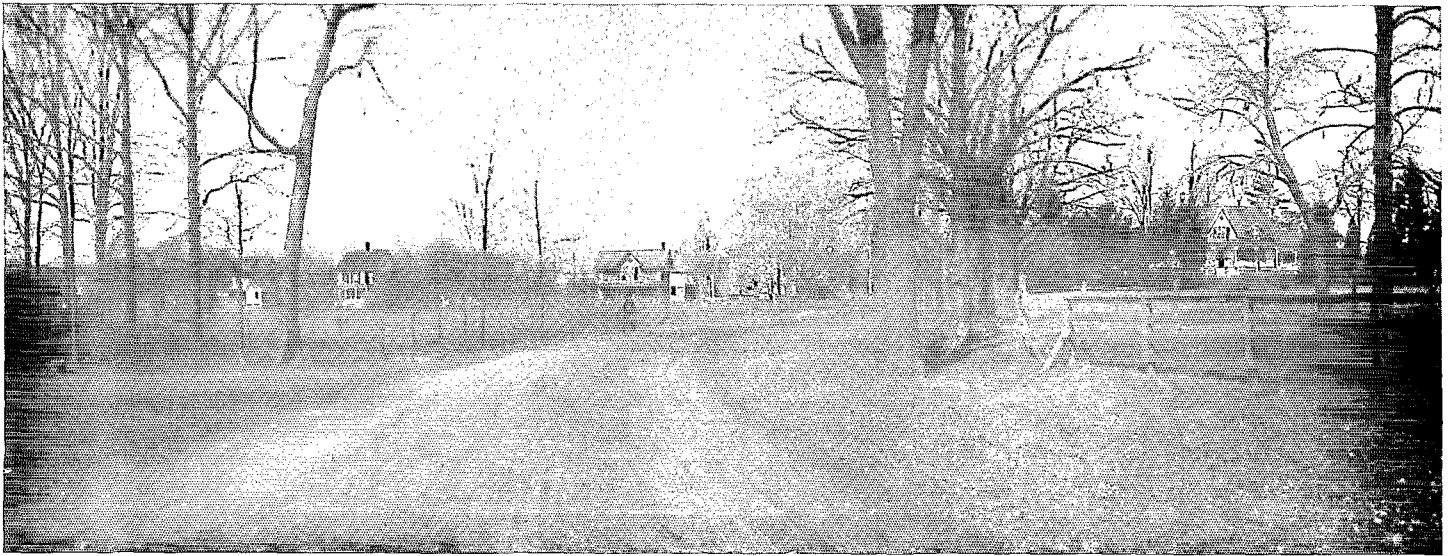


10964

The Palisades Newsletter

April, 1996 • No. 151



*Looking north on Route 9W in 1903 — Big House to the right*

## Palisades in 1861: A Retrospect

*In 1888 Winthrop Gilman wrote this description of Palisades in the year 1861, when he first came here, as an introduction to his history of the Palisades Presbyterian Church. Few of us would recognize the hamlet if we were transported back in time today. As the photograph shows, one of the major differences was the lack of tree cover in parts of the village.*

**A**t the time our story begins there stood on the south side of the road at the junction of the Tappan and Closter highways a steepleless church edifice, painted white, the pillared front of which faced west.

Opposite to this building on the north side of the road was the village store of the late George M. Lawrence [Zipparo] in which the first post office of Palisades of which we have knowledge was kept.

The schoolhouse of those days was a dilapidated, tiny box of a structure, which had once been painted red, as some traces of that color on its weather-beaten sides testified. It occupied the corner of the present school lot nearest to Mr. William L. Denike's grounds.

Between the present Methodist church [Yonder Hill] and the schoolhouse there were but three buildings on the north side of the way, the store mentioned, Mr. Lawrence's residence [Bucarelli] and that of Mr. Trenchard [Walther]. On the south side of the way there were four

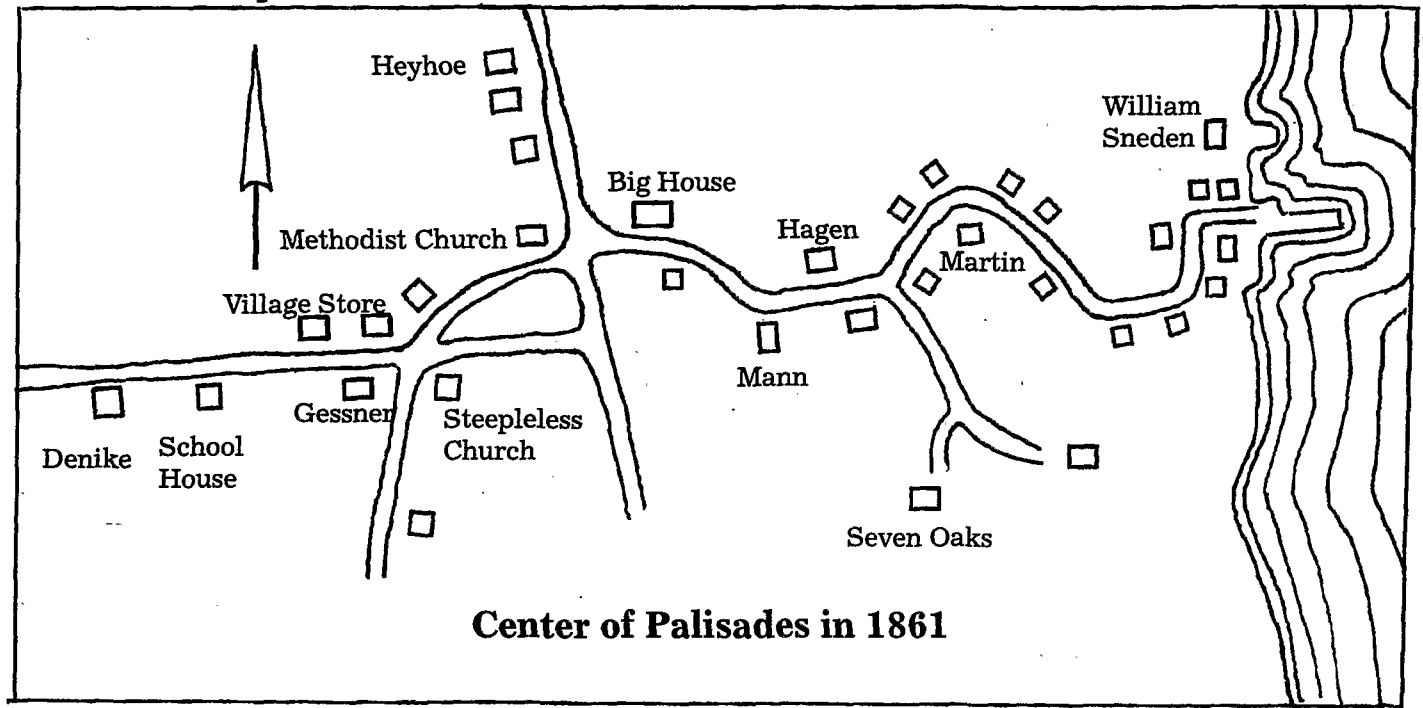
buildings between the Methodist church and Mr. Bailey's new house [now gone, stood where Palisades Gardens now is] to wit: the steepleless church, Mr. Gessner's house on the corner [now the library], the dilapidated red schoolhouse, where fierce district battles were annually waged, and the house of Mr. Denike [Frederick].

