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ROOSEVELT
BOROUGH



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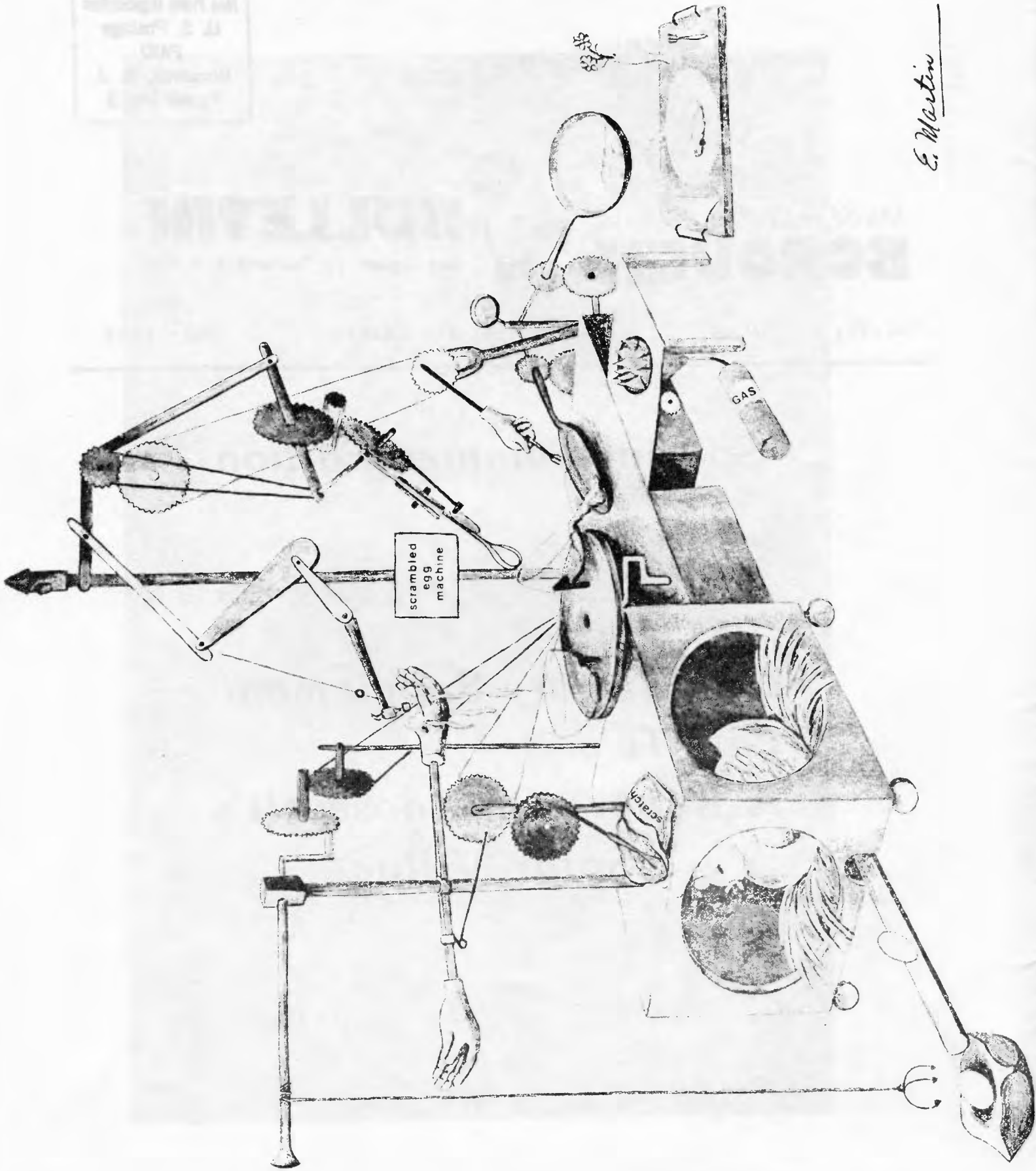
Special Summer Edition

Part One:

The Literary Supplement

Part Two:

*A Report On Roosevelt's
Solar Village*



E. Martin

THE WINE AND THE ONION

I'm old and I think of the men I have loved. The odors of the mind are so many. The man I want to tell you about is a man whose name I never knew.

In those years I lived in a village with eight houses, in southwestern France. My family's house had many rooms, and because of its great size it was often occupied by soldiers. Sometimes the soldiers were French and sometimes the soldiers were German. Whichever army had won the last battle in our countryside used my house as a garrison and commissary for some of its men.

I was nine, and it seemed to me then that I lived in the kitchen. On Mondays we baked bread, and all the women of the eight houses came to bake bread with us, dark round loaves of bread that were heated in the ovens on platters of wood and that carried the press of the wood on their bellies. Each of us children, if we had done our work well, would taste the bread and share it with the soldiers, who came clumping into the kitchen with their boots muddy; I was always jealous because I was not allowed to enter the kitchen except with clean shoes.

The soldier I remember was thin and young, and his face was as delicate as a teacup-- Chinese he was, I thought, but later I discovered that he came from a distant French colony called Indo-China. All the time he lived in my house he never spoke to me, nor I to him, until the day he left.

First I must describe to you the way that the young soldier from Indo-China would eat the bread that we baked. The bread would be cut with a long black-handled knife, first in half, then in quarters, then quartered again. Each time it was cut you could smell the insides of the loaf reaching out again like a warm body beside you. The soldier from Indo-China always smiled when the bread was cut, and I would smile, watching him. Each piece of bread was smeared thick with butter that I and the eight women from the eight houses had churned. The butter looked like the yellow of the flowers in the fields. Whenever the butter was laid on the bread, the soldier from Indo-China appeared very solemn. On top of the butter we placed snowy heaps of cottage cheese that reminded me of the Pyrenees in winter, and the soldier from Indo-China knitted his brows, causing me to wonder whether he had ever seen snow in his homeland, snow thickly drifted as it was then, surrounding us in our woods. On top of the butter and on top of the cheese came the pride of our valley, applesauce from our apple orchards, and the soldier from Indo-China would laugh, licking his lips as he saw the applesauce spooned on, and I would laugh a little with him. On top of the butter on top of the cheese on top of the applesauce, another thick slice of dark woodsmelling bread was laid. The soldier from Indo-China had to eat the sandwich from the side, because his mouth, no matter how wide he stretched it, could not reach the top and the bottom of the sandwich at the same time.

One day the guns sounded big, and closer. Sometimes it seemed as if the sound of the guns made the snow fall from the boughs of the trees. And sometimes I could no longer hear them, because they had become a habit of the day. I was stirring a soup in the kitchen and

THE WINE AND THE ONION

listening to the boots of the soldiers as they hurried up and down the stairs of the house. Which of them was the soldier from Indo-China, I wondered. The sound of the guns came closer, and I was afraid. I heard the sound of a bugle near our barn, and I saw the soldiers running from our house to assemble there. Each soldier carried his full gear, for the first time since they had come. And the eight families from the eight houses in the village came out to watch the soldiers leave us. The snow was melting, and beneath its whiteness spring was whispering green things.

