish openly, with their names on the masthead, and the address of their editorial offices clearly displayed. In this country, let us gratefully remember, dissent is tolerated. It might not be welcomed, it might not be subsidized by the government, but it is at least tolerated. That definitely puts us one-up on most other countries.

Well, then, what should we call that which is now called the "underground press"? Calling it the "little" press is wrong, because it's not sufficiently selective: There are lots of mainstream publications that are small. The term "dissenting press" just doesn't swing, does it? Besides, there are some fairly major publications that sometimes disagree with the government. Alas, friends, I can't even think of a suggestion. Apparently, neither can anyone

else--which is one reason that we'll probably go on calling it the underground press.



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Bulletin Literary Supplement

I Remember Too

The commemoration of the 40th anniversary of the liberation of the death camps in Europe evoked personal memories of another era and a tragedy that my mother and I suffered a long time ago, during another war.

I was born in a small town in the Ukraine in 1913. My father was drafted into the Russian Army after the start of the 1914 war. But it was never clear to me how long he served in the Czarist army. He was probably mustered out when Russia made its separate peace with Germany in 1917. At any rate, my memories of him date from about that time. I remember his coming home and my mother's and grand-parent's elation. I think he must have been assigned clerical duties in the army, since he was one of the ten percent or so who were literate in the Russian Army of that day.

I was an only child, and my father doted on me. He would take me into his confidence and tell me things that were just between us--even my mother was not to know. We would take walks; he would hold me by the hand and encourage me to ask questions. Ours was a warm, loving relationship. We were buddies.

After the Russian Revolution our town often became a battlefield. The Reds and a White army under a General Petlura, a noted anti-Semite, would take turns occupying the town. The Reds were no threat to the Jews, but the adventurer Petlura attempted to carve for himself a Ukrainian national state with his anti-Semitic stock in trade. (Years later he was assassinated in

Paris by one of his Jewish victims. The killer was acquitted.)

One day in May 1919, my family was visiting at my grand-parents', and we decided to go home at the usual time. As we walked along the road, we heard shouts that Petlura's forces were approaching. At the time it was known that Petlura had given the order to kill every male adult Jew on sight. As I remember it, my mother and I hid in a shed, while my father ran off into the nearby woods. He must have been spotted quickly, because he was caught and shot to death immediately.

The marauding army went through the town like a scourge. They were chased out by the Reds, but my father, aged 32, was dead.

There was no funeral as such. My mother was in shock. I think I understood the meaning of my father's death, but my shallow childish grief did not stop me from playing with my friends the next day. I remember seeing a small cortege of men carrying my father's rough-hewn coffin past my grand-parent's house. One of the old men in the funeral group pointed to me and said I should be ashamed of myself to be playing while my father's corpse was being borne away. I was only six at the time, and not fully aware, but I'll never forget the wave of guilt that washed over me when I heard his harsh disapproval.

My mother and I came to the United States during the next year and I quickly became Americanized--I felt completely safe. Wars and revolutions were over and civilization had become too enlightened for it ever again to

countenance mass anti-Semitism.

I was wrong, of course. The recent commemoration of the Holocaust brought back that early pain.

Aaron Datz

Nobody Came.

Suppose they gave a war,
and nobody came?
The politicians stood alone,
with no-one to blame!
They were forced to fight,
or resolve with words,
To use their 'own' hands,
or speak and be heard!
Suppose they gave a war,
and no-man would fight?
Surely that is advancement,
surely that is right?
To live in love and peace,
all men again are friends,
Pray you peaceful people
to make the fighting end!

By Andy Hazell. 1975

Night Lights

Silver jewel of the night
Surrounded by summer quietness
In your Fairy-land of darkness.
You are one of the joys of nature
I behold in this fair land.

Come the daylight's reality
Cinderella changes back to an
ugly-bug,
Until again, dusk arrives
And your light sparkles
Shining like a star in the sky.

Where does your magic come from?
Why do you glow so vividly?
Surely God foresaw artificial
light;
Did he decide to keep you anyway
So you could stay to light man's
imagination.

Jewel of the summer,
You are a wonder to behold
Whilst partaking of my nightly
stroll
Around country lanes so dark;
Please twinkle before my eyes
tonight.

