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ROOSEVELT
BOROUGH



BULLETIN

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Five-year masthead

compiled by Bob Clark

Pat Antosky...Circulation;
Typing

Ann Baker...Board of Education
News; Council News; Features

Helen Barth...Administration;
Copy Editing; First Aid
News; School News; Typing

Jeff Barth...Features

Peter Berlinrut...Borough
Series; Council News;
Features; Issues & Debate

Barbara Boyles...PTA News

David Brahinsky...Editor;
Editorial Board; Features

Bob Clark...Borough News;
Council News; Features;
Planning Board News

Dave Cooper...Ad Layout; Art;
Headlines

Jim Dulicai...Copy Editor;
Editor; Editorial Board;
Features

Lynn Frank...Business/ad
Manager; Features; Sports

Lynn Friedman...Business/ad
Manager; Social/calendar
News; Circulation; Features

Judith Goetzman...Features

Rosemarie Greenman...Layout;
Paste-up

Jo Ellen Grossman...PTA News

Barbara Halpern...Food Column

Freda Hepner...Culture News;
Features; Notes and
Passages

David Herrstrom...Features

Beth Johnson...Food Column;
PTA News; School News

Sue Ann Jones...Founding
Editor

Pat Kaye...Assistant Editor;
Editor

Norma Kushner...Ad Sales;
Treasurer

Andrea Lakin...Art; Features;
Headlines; Layout; Paste-
up; Photography

Terry Lepore...Headlines

Clara Levinson...Circulation

Josephine Maley...Circulation

Arlene Rashkin...Board of
Education News

Irv Rose...Features

Merle Rose...Calendar News;
Features; Headlines;
Paste-up; Photography

Margaret Schlinski...
Features

Arthur Shapiro...Features;
Minutes Ago

Elly Shapiro...Features;
Food Column; PTA News;
Paste-up; School News;
Social/calendar News

Hortense Sochowitzky...
Assistant Editor; Copy
Editor; Editorial Board;
Administration; Features;
Proofreading; School News

Josef Solomon...Features;
Love of Words; School
News

Marilyn Vitolo...Headlines

Peter Warren...Council News

Carol Watchler...Borough
News; Features

Helga Wisowaty...Senior News

Adeenah Yeger...Features;
Fire Company News; Typing

The beginning

by Sue Ann Jones

Five years is long enough. It's time for a confession.

I didn't start the Roosevelt Borough Bulletin.

I have enjoyed taking the credit. It's quite a publication. But I didn't do it. Here's what happened.

My husband, David, and I had moved to Roosevelt after our graduation from the University of Missouri in 1976. Except for college, I had never lived anywhere outside the shelter of the Ozark Mountains. When I hit Roosevelt, I was as naive as a stump.

We moved into the Warren house on Pine Drive. Lynn and Mel Friedman lived next door. When frequent bouts of homesickness struck, Linnie came to my rescue.

During one of the melancholy attacks, I talked to Lynn about my little hometown newspaper, and how I had always thought I would end up working there. It would be nice if Roosevelt had a little paper I could work on, I told her.

The next thing I knew, I was sitting at Lynn's kitchen table, telling other people about the idea for a paper. Lynn had rounded up some friends who were interested. The PTA agreed to sponsor the paper, but the officers urged us to keep expenses down. Within two months, the first issue of the Borough Bulletin was printed. We ran it off on the mimeograph at the

school, and delivered it door-to-door.

If one person is credited with starting the Bulletin, it should be Lynn.

Ironically, she has always fought having a byline in the paper, even though she has supplied many stories and the monthly calendar.

George Loyer brought us a blessing. He offered to print the Bulletin at Princeton Research Press for his wholesale cost. He later donated that money back to the Bulletin. And soon we had a second-class mailing permit. Suddenly, we were big time -- in a small way.

There were others who worked awfully hard on those first issues. Dave Cooper sacrificed a lot of sleep drawing headlines and pictures for us in the wee hours of the morning.