I stood in the kitchen alone. The house was so silent. I could hear the bubbling of the soup. Then I heard the sound of boots, a single pair of boots, lightly on the stairs, as if the wearer was moving on his toes, but swiftly. The soldier from Indo-China appeared in the doorway of the kitchen. In one hand he held an onion, and in the other a small bottle of wine. He laid the onion in my left hand and the bottle of wine in my right. Outside, suddenly, the snow began exploding white and red, and the window of the kitchen shattered in on us. Soldiers and villagers were scattering.

"In my country," the soldier from Indo-China said quietly, "I would give you blue silks and green silks and yellow silks and purple."

I watched through the broken kitchen window as the soldier from Indo-China ran with his rifle toward the barn. And then he fell, and he never got up again.

I'm old now and I think of the men I have loved.

Bob Imbrie
Neil Selden

the path back
from the post off-

ice, black-

birds flushed from cherry trees.

The ragged flights, the

flock, the rain, the

trees, in-

terstices.

vii. 30. 77
Roosevelt
for David Herrstrom

Rod Tulloss

Carrying a Chinese phoenix kite,
walking to the schoolyard. . .
Two little blue butterflies are
like violets that leap stuttering
into the lower air.
The little boy cannot twine them
in the bracelet of flowers
he makes for his father's new wife.

v. 5. 79
Roosevelt
for Mary, David
and Mark

Rod Tulloss

Part Two:

A Republic of Leonardo's

LEONARDO DA VINCI

When the tall weeds died and blew down,
 I found Leonardo Da Vinci squatting in the wildfield.
 He had watched doves and bobwhites for centuries,
 understood every feather of their bodies.
 He was burnt umber, the size of a deflating basketball,
 covered with long gray hair and
 incredibly patient.

26. xii. 78
 Baltimore

The cuckoo leans
 out from his branch,
 an offended snob, your
 teaspoons in
 his hat.

v. 11. 78
 Roosevelt

The rain softens,
 and bubbles move slowly
 on the courtyard tiles.
 The illustrious Yang Wan-li
 compared bubbles to Buddha's
 forehead jewel.
 I don't know.
 Tell me again
 how you see the blown palms
 each time we rest after love.

26. v. 78
 Oyster Pond
 St. Maarten, N.A.
 for Mary

Rod Tulloss

LOVE MONSTER

One April after making love,
I rose---immense, slow-moving, mindless.
"Look out, Tokyo!"
It was too late.

iv. 10. 77
Red Bank
for Mary

Rod Tulloss

I love you, dear lady of the sky blue Porsche;
My blue plastic bowl
of cold kasha,
informed of you,
delights me.
The particulars of my two-chair kitchen
speak of electronic ignition.
The D-to-A converters of Heaven
give back the purest notes of God's
primary memory---angels
with picosecond rise-time praise
you wide eyes,
your generous touch, your. . .
You sober marvel! I
am walking around the kitchen nude
carrying one quarter head
of lettuce.

iii. 7. 77
Lawrenceville
for Mary

Rod Tulloss

IN THE MIDST OF READING WANG WEI

The new pipe darkens slowly.
 The afternoon brightens.
 Every month since I've known you
 I become more happy.
 When people greet me,
 I tell them how I am.
 Isn't it odd they keep asking?

1-6. xi. 77
 Chicago/Roosevelt
 for Mary

Rod Tulloss

If there is any injustice,
 it is
 that the grackle should bear his
 ugly name,
 that the starling's name
 should ring.

ii. 25. 78
 Roosevelt

Rod Tulloss

GRADUATION POEM-SPEECH

To some a house is a home
To others it is a town
Their home is just a place to live

To some home is the ones they love
To some it's the race of man
Love is their home

To some it's sea and sand
To others it's mountains and sky
Nature is their home

I am leaving home but I am not sad
The race of man is also my home
When I leave the race of man the earth will hold my bones
And nature shall be my home

I am never lonely
I am always home
Wherever I live
With all mankind
As a part of nature

Mark Tulloss

Special thanks to Andrea Lakin
for pasting up last month's
issue and to Rosemarie Greenman
for helping to train our new
paste-up people this month.

WHEN THE KID WAS WITH ME

At a recent town function, a New Yorker who settled here as an adult tried to convey how much he thought I had missed by growing up in Roosevelt. He mentioned such wonderful things as corner soda fountains and sewer ball games.

I laughed. I distinctly remember my New York cousins wanting to come to our house for vacations. There was always so much to do here.

In the winter you could belly flop on your Flexible Flyer down the Big Hill (now called Steeplechase) or go ice-skating on the pond near the sewage disposal (who would ever believe that I'd move closer to it!).

In the summer you could take in a movie in Joe Violi's garage at the triangle (he charged a dime), or put hot smooth stones from the road down the front of your pants to stop the poison ivy from itching. If you wanted to go swimming, the choices were Etra and Perrineville Lakes.

If you had nothing better to do you could listen to your neighbor's phone calls on the party line (our number was 567-R11), go to the Commissary (now the store) or to hang out at "Frenchy's" gas station.

If you were a Roosevelt kid, you could follow Simon Major collecting trash and ride your bike down streets with exotic names like Cooperative Extension or Co-op Circle. You could make a net out of wire hanger and cheesecloth or one of your mother's old stockings and catch, in season, lightning bugs, frogs, turtles, moths, hoptoads, bees, tadpoles.

In school you could join the Safety Patrol and arrest other kids for breaking rules such as double-riding.

After school a kid could play roly-poly, wall-ball, handball, batter-up, softball, or touch football. You could build a fort or a hut at Green Mountain behind Shahn's house and cook potatoes in the ground.

If you were bored, you could make a rug with a horse reins (a homemade loom made from a spool), a rubber gun (from an inner tube), a match gun (from a spring clothespin), a kite (from newspaper), a slingshot or a bow and arrow. You could play marbles (puries were the best), yell to your friends through the sewers, or "bust" tar bubbles in the road.

You could join Troop 83 of the Boy Scouts (Stefan Martin was my fearless patrol leader) or join the Roosevelt Drum and Bugle Corps, led by Harold Cooper.

Kenny Kaye, Steve Grossman, Mike and Bruce Block, Jimmy Frank and Robbie Bookman were the nemes of "little kids".

My friends had names like Oogie, Obbinocker, Hump, Beefy, Petslock and Worm. If you really wanted to insult a guy, you "slipped" him by calling him by his mother's first name.

During the summer, if you wanted to work, you could candle eggs or vaccinate chickens on a farm. At night you could hang out at Bogatz's with the New York girls.

In those days your mother never had to leave town to do her shopping. Lobl's store delivered. In addition a fish man, an egg man, two bread men, the kosher butcher, an ice cream man, the Hammer soda truck, two milkmen and the shochet (who killed fresh chickens) routinely came through town.