Mr. Charles F. Park was engaged in building his residence "Seven Oaks" [Bernick] and Dr. Agnew, who had purchased property on the hill a year or more previously, was at work making changes in a little farm-house, about the size of the dwelling [Finck] situated to the east of our church edifice, the nucleus of what was to be later known as "Hillcrest" [the main house at Lamont].

Mr. Clinton Gilbert lived in the house, now known to some as "Heyhoe," which was then hardly more than half its present dimensions. [later burned down and Henry

*Continued on next page*

## Palisades Retrospect: *Continued*



**Center of Palisades in 1861**

Kennell's house was built in its place]. The woods opposite were unbroken by any improvements nearly as far as Tallman's mountain.

At that time, however, a well trodden and much used path, one of the most charming our little hamlet could boast, led by many turns and winds from Snedens Landing to Piermont. This path is now for the most part little used and nearly obliterated.

Opposite the north end of the lane hard by, formerly known as Ludlow's Lane (Henry Ludlow lived in the "Big House" in 1745), was a picturesque clump of cedars in a tangle of cat-brier and Nanny-bushes, on each side of which the road to Snedens Landing passed. This group of trees was removed about 20 years since. Going west from this point the road at the time of which we speak ran to the north of the present "Triangle" and by what was then Mr. Moses Woolsey's house [now gone] to the flagpole, passing directly in front of the "Big House" [Sandhaus] now owned by Mr. William Peet. And by the by, how extraordinarily muddy that portion of the road used to be in the spring of the year!

The residences of the late David G. Mann [Converse] to the south of the "Triangle" and the "Big House" passed for the oldest buildings in Palisades. The Mann family came from Wurtenberg in 1753 or thereabouts. The existing Mann house was erected in 1783-4, and the "Big House" probably about the year 1729 [actually sometime after 1737] when deer abounded here and were shot by Captain John Corbett, Alderman of the city of New York, or by one of his successors from the door of the dwelling, as they crossed a clearing that stretched up the hill in the direction of Turkey Ridge. There is some probability that a house stood upon this site about the year 1685, the date of the Lockhart patent, but this cannot now be said with certainty.

Other very old houses are the Hagen [Hoffmeister]

house, (1800?), opposite the church and that once occupied by Joshua Martin, [Tomkins] north of the Claggett house. It was in the year 1685 that one George Lockhart patented from the British Government, in the reign of James the second, 3410 acres immediately surrounding our village. The forests to the south of this tract were then known as the "King's Woods." This was not 80 years from the time of the first discovery of the river.

Regarding the "Big House" legend has it, at the time our recounal begins, that General Washington dined with General Lafayette under its roof upon one occasion during the Revolutionary War.

Another legend held that the troops of the former obtained their water at "Washington Spring" [half-way up the hill opposite Judy Tomkins] at the time that redoubts were thrown up (about 1776) on the hill north of the William Sneden House [Currier] to be mildly shelled by His Majesty's frigate "Asia" as she passed in front of Snedens Landing on her way towards West Point. One shot, by the way, ploughed up the grounds just to the north of our parsonage, while two others cut off the tops of cedars, one of whose roots may yet be seen in the fence to the east of our church shed. The "dinner" and the "spring" stories cannot be substantiated, but the other incidents we believe to be facts.

It was about the year 1830 that journeys to New York City by sloop, requiring two or more days for the round trip, were discontinued. We have still living in our midst those who in their youth made many such trips.

Captain Lawrence Sneden ("Larry" Sneden as we all knew him) ran the sloop "Accommodation" to New York City at this time. The Snedens, the Manns, the Lawrences, the Conklins, and the Hagens appear to be our oldest families, the last named, at least, having originally come from Holland.

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# Palisades Bulletin Board

Welcome to a new member of our community! Grace and Bill Ryan are the proud parents of **Jack William Ryan** who was born on January 22. Jack joins big sisters, Kate and Lily.

The **Palisades Free Library** needs an IBM-compatible, 386 or upgradable computer for use by patrons in the library. If you have equipment to donate, please call the Library at 359-0136.

**Richard Vickerman** reported that heavy equipment was working again in the Sparkill Creek area over the TENNECO high pressure gas line. Despite the incident in November, 1995, in which a New Jersey contractor was stopped by alerted Orangetown officials from dredging the Creek in this area (see 10964, February 1996 issue), a call to the Town indicated that officials were not fully aware of this recent event. Residents are once again urged to report any activity that could compromise the pipeline to TENNECO and the Town of Orangetown.

**Wayne Garrison**, who has gained a fine reputation for the excellent craftsmanship he brings to both new house construction and old house restoration, is also a fine furniture maker. Whether you require custom cabinetry, a trunk, or an old fashioned bench, Wayne will design and build to fit your requirements.

Please call him at 365-0838 for a consultation.

For sale – Exercise bicycle, like new — \$50. Pro-form, 7.2 c, belt driven. It features a digital readout of speed, distance, and calories burned. Call 359-0013.

While ours is a safe community, incidents do happen here. Recently, two young pre-teenagers were beckoned to a car by a man engaged in less-than-appropriate behavior. Fortunately, the girls ran away, unharmed. As the weather turns warmer and children play outside more often, please warn them not to approach cars with strangers. As always, report any suspicious behavior to the police.

## **Get Ready for Summer Entertaining:**

**Simon Gerard** is offering spring cooking classes with stylish, creative and healthy food ideas. What do you do with lemon grass? Call 365-6312.

June is **graduation time!** If you know a resident of Palisades who will be graduating from high school, college or graduate school this spring, please let us know. The June issue of 10964 features an article on graduates, and we would like to include as many graduates as possible. Please call one of the editors, or send a note to Post Office Box 201.

## **Palisades Retrospect: Continued**

The Snedens were already established at the river in 1745. The grandfather, as we judge, of "Larry" Sneden, whose name was Robert, owned about 100 acres at the landing as early as 1752. We find the name spelled Sneed in 1745. Robert's son John named his eldest son George Washington, from which circumstance it is natural to suppose that the family was a patriotic one.

