

Boxholder
Roosevelt, N. J. 08555

P. T. A.
Non Profit Organization
U. S. Postage
PAID
Roosevelt, N. J.
Permit No. 3

ROOSEVELT
BOROUGH



BULLETIN

Published by Roosevelt P.T.A.

Vol. VI, No. 9

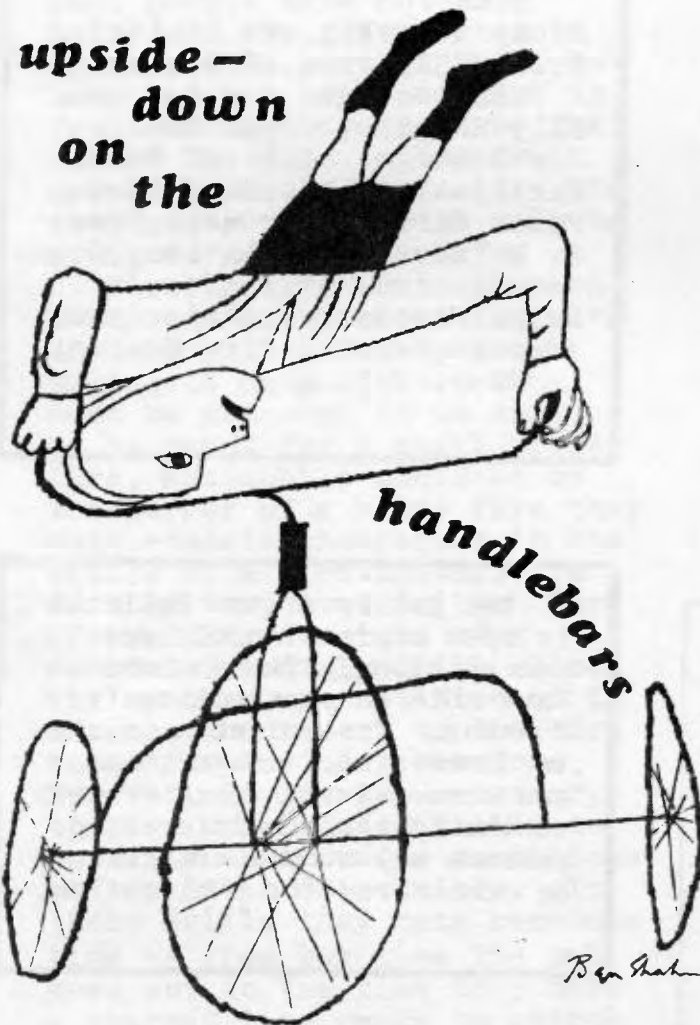
Roosevelt, New Jersey

June 1983

“Upside Down...” favorably received in N.Y.

by Freda Hepner

upside -
down
on
the



Leslie Weiner's new play "Upside Down on the Handlebars" recently enjoyed a three week run at the Open Space Theater in New York City. This was a work-in-progress production which was very favorably received by New York drama critics. In fact, Mel Gussow in the N.Y. Times suggested that the play could "serve as the basis for a movie".

The plot centers around a middle aged professor of Labor Studies at a New Jersey University. As it unfolds, we learn about his struggles to maintain his roles as a committed trade unionist, an ambitious academic, and a functioning husband. The dialogue is often witty and the characters are very familiar to many.

Les is already hard at work on his revisions. Soon we hope we will all be able to see the Broadway production of the completed "Upside Down on the Handlebars". (The title was inspired by Ben Shahn's drawing kindly donated by Bernarda Shahn to be used in publicizing the play.)

WRITERS, ARTISTS, ESSAYISTS -
OUT OF THE CLOSET WITH YOU!

The Bulletin staff would like to publish a literary supplement in July. In order to do so, we need contributions from the community, such as poems, short stories, short essays, cartoons, drawings, epigrams, aphorisms, songs, etc. Please feel free to hand in your stuff - only the "right stuff" - of course - to any staff member by July 12. Material from people of all ages is acceptable, although the editors reserve the right to edit and/or accept/reject material. We know there is a great deal of talent in this little town of ours, some of it tapped, some as yet untapped. If you are a working poet, writer, artist, etc., or if you are an amateur with decades old material hidden away in a file cabinet; or if you would like to whip up something new for the occasion it's bound to become a collector's item - please come through for the Bulletin, the town, and yourselves. We await your 'stuff' with bated breath - for without it our issue faces certain death.

The Editors

Pure Spring Water Company
RESIDENTIAL DELIVERY

Pure Artesian Spring Water

R.D. 4 Box 576
Princeton, N.J. 08540 (609) 924-7887

STAFF RESPONSIBILITIES

Editorial Board:

David Brahinsky
Hortense Sochowitzky

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

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

“... And thus it came to pass, one Mr. McKoy, citizen of Roosevelt...”

by Peter Berlinrut

This is a story that should warm the cockles of the hearts of all Rooseveltians who relish a tale of model citizenship and free service to the community. It features a hero who makes light of his deed and is rather embarrassed that it has come to public attention. He is Thermon McKoy who has lived in this town for three years with his wife Helen and son Ray. It should be noted incidentally that Helen is unique in her own right for having as beautiful a floral display and planting as anyone would wish to see in front of their house, 12 Farm Lane. Thermon is employed as a supervisor by the Coca Cola Division in Hightstown and in the course of his daily comings and goings he found his eye falling often on the mess in the rear of the empty building that once served as our grocery store. (And in recent years has been a thorn in our side for its rundown look.) It bothered Thermon. The grass had not been mowed for years: there was litter and other signs of neglect. Himself a neat person who likes to keep his place nicely groomed, Thermon brooded about it. He often wondered (as he tells it) why no one did anything about this eyesore--which solved nothing and finally brought him to a self-confrontation: Why don't I do something about it? He did. He dialed the Mayor's number and said: "Mr. Mayor, would you or anyone have any objection if I sort of cleaned up things,

mowed the grass and pruned a tree or two back of the former store?" Mayor Barth was speechless for a moment with shock; not only was this no complaint or denunciation, it was actually an offer to render a free service to the town. He managed to find enough composure to say falteringly: "By all means, Mr. McKoy, please proceed, perhaps you might call the Building Inspector and tell him about it." Thermon did. The Building Inspector reacted somewhat the way the Mayor did, a bit consternated. He said: "Mr. McKoy, I will see to it that the Recording Angel learns of your generous act and sets it down in his Golden Book."

Perhaps the great world didn't notice it; perhaps the people in our town didn't look, but the fact is that the grounds back of the former grocery store never looked as nice as they did in the summer of 1982. Thermon McKoy did his work and did it well. Mr. McKoy, you join an elite society, The First Citizens of Roosevelt, composed of those people (and they are not a few) who give of their time and effort to make an attractive community of what otherwise might be a bleak aggregate of houses and persons. We thank you.

Words on the going of a simple man

This is a reprint from a newspaper published in the Greek Islands called "Journey to Greece" by a Greek American who knew former Roosevelt resident Bob Imbrie. He asked Neil Selden, a new/old resident to write something about Bob who died on Thanksgiving Day, 1982.

Editors

by Neil Selden

There are so many great souls walking the earth, living ordinary lives in an extraordinary way, often passing unnoticed by all but a few of their family, friends, co-workers and chance acquaintances; often the simplicity and strength of their spirits are so inward that many who know them see only their affectionate or energetic surfaces.

These are the individuals that Christ called the salt of the earth. These are the souls that are the pillars of the world, that the Hebrews revere as Unknown Pious ones, without whom the fabric of human life would quickly fall to chaos.

