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## ROOSEVELT BOROUGH



# BULLETIN

Published by Roosevelt P.T.A.

Vol. VI, No. 3

Roosevelt, New Jersey

November, 1982

# We go for Lautenberg, nuclear freeze

by Carol Watchler

In the 1982 general election on November 2, Róosevelt voters cast ballots for United States Senator, Fourth District Representative to Congress, one Monmouth County Freeholder, and two persons to serve on the Roosevelt Borough Council. In addition, we had the chance to vote on five state-wide public questions and one municipal public question.



With the vote for Senator,
Rooseveltians moved with the tide in the
state electing Democrat Frank Lautenberg
over Republican Millicent Fenwick. The
local outcome was a vote of 225 to 100. In
the Congressional race, Democrat Joseph
Merlino won 223-84 over incumbent
Republican Christopher Smith in Roosevelt,
although Merlino lost in the total district

(Cont'd. on next page)

Members of Eleanor Roosevelt chapter of NOW, Ann Baker and Carol Watchler, who also serve on NOW-N.J. Political Action Committee, with Senator-Elect Frank Lautenberg.

## Lautenberg, freeze

(Cont'd. from previous page)

with a 53% to 47% margin. Other candidates drew 3 senatorial and 5 congressional votes locally.

Running for Freeholder on the Democratic ticket, Ray Kramer took 211 local votes to 48 for Republican opponent Frank Campione and 12 votes for Libertarian Jack Moyers. Kramer won this election in the full county.

Howard Chasan and Jan Terry each ran unopposed for a seat on the Borough Council. The outcome was 258 votes for Chasan and

238 for Terry.

Ballot question #1, Freeze on nuclear arms regulation, and the local public question whether to declare the Borough of Roosevelt a nuclear-free zone obtained overwhelming m ajorities of 284-38 and 274-34, respectively. The nuclear freeze question was victorious with 2 out of 3 voters' support across the state. Questions #2, #3, and #4 dealing with #2 a correctional facilities construction bond issue, #3 funding requirements for disabled veterans vacilities, and #4 a community development bond issue won 2 to 1 majorities in Roosevelt and also passed at the state level. The riparian land question was opposed 2 to 1 in this borough and was also defeated over all.

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company news, typing

## Council's work each day keeps us on the way

by Peter Warren

There's nothing dramatic to report, just the day-in-and-day-out work that keeps Roosevelt going (and, I'd like to say, a good place to live). The council asked the Bulletin to remind you to keep up the good work of reducing the phosphorous content in your laundry and dishwater detergents.

The public will be formally notified of a public meeting on December 15 concerning the rezoning of property along the cemetery lane from R400 to R100. The planning board has told the council that this change conforms to the Master Plan.

A small Community Development Block Grant of \$74,000 has been approved for improvements on North Valley Road in front of the Senior Citizens' Housing, including sewers, sidewalks, tree planting and benches. Other work on the water system includes replacement of the aerator, work on the line feeder which was plugged, and replacement of a hydrant on Pine Drive. This will improve the taste of the water and eliminate the dirty color. The cost of sewer work was reduced by the suggestion of Councilman Datz that separate bids be requested for each of the two operations involved. About 40% of the sludge in the drying bed has been removed, the rest is to be removed in the spring. This was not the cause of the pungent odor which wafted over the western part of town on November 9--that came from the injection of sludge in farmland with the approval of the Department of Health.

Following a survey of lighting needs by Councilman Esakoff and a representative of JCP&L, a motion was passed to move some street lights and to install longer arms on some; two new lights will be installed, one on North Valley and one on Tamara, at a yearly cost of \$425. Also on North Valley Road, two trees whose roots have penetrated a sewer line will be removed. A motion was passed to repair the toilet facilities at Borough Hall, of which half the \$8,000 cost will be borne by a CDBG.

Councilman Counterman reported for the Safety Committee that the 18-man

volunteer Halloween Patrol provided a presence that protected the Borough from harm from ghosts and goblins.

With respect to personnel matters, Marilyn Vitolo was approved as Assistant Borough Clerk. The Mayor's appointment of Jeanette Koffler (three years) and Reverend John Grauel (two years) to the Board of Welfare was also approved. Earlier, at a special meeting, the continued employment of Steve Mellon on an "as needed" basis was approved. The Park Commission's request to the council that Tom Karpick provide maintenance for the Memorial, estimated at taking about five days a year, was also approved. Arthur Stinson has volunteered to repair a crack in the masonry.

In the public portion of the meeting, Peter Warren reported that the ad hoc group studying borough management held its second meeting; anyone interested in taking part in these studies is welcome to join the group, and should contact the council via the

Borough Clerk.

In a special meeting on November 15, the Council voted to process water and sewer bills by computer in the future. They will be computerized by InfoComp System, which now handles Roosevelt property taxes. Thke cost will be about the same as the former manual method. The new system is scheduled to start January first.