Lynn Frank handled the business dealings, and pestered her friends and business contacts until they agreed to advertise. Norma Kushner soon joined her, and seemed never to go to a shop or the dentist without returning with an ad.

The Bulletin didn't cost the PTA anything. We turned a profit.

Honey Sochowitzky took her job as proofreader and grammar-corrector seriously. We rarely had a typo.

Elly Shapiro provided all sorts of features, food columns, physical help, and, when we needed it, strong shots of stick-to-it enthusiasm.

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The beginning

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Peter Berlinrut and Merle Rose wrote for us. And Bob Clark soon joined us as one of the most dependable reporters, reliably covering council and planning board meetings.

If Lynn Friedman gets the credit for starting the paper, Pat Kaye should get the credit for carrying through with the project. As assistant editor, she performed magic, pulling everything together -- just in time -- every month.

I remember those days most fondly. We all worked hard. Our monthly meetings were round-tables of the most fascinating discussions. We were so proud of what we were doing -- as the staff should still be now. I was so thrilled with it all that I wrote two letters to the New York Times, urging the New Jersey editor to consider a feature about this wonderful paper in this remarkable little town.

After all, what other publication could boast a volunteer staff that included writers trained as authors, philosophers, artists, teachers, lawyers, nurses,

homemakers, collegiate press directors and magazine writers?

The Bulletin was -- and still is -- a success against the odds. Volunteer projects just don't last. But instead of dying, the Bulletin continues to grow in both advertising and editorial content.

When it arrives at my home in Ohio, I read every page, marveling at the depth of feelings shown. The writers write -- the readers respond. The community is proud of the Bulletin, too. The citizens believe in it. And they contribute to it.

The Washington Post couldn't ask for more.

So I send my congratulations to the Bulletin on its fifth anniversary, and to Roosevelt for continuing to support this maverick, odds-defying newspaper. I really believe it couldn't happen anywhere else. But in Roosevelt, as all of you know, everything is different. And anything is possible.

I miss you.

When painting the boys' bathroom at R.P.S. ...

by Pat Kaye

I was painting the boys' bathroom at RPS when someone walked out of a PTA meeting and introduced me to Sue Ann Jones. She was proposing that we start a community newspaper, and I had been volunteered (probably by Lynn Frank) as a likely helper.

For months (Could it have been years?) I had been toying with the idea of working to revive the old Roosevelt News. But the task had always seemed so large. Who would write the articles? Who would type? One person could not do it all. Having lived through the disintegration of the Roosevelt Nursery School I was afraid the needed help would not be forthcoming.

But here was this Sue Ann Jones who had no such fears, and she was full of enthusiasm for a project I already believed in. We found we had other things in common: a Southern upbringing and a journalism degree. I decided this newspaper idea could turn out to be fun.

Others agreed. Lynn Frank said she would sell ads. Honey Sochowitzky said she would proofread. Elly Shapiro and Lynn Friedman said they would help and so did Peter Berlinrut, who had been talking to me about the need for a town newspaper since I had known him.

The momentum began to build. George Loyer offered to replace our mimeograph process with crisp, clean offset printing. More volunteers came forward. The strength of the talent pool that resulted was evident in the paper, and you could feel it when we met once a month to plan the next issue. We all prided ourselves on the fact that our meetings were enjoyable. Ideas abounded and decisions followed active, respectful debate.

Watching Sue Ann taught me a great deal. She never forgot that the Bulletin staffers were volunteers. She had a way of making each person feel valuable. When she told me she would be moving to Ohio I agreed to help keep the paper going. She left more than her own personal mark on the town; she left us a gift of a vital community newspaper.

I was not the only one who valued the Bulletin. More help came forward, and soon I had trained others to do some of the jobs that used to keep me up until 4 a.m. Our meetings continued to be fun. When the time arrived for me to move on to another community, I knew the newspaper would again survive.

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When painting

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Jim Dulicai took over the job of editor, and the presses continued to roll.

