

10964

DECEMBER 1987

This community newsletter publishes information, events, problems and concerns affecting the people of Palisades. 10964 needs your moral and financial support. Please send a contribution for 10964 to Box 201, Palisades, NY 10964. With your help you'll find 10964 in your mailbox every month.

FROM THE EDITOR

Happy Holidays from the staff of 10964. As a new year approaches and as our newsletter continues to develop, we find we need more staff help! For example, we need people who will write on subjects of their own choosing as well as people to take on an assignment every now and then. It is important to develop in all of us Palisadians the habit of thinking *in terms of* 10964 when an interesting topic or event comes to our attention.

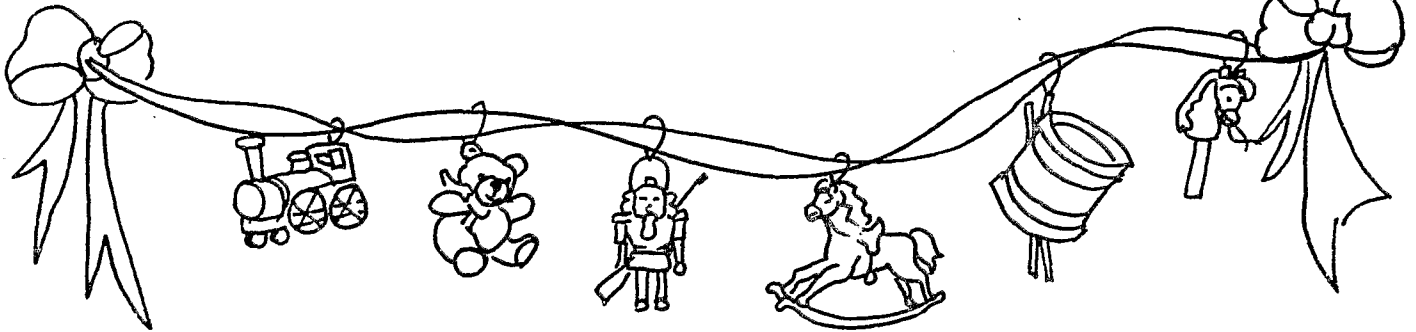
We also desperately need an Administrative Editor, who will attend our monthly staff meetings and help us to follow through on assignments. The person who could fill this position might also do

occasional writing, it would be up to them.

We need reporters, folks in the community who will give us a call when they know of an unusual or interesting event taking place.

The point is that we are trying to develop a true communications organ for Palisades, and from the responses we are getting, I would say we are on the right track. It has gotten to the critical point now where we need some more bodies in order to present the type of newsletter everyone wants. Think about it and give any of us a call to discuss possibilities.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!



PALISADES CIVIC ASSOCIATION WINS A BIG ONE!

The Orangetown Town Board's 1984 rezoning of the Oak Tree Road-Route 340 corner property, which electrified Palisades and sparked formation of the Civic Association, was summarily overturned by Acting Supreme Court Judge Robert Meehan on October 30.

Acting against the unanimous recommendation of the Town Planning Board and the vociferous opposition of several dozen Palisadians at its public hearing, the Town Board changed the 9.6-acre property to a CC zone, in which multiple-family residences may be built by special permit, and negotiated a covenant with the owner restricting him to construction of 70 condominium units.

Judge Meehan held that the Town Board had acted illegally and improperly by failing to apply state-mandated Environmental Quality Review procedures to the rezoning. He also ruled that the Board had failed to observe three conditions imposed by the County Planning Board in its approval of the change and had failed to overrule the county Planning Board by the necessary majority-plus-one, or four votes. The Town Board's vote was three to one, with one abstention.

The court ruling leaves the property under the LO (Laboratory Office) zoning in effect (since 1968) pending adoption of a new zoning code by the Town Board, based on the new Town Master Plan adopted by the Planning Board. The Plan and the proposed new code specify inclusion of the property in an R-15 district: single-family homes on lots of at least 15,000 square feet. After subtracting the area required for internal roads, R-15 zoning would allow an estimated 20 to 23 homes on the 9.6 acre property.