They are the men and women who grow more not less admirable with familiarity. No man is a hero to his valet, so goes the saying, but there are those human beings--and blessed are you who learn to know and love such a person--who keep the words noble and hero and wise and loving and humble and master and friend and mother and father untarnished by cynicism or intellectual conceit.

Here and there the light continues to shine in the eyes

of a waitress, a truck driver, a teacher, a policeman, a housewife...

One such person was Robert McCrea Imbrie, who died on Thanksgiving Day, November 24, 1982, at the age of sixty-four. I write these words months after his death, feeling rich with both the lion's energy of his presence and the deepest beautiful longing for his presence. For over twenty years I collaborated with him in the creation of plays, movie scripts, books, both of us often working in scraps of hours torn from our struggles to support ourselves and our families. I saw him bear great physical sufferings and great disappointments, as well as fifteen months of Kafkaesque blacklisting caused by his public antagonism to the fascist attacks on individual liberty by the House Un-American Activities Committee--he bore all with a wild yell of enthusiasm for life and a determination to worship God through simple acts of loving kindness to others.

I remember walking along Fourteenth Street toward Union Square in Manhattan during the long months of his blacklisting, a blustery bitter February day in 1962, a time when Bob's neighbors in Roosevelt would leave eggs and bread at the door of his house, knowing that hard times had struck. He was job hunting in the city and I was on my way to meet him for a few hours of writing. In the distance, near the Statue of Washington on the south side of Union Square, I saw a figure wearing a black ill-fitting

coat leap up and down in some sort of dance. Another lunatic, I opined, the goddamn park is really degenerating. Of course, as I arrived at the park, the dancer was Bob Imbrie, keeping warm and keeping his spirits high at the same time, holes in his shoes, threadbare coat hem, exhausted after the second or fourth or sixth job acceptance that turned into a rejection when the employer was informed of his political background.

That was Bob. He never stopped dancing, even when he lay in intensive care after each of two heart attacks, he never stopped dancing. The nurses and doctors had to remonstrate with him--hopelessly--for greeting them and all his visitors with such affectionate vivacity.

His wife, three sons, a daughter, continue to make their home a place where all who enter feel welcome and nurtured.

Robert McCrea Imbrie fought and was severely wounded in the most savage jungle campaigns of the New Guinea theatre, for three years during World War II. Yet in all my twenty-two years as his friend he never even mentioned the decorations he had earned. His greatest battles were fought and won in the moment by moment struggle to overcome pain, fatigue, failure, apathy, despair and totalitarianism in himself and others. To overcome with song, with laughter, and dancing.

Those of us who knew him can hear his voice: "Total acceptance of reality makes life a beautiful fairy tale. The sea, the wind, trees, grass, flowers, will teach you."

And to me, with a twinkle, he always added a reminder, knowing my ascetic self-punishing tendencies: "Neil, you need more vices!"

He taught us to laugh, to embrace trees, to celebrate failures as well as successes, to work harder and love harder than we ever thought possible.

"Love and create," he said, and never ceased himself.



HUMAN RESOURCE CONSULTANTS

DR. ARTHUR SHAPIRO

46 ESSEX STREET
MILLBURN, N.J. 07041
(201) 467-5566

70 PINE DRIVE
ROOSEVELT, N.J. 08555
(609) 443-5910

FRESH FISH & SEAFOOD
Right in Millstone Township!

FISH FRY

— THURSDAY & FRIDAY —
NOON to 7:30 P.M.

- Fish Fry Dinner (3 pcs.)..... **\$2.95**
- (6 pcs.)..... **\$3.95**
- All you can eat **\$4.95**
- Shrimp Dinner..... **\$5.95**
- Scallop Dinner **\$4.95**
- Combination Dinner **\$5.95**
- Ciam Dinner (whole fried clams)... **\$2.95**

ALL DINNERS INCLUDE FRENCH FRIES & COLE SLAW

CLARKSBURG
GENERAL STORE

RT. 524, STAGECOACH RD., CLARKSBURG, N.J.

(609)259-3493

HOURS: Mon. thru Sat., 6 A.M. - 8 P.M.; Sun., 6 A.M. to 7 P.M.

Council News

At the regular meeting of the Roosevelt Borough Council the following matters were discussed:

* The Borough Engineer is working on specs for rebuilding filters in the Water Treatment Plant. A grant will be sought for 50% of the \$100,000.00 cost under the Public Works Emergency Job Act.

* The matter of a possible traffic hazard at the intersection of Pine Drive and Rochdale Avenue was turned over to the County Shade Tree Commission to investigate.

* It was reported that plans for the July 4th Celebration are under way. The mayor will appoint a committee head to plan next year's celebration of the 100th anniversary of Eleanor Roosevelt's birthday.

* It was reported that the Roosevelt Cemetery has been vandalized. Gravestones have been overturned. The State Police is investigating and will be coming out to discuss the problem with the public.

* Mr. Yeger presented his proposal for an extension of Lake Drive and was told by the council it would be considered.

* A motion passed to appropriate an amount not to exceed \$700.00 for members of the governing body to attend the League of Municipalities convention in Atlantic City on November 15, 16, & 17, 1983.

* The salary of the Deputy Clerk was increased from \$4.50 to \$5.00 per hour.

Primary results

	D	R	
State Senator:			
Morgan	110	Gagliano	10
General Assembly:			
Spodak	104	Muhler	11
Mellica	108	Bennett	10
Sheriff:			
Manning	105	Lanzaro	11
Bd. of Freeholders:			
Lynch	109	Self	10
D'Amico	107	Sommers	11
Mayor:			
Hepner	116		
Councilman:			
Esakoff	112		
Executive Comm.			
Grauel	95		
Koffler	115		

WRITE-IN VOTES

	D	R
Mayor:		
Barth	22	5
Hepner		8
Murphy	1	
Council:		
Watchler	86	7
Katz	9	
Metzger	7	
Millar	1	1
Hepner	1	
Johnson	6	
Loyer	2	
Sacharoff		3
Committee person:		
Eichler		3
Millar		1
Watchler		1
Grauel		2

Love of words

A seven-letter name meaning "peaceful"

by Josef G. Solomon

One non-Sunday morning, the New York Times crossword puzzle had a seven-letter word for 1 Down, and the clue was "Name meaning 'peaceful'". I wrote in "Pacific", of course. As I went on with the puzzle, however, the intersecting words made it clear that some different word was required. (Challenge to the reader: What was the word?) Slowly, the dawn of comprehension spread over me, and I wrote in the answer they wanted: "Solomon". But how could I start a puzzle by writing in my own name? This may surprise some of my associates, but that level of arrogance is beyond me. Hmmm... Maybe not much beyond me. (For my birthday, one year, my dear sister gave me a crossword-puzzle-doing tool: a ball-point pen. And that's what I use.)

Comeuppance See Me Some Time

Of course, I do get my comeuppance, now and then. Once, a friend and co-worker reached over into my shirt-pocket, pulled out my brand-new pencil, neatly sliced off the eraser with a knife, and then put the pencil back in my pocket. He uttered not a word the while, but just glared at me, as if defiantly. The four of us were together that evening: he and his wife, my fiancée and I (this was a long time ago). He reached over into my pocket, pulled out the mutilated pencil, waved it in the air, and announced to the women: "What do you think of a guy who is so

damned cock-sure of himself that he cuts the eraser off his pencil?" Just like that, both barrels! You will seldom see a better example of the expression, "adding insult to injury".

Who Are They, Now?