Now, five quick years later, I still receive the Borough Bulletin. The place I live is different from Roosevelt, rural and mountainous. The lifestyle is slower, but my personal lifestyle includes a commute and a job that keeps me from the kind of intimate community involvement

that made the volunteer newspaper possible. But once a month I stop to read the Borough Bulletin, to marvel at its longevity, and to be delightfully reminded that I was once a part of the birth and perpetuation of something absolutely magic in a town where the most remarkable things can happen when people put their mutual minds and spirits into the task.

Humbly we admit we are a success

by Bob Clark

It is safe for the Roosevelt Borough Bulletin to call itself a success. The first issue hit the streets in July 1977, five years ago. It was called the Roosevelt Tabloid, and the mimeographic print could barely be read. Volume 1, No. 1 was ten pages long, and eight names appeared on the masthead. We advanced to a forty page issue. Thirty-nine people have graced the masthead in the last five years.

Although a nonprofit organization sponsored by the PTA, the Bulletin, through its printer's generosity, has donated hundreds of dollars to 4th of July celebrations. If it folded before its next publication date in September 1982, the Bulletin's back issues would still serve as a singularly detailed five-year chronicle of Roosevelt. It has inspired debate, sparked community interest and alerted residents to important events. It has entertained, educated and awakened the citizenry.

School children have found a forum in the Bulletin. Politicians have stated their views. Questionnaires have been distributed, and important notices have been published. Newcomers have been welcomed. Family members and friends have worked together. Charities and causes have been promoted.

Nonetheless, some of the same things which explain the Bulletin's success mirror its vulnerability. Apathy is a constant foe, community involvement a constant goal.

Of the ten people who laid the foundation for the newspaper, just four -- Lynn Friedman, Elly Shapiro, Norma Kushner and Peter Berlinrut -- remain on staff. Thus, the Bulletin is not immune from life's priorities, the moving van's wake and the "burn-out" phenomenon. A constant influx of enthusiastic staff and contributors has been necessary to ensure continuing success.

There must also be a literary or journalistic pro-

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professional at the helm, willing to accept ultimate responsibility and to serve ridiculously long hours with no hope of remuneration. Five such professionals -- Sue Ann Jones, Pat Kaye, Jim Dulicai, Hortense Sochowitzky and David Brahinsky -- have come forward in the last five years. They belong to a threatened species that fortunately has found the Bulletin to be a suitable habitat. Jim Dulicai's lament, "I work all week for Mobil and all week end for the Bulletin," echoes through the staff.

People marvel at the number and variety of creative and administrative chores involved in the production of each issue. Each month numerous sacrifices are made by volunteers. The five-year masthead reveals several individuals who have performed quite diverse jobs. So far, as frequently as the gaps arise (and each gap has the potential to halt production) stalwart people step forward to fill them.

Other wonders are the special contributions provided by members of the community. I counted 93 individuals, other than staff, whose pieces appeared on our pages. In addition, at least 45 people sent letters to the editor. Some, such as Lew Gantwerk ("Principal's Letter"), Beverly Hetrick ("Principal's Letter"), Ilse Riesenfeld, Rabbi Jay Jacobs, Edwin Rosskam and Michael Ticktin, contributed so often that they could have been listed on the masthead as feature writers.

It took a long time, however, to encourage so many

people to participate. Much news about art exhibits, graduations, new arrivals and certain events still goes unreported. Volunteers are not servants or magicians; we rely heavily on the community for announcements and news. Of necessity our response to those who carp about missing news and absent articles is "write it yourself and we will print it, or tell us and something will get in."

Among all the good works are there any insidious elements? Does the Bulletin "belong" to any "faction" in town? It does not, as evidenced by the numerous occasions when staff members have responded with letters to the editor concerning other staffers' articles. Anyone interested in the survival of a small town knows that disagreements must be amiable. The Bulletin has always advanced free speech and free press. One reason the Bulletin has caught on is that people realize the publication steers a course which anyone can plot with a little work and the editor's address.



