



# THE NEWSLETTER

of the CSA Retiree Chapter, New Jersey Region

Fall 2013

Volume 4, Number 2

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***Message From the Regional Unit Leader***

Since I assumed the position of Regional Unit Leader as of October 1, 2012, I am delighted to report that this has been an exciting and interesting year. Serving the membership of New Jersey has proven to be very gratifying, to say the least. Being blessed with an extremely competent Executive Board has made serving the membership an easy task.



Sadly, we are losing one of the members. Howard Tilis who served the members for five years as treasurer has resigned. Howard served competently and did a magnificent job as caretaker of our funds, and we will miss him. (Howard, for the moment, will continue to accept dues checks.) Fortunately, Jose Gneco has agreed to fulfill the position of treasurer while continuing to be the Membership Committee Chair since the responsibilities of each position are closely related. I and the Executive Board wish him well in his new undertaking.

Last year we began awarding door prizes at our meetings. Perhaps that accounts for the increase in our membership, which is at an all time high! So far, we have awarded theater tickets and restaurant gift cards and will continue to offer more door prizes at our meetings. If you have any suggestions, please let us know.

The New Jersey Unit held its annual luncheon on June 4, 2013, at the Radisson Hotel. For the members who attended, and it was a very large turnout, it was very informative to hear our President, Ernest Logan, bring us up to date about on issues related to the CSA organization.

I am happy to announce that we have more dues paying members than ever thanks to the efforts of the Executive Board members who personally called members urging them to join the Unit so that they would continue to receive the benefits of the Unit and to receive much needed information from the meetings and from the Newsletter.

This summer many of our members traveled the world to such places as Italy, Japan, Alaska, California and the midwest. Thanks to Robin Small a group of us traveled to Ogdensburg, NJ to visit the Sterling Mine and Museum. What an interesting trip this was! We enjoyed learning about the lives of the miners and experiencing the environs of the mines. The camaraderie of the 26 members on the bus and at lunch was remarkable. Whenever Robin plans a trip, be sure to attend. Her trips are wonderful and always very interesting. The Unit was able to pay for a minibus to take the members on this 2 and 1/2 hour journey. It was a very worthwhile experience.

*(continued on next page)*

*(Message from the Regional Unit Leader, continued)*

On October 8, 2013, we will hold our annual buffet breakfast at 9:30 at the Radisson Hotel in Freehold. The Unit is subsidizing this event to keep your costs at \$10.00. Guest speakers include State Senator Linda Greenstein and Assemblymen Wayne De Angelo and Dan Benson. Also attending will be Mark Brodsky, Director of the Retiree Chapter and Gayle Lockett, Chair of the Retiree Chapter. Door Prizes will be awarded at this event. Be sure to attend and maybe you'll be a winner!

On November 13, 2013 from 1 to 3 PM at Waterside Villas in Monroe Township, the Unit will hold its first Health Fair thanks to the efforts of Sherri Tabachnik. This Health Fair is a joint venture with the CSA Welfare Fund (Dr. Douglas Hathaway) and the Outreach Program of the Princeton Health Care System. You will be receiving a flyer in the near future with details for the Health Fair. Please save the date and be sure to attend. Prizes will definitely be awarded at the Health Fair.

Watch your mail and email for information on our meetings and please be sure to mail in your dues. We use the dues money to subsidize the buffet breakfast, luncheon, door prizes and buses for trips whenever possible.

As always, I and the Executive Board look forward to greeting you at the upcoming meetings and to working with you and for you.

Lucille Vecchiarelli, Regional Unit Leader (luluvecch@gmail.com or 732.919.1801)

**November 13, 2013—1:00pm to 3:00pm**

**Health Fair**

**(featuring Doug Hathaway)**

**Waterside Villas, 1 Overlook Drive,**

**Monroe Township, NJ**

**(next to The Ponds Community)**

**Don't forget—it's that time of year again! Please send your membership dues for the year 2014. Dues remain at \$15. This includes all the usual benefits, including a one-year subscription to the CSA/New Jersey Newsletter. Don't miss out on the benefits, and don't let your subscription to the newsletter lapse.**

**For those attending the fall breakfast, send a \$10 check. To pay your dues, send a \$15 check. To do both, please send separate checks. All checks should be payable to:**

**CSA Retiree Chapter/NJ Region**

**Dr. Howard Tilis, Treasurer**

**CSA Retiree Chapter/NJ Region**

**33 Balmoral Drive, Jackson, NJ 08527**

# Come Travel with Us!

By Robin Small

Have you ever traveled with CSA New Jersey Retirees ?