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## The book of a poet in Roosevelt

by David Herrstrom

"I wish I were a poet, because poets are the best reporters." A poet didn't say this, as you might expect, but the prize-winning newspaper reporter and publisher of the New York Times, A. M. Rosenthal. "They tell you what counts and they do it with few words," he explains. "They tell the truth so plainly that every reader is struck immediately by the reality of truth and doesn't need facts and figures to back it up."

The testimony of a savvy man, yet how many of your friends, even those who regularly buy novels and theatre tickets, have bought a book of poems lately? I don't borrow Mr. Rosenthal's words to shame anyone into putting their money down, but to remind you of what poets do. They are reporters who return with news from familiar and foreign countries. But there is this difference between newspapers and poems: "Poetry is news that stays news."

In his recently published book of poems, The Machine Shuts Down, Rod Tulloss brings us some news from territories of feeling that we have all traveled through, but never observed carefully or stayed in long enough to make friends or enemies. I won't tell you about Mr. Tulloss the mathematician and mycologist, or about his writing habits or his views on Mr. Brezhnev's death. The facts of his life you can find on the last page of his book if you're interested.

The poems are what counts. So I'll spare you the details of a life probably no more joyous or stormy than yours or mine. I'll only pass on some of the news he has for us, and hope that you won't want to miss the rest of the story. By the way, if you haven't bought a volume of poems lately (ever?), here is your chance (available at \$4.95, call 448-5096).

Meanwhile, I pass on a poem. In it Rod gives us news of a familiar country, the land where tension between husband and wife lives. Many of us have been there, and experienced things we thought we'd never forget, but the memory fades, the outline blurs after we pass through. That's the way

it is with experience. We have a hard time pinning down exactly what we saw and heard. That's why we need poets. Here's the entire poem:

#### ANGER LATE AT NIGHT

We have covered the bed with dead birds.

A single memorable sentence tells what we all know, yet it comes as news. "yes, that's the way it is," we say, "how did you know?"

The poet finds language to tell us exactly what the country is like. And it is this language that makes the news stay news. He makes a sentence that insinuates itself like a tune: the word "covered" echoing "birds", an envelope of sound that contains that awful duet of words—"bed with dead"—echoing each other until we're chilled by the lovers' bed turned into the last bed.

Once this melody lodges itself in the mind, it's difficult to dislodge. It comes back to us when we're skirting that country or when we find ourselves marooned there without our American Express Card. Our lives get filtered through this single sentence the poet has made, slightly altering our sensibilities. It changes our accustomed ways of viewing the terrain, and we realize we've traveled mainly on prepackaged tours.

This astute, sad voice, borrowing the authority of a proverb, arrests you about half-way through Rod's book. It's the voice of one who has talked to the inhabitants of that geography of emotion and come back, telling us what he found. This voice—and nothing is more compelling than another human voice, whether a friend's or one overheard on the bus—gets more subtle and varied as the book continues, gaining more authority and singing more certainly in its fourth and last section.

Yet there are wonderful and quirky voices throughout. Take that of Macabre (Cont'd. on next page)

### BOROUGH BULLETIN

(Cont'd. from previous page) Crescendo, who accosts us with his slangy, braggodoccio in one of the first poems of the book, "The Gunslinger in Winter":

> After the first snow I lock the door. I lose the key, starve if I hafta.

> > Leave one track in that stuff, and they've got your blue ass!

A chilling poem, I'll let you look up the rest of it, but be prepared for some hard news. The poet's been to a strange, well-known country and invents a voice to embody what he's found, like this from "The Loves of Macabre Crescendo":

On the moonless night, I become a skin filled with curses ...

Supid animals burrow into my temples, then set their nests afire.

And there's another poem about Mac, almost swallowed by its wonderful title, telling us of a territory we ignore at our peril--"The Gunslinger Thinks of People Who Seem to Live Without the Instruction of Disaster." You won't forget Macabre Crescendo, messenger from the wild land that is none other than America itself.

The poet imagines himself in the body of a gunslinger and tells us what it's like. In the last and best section of the book the poet imagines himself in his own body and finds a way to tell us about this place, one we all recognize. It's not the political terrain of the second section, where the familiar demons of the 60's live, but a more complicated country, where there are no guards on the border between the personal and political. We hear a messenger speaking to us in these last poems who is calm, intelligent, and uncannily observant. He no longer bullies or insists on absolute declarations. He is only a man among men varying his voice according to the demands of what he has discovered.

Listen to one who has sat in the outfield, nothing but lousy batters up. Called, of course, "Sitting in the Out-Field," its keen observation born of boredom, the first stanza speaks to us matter-of-factly:

Always somewhere within a five foot circle there is one blade moving. Sometimes just one, but one. From wind or because someone put it down, and it's getting up.