Anyway, back to the subject, the meaning of names. Names used to mean something. Nowadays, names are given because they're fashionable. In a crowd of people my age, it sometimes seems to me as if every Tom, Dick, and Harry is named Joe. Think how many Kims there are. Etc. But, as I say, names used to mean something--last names, too. Well, then, who is John Brook? (Hint: His name has here been translated from German.) He is usually referred to as Johann Sebastian Bach. It was said of him, "Nicht ein Bach, aber eine Flusse!"--"Not a brook, but a river!"--because of the way music flowed from him. (Children did, too.) How about Joseph Green? In his own language, Italian, he was known as Guiseppi Verdi. There is a well-known Russian mathematician named Akhiezer. Well, Russian names are funny, as we all know. Except that this Russian name is Hebrew: It means, "my brother is help". The Schonberg family came to this country from Germany, and prospered. Eventually, they decided to change their name. They translated it from German to French, and that is why the third jewel in racing's triple-crown is known

(Cont'd. on next page)

seven-letter name (Cont'd. from previous page)

as the Schonberg. (For non-racing fans: It's the Belmont). Some years ago, I read about a reunion of the Schonfeld family. They had spread to many different countries, and some of them had translated their name to the language of their adopted country. Attending the Schonfeld reunion were people named Campobello, Campbell, Beauchamps, and Greenfield.

An Inside Joke

In my youth, there was a comic strip named after its principal character, Alley Oop. Oop was a cave-man who had a huge dinosaur for a pet. The reason we knew about him was that a scientist named Wonmug had invented a time-machine, and had brought Oop to the twentieth century. I read that strip for years, before somebody suggested I translate "Wonmug" into German. It took a hint or two, but: "Won" is really "One", which in German is "Ein". "Mug" is "Stein", of course. Lo! "Wonmug" becomes "Einstein".

Distributing Fish and Biblical Names

If you were a statistician, would you be impressed by a "Fish Distribution"? Mr. Fish was French, and so his name was really "Poisson". Somehow "Poisson Distribution" looks better, doesn't it? Spell his name correctly: "Poison" means in French what it means in English.

In high school, we were much amused by the given names of the Mathers, colonial preachers father and son: Increase and Cotton. And then someone pointed out to me that their names are Hebrew: "Increase" is a translation of "Joseph", which means

"he will add". (Does your name determine your destiny? I majored in mathematics. Also, I sired five sons. How do you say in Hebrew, "he will multiply"?) "Cotton" isn't even a translation; it's a transliteration of the Hebrew word for "small". So Joseph Mather names his son Junior!

Some given names are now considered funny, and parents use them at their peril. The name Mandy is the subject of many jokes, and "amanda" is a Latin word meaning "(someone who) ought to be loved"--i.e., "lovable". Reuben is another. When Leah gave birth to Jacob's first child, she said "Reu ben!", meaning, "Look--a son!" The names of Jacob's other sons also had significance--as, of course, did other names in the Bible. Frequently, as above, the reason for the name is given. "Isaac" means, "he will laugh", and Sarah said that everyone would laugh at her, for bearing a son when she was so old.

Some family names are really strange in English--but that's because they're not English. For example, the quarterback for the Notre Dame football team whose backfield was called "The Four Horsemen" was Harry Stuhldreher. That's a perfectly good German word meaning "chair turner". That probably means "turn" as in lathe. We all know about the prefixes "o'", "Mc", and "Mac", etc.: They mean "son of". Nonetheless, it was quite a surprise to me when someone pointed out that "MacPherson" means "son of the parson". He's probably correct. (Incidentally, as one myself, let me tell you that preacher's kids are different. You get the feeling that everybody's watching you--and it has an effect. You even walk differently. Some of

my readers may have heard of the famous "MacPherson strut".) This same informant also claimed that "MacPheters" means "son of the chiropodist". Well, you win some, you lose some. The name of the former Secretary of the Treasury, Michael Blumenthal, means "Flower Valley". By the by, it is claimed that the word "dollar" comes from the name for the coin struck in Sanktjoachimsthal. The coin was called a "Sanktjoachimsthaler", meaning "from Saint Joachim's valley", but that's too many syllables, so the name was shortened to "thaler", meaning "from the valley", and rhyming with-- guess what?

I should write a column on eponyms. If I do, I'll tell you first what the word means.

c All Rights Reserved

"JUST CALL" 609/443-3338



PET MARKET
(A & P Shopping Center)
Rt. 130
East Windsor, N. J. 08520

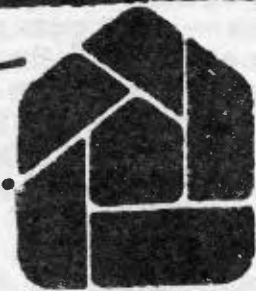
Tropical Fish-Marine Fish-Exotic Birds
& Small Animals

ira's									
PHOTOGRAPHY									
the country photo shoppe									

one thirty nine mercer street hightstown, new jersey 08520
KODAK PROCESSING PASSPORT PHOTOS
FRAMES AND ALBUMS PROJECTOR LAMPS

586-1020

ADLERMAN, CLICK & CO.



RED CARPET

INSURERS & REALTORS
15 Spring Street, Princeton, N.J.

Members Princeton Real Estate Group
Member National Multiple Listing Service
Equal Housing Opportunity



Est. 1927

- Local Sales Representatives
- Marilyn Hagan
 - Esther Pogrebin
 - Natalie V. Katz
 - Milton Sadevsky

IT'S RESULTS
THAT COUNT

"Let us list your home - Then watch us sell it"

924-0401

Inch by Inch

Inching along in the Wet

by M.J. Berlinrut

The 'kicker' attached to this space by our Editor ('Inch by Inch') is an apt characterization of my 'progress' through May. Like the po' inch worm in the spiritual, I kept a-inchin' along in an effort to achieve the plan so hopefully visualized in January, while at the same time I gave way, inch by inch, before the unceasing wet.

First to go was the taping the trees against the gypsy moth. The trees, having shot up enormously with all the rain and the feeding I gave them earlier, now present an expanded groaning-board to gypsy moth voracity. But they and other things the horrid worm especially savors-- the pussy willow and the rugosa and Hugonis roses-- are going to have to make it on their own, with such hand-picking of the caterpillars as I can muster. Next to go was the double-digging of the vegetable garden. The beds I got done the end of March and early April are the only ones so prepared. And the prolific lushness of the things planted in them--peas, potatoes (I've never seen such potatoes; I hope they remember they're supposed to produce tubers under all that top!), beets, onions and lettuce--are the one cheery aspect of this spring's effort, testament to the efficacy of the raised-bed method, especially in a wet season. We've been eating scallions and lettuce for a couple of weeks now. However, the remaining beds, though

deeply dug, got only old-style turnover. I dug as I could get at them but the ground was so wet and clumpy that to catch the moment, between inundations, when they'd dried out enough to work, put my planting schedule way off.

About mid-May--the soil still mucky, the nights still giving us frost--I took a chance, put the tomatoes in, planted beans, 8 hills of cucumbers (4 seeds to a hill), and set out the weak, too-leggy seedlings I'd started in the house--dill, basil, parsley, marigolds and zinnias, the last two special varieties. My home-grown seedlings gave up the ghost forthwith and something ate the beans down to nubbins. The best I can say is the tomatoes, covered with pots every night for a week, are alive but a good bit less than happy or healthy looking; a cuc is showing here and there, at most two plants to a hill. Will the rest come along, enough that I can transplant what I'd normally thin out to the hills that don't produce? Only the peppers, the last to be set out, appear to be doing their thing as they should. The other things I'd planned, like zucchini and melon, Pak Choy and daikon, haven't got in at all. Nor have the flower borders received any attention. Perennials have grown enormous clumps taking space beyond their allotted portion, crowding out the few annuals that seeded themselves

from last year, and the blooms on those perennials that have already blossomed lasted no more than a day or so, brought down by continuing deluge.