Many Rooseveltains ate Friday night dinner at Nick Mastoris'

WHEN THE KID WAS WITH ME

Hightstown Diner. For the best ice cream you needed to go only as far as Katz's in Etra.

Your initiation into Hightstown High School, if you were a freshman boy, consisted of having your pants pulled off at the triangle during the first weeks of school and all freshmen were relegated to the back of the bus. On Saturday night you could go to the Canteen over the Hightstown Fire House.

If you craved excitement, you could play cops by stopping cars in your Hightstown High School Band uniform or go bushwacking at the Crematory with friends you have for a lifetime.

And to think I gave up corner soda fountains and sewer ball!

Arthur Shapiro

EMILY

Emily is my sister
She does funny things.
In the morning she is a kitten.
At lunch she is a dog.
And at night she is a whale and her bed is an ocean.
Once she was a monkey.

Brie Lakin
June 14, 1983

MOODS

Everything seemed so square set in my head
Definite concrete
Pleasant though incomplete
Then - without any warning
No time for rehearsal
The mind does a sudden and
total reversal
Leaving my intellect light
Years behind
And in a state of utter
bewilderment.

REMEMBRANCE

The old man slowly walked
Into the room
Not recalling yesterday's dinner
Nor where he had misplaced
his glasses
But get him started on his days
of old; as a small boy in
Europe - Coming to America
Suddenly his mind grows
razor sharp
recalling minute details
He becomes transformed to a young prince of the past
Remembering - bringing dead people
back to life

SECURITY

She sits at the window
Gazing
As rain pours from the
Heavens
In a steady stream
Warmly embracing her
Wrapped in the security and peace of
Home

Clare Sacharoff

CHILDREN

The face of a child
 Smooth skin - open eyes
 Innocence
 Walks a straight path
 to my heart
 Especially one 3½ year old
 grandson

HAIKU

Simple Soul Stella
 Quietly spends time cooking
 Thinks what cannot be!

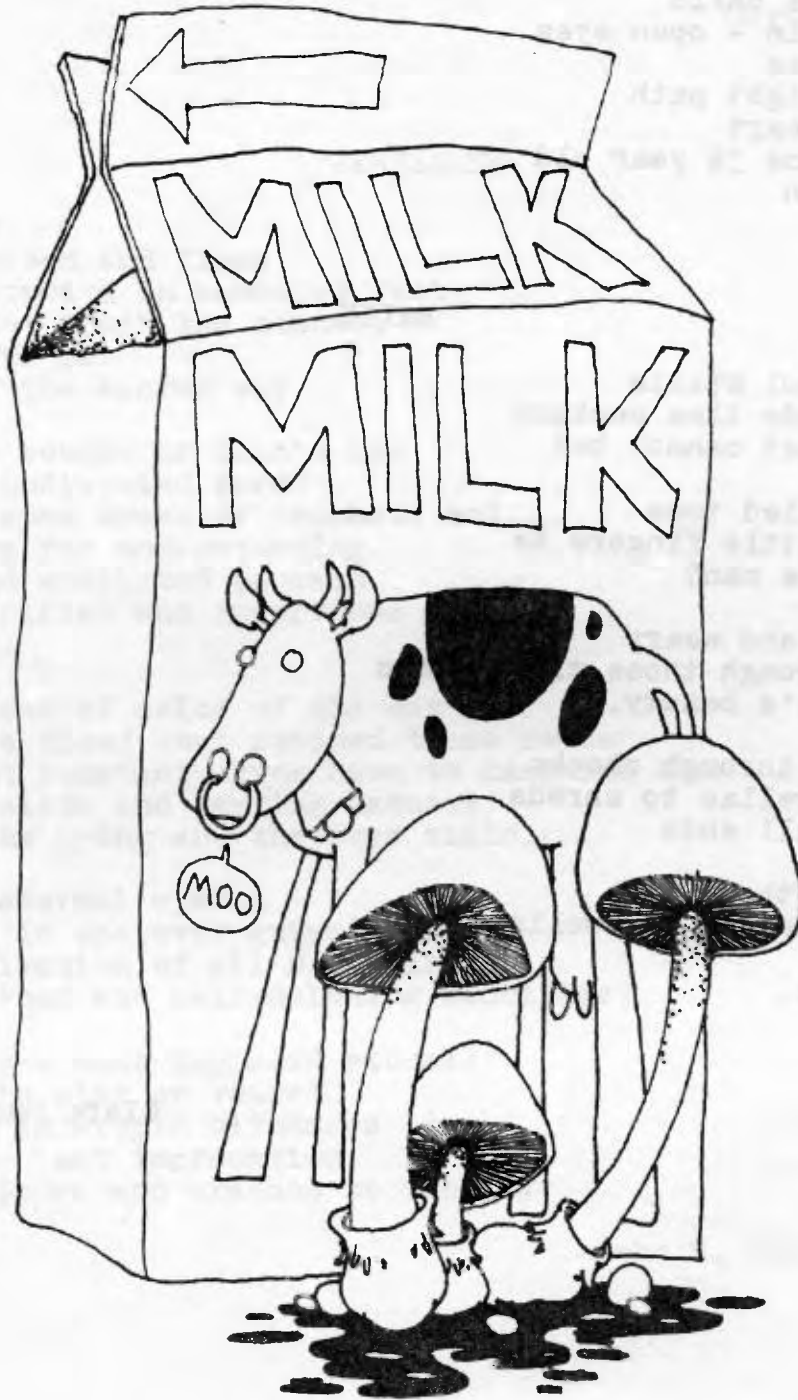
Tiny dimpled toes
 Clutching little fingers he
 Tomorrow a man?

Wrinkled and weary
 Plodding through those tired years
 Yesterday's beauty.

Wind biting through cheeks
 Cutting umbrellas to shreds
 Quickly it all ends

Suddenly death comes
 Not even time for farewells
 Once here
 Then no more.

Clare Sacharoff



Still Life with Empty Milk Carton -- R. Warnick

THE WIDOW ALEPH WAITS FOR DEATH

The joggers pump
 past forsythia, tuning thighs fine.
 They drum by her house,
 that woman named
 for the first letter of Hebrew,
 who sits on the porch at dawn
 waiting for her heart.
 Weeks preparing, she has weaned
 herself from iris bulbs,
 at last let go of books of music.
 The joggers push their blood another block
 working throats like shouts.

A noisy memory
 of peasants after a drunken night,
 like a marching band gone mad through town,
 chanting ner name
 outside shuttered windows
 as if it were the beginning of death.
 She waits, clutching her Psalms,
 while curses shake the heart.

She holds herself in her robe
 for the joggers to grow fainter
 till she can hear the chorus of blood
 coursing to the beat
 of their impatient thighs.

David Herrstrom

TWO MODERNS STOP FOR MARRIAGE

Their borrowed house
Overlooks the sea.
White cloth ripples from room to room
And silver lights change hands.
The endless ceremony of surf below persists.