Grass "getting up" and the whole outfield is alive, launching us into the second half of the poem, where we discover that the play here is accompanied by the poet's play with language. In "31 January 1974" this playfulness breaks into rollicking humor. We hear a new voice probing a personal experience that turns into our political experience. There is no bitterness here, as there is in the second section of the volume. but biting satire rising out of compassion for

all of us, given such a fate.

The most compassionate and one of the best poems of the book is the last, a fitting climax and a triumph for the poet, who fights his way through the toughest terrain yet-the utterly banal. This poem is a song to and for Helene, a Howard Johnson's waitress. In "Her Black Plastic Nametag Said, 'Helene,'" Rod manages to give us news about ourselves in the wasteland of Howard Johnsons stamped out all over America. He manages to inhabit the world of plastic surroundings and food and come back with a song about it. We're lucky enough to overhear, perhaps from the last booth on the right, Helen'e's song. I guarantee you'll walk around for days after with its rhythms in your head. Unlike Macabre Crescendo, Rod finds compassion by the end of the book. It is not easily come to, and when we hear its distinctive tone, we listen.

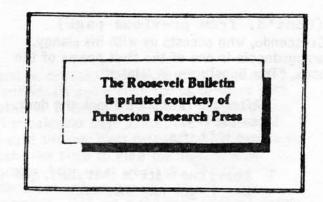
This is all the poet asks of us. In "My Book" he requests: "Bow your head and listen." We listen to his poems, maybe not as reverently as he would like, and hear the voice that says "If we learn to trust, / it is an error; / and the machine shuts down." Trusting is so rare, it's an accident, but it's the only way to shut the machinery of our lives down. The political machine and the emotional tour bus grind to a halt in the face of faith in each other. We may not believe this argument, which the poet himself undercuts, but we listen to the news he has

(Cont'd. on next page)

## The book of a poet

(Cont'd. from previous page) for us, because he listens himself:

I bow and listen.
For a long time I am listening until I hear a grub full of joy at finding the old poplars' rot.



### Bulletin Interview

## Having a baby the natural way

by David Brahinsky

Nature does not have to insist,
Wind can blow for only half a morning
Rain for only half a day,
And what are these winds and
rains but only natural?
If nature does not have to insist,
Why should man?
Lao Tzu, Chinese,
6th Century B.C.

Let the fruit ripen, And then fall, Force is not the way at all.

In 1970 and 1974, I was privileged to take part in the births of my children via the Lamaze method, a method of natural childbirth where the husband is present and the mother remains fully conscious. The first time, we had great difficulty in finding a doctor and hospital that would allow it, but finally did, only weeks before delivery. By 1974, we had discovered a doctor that not only allowed natural childbirth, but insisted that the husband (that's me) deliver. I cherish the experiences and have since been an advocate of natural childbirth, both husband-coached and husband-delivered. When I heard that the Halperns had just had Jared via this method, I couldn't resist asking them if they would consent to do an interview for the Bulletin. They agreed, and what follows is a distillation of that interview.

DB: Why did you choose to have your baby via natural childbirth?

Barbara: The first reason is that I wanted to experience it, to be awake and actively take part in the childbirth. Secondly, the idea of having my baby contaminated by any drugs that would have been injected into me was abhorrent.

DB: What method did you use?

BH: The Lamaze Method. I re-read
Elizabeth Bing's book, "Six Lessons for
an Easier Childbirth", which is based on
this method, and which I had used 9 and
3 years ago. I had no need to attend
classes this time. For this birth, I
practiced at home.

DB: In what does the Lamaze Method consist?

BH: The purpose is to have a painless, but fully awake, childbirth. We learn the process of childbirth and its stages and various breathing techniques for each stage that make it possible to overcome the discomfort and remain energized so we don't become tired for the duration of the labor.

DB: How long a labor did you have?

BH: From the very first contraction to delivery, it took ten hours. Jared was born at 12:50 P.M. on the 27th of September.

(Cont'd. on next page)

(Cont'd. from previous page)

- DB: That makes him a Libra with Capricorn rising.
- BH: That's good. I'm glad he didn't have Taurus rising.
- DB: Was there much discomfort during labor?
- BH: During transition, for about the last twenty minutes.
- Steve: The contractions at that time were extremely intense. I was watching on the monitor—they seemed to come every 2-3 minutes.
- BH: It was that long? It didn't seem like any time at all between contractions to me! But it wasn't really bad because I had been trained and so knew that it soon would be over. Women who do not know this often ask to be put out at this point, but if they had taken the Lamaze course, they would have known they had entered the shortest phase. During one contraction, I almost wanted to be put out, but Steve wouldn't let me, and he helped get me through it. If he hadn't been there, though, I'm not sure I would have had the strength to hold back a request for anesthesia.
- DB: That's why it's called "husband-coached childbirth", I guess. How did the baby come out?
- SH: He came out very quickly. I looked and the head was crowning—I could see the hair on his head. This was before the doctor came in. The nurse went wild, screaming "Get the doctor! Get the doctor! Where's Doctor Levine!" Eventually, he came in, performed an episiotomy, and immediately the head popped out. Barbara was having trouble pushing at this point, and the nurse and I began cheering her on:
  "Push!...push!...push!" I felt like I was at a football game cheering on the Giants. It was really exciting.
- BH: I felt a great urge to push, pushed once or twice, and Jared's head emerged. Two or three more pushes and he was born. By this time, I had lost the urge to push.
- DB: Did the doctor have to pull him out?
- BH: No.
- SH: He twisted the shoulders once or twice, and he came right out. With Joshua,

