

# REMINISCING

April 15, 1998

## THREE CARLSTADT CHILDHOODS

CARLSTADT IS MY HOMETOWN. I'M AT "HOME" HERE, AND I LOVE IT. MY DAD, FRANK, WAS BORN ON EIGHTH STREET, NEAR DIVISION AVENUE IN 1911, AND WHILE MY FOUR SONS WERE BORN IN NEARBY HOSPITALS, THEY WERE CONCEIVED AND RAISED IN CARLSTADT. SO, WE ARE A CARLSTADT FAMILY. MY GRANDPARENTS, STELLA AND FRANK SR. WERE MARRIED IN 1902 IN NEW YORK CITY. A DOCTOR ADVISED THAT THEY MOVE OUT OF THE CITY AND INTO THE COUNTRY FOR GRANDPA'S HEALTH. HE LOVED NYC AND WANTED TO IGNORE THE DOCTOR, BUT GRANDMA WAS ADAMANT, AND SO TO CARLSTADT THEY CAME.

GRANDPA OPENED A GROCERY STORE NEAR THE HACKENSACK RIVER BRIDGE. THE TROLLEY RAN RIGHT PAST, AND THERE WERE BOATHOUSES ALONG THE RIVER, AS WELL AS RESIDENCES SPRINKLED UP AND DOWN THE PATERSON PLANK ROAD. WHILE THE AREA WAS GENEROUSLY REFERRED TO BY EVERYONE AS THE "MEADOWS", THE LAND WAS IN REALITY A MARSHLAND WITH HIGH AND LOW SPOTS WHERE THE TIDES SOFTLY FLOWED IN AND OUT, SUPPORTING A WEALTH OF WILD LIFE. GRANDPA ALSO CATERED HOT DOGS TO A DANCE HALL ACROSS THE RIVER IN SECAUCUS AND WAS KNOWN FOR A TIME AS "THE HOT DOG KING". GRANDPA SECURED A JOB AS THE BRIDGE TENDER, AND SO WORKED OUT OF DOORS AS PER THE DOCTOR'S ORDERS. GRANDMA RAN THE STORE AND DID THE COOKING AND BAKING FOR LUNCHES FOR CUSTOMERS. THERE WAS AN AMUSEMENT PARK ACROSS THE STREET ON THE EAST RUTHERFORD SIDE AND SEVERAL DANCE HALLS ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ROAD STAFFED



### Points Of Interest

- By the River with Stella & Frank Rochat, Sr.
- Up the hill on Second Street.
- Down the hill on Ninth Street with Dorothy & Frank Rochat, Jr.
- Back up the hill on Second Street with Estelle & Bill Oehlmann
- and much, much more.....

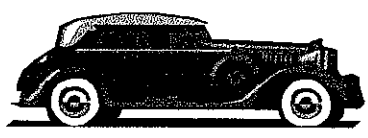
BY WILLING "HOSTESSES".

FRANKIE JR. WITH HIS DOG CHIPPY, SWAM IN THE RIVER, FISHED, TRAPPED MUSKRATS, AND SNEAKED INTO THE AMUSEMENT PARK WHENEVER POSSIBLE. IT WAS RUMORED GANGSTERS OWNED THE PARK, AND FRANKIE WAS WARNED SEVERAL TIMES TO STAY AWAY. ONE DAY AFTER ANOTHER STOLEN RIDE ON THE CAROUSEL, HE BREATHLESSLY RAN INTO THE STORE WHERE HIS MOTHER WAS WORKING BEHIND THE COUNTER. "MAMA, JACK WALKER IS CHASING ME WITH A GUN AND SAYS HE'S GOING TO SHOOT ME FOR HITCHING A RIDE ON THE MERRY-GO-ROUND". AS FRANKIE'S QUIET SISTER CATHERINE

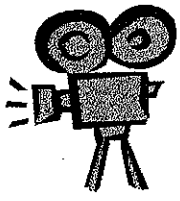


WATCHED, TINY FIVE FOOT STELLA SWUNG A SHOTGUN UP AND RESTED IT ON THE COUNTER, AIMING IT AT THE DOOR. MOMENTS LATER, THE ANGRY HOODLUM BURST THROUGH THE DOOR SHOUTING HE HAD WARNED THAT KID FOR THE LAST TIME. AS HE SLID TO A HALT IN FRONT OF GRANDMA, HE WAVERED AND LOWERED HIS GUN, STAMMERING THREATS. SHE CALMLY STOOD HER GROUND AND TOLD HIM NEVER TO THREATEN HER SON AGAIN. AND FOR GOOD MEASURE, WHILE SHE HAD HIM CAPTIVE, SHE LECTURED HIM ON THE EVIL OF HIS WAYS, AND TOLD HIM HE WOULD COME TO NO

GOOD END. THE NEXT DAY JACK WALKER STEPPED ON THE STARTER OF HIS CAR AND WAS BLOWN TO BITS. EVEN THOUGH FELLOW GANGSTERS WERE THE PERPETRATORS, GRANDMA WAS REGARDED AS A PROPHET BY SOME OF THE NEIGHBORS.



FRANK SR. HURRIED TO THE STORE ONE DAY FROM THE BRIDGE TO REPORT FILMING WAS GOING ON. A FORT LEE COMPANY WAS MAKING A "MOVIE" RIGHT THERE! "THE PERILS OF PAULINE" WITH PEARL WHITE, AND THERE WAS A STUFFED TIGER BEING PLACED IN THE WEEDS BY THE RIVER.



EPIDEMICS WERE RAMPANT WITH ANTIBIOTICS YET TO BE DISCOVERED. FRANKIE ACCOMPANIED HIS FATHER TO NYC TO VISIT UNCLE HENRI AND HIS LARGE BROOD OF CHILDREN WHO WERE DECIMATED BY THE WORLDWIDE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC. THEY LOST FIVE CHILDREN IN TWO WEEKS. FRANKIE NEVER FORGOT THE SIGHT OF THOSE FRAIL DOOMED CHILDREN AND RETURNED TO CARLSTADT HAPPY TO BE "SAFE IN THE COUNTRY."

HE ATTENDED LINCOLN SCHOOL JUST ONE BLOCK AWAY FROM HIS HOME. A STREAM HAD RUN DOWN DIVISION AVE YEARS BEFORE HEADING FOR BERRY'S CREEK, AND THE REMNANTS OF SOME OF THE SMALL BRIDGES USED TO CROSS THE STREAM AT CORNERS REMAINED. FRANKIE WAS A QUICK STUDY EASILY BORED AND MISCHIEVOUS. STELLA AND FRANK WERE AT A LOSS TO UNDERSTAND THEIR HIGH-SPIRITED SON AND SPENT MANY HOURS CONSULTING WITH DISGRUNTLED TEACHERS, PROMISING HE WOULD NOT BE INVOLVED IN ANY MORE PRANKS, TO NO AVAIL.

WORLD WAR ONE BROKE OUT AND CARLSTADT'S GERMAN HERITAGE WAS QUESTIONED. AS ELSEWHERE, SAUERKRAUT WAS NOW CALLED "LIBERTY CABBAGE," AND RUMORS ABOUNDED OF U-BOAT ACTIVITIES ALONG THE COAST. FRANKIE INSISTED ALL HIS LIFE THERE WERE EXPLOSIVES IN THE LYNDBURST MEADOWS AND INDEED WHEN THE AREA WAS BEING EXCAVATED IN LATER YEARS IN ORDER TO BUILD THE TURNPIKE, STORIES DID SURFACE OF BOMBS DISCOVERED TO BACK UP HIS MEMORIES.



IN THE AREA WHERE GIANT STADIUM AND THE RACE TRACK NOW STAND, IN PRE-W.W.I TIMES, BERRIES GREW IN PROFUSION; THE MARSHES WERE FERTILE. ONE DAY FRANK SR. TOOK HIS SON THERE TO PICK BLUEBERRIES. THEY EACH HAD A LARGE CONTAINER HANGING FROM A CORD AROUND THEIR NECKS. FURTHER AND FURTHER THEY WALKED DISCOVERING MORE SUCCULENT BERRIES. WHEN THEIR CONTAINERS AND THEIR BELLIES WERE FULL, THEY TURNED TO GO BACK TO THE ROAD. THEY HAD GIVEN NO THOUGHT AS TO HOW LONG THEY HAD BEEN BERRYING, AND HAD WALKED TO MORE SOLID HIGHER GROUND. NOW THEY DISCOVERED THE TIDE HAD COME IN. THE WATER WAS OVER FRANKIE'S HEAD SO GRANDPA, SIX FOOT TALL, LIFTED THE BOY UP AND PUT HIM ON HIS SHOULDERS, GAVE HIM CHARGE OF THE BERRY CONTAINERS, THEN WADED OUT TO THE ROAD IN WATER UP TO HIS SHOULDERS AT TIMES. A LESSON LEARNED THAT DAY WAS TO PAY ATTENTION TO TIME AND TIDES.



WHEN THE FAMILY HAD SETTLED IN CARLSTADT, STELLA INVESTIGATED THE CHURCHES IN TOWN LOOKING FOR THE POOREST AND NEEDIEST, SHE SOON DISCOVERED THE BAPTIST CHURCH FIT HER QUALIFICATIONS, AND NOW THE FAMILY WAS ATTENDING SUNDAY MORNING AND EVENING SERVICES. SHE BECAME A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER, MEMBER OF THE LADIES AID AND VOLUNTEERED TO KEEP THE CHURCH CLEAN. SHE ALSO WORKED AS A HOUSE CLEANER TO EARN EXTRA MONEY. SHE NEVER WASTED A MOMENT OR WAS BORED.

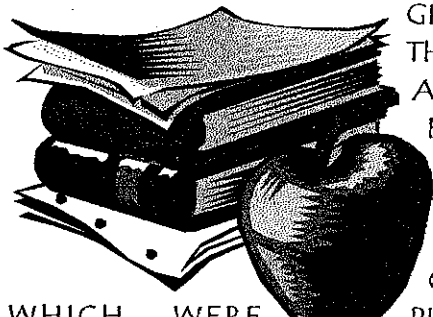


IN THE MID-TWENTIES, GRANDMA DECIDED TO BUILD A NEW HOME UP THE HILL. CARLSTADT WAS INFORMALLY DIVIDED AND REFERRED TO BY RESIDENTS AS UP THE HILL,, BACK THE HILL, AND DOWN THE HILL (ALSO KNOWN AS BEAN-TOWN) AND BY THE RIVER. THEY NOW LIVED DOWN THE HILL; HAD A STORE WITH A RENTAL APARTMENT BY THE RIVER; AND IN 1926 MOVED TO THEIR NEW HOME AT 611 SECOND STREET, UP THE HILL.

ALTHOUGH BASICALLY A GERMAN TOWN, OTHER ETHNIC GROUPS WERE MOVING IN. AS IN MANY COMMUNITIES, PEOPLE GROUPEED TOGETHER ACCORDING TO THEIR BACKGROUNDS, SO THE NEWER ITALIAN IMMIGRANTS SETTLED MOSTLY BACK THE HILL, BUILDING UP THE TOWN. HOWEVER, THE PIERGROSSIS, ON SECOND AND CENTRAL, AND THE MUSAS, ON SUMMIT AND SECOND, BUILT BIG HOMES IN THE UP THE HILL SECTION.

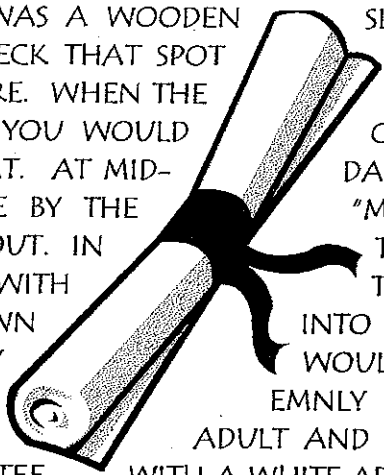
CLEMENTINE MUSA FANCIED HERSELF AS AN OPERA SINGER AND WHEN SHE PRACTICED HER SCALES, GRANDPA WOULD WALK AROUND MUTTERING ABOUT HER "CATERWAULING."