And so, with Memorial Day behind us--the date by which I've usually got at least the vegetable garden done--and June upon us, I abandon ideas of proceeding further with my plan. I'll stick to what I've got, if necessary buying started plants from the garden shops as replacements or relying on the pick-it-yourself farms for the things I didn't get in at all, and supplements to my own crop (?) of the items I count on to freeze, can and pickle for next winter's delectation. Sadly I wrap all the seed packets so eagerly ordered in January, and store them away for next year. Next year? Always, for the inveterate gardener, there's next year. At least there always has been, though who'd have the temerity to count on it being better after this one?

* * * * *

One other, quite unrelated note: in last month's Bulletin Joe Solomon referred to Elisha Gray (the esteemed uncle or was it great uncle of my father) as having come in second in the race for the telephone patent. The story my father told me was that Gray's application got to the patent office first. But having arrived first, it was deposited in the in-box first, Bell's application received later, fell on top of Gray's and so was opened first. I can't vouch for the truth of this tale, family machismo may well have been involved. But

I do know there was a long contested suit over who was to get the patent. Apparently Bell won, but Gray got some kind of consolation prize for, though probably no one ever noticed, all pay phone boxes bore the label in raised molded lettering: Gray Telephone Company.

R. R. & F. Inc.

T/A ROOSEVELT DELI 443-5111
ROOSEVELT WINE & LIQUOR 443-5522
1 North Rochdale Ave. (Rt. 571)
Roosevelt, N.J. 08555

(609) 448-5566

NORMAN S. MAYBERG
CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT
CERTIFIED MANAGEMENT ACCOUNTANT

P.O. BOX 722
33 LAKE DRIVE
HIGHTSTOWN, N.J. 08520

School Board News

At its May 12 meeting the Roosevelt School Board defeated a motion to reconsider their prior decision not to rehire Mrs. Merced for the 1983-84 school year. Other personnel matters included the acceptance of Mrs. Davis' and Mrs. Hammer's resignations and recognition of Mrs. Altman's letter asking not to be considered for the Artist in Residence Program again. Neither Mrs. Altman nor Mrs. Brahinsky will be returning next year. Rehired were Mrs. Barth, Administrative Clerk, Mrs. Bromell, School/Board Secretary/Bookkeeper, Mrs. Friedman, Senior Aide/Clerk, Mr. Jones, Building Custodian/Maintenance, Dr. Lupovici, School Physician, Mr. Prezant, Treasurer, Mrs. Jaeger, Lunchroom Aide/Clerk, Mr. Altman, Music. Mrs. DiTursi, Lunchroom Aide, was not rehired.

The board approved an "Assessment of Curriculum Objectives" highlighted by the following:

Students are to be helped to: (1) Acquire basic skills in reading and mathematics, obtaining information, solving problems, thinking critically, and communicating effectively.

(2) To acquire a stock of basic information concerning the principles of science, history, and social issues.

(3) To become politically aware.

(4) To understand community roles and responsibilities.

(5) To become responsible citizens in society and in the classroom.

(6) To become aware of personal and public health issues.

(7) To express her/himself creatively and gain aesthetic awareness.

TEL. 443-6999

LAKEWOOD STORE
201-363-2161

East Windsor Floor Covering

EAST WINDSOR TOWN MALL
RTE 130 HIGHTSTOWN, NEW JERSEY
LINOLEUMS—BROADLOOMS—CARPETINGVINYL-ASBESTOS, VINYL TILE
BRUCE BLOCK, MGR.EXPERT INSTALLATIONS
DONE BY OUR OWN
MECHANICS

201-462-4600

The MOI COMPUTER STORE

325 route 9 • englishtown, new jersey 07726

HELP WANTED

ODD HOURS

NO PAY

ROOSEVELT VOLUNTEER
FIREFIGHTERS WANTED

EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER

Contact any member of the Fire
Company.

GRADUATIONS

Abigail and Robin Pogrebin, twin daughters of Bertrand and Letty Pogrebin of New York, and granddaughters of Esther Pogrebin of Pine Drive, were graduated from high school in New York - Abigail from the Dalton School and Robin from Riverdale Country School. They will both enter Yale in the fall. For the summer Robin will work at the American Place theatre in Killington, Vermont. Abigail will be a summer intern in the Office of Congressman Theodore Weiss in New York.

James W. Braun, son of Ruth Braun of Pine Drive, was graduated cum laude from the University of Scranton with a B.S. degree in business management. He is now actively seeking a job in his field.

Gale Block, daughter of Karen and Marvin Block, was graduated from Glassboro State College with a B.A. in Early Childhood Education and Special Education. Gale hopes to work as a classroom teacher in the fall.

Damon Vigiano, son of Marilyn Magnes of Roosevelt and Dominick Vigiano of Port Washington, L.I. was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania with a Bachelor of Arts degree in Economics and Finance. Damon played Varsity Soccer throughout his four years in college. In his sophomore year, his team was Ivy League Soccer Champion.

Damon is spending the summer in Italy and Spain and hopes in the fall to get a job in international banking.



Rachel Mueller, daughter of Bob and Diana Mueller, was graduated from the University of California at Berkeley with a Bachelor's degree in Cognitive Psychology.

She was awarded a fellowship for graduate study and will teach at the University of California in the fall.

Erik Mueller, Rachel's brother, received a Masters degree in Computer Science at the University of California at Los Angeles. He will continue his graduate studies for the PhD in the fall.

Natalie Altman, daughter of Josette and Laurie Altman, was graduated from Syracuse University May 7 with a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree in Theatre and Acting. Natalie hopes to work at McCarter theatre in Princeton this summer, and in the fall, she will move to New York, to take acting classes and look for theatre jobs.

Avram Samuel Rips, son of Gladys Nadler of Roosevelt and Ervine M. Rips of New Brunswick, received a B.A. in Developmental Psychology from Evergreen State College in Olympia, Wash. on June 5, 1983. Avram is working at the Temple Day Care Center in Seattle as teacher-in-charge of the pre-kindergarten class. He plans to return home to Roosevelt at the end of August and hopes to attend graduate school in special education.





ROOSEVELT SCHOOL GRADUATES

Bonnie Noelle Bauerle
 Jack R. Bowker J.R.
 Gerald Bartholomew DiTursi
 Tristen Hillary Herrstrom
 Thomas A. Kerr
 Luis Schwinger
 Troy Phillip Snow
 Donna Marie Somma
 Mark Hutchins Tulloss

HIGHTSTOWN HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES FROM ROOSEVELT

Teresa Antosky
 Jerrie Barth
 Dawn Michele Boyd
 David Dey
 Eric (Ricky) Jaeger
 Jacqueline Meyers
 James O'Brien
 Richard Orlen

NEWS OF ROOSEVELT STUDENTS IN HIGHTSTOWN HIGH SCHOOL

The following students were chosen as members of the National Honor Society:

David Ashkinazy
 Deborah Nahmias
 Mindy Shapiro

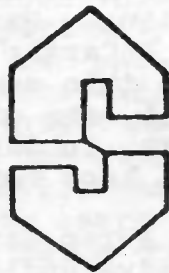
Certificates for Outstanding Scholastic Performance were awarded to:

Rachel DiTursi, Mark Katz, Ernest Sajgo, Andrew Schwinger, Mindy Shapiro, Sharon Skillman, Lisa Soden, David Terry.

Students with a record of perfect attendance were: Donna Ernstein, Richard Francis, Marc Friedaan, Sharon Skillman.