- our second son, the doctor had to twist his head so much I thought he was going to twist it off.
- DB: At what point did you know it was a boy?
- BH: The doctor said, "Let's see what we have here."
- SH: He picked up his tush and looked through his legs and said, appropriately enough, "You have a boy!"
- DB: Did they administer a local anesthetic?
- BH: For the episiotomy.
- DB: Were any pictures taken?
- BH: While I was in labor, Steve took some, and after the baby was born.
- DB: How did you feel?
- BH: Elated. Really high for about ten minutes, and then completely drained, almost numb. I sent Steve home soon after, though. He was really falling apart after it was over.
- DB: Did you nurse the baby im mediately?
- BH: The doctor put the baby on my body right away, and I began nursing after about a half-hour.
- DB: What happened afterwards?
- BH: Jared stayed with me for a long time before they took him for weighing and measuring and put two name-tags on his wrists. Then they took him away to observe him, and insisted that I rest. Later, I had a real surge of energy, and wandered the halls looking at him every few minutes.
- DB: How long did you remain in the hospital?
- BH: Three nights.
- DB: How did you feel when you got home?
- BH: I felt good. With Joshua, I had slept for days, but not this time.
- DB: Are you nursing?
- BH: Yes.
- DB: How's it going?
- BH: Great. No problems at all.
- DB: How do you feel about the experience now?
- BH: I wish I had it on film. It gets me excited when I talk about it—and I'd like him to stay small for a long time. (Ed. note: For the record, she was referring to Jared, not Steve.)
- DB: Would you do it again?
- BH: Yes, except this time I would not allow them to administer pitocin, a hormone they used to stimulate contractions

(Cont'd. on next page)

## Having a baby

(Cont'd. from previous page)

after I had remained at 7cm cervical dilation for hours. At Princeton Medical Center, they're acquiring a birth-chair shaped to facilitate birth and utilizing gravity. That will make it even easier for women.

DB: Steve, what was your role?

SH: Coach and instigator. I went along for the ride, played it by ear.

DB: And take it one game at a time.

BH: He coached me when the going got rough.

DB: How do you feel about it now, Steve?

SH: I thought it was fantastic, and loved the first one too. It was amazing watching the whole thing happen—the way it comes to life and starts to move

and cry. I even enjoyed watching the afterbirth as it came out. It was very intriguing. Of course, the fact that it occurred on Yom Kippur made it difficult in certain respects, because I was starving. Still, it was the best Yom Kippur I ever had.

With that, the interview ended, and the Halperns went about with their respective tasks of bringing up their new-born baby. Barbara went into the bedroom to nurse Jared, who'd just woken up, while Steve remained in the kitchen chatting with your reporter about what we do on Sunday afternoons these days, now that the Giants are no longer on the tube. Ah, yes, the pleasures of childrearing!



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Senior Citizen's Meeting

by Helga Wisowaty

June Counterman attended the November fourth meeting to ask for our help at the Roosevelt Art Fair, which the First Aid Squad is sponsoring on November 21. Many signed up to participate.

Esther Pogrebin announced that the Roosevelt School needs help in the library. Any help in indexing cards, etc., will be

appreciated.

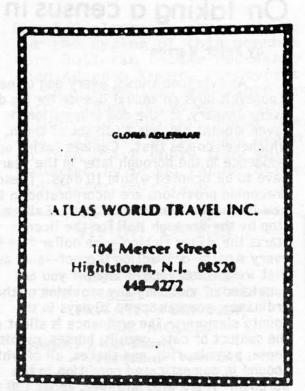
There will be a ceremony at the site of the Senior Citizens' Housing now under construction. This will take place on December 5. Check the bulletin board for time. Coffee and cake will be served at the Borough Hall after the ceremony.

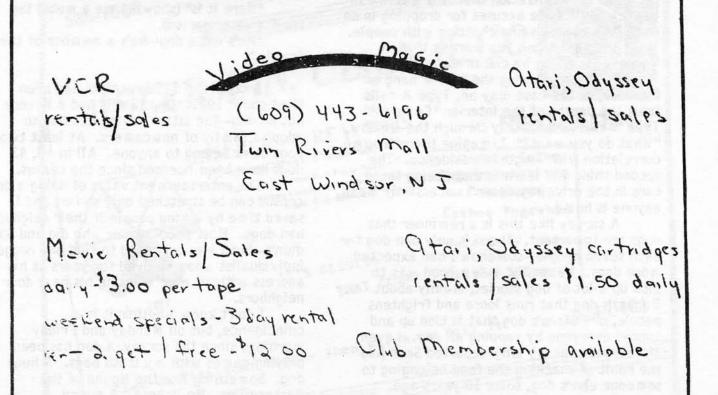
We enjoyed a film entitled "The Faces of Man". This was in France. We learned a lot about the people of Brittany, Marseille,

and Paris.

