



# Bulletin



Volume 49 Number 5

June 2026

## T H E P O E T R Y I S S U E

### Poetry Emotion

By Robert Axel

Welcome to the Annual Poetry Issue of the Roosevelt Borough Bulletin.

What do you look for when reading a poem? Do you avoid poems because you don't think you can understand them? Do certain poems move you more than others?

My poems tell stories about experiences and relationships in my life and are usually very personalized. This may or may not be the case with other poets.

I use images, nature and words to express evolving inner stirrings in my gut, head, and heart and the writing endeavor itself is emotionally cathartic. I enjoy moving the reader to provoke their own associations, thoughts and feelings.

I asked the Roosevelt poets, who read at the recent Roosevelt Arts Project's Poetry Event, to speak about whether and/or how emotional elements are present in their poetry.

Judith McNally reflected, "People tell me my micrologues bring them joy. For me, they're an engaging way of exploring whatever I might be feeling or thinking about. And I very much enjoy working on the balance between syllables, so the timing hopefully works out in the end."

Wes Czyzewski considered his process of writing poetry and said, "Yang Wan-Li wrote that he doesn't go in search of a poem — the poem comes in search of him."

David Herrstrom responded, "My life-long fascination with light infuses my every word. My fondest hope is that my poems will both probe people deeply, and speed us all toward a love affair with the infinite in each present moment. For this, I devote myself

to the rhythm and razz of words--and remain--ever their faithful servant."

Ron Kostar asserts, "I am a writer who uses his mind and eyes, starting off with an idea or image, and through a series of juxtapositions and connections I gradually build toward an emotion. The insight/emotion that I work toward is more often than not delight, or joy: the light bulb that lights up when something new is made or realized."

This diversity in approaches was demonstrated at the annual poetry reading presented by the Roosevelt Arts Project on April 12th when each poet explored a unique way of reaching the intellect, the heart and the gut of the listener.

As you read the pieces in this edition written by several different poets, take note of what moves you, what inspires and what provokes thought and associations. And, perhaps you will be encouraged to create your own!

#### When Words Avoid Me

Sometimes it takes days to reach the place where songs grow

And sometimes I can only admire them and move on

It could also just be the barometric pressure

That makes me want to hide in some fat book

As dogwood petals float past crumbling into wet words

— Wieslaw Czyzewski

### I N S I D E T H I S I S S U E

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## ANNOUNCEMENTS

Welcome to the 49th edition of *The Roosevelt Borough Bulletin*, an all-volunteer publication serving the borough of Roosevelt, NJ. We welcome submissions for news items, information of local interest, letters to the editor, poetry, and visual arts. We ask all contributors to adhere to the following submission guidelines:

- Send submissions to the email [rooseveltbulletin submissions@gmail.com](mailto:rooseveltbulletin submissions@gmail.com).
- Send your submission as a Microsoft Word attachment or as plain text within the body of your email. Please do not send PDFs.
- Include images as separate files in jpg format.

It's natural that people have second thoughts about what they've written, but we want to discourage multiple submissions of the same thing whenever possible. When necessary, the revised version should be clearly labeled as a revision.

We reserve the right to edit in accordance with our publication standards and policies, and to include items as space permits.

The *Bulletin* board members are thrilled to see that people are utilizing the *Bulletin* as a forum for communicating about our community's most critical issues. We are grateful that Roosevelt has supported this publication for so many decades by contributing both financially and intellectually. We are committed to providing you with the best publication possible.

**SENIOR CITIZENS:** There is a S.C.A.T. bus provided by Monmouth County Division of Transportation that comes to Roosevelt and will take you shopping to ShopRite in East Windsor. There is no charge to you for this service.

If you wish to go, you must call the S.C.A.T. bus at 732-431-6485 and press 1. Give them your name, address, and the town you are from, and where you wish to go.

The MEALS ON WHEELS program delivers prepared meals to Roosevelt seniors who need this assistance. Though meals are provided free of charge to recipients, the cost to the program is \$2.50 per meal. Donations to help cover these costs May be sent to Interfaith Neighbors, 810 Fourth Avenue, Asbury Park, NJ 07712

An archive of past *Bulletin* issues can be found online at [www.mazicmusic.com/rbb.htm](http://www.mazicmusic.com/rbb.htm), courtesy of Mark Zuckerman.

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### *THE ROOSEVELT BOROUGH BULLETIN*

is distributed free-of-charge to Roosevelt residents and via mail to out-of-towners.

Donations from readers, wherever they may be, and regardless of the medium in which they read the *Bulletin*, are very much welcome since we could not publish without reader support. Donations are generally tax-deductible.

**PLEASE SEND IN A CONTRIBUTION TODAY. WE NEED YOUR SUPPORT.**

Please send contributions to: Roosevelt Borough Bulletin, Inc., P.O. Box 221, Roosevelt, NJ 08555

## Blanket

Temperate sloughs of air

saunter through

the languid layers of humidity

coming from out west,

in from the Gulf of whatever it's called now.

Cheeps, trills, gravelly fowl chatter,

seasonally spring-coiled and from spring

emerged, all afloat on the rolling in battleship gray

thunderheads, stubborn

midday sunlight fights for some purchase of the shifting mood

like the last few vertical disciples

left erect among the offal

of dismembered believers

roaming fazed the coliseum floor.

Would Keats be surprised,

enamored or disgusted

by our malfeasant zeal when engaged

in negating capability, or enchanted by

the lullabye to which I return to escape

the chaos currently created by this vast insufferable vacuum of vacuity

threatening to unearth that lovestruck trail from tonight

to tomorrow morning?

— Bill Barrett

Correction: In the April, 2026, article "United We Stand, Divided We Fall" two words were transposed in the last sentence. It should have read "the better angels of our nature."

My life has been the poem I would have writ

But I could not both live and utter it.

— Henry David Thoreau

## I'm No Theologian

Can't kill him

mystery of faith

All that imaginary blood

to be bathed in

Achieving grace?

Gracious

Sacramental foibles

death in baptism

Taken with him

to the tomb

of everlasting life?

Woe,

quandaries of belief.

— Stephen Ring

## Nothing Gold Can Stay

Nature's first green is gold,

Her hardest hue to hold.

Her early leaf's a flower;

But only so an hour.

Then leaf subsides to leaf,

So Eden sank to grief,

So dawn goes down to day.

Nothing gold can stay.

— Robert Frost

## Slow Walking the Woods

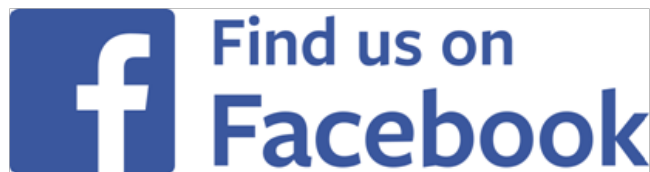
Don't worry if some hurried walker  
behind you. Your slow  
walking welcomes them to the woods  
and the woods to you

to look at what the trees feed, mushrooms  
all around. Listen to the songs  
played in their leaves  
by whispers of wind. Feel their skin  
their age written in bark.

Yes, they are walking in the deep place  
with you, talking to each other over root nerves  
in earth where they bare  
their care for each other, reveal  
who they really are standing before you.

Let yourself be immersed  
in their lives. Telling their neighbors about you  
the watcher walking.

— David Sten Herrstrom



Keep up to date with the latest happenings, events  
and announcements.

[www.facebook.com/RooseveltBoroughBulletin](http://www.facebook.com/RooseveltBoroughBulletin)

If you would like your organization's event posted to  
our Facebook page, please send event details to  
[rooseveltbulletin submissions@gmail.com](mailto:rooseveltbulletin submissions@gmail.com).