We stand
Suddenly innocent
Before any lasting thing--
This happy error
Of wills bent to each other
Like that Verazzano Bridge of gratified desire
Lifting its taut members
Out of the haze across the harbor.

It is as if
A commuter stopped for liturgy
Or a revolutionist for ice cream.
It is to find the canary's beak in the squid
This act
In this age and place,
The inaccessible beach down there
That slopes to where hump-back whales
Sing for each other for life.

Still, above the sea
You can't hear the songs
Ten thousand miles long, a million years old.

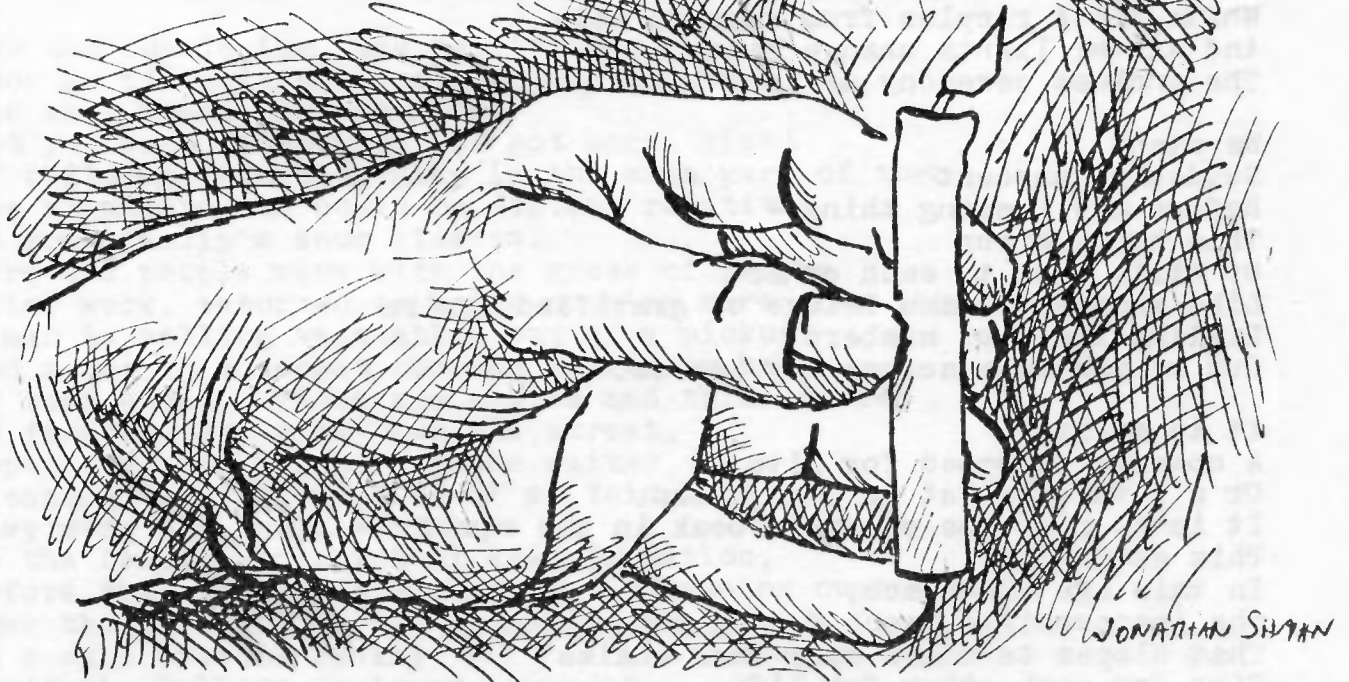
So what shall we say
Carries marriage into our age?

All of us
Creatures of desire.
In the city beyond the harbor
I have seen an act of love
At 18th & Vine.
And now these moderns
Make their longing for the lasting thing public
In their borrowed home.
They celebrate what they want
On into dusk
When fireflies mingle with the harbor lights
Till they see a single yearning glitter,
And they need nothing
No one
Not each other
Wanting one another.

David Herrstrom

HIROSHIMA DAY

COMMEMORATION



SATURDAY AUGUST 6, 8:30 P.M.

AT ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL PARK - RTE. 571

FOR THE THIRD CONSECUTIVE YEAR

**THE ROOSEVELT COMMITTEE FOR NUCLEAR
DISARMAMENT IS HOLDING AN EVENING**

**VIGIL ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE
BOMBING OF HIROSHIMA. THIS WILL BE A**

**BRIEF GATHERING, WITH SOME MUSIC, AND
A FEW WORDS SAID. AS IN PAST YEARS**

WE WILL BE JOINED BY A GUEST - THIS YEAR:

**BARBARA SIGMUND - FORMER MERCER
COUNTY FREEHOLDER**

PLEASE COME - TO SPEAK OR TO LISTEN

LOVE REMEMBER

Love remember
When you were young
And he walked into your life.
You were so innocent,
So unsuspecting
Of the future.
Each day you grew fonder,
Moving closer...

Love remember
The fun you shared...
Riding bicycles through the park;
The boat ride on the canals;
The museums;
The sun and sand;
The splashing in rain puddles;
The pure laughter;
The moon-light walks...

Love remember
The first time he said
"I love you"...
He held you so tight,
So close to himself.
Your hearts became one.
Nothing
Would come between you...

Love remember
The joy you shared
As you went through life
Together...
The sunny days of summer,
The autumn nights,
The warm fires in winter,
The rebirth of life in spring...

Love remember
When you aged and mellowed with Time...
The hours together
Seemed less and less.
Moments hurried by.
The simple pleasures
That meant so much
Lingered but a second...

Love remember
When he was taken from you...
The emptiness in your heart,
The break that couldn't be mended.
Memories slip away;
Dreams are of a forgotten time.
Don't let them go.
Preserve the visions.

Adeenah S. Yeger

A ROSE

A red rose grew in the garden
It had sprung from one tiny seed.
It was watered;
It flourished and grew,
Radiating its beauty
To the surroundings.
The bright sun shone on the flower,
Causing it to glow in the light.
At night the moon glittered,
Reflecting the splendor of the flower.
The rose stood there so peacefully,
So content.
And then came the soft rains
And washed the flower away.

A MOMENT OF LOVE

their eyes met
for a brief moment
they touched
each others lives
their hearts became one
a love grew
between them
the bond was strong
but the moment has passed now
and they must part

Adeenah S. Yeger



"CHIPPI"

TRANSCONTINENTAL CORRESPONDENCE

From "Theodore", a dog owned by Christine and Victor Lobl in California to Ellie Bermowitz, and later to "Chipi", a dog owned by Ellie and Jack in Roosevelt.

Jan. 12, 1983

Dear Ellie -

I was chatting with Christine recently, and she told me that your birthday would be on the 16th of this month. So a "Happy Birthday," and many returns of the day.

My regards to Jack. I am told that you have a member of my race in your household. My regards also to that individual, whose name I do not know.

Theodore

P.S. You may call me "Teddy"

Enclosed you will find a snapshot of me.