Ah yes she remembers it well

by Elly Shapiro

Five years? Already? Where has the time gone? I remember as if it were yesterday sitting around a table in one of the classrooms at the school and discussing the feasibility of a new town "newspaper" -- as yet unnamed. Time though, dulls the memory, folks, so please don't be offended if I leave something out or add something on!

Former editors Sue Ann Jones and Pat Kaye, Lynn Friedman, Lynn Frank, Peter Berlinrut, Bob Clark and probably some others spent some time that evening conceiving this monthly Bulletin. The idea for the meeting came about informally as a result of "coffee-break" conversation at the home of Lynn Friedman. The idea was then brought before the P.T.A. for possible sponsorship. We sat around and brainstormed as to frequency of publication, length, format, layout, etc.

Each of us recruited people and found the niche into which he/she would comfortably fit. Those with prior experience became editors and the rest did what they knew best -- solicited advertisers, tried various columns, proof-read, typed, etc. We made phone calls, collated and gathered news, each on a different day of the month.

We held a contest for a name for this brainchild and from among the plethora of

suggestions (two, to be exact) chose Borough Bulletin. The winner was Dave Cooper, who also designed the logo. His prize? A free subscription to the Borough Bulletin, of course.

The first issues were typed on mimeograph sheets and run off at the school on P.T.A. purchased paper. Sue Ann and Pat who were occupied during the day did most of the editing and typing in the evening. Eventually they were more than happy to share their knowledge and held clinics for those willing to learn any aspect of the newspaper "business." Merle Rose, Norma Kushner, Honey Sochowitzky, Lynn Friedman, Lynn Frank and I spent many an evening at Sue Ann's house learning paste-up, typing fillers and jump heads and generally having fun. Sometimes David Herrstrom or Arthur Shapiro would join us. David Cooper would do artwork and various people did the headlines for us with rub off lettering. Amanda Rose often joined us. Speaking of joining -- the person who invented rubber cement was frequently a topic of conversation -- when those of us at "paste-up" could barely detach ourselves from the lay out boards, the classroom tables and each other due to copious amounts of this gooey product.

We each knew the joy of receiving a phone call one

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evening to come and collate... walk around and around a table putting pages in numerical order for each issue. The paper then went to the stapler and then the labeler for out of town issues. None of us need now dread that phone call though, because for a while Ilene Levine's public school class has been assisting in this very tedious but necessary task. Our pay for all this? We each have the option of sending the Borough Bulletin to one out of town person without the usual three dollar per year subscription fee.

There has been a great deal of change over the years. The process of producing this monthly is still unique and it

has been refined and become well-oiled (well fairly well-oiled, anyhow). Editors have come and gone -- we've gone from mimeographed sheets to camera ready photo offset printing. Thanks to George Loyer, David Teich and Connie Herrstrom it gets back and forth from Princeton where it is printed. Yes, a lot has changed but a great deal remains the same. A look around at any of our meetings shows many familiar faces among the ever changing staff. Many of the original crew are still on board. If you have saved the volumes, as I have, read the mast-heads. They tell an interesting story.

HELP NEEDED AT RPS

PART TIME HELP/SUBSTITUTE LUNCHROOM AIDES/SUBSTITUTE BUILDING CUSTODIAN/SUBSTITUTE TEACHERS: The Roosevelt Board of Education is looking for part time summer help to aid in cleaning the school during the month of August. Interested persons should include in the letter (explained below) what hours he/she is interested in, if there is a preference.

Also, the Board of Education needs substitute lunchroom aides (which may mean a phone call early one morning if you can work that same day from 11:15 to 1:15). This consists mainly of helping to supervise the

children during lunch and recess.

Substitute Building Custodians are also called, usually, the same day help is needed. This consists of emptying waste paper baskets, vacuuming, sweeping, etc.

And, of course, Substitute Teachers: Applicants must be eligible for a County Substitute Teacher Certificate.

If you are interested in any of the above "as needed" positions, send a letter of interest to the Roosevelt Board of Education, C/O Dr. S. Sussman, Administrative Principal, P.O. Box 86, Roosevelt, N.J. 08555-0086. State position(s) desired.