## A Few Six-Word Poems

Silent timeless calm comes over me

\* \* \*

Leaf in wind strums guitar branch

\* \*

Bird song adds its treble wavelength

\* \* \*

The azalea – not rushing to blossom

\* \*

Nor does the heart rush healing

\* \* \*

Gently let it be, for now

\* \*

Our cat – gone, but forever here

\* \* \*

– Judith McNally

## Reading Habits

Just like old timers before me  
I've started reading history books

Texts I wouldn't even consider  
Looking at in my twenties  
I find as gripping as any  
Crazy science fiction story

Why not go back when apparently  
That's mostly what I've got left

— Wieslaw Czyzewski

New Orleans

O New Orleans!

city of sprawling live oaks and soaring crows  
city in an unapologetic perpetual state of disrepair  
city of colorful outcrops and collective Atrophy

O New Orleans!

with your admixture of people with doomed and joyful faces  
with your catacombs and Second Lines and clarinets sprouting wings  
with your houses and storefronts with chipped and fading Caribbean walls  
just like in Cuba

O New Orleans!

you and your beads and saxophones  
you and your treacherous sidewalks and gaping potholes  
and your tattooed young flying by blurs on bicycles  
you and your 100-year-old trees  
your Vietnamese restaurants fried chicken and raw oysters  
and every cuisine between

O New Orleans!

Laidback city  
City canopied by trees  
City reclining on one elbow inside a bowl of sand  
I'm talking to you  
New Orleans!

You and your buddy riding shotgun the Mighty Mississippi  
You and your Spotted Cats and streetcars named desire  
You!  
O city sprawling inside a bowl of shifting sub-sea level sand  
O Wooded city!  
O Southern city!  
O Doomed City!  
City as hopeful and tenuous as life itself

— Ron Kostar, '26

## Recycling Guide for Monmouth County

(including Roosevelt Borough)  
by Hilary Wilder

You can put all of the following into your recycling bin for curbside pickup every other Wednesday morning:

- Plastic Containers – any shape container with a #1 (PET, PETE), #2 (HDPE), or a #5 (PP) label.
- Glass Containers – any food or beverage bottle (but no ceramics, dishes, glassware, lightbulbs, windows, caps or lids).
- Metal Cans - aluminum cans, tin cans, bi-metal cans, non-hazardous aerosol cans.
- Aluminum - foil, pans (try to crumble into a ball).
- Paper & Cardboard - cardboard shipping boxes (flattened), chipboard boxes, white and colored paper, junk mail, magazines, soft cover books, newspaper (including inserts).
- Please keep recyclables clean, dry, and rinse out food residue.

**NO PLASTIC BAGS!**

**KEEP ITEMS LOOSE!**

For more information scan the QR code.



Acrylic on canvas by Zachary Pressler



### 🌸 Springing Into Action!

Welcome to the Spring edition of the RPSEF newsletter! Flowers are blooming and our classrooms are equally vibrant with creativity and discovery. As we embrace the season of buds and growth we are thrilled with the growth in our gardens and in the minds of our RPS students. Thanks to your generosity we've had a busy few months turning grant proposals into blooming "aha" moments.

### ✅ Completed Grant Activities

**The Creepy-Crawly Discoveries:** What is spring time without the bugs?! Our K and 1st grade explorers took a trip to Insectopolis in Toms River, NJ. They got hands on at the "bug museum" and learned about the vital role insects play in our ecosystem.

**Young Authors:** The 2nd grade class officially became published authors! Each student wrote and illustrated their own autobiography presented in

a hardbound class book. These keepsakes capture their unique stories and artistic talents in a professional format.

**Visiting Artist Program:** Our halls and school grounds have been transformed by the presence of four incredible professionals:

**Chris MacKinnon (Potter):** Guided students through the tactile world of clay and form.

**Alia Bensilman (Watercolorist):** Taught the delicate techniques of lights and pigment.

**Amelie Petrillo (Sidewalk Painter):** Brightened our campus with temporary and permanent installations—including new four-square and hop-scotch boards. A special shout-out to our 5th graders for creating their own dragon paw prints leading into the school!



### Victoria Estok (Sound Mapping):

Opened student ears to the music of the environment, teaching students how to listen to and map sounds of their world.

### 📅 Coming Soon: Upcoming Grants

More fun before the school year ends! We have two "Buddy Trips" on the horizon to wrap up another year of building a positive school culture and fostering

mentorship and community:

- **Strikes and Spares:** A trip to Hamilton Lanes bowling alley for some friendly teambuilding and cross-grade partnerships that also sharpen math and social skills.
- **Sweet Rewards:** A visit to Lee Turkey Farm for strawberry picking and observational science experiences— where the fruit and friendships couldn't be any sweeter!

### ❤️ Heartfelt Thanks

We are incredibly grateful for this caring community. Opportunities like these are only possible because of your active participation. We could not do this without our donors and supporters!

We also want to thank everyone who:

- Supported our recent Scotto's Fundraiser!
- Rolled up their sleeves for the Litter Pick-Up to keep our town pristine.

### 👉 Join the Team: Social Media Volunteer

Are you a pro at posts? A wizard with reels? We are looking for a new member to manage our social media account. We need a creative volunteer to help share our stories and keep the community informed on what's happening through the foundation. It is a low-time commitment way to help make a high-impact difference for our kids! See the flyer for more information!

WE ARE LOOKING FOR A NEW BOARD MEMBER TO MANAGE OUR SOCIAL MEDIA!



Would you like to join as a volunteer?

- Activities include:
- ☑ Meet once a month virtually
  - ☑ Review teacher grant requests
  - ☑ Fundraising activities
  - ☑ Manage social media accounts (Facebook, Instagram)

EMAIL RPSEFDN@GMAIL.COM TO CONNECT

# June Newsletter

June 22nd, 2026

## *A Note From The Principal*



Dear RPS Families,

As we close out the school year, I want to take a moment to celebrate all of the wonderful memories our students have made throughout these last few weeks. June has been filled with excitement, creativity, and many opportunities for our Dragons to shine.



Our students did an amazing job at the Spring Concert and Art Show, where we were able to celebrate their talents, hard work, and creativity. We also enjoyed seeing students have fun in Garden Club, take part in special class trips to the strawberry farm, go bowling with buddies, and celebrate together at our Student Council-sponsored ice cream party.

We are especially proud of our 5th graders, who enjoyed memorable trips to American Dream and Great Adventure, and most importantly, celebrated their graduation as they prepare for their next chapter.

Across all grade levels, our end-of-year parties were a wonderful way to celebrate the hard work, friendships, and growth that made this year so special.

**Please note that students (rising grades 1-5) will be coming home with summer packets from next year's teacher. This is the primary summer work, and we strongly encourage students to complete it to help prevent learning regression. While the packet may feel lengthy, consistent exposure to the structure and language will be a big help as students head into next year.**

We wish all of our families a fun, safe, and relaxing summer. We will miss our students, but we look forward to hearing all about their summer adventures when they return!

With gratitude,  
Ms. Perine

# ROOSEVELT ON WHEELS

By Stephen Ring

The mission of our Roosevelt On Wheels series is to highlight classic and unique cars that reside in town. “I get off on ‘57 Chevys....,” “Rock and Roll Heart” by Eric Clapton. Our second installment spotlights Mike Polunas, who lives on Farm Lane, and his blue 1957 Chevy 210. If you are a classic car enthusiast and feel the way Eric does about this model then this profile will drive your heart wild!!

## 1. What year and model is it?

“It’s a 1957 Chevy with a 350 five speed engine. Most of it is its original frame,” Polunas said. He said the car is a “restomod (restoration + modification)” which is a classic vehicle that has been rebuilt to look largely original on the outside but is updated with modern technology and performance components.

## 2. How long have you owned it?

Polunas bought it online seven years ago from a place in Michigan.

## 3. What made you choose this car?

“I wanted a car my wife would agree to,” Polunas said. However, it turns out he has had an obsession for ‘57 Chevys for a long time. “My mom bought me everything but the car.” He had models of ‘57 Chevys and coffee mugs and even a towel bearing the likeness of a ‘57 Chevy Bel Air his mom convinced a shop owner to take off his wall to sell to her. “My dog sleeps on it now when we go for rides.”