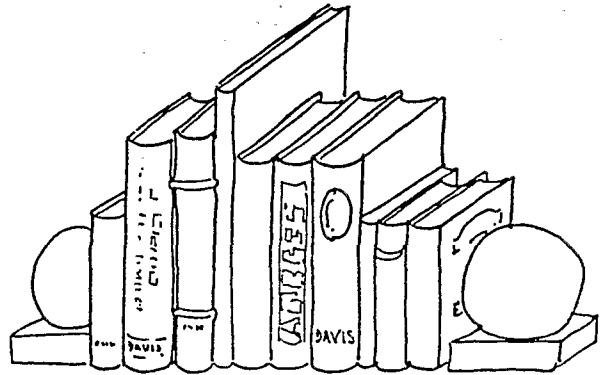
The successful lawsuit was brought by attorney J. Martin Cornell of New City on behalf of the Civic Association in the names of its five officers at the time: Eileen Larkin, Andrew Norman, Barbara Olson, Rita Suriani and Dossi Thayer. The defendants were the Town of Orangetown; Paul Guarino, the owner of record at the time of the invalidated rezoning; and the Can-Am and Sterkon development corporations, which subsequently purchased the property.

Andrew Norman

TO THE COMMUNITY: FROM THE PALISADES CIVIC ASSOCIATION

The Palisades Civic Association extends sincere thanks to all those who responded to our recent appeal. We have surpassed our goal, have paid all our bills, and will enter the New Year with our morale and bank account in fine fettle.

We wish all Palisadians a happy, healthy, and tranquil 1988.



A NEW BOOK FROM DOROTHY DAVIS

For Dorothy Davis fans, for Julie Hayes fans (the heroine of Dorothy's novels), and for book lovers in general, hail! hail! *THE HABIT OF FEAR*, written by Palisadian Dorothy Davis, and published by Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Library Journal says: "Mystery Writers of America Grand Master Davis brings together all of the elements needed for a good suspense story to make this, her fourth Julie Hayes, the best."

Dorothy made two trips to Ireland to research *THE HABITS OF FEAR*, and about two-thirds of the book is set there. The story is about Julie Hayes's search for her father, who disappeared before she was born. It is the search for herself as well -- her identity, her origins, her validity. The real story, the hidden story behind *THE HABIT OF FEAR*, is Dorothy Davis's own search for her origins, because Dorothy found out, at the age of 17, that she had been adopted. She discovered this when she was sent by her father's brother to the family's bank vault on an errand, the family forgetting for the moment that some of the adoption papers were cached there. Dorothy did not tell her parents about her discovery, that she knew she had been adopted, until a year later. The only person to whom she confided this traumatic news was a fellow whom she was dating at the time.

In fact, it has only been very recently that

Dorothy went to her home in Springfield, Illinois, to unlock the mystery of her own origins. She persuaded a judge to issue a court order allowing her once and for all to see all the papers having to do with her adoption. Dorothy, a Catholic, learned that she had been born a Protestant to a 28-year old man and a 32-year old woman, and that her natural father died before Dorothy turned one year old, the age at which she was adopted. She also learned that she was a twin, but that the twin had died shortly after its birth.

In *THE HABIT OF FEAR*, Julie Hayes mirrors Dorothy Davis's own quest for identity and origins; Dorothy chose Ireland because her adoptive mother was born in Ireland; indeed, Dorothy grew up on the myths and folklore of Ireland. She says that after finding out what she did in Springfield, "I abruptly stopped my search because I felt I was losing my strong affinity for my adoptive parents and I didn't want to do that. After all, that was my identity and my culture."

THE HABIT OF FEAR was published on November 30. Congratulations, Dorothy, on another wonderful adventure for your readers!

Leslie Hayes

AN INVITATION

We would like to hear from kids in their first year of college: How do they like their classes, roommates, living arrangements, professors . . . Let us hear from you! Parents, prompt your kids to send us an article!

**NATIONAL PUBLIC TELEVISION TO AIR ROGER WEISBERG'S DOCUMENTARY:
"WHO LIVES, WHO DIES"**

The way that America "ration" medical care is the subject of a new documentary, WHO LIVES, WHO DIES, which will be presented on national public television by WNET/New York on Tuesday, Jan. 5 at 9 p.m. WHO LIVES, WHO DIES will be narrated by James Earl Jones. It is produced by Roger Weisberg of Palisades.

Roger has been at WNET (Ch. 13) producing public awareness/consumer affairs documentaries, for ten years. He has always had an eye toward the public good. Many years ago, as a high school teacher of romance languages and philosophy at Friends Seminary in Manhattan, he felt frustrated by the repetitiveness of his class work and by the lack of impact he was making to solve the problems of the world. He thought in terms of doing public interest work overseas, using his facility with language in that manner. Instead, he became Bi-lingual Supervisor at the Consumer Help Center, which was mainly staffed by law students. The Center provided a service to Channel 13, mediating consumer disputes; and thus came Roger's introduction to WNET.