FRANKIE GRADUATED FROM GRAMMAR SCHOOL. HE PARTICIPATED IN THE ENTERTAINMENT THE CLASS PROVIDED FOR THE OCCASION BY SINGING "ROSES OF PICARDY" AS PART OF A QUARTET. OUR SMALL TOWN ALWAYS CELEBRATED EIGHTH



GRADE GRADUATIONS AS THE BIGGEST FAMILY EVENT OF THE YEAR. THE GIRLS MADE THEIR DRESSES IN SEWING CLASS, AND AFTER THE WEDNESDAY MUSICAL CEREMONY AND REFRESHMENTS AT THE GRADUATE'S HOMES, THE BIG FRIDAY NIGHT DANCE ARRIVED. THEN, ON SATURDAY, THE ANNUAL SCHOOL PICNIC INVOLVING THE WHOLE TOWN STARTED. CHILDREN GATHERED AT THE SCHOOLS WHERE CLASSES WERE ISSUED DIFFERENT COLORED RIBBONS

WHICH WERE PINNED TO THEIR SHOULDERS. THE FIFE AND DRUM CORP LED THE PARADE WITH THE TEACHERS ACCOMPANYING THEIR CLASSES TO MILTONBERGERS, A LARGE WOODEN TAVERN WITH PICNIC GROUNDS, LOCATED WHERE THE PRESENT DAY BOROUGH HALL STANDS. THE GRADUATES WORE FELT PENNANTS PINNED TO THEIR BACKS, DENOTING THE YEAR OF GRADUATION. FORMER GRADUATES WORE THEIR PENNANTS AND MINGLED AMONGST THE CELEBRANTS. AS THE PARADE ENTERED THE GROUNDS WHERE TABLES AND BENCHES WERE SCATTERED OVER THE HILLSIDE, "LADIES OF THE COMMITTEE" WITH HUGE WHITE APRONS GREETED THE CHILDREN AND LED THEM TO THEIR ASSIGNED TABLES WHERE PINK LEMONADE AND SUGAR COOKIES AWAITED THEM. THERE WAS A WOODEN



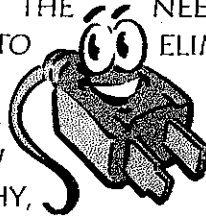
AND ALL EYES WOULD CHECK THAT SPOT OFTEN TO SEE WHAT COLOR SLAT NAILED AT A CERTAIN SPOT, COLOR CORRESPONDED TO THE QUE UP IN LINE AND RECEIVE SOME NEW DELICIOUS TREAT. AT MID-DAY GENEROUS HAM AND RYE "MEN AND LADIES OF THE COMMITTEE" WOULD BE GIVEN OUT. IN THE MIDDLE OF THE AFTER-NOON, CLASSES STARTING WITH THE KINDERGARTEN WOULD BE LED BY THE "LADIES" DOWN INTO THE DIM BOWELS OF MILTONBERGERS, WHERE THEY WOULD SIT DOWN AND BE GIVEN ICE CREAM WHICH THEY SOLEMNLY DEVoured. (IMAGINE MY EX-ADULT AND PARENT, I FINALLY BECAME A "LADY OF THE COMMITTEE WITH A WHITE APRON"). IN BETWEEN TIMES THE

TEACHERS HELD CONTESTS AND AWARDED PRIZES TO THE WINNERS. THE GRADUATES LED SNAKE DANCES OVER THE HILLSIDE AND UNDER THE TREES, AND THE BAND ENTERTAINED ALL. FAMILY GROUPS GREW LARGER AS GRANDPARENTS, AUNTS, UNCLES AND COUSINS ARRIVED, AND BY EVENING WHEN THE FATHERS CAME, EVERYONE WAS SINGING ALONG WITH THE BAND, AND THE PAPAS OBTAINED PITCHERS OF COLD BEER TO WARD OFF THE SUMMER HEAT. AH YES, CARLSTADT KNEW HOW TO THROW A PARTY AND DID SO EVERY YEAR.

THE TOWN DID NOT HAVE A HIGH SCHOOL BUT WAS A SENDING DISTRICT ALONG WITH MOONACHIE AND WALLINGTON TO EAST RUTHERFORD. MANY CHILDREN DID NOT PURSUE A HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA. AFTER A YEAR, FRANK SR. AND JR. DECIDED IT WAS TIME FOR JR. TO LEAVE SCHOOL AND EARN HIS WAY IN THE WORLD. STELLA INSISTED HE ENTER A SCHOOL AT TETERBORO AIRFIELD IN THE INFANT INDUSTRY OF AVIATION. SHE DIDN'T MIND WHEN HE TOOK A PART-TIME JOB AS A "SPOTTER" FOR THE TRAVELLING AIR CIRCUSES, BUT WHEN HE DECIDED HE WOULD LIKE TO BE A WINGWALKER, THAT WAS THE END OF TETERBORO AIRPORT. SISTER CATHERINE COMPLETED BOTH GRAMMAR AND HIGH SCHOOL WITH NEVER AN ABSENCE, THEN ATTENDED A SECRETARIAL SCHOOL. UNUSUAL FOR HER TIME, BUT STELLA WANTED HER QUIET DAUGHTER TO BE PREPARED FOR LIFE.



STELLA WAS AHEAD OF HER TIME. SHE BELIEVED A WOMAN SHOULD HAVE MONEY OF HER OWN, MARRIED OR NOT, AND OPTED FOR NEW CONVENIENCES EVEN THOUGH FRANK COULD NOT SEE THE NEED FOR THEM. AND SO SHE CHANGED FROM COAL TO OIL HEAT TO ELIMINATE THE TOIL AND DIRT; TO ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION FROM AN ICE BOX EARLY ON; OWNED ONE OF THE FIRST WRINGER WASHING MACHINES AND THREW THE RUG BEATER OUT IN FAVOR OF THE NEW VACUUM CLEANER. FRANK, WHOSE HOBBIES WERE PHOTOGRAPHY, WATCH, AND BICYCLE REPAIRING, AND STAMP COLLECTING, HAD TO REBUILD THE GARAGE AFTER ACCIDENTALLY BLOWING IT UP BY INVESTIGATING THE GAS LEVEL IN THE TANK OF HIS AUTO WITH A LIT MATCH.



WHEN CHARLES LINDBERGH CROSSED THE ATLANTIC OCEAN IN "THE SPIRIT OF SAINT LOUIS" AND WAS GIVEN A HERO'S WELCOME UPON HIS RETURN, FRANK AND FRANKIE WENT TO NYC TO SEE THE GREAT MAN AND PARTICIPATE IN THE PARADE CELEBRATING HIS ACHIEVEMENT. (MANY YEARS LATER FRANKIE WOULD TAKE HIS SON GENE AND GRANDSON RON TO SEE THE ASTRONAUTS PARADE IN NYC TO CELEBRATE JOHN GLENN'S FLIGHT IN SPACE.)

ROUTE 17 WAS A TWO LANE HIGHWAY WHICH CONTINUED AS A DIRT ROAD INTO HASBROUCK HEIGHTS. THERE WAS TALK OF EXTENDING IT AS MORE PEOPLE ACQUIRED CARS. THEN CAME THE STOCK MARKET CRASH, AND THE DEPRESSION, AND THE LONG DARK TUNNEL STARTED FOR THE WORLD.



BY 1929, FRANKIE HAD MET A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN, DOROTHY BARTO, FROM RUTHERFORD AT A FRIENDS BIRTHDAY PARTY. HE FELL IN LOVE IMMEDIATELY. AFTER MONTHS OF INTENSE COURTSHIP WHICH WAS FROWNED ON BY BOTH FAMILIES BECAUSE OF THEIR YOUTH, THEY ELOPED TO PASSAIC AND WERE MARRIED SECRETLY. DOROTHY WAS THE OLDEST OF 8 CHILDREN. ONE DAY A

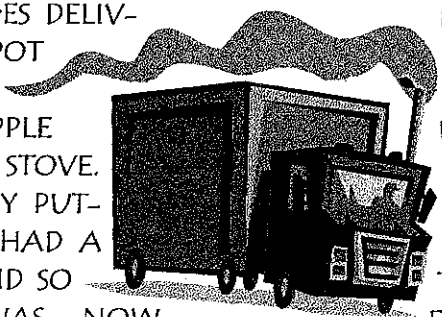
BROTHER INSISTENTLY TEASED HER TO HIM. IN FRONT OF HER FAMILY THE SPILLING OUT. A WEDDING RING BEFORE COMING TO REST AT HER HOR- MANDED TO KNOW WHAT THIS AS SHE PICKED UP THE RING, "ITS MINE ROCHAT."



TEARS AND SHE FLUNG HER PURSE AT PURSE FLEW OPEN, IT'S CONTENTS ROLLED AWAY AND SPUN IN CIRCLES RIFIED MOTHER'S FEET, WHO DE- MEANT. DOROTHY DEFIANTLY SAID AND I'M MARRIED TO FRANKIE

THE NEXT DAY DOROTHY AND FRANKIE BEGAN TO SHARE A ROOM IN THE ELDER ROCHAT HOME. NOT THE HAPPIEST OF SOLUTIONS SINCE CATHERINE REFUSED TO GIVE UP THE BIG BEDROOM SO THE YOUNG COUPLE'S ROOM WAS JUST BIG ENOUGH FOR A BED AND DRESSER. IN 1931 I ARRIVED, DELIVERED BY STELLA, TWO MONTHS EARLY, IN THAT ROOM. MY BED WAS A DRESSER DRAWER. IT WAS TWO DAYS AFTER FRANKIE'S 20TH BIRTHDAY, AND DOTTIE WAS STILL 19. THE NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR ALWAYS TOLD ME I WAS THE TINIEST BABY SHE HAD EVER SEEN.

FRANKIE HAD NEVER BEEN LAZY. HE DROVE A TAXI; DELIVERED SODA; RAN UP AND DOWN THE PALISADES DELIV- AND SOLD WEAR-EVER POT DEMONSTRATING HOW ROAST BEEF AND A PINEAPPLE MADE ON TOP OF THE STOVE. CHRONIC JOB PROBLEM BY PUT- A MOVING VAN WHICH HAD A PAINTED ON ITS SIDE. AND SO STORAGE COMPANY WAS NOW ALSO PURCHASED A SMALL BUNGALOW NEAR THE RIVER, ABOUT A 1/4 OF A MILE ABOVE THE FAMILY STORE ON PATERSON PLANK ROAD AND THE YOUNG COUPLE MOVED IN. FRANKIE RUSTLED JOBS WHEREVER HE COULD, LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE, TRYING TO BUILD UP A BANK ACCOUNT.



ERING TELEPHONE BOOKS, AND PAN SETS AT NIGHT BY AN ENTIRE MEAL INCLUDING UPSIDE DOWN CAKE COULD BE FRANK SR. SOLVED THE TING A DOWN PAYMENT ON BIG RED SPOKED WHEEL THE RED WHEEL MOVING AND FRANKIE'S. THE SR. ROCHATS

WHEN THE BANKS CLOSED NATIONALLY AND EVERYONE LOST THEIR MONEY, FRANKIE, IN A RAGE, REFUSED TO LEAVE THE LOCAL BANK RUN BY THE ZIMMER- MANN'S ,UNTIL HIS FATHER WAS SUMMONED. FRANK SR. PUT HIS ARM AROUND HIS SON'S SHOULDERS AND CONVINCED HIM TO LEAVE SAYING, "IT WAS EVEN WORSE DUR- ING HARDING'S ADMINISTRATION." FRANKIE NEVER FORGAVE CURT ZIMMERMANN WHOM HE HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR THE LOSS OF HIS MONEY. FROM THAT TIME ON HE DEALT WITH A BANK IN SECAUCUS.