From "Chipi", a dog owned by Ellie and Jack Bermowitz in Roosevelt, to Theodore in California

Jan. 21, 1983

Dear Mr. Theodore -

Ellie permitted me to read your note and, although you do not know me, I thank you for your regards. She also gave me your snapshot to keep.

I would like to introduce myself. My name is "Chipi", and I am a white female poodle; I also am enclosing a snapshot of me, and you will notice that I am not what would be called a "Plain Jane."

You may think "Chipi" an odd name for a dog. It has been anglicized from a Hungarian word "Chirpi," which means "Little One". I personally feel that was a more fitting name for a bird, and do not regret the change.

From your snapshot I cannot recognize your breed, but you appear to be a fine example of our canine race.

Although we are 3 thousand miles apart, perhaps some day we shall meet, and, as we become better acquainted, I shall then be able to call you "Teddy".

Ellie has asked me to thank you for your birthday greetings. In addition she joins Jack and myself in sending our warm regards to all the other members of your family.

Let us hear from you again soon.

"Chipi"

From Chipi in Roosevelt to Theodore in California

February 26, 1983

Dear Mr. Theodore -

I looked at the calendar today, and realized that more than a month has passed since I wrote to you. I had hoped that you would answer.

Please do not think me bold in writing to you.

You must realize that even though the "Equal Rights Amendment" to the Constitution failed of ratification by the states, the female sex has made great strides, in the last ten years, towards equalization with your sex. As an example, you may have seen a television commercial, sponsored by the distributors of Harveys Bristol Cream Sherry, informing us that it is now "Downright Upright" for a lady to invite a gentleman to her apartment for a drink.

I personally have as yet not reached that stage of sophistication, but if I ever do, you shall be among the first to receive an invitation.

I do not have any friends among our specie. During my walks with either Ellie or Jack I sometimes see other members of our race, but I am told that they are of dubious ancestry, and not fit companions for me.

But I do have great times. For my recent birthday I received a very generous supply of succulent bones, which I enjoyed very much. In addition to being luscious, my veterinarian informs me that they are excellent for my teeth. If you were here I would have shared them with you.

In mentioning my birthday, I presume that you would naturally be curious to know my age. Confidentially, I just celebrated the third anniversary of my fourth birthday.

I also enjoy watching Ellie work on her tapestries. Best of all I enjoy, when permitted, curling up in Jack's lap when he plays his classical recordings. My favorites are the violin concertos of Mozart, Bach, Beethoven, Mendelsohn, Saint Saens, Tchaikowsky, and many other great composers, as played by Perlman, Zuckerman, Stern, Heifetz, Millstein, and other wonderful artists.

To be honest, I do, along with Jack, sometimes doze off during performances.

I understand everything that is said to me, but of course the only way I have to show that I do is to vigorously wag my caudal appendage.

I must admit that I frequently look at your snapshot and hope you do the same for mine.

Well it is my bedtime, so I will have to close.

With warm regards from Ellie, Jack and myself to all the members of your family, I am, Sincerely,

Chipi

From Theodore in California to Chipi in Roosevelt

March 10, 1983

Dear Chipi -

How I loved reading your last letter. I am not as well educated or cultured as you are, and find it hard to write.

I am a cross between a sheep and hunting dog, and come from a farming family in Wales.

So, although I love your letters, I cannot reply as amusingly as you write. Forgive me. I'll try to learn, but it might be slow.

Kisses,
Teddy

From Teddy to Chipi

June 10, 1983

Dear Chipi -

Well here I am with Christine and Oliver in Paris!

We came here to pick up Rebecca, who, as you know, has been here for the last year as an exchange student from Vassar.

We have visited many places of interest, and I especially enjoyed our tour of the "Louvre".

In a few days we shall be going to England to visit Christine's parents, and after a ten day stay, shall be returning to California.

I had hoped that we would be able to stop off in Roosevelt, so that we could meet.

Unfortunately, Christine's schedule does not permit it.

Best regards,
Teddy

Jack Bermowitz

Compiled by Jack, and offered for publication, with Chipi's gracious permission.

Ed. note: Save this edition. Later letters may refer back to incidents mentioned in these letters.

THE STREET WITH A BALLOON OVERHEAD

Now the sun is low, the small lawns
look as if their best colors just came out.
The last weeks have been hot
and you were tired when you got here, tired
of buildings and sidewalks in the main part of town,
the strangers who could be distant relatives
in some family's sour stories.
Here the people move with the grace of people
after work, returned to being nothing more than themselves.
A man is selling vegetables out of a pickup,
and a man in a jacket carries a grocery bag
up some steps. There are chairs and three tables
in front of the cafe down the street,
empty just now except for the waiter
cleaning the tabletops as if at this hour
they were the whole world
on the breath and brink of transformation,
before the streetlights, before the evening customers.
Even the trees along the sidewalk, the vines
on a wall breathe easily.
A hot-air balloon, colored lavender
and dark blue pauses over the rooftops.
It is gigantic, though quiet as a wish.
You stop to listen: a dog in the distance,
some simple birds. Three children pass
in a game toward home. You too have somewhere
you will be welcome, like the vegetable seller,
the woman weeding a small flower bed
by some steps, a couple holding hands.
These July evenings it is peaceful. Be happy.
This could be your childhood over again, people
moving their lives along the street, the funny,
dusty smell of flowers you can remember but not place.
There is time for everything usual to happen.

David Keller

LOOKING FOR THE SUMMER

Here is the place you might have come from.
It is so green late in the day
deer walk out of the background
to stand wondering at the light.
The colors green you, the lawn,
the trees by a house.
If you enter it, everyone is friendly.

Inside you meet the grandmothers.
They begin inventing your life,
the life you have always wanted.
If you wish for a bridge
it is of old, gray wood and the moss
on the rocks is almost too fine to see

All the sisters have gone away
to where the grass turns brown.
You fear nothing being here alone.
In this season the shade reaches everywhere,
the colors become a body you fill.
When you find your father, he is happy
seeing you. His cabin rises in a field like this.

FOR WINTER

I don't remember if children think
they can fly, or only that we wish it so.
When you first open your eyes, the water
is green, light green below the surface,
a reflection of the branches overhead.
Swimming in the trees, you call it.
Tired from the run up through the hills
and beyond farms, there were flowers,
pink, purple on the horse trail.
It is forbidden to swim in this lake, oh yes,
though the fat police car will stay
at a distance, and the police man who can't swim.
In the hot air you could tear off
your dark clothing and fall into the water,
a drowsiness of soul and body
like fireflies drifting in the dark,
their quiet light among the evergreens.
Your dog, impatient as gravity,
waits on the shore as you let your feet
into the depths where, I was certain,
fish hide. All the logs are alligators
but we laughed at that, safe,
seeing in the water the other
gliding alongside us.