Steamboats began calling at Snedens Landing about the year 1829 or 1830. Among the early boats were the "Warren," the "Orange," the "Rockland," the "J. Farrow," and the "Washington Irving." As many as a hundred passengers used sometimes to land on a Saturday night. This was before Piermont had importance as a river town. In strawberry-time a file of wagons reaching as far up the hill as Robert Sneden's house, [now gone, near the tennis court] was not an uncommon sight.

Farmers and others embarked upon a barge with their produce and by the time the steamboat reached a point opposite the "Little House," (as our Captain William Coates' grandfather's house at the foot of the cascade [below the Waterfall, now gone] was then called) were safely

transferred to the steamer's deck, when the barge was towed back to the landing. At the "Little House" a busy scene was presented in shad-time. "Jack" Coates' premises were then surrounded by farmer-fishermen, who came from Closter and the vicinity by the now almost impassable ravine road to procure a quantity of shad for salting down. (There are those living who remember how "Jack" Coates used to glory in his English blood.) The ravine road ended, as now, at the top of the cascade, and the rest of the journey used to be performed on foot.

Steamboats ceased calling at the landing about 1859-60 when the Northern Rail Road of New Jersey was opened. In those days two passenger coaches, and a baggage car, the latter having an observation platform along one side for half its length, made up the heaviest trains. Tappan station was then besieged by vehicles morning and evening, and the 7:23 a.m. down train, and the returning 4 p.m. Mail train, were the popular ones, and made their trips in one hour and fifteen minutes. There was then no Sparkill, but we had Upper Piermont instead, the station being the small square building opposite Mr. Kipp's store, now the office of Mr. Martine.

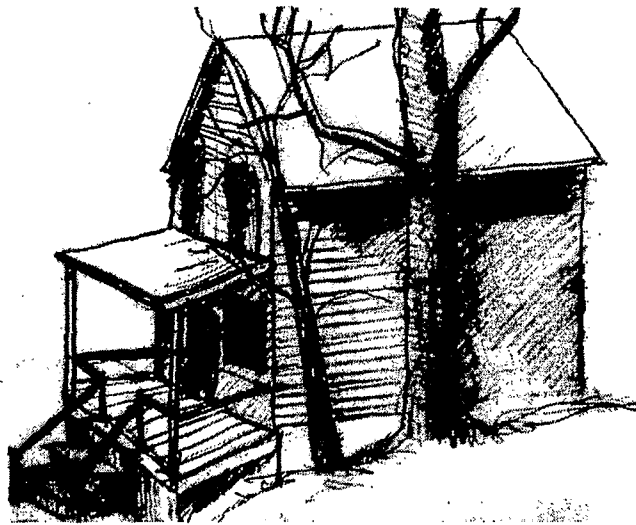
# The Old Country Store

**T**he old country store was painted a dull barn door red with wide shallow steps leading directly up from the side of Oak Tree Road. The front porch spanned the entire width of the building and at one end, to the left, was a wide old swinging seat. It was there expressly for the comfort of the customers – the old timers — who knew the quiet delight of swinging back and forth, gently, gently, while carrying on desultory conversation with known, or even unknown, passersby. The front porch was a wonderful place to hang out at and the owners of the store didn't seem to mind neighborhood children cluttering it up. Indeed, they even encouraged it with good nature, knowing that the more children there were, the more purchases would eventually be made by the little darlings themselves, squandering their entire paltry allowances in one fell swoop, breaking their teeth on jaw breakers or tiny, hard little cinnamon red hots. I pretended that they were life-saving pills and practiced swallowing them whole.

The flip sides of the leaves overhead rustled silvery in the mild afternoon breeze and the air was redolent with the scent of peaches perfectly ripe – too heavy, too full to stay on their slender branches any longer. In the later spring there would be masses of climbing roses, planted in flaking terra cotta urns on the sides of each step. Tiny, buttery white wild roses – their edges tipped with creamy pink ruffled frills, delicate stalks bristling defensively with minuscule hooked thorns – dangerously deceptive. Huge blowsy old fashioned pinks bobbed and nodded while morning glories of every hue twined their ways upwards, searching for the sun. These plants were carefully tended from year to year and always reappeared like old friends, producing stunning blooms which wafted aromas so delicious that you could literally be carried away. Dappled sunlight fell, shifting patterns related to the forces of nature. You could sit next to some older person or other, who would politely ignore you. Or, you could find a nice comfortable step to park yourself on, cozy in the sun, next to a best friend or a friendly acquaintance. It was a special place to be.

If it became too hot, too sunny to stay outside, you could always venture inside. When the front door was opened, a little bell tripped off on the inside of the door,

tinkled with beautiful pitch. The audible cue that good things were to come, especially to those who had (patiently) waited. It seemed very dark inside, all the more so after the bright sunlight outside. I stood there in the doorway feeling the slightly musty, damp air wash over my body in its rush to meet the warmer air outside. Tiny, wiggly orange and green fluorescent dots danced before my eyes and scores of dust motes floated in a pointed shaft of golden sunlight. As I stood there and adjusted to the entirely different landscape, I became a silhouette in the stillness of waiting. The intoxicating smells had to be sorted out, differentiated, qualified. The smell of newly sharpened lead pencils and dust balls under the counters, old fur. The dry, tangy smell of the wide planked pine floor. The smell of the beeswax which was used once in a very rare while to polish the table. The cloyingly sweet smell of sugar, chocolate and maple syrup, all mixed up together. Over it all, the sharp, sour smell of their famous garlic dill pickles, which floated in their own briny liquid in an immense, uncovered salt glazed crock on the floor.



Not much money or attention had been paid to the light-

ing. The profits were much better spent on the continually updated inventory. It was dark enough that you had to grope your way through the contents of the store, sifting through the sensory impressions to arrive finally, finally at the furry, little, stuffed mouse of your dreams, even softer and cuddlier than the last. I don't remember how many of the grey, rabbit furred mice I possessed throughout my tender years. They came and went without much notice. Maybe our tiger striped cat Kippy devoured them, thinking in her dreamy cat mind that they were real. She certainly coughed up enough hair balls for that to be a possibility.

There was also an assortment of what were commonly known as Lucy dolls, hand made by a local woman after a particular design. They were such simple dolls. Each had a differently patterned dress – either paisley, calico, checked or striped. Their hair was just yarn – red, brown, black or yellow. And their eyes were simply little knots of silken embroidery thread, the merest suggestion of eyes. Not much choice there and cultural diversity wasn't even

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## The Old Country Store: *Continued*

alluded to. I had a passion for the Lucy dolls and wish that I could find just one to pass along to my daughter. But the woman who crafted the darling dollies died many years ago and I haven't seen them since my childhood.

The large oak table in the center of the room, smelling powerfully of beeswax, was illuminated by an antique Tiffany lamp which hung low from the ceiling by a looped iron chain. Light spilled from this beautiful lamp softly and the rainbow panes glowed as if they were brilliant gems rescued from a sunken treasure chest. The wonderful light melted away into the dusky shadows and seemed to enrich the farthest corners of the large room. I was entranced by this marvel and asked on every visit if it were for sale. Forgetting, with the enviable selective hearing that children possess from birth, that the answer was always the same. NO.