It was about four/five years ago that I was drafted to become the "Cultural Chair" of our organization. I say drafted because I am not sure how it came about, but nevertheless here we are and we do travel to different places. We began with a trip to the American Museum of Natural History the first year and toured the museum and planetarium exhibits with a docent and my husband, who became our second docent because he used to work there. It was great to go to such a wonderful institution because they have some of the best gems, dinosaurs, dioramas, etc. in the world. The Planetarium ranks also as one of the top Planetaria in the world.

We have also gone as a group to Thomas Edison's laboratory in West Orange, NJ and to his house in Glenmont. Edison was an exceptional man, who had so many discoveries and patents. The lab had just reopened after a remodeling and was set up as a self guided tour with headphones explaining the exhibits. I personally have been there quite a few times and have never tired of the exhibits. Edison's house in Glenmont was in the first gated community in the United States. How progressive New Jersey was back then! We also have visited the Grounds for Sculpture in Hamilton, which to me is a fabulous outdoor museum. I am sure everyone had a favorite sculpture after touring. The group was divided in two and a docent led each. After lunch, we were on our own. A small group of us followed Iris Miller, one of our members, who had been in the other group. She then led us around what she had toured as if she were our docent. What a great job Iris did.

We also have traveled to a little unknown gem in New Jersey. It is the Princeton Art Museum on the grounds of Princeton University. Again, two docents led our group around the museum giving us a terrific tour and behind the scenes commentary. A group of us then went to lunch in downtown Princeton. I took a hiatus last year because I was in the middle of a move and that consumed my whole season. But, we planned a wonderful experience for this year.

In August, we traveled to the Sterling Hill Mine and Museum in Ogdensburg, New Jersey. We went by mini bus subsidized by CSA NJ Retirees. The trip was almost two hours away in Northwest New Jersey. We explored a zinc mine. Our guide was wonderful. He had worked in mines during his life and was a geologist. The information he gave us was so interesting that many of us gained a great deal of knowledge as to the mining industry. We also toured their museum with incredibly beautiful specimens of many kinds of rocks. Many were donated by Oreck, the vacuum cleaner magnate. What a gorgeous collection he gave to the museum. Then we went into the Thomas S. Warren Museum of Fluorescence. You should have heard the comments when we looked at the specimens under ultra violet lights. Everyone had fun too, checking their own gems under the fluorescent lights. The tour lasted about 2 1/2 hours. Then we were off to lunch. Everyone seemed to enjoy their meals and we headed back to central New Jersey.

One special addition to the last trip was a breakfast hosted by Dani and Steve Porter at their home. We all left our cars there to meet the mini bus. Thank you Dani and Steve.

As one can see, our trips are diverse, something for everyone. I doubt if any one had even heard of the Sterling Hill Mining Museum before I mentioned going there. I had gone in May for the first time and

thought...what a fine place to take our group.

I challenge you, our members, to come up with a viable trip with a broad level of interest, help me present it to the board, plan it with me and let's get more people involved. I guarantee, you will make new friends, renew old acquaintances, and explore interesting places. I can be reached at: [rob503@optonline.net](mailto:rob503@optonline.net)

"Happy trails to you, until we meet again".



## CSA GOES MINING

By Sylvia Schechter

On a beautiful Monday morning  
With Robin at the helm  
We gathered for our mining trip  
Going into another realm,

But first we had a morning snack  
So tasty - at the Porter's  
And took some nibbles for the trip  
And didn't forget our water.

We rode by bus to Ogdensburg  
Sterling Mountain Mine our goal  
That once mined zinc and other  
ores  
And we descended down the hole.

We saw a multitude of stones  
And sculptures that were made  
And zinc and copper and even  
gold  
And Statue of Liberty made of  
jade.

A retired miner was our guide  
So knowledgeable and erudite  
He challenged us to find some  
stones  
And hold them to the light.

What looked like ordinary rocks  
Became scarlet, green and teal  
But what I thought was a diamond  
ring  
Turned out not to be real!

We learned about the miner's life  
The hardship and the work  
And walking through the darkened  
tunnels  
The many dangers that could lurk.

Upon returning up above  
To light and warmth and sun  
While we learned and liked this  
mining trip  
We think teaching was more fun!

Thank you to Robin and  
the Porters!