David Keller

Book Review

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOCHANN HA KOMER

These days our heroes appear on screens while accomplishing such tasks as hitting "clutch" home runs, running for "crucial" touch-downs, kissing the heroine with "deep passion" on the forty-seventh take, or taking out the enemy with a mighty roar and hearty "Hi-O Silver!" (A little dated, but then so are many of us.) Should such a "hero" appear among us we naturally get all excited and run, with chests heaving, to catch a glimpse. On the other hand, we in Roosevelt are privileged to have among us a real hero of our times and one who is not restricted to a 19 inch diagonal or a court boarded by lines and separated into two areas by a net. In the autobiography Grael (Freehold, N.J.: Ivory House, 1982), we are given part of his story.

In the Foreward, Teddy Kollect, Mayor of Jerusalem, states that the testimony of Jochann Ha Komer (John the Priest), as Rev. John Grauel is known in Israel, concerning the events connected with the Haganah ship "Exodus '47'" became a turning point in the attitudes of the U.N. representatives regarding the significance of Palestine to European Jewry. Jochann spent seven months on that ship ostensibly as an American clergyman/newsreporter, secretly as a Haganah agent, along with thousands of refugees from Hitler's Europe and a crew of interesting, independent-minded but ultimately dedicated individuals (whom he describes beautifully). The ship, says Rev. John, was in "disreputable" condition when first he boarded her (at the time she was known as the "S.S. Warfield" -- by the way, is it sexist to call a ship "she"?). It was boarded up on all sides, had no heat, was infested with rot and rats, and had thousands of leaks. Before sailing from Baltimore the crew of 43 managed, he says, to make her more or less seaworthy.

Jochann recounts the journey across the Atlantic to Marseille and how the ship had to make a quick get-a-way from this city because the British were about to attempt to prevent her from continuing to Palestine. Wasn't she carrying "escaping criminals and fascists" to the Holy Land, as the British propagandized? Caught on shore, the Reverend took another ship, the "Hatikvah," to Portovenere where he was reunited with the Warfield and volunteered to take over the kitchen. Weaned on New England mince pie, baked beans, brown bread, and clam chowder, he had to learn how to deal with matzo balls and potato latkes.

They picked up refugees along the way and managed, via guile and the use of brandy and American cigarettes to escape the authorities and head for Palestine. It was on this leg of the journey that the ship was renamed the "Exodus, '47."

As Jochann describes it, conditions aboard were hellish: overflowing toilets (in the Middle-East fashion -- holes in the ground) as hundreds had to line up to use the inadequate facilities; meals of barley or potato soup and canned pemmican; constant seasickness with all that it entails -- the author says he lost 35 pounds, picked up ringworm, trenchmouth, and a skin fungus, but no lice. On the

JOCHANN HA KOMER

other side of the ledger, a child was born. (By the way, he says that to his knowledge neither Paul Newman nor Eva Marie Saint was on board.)

The battle began one morning at 2:30 as Jochann awoke and saw a banner with a picture of a woman holding a child that was inscribed "England, This is Your Enemy." A destroyer addressed them claiming they would be arrested as they were in territorial waters (which, as he testified later, they weren't). On deck, 13 to 16 year old boys and girls clenched potatoes to use as weapons against the British.

The destroyer rammed them as tear gas grenades exploded on deck. The author's friend, Bill Bernstein, an officer, was clubbed to death. The soldiers used machine guns to create holes in various body parts, but one did cry out "I say, can't we stop this bloody mess?" One 15 year old was shot through the head and died. The British tried to cover up the boy's death by carrying him on a stretcher with a blanket down around his waist so that it would appear as though he were alive. Yelled Reverend John: "That's the most goddammed despicable trick I have ever seen pulled," for which he was summarily put under house arrest. He managed to find a room full of reporters to whom he related the battle of Exodus '47 and then utilized the Haganah network to escape.

Jochann related the story to a U.N. Committee, to Golda Meir, and Moshe Sharett, who served as Foreign Minister and Prime Minister before his death. Still, the story of Exodus '47 did not end on a happy note, for the British sent the refugees back to Germany to occupy the concentration camps from which they had been liberated (although some disembarked in France).

The author tells how he later became more and more involved in aiding the newly formed State of Israel after May 15, 1948. He took part in various smuggling operations (people and arms), for example, and soon became an important spokesman and fund raiser. While relating this information, he gives his version of the Arab-Jewish relationship, insisting that Arab intransigence was (and is) the fundamental cause of the conflict. He points out, for example, that tiny Israel welcomed Jews from anywhere while the Arab countries did all they could to keep Arab Palestinians in camps. In the remainder of the book, he details his adventures in Europe, Israel, and the U.S. as he took on various important roles in fund raising and transmission of information (via lectures and tours of Israel as per "Operation Joshua").

The man has been around. One delightful aspect of the book is we get the glimpse of many famous people. There's Cary Grant claiming he's half Jewish, for example, and such notables as Moshe Dayan, Abba Eban, David Ben Gurion, Abraham Joshua Heschel, Martin Buber (my favorite), Teddy Kollek, Harry Truman, F.D.R., Eleanor Roosevelt, Harry Herschfeld, Sophie Tucker, as well as some not so famous but marvelous individuals such as the Rev. Ernest Butterworth. Also included in the book are some juicy philosophico-theologico statements concerning Jesus, Judaism, Christianity, Islam, Anti-Semitism, etc.

The book ends in 1977 in Pine Book, N.J. and not in Roosevelt. To hear Jochann's views on what's going on here I guess I'll have to sit down at the Deli once in a while instead of returning to the

JOCHANN HE KOMER

road to keep my cardio-vascular system pumping at the right tempo. No problem, Rev. John. Reading your book has reminded me that there's more than one way to stimulate the heart.

David Brahinsky

JERUSALEM

Oh Holy City
Seat of blood and flame
I walk thy streets in sandaled feet
That do not touch the stones,
Lest my sinful me
Desecrate the sacred way.

Art thou the source of Zion's law
Or God's undisputed Word?
Or but a twisted dream of prophets mad,
Whose plea for understanding
Lies torn and mutilated beneath
These petrified and impervious bones
of time.

The very damask of color of the way
Argues the blood that stained these roads
Not once, but constant from dawn to sanguine dawn.
City of saints and warring madness
Comfort of the dying and the ever slain,

Are you the eternal symbol
That God, in whatever guise,
Seeks the salvation of all His children
Through blood and self-deluding sacrifice?

Answer me! you dumb implacid stones!
Is this His wish or yours?
Or shall you in stupid blindness
Scream one last imprecation
As earth explodes and crashes to the sky!

John S. Grauel



Andrea Lakin

NIGHT FALLS ON A RAINY JANUARY DAY

A thicket of treetops pencilled on flat gray wash reach up from a band of darker gray undifferentiated but by downward dribblings (Jackson Pollock style) indicating trunks at woods' edge.

Nearer trunks glisten. Twig ends of boughs hold drops of water, pearl-round, on their undersides catching the little light trapped by the inverted tea cup of the murky overhead.

No branch stirs, the only movement deepening tones of gray as day darkens to obliterate a defined world beyond the window pane.

The only sound, a dripping--rhythmic, regular--echoes the blood's throb in the ears, testament to continuing life within.