In fact, his mom used to let him drive as a way to convince him to accompany her to the cemetery to pay respects to relatives. “We’d get there and mom would let me drive on the cemetery roads. The security guard didn’t care.” What an awesome mom!!

## 4. What’s your favorite detail about the car?

“My favorite thing is that there’s nothing special about it. I like that it’s quirky,” Polunas said. The car has no radio or temperature control.

## 5. How does it drive compared to modern cars?

“It’s a manual so going slow isn’t fun,” Polunas said. “But there’s a freedom you have while driving it like the feeling when you first got your license. In modern cars everything is beeping at you.” He said he gets about 14 miles per gallon in the city and 18 miles per gallon on the highway.

He said another difference between a classic and a modern car is that older cars were not designed to crumble which is not a good thing. “If I were to get hit head on in this the steering column would

move right straight into me,” he said. “When you get hit in a car like this everything moves toward you.”

## 6. Do you drive it often or do you take it to shows?

“It’s my rider. I take it out during the week,” he said. Also, he has taken it to the Oxford Road



Rally in Oxford, Maryland for the last five years which is about 170 miles one way.

According to the rally’s website it’s, “A fun annual event that brings car enthusiasts together from near and far! Features approximately 80 vintage, classic, exotic and special interest cars and other vehicles. The Rally participants will leave from Oxford, MD, after a breakfast, then enjoy an informal 60–80-mile fun rally over the area’s many scenic back roads, finally arriving at a predetermined location for a luncheon and a car show.” Mike and his 210 won the rally in 2024!!

Polunas doesn’t enter his car in shows because he says that he feels stuck there. “At the rally, I can leave when it’s over. At shows you are stuck in a seat by your car. Also, everybody who comes by wants to tell you what they

Continued on Page 9





would do to your car.”

### 7. Has the value of the car changed since you bought it?

In conducting internet searches for auction prices on similar models I found a sale price of \$15,900. When I asked, “Would you ever sell it?” Polunas said, without hesitation, “Everything is for sale.”

### 8. Are there other classics you’re hoping to own someday?

“No, this is pretty much it for me. Maybe a motorcycle but not while I live in New Jersey.”

Although he may not be looking forward to owning another classic, he has quite a pedigree of car ownership. Polunas has previously owned a 1987 Monte Carlo Super Sport and a 1972 Pontiac Le Mans.

Lastly, Polunas has a personalized license plate on his ’57 Chevy emblazoned with “CRMUGEN.” When asked what the inspiration was for the moniker he said, “I sail and I’m around grumpy sailors all the time and I figured if sailboats can belong to curmudgeons, then so can cars.” Take it from me, Mike Polunas is no curmudgeon. He has graciously given us all an inside look into his passion for a car and his zest for life.

Kelcie

I was sitting and watching fast watching and slow watching  
In an ordinary chair as I often do  
Coming from a long genetic line of watchers in ordinary chairs

And I was leaning back  
When a tiny girl appeared in the doorway  
Smiling a bright bemused a lemon smile

And laughing and more laughing  
And then her footsteps pattered the floor and her running now  
Pitter-patter pitter-pitter-pitter in Dr Denton’s over a pearly  
hallway floor

Until she came to a long vertical mirror in the next room  
Where she stopped and not laughing now  
Rubbed noses with her reflection in the mirror and smiled

— Ron Kostar, ‘26

How many more Las Vegases?

I woke up thinking about rubble  
And their plan to turn Gaza into first dust and then into Las Vegas  
And I marveled at the obscenity of it and wondered  
How many Gazas and how many Las Vegases can we stand?

Let’s count the ways:

One at Wounded Knee and one at Auschwitz one in Beirut and another in Baden-Baden  
one each in Dresden Mariupol and Bucha and at least one  
atop the remains of the Japanese intern camps in California --  
(And surely we’ve just begun to scratch the surface!)

Are all destined to be bombed razed and rubbleized  
And turned into Las Vegas ?

— Ron Kostar, ‘26

Now the years have come and have swept away ~

I can barely reflect on many a day ~

The joys of times that have been here ~

Are treasures - I hold oh so dear ~

To say thanks - seems so small a thing ~

And yet it seems like - maybe I gotta sing ~

It feels like I am floating along ~

Riding the waves - being where I truly belong ~

They say it's the journey that is so good ~

While you are on it - so easily misunderstood ~

I surely know this is the case for me ~

I could barely know the forest - no less a single tree ~

But now that the years have gone by ~

I could sit back and laugh - or even cry ~

I would not do that - cause its a waste of time ~

That is not my style - it would not be fine ~

I am content now - with whatever does hap ~

Cause I know what I can do - I will just take a good nap !!!

Adrienne Cheshier

## Getting Lost

Following deer tracks in snow

Half-moons linking bowers

Through corn stalks

Across stubble

I've been hunting for something

Since I could leave home alone

Especially down alleys or under bridges

Then later in forests always trying to get lost

For years and only on weekends

Coming home with nothing to sing about

But the vagaries of chance

All the while never knowing

Who was following my tracks

With an easy gait and a cold eye

—Wieslaw Czystewski



Acrylic on canvas by Zachary Pressler

## THE VIEW

A What are you doing lately?  
B Learning to be patient.  
A I meant like concrete activity.  
B Learning patience; that's my new activity.  
A How so?  
B I wait for flowers to open. I see a bird on a branch and wait for it to chirp.  
A You're kidding.  
B No. I'm not. I'm working up to being patient with other people. Like with someone who takes too much time at the drive-up window at the pharmacy.  
A Other people? That's the hardest of all.  
B I know; that's why I'm working up to it.  
A Doesn't something else come first?  
B Like what?  
A Like being patient with yourself.  
B Oh. That's so far out of reach, I can't even begin to know where to start. Like reaching for the highest apple on the tree, without a ladder.  
A Ladders aren't that hard to come by. In fact, I have one I don't use, if you'd like to borrow it.  
B How many rungs?  
A I never counted. Life is too short to count rungs on a ladder. It would take too much patience.  
B See what I mean?  
A What?  
B It could be beautiful – counting the rungs. The first rung – just starting out in life, without a clue as to how to proceed. Then the second rung – when you get inklings of maybe how to live a life – or at least begin to look around and find someone good to model yourself after, for a while, until you get to the third rung, and start to think for yourself, even if no one else is travelling the same path. And then—

A O.K. The fourth rung – that's for not looking back, so you don't fall down into the past, and make the same mistakes all over again?  
B You get the general idea, yes.  
A And the fifth rung? What's that for?  
B That's for patience.  
A Patience...  
B Yes – while you figure out how in the world to make sense of rung number six.  
A This, I take it, is for what's known as the "sixth sense?"  
B And then the seventh – otherwise known as heaven on earth.  
A Come to think of it, I can picture my ladder now, and it does have eight rungs. That's the very top one. What do you do when you get to the top?  
B Simple.  
A Oh? What then?  
B What then? You just enjoy the view – three hundred sixty degrees all around you, above and below – and ever so deep within.

##

— Judith McNally - a micrologue



## Arbor Day Tree Planting

By Steve Taylor

Trees are a key feature of Roosevelt, as well as the other Greenbelt Communities created in the 1940's. Our town was designed with space for forests. It probably was not recognized at the time, but a walk in the woods has been scientifically proven to lower blood pressure, reduce stress, and improve overall mental health. Give it a try. And, during the summer if you're driving past the nearby fields, check the outside temperature and then check it again when you are in Roosevelt. I have always found it's a few degrees cooler in Roosevelt; trees. Shade and transpiration (evaporative cooling) have a significant effect.

The value of trees is currently recognized in at least 50 countries around the world with a special day. This year Mayor Malkin and members

of the Environmental Commission recognized Arbor Day (April 24th) with the planting of a tree on the school grounds. The bald cypress (*Taxodium distichum*) replaces a conifer that was damaged in a wind storm in April of 2022 and subsequently removed. The mayor was assisted by some avid young gardeners from the Roosevelt school's Gardening and Cooking Club. This tree joins others planted by the mayor or students over the years.