He has always been a consumer activist, interested in issues of public health, welfare and policy, and this activism coupled with his pedagogical bent, has led him to his present position as head of his own independent production company, Public Policy Productions. PPP is under contract with Ch. 13 to produce approximately one documentary a year for PBS.

Roger says it can take from six months to two years to get a program aired -- from idea to staffing, researching, writing, and producing. Roger's company is really a one-man operation: He has one full-time assistant and the rest of the staff -- camera crew, lighting technicians, writers, etc. -- is hand-picked according to the project.

Here, then, is what WHO LIVES, WHO DIES, is basically about: The United States spends more on health care per person than any other nation in the world, but 37 million people without health insurance cannot get basic medical services. We spend three billion dollars annually on neo-natal intensive care units, but many pregnant women are denied pre-natal care. We spend fifty billion dollars annually on patients in their last six months of life, but pediatric clinics across the country are being closed.

Poor children are at the greatest risk. In the United States, which ranks 20th in infant mortality worldwide, nearly 40,000 infants die every year because they are born prematurely with low birth weight -- two-thirds of these deaths occurring among mothers with little or no pre-natal care.

WHO LIVES, WHO DIES spent a week in the intensive care unit at New York City's Roosevelt Hospital to understand the life and death treatment decisions that are routinely made for patients in their final days of life. Dr. David Finley, Roosevelt's Director of Critical Care, allows the production team to film him during sensitive deliberations in several patient cases in order to illustrate how difficult it is to withdraw treatment even when that treatment is futile and not desired by the patient.

The tragic consequences of not leaving a written record of treatment preferences is also illustrated in WHO LIVES, WHO DIES. "It is a cruel irony that some patients receive useless care they don't want while others cannot get care they desperately need," concludes James Earl Jones. "It's time for us to squarely face the way we ration medical care, so that we can begin to sort out the health care spending priorities that determine who lives, who dies."

Leslie Hayes

**NEWS FROM THE PALISADES
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**

A baby sitter is desperately needed for Sunday mornings, 10 a.m. - 12 , at \$5 per hour. If someone is interested, please call Laurie Ferguson at 359- 7153.

Choir rehearsals for the traditional Christmas Eve services will be held on Thursday evenings beginning Nov. 19. We welcome singers from the community, and there is still time to join. Please come at 8:30 p.m. Services are held at 5:30 and 11 p.m. with the traditional lessons and carols, December 24.

In December will be the regular run to the Prince George Hotel with clothes for the homeless. Drivers are needed.

The Annual Christmas Pageant will be presented on December 20 at 11 a.m.



INTRODUCING: STEVE LICHTENTHAL AND WENDY MILLER

Do you believe in Fate, that things just don't happen by chance, that sometimes extraordinary meetings, matches, events take place that are more than mere accidents, mere catch-as-catch-can occurrences? If you believe in these as possibilities, you will appreciate the story of the couple we have chosen to interview this month. The pairing of Wendy Miller and Steve Lichtenthal did not just *happen*. The rightness of their finding each other among the billions of human beings on this planet, will make believers of you all!

First of all, it's important to know that this is the second time around for them -- their first marriages did not work out, and no wonder! They were meant to be with each *other*.

Item: Steve's birthday is the same date as Wendy's father (Feb. 3).

Item: Both of their fathers are furriers by trade. Both grandfathers are furriers by trade and both grandfathers are named Sam!

Item: Steve's mother is named Ann. So is Wendy's grandmother.

Item: Steve's initials are SML and Wendy's WSM. They are now WSML.

Are you getting the idea that this is unusual? When Steve was living in Brooklyn before he even knew Wendy existed, his telephone number was 934-8483. When Wendy was living in New Jersey before she even knew Steve existed, her telephone number was 943-8384.

Item: When Steve was a lad he worked on a chicken farm. (He doesn't quite remember why or how.) Wendy's first husband had one aspiration in life: to some day own a chicken farm.

Item: Steve has a son (by his first marriage) whose name is Brian, and Wendy has a brother named Brian. Isn't this fun?

I could go on with these coincidences but I am afraid to strain your credulity! So I shall instead give

you the vitae and the whys and wherefores of their residence in Palisades.

Wendy and Steve recently got married (November 7) although they have been living together in Palisades since July of 1986, having bought Eric and Elyse Rose's house on Century Road. As Wendy tells it, the main reason for finally making the move to matrimony was in order to get check-cashing privileges at Shop Rite. Apparently the store's application form provides no space for Steve and Wendy's previous type of living arrangement!