By Gloria Hazell. '84

Roosevelt Lawns

spicy smelling young wisteria
dogwood snowed under by its own
blossoms
on lawn after lawn the wife who
picks dead branches
from her small green meadow after
office hours
the husband who spades a flower
bed after office hours
digging out weeds and spreading
seeds/they shape their domain

though I find the price of grass
and shrubs obscene
in the face of Ethiopian
starvation, yet
these gardeners give me gladness,
their sweat
creating each brief individual
esthetic

flowers on a lawn feed no one
irresistibly

Neil R. Selden

FOR NOW AT LEAST

A cat whines and spits in the alley, and feet
pounding on the street halt
behind the EXIT.

A long-torsoed man turns on his bar-stool
startled tips of mustache
above his mouth.

The piano chorus, For Now At Least, insinuates
until my body curls
into an ear
in this place where there are no words.

The man at the bar moves a beer to his mouth
by himself, his arm
an hour hand.

Now, in the city someone is making love.
Mouthing each note, the player
spins through me
beyond the mirrors and lights into the night.

In a vacant lot the cat turns his head
slightly to me and stops
one front paw
caught off the ground, at least for now.

for Laurie Altman

David Herrstrom

DRAWING A HOUSE

Tom puts a door at the bottom of the paper,
cuts up two sides and opens it.
Kristen watches, puzzled. To the right
of the door Tom draws curls like smoke. Stairs.
These spirals on the other side, he says,
are an attic. Kristen squirms.
She's drawn the usual square box with
two lines for a roof on it before today,
but this house is crazy, she says suddenly.
"It's not any house you know," Tom replies.
I like his easy answer, and her discomfort.

I picture the hot, sweet air as cedar,
but the trunks stored in the light
from a small window at the house's top
contain clothes from some family I don't know.
If I imagine myself in this attic,
my father will come up the stairs
to look for me. Not understanding
what I am doing in this place, he scolds
and takes me downstairs with him.
After dinner he apologizes,
I nod but can say nothing, ashamed
and afraid to speak to this man, even dead.

Draw a figure beside the door left
open. Try to imagine who it is.
Tom is proud of the house made to hold us
on a morning too wet to go outside.
Someone sits on the top stair
with a suitcase full of pictures, children,
fathers, none of them mine.
Kristen has started to draw something of her own.
I want the house to be a new friend
come to find me, a face lovely and mysterious,
someone I don't know knocking at the door.
Children run to answer it. Time for lunch.
We must clean up the paper, our books and toys.
I give Tom a hug, and Kristen. This morning
I am lonely as any child I know
sitting in the usual, the crazy body.

David Keller

William L. Moore

A Postman killed in Alabama on a
lone civil rights march, April
24, 1963

Out of me endlessly elegies toll
A brain of iron on a ball of bone
When dead men did as he has done,
Gone a bridegroom. Him let me
hold

In the guns of my tongue
In the drums of my arms
In the stones in the domes of my
mind
Let beat and be sung

His pilgrimage.
What will wake from the star of
his heart?
Love must interrogate pain.

He shall be ghost, he shall be

guest,
Guest of my flesh, ghost of my
breath,
Moon in my tower of blood--O deaf
Men's fingers are climbing his
death in my breast!

Out of me endlessly elegies toll
A brain of iron on a bell of bone
When dead men did as he has done,
Gone a bridegroom. Him let me
hold.

Neil R. Selden

THE HOLLOW IN AUGUST

The glossy ghost of a Cadillac
driven by a decrepit black man
impeccably suited in oyster to match
slinks past as I pick berries and up
Witches' Hollow Road. Confusing my perception
of whether I'm in country, or city
thirty - or is it fifty? - years ago. You never see
a real car drive up that gorge.
It slinks through the cut at the north end of town
past the Oscar Nisnevitz Factory
where North Valley peters out in sand, and climbs
between thick hangings of grape and blackberry
ripening in tiers of jewelweed.
When you look up, trees stagger on their knees
to the edge of the gulley, and you can feel their lust,
the dry stream of stones embedded in sand
so soft it swallows your shoes where the light
penetrates under branches. And like pools that could quench
all thirst on August days, shadows well
black as the butterflies that appear then,
eight with weirdly pale blue "eyes"
fumbling in a silent dance
over a carcass that appears to be one grain
of sand steeped in honey sun.