### References:

<https://www.arborday.org/celebrate/globe>

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Arbor\\_Day](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Arbor_Day)

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Taxodium\\_distichum](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Taxodium_distichum)



Young gardeners helping out



Mayor Peggy Malkin planting Bald Cypress

Gail from Gorda  
By Albert Hepner

From Utah to Gorda, California, to Sitka, Alaska, Gail worked on her personal and social relationships. An exuberant, dark-haired, not unattractive twenty-five-year-old woman, who was only too happy to answer "Where were you raised?" with details of her travels. The Gorda restaurant, where we'd stopped, and where she held court, was plain. Interestingly, plain describes it best. It could have been a diner if only it had a counter with stools. It didn't. It had a counter to let us know where the public portion ended and where the two locals belonged. The silvery legs that held the tables and chairs up only highlighted their simplicity.

One might have guessed she'd never left Gorda, population ten. The ad, barely glued onto the front of the counter, said, "The pasta is the best." She added, "The fish and chips come with four pieces of cod, depending on how large the fish was to begin with, but also with chips." The smile,

joy, and laughter worked right through her face to ours. "The fish is awesome," and for the salad, "The vinaigrette is the best." The food only complemented how great she felt about working in this one-restaurant, one-general-store, one-gas-station town. The zeal with which she spoke of her place spoiled any notion that thousands didn't live here. Listening to her felt as if life had more to offer than any of us were aware of. Yet the world was her world. We could not have asked a more pertinent question about life: "Where were you raised?" After she had told us that the population of Gorda was ten, who'd have the nerve to ask, "Were you born here?" Is anyone born in a place where the population is ten?

She told us she'd gone to Alaska three years in a row to work

Continued on Page 13

### Spring

Striding down three steps with care  
From the porch, at the last stair,  
I stood transfixed, and with delight:  
My guests were not yet seen last night.

Yet there they were, so disciplined,  
So bravely upright in the wind,  
White orangish and yellow,  
Such tiny towers of Martello.

We stood in wonder, they and I,  
Saying the same under blue sky,  
"We're standing tall and have no fear."  
The crocuses and I are here,  
And isn't it a wondrous thing,  
We're witnessing another spring.

— George Sturm

June 28, 2022

Election Day - Primary - 2026

So glad to work the elections again this year ~

I'll be seeing my old friends who are - oh so dear ~

I do love this privilege that we have here ~

I get excited - as the day gets near ~

To vote is our civic duty - and our joy ~

We must remember always - and not treat it as a toy  
~

We had so many women and men come through~

But clearly one stands out - as he was new ~

Brand new - as in first time - able to do ~

I said "get the camera on the phone " - a picture for  
all time ~

To have a treasure and to keep - seemed oh so fine ~

He seemed so happy - to vote - and his coming of age  
~

He seemed to have lit up - like coming on stage ~

Oh these are special moments and I was there ~

I was thrilled to be part of this ~

And not to have missed ~

Now we must wait till November - to vote again ~

Lots to prepare and read and decide before then ~

Voting is a gift - given to all of us ~

Please lets never forget - voting is a must ~

Thank yous are in order - to those who helped keep us  
awake ~

So many goodies - some did even bake ~

We had cookies and nuts to snack upon ~

It helped the workers - going from dusk to dawn ~

There was one oatmeal cake - can't be beat ~

Then there was a coconut cake - oh my - what a treat ~

The topper of the day - was a giant salad - enough for  
two meals - if we need ~

And we did need -

Thanks to all who voted - and yes - thanks indeed !!!

— Adrienne Cheshier

Special Thanks to the generous people who provided the election workers with  
food and goodies:

June Counterman, Ana Debevec, Diana Moore, Nancy and Ralph Warnick

Gail from Gorda

Continued from Page 12

in a salmon processing plant where she knew it would only be good if she could be "the lead." To make sure, she went again and got the lead. The information was left open as to whatever the lead would mean to us—perhaps cleaning the salmon head only, cutting its head off, or telling other processors how to process the salmon. She'd go from thousands of processed salmon

in Sitka to a town of ten in Gorda. She said she used to be shy, but no more.

When we asked if she'd go back to Alaska, she told us her job in Gorda wasn't done. We found out she lived with her single-mother-sister, whose eight-year-old son needed her as a role model. She had to be there for him and also run the Gorda restaurant's evening shift, greeting the three customers, while the dishwasher attempted to fix

the heater in the room we'd rented for the night, to no avail. The cook brought the dinner we'd ordered halfway into the otherwise empty restaurant. Gail met him halfway and served us. A stray customer came in to ask a question she couldn't answer. He didn't order anything, but she bid him good night and asked him to come again.



## Fall into Winter

It's all about deterioration  
in the architecture of life  
moths come  
floating  
in your sight  
softly floating  
your evanescence  
revealing beauty  
of impermanence

I don't want any more  
death or rain  
but nature is insistent  
on meeting out its ends

I lie awake and listen  
to the downpour  
feeling awed  
and helpless  
and palpable

Innocently sitting in my backyard  
in October  
soft wind  
causes dead leaves to fall  
on my shoulder  
land in my hair

I don't need these  
felonious  
Force Majeure's  
of nature  
to remind me  
of age or death

It's just me  
not nature  
involved in some ending  
that will come  
when I'm dried up  
and float from the  
human branch

In November  
I watch Rousseau trees  
and listen  
to unseen  
deer, dried leaves  
dance  
around me  
in the gentle wind

No precursor of freeze  
just reminders of days  
latched  
to thoughts  
not seasons  
not time  
embedded  
in mind  
that probably never were  
that I wish I could get back to  
actually experience  
mild, temperate  
fuzzy  
peach skin weather  
of a yesterday  
that never happened

The river doesn't know  
its name  
it just flows

Fire wasn't invented  
it just happened  
and burned  
the grass just grows  
the moss just spreads  
the leaves die  
just when they are expected to

We sleep, dream and wake up  
on our own  
defying any nature  
based on work day  
or babies or hangovers

So much for living  
in rhythms

Sometimes  
I'm monolithic  
waiting for solstice  
and sun  
to hit the void  
of my escarpment

Lights flash  
from somewhere  
and make the eye blink  
on the top of my  
deconstructed  
pyramid of self  
fallen down over the years  
of weary and worry

Visitors take rubble  
as souvenirs  
I don't try to stop them, I exist  
stalwart as I can  
exalting my remains  
ignoring the decay

In December  
what standing saints  
the street lights are  
among sparse rustling of trees  
with no leaves

Revelations in quiet backyard  
by myself  
with a background noise  
of traffic  
in winter  
and knowing I'm cold  
and not going anywhere

Gripping my salt  
and withering  
like cymbals  
in the spontaneous  
tempo of tomorrows

— Stephen Ring

MRI

Nearly naked I was ushered  
 Through a roomful of monitors  
 To a metal sarcophagus  
 Where I reclined knees propped  
 Ears plugged and head phoned  
 And helmeted with a rubber button  
 Placed in my right hand in case I lost it

Then a magnet sang like a whale  
 Vibrating though me

Followed by voices  
 Frankie Valli then Elvis  
 Singing for 15 minutes

Why wasn't I warned  
 Why didn't they take requests

Each maudlin song wormed  
 Through my white matter  
 Hunting for evidence of a stroke  
 That never happened

Just chronic aging

— Wieslaw Czyzewski

**The Seniors at Lunch:**

The seniors took no time to decide ~

A lunch at Fernandos - quite the easy ride ~

Its so close to Roosevelt - one of the best around ~

Really good food - so glad that we have found ~

We get together - that's the main thing ~

Nothing has to be done - and nothing to bring ~

We eat - we laugh - we enjoy - and we remember ~

Getting together - is the reason we became a member ~

We always look forward to the next date ~

A month or so - we be so great ~

Looking forward to another good time for all ~

Come - check it out - you don't even have to call !!!