Coffee and refreshments were enjoyed by all.

Helga Wisowaty, Secretary





# On taking a census in town—a dog census, that is

by Peter Warren

As everyone knows, every dog owner in Roosevelt buys an annual license for his dog every January, if "the dog in question" is seven months old, has a full set of teeth, or whichever comes first. Canines taking up residence in the borough later in the year have to be licensed within 10 days. These draconian provisions are incorporated in the new ordinance drafted last year. Failure to stop by the Borough Hall for the license starts the meter ticking--one dollar fine for every month--or fraction thereof--and, as if that were not severe enough, if you are convicted of violating any provision of the ordinance, you can spend 30 days in the county slam mer. The ordinance is silent on the subject of cats, gerbils, horses, rabbits, geese, parrots, fish, and snakes, all of which abound in domesticated condition in the Borough. There are, however, about 130 of "man's best friends" in Roosevelt. I found this out by taking the census of unlicensed dogs requested by the State Department of Health. My original motivation was curiosity--not so much curiosity about dogs per se as the realization that this was one of the few legitimate excuses for dropping in on our 279 households and chatting with people.

The first thing you learn is that
Rooseveltians can be classified as Type A or
Type B. When you ring the bell or bang on
the door, as the case may be, Type A calls
from the depths of the interior "Come in!"
Type B asks suspiciously through the window,
"What do you want?" I imagine there is some
correlation with length of residence. The
second thing you learn is that seeing three
cars in the driveway doesn't necessarily mean
anyone is home.

A survey like this is a reminder that dogs are important. There is only one dog for each seven people—somehow I had expected more dogs. Naturally, it is a good way to pick up a lot of dog stories, mainly about Dupont's dog that runs loose and frightens people, or Fulano's dog that is tied up and annoys everyone by yapping all day. I even discovered that my long-departed Sean had the habit of snacking the food belonging to someone else's dog, some 10 years ago.

So I began compiling my list of

unlicensed puppies, presumably enabling the Department of Health to send gentle reminders to their owners—until a lady avowed that she had an unlicensed mature dog. I suppose it was my stern countenance that wrung the confession from her lips, and goodness only knows what other high crimes and misdemeanors she would have admitted if I had pressed the matter. I hadn't demanded proof of licensing, having a simple trust in my neighbors, but it occurred to me to check the record of licenses at the Borough Hall. Sure enough, the 72 names on the list did not include houses where dogs were highly visible.

I returned for re-questioning, and received a wide range of answers:

"I thought my husband (wife) got the license."

"I was waiting for the Census."
"My dog never leaves the yard."

"We both work and can't get to the Borough Hall when it opens."

"The Borough Clerk used to remind

me."
"I didn't know we needed a license every year."

"Here it is" (showing me a metal tag from a veterinarian).

"He's not a dog--he's a member of the family."

A couple of 1982 receipts had been filed under 1981. One family had a license but no dog-the latter having decided to adopt a family of newcomers. At least two dogs don't belong to anyone. All in all, 43 dogs have been licensed since the census.

The entertainment value of doing a dog census can be stretched only so far, and I saved time by asking people if their neighbors had dogs. Most people knew who did and who didn't—but I was delighted to find one rugged individualist who had lived for years at his address without ever meeting his next door neighbors.

I don't know whether it is a coincidence, but on Monday and Friday mornings since the survey, a dog has been playing games with my trash bags. A huge dog. Something like the Hound of the Baskervilles. No license. A puppy.

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DAVID BRAHINSKY ROOSEVELT

With this issue comes the debut of a column on nutrition which will be authored by Becky Russel The Boro Bulletin staff extends it's welcome to Becky. Please read her informative article on page 14.

Hurried alternate arrangements for the typing of this month's Boro Bulletin became necessary when Adeenah Yeger, our typist of long standing, went into premature labor on November 4th. Mother and daughter, Ronit Nessi are delighted to be home again on Lake Drive where they were welcomed by proud father Steven and sister Meira, age 3.