Equal Opportunity/
Affirmative Action Employer.

MINUTES AGO

Rewards sometimes come in the mail

by Arthur Shapiro

It's hard for me to believe that the Bulletin has been in existence for five years. Sometime after its founding, I began to write the Minutes Ago column by gleaning items from early Council and School Board minutes -- hence the name. I believe it was Pat Kaye who asked me to write a nostalgia article on what it was like to grow up in town. After completing the column, I realized that each of the memories I listed could be expanded into a full article. And so it's continued.

Writing Minutes Ago is one of the fun things I do. Although it's hard to come up with an article for every issue, I try because of the serendipitous joys it brings, like the time Frieda Anish and Jeanette Koffler stopped me at the post office and told me "I laughed at your last article in the Bulletin." Then they told me the story as they remembered it. I also enjoy it when former Rooseveltians like Flora Grossman, Henry Leibson and Sol Berg express appreciation for a particular story that brought back memories of living here. Even former members of my gang, "The Downbeats" and my danceband, "The Stardusters" have contacted me.

It's not only the calls I've gotten and the conversations I've had that have been flattering but the mail I've gotten too. One of my favorite pieces

is a letter from the Mueller family beginning, "Dear Arthur, This is a fan letter..." My most surprising letter came from Shimmy Katzenellenbogen who wrote after Jean Herman sent him a copy of the article I did on his ninth birthday party. Shimmy has lived in Cheshire, England for the past twenty years. I hadn't heard from him in all that time. Now we intend to correspond regularly.

Probably the funniest note came from Hightstown Mayor, Skip Cox, an old friend and colleague. Skip, an avid reader of our newspaper sent me the following message, "Read your Lakewood article in the Borough Bulletin -- you have great talent. I think you're ready to move up to the Hightstown Gazette!"

I mention these incidents in this anniversary issue not to brag, but to thank! It's my way of letting you know I am well paid for my efforts. For that I am most grateful.

Words to be livid by: of book-learning, real learning, and newspaper-learning

by Jim Dulicai

"The duty of a newspaper is to comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable."

Oyez, oyez, the sentiment cries out from the crusading newspapering soul. Though the author, says H.L. Mencken's Dictionary of Quotations, is unidentified, I took the inspiration as my own, in a small-time way, when donning the local editor's sleeve garters, eyeshade, and dinner jacket (crusading, maybe, and why not be a little classy, too?)

But that's about duty. The function of a newspaper, says Mencken's following entry, "is to make the ignorant more ignorant and crazy crazier." Uh-oh.

That's more like it in the real world, small world of Roosevelt newspapering. So now that the Borough Bulletin is commemorating one-twentieth of a century of service to community and the staff is soliciting sagacity from editors emeriti, I have a few jottings to share. Nothing weighty, you understand ("sage" belongs more in turkey than newspapers, even if some readers did seem to feel one should go stuff oneself) -- just a few things I found needed a bit of thinking.

Meditation No. 1 -- It is harder to write and edit for hundreds of readers than for millions. When a national columnist savages a Congressional representative, there's little chance of an embarrassing encounter the next morning

while buying salami or stamps. Here, there's no anonymity, just an interesting paradox: While we all delight in gossip (well, o.k., not you and me; just all of them), there's reluctance to put in writing anything unfavorable, even if true. "He may have said it, but he didn't mean it," one critic argued in explaining why the Bulletin should have helped sort out the thinking of one public speaker. No way. There's no place for subjective "here's-my-opinion" interpretation in news stories; those ought to be objective. And that introduces the next point:

Meditation No. 2 -- My "objective" is your "subjective," or "one man's meat is another man's endangered species." Back in journalism school, the principle of objectivity meant fair, balanced, even-handed. Maybe it is one of those laws observed more in the breach, but the principle is so simple: Don't take sides. In town, the principle is articulated more as, "I object!" And with our contentious tradition, everyone objects to something (a phenomenon perhaps related to the theory that "for every fool, there is an equal and opposite fool"). Yet despite Roosevelt's strong oral tradition of outspokenness and public comment, the expectation for print is otherwise. Some readers gasped, "What'd you let them say that for?" "Let?" They did, that's all. For the Bulletin staff, there's a corollary:

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Meditation No. 2A -- Just because my heart is pure, my strength is not necessarily pure, factual writing. It's a constant battle for an editor, as perhaps a couple of examples will make clear: Just as when the American Civil Liberties Union defends the right of Nazis to speak it is not defending the Nazi point of view. Similarly, to report an event ought not to endorse or condemn it.