— Adrienne Cheshier

**Sun Song**

Sun and softness,  
 Sun and the beaten hardness of the  
 earth,  
 Sun and the song of all the sun-stars  
 Gathered together,—  
 Dark ones of Africa,  
 I bring you my songs  
 To sing on the Georgia roads.

— Langston Hughes (1901 - 1967)

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“Faith” is a fine invention  
 When Gentlemen can see—  
 But Microscopes are prudent  
 In an Emergency.

— Emily Dickinson (1830 -1886)

It costs me never a stab nor squirm  
 To tread by chance upon a worm.  
 “Aha, my little dear,” I say,  
 “Your clan will pay me back one  
 day.”

—Dorothy Parker (1893-1967)

### **My Son at 2.5**

My son asks to play hide and seek.  
He tells me to hide on the window ledge,  
to lay down behind the curtain.

My joints crackle as I get into position.

He hands me a glow stick.  
He reminds me not to scare him.

“Ok?”

His brown eyes wide,  
searching my face.

“Ok!”

He scurries out of the room,  
bubbling with anticipation.

Knock.

Knock.

“Can I come in?!”

“Yes!”

The curtains swing open wide  
with a shriek

and jolts of laughter.

“How’d you find me?!”

“I don’t know!”

he exclaims between his laughs.

“Again, but dada,  
don’t scare me, ok?”

— Jonathan Irling Hade

### **On Retirement**

I once lived on a planet that knew me like a squirrel knows nuts

Now I’m not so sure

Events happen as always but I seem to be less involved

Like whatever’s about to be doesn’t require my participation

Sometimes I think that my ordinary acts can actually save me

But I go on blithely like a Grimm Brothers’ child

Expecting the universe to reveal itself

Yet all the while getting sideswiped by Relativity

That rat

— Wieslaw Czystewski

### **Oxblood**

We are in Chris Esposito’s unfinished basement, surrounded by  
exposed insulation and low-hanging wood beams, our bare feet  
on cold concrete.

There is a single light bulb dangling from the ceiling no more  
than 6 feet off the ground.

I slip my small hands into a pair of his dad’s worn-down ox-  
blood leather boxing gloves. Xavier does the same, standing  
across from me, shirtless.

Because I am the smallest, I have to be the fiercest.  
I push ahead and flail my clenched fists toward his face, hitting  
his chest and arms and air as he tries to back away.

Xavier connects.  
This nose bleeds.  
This mouth has tasted iron before.

The small boy swings harder and harder until the other boys  
pull them apart.

— Jonathan Irling Hade

**In Honor of Bert Ellentuck**

By Michael Ticktin

Bert Ellentuck died on April 19, 2026, at the age of 97. He was the mayor of Roosevelt when Marilyn and I first came here in 1972. His wise counsel continued to the end and will be greatly missed by our residents.

My own relationship with Bert began in January 1, 1972, when Marilyn and I decided it might be a good idea to attend a Council meeting to learn more about the community we were about to move into. (We closed on our first house at 33 Farm Lane on January 20.)

After the meeting, Burt invited everyone, including us, to join him at his house (which was not a problem before the “sunshine law” which banned private meetings at which public business might be discussed). Needless to say, it was an excellent welcome to the community, beginning an involvement with Roosevelt local government that has thus far lasted 54 years.

Bert was a remarkable person, and it was always an honor to know him. He was always totally devoted to the wellbeing of this community, most recently in his work to rally support for the restoration of the memorial to FDR he had helped build 54 years ago. He led a full life with a fine family, one of whom succeeded him as mayor.

He will be greatly missed.

Loner

Embraced at 16 by luck and simple silence  
in a wide-eaved house out in the sticks,  
no brothers or sisters, no neighbor kids  
just apple trees.

My world of abundant  
or weather-scavenged orchard just cloud  
of probability. I bop to hot morning-chocolate  
past dining room curtains. Behind stands  
Jesus, not judging, just establishing presence,  
as calm lone healer.

I too alone not lonely,  
mother at her studio in the water tower,  
my thin stoic father never voicing pain  
when lathe struck, his hand pouring blood.  
His World War I struggle on muddy  
Flanders Field with burro-dragged  
ambulance cart tells him it doesn't count.  
Standing apart in his shop we're each alone.  
Lathe silent, still.

Obeying it each of us  
saying nothing. I stand alone. Dad walks out  
healed by Chance the god our church denies.

— David Sten Herrstrom

**ROOSEVELT ADVENTURES**  
SUMMER PROGRAMS 2026

ROOSEVELT ADVENTURE CAMP	AFTERCAMP CREW	TEEN EXPLORATION CLUB
<p><i>when?</i> Monday - Friday <b>9am-2pm</b> (JUN 29th - AUG 21st)</p> <p><i>where?</i> Campers entering 1st to 7th grade</p> <p><i>where?</i> Rotating Locations around Roosevelt and the Assunpink Wildlife Area</p>	<p><i>when?</i> Monday - Friday <b>2pm-5:30pm</b> (JUN 29th - AUG 21st)</p> <p><i>where?</i> Campers entering 1st to 7th grade</p> <p><i>where?</i> Roosevelt Public School</p>	<p><i>when?</i> Tuesdays &amp; Thursdays <b>2:30pm-5:30pm</b> (JUL 7th - AUG 13th)</p> <p><i>where?</i> Teens entering 7th to 11th grade</p> <p><i>where?</i> Rotating Locations around Roosevelt and the Assunpink Wildlife Area</p>

SUGGESTED PRICING  
OPTIONS AVAILABLE FOR EVERY FAMILY WHO WOULD LIKE TO JOIN!

**REGISTER TODAY!**

**ROOSEVELTADVENTURES.COM**  
email Gus at [gus@rooseveltheadventures.com](mailto:gus@rooseveltheadventures.com), or call at 609-462-3041  
This program is run by Roosevelt Adventures and is not affiliated with the Roosevelt Borough

Lorna

Who could pass for Guilietta Masina in La Strata  
Took a browning flower out of a rusty dumpster  
On the corner of M Street and 2nd Avenue  
Carried it home and put it in a crystal vase

And sprinkled it with holy water while chanting  
What sounded to me like Church Slavonic  
But more likely was an original language  
She had invented for the occasion

The next morning when I went downstairs  
I was out of words but Lorna was still there chanting  
Over her browning flower which had opened now  
And was as yellow as any Yellow is in the morning light

—Ron Kostar, '26

Toast

Here's to the books we still haven't read  
Shelved God knows where or else yet unpublished

May they astonish us  
May they swallow us whole  
Like a whale with an agenda

And then when or if they've reached  
Our night stands may they  
Haunt us just enough (again)  
To say enough is enough

What's on TV tonight?

—Wieslaw Czystewski

### A Note of Thanks

The third annual Howard Kaufman Memorial Kickball Game on May 2, made possible through joint efforts by Larisa Bondy and family, RPS Principal Lindsay Perine, the RPS School Board, and an anonymous donor for free flowing Mr. Softie treats, was enjoyed by everyone.

This occasion was joyful. My sincere thank you to everyone involved, the players and the spectators, who came out for the day. My family treasures this honor to Howard Kaufman, former resident and longtime Gym teacher at RPS.

Very gratefully yours,  
Donna Kaufman and Family



Time

Harrowing his orchard down, across, up  
apple tree corridors all morning as if 20-acre  
Japanese garden, soil now texture of carpet.  
Our Buddhist neighbor still tries for stillness.

For a single moment I'm 12 forever, yet  
aphids in our trees saying this day will pass,  
that before grass were ferns and conifers.  
And I know our coast is giving in to ocean.

Line by line, I am here and now making time,  
yet ever words forever at its mercy.  
Strutting flamenco dancer pounding it down.  
Still I hear time riding the guitar cry high

above the far-trail's ever stillness of puma.  
Inside it I am at once behind and ahead.