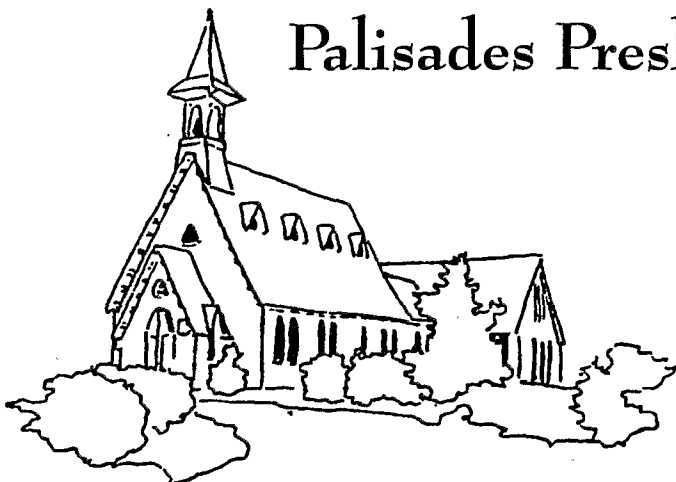
The table contained a miscellaneous collection of mugs and plates, napkins and soup bowls. And always, always the long tapered hand dipped dripless candles so essential during a wild winter whiteout. Ceramic mugs with the smallest periwinkle blue cornflowers printed magically all over – even the handles. Thickly enameled metal mugs – much larger – mustard yellow, burnt orange, cobalt blue, fire engine red and olive green. The edges and handles all rimmed with glossy black. The kind of mugs that were just right for taking with you on a camping trip to the Adirondacks. I believe that my parents derive as much pleasure from those now as they did on the day they bought them, 25 years ago.

If I looked to my left, from where I stood in the doorway, I could see the long grey veined, cold marble topped counter where I could sit to survey at leisure, uninterrupted, the astonishingly vast collection of candies on view. There were red hots so spicy you didn't know whether to spit or swallow. Fire balls hotter than hot, so hot that when they were bought, the owner of the store would put a little "chaser" of water on the counter in

front of you. Both of these items looked so much like the other, that, if you turned your head for even a fraction of a second, and didn't pay attention, you could easily be tricked and not know which of the worse you would be getting. Pastel colored candy dots on long strips of grocery white ticker tape paper. Chunks of the gloriously crunchy crystallized rock candy, which was my favorite. And huge clear apothecary jars with snugly fitted wooden lids, slantedly filled with striped stick candy of every conceivable color combination in existence. I could have spent hours on end looking at the confections so appetizingly displayed. My mouth watered at the sheer mathematical possibilities of endless sugary delights. Raisinettes and jelly belly beans sold by the pound or less. The owner of the store would throw in a few extra with a heavy hand, sometimes. If she was in a good mood. She knew that the candies held in their little twists of waxed paper never made it home intact. I held the crystals of clear rock candy in the palm of my sweaty hand, feeling the healing, comforting power. Impressed by my ability to know long before the rest of the world, that this was a very good thing indeed. My mother, a juvenile diabetic, was aghast.

The Old County Store is now painted an expensive elegant stone washed teal blue with distinguished mauve shutters. There are two large matching stained glasses in the windows which front on Oak Tree Road, I think to keep out the curious gaze of strangers walking by. The front steps are of the same gracious dimensions they always were, but do not invite a minute's quiet repose. It is a very private residential structure now. I do not know who lives there. I hope that the original owners still have their wonderful lamp with the quivering jewel like pieces of glass. I wonder what they keep in the huge clear jars that once upon a time were the stuff of my dreams. I like to remember the people who were so kind to me when I was a small child growing up in Palisades. A nostalgic pinch from the past that reminds me to be slower, kinder to my little girl who is growing up so quickly. I like to remember the people who took the time to make the most, out of the least.

*Jocelyn DeCrescenzo*



## Palisades Presbyterian Church News

### Circus for 127th Street

The circus is coming to town. And during the month of April, Howie Friedman's Youth for Seniors can attend for \$5 per youngster. Howie has arranged a matching gift of lunch and transportation for every \$5 gift we provide. Make checks out to **Palisades Presbyterian Church**, marked "Youth for Seniors."

### Easter Services

Easter Sunday services will be held at 6:30, 9:00 and 11:00 am.

# The Children's Library:

## A Patron's Eye View

"I wish I were a little kid!" was echoed over and over by a group of mainly "older" children, grades 1 and up, who previewed the new Children's Room at the Palisades Free Library before it officially opened. The adults would have to agree: the architectural centerpiece of the Children's Library is its outdoor amphitheater, glimpsed beyond large glass doors and windows, in what was formerly the library's pre-renovation parking lot. These two semicircles of stone is where the younger children attending storytime will be sitting on the nicer days, when Mrs. Bosch resumes her legendary story hours.

After explaining to these young library patrons that the Library will try to make the amphitheater available for some children's programs, the children — Emily, Samantha, and Melissa Hirsch (grades 4, 1, and preschool, respectively); Rebecca Drago and Amelia Kidd (grade 1), and Cory and Perry Gerard-Little (grades 3 and 4) — were very vocal with their excitement about the new library. Nothing escaped their scrutiny, from architectural and design features, to the books in the collection and the displays.

As a group, they all felt that more books had been added to the collection. While maybe this is wishful thinking, the new display area, the brightness of the room, and the consolidation of a collection that was previously in two rooms into a single room probably gave the impression that more books were available to borrow. Without exception, all the kids noticed the elevator, reacting with excitement to this addition.

A sampling of their comments:

"It's the best library. It has a zillion *Goosebumps* books. I wish I was in kindergarten so I could sit outside for story hour," (Amelia).

"I like it. There are lots of elevators, and stones for sitting outside for story hour," (Rebecca).

"The library is really nice. I can see everything. This

will make it easier to find books to take out. It's much larger than the one at school," (Emily).

"I liked how they arranged the children's area — it's wonderful and much bigger," (Samantha).

"The first thing I noticed was the new color of the wood. The difference I noticed in the kids' room was that it looked like there were more books and it was much brighter because of the glass doors," (Perry). She added: "I liked that it has carpeting on the floor instead of wood. Also, I like their new entrance because it doesn't overlook the main road. I also noticed that the book counter was lower than Tappan's, and easier to see over."

"When I thought about the library I thought of a dull building with no good books. But I was wrong. I can't wait until it opens. Even the card catalog looks better than I remember," (Cory). Although he didn't see the *Goosebumps* series, he did find "some really neat ghost books."