Steve Lichtenthal is a trader for the New York office of Janney Montgomery Scott. Needless to say, the last month has been an unusual and hectic one for him. Wendy Miller Lichtenthal works for her father who owns Lester Miller Furs. Wendy and Steve both commute into Manhattan each day.

Steve has two children by a former marriage: Brian, 10, is in the 5th grade at P.S. 312 in Brooklyn and visits Palisades on week-ends; and Lisa, 15, is in the 10th grade at Sheepshead Bay High School in Brooklyn. Wendy's daughter, Amanda (Mandy), 10, is in the 5th grade at the South Orangetown Middle School and lives in Palisades all year round.

Wendy knew she was going to marry Steve almost immediately after meeting him, because a fortune teller told her so. Naturally. She had gone to this soothsayer to discuss other events and problems in her life, not even thinking in terms of Steve yet. But she happened to have a photograph of him in her purse which the mind reader espied. She asked to hold the photo and Wendy handed it to her.

"Has he asked you to marry him yet?" queried the gypsy.

"No," Wendy replied, finding the question strange, as she and Steve had just met.

"He will," she said.

LESLIE PRICE HAYES

NEWS FROM THE PALISADES FREE LIBRARY

Forthcoming Books:

Abrahams	Hard Rain
Bitov	Pushkin House
Davis	Habit of Fear
Gardner	Secret Houses
Godden	A Time to Dance, No Time to Weep
Gorbachev	Perestroika
Miller	Timebends
Prange	December 7, 1941
Roth	Shifting Landscape
Sohner	Favorite Son
Strasberg	Dream of Passion
Timerman	Chile
Trump	Art of the Deal

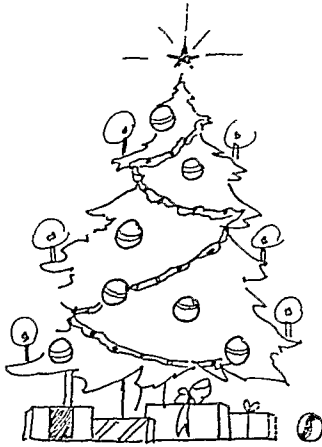
CRAFTS PROGRAMS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Age 5 years & up. Please sign up, since space is extremely limited (10).

1. Thursday, Nov. 19th at 4 pm - Candle making.
2. Thursday, Dec. 10th at 4 pm - Holiday Decoration.

Book Donations

We are always grateful for book donations of old and new titles in good condition, but as you know, we are extremely short of space and cannot keep them at the library. Please save your gifts until Feb. '88 and call Barbara Eberle who has kindly offered to store them until the May plant sale.



. . . by Katie Elevitch, age: 14

The tree lined narrow street is peaceful - more peaceful on this night than any before. The soft, flaky snow silently touches the cold earth giving the trees and houses a rare beauty. The trees and their delicate lace suddenly part and reveal a picturesque chapel. A thin ray of light seeps through its door. The chapel radiates warmth and love and life - old and new.

Inside I looked over at my mother. A warm smile was on her face, her still young blue eyes sparkled in the dim candlelight, and a tear ran down her cheek. Laurie Ferguson's voice sweetly echoed throughout the love-filled room. She spoke of the simple, well known story of Jesus in the manger and his first few days of life. Knowing my mother is not a religious person, I wondered why that tear was now turning into two. Something was swelling inside me now, although I wasn't quite sure what it was.

I glanced at my mother again and she was looking at me. I felt uncomfortable under her stare and asked, "Why are you crying?"

My mother whispered, smiling, "I was remembering when I used to sit in church with my parents." She was happy, remembering. Then she settled back, her eyes closed, listening to the voices of the choir. I imagined the glorious sounds going beyond the chapel's thin wall, into the wonderland outside.

That thing inside me aching to come out was nearly there. Everything was so perfect; my childhood friends' smiling faces among the crowd, a new baby cuddled against her mother's warm sweater, a young blonde-haired girl dangled her feet from the pew, her red stockings and patent leather shoes never touching the hard wooden floor, a married couple of 65 who still were very much in love held hands. My sister and brother whom suddenly I couldn't imagine not having lived with, and my mother with her memories, her love, her beauty, were all there beside me and with me. I cried then - I was so overwhelmed with love.