— David Sten Herrstrom

## Admiration, Love and Sympathy: A Poem for the Injured Maple Tree

(There might be more to this poem, just so you know; Because like the tree, it may yet need to grow!)

Magnificent, majestic maple tree  
There you are, outside my door, protecting me  
A strong, silent sentinel standing guard  
Checking all who enter and leave as they walk through our yard

Lovely lady with leaves that turn from red to green  
I can only imagine the marvels that your heart has felt and seen  
Your roots reach deep into the earth  
Birthing magic and miracles from the dirt  
Your branches reaching up wide and high  
Breathing out oxygen into the sky

Ancient Mother, beautiful wonder, how old can you be?  
A secret you hide, your rings kept inside, that most cannot see.  
A hundred years? A few years less? A few years more?  
Growing great and grand on the land outside my door.

You stand and stood, patient and good, but you never stood alone  
Squirrels that scamper and birds that roam, used your body for their home  
Children swung, and laughed and played, and climbed up on your branches  
And as they sung, your leaves would sway, and swirl like twirling dancers

I'd see you every morning from my bedroom window on the second floor  
Your fingers lifting; gifting waves as you stretched and grew some more  
But in this winter's storm, you lost your arm – it cracked and fell to ground  
Winds, snow, and ice, cut like a knife, and you cried without a sound

I wake up now and look outside, and I no longer see  
That thick strong limb with its branches greeting "hello, good morning" to me  
I miss your crooked arm, with its funny elbow bend  
I'm so sorry for your loss, I'm so sad for you, my friend

I know you think, and feel, and dream - in a language most don't understand  
But sometimes, if I listen – I can hear you – yes, I do – I can

You are a strong, resilient woman; your soul of wisdom knows  
"Accept what has happened, accept it; accept, adapt, and grow"  
Pains will dull, wounds will heal, though scars will always show  
Joy and sorrow, love and loss, all will come and go

We bend, we break, we make mistakes, we move too fast or slow  
What could we, would we, should we do - fall back, or lead, or follow?

Live your best life, follow your heart, keep loving, even though  
Things are always happening that are beyond our own control  
And what will happen, happens anyway, no matter what, and so  
Live here and now - live! Just Live! Following the flow...

Roll onward; roll forward; roll baby, roll baby, roll...

By Claudia Luongo  
Completed 4-19-2026

# Forget It

By Al Hepner

The thing we need to know when we forget things is how to forget things. Remember, you really need to forget things to forget. More to the point, you need to know things first. Now that is annoying. You mean if you do not know anything, you can never be accused of forgetting something? There has got to be some status attached to forgetting things. This is what it must be, then: those who know the most things are the likeliest to win the “I Have Forgotten” contest. We will see—that is, if we remember.

The chain of events that contributes to forgetting has exhausted many

Karma

When I'm in my backyard

It seems like the trees all know me

It's not that they know my name

Or where I went to high school

But there's a familiarity

To our time together

I for one don't know

Much about what kinds

Of trees they are

But that's some biblical

Naming game that went

Latin long ago

So I guess they just recognize me

As one who was once like them

But who somehow took off

To pursue other options

Down that evolutionary road

— Wieslaw Czyzewski

adult citizens. Typically, most people of advanced age who still walk a straight line—or in circles more than the rest of us—have forgetting to thank for it. It is likely that folks who have gone from the living room to their office to check their email have made several round trips in the morning. The events could be more colorful than these, but they are unlikely to be more interesting.

For example, there is the inexorable thought: I wonder if I shut off the light on my desk. Once we get there, we notice a new, boldly typed email hanging there, waiting for someone to answer it. Oooh, I wonder who that is from. I may as well check it now.

“How about that,” most of us exclaim. “Aunt Matilda has learned how to send emails. No wonder I haven't gotten a letter from her in ages.”

So, we delightedly open the email. The dear-John (not literally) letter bemoans the fact that Henry has not called or written in ages. Well, there is something familiar. Rare as it is that she writes, Matilda starts off by making one feel guilty. This encourages Henry—or nearly anyone else—to respond immediately with the expected apology.

Dear Auntie,

I was just about to put pen to paper to find out how you were doing, but, of course, you happily surprised me by sending an email.

Henry can then spend the next fifteen minutes congratulating her on her newfound dexterity in typing emails. This guarantees they will be corresponding much more frequently. Henry is thrilled that he can sign off before he has to say anything else, for he senses that he was not going to be in his office too long.

Delighted, he rises and returns to where he was before he came to his office. There is really nothing to worry about, since whichever room he returns to will still be his home, and he can always rediscover where he was soon enough.

The familiarity of the event—going from one room to another without remembering why one went or even why one returned to the first room—is totally immaterial and has been repeated thousands of times. Hence, one returns to the first room even if one does not have to. It is like an automatic spring lever. If we push it in one direction, it returns to where it came from. In this case, the living room.

Most of us find the chair or sofa we would sit in regardless of who is sitting in it. In this case, being alone in the house contributes to the disorientation. Therefore, the self-addressed question, “What am I doing here?” does not need a reply.

Fortunately, since we are still alive and life does have continuity as long as we are breathing, the next question is best answered.

“What am I doing here, and where did I just come from?”

Ah, yes. Good Auntie Matilda, who now emails. Henry feels immediate remorse at having been so brief with her and wonders why he had not elaborated more on her newfound communication medium, which will save him from buying the few stamps he would otherwise need. His bloated face, a result of the breakfast he had just eaten, reminds him that he never put the dirty dishes in the dishwasher.

He is thrilled to have remembered and is encouraged to rise from his comfortable living-room chair. As he passes his office, he wonders why it is looking peculiarly familiar. He has lived in the house for decades. Why is his office of interest just as he is passing it?

The light!

“I left the light on!”

Henry shall not be deterred by the fact that this entire litany of forgetfulness is not only familiar but repeats itself like a circus-clown routine that draws repeated laughter—not because the action was hilarious, but because it really was not funny at all except for its repetition.

Continued on Page 19

Henry asserts himself and concludes that he had gone through these events a short time ago, except that he does not really know when. As his own best audience, he laughs hysterically, nearly bypasses his office, but chuckles himself into a right turn. He aims directly for the lamp on his desk with a concerted effort not to look at his computer, for he knows it had distracted him.

After Henry shuts off the light, his about-face guides him into a ballet pirouette directly toward the living room, where he sits where he always sits. As his posterior senses the soft pillows, his smiling, bloated face reminds him that he never put the dishes in the dishwasher.

One needs to outwit oneself sometimes.

This is the time that Henry chooses to manufacture the scenario most forgetful seniors somehow invent, especially when it is barely eight o'clock in the morning and one has gotten up six times from the same chair without reading more than one newspaper column.

"I will put the dish in the dishwasher the next time I have another reason to go to the kitchen. There!"

Henry could not remember why he had sat down in the living room again. He often welcomed the dementia that kept him physically active—a plus for a ninety-year-old man—and also, fortunately, made him laugh often, which was certainly not a minus.

He often wondered what had caused him to forget so much, so often. He also struggled with the nuanced laughter that kept creeping in and asked himself, "Why do you struggle trying to remember when you know that's the whole problem?"

What struck him when he finally remembered to sit down was that the main reason he sat down was simply because he was tired of standing. The episodic causation of memory had reared its ugly head again. He recognized that what he remembered was more closely related to what he

was doing than to what he was not doing. It was either relevant to what was right at hand or to what was needed to complete some schema.

Delighted, he slapped his own head.

It hurt.

Henry realized that he had become a prisoner of his own needs more exclusively than of other people's needs and desires. This, he sorted out, might not be much different from what we all go through during our earlier years. It seems that not remembering reflects our diminishing needs.

He jumped with joy and screamed with enthusiasm—without getting up.