And, from the only member of the group who will be able to attend weekly storytime, "The books are good. I can't wait for story hour," (Melissa).

Children of Palisades, take heart! The librarian informs us that no matter how old you are, Mrs. Bosch will be designing interesting crafts projects just for you!

*Ellen Chayet Kidd*





# A Visit with Ellen and Jefferson Burstyn

Ellen and her son, Jefferson Burstyn, once long time Palisades residents, maintain many ties to our community. Jefferson's wife, Patricia Pieroni, works in the security department at Lamont Observatory. Jefferson's business, "A Stroke of Genius," is responsible for painting the inside and outside of numerous local homes. And, of course, they have their many friends, who lure them back, often, during the year.

Ellen and Jefferson moved to Palisades in March of 1973. Having lived the peripatetic life of a film and stage actress, Ellen decided she wanted to find a more permanent home for herself and her son. "While I was filming 'The Exorcist' in Manhattan, I decided to move back here from California. A friend of mine from the New York City Mayor's Office recommended that I consider Palisades," remembered Ellen. They went out to visit Jerome Robbins, then living in the Ding Dong House. She loved it. Soon she and Jefferson moved here to the Ferry House.

Jefferson fondly remembers that time. "We loved the Ferry House. It had a little boat house just by the Hudson River. I had three fishing poles. We caught catfish, perch and eels." Ellen laughed, "I remember the perch. I couldn't eat it. It tasted like a rubber tire. I remember when I first came here everyone talked of the time when the sturgeon spawned

in the river. But the river became too polluted. Then one day, everywhere I went, everyone was saying, 'Did you hear that the sturgeon are back?' It was like a blessing."

When the Burstyns moved here Jefferson was eleven. Every school day, until he graduated from high school, he boarded the 9A commuter bus to go into Manhattan, where he was enrolled at the Steiner School. While Jefferson was commuting to school and playing baseball with local friends, Ellen's career kept her busy, often away on location.

Ellen began her life on stage quite early. "My first audition was for the lead in the Broadway production of 'Fair Game.' I got it. Then I had to learn about acting. I studied with Stella Adler, Jeff Corey and then with Lee Strasberg until he died. He was my mentor." The films she remembers most fondly include, "The Exorcist," "Resurrection," and "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore," for which she won an Oscar Award. More recently Ellen has starred in, "How to Make an American Quilt" and the soon to be released, "In Care of the Spitfire Grill." Watching his Mom on film is an emotional experience for Jefferson. "I always cry. If she dies in the film, I'm a wreck."

One of Ellen's most exciting memories of her time here was of her daily commute to New York from the Ferry House by speed boat. At the time she was performing on Broadway, in "Same Time Next Year." "It was a lovely way to go to work! It took forty minutes to get to the 79th Street Boat Basin. Going under the George Washington Bridge was amazing. I only commuted in the summer. And I went home by car. It was too dangerous to go on the river in a small boat at night. Some of the ships are really quite large." To his mother's amazement Jefferson recounted his own River adventure, "I remember paddling across the Hudson in our canoe. You wouldn't believe the stuff that is floating out there. It took me a long time to get back. The currents are quite fierce."

Later, Ellen and Jefferson moved to the Stone House, now called Cliffside. They lived there for eleven years.

"A magnificent Fern Leaf Beech tree stood in the center of a circular drive. Before I bought the house two acres of the property had been sold. The new property line cut through the circle. A friend of mine from England, a dowser, said that circle had protected the tree. Now the tree was no longer protected. We had to do something to redefine the circle. So we staged 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'. Harry Davis, a longtime

resident of Palisades, was a member of the cast. The price of admission was dinner for ten. At the end of the play we led the audience to the tree, and all joined hands, redefining the magic circle. Then we had a great Elizabethan Feast out on the lawn. After that we had a wedding under the tree. The actress who played Puck married the actor who played Theseus."

The Stone House is one of a number in Palisades that harbor a ghost. "I had friends who saw ghosts in the house. Two swear they saw one walk through the door. Another friend heard a symphony orchestra in the back hallway. The ghostly sightings were always on the third floor. But I never saw them," said Ellen. In true Palisades style Ellen and Jefferson continued their odyssey through various local houses. After they sold the Stone House, they moved to the Ludington House, then they bought the Sharkey House, before, finally, moving north in 1990.

Though he had moved from the Stone House, Jefferson spent his days there working on the renovation commissioned by the new owners, Dick and Debbie Sears. Jefferson's apprenticeship in house restoration was under the exacting and knowledgeable tutelage of Charles

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**“The Stone House is one of a number in Palisades that harbor a ghost.”**

# Virginia Redmond

Virginia Redmond, mother of Palisadians Cristina Biaggi and Marina Harrison and my grandmother, passed away on February 5th after a four-year battle with ALS. She died peacefully and with great dignity, rather in the same manner as she had lived.

My grandmother was a great lady. Anyone who had met her could have told you that, whether they knew her for a decade or just for an afternoon. Even casual acquaintances spoke of her kindness, her elegant refinement, and the way she could really take an interest in anything a person was talking about. She made everyone she talked to feel special and important in that way. My sister-in-law, Edie McGlone, remembered my grandmother in this way: "She made you want to be the best person you could be, to strive to be better than you were just by her example."

My grandmother was active in Rockland County politics for most of her 45-year residence. She was also a volunteer for a number of local social service organizations and was given an award for her work with the Mental Health Association. Yet, those of you knew her probably remember her not for her work, but for her sunny and

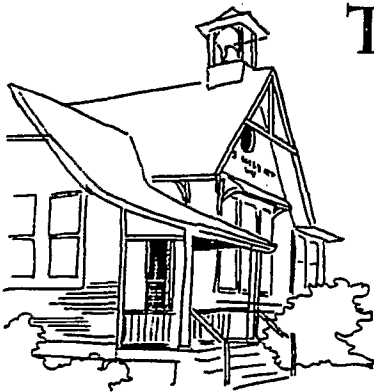
vibrant presence in the community.

It was from my grandmother that I myself learned a love for the two things that sustain me in this life: gardening and singing. Whenever I kneel and put my hand in the rich brown earth, I will remember who inspired me to love all the green growing things. Just last summer, even though she was already confined to her wheelchair, she and I were gardening together. I had told her that behind my house grew the most glorious field of forget-me-nots which was one of her favorite flowers. She said she would love to see such a field, so I went home and dug up a few boxes full and brought them over. She sat in her chair in the driveway and directed me as I planted clumps of them throughout that little garden in front and also among the roses on the hillside.

And how she loved to sing and she made it part of all our lives. From the Christmas caroling around the piano to singing folk songs around the old wagon-wheel fire pit at the Colorado ranch.

There was a memorial service for her at St. John's Church in Piermont on February 8th. It was attended by many friends and family members. It is obvious she will be missed.