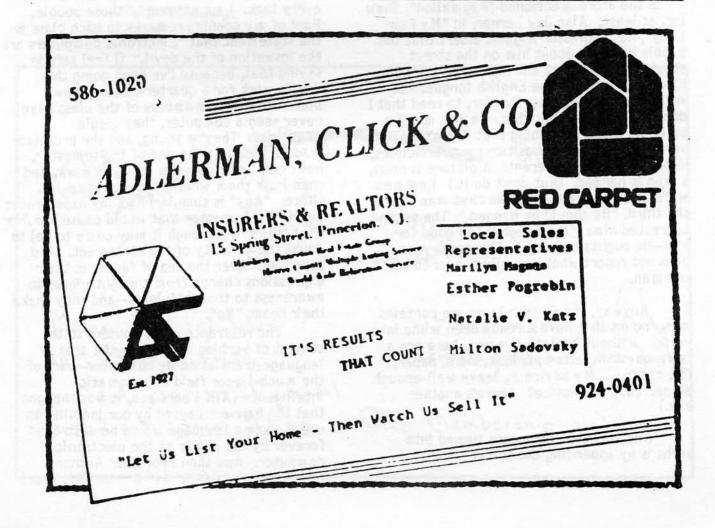
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### Love of Words

### Verb me a noun

Authored by Josef G. Solomon

To commencement with, it does not pleasure me when people verb nouns-especially when there already existences a perfectly good verb that could be usaged. Why doing some people insistence on perpetrationing--and perpetuationing-- this outrage? I don't knowledge. Perhaps they are trialing to elevation their prose. Perhaps they are trialing to evasion the trite. Perhaps--but what they production is "instant trite". Bad is bad, even when it's new. Incidentally, it existence not easy to doing this on purpose. In writing "Pygmalion", even as great a writer as George Bernard Shaw gave up the attempt to write Liza Dolittle's speech phonetically--although he lasted far longer than I did. He's Shaw, I'm positive. Let us continue talking about the subject, but not using it.

In the afore-mentioned "Pygmalion", Shaw (or, at least, Alan Jay Lerner, in "My Fair Lady") has Professor Higgins assert that the people he hears about him on the street should be "taken out and hung/ For the coldblooded murder of the English tongue." It may surprise you, Dear Reader, to read that I don't go that far. But that reminds me of a joke. (Is there something that doesn't?) The verb "hang" actually has two past participles, depending on the referent: A picture is hung, a man is hanged. (But don't do it.) Two men were discussing a third. The first man said of the third, "He should be hanged." The second corrected him: "No, hangin's too good for him -- he oughta be hung." The Apocrypha does not report what actually happened to the man.

Anyway, the English language contains many nouns that have already been made into verbs. Without quotation marks, here are a few: question, attempt, look, time, paper, fly, catch.... My advice is, leave well-enough alone. (Did you notice? There's another one.)

One way that nouns are turned into verbs is by appending the suffix "-ize".

"Finalize" is a totally unnecessary synonym for "finish", for example. "Utilize" has a meaning slightly different than "use". "Realize" should mean, "to make real", and it does (as in "my worst fears were realized"). but not often; almost always, it is used to mean, "to become aware". Sometimes -"ize" gets funny: "Hospitalize" should mean, "to turn into a hospital". Of course, when you are hospitalized, that is exactly what happens to you. "Burglarize" should mean, "to turn into a burglar". "Concretize" actually has an abstract meaning. (There need not have been any fear that I would resist that one.) Come to think of it, "authorize" does not mean "turn into an author", either.

There are some people who are sure that electronic computers are the wave of the future, and will eventually take over every task. I am not one of those people. Part of my opening remarks to each class is the statement that "Electronic computers are the invention of the devil." (I feel safe in saying that, because I've been doing the devil's work for a quarter-century now.) Inasmuch as the members of the class have never seen a computer, they giggle somewhat: They're young, and the professor made a joke. At the end of the semester, however, I remind them of my remark, and then I ask them whether any of them has (Note: "Any" is singular) had any experiences during the semester that would cause him/her (Not "them"--although it may come to be) to doubt the veracity of the statement. And then I look over the sea of faces, as their expressions change from thoughtfulness to awareness to thoughtfulness--and they shake their heads "No".

The relevance of computers to the subject of verbing nouns is in the area of language-translation by computer--part of the much-larger field of automatic intelligence (AI). Years ago, it was thought that the barriers caused by our inability to use the same language would be destroyed forever by the power of the electronic computer. And then Professor Anthony (Cont'd. on next page)

## Verb me a noun

(Cont'd. from previous page)

Oettinger, of Harvard University, came out with a sentence that convinced me of the futility of trying to translate by computer. I had already read of such "successes" as the translation by computer of the proverb "The spirit is willing indeed, but the flesh is weak." The sentence was translated by computer, first from English to Russian and then from Russian into English. The result was, "The wine is all right, but the meat has gone bad." That's amusing, of course, but it can be explained away by saying that "There are still a few bugs in the system". However, Professor Oettinger's sentence is almost a QED for the impracticality of it all. His sentence is, "Time flies like an arrow." What does the sentence mean? There are at least three possibilities:

- 1. The entity known as "time" flies past us as swiftly as an arrow.
- 2. You should time flies the same way that you time arrows.
- 3. Those curious insects known as "time flies" are especially fond of arrows.