"It's not that I forgot; it's that I don't care whether the light stays on or not when I'm busy walking from one room to another. The dishes have plenty of time to get clean. Just because Matilda now has a speedy computer doesn't mean I have to hop to."

His conclusions led him to embrace his forgetfulness. He came to realize that if he truly wanted something, he would not forget it. What he seemingly forgot was really something he did not want or need. Often, they were things other people wanted, or things people thought he was expected to want or need.

Thus, it is not difficult to guess why Henry became more rotund as time went on. His face remained bloated, but it also became more somber, though content, and less wrinkled.

Henry died at the age of ninety-two. He lived four years less than his parents and his siblings.



### Cursory Rhymes in Time of Plague

I saw the incandescent hearts be holes.  
Saw their sorrow burrow with the moles.  
Saw a man astride a lighthouse beam.  
Saw his night of dream become a scream.

I saw a metronome betray the times.  
Saw a poet pawn his diamond rhymes.  
Saw the autumn leaf be dying dove.  
Saw the rocks give up and leap above.

I saw the sunlight wrestle with the rain.  
Saw a road unfold like some insane.  
Saw in stones their fear in time of plague.  
Saw the cliff in doubt when all so vague.

I saw a score and more of talking ants.  
Saw the deadly chants of congregants.  
Saw the tongues of fire kissing seas.  
Saw the trees on knees now teasing bees.

I saw the lute become a cuddly bear.  
Saw the drunken sunlight stop and stare.  
Saw the bloody sun all smeared on night.  
Saw the killer bunny quake a fair.

I saw the man who saw this frightful sight.

— David Sten Herrstrom



### RECYCLING DATES

June 3 & 17  
July 1, 15, & 29  
August 12 & 26

# Contributors to the Bulletin

Contributions received after the 15th of the month will appear in the next Bulletin.

Carlo & Mary Alfare  
 Robin & Robert Axel  
 Elsbeth Battel  
 Richard & Janet Bernardin  
 Linda Block  
 Bondy/Vuolle Family  
 Ulrich & Stacey Bonna  
 Jacqueline Carpenter  
 Susan & Robert Cayne  
 Cherie Chelst  
 Cheshier family  
 June Counterman  
 Walter & Linsey Coyoy  
 Ana Debevec  
 Kay Drury  
 Frances Duckett  
 Burt Ellentuck  
 Louis Esakoff  
 Judith Goetzmann  
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 Tony & Gail Zelenak  
 Mark & Judith Zuckerman

Thank you for your generosity! Send in a contribution today. Please send contributions to:

Roosevelt Borough Bulletin, Inc. P.O. Box 221, Roosevelt, NJ 08555

Issue/ Problem	Call
Power outage	JCP&L - 1-888-544-4877
Telephone outage	Your telephone provider (phone # is on your bill)
Loose or lost dog	Animal Ctrl: 609-234-4862 or State Police 609-584-5000
Road obstruction	911 / State Police 609-584-5000
Trees down	911 / State Police 609-584-5000
Health Emergency	911
Comcast outage	1-800-COMCAST
FIoS outage	(800) 837-4966
Wildlife Issues	877-927-6337

Public Health Emergency?  
 You can call the Monmouth County  
 Board of Health 24/7 at 732-431-7456

## SCAM ALERT: CYBER CRIMINALS ARE IMPERSONATING OUR TOWN

Scammers are posing as our Town to trick residents into paying fake bills—such as Board of Adjustment fees and tax bills.

BOROUGH OF  
ROOSEVELT

**WHAT TO KNOW**

- Scammers may send emails, texts, calls, or letters that look official.
- They may use our Town's name, logo, and even official-looking seals.
- Their goal is to steal your money or personal information.

The Town will NEVER demand immediate payment or payment by gift card, wire transfer, or cryptocurrency.

TOWN OF BOARD OF ADJUSTMENT APPLICATION FEE  
AMOUNT DUE: \$1,250.00  
DUE DATE: IMMEDIATELY

TOWN OF ANNUAL TAX BILL  
AMOUNT DUE: \$2,845.17  
DUE DATE: IMMEDIATELY

### HOW TO PROTECT YOURSELF

**VERIFY BEFORE YOU PAY**

If you receive a bill or payment request, contact the Town directly using a phone number or email from our official website—not the contact information in the message or bill.

**CHECK FOR RED FLAGS**

- Be suspicious of:
  - Unexpected bills
  - Urgent payment demands
  - Threats of penalties or legal action
  - Poor grammar or spelling
  - Links or attachments in emails or texts

**DON'T CLICK. DON'T OPEN.**

Do not click on links or open attachments in emails or texts about bills. Visit our official website directly to make a payment or check your account.

**CONTACT THE TOWN DIRECTLY**

When in doubt, call the Town using the official number listed on our website or a recent statement you trust.

**PROTECT YOUR INFORMATION**

The Town will never ask for your full SSN, bank account, or credit card information by email, text, or phone.

**REPORT IT**

If you believe you've been targeted by a scam:

- Contact the Town Office
- Report it to local law enforcement
- File a complaint with the Federal Trade Commission (FTC) [ReportFraud.ftc.gov](http://ReportFraud.ftc.gov)

**WHEN IN DOUBT, REACH OUT.**  
We're here to help keep our community safe.

**YOUR TOWN. YOUR COMMUNITY. OUR PRIORITY.**  
Thank you for helping us protect our community.

Visit our official website:  
[www.rooseveltnj.us](http://www.rooseveltnj.us)

## BUSINESS SPONSORS

The Bulletin publishes free-of-charge public information listings from Roosevelt residents and businesses, and from those in the immediate vicinity with ties to Roosevelt. Write: Roosevelt Bulletin, Box 221, Roosevelt, NJ 08555. Contributions are appreciated and are tax-deductible (suggested: \$50.00/year, \$60.00 if over 5 lines.) Deadline is the 15th of each month

### AUTOMOBILE SERVICING

#### **Compact Kars**

3 Trenton Lakewood Road,  
Clarksburg, Nj 08510  
Complete Mechanical & Auto Collision  
Repairs/Towing/Select Used Cars  
609-259-6373

### MUSIC

#### **Delta Noir**

A Band Playing Early Jazz And Blues And  
Gypsy Swing. Ron Kostar On Clarinet  
And Vocal; Robert Thorn On Guitar And  
Vocals; Ron Villegas On Guitar; Henry  
Dale On Stand-Up Bass.  
Www.facebook.com/Deltanoir.  
Available For Parties And Other Occasions.

#### **Guitar Instruction**

Age 7 & Up  
David Brahinsky: 443-1898  
Storytelling & Folk Singing  
Available For Parties.

#### **Piano, Keyboard & Music Production Lessons**

Live Music For All Occasions.  
Gabriel Saks (609) 529-5431

### PET CARE

#### **Pet Pleasers**

Dog Training Services - Certified Dog Trainer  
Pet Sitter, Boarding, & Grooming  
609-426-4209

#### **Paw Prince Pet Sitting**

Dog Walking, Boarding, Home Visits  
Www.facebook.com/Tashaspawprince  
(908) 809-2888

### MATH TUTORING

Roosevelt Students:  
Elementary Through College  
Do You Occasionally Need Help With Math  
Homework Or Help Preparing For A Test?  
Call Mary Tulloss (Retired H.s. Teacher)  
For Appt.: 609-448-5096  
Tutoring Provided At No Charge  
In Loving Memory Of Sarah Tulloss.