EVEN THOUGH THE SENIOR ROCHAT'S WERE NOT HAPPY WITH THE YOUTHFUL MARRIAGE OF THEIR SON, THEIR NEW GRANDDAUGHTER, "ME", WAS THE APPLE OF THEIR EYE. NAMED FOR MY GRANDMOTHER, I WAS TOLD YEARS LATER BY FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS OF THEIR PLEASURE. GRANDPA WOULD PUSH ME IN MY BABY CARRIAGE ALL OVER UP THE HILL OR WOULD PUT ME IN A LAUNDRY BASKET FILLED WITH BLANKETS ON

THE FRONT SEAT OF HIS MODEL-T FORD, ALL THE TIME SINGING SONGS IN FRENCH. IN 1933 A SECOND DAUGHTER, ELAINE, WAS BORN TO THE COUPLE. HARD TIMES WERE EVERYWHERE. THE AMUSEMENT PARK HAD LONG SINCE CLOSED AND WAS IN RUINS AS WERE THE DANCE HALLS. A NEW BRIDGE ACROSS THE HACKENSACK RIVER A FEW MILES SOUTH WAS CONSTRUCTED AND FRANK SR. CONTINUED HIS JOB THERE. THE OLD BRIDGE WAS RAZED, AND THE TROLLEY TO PATERSON TURNED AROUND AT THE BASE OF THE OLD BRIDGE. THAT TOO WAS DISCONTINUED FOR LACK OF PASSENGERS. GRANDPA'S STORE WAS EVENTUALLY CLOSED AND DADDY USED THE BUILDING FOR STORAGE.

MY PARENT'S HOME WAS NEXT TO A HOUSE OCCUPIED BY THE LARGE AND VOLATILE TOMA FAMILY. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HOUSE WAS NEXT TO A SMALL BLUFF OVERLOOKING THE MEADOWS. ACROSS THE BLUFF WERE TWO HOUSES. THE LARGER ONE OCCUPIED BY THE BARRELL FAMILY, ONE OF THEIR DAUGHTERS IS MARJORIE PATAK, WIFE OF THIS SOCIETY'S PRESIDENT. THERE WAS A SCATTERING OF HOMES ON THE EAST RUTHERFORD SIDE OF THE PLANK ROAD. THE CHILDREN FROM BOTH SIDES MINGLED FREELY, AND WHAT FUN IT WAS. DADDY HAD A STUFFED PHEASANT WHICH WE WERE WARNED NEVER TO TOUCH. WHEN HUNTING SEASON OPENED, DADDY HUNTED RABBITS, HUNG THEM ON THE CLOTHES LINE TO SKIN THEM AND MAMA WOULD MAKE HASENPFIEFFER.

DADDY TOOK US BULL-FROG HUNTING AT NIGHT. YOU NEEDED A POWERFUL FLASHLIGHT, A PAIL AND PATIENCE. YOU WOULD GO AS QUIETLY AS POSSIBLE TOWARDS THE RASPY BELLOWING OF THE FROGS, SUDDENLY TURN THE FLASHLIGHT ON THEM AND THEY WOULD "FREEZE" IN THE LIGHT, AT WHICH TIME YOU COULD PICK THEM UP, PUT THEM IN THE PAIL AND BRING THEM HOME TO BE PUT INTO THE BATHTUB FOR A FEW DAYS TO OBSERVE. IN THE SPRING HE TOOK US TO CATCH POLLIWOGS AND TADPOLES WHICH WE WATCHED AND LEARNED HOW THEY CHANGED INTO ADULTS. CRABBING WAS ANOTHER ACTIVITY ALONG THE RIVER, BUT WHEN DADDY DECIDED IT WAS TIME TO TEACH US TO SWIM THERE, WE WERE TERRIFIED TO PUT OUR FEET IN THE MUD FOR FEAR THAT THOSE CRABS WOULD BITE US. DURING THE SUMMER, SPEED BOAT RACES WERE HELD ON THE RIVER, THE LIGHT BOATS SLAPPING IN THE WAKE OF THOSE IN FRONT OF THEM. ONE WINTER THE RIVER FROZE OVER AND WE NOT ONLY SKATED THERE BUT A LOCAL DOCTOR TOOK HIS CAR OUT ON THE ICE. THE CHILDREN HELD ON TO THE CAR WITH ONE HAND USING THE OTHER HAND TO CLING TO THEIR SLEDS AS THEY SKITTERED OVER THE FROZEN RIVER. WE ALSO COLLECTED PUNKS, PLACED THEM ON ROOFS TO DRY AND "SMOKED" THEM WHEN THEY WERE READY, TO KEEP THE MOSQUITOES AWAY. SADLY I HAVEN'T SEEN PUNKS IN THE MEADOWS FOR YEARS ANY MORE ALTHOUGH THE FOXTAILS STILL GROW THERE.



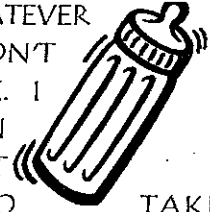
ANNUALLY A FIRE WOULD BREAK OUT IN THE DRIED WEEDS OF THE MEADOWS AND THE ANIMALS WHO LIVED THERE YEAR ROUND WOULD SCATTER RUNNING ACROSS THE ROAD OR TOWARDS THE RIVER. POSSUMS, FOXES, MUSKRATS, RABBITS, PHEASANTS,

BULLFROGS, MICE AND EVEN THE SMALL DEER WHO LIVED OUT IN THE RED CEDAR FOREST BY MOONACHIE WOULD RUN AWAY FROM THE FIRE. THE FIRE DEPARTMENT WOULD COME ROARING UP, PULL UP ON THE BLUFF AND SHOOT STREAMS OF WATER ONTO THE FLAMES TO DRIVE THEM BACK FROM THE HOUSES. THE FARMERS FROM WASHINGTON AVE. WERE THE FIRST TO ARRIVE. DADDY WAS A MEMBER OF THAT COMPANY. HARD WORKING SUNBURNED MEN, SCHWAJERS, HOSBACHS, HUGOS, FRATTERELIS, BADES, DELELLISES, LEHMANNS, HELBIGS, FOOSSES, FRANCAVELLAS AND ALL THE OTHERS WHO TOILED ON THE TRUCK FARMS THAT SUPPLIED THE NEW YORK MARKETS AND WHO HELPED TO GIVE THE NAME "THE GARDEN STATE" TO NEW JERSEY. THE FIRE DEPARTMENT COMPANY'S YEARLY PICNICS WERE FUN WITH A PIG DONATED FROM SMITTY'S PIG FARM ROASTING, AND PRODUCE FROM THE OTHER FARMS LAID OUT ON THE TABLES IN THE PICNIC GROUNDS BEHIND GRABOWSKI'S HALF WAY HOUSE, AT THE CORNER OF THE PLANK ROAD AND WASHINGTON AVENUE, WITH MANY PITCHERS OF COLD BEER TO QUENCH THEIR THIRST. I REMEMBER OVERHEARING A STORY WHEN I WAS YOUNG, ALWAYS DISPUTED BY MY FATHER, THAT SOMEHOW I THOUGHT MIGHT BE TRUE. DEWEY DELELLIS AND DADDY WERE THE TWO HOT-HEADS OF THE COMPANY. IN ORDER TO RECEIVE THEIR SMALL YEARLY STIPEND FROM THE TOWN TO COVER THE COST OF RUINED CLOTHES, THE FIREMEN HAD TO BE "CLOCKED OR SIGNED IN" AT A CERTAIN PERCENTAGE OF FIRES AS THEY STILL ARE TODAY. SOMETIMES THE FIRE ALARMS WERE FALSE, OR FOR SMALL FIRES THAT COULD BE PUT OUT IN MINUTES. OFTEN IF A MEMBER DIDN'T MAKE IT TO THE FIRE, A PAL WOULD SIGN HIM IN ANYWAY SO HE WOULD ATTAIN HIS PERCENTAGE. DADDY, WITH HIS LONG DISTANCE DRIVING, WAS HARD PUT TO MAKE HIS PERCENTAGE. FOR OTHER REASONS, DEWEY LACKED TIME ALSO. THE BLATANT SIGNING IN OF PALS IRKED THEM SO MUCH THAT ONE DAY WHEN A FIRE WAS CALLED IN, SOMEHOW, JUST THE TWO OF THEM WERE PRESENT TO PUT IT OUT. WHEN THE OTHERS ARRIVED THEY WERE TOO LATE TO PARTICIPATE. SOME OF THE FIREMEN GROUSED THAT THOSE TWO HAD LIT THE FIRE THEMSELVES AND PUT IT OUT BEFORE ANYONE COULD POSSIBLY GET THERE. BOTH MEN DENIED IT TO THEIR DYING DAY BUT THE SUSPICIONS LINGERED. HOWEVER, IN MY EARLY TEENS I WITNESSED MY FATHER'S ACTIONS IN AN EMERGENCY SITUATION. WE WERE LIVING DOWN THE HILL AT NINTH AND DIVISION, AND A FIRE CALL WENT IN FOR A HOME A BLOCK AWAY ON DIVISION AVENUE, NOT



WAITING FOR THE FIRE DEPARTMENT TO ARRIVE, DADDY RAN DOWN THE STREET AND INTO THE HOUSE THAT WAS SPEWING SMOKE--WITH NO EQUIPMENT--BRAVELY BUT FOOLISHLY, (CONSIDERING HE HAD A WIFE AND FIVE CHILDREN). HE LOCATED THE PROBLEM--A REFRIGERATOR THAT WAS MALFUNCTIONING. HE PULLED THE PLUG AND EXITED FOR AIR AS THE FIRE TRUCK ARRIVED--AND THIS TIME I KNOW IT WASN'T STAGED.

THE DEPRESSION WAS TOUGH ON EVERYONE. THEY ALL DID WHATEVER THEY COULD TO MAKE MONEY. EVERYONE WAS POOR BUT WE KIDS DIDN'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE, AND NEVER REALIZED HOW POOR WE WERE. I UNDERSTOOD THAT FIFTY YEARS LATER, WHEN MY DAD REMARKED IN CONVERSATION, "THE LOWEST DAY OF MY LIFE, WAS WHEN I DIDN'T HAVE A CENT. I STOLE A QUART OF MILK FROM SOMEONE'S STOOP TO TAKE HOME TO MY TWO BABIES, AND SWORE THAT I WOULD NEVER BE IN THAT POSITION AGAIN." I UNDERSTOOD THEN ALL THE MONEY-MAKING PLANS HE HAD ENTERED INTO THROUGH THE YEARS AND HOW HIS EARLY DESPERATION HAD FUELED HIM.



MOM AND DAD ALWAYS THOUGHT UP INEXPENSIVE WAYS TO KEEP US INTERESTED. MAMA'S FAMOUS (IN THE FAMILY) NATURE WALKS THROUGH THE MEADOWS WHEN SHE WOULD POINT OUT AND IDENTIFY THE MANY PLANTS AND ANIMALS THRIVING THERE. I REMEMBER SOME WALKS THAT INVOLVED SEVERAL OF HER YOUNGER SIBLINGS, NEIGHBOR CHILDREN, SISTER ELAINE AND I--A VERITABLE SAFARI. UNFORTUNATELY, MAMA COULDN'T IDENTIFY A FEW THINGS, LIKE THE VERY LONG FOLDED-OVER GRASS THAT GREW ATOP SINK-HOLES. I REMEMBER FALLING IN ONE, CERTAIN I WAS BEING SWALLOWED UP BY QUICKSAND OR EATEN BY SNAKES. MAMA'S SENSE OF DIRECTION WAS ALSO NOT ALWAYS RIGHT ON THE COMPASS, SO THERE WERE TIMES OUR RETURN HOME WAS LATER THAN ANTICIPATED.

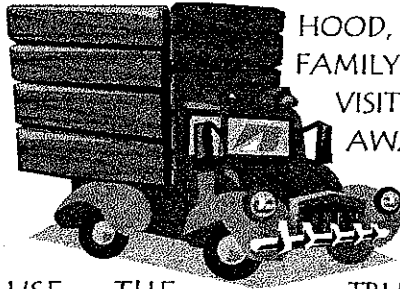


OCCASIONALLY, DADDY WOULD PUT US INTO THE TRUCK AND WE WOULD GO TO PATERSON AND SIT UP ON THE HILL WHERE WE COULD LOOK DOWN INTO THE MORTDROME WHERE MOTORCYCLISTS WOULD ZOOM UP AND DOWN GOING HIGHER AND HIGHER UP THE SIDES OF THIS HUGE EDIFICE; "WHAT DAREDEVILS", WE THOUGHT. HALLOWEEN IN THE 30'S WAS NOT LIKE TODAY'S CELEBRATION. YOU DRESSED IN OLD CLOTHES AND CREATED MISCHIEF. "BEGGING" WAS CONFINED TO THANKSGIVING MORNING WHEN YOU KNOCKED AT NEIGHBOR'S DOORS AND "BEGGED" FOR A TREAT. IT WASN'T UNTIL AFTER W.W.II ,WHEN UNICEF CAME UP WITH THE CONTAINERS AND THE SLOGAN "TRICK OR TREAT" THAT THE PRACTICE FOLLOWED TODAY BECAME POPULAR.