The sentence has only five words in it--but any one of the first three could be the verb! There is an argument that can be made for requiring verbs to look and sound different from nouns, so that they are immediately distinguishable. It will never happen. When people use a language in ordinary life--as contrasted with using it in ritual--they change it. In my high-school days, the Latin students were teased by the French students, who happily informed us that Latin was a "dead" language. It is dead, in the sense that it doesn't change--perhaps a more-accurate description would be that Latin is a static language. When Hebrew was the spoken language of the ancient Israelites, the language changed so much over the centuries that it received a different name: The language Jesus and his contemporaries spoke was Aramaic. Hebrew, as used in the Bible, remained unchanged, as does Latin to this day--and for the same reason. If a language is not being used to describe contemporary affairs, there is no need to introduce new

words, to describe new ideas. Once Ben Yehuda and his followers won their struggle to make Hebrew the language of modern Palestine, the language needed hundreds of new words, to describe things that hadn't existed two thousand years ago. How do you say "airplane" in Hebrew? As a matter of fact, a word was coined from the Hebrew word for "air", with a Greek noun-suffix. But that's for another column.

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(Editor's Note: This issue of the Bulletin was typed on a word-processor by Josef G. Solomon.



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### To Health

## The role of nutrition in health

TO HEALTH! is a newcomer to the Bulletin that we hope will become a regular feature. Becky Russell, currently residing on Tamara Drive, is the manager of the Nutrition Center at Warren Plaza and has done personal research into natural foods and nutrition for the past ten years.

The Editors

by Becky Russell

"Many a man may use as simple a diet as the animals, and yet retain health and strength."--Henry David Thoreau

Maintaining your health is like keeping a scale balanced. On the negative side are stress factors, and on the positive side are habits conducive to good health: good nutrition, exercise, sleep, relaxation, and a happy mental outlook. Stress is an unavoidable fact of life since any change is stressful, however, certain things that cause stress can be avoided (alcohol, tobacco, drugs, junk food). Other forms of stress can only be modified, like pollution, noise, and pesticides. Good nutritio n is essential to maintain the body's resistance to stress and disease because every cell is composed of the foods which we consume. If any of the dozens of nutrients which we require is inadequately supplied, malfunctioning will occur in our bodily processes ranging from minor to lethal illnesses, depending upon the quantity and degree of missing nutrients. To make matters worse, a malnourished person won't have the energy or motivation to exercise, and his mental outlook and emotions may suffer due to malfunctioning glands or nervous system. The result is a cul de sac, making it very difficult to practice any rules for healthful living.

A mericans are becoming increasingly aware of the importance of nutrition for health. Disillusioned by spiralling medical costs and treatments which can be more hazardous than the diseases they seek to cure, growing numbers of people are seeking alternatives to standard medical care.

A epting responsibility for your own state of health is the first step towards preventing illness. The next step is modifying your

lifestyle so that it brings your physical, emotional and mental states into harmony. Diet plays a critical part in this process.

A healthful diet must consist of the whole, natural foods which we have adapted to eating over a period of millions of years. Refined, processed foods are incapable of maintaining health because they are nutritionally inadequate, they have imbalanced mineral rations and can disturb normal metabolic processes. The thousands of artificial chemicals which adulterate our food supply are of dubious safety, especially when you consider the unknown synergistic effects; some are recognized carcinogens, but the FDA is slow to ban them due to powerful industry lobbying. Malnutrition and toxicity resulting from these abuses of our food manifests itself in many ways, ranging from mild physical discomforts to degenerative disease and serious emotional and mental disturbances, depending upon the individual's constitution.

The alternative is to consciously avoid highly processed food: refined sugar, white flour, white rice, degerminated cornmeal, refined salt, and artificial, chemically laden foods. Read the labels! Don't be duped by enriched food, "enrichment" is a token replacement of three of four vitamins and minerals for the approximately twenty-five nutrients (in the case of wheat) that have been removed during processing. Beyond that, food selection is a personal matter, depending

upon the environment, and the total physical, mental, and emotional state at any time. Tuning out the advertising and social pressure that may unfavorably influence what we eat allows us to hear our body's signals and understand what our real needs are.

A large number of nutritional authorities agree that the best foods for human beings consist of whole grains, legumes, fresh fruits and vegetables, seeds and nuts, supplemented by fish, poultry, dairy products and meat if desired. However, animal products are not necessary to maintain health as was once believed, and should be used in moderation if at all. If possible, seek out seasonal, local foods grown

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without the use of agricultural poisons; such foods are more healthful and can be less expensive, especially if raised in your own garden. Try to obtain animal foods raised without hormones, antibiotics, arsenic, amphetamines and dyes; avoid processed meat treated with sodium nitrate or sodium nitrite since these are known to form carcinogens.