UNCERTAIN SPRING

White sheets flap-snap in the wind, a dazzle against greening grass.

Turned soil dark in the background waits for plant and seed.

A bee, pollen-dusty, sacks already bulging like golden pantaloons, forages doggedly a dandelion head too laden, seemingly, to fly.

Spring? Yes, April well advanced, but yesterday's sudden snow on cherry blossoms left a doily of browned petals on the ground.

THIRD MEMBER AT THE PARTY

Pain, a gigantic toad, squats at the table, fills the interstices of all space with its rank presence. Overwhelming our small fest--roses, fresh-cut, in the silver vase, card and poem--it leaves no room in house or mind for anything else.

Looking through its dull eyes, my husband says: why do you stare? Happy birthday, say I, and start to eat.

M.J. Berlinrut

ELEGY FOR DYLAN THOMAS

Honor no more the gone
 nor shame his doom d₂wndone
 by curling in the apple of his cry
 a worm of homage.
 He was one who moved raw bones
 on looms of loam and rain.
 No humble thimble he. His words survive
 far better than his deeds deserve,
 a girlglad mudmade cruel crude
 needlestarstack of a lavish and
 ravaging man who drank his tantrums
 to the rafters, bitching with joy
 at the one-winged bird of unfelt fear,
 he hated so holly mostly himself,
 the slutrunner plucked, the rooster's ghost,
 at last was left inheritable, shot
 by lust's hot gun, in grumble, grope and grab,
 he fell.

His best was what he wrote
 on heronsilent pages,
 stalks and stacks and boats and barns
 of music, juice and smoke, whelk
 and foxglove, wren, snake, mullet music.
 Apples he planted clench their sap
 and hammer the orchards where we walk.

O
 listen and remember
 how his music
 loves us.
 How many singers must see and sing and fail
 for one like him to nail the eye to the wind?

He
 could not break the cup of his pride
 except when his lip was the lip of a monk
 in monastery of a poem's making--Christ,
 had he broken it, what the pourforth of him!

Honor no more the gone,
 no more than stone or star,
 no more than good blown grain,
 has ruined veins empty, crashed, still,
 his nightmares tattered in the skull.
 Do not debase the quality of flesh
 by praising it above the grass.
 Let grief go gypsy like the leaves!
 What wonders dawn decides we must perform,
 perform discreetly.
 Tears, shame, honor-- all fail,
 when the hand of love holds deep
 the hand of hell.

(Cont'd. on next page)

DYLAN THOMAS (Cont'd. from previous page)

For such who sang as he,
 who trapped a vision's music breath by breath,
 who rode the mustang buddhas of the sea
 cresting and spilling on shores of shattered light,
 what can be said but Yes
 above his body shackled to its death?

Neil R. Selden

THIS HAPPINESS WITH YOU

This happiness with you
 is rich in tears.
 I'm terrified to be
 recipient of
 so much peace and bliss.
 Such getting seems too dangerous.
 We must, my Willow, give it all away,
 this rhythmic loving easy living
 scares me half to death.
 Do you see people needing us? Quick, look!
 Let's drop this joy
 in someone's lap
 and run.

POEM ONE

I feared the trees this winter doing something
 desperate when all their leaves and green
 were taken from them, naked beggars.

Now I see them nearly bare,
 gratefully I see them freed
 of one dear beauty and immediately bound
 within another, pure the structure
 holds them up.

Of what I wonder beauty I too
 might be robbed and freed and
 only to be bound within another.

Neil R. Selden

Now comes the time to look within
Beneath the mask - a killer's grin
a soul to search - a peace to find
found in the depths of a wasted mind
The yearning for knowledge is put to the test
eyes searching for wisdom - now searching for rest
The time when knowledge would act as a crutch
if forfeited for fear of knowing too much
You purge your soul of knowledge pains
and inject pure ignorance into your veins
into your heart a venom will flow
and suddenly you'll find no need to grow
And what will emerge? A barren place,
a shattered dream, a nameless face,
a body to whom no one belongs
The suicide note - a lullabye song

Attempting to see through those eyes of blue
As if they were mirrors - I look at you
reflecting an image of love and care
but as with a mirror, there's nothing there
What I try to project is what I feel -
a genuine care and a love that's real
What I receive in return I mistake for affection
it appears to be real, but is merely reflection
so - although it all appears to pass -
You can't reflect love through a looking glass

I can feel the fresh sea air
run its fingers through my hair
carressing my face with a touch so cool
that it seems to escape from the vast green pool

I stare into the heavenly skies
and watch the stars that mesmerize
Encompassed by the bright full moon
I hear the wave's melodic tune

The waves reach out and then recoil
slowly ingesting the sandy soil
but gentle with the beach they touch
for fear of taking in too much

I could live my life each day
watching the tide and the seagulls play
I dream of always being here
living my life on this paradise pier

Mindy Shapiro

YELLOW ZUCCHINI

Hours even before the odd hour
the alarm waits for, I wake.
Some small thing is wrong.
I harden my heart for sleep again.
The zucchini I bought, replicas of the green
perfect ones, but lacquered
yellow to the green stem and bud
bunch in a pot. I will eat them,
their image brilliant enough for a dream.
And dark zucchini, reptilean grained,
red peppers split
to the lobster meat of the pulp,
a pot's bouquet of spindles and bulbs.
I run the finger of my sight over and over them.
The moon stands on the floor, an enormous
child with bare feet: the cat never came in.
I have not looked at him for months.
The vegetables alternate yellow, green, red,
the absent cat jumps into my arms,
it is better than sleep. Then the alarm.
Without dressing, I go to the porch
and call, knowing the cat will not come.
The yard under mist says there was no
moon. I walk toward the street, to the cat's
body gone under a night truck, where the other
cat went. Estranged like that they become
so radiant I cannot feel they are dead.
But, for another dawn, it lives
nuzzling the tire of my car in the driveway.
As I am driving, mist suspends
the wild grasses by the highway, their mustiness.
It absorbs from their breath objects of rarity,
of sorrow and wraps them to save,
invisible all day. In a classroom, I will be trained
again in the routines to keep people from dying.
Trees emerge dark above the pale mist.
In the dim chute under it, tires of tractor trailers
plunge in one direction like boulders.
Already, day smells of burning.

Dina Coe

ROOSEVELT ARTISTS YOU SING IN OUR WORLD

(Song-Poem: This simple lyric can be played in any key, mixing, alternating or rolling the 1, 4 and 5 chords of the key as desired - for example, G, C, and D7 in the key of G, or Am, Dm, and E7 in the key of Am.)

Roosevelt artists you sing in our world
In rhythm, in texture, in Name;
You speak with your bodies, your feelings, your thoughts,
Of living and dying...and even the game

Of being an artist in this cruel world,
One of sorrow, of famine, and fame;
A world where an artist, a lover of Beauty
Cannot expect acclaim...

Unless, of course, an "investment" is found
For the work, the dreams, the visions;
How strange. How utterly strange it is
And it all points up the divisions...