12:00 Midnight. Christmas day. The bells rings joyously. Families, bundled up, start for home. We find my father waiting outside the chapel door and walk arm in arm, our feet leaving fresh footprints in the thin layers of snow. The same peacefulness exists - the trees, the snow, the light - under the laughter and stories and shouts of Merry Christmas filling the air. The once wispy and cold air is now warm from our breath and our love for each other.

I glanced back at the picturesque little church becoming smaller and smaller with each step I took, and I knew I'd never forget it. A small remembrance, I whispered to myself, then turned again to my family going toward home down the tree lined narrow road.

. . . by Claire Jellinek, age 14

The morning was fresh and cold. Outside it was still dark. I threw on my robe and ran downstairs. With my eyes shut and ready for a wonderful sight, I gently pushed the door open, walked forward a few steps and opened my eyes. It was beautiful! The Christmas tree sparkled with tinsel as the multicolored lights silhouetted the assorted gifts. I took a quick glimpse at the fireplace: six red and white stockings, each hung from a nail along the fireplace mantelpiece. Little treats half tucked in about to fall out. Looking down into the fireplace I quickly picked up a poker and stabbed at the charred logs hoping for signs of life. I put the poker down and stood bewildered. Everything was so dreamlike, so enchanting. My eye caught something. I scurried to the window. The tree branches were outlined in white. Everything in the world seemed to glisten. I pressed my nose against the windowpane, hoping for a better view of this fantastic sight. The dark background soon turned pale blue, and I knew I had little time. The rest of the house was quiet and dark. When I found the hallway, I pulled on my boots, jacket and gloves. Up high on the closet shelf was my woollen hat. I jumped up and grabbed at air. Again, I jumped. This time with more vigor. I clutched something scratchy and pulled it over my head, and my head became instantly warm. As I ran for the door, my anxiety grew stronger still. I practically leaped now. I reached for the door. A cool breeze rushed up my spine. I pulled my hat below my ears and closed the door behind me. I looked around. The wind seemed to have died down. I knelt in the soft snow. My knees were cold. . . a good cold. I mounded some snow together into an oval and it stuck to my gloves. I bit off what snow wouldn't fall off and started to sculpt my ball. The sky was getting pinker now. I held my ball up to the sky, and a flake or two fell into my eye. I laughed for joy!

. . . by Brian Larkin, age 13

Once upon a time there was a tiny village in a snow-covered mountain in New Hampshire. Christmas was coming in a few short weeks, and the town was all busy getting ready for the holidays.

Everything was complete except for the Christmas tree. The Christmas tree was very important to the town at Christmas time. For around 200 years, the people believed that a Christmas tree over 100 feet tall was the only way Santa Claus could see the tiny village from his sleigh in the sky. There was, however, a problem: as far as all the town officials could see, there were no more Christmas trees left that were tall enough.

One evening at the mayor's house, the mayor and the town council were discussing the problem. Many ideas and plans were being discussed, but none would ever seem to work. Christmas in the very old New England town seemed hopeless. In the next room, the mayor's son and his friend heard the disturbing news. The two young boys took it upon themselves to go out into the forest and bring back the biggest Christmas tree they could find.

The next morning the boys woke up and got bundled up in their snow boots and winter jackets. With a cup of hot cocoa, the boys were on their way. They searched for hours but the trees they found were either too short, too skinny or too bare. So they continued their search.

It went on for one more day. That extra day they found the perfect tree for the town center. Now the only problem was getting the tree back to the town. They had done what they could. They had cut it down and dragged it about a mile in an hour. They could not go any farther so they sat down and rested.

As they were sitting, they heard footsteps. It was a person about 65 years old. They asked him who he was and what he was doing up here all alone. He said he had lived in the forest since he was 15 years old and had never gone into civilization since then. The boys told him they needed to get the tree into town. Since the man had lived in the forest for most of his life, he had learned to survive and picked up certain skills. He had built a trailer they could pull, with the tree on it. Now this made it much easier for the man and kids to pull the distance they needed to travel.

They walked and walked. The old man asked what the tree was for. The boys told him the story of how Santa would not be able to see the town unless they had the tallest tree in the forest.

The old man then remembered what Christmas was like and asked himself why he had run away from home such a long time ago. It was the worst thing he had done in his life. After the boys' story, he was sorry he had missed everything.

When the man and the boys got into town they became the heroes of the year for saving Christmas.

. . . by Elizabeth Jefferies, age 10 1/2

Christmas is one of my favorite holidays. I want to tell you what I do during the holidays. First, we go and pick out our tree. Then we get out all of our decorations and trim the tree. One year we didn't find a box of decorations until after New Year's. Next, we all go to a local Christmas caroling party. I eat lots of food and talk to all my friends. Then almost everybody goes out caroling. It's really fun.