IN THE 30'S MY DAD AND THE OLDEST TOMA BOY FROM NEXT DOOR PULLED OLD SILK STOCKINGS OVER ELAINE'S AND MY FACES AND POPPED US UP AND DOWN AT THE WINDOWS OF HIS VERY SUPERSTITIOUS FAMILY'S HOME, FRIGHTENING THEM TERRIBLY. AND THE NIGHT OF THE FAMOUS ORSON WELLES HALLOWEEN RADIO BROADCAST OF "THE WAR OF THE WORLDS" MY PARENTS HAD A DIFFERENT PROGRAM ON. THEY HEARD A COMMOTION OUTSIDE, WENT TO THE DOOR, AND SAW THE TOMA FAMILY ON THE LAWN CRYING AND CALLING TO GOD TO SAVE THEM FROM THE MARTIANS WHO WERE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER ON THE PLANK ROAD. MY PARENTS WERE SKEPTICAL OF THE STORY THE HYSTERICAL TOMAS HAD TOLD THEM, REASONING THE STATION THEY HAD BEEN LISTENING TO WOULD HAVE BROADCAST THE REPORTS ALSO HAD THEY

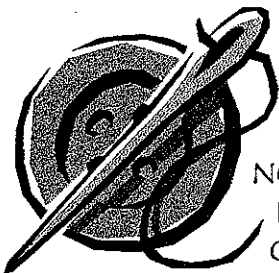


BEEN TRUE.



DADDY'S TRUCK WAS NOT ONLY HIS WAY OF MAKING A LIVELIHOOD, BUT WAS ALSO THE FAMILY TRANSPORTATION. MAMA'S FAMILY HAD MOVED TO DUNELLEN, SO IF WE WERE GOING TO VISIT THERE, WE ALL HOPPED INTO THE CAB OF THE TRUCK, AND AWAY WE WENT. NO TURNPIKE, PARKWAY OR SHORT-CUTS; RIVER ROAD TO NEWARK TO RTE 24, SOMEHOW DADDY WOULD FIND A DOLLAR FOR ICE CREAM OR HOT DOGS. GRANDMA CONVINCED HER SON FOR SEVERAL YEARS TO

USE THE TRUCK TO TRANSPORT THE ENTIRE CHURCH ON BENCHES IN THE BACK TO DISTANT SITES TO HOLD THE CHURCH PICNICS, TWO TIMES TO LAKE HOPATCONG AND ONCE TO PRINCESS BAY ON STATEN ISLAND. WHAT APPEALED TO DADDY WASN'T THE RELIGIOUS ASPECT, BUT THE FACT OF OUTWITTING THE AUTHORITIES. IT WAS THEN AS IT IS NOW, AGAINST THE LAW TO FILL A TRUCK WITH 50 OR 60 PEOPLE ON BENCHES AND DRIVE FOR TWO HOURS TO A RURAL SPOT. I DISTINCTLY REMEMBER THE TARPULIN BEING PULLED CLOSED AND EVERYONE CAUTIONED TO BE VERY QUIET AS WE PASSED OVER THE TOLL BRIDGE INTO STATEN ISLAND, AND ONCE THERE, THE SINGING AND THE JOYOUS UNLOADING OF LOTS OF FOOD AND THEN DIGGING IN THE MUD OF THE BAY WITH OUR TOES, SEARCHING FOR CLAMS. THE ILLEGAL ASPECT OBVIOUSLY DIDN'T DETER THE CHURCH MEMBERS FROM PLACING MY DAD IN JEOPARDY. WHEN GRANDPA'S ANNUAL VACATION WEEK ARRIVED, GRANDMA WOULD PACK UP CLOTHES AND PROVISIONS AND OFF WE WOULD GO. TAKE THE TRAIN TO THE FERRY TO NEW YORK CITY, RUN TO THE BATTERY CARRYING EVERYTHING, TAKE THE FERRY PAST THE STATUE OF LIBERTY TO STATEN ISLAND; THE TRAIN TO SOUTH BEACH TO THE HOME-STEAD HOTEL, WITH KITCHEN PRIVILEGES. BATHING IN THE SALT WATER MEANT JUMPING UP AND DOWN WITH THE ROPES ANCHORED IN THE SURF AND GETTING SUN-BURNED, THEN RIDING THE CAROUSEL IN THE EVENING...GRANDPA PICKED FRESH BLACKBERRIES EACH MORNING FOR BREAKFAST. NEITHER GRANDPARENT COULD SWIM, BUT INTO THE WATER WE WOULD GO, CLINGING TO THE BOBBING ROPES. THE WORST FRIGHT OF MY YOUNG LIFE CAME ONE DAY DURING A HIGH TIDE WITH A ROUGH SURF. GRANDMA WAS KNOCKED OFF HER FEET AND WENT DOWN UNDER THE WATER. MY SCREAMS, WHICH I'M SURE COULD BE HEARD MILES OUT TO SEA, BROUGHT LIFEGUARDS AND HALF THE POPULATION OF STATEN ISLAND TO RESCUE HER.



IN THOSE DAYS NOT ONLY WERE THE MEN RESOURCEFUL IN FINDING WAYS TO SUPPLEMENT THE FAMILY INCOME, BUT THE WOMEN WERE CREATIVE IN STRETCHING THE ELUSIVE DOLLAR. NOTHING WAS EVER WASTED. RECYCLING IS NOT A NEW AND MODERN PHENONOMIA. WE USE TO SAY GRANDMA USED EVERYTHING ON THE PIG BUT ITS SQUEAL. NOT ONLY WERE THE WOMEN ADEPT AT

KNITTING AND CROCHETING, SEWING, PRESERVING AND CONSERVING, OLD ITEMS WERE TRANSFORMED AND USEABLE. FOR EXAMPLE, QUILTS AND BRAIDED RUGS FROM OLD CLOTHES AND HOSIERY. AS FOR FOOD, BACK-YARD GARDENS SUPPLIED THE TABLE GENEROUSLY .



MY MOM CAME UP WITH A RECIPE TO STRETCH A POUND OF LIVER-WURST INTO HASH AND COULD FEED FOUR OR FIVE PEOPLE EASILY. THE TINKER CAME THROUGH THE TOWN BANGING POTS LOUDLY TO ANNOUNCE HIS ARRIVAL TO REPAIR POTS AND PANS. THE UMBRELLA REPAIR MAN AND KNIFE SHARPENER RANG A BELL AS HE WALKED THE STREETS. PRODUCE PEDDLERS CAME THROUGH ONCE A WEEK. I PARTICULARLY REMEMBER ONE, "GOLDIE" GOLDFARB, WHO SERVED MY MATERNAL GRANDMOTHER IN RUTHERFORD; MY ROCHAT GRANDMA IN CARLSTADT, MY MOTHER AND EVEN ME WHEN I HAD A YOUNG FAMILY. THE MILKMAN DELIVERED TO THE DOOR AND IF YOU WANTED BREAD, YOU PUT A BIG CARD WITH A "D" IN YOUR WINDOW AND THE DUGAN MAN WOULD STOP WITH HIS TRUCKLOAD OF GOODIES FOR YOU TO CHOOSE FROM. ONE OF THOSE DRIVERS SAW ME USING A HATCHET TO FURIOUSLY CHOP DOWN 2 FIR TREES IN THE FRONT OF OUR HOUSE, "WHAT ARE YOU DOING", HE SAID. WHEN I DIDN'T ANSWER HE SHOUTED, "I'M GOING TO TELL YOUR MOTHER," AND HEADED HIS TRUCK DOWN THE HILL. THE FACT THAT I HAD THREE CHILDREN DIDN'T MATTER. MAMA GOT A REPORT ON WHAT I WAS DOING.

MAMA WORE THE SAME BURNT-ORANGE COAT AS A SPRING, SUMMER AND AUTUMN WRAP FOR THE FIRST EIGHTEEN YEARS OF MY LIFE WITH NO COMPLAINTS. SHE ALSO INVENTED PINK AND FLAVORED CAKES AND ICING USING JELLO ADDED TO THE FLOUR AND SUGAR 30 YEARS BEFORE GENERAL FOODS DISCOVERED THAT AS A USE.

GRANDMA HAD A SMALL FLOCK OF CHICKENS IN OUR BACK YARD, WHEN I WAS A CHILD AND TO TODAY, I CAN STILL TASTE HER HOMEMADE JAMS AND JELLIES. SMUCKERS HAS NEVER MADE ANY AS DELICIOUS AS HERS. MY BARTO GRANDMA WITH HER LARGE BROOD MADE SPECIAL DONUTS WHICH SHE SOLD TO NEIGHBORS TO MAKE A FEW DOLLARS. NO ONE EVER COMPLAINED OF BEING BORED. THEY WERE ALL TOO BUSY.

WHEN IT WAS TIME FOR ME TO START SCHOOL, GRANDMA PERSUADED MY PARENTS IT WOULD BE BEST FOR ME TO LIVE WITH HER AND ATTEND THE THIRD STREET SCHOOL ONLY FOUR BLOCKS AWAY. I WAS HER PRINCESS

GRANDPA REPAIRED OLD DISCARDED BIKES, AND WHEN MY TOES COULD BARELY REACH THE PEDALS HE PUT ME ON A LARGE TWENTY SIX INCH WHEEL BOYS BIKE AND DECIDED I WOULD LEARN TO RIDE. IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG, AND I HORRIFIED GRANDMA BY HURLING DOWN THE SUMMIT AVENUE HILL, TURNING ON TO SECOND STREET AND UP THE DRIVEWAY WITH NO HANDS ON THE HANDLE-BARS.



THE ULTIMATE ROLE MODEL OF THE THIRTIES WAS THE IDEAL TALENTED AND BEAUTIFUL CHILD, SHIRLEY TEMPLE. MAMA AND GRANDMA TORTURED MY POKER STRAIGHT HAIR PUTTING IT UP IN TIGHT RAG ROLLS TO PRODUCE THE DESIRED BOUNCING CURLS. DANCING LESSONS WERE NEXT. I TOOK 1 LESSON AND DECIDED IT WAS SILLY AND WOULDN'T RETURN. THE FACT THAT IN NO WAY COULD I BE MADE INTO A REPLICIA OF THE DARLING OF HOLLYWOOD WAS FINALLY ACCEPTED BY THE WOMEN OF THE FAMILY. WE COMPROMISED WITH FIVE YEARS OF PIANO LESSONS WHICH I BELIEVE GAVE ME MY LOVE OF MUSIC. MY NEXT HAIRDO CONSISTED OF BRAIDS WHICH CONVINCED ME MY MOM PULLED MY EYES OUT OF FOCUS BECAUSE THE BRAIDS WERE SO TIGHT.



PLE AS

I ALSO LOVED SCHOOL. MY SECOND GRADE TEACHER, MONICA RIST HICKEY, IS A MEMBER OF THIS GROUP. I WAS IN HER FIRST CLASS AND HAVE BROUGHT IN THESE TWO PICTURES SHE TAUGHT US TO MAKE AS MEMBERS OF HER ART CLUB. THE TEACHERS OF THAT ERA HAVE ALWAYS REMAINED IN MY MEMORY BECAUSE OF THEIR DEDICATION AND INGENUITY.