Take, for instance, the 1980 Congressional election when our district's main choices were an Abscam felon or a "right-to-life" lobbyist with experience as limited as his vision and platform. Not only did the alternatives justify one old journalist's remark that "there is but one way for a newspaperman to look at a politician, and that is down," it also demonstrated that difficult ethical decisions are not so much between good and evil as between the lesser of two evils. So any editorial inference that "we won" because A (or B) won, is out of place. Who's "we"? The writer and voters of similar persuasion? We, the Bulletin staff? We, all the readers?

And the more emotional the issue, the greater the need to guard against subtle editorializing. That's why I'd guard against self-righteous rhetoric even -- especially -- if the cause is right. Better to use news space to make the ignorant and crazy less so with facts, and save the opinionated prose for personal columns and letters to the editor.

That sometime struggle for a neutral tone was tough for another reason too:

Meditation No. 3 -- Ban the bombast. The bigger the cause, the bigger the words and the mightier the rhetoric that cross an editor's desk. Puffed up at the podium, actual or metaphoric, many of us adopt the overblown style (Mencken called it "bow-wow language") that we see humorously mocked on "Hill Street Blues" and other cop shows: "Apprehension of the perpetrator was accomplished...." This self-important tone is especially tough to root out when (a) the staff is sensitive (aren't we all?) (b) when they aren't expecting hassles in volunteering their time and energy, and (c) when the editor is guilty of over rich language himself. I'd make an exception, though, and go along with indirection in the interest of good taste for a family newspaper -- for example, describing someone (like Henry Kissinger perhaps) as having a "coprophagous" grin.

All this is beginning to sound a bit weighty after all. So beyond journalistic meditations, I'd like to share a few lighter "laws" you might find have some relevance for the borough in which the Bulletin lives. These actually were formulated for academia, and collected by a former Wall Street Journal colleague for his column:

"...Academics love
to lay down laws.
One of the more famous

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is attributed to the late Wallace Sayre of Columbia University. Sayre's Third Law of Politics -- no one seems to know the first two, or whether there even were a first two -- holds that 'academic politics is the most vicious and bitter form of politics, because the stakes are so low.' A later variant says they're the most vicious form of politics 'because the fighting is over issues decided five years earlier.' Historian Ernest May, who suffered as Dean of Harvard College for several of the years when student protestors and their faculty sympathizers

were turning Harvard upside down, has come up with one that might be called May's Mordant Maxim: 'A university is a place where men of principle outnumber men of honor.'

Now, I'd never say Roosevelt has the same hothouse, inbred atmosphere as an academic campus, but two years of editing Bulletin news closely and taking long, irate phone calls on the weekends and late at night (as well as another three years of just reading about us) do suggest some similarity.

And all that was part of the fun of being editor for awhile...and part of the reason I'm hopeful the Bulletin is headed for many more years of success. May it long raise awareness...and hell.



An editor learns the trade and takes his lumps

by David Brahinsky

My role as a member of the editorial board of the Bulletin began at the December, 1980 school Winter Concert. A staff person told me that the current editor was leaving and that they needed an editor. He played up, as it is said, to my "better" side, citing loyalty to the town, my obvious editorial talents (of which neither he nor I could possibly have had any idea at the time), the importance of the Bulletin to the community, and so on. Not immune to undeserved flattery, I accepted The Call.