At the H.S. graduation exercises, Jerrie Barth was given a \$100 award for excellence in scholastic performance.

In the elementary school, Michael Bowker was the only student with a record of perfect attendance.



**USSMAN
 REALTY**

MARILYN K. TICKTIN

Sales Associate

896-9300

448 0363

Roosevelt Community and School CalendarJULY 1983

4	Monday	Independence Day
5	Tuesday, 10-11 a.m.	Exercise class - Borough Hall
	10-12	Blood Pressure - Borough Hall
7	Thursday, 10-11 a.m.	Exercise class - Borough Hall
	2:00 p.m.	Senior Citizens meeting - Borough Hall
	7:30 p.m.	Fire Company meeting - Borough Hall
11	Monday, 8:00 p.m.	Council Agenda Meeting - Borough Hall
12	Tuesday, 10-11 a.m.	Exercise class - Borough Hall
13	Wednesday, 7:30 p.m.	Public meeting 201 Facility Plan - Borough Hall
	8:00 p.m.	Council meeting - Borough Hall
14	Thursday, 10-11 a.m.	Exercise class - Borough Hall
19	Tuesday, 10-11 a.m.	Exercise class - Borough Hall
		Food Co-op - Borough Hall
20	Wednesday, 7-10 p.m.	First Aid - Borough Hall
21	Thursday, 10-11 a.m.	Exercise class - Borough Hall
	7-11 a.m.	Boy Scouts - Borough Hall
25	Monday, 8:00 p.m.	Planning Board - Borough Hall
26	Tuesday, 10-11 a.m.	Exercise class - Borough Hall
	7:30 -10:30 p.m.	First Aid - Borough Hall
28	Thursday, 10-11 a.m.	Exercise class - Borough Hall

AUGUST 1983

- | | | |
|----|----------------------|---|
| 2 | Tuesday, 10-11 a.m. | Exercise class - Borough Hall |
| 4 | Thursday, 10-11 a.m. | Exercise class - Borough Hall |
| | 2:00 p.m. | Senior Citizens meeting -
Borough Hall |
| | 7:30 p.m. | Fire Company meeting -
Borough Hall |
| 8 | Monday, 8:00 p.m. | Council Agenda meeting -
Borough Hall |
| 9 | Tuesday, 10-11 a.m. | Exercise class - Borough Hall |
| 10 | Wednesday, 8:00 p.m. | Council meeting - Borough Hall |
| 11 | Thursday, 10-11 a.m. | Exercise class - Borough Hall |
| 16 | Tuesday, 10-11 a.m. | Exercise class - Borough Hall |
| | | Food Co-op Borough Hall |
| 17 | Wednesday, 7:00 p.m. | First Aid - Borough Hall |
| 18 | Thursday, 10-11 a.m. | Exercise class - Borough Hall |
| | 7-10 p.m. | Boy Scouts - Borough Hall |
| 21 | Sunday, 11:00 a.m. | Park Commission - Borough Hall |
| 23 | Tuesday, 10-11 a.m. | Exercise class - Borough Hall |
| 25 | Thursday, 10-11 a.m. | Exercise class - Borough Hall |
| 29 | Monday, 8:00 p.m. | Planning Board - Borough Hall |
| 30 | Tuesday, 10-11 a.m. | Exercise class - Borough Hall |
| | 7:30-10:30 p.m. | First Aid - Borough Hall |

Maley wins first prize

This essay, which won first prize in a Knights of Columbus statewide contest in North Carolina, is the work of sixth grader Brandon Maley, son of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Maley, and grandson of Roosevelt's Josephine and Tom Maley.

The Pledge of Allegiance is a solemn oath to our country and government. Allegiance means the loyalty, faithfulness and devotion that a citizen has for his country. A person shows this allegiance in many ways; by serving on a jury, obeying our laws and if these laws seem unfair then working to change them in a peaceful way.

When I say the Pledge of Allegiance I mean: I pledge allegiance...I swear to be loyal: to the flag... the symbol of our country; of the United States of America... a country of fifty states each with its own laws; and to the Republic... a country where people vote for someone to make their laws; for which it stands... the flag stands for the country; one nation under God... one country whose people worship one supreme being; indivisible... cannot be broken into pieces; with liberty and justice... freedom and fairness; for all... for each and every person.

The flag, as a symbol of our country, is rich in meaning. It has thirteen stripes, each standing for one of the original colonies, and fifty stars, one for every state in the union. Each color of the flag is significant; red is for courage, white is for innocence and blue is for justice. By an act of congress, our flag is considered to be a living thing and is a monument to the men and women who believed in the ideals



for which this country was built. Some of the builders of our great country are George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. George Washington, as our first president, helped build the foundations of this country. Abraham Lincoln, our sixteenth president, held our country together during the Civil War and stood for the rights of all men to be treated equal. Through the generations, men from all professions and walks of life have worked to make this country what it is today.

As an American citizen we have certain rights and freedoms, such as the right to worship where we want, the right to vote for the candidate of our choice, and the right to bear arms. With these rights goes the responsibility not to abuse them. Because a person has the right to own and use a gun does not mean he may injure someone. With the right to vote goes the responsibility to study the issues and intelligently choose the best candidate.

We have much to be thankful for living in the United States of America. We have rights; freedoms, justice and a democratic form of government. We should be proud!

Issues and Debate

What counts most in education—part two

by David Brahinsky

Last month's Issues and Debate column did, as hoped, lead to a debate regarding the concept of system in relation to the people who run it. One criticism it elicited goes as follows: as far as education is concerned, you are correct -- the people count more than the system -- but this is because there is a great deal of one-to-one contact between teachers and students. It is not the case on a larger scale, however, such as in the area of political-social-economic reality.

Let me focus first on education. In one-to-one contact, the teacher's attitude towards student expansion and development is clearly communicated but not always consciously (it is often communicated subliminally). If the teacher's goal is to further the Wonder of the student, the student will (at least subliminally) feel this and will have the opportunity to evolve at her/his own pace. Here the teacher can use his/her knowledge and method (the System) to stimulate the student to probe for her/himself, and (as most of us come to learn about ourselves), it is in one's own probing that real learning takes place. On the other hand, should the teacher not be interested in furthering student Wonder, the student will feel this and tend to close down, to contract her/his 'tentacles' rather than expand them.

From this perspective, education is an art -- the art consists of the teacher's capacity to see (in the broadest sense of the term) how much he/she should give the student in the service of whetting the student's desire to reach out further for him or herself.

This issue is a "burning issue of the day" as much controversy has recently been generated regarding whether or not teachers should be paid on a merit system rather than via seniority. A 'fly in the ointment', as it were, is the question of what makes a good teacher and who is to decide. Yet if it is correct to say that education is an art, the problem is akin to all problems associated with aesthetics and, more generally, value theory as such. As a teacher of aesthetics and ethics I've been intimately involved with such questions for years and can say only that there is no generally accepted body of opinion regarding these questions.

For example, most of us accept the morality of the Ten Commandments but when we try to objectify them, to prove their validity, we run into the age-old problem of having to prove they are not man-made or relativistic, but are rooted in an objective principle (such as God), a "proof" theologians and moralists have not as yet made convincing (and they've

been trying for centuries). The same is true with respect to "proofs" of beauty or aesthetic value.