WITH A VERY LIMITED BUDGET, THEY TAUGHT BY EXAMPLE AS WELL AS BY LESSON. MRS. PATAK, MOTHER OF OUR ORGANIZATION'S PRESIDENT,

IMPARTED HER LOVE OF MATH TO MANY STUDENTS. MY DAD WAS IN HER FIRST CLASS. MY SISTERS AND MY FIRST 3 SONS WERE ALSO TAUGHT BY HER. MISS HELEN RAYMOND OF HOME ECONOMICS COMES TO MIND. SHE INCORPORATED COOKING INTO HER CURRICULUM WITH NO ENCOURAGEMENT FROM THE SCHOOL BOARD. HER FIRST EFFORTS FOR SEVERAL YEARS WERE PRODUCED USING A SINGLE HOT PLATE WHICH WE STUDENTS HUDDLED AROUND. I'M SURE I AM STILL ON HER BOOKS SOMEWHERE FOR OWING SEVERAL NICKELS FOR LOST NEEDLES. MY LASTING ADMIRATION IS FOR THE INDOMITABLE MISS LIZZIE HEGAL. NO ONE IN MY MIND EPITOMIZES DEVOTION TO DUTY AS SHE DID. SHE LIVED IN NEWARK AND ONCE WHEN A SNOW STORM PARALYZED THE



BUS LINE, SHE WALKED FROM THERE TO CARLSTADT TO OPEN THE SCHOOL. SHE HAD THE REPUTATION OF BEING A HARD TASKMASTER BUT MOST OF THE COMPLAINERS WERE UNAWARE OF HER COMPASSIONATE NATURE. WHEN SHE NOTICED SOME OF HER PUPILS WERE MORE RAGGEDY OR THINNER THAN USUAL, SHE INVESTIGATED AND HER MEAGER SALARY WAS USED TO PROVIDE CLOTHING OR FOOD FOR THAT FAMILY. SHE MORE THAN EARNED BECOMING SCHOOL PRINCIPAL.

CARLSTADT WAS REALLY ONE BIG EXTENDED FAMILY LONG BEFORE THE THEORY, "IT TAKES A VILLAGE" WAS POPULARIZED. I REALLY DON'T REMEMBER EVER COMPLAINING OF OR HEARING FRIENDS WHINING OF "HAVING NOTHING TO DO" A COMMON COMPLAINT NOW-A-DAYS. WITH NO TV WE SPENT A LOT OF TIME OUT-OF-DOORS PLAYING TAG, GIANT STEP, HIDE AND SEEK, HOP-SCOTCH, ROLLER SKATING, BIKE

RIDING, JUMPING ROPE, ETC. INDOORS WE ENJOYED CHECKERS, DOMINOES, PARCHEESI AND THAT NEW GAME MONOPOLY. IF THE WEATHER ALLOWED, PARENTS MIGHT BUILD A BON-FIRE OUTSIDE TO TOAST MARSHMALLOWS AND ROAST MICKEYS (POTATOES) UNTIL THEIR JACKETS WERE BLACK AND INSIDES HOT AND STEAMY.



READING WAS ALWAYS MY GREAT LOVE, TRANSPORTING ME TO WON- DROUS NEW WORLDS. THE PHILCO RADIO WAS TURNED ON IN THE EVE- NINGS. IN THE BEGINNING THERE WAS UNCLE DON AND LETS PRE- TEND. LATER JACK ARMSTRONG, THE ALL AMERICAN BOY; THE SHADOW; MAJOR BOWES AMATEUR HOUR; ONE MANS FAMILY; FIBBER McGee AND MOLLY; LUX THEATER AND SO MANY OTHERS.

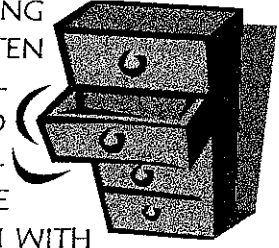
GRANDMA CROCHETING IN HER ROCKING CHAIR, GRANDPA COACHING ME WITH MY MATH HOMEWORK, NOT UNDERSTANDING MY STRUGGLE WITH AND DISLIKE FOR THE SUBJECT. GRANDMA FINALLY GETTING UP TO FIX ME A GLASS OF MILK WITH CRUNCHY OVALTINE AND SOME HOMEMADE COOKIES. I LOOK BACK ON A LOVELY CHILDHOOD. THERE WERE TOWN CHAR- ACTERS IN CARLSTADT AS IN OTHER COMMUNITIES. BY TODAY'S STANDARDS THEIR NAMES WERE NOT POLITI- CALLY CORRECT, NEVERTHELESS THAT'S WHO THEY WERE. "CRAZY" AL MORGAN, WHO IT WAS RUMORED HAD A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN. HIS SISTER ANGEL GAVE HIM A BURLAP BAG OF OR- ANGES EACH DAY TO SELL HOUSE TO HOUSE. WE KIDS KNEW IF WE TEASED HIM IT WOULDN'T BE LONG BE- FORE HE THREW THE ORANGES AT US. 20 YEARS LATER MY SONS AND THEIR FRIENDS WERE DOING THE SAME THING. "NIGGER" JAKE, AN ANCIENT SMALL MAN WHO WASHED STORE WINDOWS ON HACKENSACK STREET. THE STORY WENT THAT HE HAD AT- TENDED THE BOROUGH'S FIRST SCHOOL PICNIC AS A BABE IN HIS MOTHERS ARMS. "BUSHEY", ANOTHER ANCIENT MAN WHO PUSHED A WOODEN SNOW PLOW TO CLEAR THE SIDEWALKS. MRS. BAKER, WIFE OF DADDY'S FORMER MANUAL ARTS TEACHER, WHO ALTHOUGH CONFINED TO A WHEELCHAIR AND ALMOST BLIND, KNITTED AND CROCHETED SWEATERS, BABY OUTFITS AND BLANKETS TO BRING IN SOME MONEY. DADDY ALWAYS FELT SORRY FOR HER AND WAS HER BIGGEST CUSTOMER. MAMA FINALLY ASKED HIM TO PLEASE STOP BUYING THESE ITEMS SINCE THE CHILDREN WERE TOO LARGE FOR THEM. DADDY WOULD SLIP ONCE IN A WHILE AND PURCHASE SOME COMPLETELY INAPPROPRIATE ARTICLE OUT OF SYMPATHY. MY SISTERS USED THEM FOR DOLL CLOTHES. THEN THERE WAS MRS.



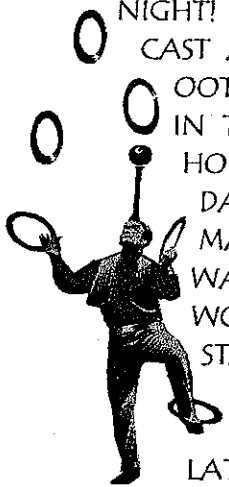
DEAN ON FOURTH STREET. SHE MADE AND SOLD LOVELY ARRANGEMENTS OF FLOWERS SHE CREATED OUT OF FEATHERS, IN A GENTEEL ATTEMPT TO MAKE A FEW DOLLARS. SHE REMINDED ME SOMEWHAT IN APPEARANCE OF AUNT PITY-PAT IN "GONE WITH THE WIND." HER HUSBAND WAS A RETIRED PRO- FESSOR OBVIOUSLY NOT TOO WELL PREPARED FINANCIALLY FOR THIS STAGE OF HIS LIFE. HE USUALLY LOOKED DISTANT AND PRE-OCCUPIED, AS IF CARLSTADT WAS NOT THE PLACE HE HAD ENVISIONED TO LIVE OUT HIS DAYS. I CAN ONLY IMAGINE DEAR MRS. DEAN'S CHAGRIN WHEN A FEW YEARS LATER THE DIGNI-

FIED MR. DEAN WAS ARRESTED ON CHARGES OF "STREAKING", REMOVING HIS CLOTHES AND RUNNING IN CERTAIN AREAS.

DADDY EMPLOYED ITINERANT MEN TO WORK IN HIS MOVING BUSINESS. SINCE HE COULD NOT BE SURE AHEAD OF TIME HOW OFTEN HE WOULD HAVE JOBS, HE COULDN'T PROVIDE STEADY WAGES. OFTEN IF HE HAD A SATURDAY JOB HE WOULD DISPENSE WITH PAID HELP COMPLETELY, AND TAKE ELAINE AND MYSELF ALONG, EXPLAINING THAT THE HELP HAD NOT SHOWN UP THAT DAY. WE WERE ADEPT AT CARRYING CHAIRS AND SMALLER ARTICLES, OFTEN WITH LAMP SHADES ON OUR HEADS TO SAVE A TRIP TO AND FROM THE TRUCK. DADDY'S PRODIGIOUS STRENGTH WAS SECOND ONLY TO HIS DETERMINATION. I REMEMBER SEEING HIM COMPLETELY ALONE, MOVING A REFRIGERATOR, OR A BATH TUB, OR A PIANO ON HIS BACK DOWN LONG FLIGHTS OF STAIRS WITH ME GUIDING HIM WITH VOCAL INSTRUCTIONS. ONE OF HIS HELPERS, TOM JOHNSON, WORKED IN THE SUMMER AS A ROUSTABOUT WITH CARNIVALS. ON A WARM SUMMER EVENING WE ATTENDED A CARNIVAL BACK THE HILL ON GARDEN STREET. I LOVED THE FERRIS WHEEL AND ON THE THIRD RIDE DADDY WAS APPROACHED BY TOM WHO WAS WITH THIS PARTICULAR CARNIVAL. DADDY, IN HIS OUTGOING MANNER, INVITED TOM AND HIS FRIENDS BACK TO OUR HOUSE WHEN THE PERFORMANCE WAS OVER. TALK ABOUT AN EXCITING



NIGHT! ELAINE AND I SAT ON THE UPSTAIRS STEPS UNNOTICED AS THE ENTIRE CAST AND CREW ARRIVED. THE CALLIOPE POUNDED OUT TOOT-TOOTLE-OOTLE ON OUR FRONT LAWN. THE FAT MAN HAD TO BE GREASED TO GET IN THE DOOR. PEOPLE WERE PERFORMING ACROBATICS ALL OVER THE HOUSE. THE PLAYER PIANO WAS GOING A MILE A MINUTE. A FRIEND OF DADDY'S, BIFF, A GOLDEN GLOVER, WAS SPARRING WITH A "CARNEY" AND MAMA WAS BUSY KEEPING AN EYE ON HER YOUNGER BROTHER ROY, WHO WAS ENTHRALLED BY THE BEARDED LADY. THIS SAME BROTHER ROY WOULD, A YEAR OR TWO LATER JOIN IN THE FAD OF FLAG-POLE SITTING, STAYING ON A PLATFORM UP A POLE OR TREE FOR BETTER THAN A MONTH, TRYING TO SET A RECORD FOR THE LENGTH OF THE STAY. DADDY CONSIDERED THIS STUPID AND UNTIL ROY DIED FORTY YEARS LATER, HE ALWAYS REFERRED TO HIM AS, "YOUR CRAZY UNCLE ROY."



ABOUT THIS TIME, THE NEW YORK CITY WORLDS FAIR WAS HELD ON LONG ISLAND. GRANDPA AND GRANDMA DECIDED WE SHOULD ATTEND, AND I HAVE A PHOTO OF THE THREE OF US DRESSED UP IN OUR SUNDAY BEST, GRANDPA AND GRANDMA BOTH WEARING HATS, STROLLING THROUGH THE WONDERS OF THE FUTURE. THE AQUACADE WAS AMAZING AND THE CONCEPT OF OUR FUTURE LIFE NOT QUITE BELIEVABLE.

DADDY'S SISTER CATHERINE AND HER HUSBAND DECIDED THEY WERE TIRED OF LIVING IN THEIR APARTMENT IN MOONACHIE AND WANTED THEIR TURN AT OUR

HOUSE, SO DADDY MADE A DOWN PAYMENT ON A BUILDING AT 330 HACKENSACK STREET. IT HAD A THREE ROOM APARTMENT ON THE SECOND FLOOR AND A STORE ON THE FIRST LEVEL, EXACTLY POST OFFICE, ZIMMERMANN'S NEIGHBORS' BAKERY. MANY PEOPLE KEPT IN STORAGE, AND NOW TRY AND MAKE UP THE ALSO TOOK ON THE JOB OF FOUR THIRTY A.M. EACH DAY, HOUR UNTIL SIX P.M., HE



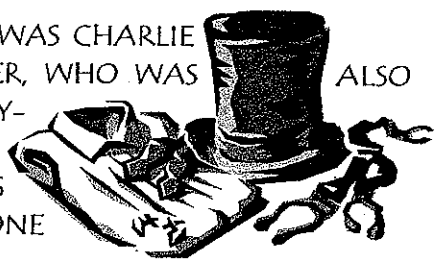
ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE DANCE HALL AND NEXT TO PEOPLE DEFAULTED ON FURNITURE DADDY HAD AN OUTLET TO MONEY HERETOFORE LOST. HE THE MAIL RUNS. STARTING AT AND CONTINUING EVERY WOULD GO TO THE RUTHER-

FORD TRAIN STATION, PICK UP DIFFERENT MAILBAGS AND PACKAGES AND DELIVER THEM TO VARIOUS POST OFFICES; RUTHERFORD, EAST RUTHERFORD, CARLSTADT, AND WOODRIDGE. HIS MOVING JOBS WERE INTERRUPTED BY THE TIME SCHEDULE OF THE TRAINS. YOU COULD TELL TIME LOCALLY BY THE WHISTLES OF THE FACTORIES. SOME BLEW AT NOON, ONE BLEW AT FOUR THIRTY, AND SOME AT FIVE P.M. HOWEVER, THE FIRE WHISTLE IN CARLSTADT WAS WHAT GOVERNED THE CURFEW TIME OF MOST CHILDREN, AS IS STILL THE RULE TODAY. THEY WERE USUALLY TOLD TO BE HOME RIGHT AFTER THE EIGHT P.M. WHISTLE. YOU ALWAYS HOPED THE POLICEMAN ON DUTY WOULD FORGET THE TIME AND BLOW IT FIVE OR SO MINUTES LATE.