*Diana Green*



## The Community Center: Using Space

Built in the 1870s as a one-room schoolhouse, and used more often than not as a school over the years, the Community Center Building today sees a greater variety of activities than in all its long history.

Children aren't strangers here, of course, but now they come for parties, not the three Rs. The big room, brightened with balloons and streamers, fills with happy noise. Adults, too, use the space for celebrations – anniversaries, birthdays, welcomings.

Classes and workshops are held here as well as meet-

ings large and small, civic and political, recreational and cultural. Once a month, an evening Coffee House draws music lovers from up and down the Valley.

A group new to the Center is the Great Commission church, pastor Kim Hak Chul. This congregation, which is part of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, uses the building on Wednesday evenings and Sunday mornings, for worship.

The expenses involved in keeping the Center open and available to the community include those of insurance, heating, cleaning, painting, and outdoor maintenance. As with all old buildings, major unanticipated repairs are always a possibility.

The fees charged for the use of the building go some way – but not far enough – to meet its needs. So, please send your contributions – any amount will be appreciated – to Post Office Box 222.

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# Remembering Dorothy Jaeger

In March, longtime Palisadean, Dorothea Jaeger, aged 90, passed away. We extend our sympathy to her family in Cherry Hill, New Jersey, with whom she lived during the past two years. Among Dorothea's many accomplishments was her significant professional contribution towards an understanding of the problems of aging.

Dorothea came to America as a young woman in the early 1920s to escape the depression then engulfing Germany. By 1927, she had obtained her nursing degree from Mount Sinai Hospital. During the next decades she worked as a private nurse, travelling throughout the United States. Later, in the 1950s, Dorothea went back to school. She graduated from Barnard College with a B.A. in Sociology, then from Columbia University with an M.A. in Education. Dorothea stayed on at Columbia as an Instructor and Research Assistant, then moved to Yale University as a Research Associate. Dorothea was also active in the Visiting Nurse Service of New York serving as a District Supervisor during much of the 1950s. She published several books and papers dealing with her specialty — the problems of aging.

Dorothea moved to Palisades from Manhattan, in 1960. Once here in Rockland, Dorothea applied her considerable skills to aid numerous local organizations. As a result she served on several boards, including the Family Service Association of Rockland County, The Hudson River Presbytery, Northern Metropolitan Health and Hospital Council, and as a coordinator of courses on retirement at Rockland Community College.

In her later years she undertook to write and compile

a family history as her gift to her nieces and nephews who, thanks to time and distance, have little memory of their ancestors and family home in Baden, Germany. Sitting at her dining room table, surrounded by piles of papers and photographs, a strong light overhead and a magnifying glass in hand, Dorothea painstakingly translated from Old German into English the elegant, cursive, nearly indecipherable words lining page after page of family documents.

It was a delight to visit Dorothea in her bright, sunny home. The enormous care and attention to detail she put into decorating and maintaining her fieldstone house and encircling gardens was a hallmark of Dorothea. Her natural sense of beauty and order compelled her to make her surroundings as comfortable and beautiful as possible.

In her last years, due to ill health, Dorothea was not able to be as active as she would have liked. Still, she maintained a lively relationship with local friends. Indeed, she was the mainstay of her circle. Her sound advice saw many of us through a crisis. "She was always there to help me with every problem I had. She was so kind to me," remembers long time friend, Sheila Converse. "The memories of Dorothea I especially cherish were the times we would both erupt into non-stop giggling, usually over some piece of local gossip. Dorothea's reserved and refined demeanor harbored a hidden gaiety which delighted me time and again." The lives Dorothea touched, she touched deeply. Her friendship was treasured by those lucky enough to share it. She will be greatly missed.

*Milbry Polk*

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## Community Center: *Continued*

### **Don't miss the great Coffee House**

concerts from 8 to 11 pm on April 20 and May 11

Admission is pretty cheap and kids get in even cheaper. Hope to see you there.

### **Fees for the Use of the Community Center**

For a single event, morning, afternoon or evening: \$50

For an all-day event: \$100

For a regular class: \$25 ("regular" is once a week for two months or more)

For filming a commercial, etc.: as arranged

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## Jeff and Ellen Burstyn: *Continued*

Parsons, who engineered the fabulous remaking of the house. It is because of this experience that Jefferson began his own business, A Stroke of Genius, applying the painting and other skills he so diligently learned. Though he gladly works on new construction he especially loves the challenges presented by old houses.

Now Jefferson is married. By day he runs his business. By night he attends Rockland Community College as a math and science major. In the fall Jefferson plans to transfer to NYU. His wife, Patricia, a Rocklander from Bardonia, is on full scholarship at Dominican College majoring in psychology. Ellen is hard at work writing a screen play. She is contracted to direct her screenplay for United Artists. Luckily for us all we will continue to see a lot of Ellen and Jefferson, either on the big screen or in person perched on a ladder helping restore local houses.

*Milbry Polk*



## "What is Spring? — Growth in Everything." \*\*

**D**o you fantasize about a color riot in your garden, or a blend of quiet pastels? Do you want an intimate relationship or a well-organized succession of formal displays? Are you naturally tidy, need to be in charge of design, or do you prefer free-form styling? It's good to take stock of how you feel as you plan your plantings so that your immediate environment gently wraps around you or gives an aura of excitement and stimulation.

You may want to experiment with mini areas, by color, by style, by fragrance, by variety, by species, etc. until you find your passion. Maybe you like each year's newest varieties. Visit the Portsmouth, New Hampshire, Historical Restoration to see the new All-American garden winners each year; or drop by Logee's Greenhouse in Danielson, Connecticut, if you have sunny windows and want a unique indoor display. Or haunt your own favorite garden center — there are many in our Rockland, North Bergen vicinity that carry a wide range of plants. Even a very small area, indoors or out, can be a stimulating or restful (as you choose) diversion from a hectic or boring daily routine.

The main thing to do is to get started! Experiment! Exchange ideas and plants with neighbors. It is a delightful way to make friends with people you might never cross paths with otherwise. One of the joys of gardening is to walk around your own space and recall "Oh, this dainty clematis came from a Snedens estate years ago, or that

sturdy great blue lobelia has seeded itself from a clump once gracing a brookside garden in Orangeburg, or the stunning hardy orange tree was a seedling years ago beneath the trees in the Jordan ladies' resplendent yard."

Palisades once boasted two nurseries of its own: a) the Clucas — Bodington international prize winners, where the IBM Conference Center now holds sway, who sold both plants and seeds; and b) the Jordans, at the Library corner, who supplied the many estates' full-time gardeners with rare selections. Beds of delphiniums, peonies, poppies, Japanese anemones, and roses competed with one another in the vanishing gardens of estates such as Fox, Lamont, Perry, Anna Gilman Hill, Ada Gray, Marian Grey, and Alice Haagensen.