CSA New Jersey Retirees exploring the Sterling Mine

## VIRGINS IN THE SUN

Paul Treatman

I was completing my fifth year as an elementary school principal in Brownsville, Brooklyn in 1967 when New York University gave me, and my wife Elaine, an offer we could not refuse: Would I like to be appointed for a one or two year gig as resident director of an NYU-College of the Virgin Islands teacher education project sited in St. Thomas? Of course! We took the job, rented a home on Crown Mountain overlooking the Caribbean, rented out our home in Canarsie, packed and shipped 2400 pounds of our things and a Dodge Dart to St. Thomas, and flew off into the sun that summer.

It was a honey of a job that was interrupted one day when the Fifty-ninth Governors Conference invaded the island. It was the fiftieth anniversary of the U.S. acquisition of the Virgin Islands from Denmark and Governor Ralph Paiewonsky wanted to celebrate and score a public relations coup in a single stroke. He had labored frenetically for months to arrange this visit and to prepare a lavish million dollar-plus welcome for the forty-five governors who were arriving on the SS Independence of the now defunct American Export Isbrandtsen Line.

Paiewonsky had secured financial commitments from not only the Islands' treasury, but also from a variety of Dow-level corporations and the Ford Foundation. Streets in Charlotte Amalie that needed paving were paved. The waterfront promenade was adorned with new benches, colorful awnings fixed overhead; and huge cylindrical planters that were actually sections of concrete sewer pipe set onto the walk at intervals.

A holiday from school was declared and I decided to take the family to the West Indian Dock early in the afternoon to sample the action. I drove the government-assigned Volks because I reasoned that the official emblem on its door would move us through the filter (Security? What security?). With precautionary overkill I clipped my College of the Virgin Islands laminated ID card onto my shirt pocket. A friendly guard waved us on as we passed through the gate at the dock. We parked near the ship and immediately immersed ourselves in the hubbub.



Reporters and cameramen, wearing badges bearing logos of CBS, ABC, and other more unfamiliar alphabet soup combinations worked the crowd of St. Thomians, “continentals” (like us), and alien islanders. School children and adults bought drinks at an improvised refreshment stand; and others stood in the shade of a large communications shed built on the dock for this occasion by International Telephone and Telegraph and the Virgin Islands Telephone Corporation.

At this time many of the governors and their wives were already relaxing at beach resorts or wending their way back to the ship to prepare for an extravagant evening bash at Magens Bay Beach. While waiting for them to return, we toured the elegantly appointed vessel, spending some time in the press room where reporters clicked out convention stories and charming Pan Am hostesses gave us bowstring bags as souvenirs. We leaned over a lower deck railing and saw some governors starting to arrive in the individual automobiles assigned to them – drivers included-by the Virgin Islands Government. When California Governor Ronald Reagan and his Nancy stepped out of their vehicle, my exuberant wife Elaine rushed down the gangplank, the children and I trailing after her, and grabbed Reagan forcefully, knocking him momentarily off balance. She asked, “May I help you, sir?” Help? She nearly toppled him into the water. A good sport, Reagan lost neither his smile nor his composure. We shook hands with the Reagans and then had to surrender him to the mobs of well-wishers demanding his autograph. I also recognized Connally of Texas and Rhodes of Ohio as they emerged from their autos and they too were besieged.

In the late afternoon, hundreds of cars- government, private and taxis – streamed up and down the mountainsides with headlights beaming to signify that this was the governors' motorcade to Magens Bay Beach. Elaine and I were in my Government Volks. The site of the party was a magnificent palm grove where blue and green floodlights hung from near the tops of coconut trees. Rows of tables positioned between rows of palms were already set with silverware and cups. Serving tables sagged under 600

barbecued chickens, 800 pounds of roast beef, 200 pounds of potatoes, six bushels of green peppers, 300 poppyseed rolls, and more. The food was supplied by the now defunct Virgin Isles Hilton Hotel and paid for by Coca Cola and the government. It was a boffo buffet like nothing I had ever seen or tasted before the event or after. On the beach nearby stood three bars – drinks unlimited- lit by flickering torches and nestled between sea-grape trees.

A steel drum band on the sand played calypso melodies. Governor Romney of Michigan stood by watching and listening, transfixed. The humongous party was entertained by a combo called Milo and the Kings, a Caribbean chorale and a singer, Damita Jo. Columnist Art Buchwald, serving as M.C., provided a number of laughs, especially when he commented that, had the Independence sunk, forty-five lieutenant governors would have been made happy. When I again noticed the Reagans, I secured the future President's autograph on the outsized menu card that had been given to all celebrants.