On Christmas Eve we go to church. I'm usually in the Christmas pageant. Last year I played my flute. After church, we go home and my mother and father have champagne and I have a mug of hot cocoa. Lots of presents are under the tree from my relatives in California, Virginia, and North Carolina. For days I have picked out the presents I want to open Christmas Eve. My parents say I can open two presents. I open my two favorite big packages. Then they say open two more. I finally stop because I'm afraid there won't be anymore on Christmas morning.

Right before I go to bed I put out milk and cookies and a letter for Santa Claus. When I wake up in the morning I first go halfway down the stairs, then I see some of my presents. But I don't want to spoil the fun of opening my presents, so I run back upstairs and put on my robe and slippers, wake up my parents and make them come downstairs.

First I make sure Santa ate his milk and cookies and then I read his letter. This is because when I was little, my parents used to tell me that my grandfather was Santa Claus. (When my dad was little, his father dressed up as Santa Claus for his town. That's why I thought my grandfather was Santa Claus.) Then I give my cat and dog their presents, usually a big bone and catnip.

Next, I open my stocking presents, and my parents open their presents. Then we take turns opening all our presents. I call all my friends to tell them what I got and ask them what they got. I love Christmas.

. . . by Carrie Horton, age 11

Every year, about two weeks before Christmas, my father and I go shopping for the perfect Christmas tree. We drive from garden center to garden center in search of just the right one for our living room. Every time I say, "Dad, how about this one?" He says, "No, too tall" or "Too short" or "Too wide" or "Not enough branches."

After spending hours examining tops of trees (to make sure there is enough room for our star) and making sure the branches aren't too far apart, my fingers and toes are usually numb and I'm too cold to get out of the car. Finally I say, "Dad, pick any tree, it always looks beautiful once we decorate it, and I'm freezing! Let's go home!"



SANTA CLAUS, MY FATHER by Jack P. Jefferies

For more than 20 years my father, Raymond Jefferies, was Santa Claus to a whole town! It all started casually enough when Dad volunteered to play Santa Claus for the small town of Radford, Virginia, during the Depression years of the 1930s. He dressed in red flannel, donned a cotton beard, boomed out an unpracticed "Ho, ho, ho," and went to work. I first met this Santa in the basement of a dry-goods store, where all the children, young and old, gathered to share Christmas. I could hardly climb up on Santa's knee, but when he started talking I recognized the warm voice of my father.

As the years rolled by, my father gave up many nights and then many months each year to his preparations for Christmas. When I asked him why he played Santa Claus, he replied that he thought the local orphans, poor children, the elderly, and the sick were entitled to a merry Christmas. If he could bring a little happiness to others less fortunate, then it was well worth his efforts.

Even after we moved to Harrisonburg, Virginia, Dad continued his yuletide custom. He went around town from store to store, asking merchants to contribute toys, candies, oranges, clothing, or anything that could be carried in Santa's bag and given to those whom Christmas might otherwise pass by.

Santa also raised enough money to buy an antique sleigh, and a friend provided a little spotted pony to pull the vehicle through town. But one night Santa came home, tears streaming down his rosy cheeks. "Somebody stole my sleigh!" he cried. My mother and I couldn't believe it. Who would have been so mean?

The sleigh was never found, but the theft didn't stop Dad. He bought a red station wagon to haul the toys and even made his Christmas "descent" in a helicopter one year.

As Santa's fame spread, several neighborhood children were given his telephone number so they

could call him and chat about their Christmas list. However, those few children gave the number to other children, who, in turn, gave it to others. Soon all the children in town seemed to have our telephone number!

Beginning several weeks before Christmas, whenever the phone rang, my mother turned on an antique music box which played "Jingle Bells" on Swiss chimes. Mother answered, saying, "Br-r-r, it's cold up here at the North Pole! Who is this?" If a child's voice responded mother would say, "Oh yes, this is Mrs. Santa Claus! Just a minute, I'll get Santa."

Then my father gave out a raucous "Ho, ho, ho," which echoed through the house. I knew that some child was delighting in anticipation. Dad would pick up the phone and say, in his deepest, friendliest voice, "Hello, this is Santa Claus! He must have answered thousands of calls in this way, bringing joy to as many children.

In 1965 the town decided that there should be a special Santa Claus parade and built Santa a fantastic sleigh on a large float covered with glistening snow. The sleigh was silver and beautiful, drawn by eight wonderful reindeer flying off into the sky.