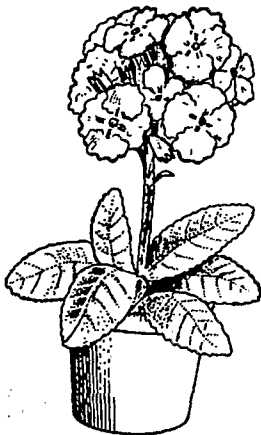
The Library Plant Sale has a tradition of selling plants from local gardens at bargain prices. Each spring it not only provides our Library with much needed funds, but it is also a good place to find unusual varieties and affords the unique benefit of offering those that have become acclimated to our locale and are ready to settle down comfortably in your own garden. Sometimes transplants need to be moved several times before you find just the right spot where they will thrive and please your eye.

It's Spring and time to start digging!

\*\*Gerald Manley Hopkins

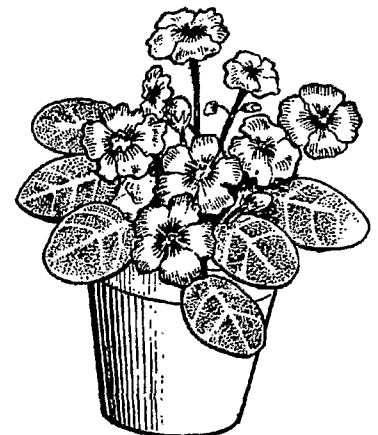
*The May Magnificat*

Margaret Tayler Anderson



### Remember the Plant Sale!

Share your garden with others by making cuttings, dividing perennials, or setting seeds to donate to our spring plant sale. If you need them, Margaret Anderson has extra pots. Call her at 359-4225.



# South Orangetown School News

## School Budget

Dr. Morton Sherman, Superintendent of Schools, recently observed that the financial picture emerging from the state and federal governments is discouraging. By targeting areas for reduction in state and federal funding, the local school districts would need to assume the costs. At this point, specific targeted reductions include special education preschool programs, BOCES aid, operating aid, and federal support for selected programs such as Title I. However, this shift in the burden of funding from state and federal sources to local taxpayers will affect not only these programs, but programs and services throughout the school district as well.

The public is invited to discuss the proposed budget at the Board of Education meeting on Monday, April 15, at 7:30 pm in the South Orangetown Middle School. A public hearing and Board vote on the budget will take place on Monday, April 22 at 7:30 pm at Tappan Zee High School. Contact Lisa Horton, at 365-4204, for additional information.

## District Election

The annual district election is on Wednesday, May 8. Palisades residents vote at the Tappan Zee Elementary School, between the hours of 7 am to 9 pm. The budget approved by the Board of Education will be on the ballot.

At this time, Board of Education members Nancy Russell and Barbara Scheulen are running unopposed. The deadline for filing nominating petitions to run for the Board, as well as budget amendments, is April 1 at 5:00 pm, at the District Clerk's office at the South Orangetown Middle School.

It is important to vote in these elections, which are open to registered voters. Eligible persons, aged 18 or older, who are citizens of the United States and a district resident for at least 30 days, are urged to register if they have not already done so. If you have voted in a school or general election within the last four years, you do not need to re-register. District registration dates are Tuesday, April 30 from 9:00 am to 1:00 pm and from 4:00 pm to 9:00 pm at Tappan Zee High School and South

Orangetown Middle School; and on Wednesday, May 1 from 9:00 am to 1:00 pm at William O. Schaefer and Tappan Zee Elementary School.

## Events

### April

The month of April will showcase a High School Senior Portfolio exhibit in the District Gallery Hallway outside the Board of Education room at South Orangetown Middle School.

The second grade music concert, "Sharing Music With Others" (Part I), will be held on April 24 at William O. Schaefer School at 7:30 pm.

### May

In May, there will be a Senior Citizens Art Exhibit in the District Gallery Hallway in the South Orangetown Middle School. Members of the public who wish to submit artwork are asked to please call 365-4221.

Part II of the second grade "Sharing Music With Others" concert will be held on May 15 at William O. Schaefer School at 7:30 pm.

The Cottage Lane spring concert is at 8:00 pm on May 16.

The Tappan Zee High School spring concert, part I, will be held at 8:00 pm on May 21 at the High School.

On May 22, the South Orangetown Middle School students will present a concert at 8:00 pm in the Middle School.

The second part of the Tappan Zee High School spring concert will be held on May 30 at 8:00 pm at the High School.

For more details on these events, please call the principal's office at each of these schools: At Tappan Zee High School, Principal Lynn Trager at 365-5501; at South Orangetown Middle School, Principal Emmanuel Kostakis at 365-4251; at Cottage Lane Elementary School, Principal Robert Hendrickson at 365-4230; and at William O. Schaefer Elementary School, Principal Dr. Marianne Tully at 365-4240.

*Ellen Chayet Kidd*



# Palisades Free Library News

## NEW ACQUISITIONS

The Palisades Free Library has acquired a number of books over the last several months. Here is a partial list:

### Adult Non-Fiction

Dowling	<i>Red Hot Mamas</i>
Friday	<i>To Be Seen</i>
Gordon	<i>The Shadow Man</i>
Hoving	<i>False Impressions: the Hunt for Big-Time Art Fakes</i>
Korda	<i>Man to Man: Surviving Prostate Cancer</i>
Masson	<i>Lost Prince</i>
Mitterand	<i>Memoirs in Two Voices</i>
Nader	<i>No Contest</i>
Sheehan	<i>Going the Distance</i>
Thurrow	<i>Future of Capitalism</i>

### Adult Fiction

Barr	<i>Firestorm</i>
Berg	<i>Maiden Voyage</i>
Booth	<i>Marry Me</i>
Clark	<i>Moonlight Becomes You</i>
Doyle	<i>The Woman Who Walked Into Doors</i>
Erdrich	<i>Tales of Burning Love</i>
Estleman	<i>Stress</i>
George	<i>In the Presence of the Enemy</i>
Grisham	<i>Runaway Jury</i>
Heller	<i>Internal Affairs</i>
Kundera	<i>Slowness</i>
Lessing	<i>Love Again</i>
Perry	<i>Dance for the Dead</i>
Perry	<i>Pentecost Alley</i>
Poyer	<i>As the Wolf Love Winter</i>
Walters	<i>Dark Room</i>
White	<i>Harm's Way</i>

## LIBRARY HOURS

Please note the expanded weekend hours

Monday — Wednesday 3 pm - 9 pm

Thursday

10 am - Noon &

3 pm - 9 pm

Friday

3 pm - 5 pm

Saturday

11 am - 5 pm

Sunday

1 pm - 5 pm

## MEETINGS

The Library's Board of Trustees meets monthly, every second Wednesday at 7:30 pm. Meetings are open to the public. Please call the library to verify date in case of postponement or cancellation. Any resident wishing to address the Board should notify it for inclusion on the agenda, 359-0136.