WINTERTIME WAS FUN ALSO. OUR FAVORITE SLEIGH RIDE IN THE SNOW WAS A LONG ONE WHICH INCLUDED HALF A DOZEN "CHICKEYS" OR GUARDS AT DIFFERENT INTERSECTIONS WHO TOOK TURNS WITH THE SLEDDERS. THE RIDE STARTED WAY UP THE HILL, HALF A BLOCK DOWN FROM SUMMIT AVE ON THIRD STREET. YOU WOULD ZIP DOWN SEVERAL BLOCKS TO BROAD STREET, MAKE A LEFT AND GO ACROSS HACKENSACK STREET PAST MRS. PATAK'S HOUSE, RACE DOWN STEEP BROAD STREET HILL AND STOP AT ROUTE SEVENTEEN. YOU ONLY DID THAT 2 OR 3 TIMES A NIGHT BECAUSE THE LONG WALK BACK WAS A KILLER.

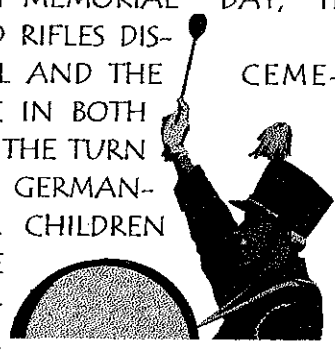
ONE OF THE LONG DISTANCE JOBS DADDY UNDERTOOK AT THIS TIME WAS PAID FOR BY JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER 2nd. HE HAD DECIDED WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA, SHOULD BE RESTORED AND MADE AVAILABLE TO THE PUBLIC AS A NATIONAL TREASURE. DADDY WAS HIRED TO TRANSPORT THE ORIGINAL LARGE TABLE AND HIGH-BACKED CHAIRS USED BY THE FOUNDING FATHERS IN THEIR COUNCIL ROOM. HE WAS GRATEFUL FOR THE JOB, BUT THOUGHT ROCKEFELLER WAS OFF HIS "ROCKER" TRYING TO REBUILD THAT GHOST TOWN. WE HAD THE USUAL ORGANIZATIONS IN TOWN. CHURCH GROUPS, THE AMERICAN LEGION, VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARTMENT, THE VFW, THEIR LADIES AUXILIARIES, AND A FEW OTHERS. THE VICS HOOVERS WERE A GROUP WHO LIKED TO DANCE, AND THE FESTIVITY CLUB, A SELF DESCRIBING NAME. AMONGST THE ACTIVITIES THEY SPONSORED WAS AN ANNUAL MINSTREL, FIRST PRESENTED IN KUCHENMEISTERS HALL. THE BACK ROOM HAD A STAGE AND A BALCONY. THE SHOW LATER MOVED TO THE TURN VEREIN HALL ACROSS THE STREET. THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES WAS PETE ARATA, MR. INTERLOCUTOR, WHO WAS THE POLICE CHIEF OF THE NEIGHBORING TOWN OF E. RUTHERFORD, WHOSE DAUGHTER CAROL GREW UP TO MARRY DOM DE-

LUISE THE FAMOUS MOVIE COMEDIAN. THE DIRECTOR WAS CHARLIE HALLETT, AND THE PIANO PLAYER WAS SAL SALSZIEDER, WHO WAS ALSO A BLACKFACED END MAN. MANY TOWN RESIDENTS, MYSELF INCLUDED, PERFORMED IN THESE FUN-FILLED SHOWS. BUT WHERE CARLSTADT WAS ALWAYS BEST WAS IN PRESENTING PARADES FOR OUR TOWN. EVERYONE TURNED OUT, EITHER TO MARCH OR TO VIEW.



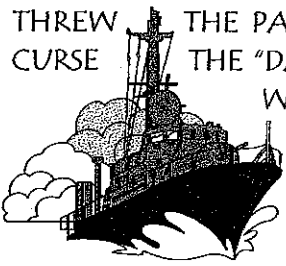
THE POLICE DEPARTMENT LED THE PARADES AND OF COURSE THE LOCAL POLITICIANS CAME NEXT, WAVING AND SMILING. THE BOY AND GIRL SCOUTS USUALLY FOLLOWED THE FIFE AND DRUM CORPS, THEN THE AMERICAN LEGION AND THE VFW LOFTING THEIR FLAGS. THE HIGH SCHOOL BAND, EITHER OUT OF TUNE OR TEMPO, WERE NEXT. AND OF COURSE THE FIRE DEPARTMENT AND THEIR AUXILIARY BROUGHT UP THE REAR, FIRE TRUCKS AND AMBULANCE, ALL SIRENS BLARING TO FINISH IT. WHEN THE FESTIVITIES CLUB WAS THE SPONSOR THE MEMBERS DRESSED IN OUTLANDISH COSTUMES AND PERFORMED SILLY ANTICS ALONG THE ROUTE.

I REMEMBER DEAR FLORA KILGORE MADE UP IN BLACKFACE ON THE BACK OF A TRUCK FILLED WITH WATERMELONS. AS I SAID BEFORE, THIS WAS BEFORE POLITICAL CORRECTNESS. IF THE PARADE WAS IN COMMEMORATION OF MEMORIAL DAY, IT WAS A MORE SOLEMN OCCASION WITH TAPS PLAYING AND RIFLES DISCHARGING AT BOTH THE HACKENSACK. STREET MEMORIAL AND THE CEMETERY DOWN THE HILL. TODAY'S PARADES ARE ANEMIC IN BOTH MAKE-UP AND ONLOOKERS IN COMPARISON. THE TURN VER-EIN HALL WAS A BUSY CENTER IN THIS GERMAN-ORI-LEARNED GYMNASTICS AND DISCIPLINE THERE. THE CHURCHES WERE WELL ATTENDED AS WERE THEIR SERVICE CLUBS.



YOU KNEW THE LOCAL DOCTOR, BUTCHER, BAKER ETC. BECAUSE THEY WERE RESIDENTS OF THE TOWN. THE MAYOR AND COUNCILMEN DID NOT RECEIVE ANY REMUNERATION UNLIKE TODAY WHERE EVERYONE IS NOT ONLY PAID, BUT ON THE MEDICAL INSURANCE LISTS ALONG WITH THEIR FAMILIES. PEOPLE HAD A REAL SENSE OF COMMUNITY THEN.

I CLEARLY REMEMBER THE JAPANESE ATTACK ON PEARL HARBOR. WE CHILDREN WERE PLAYING ON THE FLOOR, MAMA WAS IN THE KITCHEN AND DADDY WAS READING THE NEWSPAPER WITH THE RADIO PLAYING. SUDDENLY DADDY JUMPED UP AND THREW THE PAPER DOWN AS AN ANNOUNCEMENT BROKE IN. HE STARTED TO CURSE THE "DAMN JAPS." ELAINE AND I LOOKED AT EACH OTHER, WONDERING WHAT IN THE WORLD "JAPS" WERE, AND WHY DID THEY MAKE DADDY SO ANGRY? WE SOON LEARNED OF THE PERFDY OF THE FASCIST LEADERS IN FAR OFF COUNTRIES. EACH DAY NEW AMERICAN HEROES WERE BORN. A YOUNG PILOT, OUT OF AMMO, PLUNGED HIS



PLANE DOWN INTO THE INNARDS OF A JAPANESE SHIP IN ORDER TO SINK IT. THE FLYING TIGERS. THE HORRORS OF CORREGIDOR AND BATAAN WERE NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN. THE RAPE OF NANKING EMERGED, AND IN EUROPE ONE ATROCITY AFTER ANOTHER WAS REVEALED. THESE THINGS WERE ALMOST BEYOND BELIEF. WE KNEW WE HAD TO OVERCOME EVIL AND SET THE WORLD FREE. WHERE BACK-YARD GARDENS HAD BEEN A MATTER OF CHOICE, NOW "VICTORY GARDENS" POPPED UP EVERYWHERE. EVERYONE SAVED TIN CANS, RUBBER TIRES, ALUMINUM FOIL. EVEN THE OLD TROLLEY TRACKS DOWN PATERSON PLANK ROAD WERE TORN UP FOR SCRAP. THE PARENTS BOUGHT WAR BONDS AND THE SCHOOL CHILDREN SAVINGS STAMPS UNTIL THEY TOTALED ENOUGH TO PURCHASE A BOND. RATIONING STAMPS ALSO MADE THEIR DEBUT FOR EVERYTHING FROM MEAT AND BUTTER TO GASOLINE. YOUNG MEN VERY OFTEN AS SOON AS THEY HAD TURNED SEVENTEEN CAJOLED THEIR PARENTS INTO SIGNING PERMISSION SLIPS SO THEY COULD ENLIST IN THE ARMED FORCES. THE REALITY OF WAR DID NOT SET IN UNTIL SOME OF THESE FINE YOUNG MEN WERE KILLED AND RETURNED HOME IN BOXES TO THEIR HOMETOWN. NAVY PEACOCKS AND SCARVES WERE THE RAGE ALONG WITH BOBBYSOX AND SADDLE SHOES. WHEN YOU SAW THE BLUE STARS IN SOME WINDOWS, PROCLAIMING PROUDLY A SON IN THE SERVICE TURN TO GOLD, SADLY ANNOUNCING, "KILLED IN THE LINE OF DUTY", THE GLAMOUR OF THE DAY WAS DIMMED. DADDY WAS IN HIS THIRTIES, AND HAD TWO CHILDREN, AND SO BECAME AN EMPLOYEE OF THE JERSEY CENTRAL RAILROAD WHISPERING OF ALL THE WAR MATERIAL THEY SHIPPED. NEVER DID YOU SPEAK ALOUD OF IT, BECAUSE AFTER ALL, "LOOSE LIPS SINK SHIPS". GRANDMA KNITTED SWEATERS AND ROLLED BANDAGES FOR "OUR BOYS", EVEN MY MOM'S YOUNGEST SISTER, MY DARLING AUNT MARIE, GOT A JOB ON AN ASSEMBLY LINE, OUR OWN "ROSIE THE RIVETER." TWO OF MOM'S BROTHERS WENT INTO THE AIR FORCE AND THE NAVY. MY MATERNAL GRANDMA HAD DIED THE YEAR BEFORE. PATRIOTISM WAS PROUDLY BOOSTED EVERYWHERE.



MOVIES PLAYED A GREAT ROLE IN OUR LIVES. AT FIRST WE ATTENDED SATURDAY MATINEES TO SEE OUR WEEKLY ACTION CHAPTERS OR SERIALS. OUR SCREEN IDOLS SHOWED US HOW TO LAUGH, SING AND DANCE, AND BROUGHT HISTORY ALIVE TO US WITH A FLAIR. THEY GAVE US LIVING HEROES. DURING THE WAR THEY BOOSTED OUR SPIRITS AND GAVE US HOPE FOR A BETTER FUTURE.