They say its where Alice's Place was.
No one from town, they say, went up,
but the dark-skinned in carloads
rattled through that back road
on Saturday nights. A bordello, they thought,
the garment workers who were settling
utopia below. In the bank, there's a dump:
a blue water heater on its side
and a sofa, some carpet and chenille
bled colorless on their bed of chartreuse moss.
Maybe someone remembers the chenille
was chartreuse. It's every dump I discovered,
a child peering through to the proof of existence
of the creature entered and vanished alive
in the ordered kingdom I knew.
Hungry, tawdry, delicate, wild,
it could only have come from the city.
Just above the dump, the road levels
to giant puddles like tidepools beside the sea
of corn stretched to the power line towers
where the cities have tumbled
up to the doorstep of Alice's Field.

The potter parks her blue car at the factory,
leased when the work project failed.
Oscar Drive, a sign says.
How incongruous the concrete block,
flat houses must have looked
in 1937, sunk among the gentry's
muddy hills and clapboard farms.
When I moved here, the houses looked that odd to me,
even with new aluminum siding,
sloped roofs bowing to the climate
or the desire not to look so foreign.
And now, it is the stuccoed, stone originals
that seem embedded in the native sand,
like the stones in Witches' Hollow.
Sometimes, in their white-painted glare,
I imagine the children are Mediterranean,
then a towhead dashes among them,
then a velvet black one. They are the only natives,
those who haven't yet grown up and moved.

When a black butterfly becomes
imprisoned by the tiger lily,
August opens the velvet cavern of its mouth.
And Change (what this climate keeps
insisting on) succumbs to Spell.
Each name has one: Oscar Drive,
with its waterworks and honeysuckle,
named for the factory although
the road was here before the town.
Alice's Road, my neighbor says,
and the man driving the Cadillac slows to ask
how the berries are this year.
Witches' Hollow is what I thought,
though maybe I heard that
from my husband's mouth, and he
made it up after a day of picking.
When I say Witches' Hollow
people don't know where I mean:
no one really knows where they are any more.
At the top, right now, I swear
fish are jumping in the puddles,
they are so huge, a string of lakes. The eight
butterflies are nine, one
yellow-striped among those dotted blue,
fluttering over nothing but sand
and a leaf scrap. A cut is a hollow
where something sacred or sinful, like home,
was and is no more, and in rich earth
the hollow inverts to a crown
trailing leaves, berries, vines
down the sand that spills plaited
to the mowed valley of our yards
where our own cars drive past like strangers.

Dina Coe

Close

Close

empty me,
now

around and around we go
where we stop

hold me,
now

skin of skin.

David Brahinsky
5/7/67

HERE AND THERE

for Rod Tulloss

To be honest I am
astonished at your cat
who deftly arrests

her spring to the surface of things
like the kitchen table,
an impeccable judge

of depth and weight,
then settling, frankly
sweeps every object

from the place as if
she doesn't own
her own tail or

levels with us lying
here and there--things
exactly as they seem.

David Herrstrom

I see the sun shine,
 I hear the rain fall,
 I smell the fresh flowers.
 I feel the grass beneath my feet,
 I taste the bees honey,
 I take a deep breath,
 and I sing to the wonders of
 life.

See the birds fly
 hear the wind blow
 smell the morning dew
 feel the tree bark
 taste the wild berries
 and sing and dance and jump and
 run to the wonders of life.

I see the world around
 I hear the cries of death
 I smell the burning wood
 I feel the pain
 I taste the flowing blood
 and I cry to the horrors of
 mankind.

See the people go
 hear the bombs
 smell the fear
 feel the loneliness
 taste the death
 and say no more.
 The horrors of mankind have gone.
 For mankind exists no more.
 For life exists no more.

By Petula Hazell

Perfect People?

Are we the perfect people,
 strangers to each other?
 Not knowing when, where, why and
 how we are we and you are you.
 Are we the perfect people,
 machines to one another?
 Not smiling, laughing, crying,
 speaking to each other.
 Are we the perfect people,
 abusing everyone?
 Not knowing names and ages, not
 knowing anyone.
 Who's to say who the perfect
 person is?...
 Perhaps it's the unborn child,
 lying in the womb.
 It can't go against the races,
 colors, religions and beliefs.
 All it hears is the gentle
 pitter-patter of its own heart.
 All it feels is the life growing
 inside its body.