At the first meeting I sat rather uncomfortably listening to the goings on -- for I was contemplating and being contemplated as an editor of this group, although I hadn't worked on the paper at all and barely knew the staff. I was a raw recruit being considered for a generalship.

Well, the state of things at the Bulletin was such that I was accepted and went to work with Jim Dulicai and Honey Sochowitzky. Immediately I was overawed. They were so professional. Jim swept through articles like Alexander the Great, wielding his pen with marvelous aplomb, cutting here, chopping there, fixing this, pasting that -- and all the while keeping up a regular chatter, the meaning

of which often flew past me before my eager brain could grasp it.

The problem was I had to learn "The System." They had a complicated numerical system to determine headline length, a system for communicating headline information to the headline person, typist, and paste-up person, a special form with strange, mystical words like "slug" and all sorts of codes to keep track of incoming articles, articles due, articles edited, typed, and so on. Honey and Jim spoke of the "headline person," "paste-up," "collation," "labeling," "stapling," and so on, and I had only a vague idea of what they were referring to.

It took most of the rest of that winter and spring before I felt reasonably secure as a headline writer, with the headline number system and the numerous codes. But little by little I learned and have even become familiar with what paste-up involves and how the headlines are composed (an extremely interesting and unlikely process, by the way). Later I discovered that the editor must also serve as knee twister, elbow bender, side nudger, angry citizen pacifier, research checker, unhappy staff soother, and so on. The editor, I also

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learned, serves as coordinator of the work of the authors (sensitive types, you understand), typist, headline person, paste-up people, printer, collators and labelers. Furthermore, the editor usually serves as errand boy or 'he-who-carries-the-boxes-of-printed-Bulletin-around-town-and-finally-to-the-mail.' It was then that I remembered seeing Pat Kaye carrying a giant stack of Bulletins to the mail way back when we were all younger. If only I had remembered that vision when first asked....

Oh well, you takes what you gets and you tries to carry your load -- or so my pappy used to -- or was it Gabby Hayes? Anyway, as a writer I was the proverbial "house of fire." I opened with a piece in which I complained how little Roosevelt dog owners cared about the effect the barking of their dogs had (have) on their neighbor's minds, and instead of the effect I'd hoped for (silence, the tuneful songs of birds), the article hurt some people's feelings and made others angry at me. Editor, edit thyself! Then, with the help of interested citizens, I put together an article on gypsy moths in which I cited research that proved that spraying with Sevin has the opposite of the intended effect (it actually increases caterpillar prevalence in the long run). The upshot was the town completely ignored the article and voted to spray with Sevin anyway. Oh well, it takes three strikes, right?

Of course, it has been fun. I wouldn't do it if it wasn't (the pay isn't exactly the best although I understand Bob Clark is leading a campaign to change this, right Bob?). I like the people and I really enjoy the interaction. The staff consists of people with a great variety of philosophies. If I were asked to specify the dominant philosophy, I would say it was an interest in reporting the truth. When we do so we actually help the community by informing it so that it can make intelligent, realistic decisions. And decisions we have and will have to make, for like the rest of New Jersey, not to speak of the country and the world, we have energy problems, water and sewer problems, tax and financial problems, and so on. By reporting accurately and honestly we do our part by providing substantial food for people to chew on, mull over, and digest before deciding what's best for the community.

The future of the Bulletin depends on the willingness of townspeople to contribute their time and energy to keeping it alive and flourishing. Various forms of "burn-out" do occur -- collating and labeling burn-out, headline making burn-out, paste-up burn-out, feature writing burn-out, covering the school board burn-out, covering the council burn-out, and yes, even editor burn-out. To keep us going we need a continuous influx of, pardon the expression, fresh

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editor learns the trade

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blood. Personally, after re-viewing the five year masthead, I would like to see some re-cycled blood, for some former burn-outs should be healed right about now, ready to re-enter the fray with enthusiasm if also with fear and trembling.

To get involved in the Bulletin, Roosevelt's only newspaper, contact any member of the staff. You need not have any special talents, by the way. All you need, to paraphrase the Beatles, is love.