The split in our minds between science and art,
Between business, religion and love;
When the artist, by nature, sees the One-Wonder of it all
As if informed from Above...

From God (or the Gods, as Plato has said,
mad /Inspired' is the artist he thought),
In the poem, the picture, the song, the Sight,
Oh artist what truth you have wrought!

David Brahinsky

Part Two: A Report On Roosevelt's Solar Village

by Edwin Rosskam

The cluster of shingled wooden structures being built at the corner of Farm Lane and Valley Road is causing a lot of interest in town. What are they for? Who's building them? Who's going to live in them?

Here are a few basic facts about them:

WHAT ARE THESE BUILDINGS? WHAT IS THEIR PURPOSE?

When they are completed and the mud around them has been replaced with green grass, they will house a group of more than twenty persons over sixty-two in small but comfortable low-rent apartments. Sixteen of these will be single-bedroom units, four will have two bedrooms and one will be an "efficiency." Two will be designed for use with wheel chairs. Paved walks will wind up and down the gentle slope and connect them all. A three story central building will contain a large community room with a fireplace, a laundry and, on the top floor, the efficiency apartment.

WHAT BRINGS THEM TO ROOSEVELT?

The idea of low-rent housing for the elderly goes back in Roosevelt all the way to the forties. At that time an attempt was made to start a very modest project. It failed. Perhaps the notion was too new, the confidence lacking. But the idea did not die. As an early generation aged, people began to realize that, with the passing of years, a house of one's own can become a heavy

physical, emotional and financial burden. And so, when government financing was found to be available in nineteen eighty one, our community responded. The present development is the result.

WHAT MAKES THESE NEW HOMES UNUSUAL?

They are designed for partial solar heating. This will reduce the need for heaters to a minimum and will help bring down the horrendous cost of trying to keep warm in winter.

HOW DOES THE SYSTEM WORK?

It is obviously impossible in the limited space of this article to describe passive solar heating in detail. To put it very briefly, the warmth of the sun in winter is absorbed and stored in specially designed heavy masonry walls, in a small vestibule arranged as a tiny greenhouse and by skylights and other installations which then give it off as heat during the night. Electric base-board heating units supplement the solar warmth as needed. In the summertime the sun's heat, instead of being stored, is drawn off by the ventilation chimneys -- the little white pots on the roof of each apartment -- which are activated by both wind and heat. It is expected that they will suffice, combined with movable awnings over the skylights, to keep the temperature reasonably cool.

SOLAR VILLAGE

HOW DO WE KNOW THAT THE SYSTEM WILL WORK?

The project was designed and its construction supervised by Kelbaugh and Lee, an architectural firm of Princeton with a national reputation in the field of solar heating.

WHO IS ELIGIBLE TO MOVE IN?

Anyone may apply who is over sixty-two and whose gross income does not exceed \$17,700 annually (\$20,200 in the case of couples). Applicants are chosen by drawing lots. If there are more applicants than available apartments, bona fide Roosevelt residents will have preference.

HOW MUCH IS THE RENT?

Rents are calculated on the basis of thirty-percent of gross income. A portion of the cost of medical expenses as well as the sale price of a previously owned home are exempt in this calculation; however the interest on such a sale is included.

ARE THERE OTHER FIXED CHARGES?

Tenants will pay fifteen dollars monthly for water and sewer rent to the Borough of Roosevelt. They will owe no other local taxes, although they will of course be liable for the same federal income tax as anyone else in their income bracket. They will receive a supplement to help pay for the electricity they may use in cooking, lighting and operating any appliances they may own; the cost of running the auxiliary electric

baseboard heating units should be minimal.

IF THE TENANTS DO NOT PAY BOROUGH TAXES, WHO DOES?

The Roosevelt Senior Citizens Housing Corporation, a non-profit organization of Roosevelt citizens operated by an elected board of unpaid trustees owns the project and is responsible for running it. It pays local taxes including those due the Borough of Roosevelt.

HOW IS THE PROJECT PAID FOR?

The arrangement is, to say the least, complicated. The funds for building were loaned to the Senior Citizens Housing Corporation by the federal Farmers Home Administration (FmHA). The corporation runs the project in accordance with the regulations of FmHA and the Urban Development Administration (HUD). HUD pays a subsidy to the corporation. This subsidy amounts to the difference between the rents collected from the tenants and the "Fair Market Rent", a formula established by HUD for the region. The tenants' rent plus the subsidy are used to pay back the loan and to cover all other expenses incurred in running the project.

WHO ARE THE TENANTS?

At this writing the first list of prospective tenants is complete. No drawing of lots to determine acceptance is required since the number of qualified applicants exactly matches the number of apartments. Such a state of equilibrium is of course subject to

SOLAR VILLAGE

instant modification if one or several applicants decide to drop out or if sudden illness or some other unforeseen event causes them to withdraw. If this were to happen now or later, a new list would have to be opened immediately until every apartment is filled.

More than half of the present group is made up of residents or close relatives of residents. The remainder, a total of eight, may have been strangers to Roosevelt until now. Given the character of our community with its tradition of amiable curiosity about newcomers, they won't remain strangers long.

WHO MADE IT ALL HAPPEN?

In its early days the corporation attracted sixty seven Roosevelt citizens interested enough to plunk down five dollars and to attend a great many meetings. Not nearly all of them had any intention of moving into the project; they just thought the plan was worthwhile. Some were interested enough to go on several trips to investigate low-rent housing all over the area, to select a site -- a process not as simple as it sounds -- and to help pick an architect from a number of firms. They elected a board of trustees to be responsible for day-to-day operations, such as making contracts and expending funds on loan from the government to pay for construction. The trustees of this original board were: Mayor Leon Barth (chairman), Kurt Kleinman, Bernard Leefer, Clara Levinson, Sol Libsohn, Ralph Seligman and Edward Schlinsky.

Since none of them was a specialist experienced in this sort of business, they might

have had a hard time pulling all the many threads together without guidance from David Davies, a professional expeditor of subsidized housing construction. He successfully guided the whole effort and acted as liaison between government, architect, contractor and trustees. Until quite recently he, the architect and the corporation's lawyer were the only persons paid for their services.

When the time came to process applications of prospective tenants, the trustees hired Marilyn Magnes as project manager. If any reader wants further information or wishes to put his name on a waiting list, her phone number is 448-6402.

LABOR DAY WEEKEND HOOTENANY

On Saturday evening, September 3, the Roosevelt Park Commission will present for the edification and enjoyment of the entire Roosevelt community the First Annual Labor Day Weekend Folk Festival (Hootenany) featuring folk singers and musicians from all over greater Roosevelt and from as far away as Brook Land, New York.

Date: Sat. Sept. 3

Time: 7:00 p.m.

Place: The Roosevelt Memorial

Cost: Free

In Case of Rain: Borough
Building



Wood Engraving "Mike Seeger's Thing" by Stefan Martin

Andrea Iakin



Perrinville