All it knows is peace and quiet,
 But it won't last for long.
 For soon, it may be one of them.
 One of those perfect people?

By Petula Hazell

Meditation

This is
the way
I
am.

A little slow sometimes,
nervous
sometimes.

I waste time
or
I worry that the time I'm
spending sitting quietly doing
nothing
is a waste of
time

And I grow out of it too,
becoming wise about doing
nothing,
remaining stupid about other
things,
so many other things.
Becoming wise about one or
another of these things while
remaining
stupid about the others

I'm a little slow.
I learn slowly.
It takes a great deal to get me
to want to change a comfortable
way
Even to accept myself, for
example.
To accept that I'm slow
That I worry... and so on.
To accept that I learn slowly
that

This is
the way
I
am.

David Brahinsky
Winter, 1985

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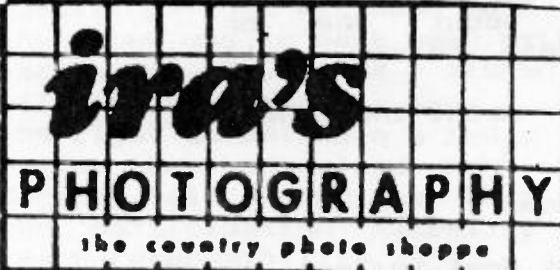
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To Andrew

Sweet joy of life
Oh, how I relish you
Watching your progress.
You came into the world
Like a frantic hurricane.

Needing people around you,
Continual chatter,
Never-ending love
For all to share.
How proud and honored
We, your family feel,
To be presented with you.
To care for, to love.
We have no riches,
But we have you.
Thank God love is free.

By Gloria Hazell '85

The Bone

Havn't you known about the bone
That walks around all night?
If you see it and believe it
It'll give you a horrible fright!
Abe Schlinski

Spring is Here

Tulips are springing
and the birds are chirping
While the tree buds are sprouting
And everyone is happy
because Spring is here.

Jimmy Edelstein 1985
5 years old

The wind blows the tree
it looks like the branches dance.
The wind must like this.
Barry Kanczucker

I had a dream
That seemed to gleam.
Chris Juergens

Street

Street street
That noisy street
People yell
And break glass
And cry
And say good-bye.

Becky Archambo

My snails
Make trails.
Dustin Warnick

The Weeping Willow

Bend green brown soft old
willow pretty wither tree
shady calm favorite

Rachel Brahinsky

I am so good at spelling
And I love it.
S-T-O-P spells stop.

Xantha Burghardt

A seed as small as an ant
What comes out of it?
I think it's a plant.

Bryan Unger

Dreams

Dreams are made of the
Imagination stored up there.
You might be dreaming of
Selling colorful toys at a fair
Or eating pumpkin
Pie with cream.
Oh, wouldn't that be
A yummy dream?


Evelyn Schlinski

City lights shine bright,
blinding out all pretty scene.
Humans hide nature.

Traci Connaughton

A big red balloon
floating in a lonely sky
blowing with the wind

Katy Bauerle




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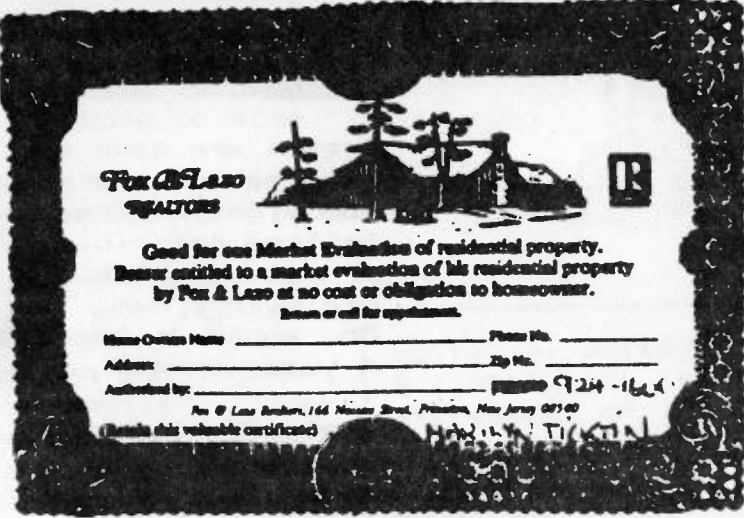
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