In education we often think we have a more objective basis upon which to make value judgments since we give tests and can judge performance. The problem here, of course, is whether or not tests test education or simply memorization, and, furthermore, it is not clear what the relationship between memorization and education is. In other words, we are not clear on what it means to be "educated". Is an educated person one who knows a lot of facts or one who can creatively discover new ways to deal with pervasive, sticky problems? Changes in educational philosophy that occurred in the 1960's were based on educators asking themselves these questions. These days the President and educators are claiming that this philosophic change was not for the better; that we need a new system, one that "returns to the basics." But does this mean that the philosophy of opening up education, making it more personal, more creative failed or that the people who attempted to carry it out did not do so correctly? In other words, is the problem with the system or the people?

Not that knowledge and creativity are opposed; one needs both since we build (creatively) upon what we know. But which pole should be emphasized in school? The knowledge pole is easier to measure (via tests), easier to apply (via books, methods, or, generally, systems), easier to deal with. Machines (computers, televisions) can provide knowledge as easily as living organisms. The creative pole

(Wonder) is just as important, however, and usually requires the touch of a human. A good educator, from this perspective, provides both, and equally. Is it any wonder that being a good educator is not an easy task? It means being a competent provider of knowledge, which means keeping abreast of state-of-the-art methods and procedures and also knowing how to stimulate students to want to learn for themselves, to make learning and school in general interesting.

It is difficult to determine what makes a good teacher because the creative side is difficult to measure. A student's Wonder may not bear fruit for years yet the seed may have been planted by a teacher who cared. Thus we tend to focus on the system, on what is more easily measured. When making claims regarding the efficacy of our education we refer to test scores, for example.

In so doing, however, we give in to ease and give up the very essence of education--we make it easy on ourselves in the short run but infinitely harder on ourselves, on the future of our species and our planet, in the long run. For only creative, Wonder-filled children of the future will be able to solve the problems that we have so graciously provided them.

The second part of the above-mentioned critique says that this analysis is not relevant in the political-social-economic sphere, that here the system is all-important. Without going into it very deeply, I can say only that as long as human greed remains the ground in which political, social, and economic policy is planted,

(Cont'd. on next page)

education - part two

(Cont'd. from previous page)

no change in system -- whether from Capitalism to Communism or Socialism or vice versa -- will amount to much. Reforms, as Krishnamurti says, may alleviate human suffering for a time, but they do not get to the roots of the problem and so the weeds that cause suffering easily return.

Capitalism has marvelous advantages in terms of providing initiative and diversity and would work beautifully if people were not greedy. Communism is hell (as Solzhenitzyn has pointed out) when the leaders want personal power rather than general happiness. But those on both sides usually emphasize the system. "Down with the Capitalist System!" shout the Leftists; "Destroy the Communists!" cry the Rightists. Once in power, however, both sides usually reveal their true, underlying nature: greed, for material wealth and/or personal power. To change the political-social-economic conditions, thus the ecology of Earth, our common mother, requires the uprooting of this most deeply grounded weed, human greed.

Finally, are these political, social, and economic concerns related to educational policy? I obviously think so. As a matter of fact, the spirit of my articles makes the following claim: Only via creative, Wonder-enhancing education will we have a chance in hell to eventually uproot human greed, thus provide the change in conditions on Earth that will allow for creative continuance of homo sapiens and the rest of the biosphere

we depend on for our very existence. This, of course, is a gigantic hypothesis, and I cannot claim to have justified it. But should the debate continue (here in Roosevelt at least) might such a justification eventually be brought forth?

A BETTER WEIGH

**EXERCISE & AEROBICS
MEN & WOMEN**

Hourly Classes	KARATE	Babysitting Available
-------------------	---------------	--------------------------

Warren Plaza West, Route 130, East Windsor

609-448-4501



HIGHTSTOWN STATIONERY, INC.

609-448-1130
609-448-1031

A COMPLETE LINE
OF

FINE OFFICE FURNITURE AND SUPPLIES
RUBBER STAMPS · IMPRINTED FORMS · BUSINESS CARDS

VISIT OUR NEW "DEPT. II"

GREETING CARDS · GIFTS · CANDLES
IMPRINTED INVITATIONS · FINE SELECTION OF
STATIONERY, BOXED OR PERSONALIZED

C. E. FEESE PRESIDENT	119-122 MAIN STREET HIGHTSTOWN, N. J. 08520
--------------------------	--

May the Kid be with you

The following is excerpted from David Herrstrom's talk to the R.P.S. graduates on June 18, 1983.

Editors

...The poet pays attention....
But ... also tries to give things such a life of their own that they walk up and down in the world and demand your attention.... Any artist simply tries to replace indifference by attention.

It's a way of living life; my way of living life, trying to really see and feel this various, incredibly intricate, totally connected world of ours....

... when I think of the profound fears I lived with (as a kid). Why, I wouldn't wear a short-sleeve shirt in public because I thought my arms were too skinny I actually thought that wherever I went, people were just waiting to catch a glimpse of my truly amazing, bony arms....

Heroes know what to do with their life. That's one reason they're heroes. This kid doesn't. And he's worried. He's tried on all kinds of heroes, his grandfather, for instance, a mining engineer

Adults don't seem to understand ... not wanting to go anywhere, just fast. They don't understand (the) overwhelming desire to live in trees and talk to animals ... walking like Murieta or Reggie or worrying about what to do with the rest of your life. In fact, this kid thinks adults live in a foreign country. They don't seem to care about what really counts in life....

"The Return of the Jedi" was made by ... the kid who goes

with Henry Lucas, who wrote the movie. Who but a 13 or 14-year-old could imagine the ultimate thrill, better even than Lightning Loops, of sheer speed of you-can't-touch-me invulnerability....

Then to discover in that forest ... a tribe of animals that live in trees a whole civilization, with words and dances ... Leia and Luke can understand ...

... to be the hero in your own story To be the rebel and get away with it. To be misunderstood and yet right

... to be a knight in a simple yet mysterious world. A world where the worst kind of mysterious, gnawing horror exists, like that great gullet in the desert -- the horrible hole. When you realize it's there, it's too late. The sand gives way under your feet and you slide into the raw toothed maw, to be slowly digested, bit by bit for 1000 years.

But ... (N)othing can stand before your all-powerful light-sword, not even your father, whom you save by your superior strength and secret powers.

With power like that no worry about what to do. The Jedi Knight knows exactly what to do with the rest of his life: avoid destroying yourself in order to give life to others.

(My story) like (Lucas') story ... fulfills Yoda's prophecy -- hate destroys. Better to choose life, as the Jedi Knight does, than self-destruction. Unlike Lucas' story, the evil in mine is not so simple. It lurks every-

(Cont'd. on next page)

the Kid


(Cont'd. from previous page)

where, and it's not easy to attack.

Pig
escapes the pick-up gate
and swerves like a full-back
through the startled ring
of Reformatory boys.
They grab rocks, boards,
a pitchfork, give chase
until he plunges in the pond
swims for its center.
He jabs up his snout, snuffs
and bares picket teeth.
Boys from Newark spread out
on the beach around one end
facing the other kids
across the pond, mocking
but amazed pigs can swim.
They've never seen him
take a half-moon
clean out of a board.
He tires and edges toward
the beach, is stoned back.
An island, eyes bristling,
he probes another spot
steers himself into sticks
slapping like tractor wheels.
His hoofs pound holes
in the water; he pants a wind.
Again he's beaten back.
Peddling slows and only
the snout swims, aimed
like a double-barreled gun.
It s scream is a rake scraping
the floor of a metal trough.
A flailing, then circles
behind circles march
out from a froth of bubbles.
The boys rage and hurl
stones, sticks, cans
their pocket knives, belts
and shoes into the small
whirlpool of breath.

I don't want to lose the
13 or 14-year-old who helped
me make that poem and still
helps me imagine the lives
of other people, trees, even
stones.... You all have a
gift: the gift of paying
attention to the world around
you, using your will to be
curious and imagine....