## CHILDREN'S PROGRAMS

We look forward to welcoming children three to five years of age to storytime on Wednesdays at 1:30 to 2 pm in our beautiful new children's room. We will experience stories through books, finger plays, flannel board, puppets and songs. Afterward, children may choose books to take home from our colorful new selection, or they can reacquaint themselves with beloved old favorites. Please call the library to register.

After school programs for elementary school children will be offered on March 27th, April 24th and May 22nd. Call the library for further details and sign-up.

## SPECIAL EVENTS

### Plant Sale

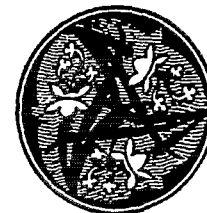
This year's annual spring plant sale will be held on Saturday, May 11. Volunteers and contributions are needed for the baked goods table, other food, books by the pound, and the crafts table. Please call Mary Viviano at 359-1664; Annie Gerard at 359-3261; or the Library at 359-0136 if you can help.

### Library Dedication

The Library will be formally dedicated at a ceremony and reception planned for Sunday, June 2. Patrons will receive a flyer with details.



# A Trip to IMPERIAL JAPAN in NEARBY SULLIVAN COUNTY



**“*Sho-fu Den, a replica of part of the Imperial Palace in Kyoto, ... is being lovingly restored by a team of Japanese carpenters and artisans.*”**

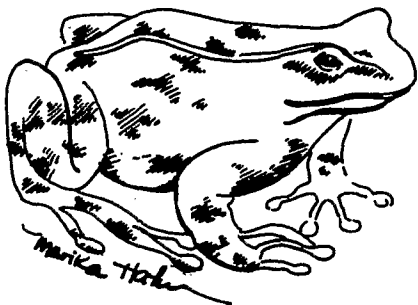
One of the few authentic major Japanese buildings in the United States was recently opened to the public in Sullivan County, just an hour and a half by car from Palisades. *Sho-fu Den*, a replica of part of the Imperial Palace in Kyoto, has been rescued from obscurity and abandonment by the Japanese Heritage Foundation in New York City and is now being lovingly restored by a team of Japanese carpenters and artisans. A gorgeous article about the palace was featured in *Architectural Digest* last year. 1964 recently visited *Sho-fu Den* accompanied by a former resident of Palisades, Dr. Theodora Abel, who last visited the palace in 1910 in a horse-drawn carriage.

The palace was originally the official Japanese exhibit in the World's Fair of 1904 in St. Louis; subsequently the Emperor gave it to the wealthy Japanese chemist and physician Dr. Jokichi Takamine, who had it disassembled and rebuilt in New York in a beautiful forest of white pines at the artists' colony Merriwold, where he owned property. Dr. Takamine's fame and fortune stemmed from his discovery of adrenaline and the enzyme diastase in the 1890s. He married an American and settled into a mansion on Riverside Drive. (To improve his view over the Hudson River, he had hundreds of flowering cherry trees planted along the West Side Highway, which still give

pleasure to New Yorkers every spring.) After Dr. Takamine died, his sons owned the palace through the 1920s and early 1930s. However, the family more or less disintegrated during the depression, and *Sho-fu Den* was sold to a series of American owners, who cared for it during the years of anti-Japanese feeling stirred up by World War II.

While most of the treasures contained within the buildings have come through in good shape and the beauty of the gardens is still evident, the exterior has needed extensive renovation. A new roof made of hand-shaped copper sheathing was recently shipped from Japan and installed by Japanese artisans and work continues on restoring porches, siding, railings, etc. In the future, the fully-restored palace will serve as cultural center to promote Japanese-American relations, and even, it is hoped, as a locus for high-level diplomatic ceremonies and meetings. Anyone interested in visiting the palace can make arrangements by calling the Foundation at (212) 213-0640, or by writing to the Japanese Heritage Foundation Inc., 244 Madison Ave. Suite 135, NY, NY 10016. The Foundation is also seeking members who can contribute to the restoration effort.

*Greta Nettleton*



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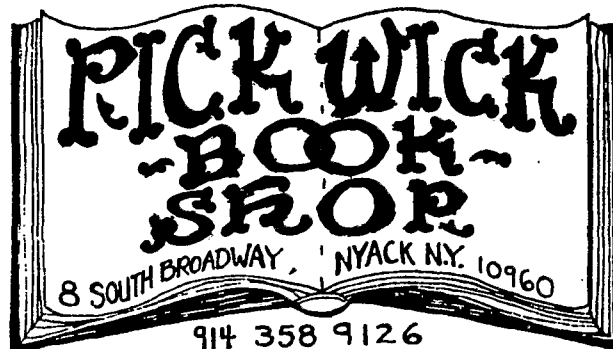
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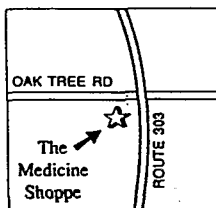
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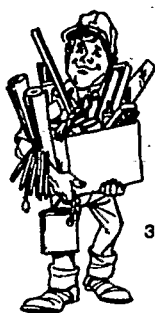
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## Arts News

**Rockland Center for the Arts** announces Sunday Workshops during May and June. These include:

Painting on Location, held on May 5 from 1:00 to 5:00 pm. Course fee: \$40

Raku Firing Workshops, held on May 19 from 9:00 am to 5:00 pm. Course fee: \$65

A Polymer Clay Workshop, held on June 2 from 10:00 am to 4:00 pm. Course fee: \$70 plus \$15 materials

Raku Firing Workshops, held on June 9 from 9:00 to 5:00 pm. Course fee: \$65

All workshops are held at the Rockland Center for the Arts, on 27 Greenbush Road in West Nyack. Pre-registration is required. Please call the Center at 358-0877.

Rockland Center for the Arts will also hold an open house for its day camp on Sunday, April 21, from 11:00 am to 2:00 pm. The day camp offers two, 4-week sessions for children ages 5-13, and focuses on the arts including painting, drawing, cartooning, ceramics, theatre arts, stage craft and design, puppetry, dance and movement. The fee is \$495 per session. For more information call the Center at 358-0877.



## About 10964

This community newsletter publishes news and information of interest to the people of Palisades. **10964** needs your moral and financial support! Please send a contribution to **10964**, Post Office Box 201, Palisades, New York, 10964. With your help we'll be able to put **10964** in your mailbox five times this year from October through June.

*Staff Members:* Judy O'Neil-Castagna, Ellen Chayet Kidd, Jocelyn De Crescenzo, Carol Elevitch, Alice Gerard, Diana Green, Greta Nettleton, Milbry Polk, Caroline Tapley, and Gina Vermandel

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## Contributions:

We thank Mary Jane Whitstock  
for her contribution  
to our publication.

### Typist

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