If these guidelines are followed, noticeable improvement in health should be observable in several weeks or longer. If the previous diet was especially poor, a period of discomfort may occur as the body detoxifies. In some cases, individual requirements for certain nutrients may be so high, especially when under stress, that supplements may be necessary just to lead a normal life. Many people take nutritional supplements to fortify themselves against environmental pollution and other stresses of

modern life, or for therapeutic purposes during an illness. If your health is fairly good, moderate experimentation with supplements is fine because they are only food substances. However, if you are suffering with a serious condition, consulting an experienced health practicioner trained in nutrition is advisable in order to determine what is optimal under your circumstances.

Overnight, radical changes in diet usually are not wise, since your mind and body need time to adjust. Attitudes about food tend to be solidly program med and are difficult to change unless recognized for the simple, arbitrary habits that they are. Read and understand the subject, and then take the advice of Pythagoras: Choose what is besthabit will soon render it agreeable and easy. (References available on request from Bulletin editors or the author.)





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## Principal's Letter

One day passes and the next dawns in the same manner. Annie sings "Tomorrow, tomorrow, I love you tomorrow." In our hectic daily pace items take on a brief moment of urgency and then fade into the dusk of time. Each passing moment has its highlight. We try, through pen, film and reading to re-create some of these bright flashes of life. Memoirs of our past become important items in our daily lives. Souvenirs of our history adorn the walls collecting dust and at times, re-creating the joys of life. We dedicate ouselves to today's urgency and we retreat to yesterday's moments as we advance into tomorrow.

But what view do we see when we observe today? Too often we see only the urgency. We become obsessed with the clock and we fail to view today. We have no time. The urgencies of life dominate our view. Fortunately for us, our history includes a moment which provides us with the opportunity for perspective. That moment in history is every bit as important today as it was then. It is a moment we can all create

and re-create. It is a time for us to enjoy as individuals and a time for us to share with others. It is the moment of "Thanksgiving." Our calendar says pause, the media says pause and our lives respond. Nationwide we take the time to view our lives and be grateful for what we have. The urgency dissolves and we are able to enjoy the moment. Can we make that moment linger? It is up to us, we can if we try. We can find so many highlights if we just observe the present.

What do you enjoy? For what are you grateful? As I view today I see many things which make me thankful. The smile of the little first grader who has just learned to read a new word; the glow of achievement from another pupil who has mastered a problem in mathematics compare only to the pride of parents and their smiles. I am blessed with the opportunity to be part of many lives. It is true that not every moment is filled with smiles, but even the tears provide an opportunity to share and help others. No moment can be greater than

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### BOROUGH BULLETIN

(Cont'd. from previous page)

the instant when tears disappear and the child's sob becomes just a deep breath. Can anything match the ray of light that comes from the smile of youth? As you watch, the smile becomes a blast of energy. It surrounds and surpasses everything else. Youth is filled with optimism; it views the world with exuberance. To share in these moments, to fill your own life with that positive energy, is a way to make each day worthwhile.

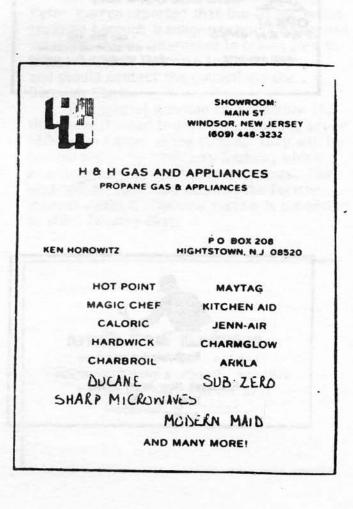
I am sure that each occupation has its

own joys. Every person can find those joys if he or she looks for them. We in education are blessed with the daily opportunity to share in the joys of many lives. We can be thankful for that opportunity. Roosevelt has permitted me to become a part of its life.

It is an opportunity I cherish and one for which I am grateful.

Stanley J. Sussman



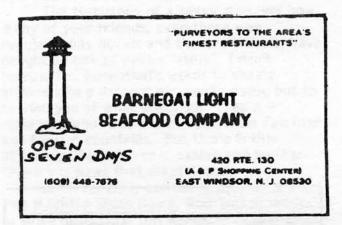


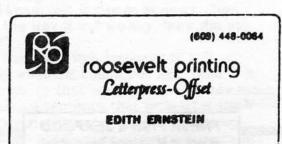
### Correction

In David Herrstrom's interview with John Grauel in the <u>Bulletin</u>'s October issue, the date the Palestinians allowed Jordan and Egypt to enter Palestine should have read 1948-49, and not 1938-39 as was printed. Also, the headline should have had only one "take".

### Return Those Signs!

Would whoever has the Nuclear Freeze signs please return them to the Borough Hall so they can be re-cycled for use in antiphosphate campaign.





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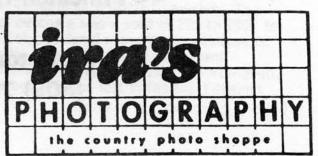
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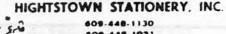
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