It will reward you, and it
may even be the special
power that saves you from the
empire of oppressive adult
order, which as you know is
a great disorder. Or it may
save you, as it did Luke
Skywalker, from harming your-
self one day with hate or
anger. So, think of Sally
Ride and her colleagues
there -- fact now but one day
it had to be imagined -- and
as they carry out their star
chores and as you go on to
high school and beyond, I
say: MAY THE KID BE WITH
YOU.



(800) 448-0084

roosevelt printing
Letterpress-Offset

EDITH ERNSTEIN

16 PINE DRIVE ROOSEVELT, NEW JERSEY 08855

For now, and down the road

The following is the speech given by Bonnie Bauerle, R.P.S. graduate, at graduation.

Editors

by Bonnie Bauerle

Having been born in Boston, spending early childhood in the shadow of Walden Pond, and with a deep love and pride for the uniqueness of my former home, I came to Roosevelt still in the infancy of my growth and education.

Many new things greeted me here in Roosevelt: our family's first house, a sister, and a community which was in some ways strange and again, unique. At the time, I didn't recognize that perhaps my entry, and the entry of many families that didn't fit the mold of the town that existed perhaps only fifteen to twenty years ago was, I guess, not entirely welcome. After all, the members of my family were not creators of art, we weren't Jewish, but thank God, at least we were Democrats.

The school universe that I entered is one that I do cherish. Classes were small, instruction very individually tailored, and interlaced with the vibrancy of the community. Few students anywhere in the country could have come in contact with the quality of community instructors in art and music that have been such a significant pleasure to me. I must admit that I feel a degree of sorrow for those who will follow behind me in that the scope of some of the very positive aspects of this school appear to be diminishing for the sake of regimentation.

And while the experience of a small school was wonderful in what have been my formative years, I eagerly look forward to the growth I anticipate as I enter Hightstown High School. More people to get to know, greater diversity in backgrounds, and of course, boys who are taller than I are among the exciting prospects that face me.

I will carry many memories with me from my nine years at R.P.S., some which I wouldn't mind leaving behind and others which I will never want to forget.

I want to thank all my teachers for what they have given me, and I especially want to thank Marcia Davis for her creativity, Mr. Shutman for his confidence and patience, Marsha Merced for her perspective on woman's role in society, and Jane Fremon for teaching me that all people are special and have something to offer. And most of all my parents and grandparents for their guidance, support and love.

For myself, I see definite plans to enter the field of psychiatry. One of the greatest pains people in this world experience is suffering from within. People often hurt each other because they themselves are hurting. If I could help just some of these people I envision a positive effect on the rest of society. And I also aspire to be a loving wife and the mother of eight.

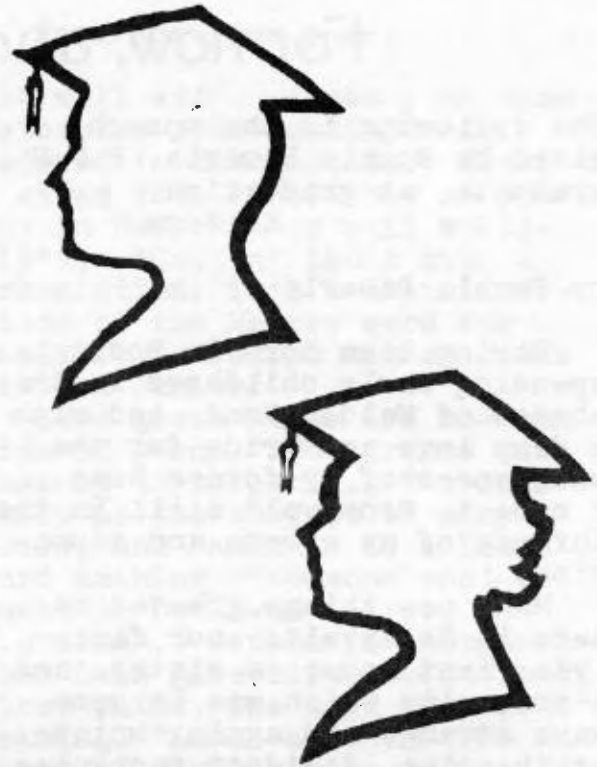
And finally, my best wishes go out to the fellow

(Cont'd. on next page)

For now

(Cont'd. from previous page)

members of the graduating class with sincere hope for their success as they and I continue our education; and to the world, as it seeks peace in the Middle East, in Poland, in Asia and in South and Central America. Truly, I would like to buy the world a Coke and teach it how to sing in perfect harmony, but, in particular because of my ethnic background, I would like to buy the Coke that will allow a particular peace. PEACE TO NORTHERN IRELAND!



VHS **VIDEO** **MAGIC** **Beta**

(609)
443-6196

Twin Rivers Mall
East Windsor, NJ 08520

<p>VCR Rentals/Sales</p> <p><u>ALL movie rentals*</u> \$3.00 (1 day rental)</p> <p><u>WEEKEND SPECIALS*</u> rent 2 movies \$6.00 each-3rd rental free (3 day rental)</p> <p><u>GAME CARTRIDGES*</u> - rent any cartridge \$1.50 daily. If purchased, rental fee deducted from price.</p> <p><u>VCR-VCS</u> repaired on premises</p> <p><u>BLANK TAPES</u> - Panasonic, Memorex, Fisher T-120 Sony L-750 \$13.95</p>	<p>Atari/Coleco Intellivision</p> <p><u>SUNDAY SAVER*</u> ANY movie \$2.00 (1 day rental)</p>
--	--

Letter to the Bulletin

Graduation disturbances

(This is a copy of a letter sent to Dr. Stanley Sussman, principal of Roosevelt Public School; Bruce Lakin, president of the Board of Education; and Edythe deTursi, P.T.A. president.)

Speaking as a Roosevelt Public School alumna (Class of '63), a "new" Roosevelt resident, and a teacher of nine years experience, I was disturbed enough by the proceedings at this year's graduation ceremonies to feel that writing to you was an important gesture. I hope you'll bear with me for a few minutes.

Graduation is, as I very vividly recall, a major social and emotional landmark in the life of a Roosevelt child, and this year, several factors seemed to work against making "The Big Day" as special for the eighth graders as it should have been. First of all, while the Memorial obviously has an aura very different from the enclosed school gym, there still was no excuse for the behavior of many of the underclassmen who chose to attend--or at least disrupt--the ceremonies. One group of boys on the handball court became so noisy that I actually had to walk over and deliver an irate lecture on respecting the feelings of their own peers, the graduates. They appeared astounded by this concept and did quiet down. (In fact, they left shortly afterwards.) Couldn't the school have staged a 10-minute assembly on some day prior to graduation

explaining to the younger ones how important this evening was for the graduates, and assuring them that when it was their turn to graduate, other kids would have to show them some respect? Maybe it's also time to revive the old Roosevelt custom of seventh grade ushers. Seeing yet another class group dressed up and treating the occasion seriously is another way of impressing the younger children with the gravity of this event. (The presence of the casually dressed underclass choir, on the other hand, must have had an opposite effect.) Finally, wouldn't it perhaps be useful to have an adult or two (a P.T.A. member, neighbor, maintenance man) standing by during the ceremonies to ensure acceptable behavior from the younger attendees (who were, in turn, unattended by their parents)?