That was the last year my father played Santa, and he ended his Kris Kringle career in triumph. Twenty bands marched down the street, drums and bugles blaring away to announce the coming of Christmas. There were floats with holiday scenes, horse-drawn stagecoaches, and at the end Santa's float. Santa, bedecked in a new red velvet suit, his whiskers white as snow, tossed candies and oranges to 20,000 delighted onlookers.

I still remember him as he was in the joy and triumph of that day. He was a wonderful Santa and more, everything a child could ever want his father to be.



Palisadians turned out in force on Election Day to help Roger Pellegrini of Piermont, a former Palisades resident, top all candidates running for Town Board and become the first Democrat elected to the Orangetown government since 1971.

519 voters gave Pellegrini 340 votes, compared to 296 for his Democratic running mate, Grace Radin. Thomas Swift and William Griffith, both running on the Republican, Conservative and Right to Life lines, received 165 and 160 votes.

Town-wide, Pellegrini and Swift won the Council seats with 7,103 and 6,473 votes. Radin was a close third with 6,136. Incumbent Griffith, a Conservative Party leader elected two years ago to fill a vacancy, trailed badly with 5,756. (All figures are preliminary; final tally of absentee ballots and possible reporting errors by district election inspectors were to be completed by the County Board of Elections too late for this issue.)

Joseph Colello's successful bid for a seventh term as Supervisor received little support in Palisades: Democrat Thomas Herman received 288 votes to Colello's 165, with Republican Councilman Charles McLiverty collecting 34 on an independent "Town" line. Early Board of Election figures showed Colello winning with 5,940 votes to Herman's 5,426 and McLiverty's 1,756.

In the election of two County Legislators, Palisades gave Democrats Edward Clark 296 votes and Eric Kleiner 266, and R-C-RTL candidates Frank Fornario 202 and Alfred Broderick 174. Fornario and Clark, the incumbents, were town-wide victors with 6,906 and 6,717 votes. Broderick was a close third with 6,438, and Kleiner trailed with 5,092.

Completing the Town offices, incumbent Town Clerk Patricia Haugh lost Palisades by 221 votes to Democrat Anne Mirijanian's 263 but carried the town by 7,499 to 5,319. The only Republican to carry Palisades was Town Judge Paul Phinney with 225 votes to Right to Life candidate James Moffett's 29; there was no Democratic candidate in the race.

Sheriff Thomas Goldrick led all candidates in Palisades voting with 308 on the Democratic line and 38 on the Conservative, for a total of 346. Kerry Fortes, the Republican, was favored by 114 and Mary Walker, RTL, by 14. County-wide, incomplete results were Goldrick 36,697, Fortes 13,927 and Walker 2,182.

In another three-way race for County Judge, Democrat William Kelly carried Palisades with 288 votes to 157 for William Wray (R-C) and 15 for Harold Grune (RTL). Kelly was the only candidate for any office on the Liberal Party line, where he got 13 of his Palisades votes. Countywide, the tally was Kelly 27,235, Wray 18,954 and Grune 2,860.

Political analysts commonly look to the voting for State Supreme Court as the best measure of basic party alignment. In Palisades this year, incumbent Judge Theodore Kelly, who served for many years as Orangetown Justice and County Judge, pulled ahead of his R-C-RTL running mates with 216 votes, to 249 for Abraham Reingold, the Democrat in the same column on the ballot. The one candidate running on the Republican and Conservative lines but not RTL, Rockland County Family Court Judge George Bergerman, garnered 196 votes. In the other five Supreme Court columns, the Democratic votes ranged from 265 to 277, averaging 61% of the votes cast. The average on the Republican line was 29%, Conservative 5.7% and Right to Life 3.9%. Of the 519 Palisadians who came out to vote, however, approximately 75 (14.5%) did not vote for Supreme Court.

Countywide, the Democratic votes, omitting those paired against Rockland County Republicans, averaged almost 53%, with the breakdown among R, C and RTL unavailable. In the 9th Judicial District as a whole (omitting Kelly, the leader, and Reingold, the trailer), the Democratic candidates averaged 46.3%. The district includes Westchester, Putnam, Dutchess and Orange Counties as well as Rockland.

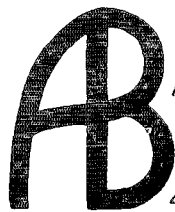
On the amendments, Palisades voted 202 to 56 in favor of extending the war veterans' civil service point bonus to persons who became U.S. citizens after their service; the state-wide total was 1,103,607 to 515,807. On allowing expansion of several ski trails in state parks, it was 137 "yes" to 115 "no" in Palisades, and 779,330 to 737,270 state-wide.