WHEN FDR RAN FOR THE PRESIDENCY FOR THE FOURTH TIME, AN ALL OUT WAR BROKE OUT INSIDE OUR HOME, TOO. MY FATHER RAGED THAT THE USA WAS A DEMOCRACY, NOT A KINGDOM AND WHO DID ROOSEVELT THINK HE WAS. HE HAD ALREADY BEEN PRESIDENT LONGER THAN ANYONE ELSE. MAMA QUIETLY STOOD HER GROUND. "YOU SHOULDN'T CHANGE HORSES IN MIDSTREAM" WAS HER WARTIME REASONING. WELL, WHEN FDR WON THE ELECTION, YOU WOULD HAVE THOUGHT MAMA'S ONE VOTE DECIDED THE OUTCOME. DADDY STORMED AROUND DECLARING IT WAS BAD ENOUGH TO ALLOW WOMEN TO DRIVE, BUT IT WAS OBVIOUS THEY COULDN'T BE TRUSTED WITH

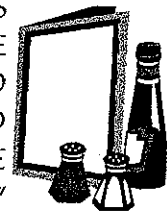
THE VOTE.

HARRY TRUMAN WON DADDY'S UNDYING CONTEMPT WHEN THE RAILROADS FINALLY DECIDED TO CALL THEIR LONG DELAYED STRIKE TO BOOST THEIR LOW WAGES. TRUMAN BLOCKED THE STRIKE DECLARING THE UNION MEMBERS WERE SABOTEURS. "I'M NO SABOTEUR! AND NEITHER ARE THE REST OF US. WE HAVEN'T HAD A RAISE IN FIVE YEARS". HE NEVER FORGAVE TRUMAN.



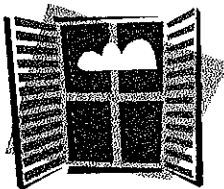
THE ATOM BOMB ENDED THE WAR, AND CARLSTADT THREW A BIG PARADE FOR THE RETURNING VETS, CULMINATING IN A HUGE WELCOME HOME PARTY AND DANCE AT ZIMMERMANN'S HALL. SATURDAY NIGHT DANCES WERE VERY POPULAR THERE, AND FOR THE YOUNGER TEENS, THE CYO DANCES WERE FUN.

ONE EVENING, DADDY TOOK ME FOR BURGERS AT THE DINER ACROSS FROM GEISCHENS CREAM PARLOR IN EAST RUTHERFORD. WHILE WE WERE THERE A RAGGEDY MAN CAME IN ASKING FOR MONEY. DADDY REFUSED TO GIVE HIM CASH, FIGURING HE'D USE IT FOR BOOZE INSTEAD, BUT OFFERED TO BUY HIM A MEAL. IN FACT, HE BOUGHT HIM TWO MEALS BECAUSE HE WAS SO HUNGRY. WHEN THE MAN SAID, "I'LL PAY YOU BACK SOMEDAY" DADDY REPLIED, "NO, THAT'S NOT NECESSARY. BUT SOMETIME WHEN YOU MEET A HUNGRY MAN BUY HIM A MEAL. THAT'S A REAL PAYBACK."



I HAD NOW GRADUATED FROM GRAMMAR SCHOOL, SINGING THE SAME SONG AS MY DAD HAD AT THE CEREMONY. EAST RUTHERFORD HIGH SCHOOL WAS AN EXCITING PLACE TO BE WITH RETURNING VETS WHO WERE NOW FINISHING THEIR HIGH SCHOOL YEARS IN ORDER TO RECEIVE A DIPLOMA AND GO ON TO COLLEGE. THE US STARTED ON A RADICAL COURSE. PEOPLE WHO HAD NEVER DREAMED OF BEING ABLE TO OWN THEIR OWN HOMES, OR GO ON TO HIGHER EDUCATION WERE NOW ABLE TO DO THE UNTHINKABLE BECAUSE OF GOVERNMENT LOANS. THE MARSHALL PLAN WAS HELPING TO REBUILD EUROPE AND JAPAN. A GENEROSITY OF SPIRIT AND FORESIGHT THAT CHANGED THE WORLD AS NEVER BEFORE.

MAMA AND DADDY WELCOMED THREE NEW CHILDREN AND MOVED TO 500 NINTH STREET TO ACCOMMODATE THEM. LEE IN 1944, GLORIA IN 1945, AND BROTHER GENE IN 1948, THREE WEEKS AFTER MY HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION. MAMA ENCOURAGED ALL OF US TO READ AND TO APPRECIATE ART AND MUSIC. BOTH PARENTS WERE ENDOWED WITH A "JOI DE VIVRE" -JOY OF LIFE - WHICH WAS ALSO VERY EVIDENT IN MAMA'S FAMILY. DADDY ALWAYS SAID IT DIDN'T MATTER HOW YOU GOT SOMEWHERE, BY TRUCK OR LIMOUSINE, WHAT WAS IMPORTANT WAS THE FACT THAT YOU PARTICIPATED IN AN EVENT OR OBSERVED WHAT WAS HAPPEN-

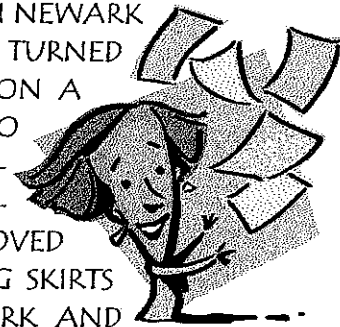


ING. A NATURAL CURIOSITY AND DETERMINATION WERE WHAT MADE LIFE INTERESTING.



WE ALL KNEW THAT DADDY MARCHED TO A DIFFERENT DRUMMER. LONG BEFORE CAMPING WAS POPULAR, IN THE THIRTIES, WE SLEPT IN THE BACK OF THE TRUCK AT BARNEGAT BAY. DADDY CURSED THE MOSQUITOES AND FORTY YEARS LATER WHEN THE AREA WAS BUILT UP REMEMBERED HE COULD HAVE BOUGHT THE LAND FOR A PENNY AN ACRE. IN THE FIFTIES, HE RIGGED UP BEDS IN THE BACK OF HIS PICKUP TRUCK WITH A TARPAULIN FOR A ROOF, AND HE AND MAMA AND THEIR YOUNGER FAMILY WENT CAMPING IN THE SMOKEY MOUNTAINS IN TENNESSEE. SOME OF THAT SPIRIT RUBBED OFF AND I TOOK MY SONS CAMPING IN A TENT FIRST AND A POP-UP TRAILER LATER ALL OVER THE COUNTRY AND INTO CANADA.

AFTER HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION I OBTAINED A JOB IN NEWARK AT THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY . JUST BEFORE I TURNED NINETEEN, I MET A YOUNG NAVY VET, BILL OEHLMANN, ON A BLIND DATE. WITHIN FOUR HOURS HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO MARRY ME. I WAS AGHAST. I WAS IMMERSSED IN MY JOB, DATING WEST POINT CADETS AND BEING ABLE TO INDULGE IN BUYING SOME NEW CLOTHES FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE. I LOVED THE NEW LOOK BY DIOR, GIBSON GIRL STYLE BLOUSES, LONG SKIRTS AND BALLET SLIPPERS. WE WORE WHITE GLOVES TO WORK AND PINNED A FRESH CARNATION AT OUR NECK EVERY MORNING. PRUDENTIAL WAS OPENING A BRANCH OFFICE IN LOS ANGELES AND I PLANNED TO GO THERE WITH THEM. DADDY, HOWEVER, TOLD ME I COULD NOT GO WITHOUT HIS PERMISSION UNTIL I WAS TWENTY ONE. CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT SCENARIO TODAY?



HOWEVER, MY DISAPPOINTMENT WAS SHORT LIVED. BILLY WAS TALL DARK AND HANDSOME AND HAD BEEN ALL OVER THE WORLD DURING THE WAR. BEFORE I REALIZED IT, WE WERE ENGAGED AND MARRIED WITHIN TEN MONTHS. THE FOLLOWING YEAR, 1951, WE WELCOMED OUR FIRST SON, RONALD. MY GRANDPARENTS WERE THRILLED, A GREAT-GRANDSON. MY DAD, HOWEVER, AT THIRTY-NINE, WAS HAVING TROUBLE ACCEPTING THE FACT OF BECOMING A GRANDFATHER, AND SUGGESTED RON CALL HIM UNCLE FRANK, WHICH I FLATLY REJECTED. MAMA LOVED OUR HAPPY LITTLE ADDITION. SADLY, MY DEAR GRANDPA DIED, THREE MONTHS LATER. TWO YEARS LATER MY SECOND SON, DAVID ROCHAT, NAMED FOR MY GRANDPARENTS, WAS BORN AND TEN DAYS LATER GRANDMA LEFT US. IN 1956, OUR THIRD SON, MICHAEL, ARRIVED. NUMBER FOUR, CHRISTOPHER, OUR CABOOSE, WAS BORN NINE YEARS LATER

AS THE WORLD WAS CHANGING, SO WAS CARLSTADT. WE STILL RETAINED OUR SMALL-TOWN STATUS AND SOME OF OUR TRADITIONS, BUT CHANGE WAS SLOWLY

COMING. MAMA HAD ALWAYS SAID CARLSTADT WAS THE OPPOSITE OF THE NATION. DURING THE DEPRESSION WHEN FDR AND THE DEMOCRATS WERE IN POWER, WE HAD A REPUBLICAN MAYOR AND COUNCIL. IN THE FIFTIES THE NATION WENT REPUBLICAN AND CARLSTADT WENT DEMOCRATIC. IN THE SIXTIES, DEMOCRATS NATIONALLY, REPUBLICANS LOCALLY. HOWEVER, THE FACE OF THE TOWN WAS CHANGING. MILTONBERGERS WAS TORN DOWN AND REPLACED WITH THE NEW BOROUGH HALL AND FIRE HOUSE. ZIMMERMANS HALL WAS RAZED AND YORKVIEW APARTMENTS SPRUNG UP. THE CAVES ON BROAD STREET UNDER THE HILL WERE SEALED. THE ONLY ONE REMAINING WAS AT THE REAR OF THE LIQUOR STORE AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL, WHERE MORH'S HAY FEED AND GRAIN BARN HAD BEEN LOCATED, AND WAS USED FOR COLD STORAGE. THE SPRING IN THE WOODS, "ZIMMERMANS PARK", WHERE WE ALL WENT FOR PURE FRESH WATER WAS AT FIRST PIPED AND THEN SEALED OFF, TOO. NEW HOUSES AND DEVELOPMENTS WERE BUILT DOWN THE HILL AND BACK THE HILL, EXPANDING THE POPULATION OF THE TOWN.



THE LITTLE LEAGUE CAME INTO BEING AND MY BROTHER AND SONS EAGERLY JOINED. WE PARENTS GLADLY DID OUR PART AND THE ANNUAL LITTLE LEAGUE PARADE JOINED THE SCHOOL PICNIC PARADE AS A SHOWCASE FOR CARLSTADT'S MOST PRECIOUS PRODUCT, ITS CHILDREN. NOW THE PICNIC ITSELF WAS MOVED TO A



NEW LOCATION. FIRST LINDBERGH FIELD, BACK THE HILL, WHICH WAS TOO OPEN WITH NO SHADE, AND EVENTUALLY WAS LODGED ON THE GROUNDS OF LINCOLN SCHOOL DOWN THE HILL. IT SLOWLY FADED FROM ITS FORMER GLORY, AND HAS RECENTLY BEEN SLIGHTLY REJUVENATED ON NINTH STREET AT THE LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD PLAYGROUNDS.

ALMOST EVERY CHILD NOW FINISHES HIGH SCHOOL AND MANY GO ON TO COLLEGE, SO AN EIGHTH GRADE GRADUATION IS NOT AS IMPORTANT AS IT USED TO BE. AS YOU CAN IMAGINE, WITH FOUR BOYS IN THE HOUSE, BASEBALL TOOK OVER THE REINS. WE WERE IN MINOR LEAGUE, LITTLE LEAGUE, BABE RUTH LEAGUE, AMERICAN LEGION, AND POP WARNER LEAGUE. RONNIE PLAYED AN ACTIVE PART ON THE NATIONAL LITTLE LEAGUE STATE CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM. HE WAS A GIFTED HOME RUN HITTER WITH A TRAVELING AUDIENCE. DAVID WAS A GREAT CATCHER AND WON HIS YOUNGEST BROTHER'S UNDYING ADMIRATION FOREVER BY TRYING OUT FOR THE NEW YORK YANKEES AT AGE FIFTEEN, HITTING TWO HOME RUNS AT YANKEE STADIUM. IN HIGH SCHOOL, DAVE ALSO PLAYED BASKETBALL AND WAS ON THE STATE CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM TWO YEARS WITH LESLIE "PEEWEE" CASON WHO TRAGICALLY DIED LAST YEAR. MICHAEL COMPETED IN WRESTLING, NO DOUBT CONDITIONED BY THE YEARS SPENT IN HIS BROTHERS COMPANY. CHRIS CONTINUES HIS LOVE OF BASEBALL TODAY BY COACHING TEEN-AGE TEAMS. BUT, I AM AHEAD OF MYSELF.