This leads to another upsetting element--the adult attitudes displayed last night. As a college student of the late '60's, I'm certainly no advocate of formal wear, but I couldn't help feeling that if I were an eighth grader sitting all dressed up on that platform, the presence of adults sporting old jeans, running shorts, etc., would have seemed a true insult. As an ex-eighth grader, I know that the graduates--even the cool dudes--take this occasion very seriously, and it would seem a minimal courtesy for adults who choose to attend to show that they, too, consider the event important. Perhaps a little pre-graduation note to

(Cont'd. on next page)

Graduation

(Cont'd. from previous page)

the public ("Proper Dress Required") in the Borough Bulletin and accompanying the general invitation in the Post Office could help this situation. A word on unattended children could also be added at the same time.

Finally, I think it might help both the adults and the younger children to realize the impact of this occasion if, as used to be the case, graduation was also a time for saluting academic excellence. In "my day", from one to three general academic prizes were awarded to outstanding students (in fact, some years a valedictorian and salutatorian were even noted on the program), and I don't recall resentment among those not receiving awards. In a small class, everyone knows--even for years in advance--who the "smart ones" are anyway, and I would imagine that a regimen like the recently installed Gifted and Talented program would be a far ruder awakening (at a far younger age) for the not-so-talented than the awarding of well-deserved prizes. Besides, in the "old days", the under-achievers always had a chance to redeem themselves by winning the Benjamin Brown Essay Contest, a one-shot deal that not only created another opportunity for an award, but also treated Roosevelt residents to a rather nice retelling of our town's history.

I hope you will receive these observations and suggestions as they were offered--in the spirit of concern for this community. Thank you for listening.

Alison Edwards Petrilla




ROOSEVELT AUTO CENTER
Rochdale Ave
Roosevelt, New Jersey 08555
1808 448-0198
E. LONE

409 448-8881

CUNNINGHAM PHARMACY INC.
FOUNDED 1877

ROBERT M. HILLMAN R.Ph. MAJ & STOCKTON STS.
PRESIDENT HIGHTSTOWN, N. J. 08520



"PURVEYORS TO THE AREA'S
FINEST RESTAURANTS"

**BARNEGAT LIGHT
SEAFOOD COMPANY**

OPEN
SEVEN DAYS

430 RTE. 130
LA B P SHOPPING CENTER
EAST WINDSOR, N. J. 08530
1808 448-7878



HAVE YELLOWING BLUES?
WATCH IT SPARKLE AGAIN!

100%
GUARANTEED

Anway
WASH WITHOUT
LONG BRUSHING

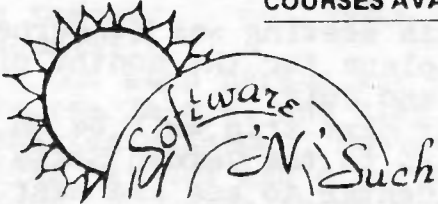
BONNIE COOPER
643 3014

JUNE 12, 1983

One of the hottest days of the year, the beaches were mobbed -- Island Beach was closed at 10:15 a.m. -- yet approximately 1200 people gathered at the Princeton Library to celebrate and remember last year's Peace-Anti-Nuclear-War March. There was, of course, a Roosevelt contingent, headed by a large banner and a representative group of adults and children. From the library, the rememberers marched over a mile to Marquand Park where everybody flopped down in the shade. (The speaker's platform had to be turned for it had originally been aimed at a field that was in the bright sun.) A few people spoke, music was played, the group sang together and meditated on what they were doing, ending with "Shalom Chaverim" -- Peace be with us.

Shalom Chaverim,
Shalom Chaverim,
Shalom, Shalom,
Lehitraot, Lehitraot,
Shalom, Shalom.

COURSES AVAILABLE



Computer Software

Marilyn & Paul
(609) 443-8984

Warren Plaza Center
Rt. 130 next to McDonald's
East Windsor, N.J. 08520




BILL's
Interior Housepainting

Clean Quality Work
Free Estimates

BILL LEECH
(609) 443-8959


References available



R. & A. Petrilla

BOOKSELLERS

Box 306, Roosevelt, NJ 08555
(609) 448-5510



We have just made Roosevelt our new home!

WE BUY old books, manuscripts, maps & related material.
WE APPRAISE books for insurance, donations, gift tax, &c.

Robert Petrilla

Alison Edwards Petrilla

FIRE COMPANY NEWS

by Adeenah Yeger

The members of the Fire Department would like to thank all the townspeople who do not take advantage of parking at the Borough Hall in the areas designated Emergency Only. To the people who have and do park there, you may have noticed that several new signs have been installed. These are to remind you that in an emergency the responding firemen (and first aiders) need quick access to their equipment. The speed of response may mean the difference between life and death in an emergency situation. In the past people have not only parked in the gravel area in front of the Borough Hall, but have had the nerve to park in front of the bay doors so that either the fire engine or ambulance could not exit. The philosophy that you'll only be a minute may cost a life.

Firefighters must approach every emergency situation with the thought that they are trying to save lives. They must be prepared to do this. To be ready for a small brush fire, automobile accident or the horror of a house fire they must educate themselves in the skills of a firefighter. To do this they must drill. Part of training consists of a scheduled monthly drill which all members are notified of in advance and report to the fire house for training sessions. However, it is also necessary to have unscheduled drills to actually train under conditions as realistic as possible. In these drills they rate response time -- from the time the call goes out to the time they have a charged line ready to attack the fire. Each individual is given the opportunity to have

realistic hands-on experience. When you hear the siren give five tones you will know that it is a fire call, a false alarm or a training session in order to better serve the residents of Roosevelt. If anyone has any questions concerning training or use of the siren please feel free to direct them to Chief Yeger.

Since the last Borough Bulletin the fire department has responded to a motor vehicle accident on Rochdale Ave., an appliance fire in the borough, an attempted arson at the Roosevelt School and a mutual aid assignment to Applegarth where they were one of 9 companies involved. During this assignment Freehold Independent Fire Company was standing by in Millstone to cover any emergency that should arise in the borough.

Arson and false alarms are indictable offenses and should not be taken lightly.

Three members recently completed Monmouth County Fire School and are awaiting their certificates.

AVON




Donna Kaufman
448-4282

call for a free brochure

FIRST AID NEWS

by Clara Levinson

It is with a sense of pride that we report a recent event in our town. On a Saturday morning during this month, when most teen-agers would be away from home doing something for their own pleasure, 16 girls and boys ran a Cake Sale to raise money for our First Aid. Not only did they do all the baking; they set up and sold their donations to the public. They did very well and have decided that this is the "First" cake sale; they hope to have them every year hence forth. They are to be commended for such an altruistic venture.

The First Aid's "Annual Fund Raising" drive was also well received by the public and they report this was the best financial response ever. Thanks again neighbors, and thanks again dedicated First Aiders!

So far this month they have answered four ambulance calls; seven members attended Freehold Hospital for seminars relating to improved care; and six attended the mid-year convention for information to increase their expertise.


Introducing a Shrink-Wrap Service! Shrink-wrap is the best way to protect drawings, watercolors and prints- any art that you expect to be handled. Galleries request it! Customers prefer it! Shrink-Wrap pictures 30" wide, any length. Bring your artwork with backing to 48 Pine Drive, Roosevelt. Items priced on sq.in.-24 hr serv. Call 443-8674 Anytime

Guitar Instruction
specializing in

CHILDREN Ages 7 & UP

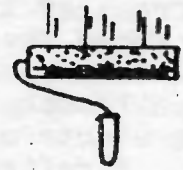
DAVID BRANINSKY ROOSEVELT
443-1898

INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR

 HOUSE PAINTING

Howard Kaufman
Roosevelt, N.J.

448-4282



201-462-4600

The MOI
COMPUTER STORE

325 route 9 • englishtown, new jersey 07726