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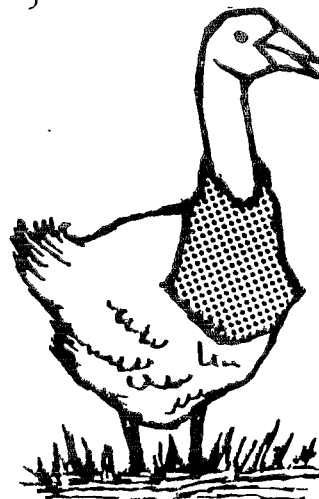


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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

November 13, 1987

To the Editor:

On page 6 of the November issue of the 10964 there is an article by Andrew E. Norman which is totally erroneous as far as the Palisades, N.Y., Post Office is concerned.

Since I am (obviously) the Postal Official in Palisades, N.Y. referred to in the article I take exception to the article and the falsehood stated by Mr. Norman.

Since this article was published by the 10964 without contacting me as to the accuracy of Mr. Norman's article regarding the Palisades, N.Y. Post Office, I request you publish my letter to you along with the attached letter from the Commissioners of the Rockland County Board of Elections in your next issue of the 10964.

Hopefully this will set the record straight.
 Thank you.

Laura E. Ebmeyer, Postmaster
 Palisades, New York 10964-9998

November 10, 1987

Dear Ms. Ebmeyer:

We would like to take this opportunity to thank you for the assistance you gave us in Palisades with the 1987 Mail Check.

We were able to correct our records with the information you sent us. We did not cancel any voters and did not have any problems with this area.

Sandra Lefever
 Shirley Husted
 Commissioners of Elections

November 17, 1987

To the Editor:

The report was based on accurate information from the Board of Elections Staff and correctly stated that no voter registrations were cancelled in Palisades.

Andrew Norman

NEWS FROM ROCKLAND CENTER FOR THE ARTS

PALISADIANS ON BOARD OF CENTER

Roger Jellinek, an editor and publisher, continues as executive vice-president. Roger Hooker will serve as treasurer.

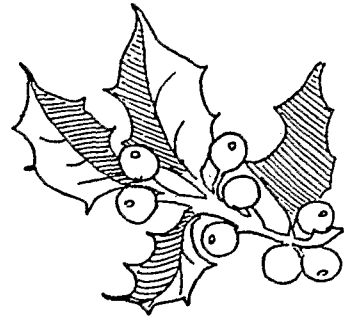
TOURS AVAILABLE OF PHOTOGRAPHY EXHIBIT

"The Instant Image," curated by Rockland photographer Ned Harris, and which opened on Sunday, November 15, demonstrates the role of instant photography in the art world today. Such leading artists as Chuck Close, William Wegman and Lee Witkin have works exhibited, as well as nine other major artists. Local photographers Eva

Shaderowfsky and Ned Harris are also participating.

Due to unprecedented interest in this exhibit, the Center docent-guided tours are being offered during regular gallery hours and by appointment only on evenings and weekends. Gallery hours are 10 a.m. - 4 p.m., Monday through Friday.

Visitors to the exhibit will be given a brief history of the instant picture from its earliest beginnings to the present. For information call (914) 358- 0877 and ask for Claire West. "The Instant Image" is funded in part by the New York State Council on the Arts and Polaroid Corporation Foundation.



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CONTRIBUTORS

Contributions to 10964 were received last month from Janet and Frank Carlson, Alice and Cushman Haagensen, Herschel Halbert, Grace and Percy Hill, Jennifer and Michael Shapiro, and Jean A. Twitchell. Thank you all!

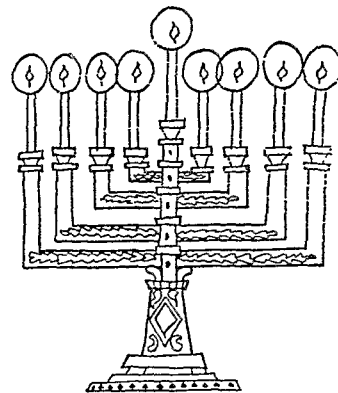
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10964 DEADLINE

The deadline for copy for the January issue is December 15. Please send copy to 10964, Box 201, Palisades, N. Y. 10964. The January issue will appear in your mail as close to the first of the month as possible.



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