### PERSONAL CARE

#### **Tai Chi Classes**

Roosevelt Boro Hall  
Wednesday 9:30 Am – 11 Am  
Thursday 6:00 Pm – 7:30 Pm  
June Counterman 609-448-3182

### HOME IMPROVEMENT

#### **Aspen Tree & Turf (732) 928-5747**

Offering The Highest Level Of Tree Care  
Since 1976, With 11 Nj Licensed Tree Ex-  
perts On Staff. Free Estimates. Fully Insured.  
Tree Pruning \* Tree Removal \* Stump  
Grinding \* Insect & Disease Control \* Tick  
& Mosquito Control \* Lawn Treatments  
Www.aspen-Tree.com

#### **Dr.k's Designscares Inc.**

P.o. Box 516, Roosevelt, Nj 08555  
(609) 448-1108 / (732) 939-2085  
Www.drksdesignscares.com  
Fully Insured & Licensed  
Craig Kaufman, President  
Snow Plowing & Snow Removal  
Complete Lawn And Tree Services  
Designs / Planting Plans / Lighting  
Spring & Fall Clean-Up  
Mulch / Stone / Top Soil  
Gutter Clean-Out / Power Washing  
Pest Control / Driveways / Retaining  
Walls / Concrete Staining / Sealing  
Patios Natural Stone & Concrete Pavers  
Fencing / Fire Wood

#### **East Windsor Floor Covering**

We've Got Your Entire Floor Covering Needs  
\*\*Wood\*\*Vinyl\*\*Tile\*\*Ceramic\*\*  
Wall-To-Wall Carpets, Area Rugs  
East Windsor - 609-443-6999

#### **Hague Heating & Cooling Llc**

For All Your Heating & Air Conditioning Needs  
Family Owned And Operated  
Over 30 Years In The Business  
Nj Lic.# 19hc00144600  
Call 609-448-5424 Fax 609-469-5908

#### **Quest Air Mold Remediation, Llc**

Mold Inspection, Testing, Removal, & Remediation.  
Water Damage And Floor Restoration.  
Serving Commercial And Residential Properties.  
Licensed And Insured. Free Inspection.  
Www.questairmoldremediation.com  
1-888-664-5325 609- 301-8475

#### **Stephen's home improvements LLC**

Stephen Leonardo  
Remodeling and renovating  
NJ license #13VH13026000  
Fully insured  
s.homeimprovements.llc@gmail.com  
732-984-1365

#### **Timberwolf Tree Service**

\* Shaping \* Tree Removal \* Lots Cleared  
\* Mulch \* Snow Removal \* Stump  
Grinding \* Hedge Trimming \* Firewood  
John (609) 918-1668  
Insured Quality Work  
Www.timberwolftreeservice.com

#### **Youni Nazarov Complete Home Remodeling**

609-443-3388  
Long Term Contractor With Twin Rivers  
Association. A Resident Of Roosevelt  
Kitchens, Bathrooms, Basements,  
Flooring, Interior Doors, Painting,  
Architectual Moldings And So Much more.  
Free Estimates. Licensed And Insured.

### OTHER SERVICES

#### **Mendies Family Farm**

65 N. Rochdale Ave., Roosevelt  
Year-Round Farming  
Community-Supported Agriculture(Csa)  
Spring/Summer/Winter Csa Memberships  
(609)-820-8809 • Www.mendiesfarm.com

#### **The Adlerman Agency, Insurors**

Handling Houses In Roosevelt On Every  
Street In Town Since The Early 1940s.  
317 Forsgate Dr., Monroe Twp., Nj 08831  
| (609) 655-7788

#### **Kiddie Academy Of Upper Freehold**

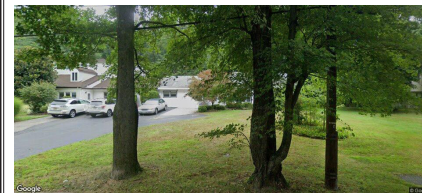
5 Allyson Way, Allentown, Nj-609-208-2530  
Conveniently Located Near Exit 11 Off 195  
Just 10 Minutes From Roosevelt, Near  
Tractor Supply And Behind Roy's Deli.  
Call Today And Schedule A Tour!

#### House for Sale by owner:

32 Farm Lane, Roosevelt, NJ.

Single-family attached ranch, 3 bed-  
rooms 2 full baths, den, dining area  
+ breakfast bar. Screened-in back  
porch, enclosed front porch, storage  
shed, whole-house generator,  
.46-acre lot, quiet street location.

Lauren Esakoff 443.829.0070



You can pay your  
Water/Sewer Bill and Taxes  
on-line  
Go to [www.rooseveltnj.us](http://www.rooseveltnj.us)




#### Borough Mailing Instructions

When mailing anything to Roosevelt  
Borough, please use  
P.O. Box 128. This includes property  
tax payments and  
water/sewer payments.



NON-PROFIT ORG.  
U.S. Postage  
PAID  
Freehold, NJ  
Permit No. 6

PRSR STD  
Postal Customer  
Roosevelt, NJ 08555-0221

## JULY

1-31		Roosevelt Adventures Summer Program June 29 - Aug 21 gus@rooseveltheadventures.com 609-462-3041
1	Weds.	Recycling Pickup 
4	Sat. 12:00 - 3:00	4th of July Celebration Join friends and family for this free annual event. The fun includes a bike parade, music by "The Just Cause," a food truck, inflatables, petting zoo and more! Pets also welcome.
5	Sun. 1:30	Monmouth Battlefield Walking Tour Monmouth Battlefield Visitor's Center 20 Business Route 33, Manalapan, NJ Free
6	Mon. 7:00 pm	Council Meeting Borough Hall Peggy Malkin, Mayor
15	Weds.	Recycling Pickup 
15	Weds. 7:00 pm	Environmental Commission, Borough Hall
20	Mon. 7:00 pm	Council Meeting Borough Hall Peggy Malkin, Mayor
22-26	Wed-Sun	Monmouth County Fair East Freehold Showgrounds Kozloski Road, Freehold, NJ
23	Thurs. 6:00 pm	RPS Board of Education Ken LeCompte, President
29	Weds.	Recycling Pickup 

## AUGUST

3	Mon. 7:00 pm	Council Meeting Borough Hall Peggy Malkin, Mayor
3-21		Roosevelt Adventures Summer Program June 29 - Aug 21 gus@rooseveltheadventures.com 609-462-3041
8-9	Sat-Sun 12:30 - 3:30	See the 19th century gristmill in action at Historic Walnford, Upper Freehold. Each demonstration lasts approximately 15 minutes. FREE! 609-259-6275
12	Weds.	Recycling Pickup 
18	Tues. 7:00 pm	Planning Board Meeting Borough Hall
19	Weds. 7:00 pm	Environmental Commission, Borough Hall
26	Weds.	Recycling Pickup 
27	Thurs. 6:00 pm	RPS Board of Education Ken LeCompte, President
28	Fri. 6:00 pm	Hightstown Memorial Concert Hightstown Memorial Park North Main St. Hightstown

Visit the Monmouth County Parks website for more events  
[www.co.monmouth.nj.us/EventCalendar.aspx?ID=117](http://www.co.monmouth.nj.us/EventCalendar.aspx?ID=117)

### Sign Up for Code Red!!

Receive emergency notifications from the borough. Have the notifications go to your landline, or cell, or both! Sign up by going to [www.RooseveltNJ.us](http://www.RooseveltNJ.us)

Stay safe! Stay informed!

### Construction and Permits

The Construction Official has Borough hours on Wednesdays from 1:00 to 3:00 pm.

Questions regarding building permits should be directed to:  
Department of Community Affairs - 609-567-3653  
Monday-Friday 8:00 a.m. – 4:30 p.m.

Please send events to the Roosevelt Borough Bulletin at P.O. Box 221 or email to [RooseveltBulletin.Submissions@gmail.com](mailto:RooseveltBulletin.Submissions@gmail.com).

Zoning Officer,  
Housing Inspector  
Jeremy Kuipers  
email: [zoning@rooseveltnj.us](mailto:zoning@rooseveltnj.us)  
phone: 609-448-0539, ext. 7

Code Enforcement  
Officer  
Ed Szbanz  
code@rooseveltnj.us  
609-448-0539, ext. 8

Office Hours:  
Mondays 5:00 pm - 6:00 pm  
Inspection Hours: Mondays 6:00 pm - 7:00 pm  
<https://rooseveltnj.us/other-government/zoning-officer>