But buried beneath the veneer of all the festivities related to the governors' visit was a tragic accident that befell the Paiewonsky families a week before the Mogens Bay party. Off the coast of Puerto Rico, Isidor Paiewonsky's son Riise and other young men were rehearsing a sky diving show planned as a spectacular welcome for the S.S. Independence, Riise, seventeen, hit the water and drowned under his parachute, and the sky show was cancelled. Virgin Islands Governor Ralph Paiewonsky, brother of Isidor, submerged the tragedy under his public persona during the celebrations while Isidor, of course, sat shiva.

Tired of partying, we left for Crown Mountain a bit early to avoid the inevitable traffic jam. The next day, the Independence sailed for St. Croix and I returned to work.

(Paul Treatman is a past president of the CSA Regional Unit.)

**OCTOBER 8, 2013—9:30am to 11:30am**

**Buffet Breakfast Meeting**

**Freehold Radisson Hotel**

**Cost: \$10 (send to Howard Tilis, see p. 7)**

**Special Guest speakers:**

**State Senator Linda Greenstein**

**Assemblyman Dan Benson**

**Assemblyman Wayne De Angelo**

**Excerpt from LAST CHANCE HIGH SCHOOL: *A Principal's Crusade to Rescue Throwaway Teens***

(A recently published memoir by chapter member Harold Golubtchik, Ed.D.—available on Amazon.com)

Meeting the Student Council

I'll never forget my first meeting with the newly formed Student Council that took place several weeks into my first Fall term. The meeting was held in my office, and the agenda was, *Meet the New Principal*. At 9:05, seven volunteers, five somber-faced boys and two expressionless girls, marched into my office in single file. Two of them were clutching yellow pads. The assistant principal and dean of discipline were also present. A preprinted name tag was given to each student as they took seats around the rectangular conference table. I was about to introduce myself and explain the agenda, when Eric, a 16-year-old council member, beat me to the punch.“

So, you're the new principal?" He paused.

“Ain't no big deal.” Another dramatic pause.

“Know why? 'Cause all you teachers and principals are only here to collect your paycheck.”

Wait a minute, I thought. I was the boss. Shouldn't I be in control of this meeting and set the agenda and the tone? A gut feeling held me back.

When I was sure he had finished, I asked, “Why do you say that?”

“'Cause you're always playin' us. Check it out. Bein' in this place is like serving a life sentence, man. You all been sayin' that if we act better, you'll get us back to general ed schools. But look at us. We're here for two, three years, and we ain't seen one of us go back. Even when we act OK, nobody remembers. Maybe we were out of control in 3rd or 4th grade, and that's when they put us in special ed. But we ain't the same now. We don't do the same s—t we did then. But it don't matter what we do. We're still gonna stay in special ed, so what's the point of even tryin'?”

The muttering that followed confirmed Eric's words. I cleared my throat, trying desperately to sound confident and find the right words.

“Other students have told me that they're frustrated and angry at being in special education classes or schools, but none explained it as clearly as you. Look, I'm new here. You don't know me yet and I don't know you yet. What you're saying sounds reasonable, and it's very possible that you are absolutely right. The truth of the matter is that at this minute I have no answer for you. I would appreciate it if you would give me a chance to check this out. Let's meet one week from today, same time. In the meantime, I'll try to figure out what is going on and what we can do to fix it.”

Juakeen, age 17, jumped in. “Alright, man. That's cool. But if you're gonna check things out, check out the graduation bulls—t, too. You guys think we're stupid, don't you? You think we don't know that nobody graduates from this place? Maybe they leave the school, but I'm talkin' about a high school diploma. True, we get a graduation ceremony every year. There's some speeches, somebody ends up singin' some corny song, and kids even go up and get a piece of paper. But we know it ain't real.”

(**Harold** is a career educator who has worked as a teacher, director of staff development, district administrator, and principal of both special and general education schools. He is now a professor at Brooklyn College's Educational Leadership Program.)



# THE NEWSLETTER

of the CSA Retiree Chapter, New Jersey Region

Quick Quiz: Can you name these people? (At least one was a NYC Schools Chancellor.)

Answer in next issue. The chancellor pictured in the *previous* issue was Richard Green (March 1988– May 1989).



CSA Retiree Chapter  
New Jersey Region  
9 Edie Lane  
Howell, NJ 07731

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(Cost: \$10)  
Freehold Radisson  
October 8—9:30-11:30

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Waterside Villas  
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November 13—1:00-3:00