WHEN RON AND DAVE WERE IN HIGH SCHOOL, FIRE BURNED OUT EAST RUTHERFORD HIGH SCHOOL AND THE STUDENTS HAD TO ATTEND LODI HIGH SCHOOL IN THE AFTERNOONS AND EARLY EVENINGS. THIS MADE THEM EAGER TO RETURN TO THEIR OWN SCHOOL. EVEN THE SCHOOLS HAD CHANGED. THE THIRD STREET SCHOOL WAS

RAZED AND A NEW ONE BUILT. BECTON REGIONAL HIGH SCHOOL WITH CARLSTADT AS A PARTNER REPLACED EAST RUTHERFORD HIGH SCHOOL WHICH WAS CHANGED TO A MIDDLE SCHOOL. DADDY'S STORE GRADUALLY CHANGED FROM USED FURNITURE TO A MODEL TRAIN STORE AND REPAIR SHOP. WHAT HAD BEEN A HOBBY BECAME ANOTHER AVENUE FOR AN INCOME ESPECIALLY AFTER HIS FORCED RETIREMENT. A BOUT OF ENCEPHALITIS ENDED HIS WORKING RAILROAD CAREER AND A FEW YEARS LATER A STROKE LAID HIM LOW FOR A WHILE. A MOST DEVASTATING BLOW OCCURRED WHEN A FIRE WHICH STARTED IN THE BUILDING NEXT DOOR, SPREAD TO HIS BUILDING AND DESTROYED IT. DAVID WAS BY NOW A FIREMAN IN RUTHERFORD WHO HEARD THE ALARM AND RACED TO THE



FIRE IN TIME TO PHYSICALLY DRAG HIS GRANDFATHER OUT. DADDY HAD ARRIVED WHEN THE FIRE WAS AT ITS HEIGHT AND DECIDED TO TRY TO SAVE SOME OF HIS PRIZED TRAINS. A YEAR BEFORE HE HAD DECIDED THE INSURANCE PREMIUM WAS TOO HIGH AND ALLOWED IT TO LAPSE, AND SO HAD NO COVERAGE. WHEN I ENTERED THE GUTTED AND DRIPPING BUILDING WITH HIM THE NEXT DAY, HE SADLY POINTED OUT THE MELTED WRECKS OF SOME OF HIS BEST PIECES. HE RELOCATED IN DAUGHTER LEE'S BUILDING ON ROUTE SEVENTEEN AND RETIRED C O M - PLETELY AT SEVENTY. AT ONE TIME, AT MICHAEL'S REQUEST, HE HAD TAKEN SEVERAL OF HIS TRAINS TO MIKE'S CLASS AT SCHOOL, EXPLAINING HOW THE RAILROADS HAD EXPANDED AND OPENED THE WEST.



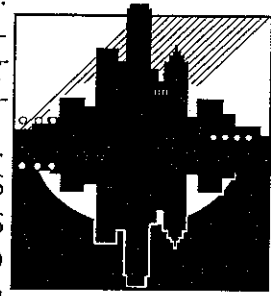
THE TOWN KEPT CHANGING. THE NICHOLS CANDLE FACTORY BACK THE HILL WAS DEMOLISHED AND NEW HOMES PUT UP IN ITS PLACE. MY BOYS HAD ALL EXPERIENCED THE SAME CAMARADERIE IN TOWN THAT MY FATHER AND I HAD DURING DIFFERENT DECADES, BUT NOW YOUNG PEOPLE WERE MOVING AWAY AND RELOCATING.

ALL MY SONS FONDLY REMINISCE ABOUT THE MANY POOL PARTIES IN OUR BACK YARD. ONE NIGHT IN PARTICULAR THERE WERE THREE BASEBALL TEAMS, COACHES, MANAGERS, AND ASSORTED GIRLS ALL SPLASHING AROUND. DAVE AND HIS FRIENDS LIKED TO JUMP OFF THE GARAGE ROOF INTO THE POOL. I STRICTLY ENFORCED THE RULE OF NO ALCOHOL. THEY WERE ALL UNDER AGE, AND EACH AGE GROUP HAD DIFFERENT INGENUOUS APPROACHES TO SMUGGLING IN BEER, NEVER TO GREAT SUCCESS. WE ALSO HOSTED CARD GAMES. WITH RON'S FRIENDS PLAYING IN THE CELLAR, DAVE'S IN THE DINING ROOM, AND MIKE'S IN THE ATTIC. I WAS APPREHENSIVE ABOUT A POLICE RAID. RON HAD ALWAYS LOVED MUSIC AND FOR FIVE OR SIX YEARS OUR HOUSE AND GARAGE WERE POPULATED BY EVER MORE LONG-HAIRED YOUNG ROCK MUSICIANS PLAYING UNTIL I THOUGHT THE WALLS WOULD FALL DOWN. LAMP SHADES AND WALLS QUIVERED FROM THE ONSLAUGHT OF MUSIC.



EVEN THE WELL-LOVED PLAYGROUND OF GENERATIONS, PALISADES PARK,

CLOSED, AND WAS REPLACED BY HIGH-RISE APARTMENTS. FAMILIES HAD GONE THERE FOR YEARS, BUT TV AND OTHER ACTIVITIES HAD NOW REPLACED IT. AS TEENAGERS, WE HAD TAKEN THE BUS TO NEW YORK CITY, ATTENDED A SHOW AT THE ROXY OR PARAMOUNT THEATERS, ATE AT TOFFENETTI'S AND THEN RETURNED HOME WITH NEVER A THOUGHT OF DANGER. BUT TIMES HAD CHANGED AND SO HAD TIMES SQUARE. BY THE TEENAGE YEARS OF MY SONS, PORN HOUSES AND PEEP SHOWS WERE REPLACING LEGITIMATE MOVIE THEATERS. DRUG DEALERS POPULATED THE AREA AND IT WAS TOO DANGEROUS TO VISIT. NO MORE NEW YEAR'S EVES THERE WAITING FOR THE BALL AT THE TOP OF THE TIMES BUILDING TO DESCEND AND BRING IN THE NEW YEAR. IT TOO, HAS BEEN REJUVENATED IN RECENT YEARS.



NOT ONLY HAD OUR RIVERS AND AIR BECOME POLLUTED, OUR FARMS HAD DISAPPEARED, SOLD OFF AND REPLACED BY FACTORIES AND OFFICES. MALLS HAVE FURTHER DECIMATED OUR FARMLANDS AND CLOSED OUR MOM AND POP STORES. WE HAVE GONE FROM PERSONAL TO IMPERSONAL IN MOST AREAS.



WHEN WE WERE MARRIED TWENTY FIVE YEARS, MY HUSBAND TOOK ME ON A SECOND HONEYMOON TO EUROPE, VISITING FIVE COUNTRIES IN THREE WEEKS. I HAD DISCOVERED MY GRANDFATHER'S SWISS COUSINS AND RECEIVED AN INVITATION TO VISIT THEM. GRANDPA HAD TOLD ME STORIES OF SWITZERLAND AS A CHILD AND PROMISED ONE DAY WE WOULD VISIT THERE. SADLY, WE NEVER DID, BUT BILLY AND I ARRIVED VERY EXCITEDLY. WE

WERE GIVEN A WELCOME PARTY AND FETED AS LONG LOST COUSINS. THE FAMILY HISTORY WAS GIVEN ORALLY, AND THEN GIVEN TO ME IN WRITING. MUCH TO MY DELIGHT, I WAS TAKEN TO THE HOUSE WHERE MY GRANDFATHER WAS BORN. A CLOSE BOND WAS FORMED. WE HAVE OFTEN VISITED THEM AND HOSTED MANY COUSINS HERE. I DISCOVERED THE FAMILY COAT-OF-ARMS AND TO MY AMAZEMENT, IT WAS A SPOKED WOODEN WHEEL JUST LIKE MY DAD'S TRADEMARK FOR HIS RED WHEEL MOVING COMPANY. UNBEKNOWNST TO HIM, HE HAD BEEN USING THE FAMILY COAT-OF-ARMS FOR FIFTY YEARS. WE RETURNED HOME AFTER VISITING MUNICH, VIENNA, AND PARIS, BUT NOTHING WILL EQUAL THE THRILL OF THAT FIRST VISIT TO VALLEE DE JOUX.

THE NEXT SUMMER MAMA AND DADDY ACCOMPANIED BILLY, CHRIS AND I ON A TRIP THROUGH OUR SOUTHERN STATES INCLUDING A SEARCH FOR THE ROOTS OF MY GRANDMA'S FAMILY IN WEST VIRGINIA, WHICH WE WERE LUCKY ENOUGH TO FIND. BOTH GRANDPARENTS HAD BEEN ORPHANED, LEFT HOME AT AGE TWELVE, TO SEEK THEIR FORTUNES IN NEW YORK CITY AND FOUND EACH OTHER. MAMA DIED THE FOLLOWING SUMMER AND WE STILL MISS HER. AN OPPORTUNITY AROSE AND WE JUMPED TO ACCEPT IT.

A TRIP TO SWITZERLAND WITH DADDY, ALL FOUR DAUGHTERS, ONE GRAND-DAUGHTER AND ONE FIANCÉ. A TRIP NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN, FULL OF LAUGHTER AND FUN.

YEARS LATER, AFTER THE DEATH OF BOTH MY HUSBAND BILLY AND MY FATHER, I TOOK MY OLDEST GRANDSON, YOUNG DAVE, TO SWITZERLAND AND INTRODUCED HIM TO OUR MARVELOUS FAMILY. TWO YEARS LATER, MY YOUNGEST GRANDSON, TIM, AND I TRAVELED TO NORWAY AND SPENT TIME WITH BILLY'S COUSINS. THE BOYS WERE FASCINATED MEETING ALL THE PEOPLE AND EXPERIENCING THE FOREIGN CULTURE. MY GRANDDAUGHTER, AMANDA, SUFFERS FROM LUPUS AND HAS SUFFERED TERRIBLE INJURY. WE HAVE PLANNED TO TAKE A TRIP NEXT YEAR. WHO KNOWS WHERE?



I HAVE OBSERVED IN THE PAST YEARS WHAT I THINK HAS BECOME A NATIONAL TREND. IF SOMETHING ISN'T NEW AND PLASTIC, IT IS DISCARDED. VALUES HAVE BEEN CHEAPENED AND IGNORED. "IF IT FEELS GOOD DO IT", IS A POPULAR MOTTO, NEVER MIND WHAT EFFECT YOU HAVE ON ANYONE ELSE. GOD FORBID IF GOOD TASTE SHOULD RAISE ITS HEAD. I AM HOPEFUL THAT ORGANIZATIONS SUCH AS THIS WILL PROVIDE SOME INSIGHT AND PRIDE IN OUR HOMETOWNS. DAVID'S TWO SONS, TIM AND DAVY,



LIVED HERE FOR TWO YEARS, AND I TOOK THEM DOWN TO THE RIVER ONE DAY. AS MY GRANDFATHER HAD TAUGHT MY FATHER, WHO HAD TAUGHT ME, AND I HAD TAUGHT THEIR FATHER,

I INSTRUCTED THEM IN THE ART OF SKIPPING STONES ACROSS THE WATER. THE PROPER CHOICE OF STONES, AND THE PROPER CAST OF THE PROJECTILE AND AFTER AWHILE THEY WERE QUITE ADEPT, AT THE SAME SPOT FOUR GENERATIONS BEFORE HAD DONE THE SAME THING. CHRISTOPHER ARRIVED AND AFTER HE SKIPPED TWO STONES, THE FIRST FOR THIRTEEN SKIPS, THE SECOND FOR ELEVEN, I RELINQUISHED MY PLACE TO THE YOUNGER GENERATION, AND, I THINK THINGS WILL GET BETTER.



