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AT MY KITCHEN WINDOW

Mary Lukomnik

At my window
A blushing begonia, thick with pink petals
A small tangle of basil
Two narcissi growing green stalks upward
Supporting balls of white stars.

Beyond my window
Rampant winds bending tall trees.
Buffeting rains storming brick walls.
A blue jay, gale blown, sounds one lonely
distress caw
Winter furies transform red-gold October
into cold grey November.

Within me
Seeing the pink, green, white on my window sill
Smelling sweet scent of narcissus, tangy spice of
basil,
Within me, clearly a clarion call
A cosmic pledge, spring sings hallelujah!

In Autumn, before our gardens change to winter-brown and grey, the gardeners rescue flowering plants and share them among our neighbor-cooperators. The lovely pink begonia, which I received, in contrast to a howling storm over our central garden, inspired this poem. When I sent the poem to "Co-op News", I was invited by Lynn Silver, Educational Direct to start a literary journal. I, in turn, invited Betty Garbus.

We sent out a call for writers and artists which has resulted in our well-accepted "Co-op Voices". More than twenty-five writers and artists have been published in each of two issues. Our writers' workshop, an outgrowth of editoria tasks, found a knowledgeable leader in Peretz Kaminsky. Peretz also took resposibility for the technical production of "Co-op Voices".

We thank our cooperative community for the opportunity of publishing literary material. We hope you will enjoy this anniversary issue as much as we have enjoyed working together to produce "Co-op Voices".

BEGINNINGS
Mary Lukomnik

In October,1944,we moved into the Amalgamated. "We" consisted of three, my husband, Joe, David, a thirteen month toddler, and me. Add a few pieces of furniture including a desk, a day bed which was to be our living room couch, bookcases, a card table to eat on, a bed and a crib. Now add on 53 cartons, 26 loaded with books and 27 filled with household articles and clothing.

We wanted a good place to bring up our youngster and we felt that the Amalgamated Cooperative's environment and population would be fine. Since we had been living in a dark cramped apartment, in a Manhattan single room neighborhood, we considered ourselves lucky to get one of the two available apartments. We had only 600 of the 2,000 dollar equity payment but the Credit Union arranged to keep our shares until we repaid our loan. We, immediately, felt the pleasure of living in the Cooperative. All arrangements were completed. The walls were to be painted by the house painter in "Amalgamated" white, "Easier to cover with one coat next time". We were to get window shades and a new toilet seat as was customary for each new cooperator at that time.

We chose the fourth floor walk-up in the T building as against the fourth floor walk-up in the O building because the T apartment had views to the East as well as the West. We would have sunlight all day long.

As soon as the moving men deposited our belongings and left, Joe lay down on the daybed in the living room, saying that he didn't feel well. At the same moment, my parents, who had moved into the Cooperative in 1936, walked in the door. They brought a huge bouquet of fall flowers which they placed on the desk near the window. Seeing how sick Joe was, they took David down the hill, to their apartment in the Ninth Building and phoned the Workmen's Circle doctor. He diagnosed a severe case of bronchial pneumonia. "Nothing to be done but bed rest and to make the patient comfortable. And where are the shades to lessen the the glare of sunlight?" Joe ran a high fever. The bright sunlight, pouring through unshaded windows, hurt his eyes.

I ran down four flights of stairs,down the three blocks to the Seventh Building Amalgamated office. I asked for shades. "It's too late in the day. Tomorrow you'll get the shades. Yes, tomorrow morning." Joe had 103 temperature the next day. Shades didn't come. I ran down the four flights, down the three blocks, into the office. "We've been very busy. Certainly, by four o'clock today." I dragged myself up the three blocks, up the four flights of stairs. I waited. At four thirty, I was repeating the now familiar run. "No, the service men didn't have time to make shades."

The next morning, I decided that despite my fear of being seen as a nag and a bad cooperator, I must speak to Mr. Shallin, Assistant Manager. I arrived in the office at nine o'clock. "Mr Shallin will see you shortly." I waited and waited.

I remember sitting on a wooden bench with people passing by, nobody looking at me, nobody trying to help me. I felt myself a nonperson. I began crying. I tried to stop, but I couldn't. A bushy-haired man, bending over me, gently asked me why I was crying. I told him how sick Joe was, my many trips to get shades and how long I had been waiting.

Mr. Liebman introduced himself and said that he would get the shades for the living room by four o'clock that afternoon, even if he had to make the shades himself. I didn't quite believe him but not knowing what else to do, I trudged up the hill and up the stairs again.

I had given up on the shades when Mr. Liebman didn't show up at the promised time. However, at six o'clock, our apartment bell rang. There he was, puffing from climbing the four flights; a fairly slim,

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grey-haired, bright-eyed, kind looking man. I wanted to take the shades from him but he held on to them, offering to hang them. He came into the room: piles of belongings, boxes, some opened, some still sealed, bookcases standing askew, a sheet hanging over a window, attempting to keep the sun light out, a table lamp, near Joe's bed, on the floor. Not at all the way I wanted to present our home to the Educational Director of the Amalgamated.

Joe waved his hand weakly, and turned his face to the wall, unable to greet anyone with enthusiasm.

Mr. Liebman got to work, hanging shades. He had clear access to one window and hung that shade. The other window was blocked by the desk and flowers. "What shall I do with these flowers?" asked Mr. Liebman. "Oh! Just throw them out the window," I answered, meaning, "In this mess, it makes no difference where flowers are placed."

Well! I felt a surge of silence. I turned to look at Mr. Liebman. This kind, gentle person had changed into a hanging judge. "In the Amalgamated, WE do not throw things out of the window!. Where do YOU come from? Coney Island? The East Side? There, they throw things out of the window. WE do not throw garbage out of windows. WE do not throw flowers out of windows. WE do not air sheets on window sills. WE do not air pillows on window sills."

I tried to stop this tirade of righteous indignation but Herman Liebman could never be stopped when he felt it necessary to defend or promote the welfare of our Cooperative. I assured him that I never threw anything out of windows; that my parents never threw things out of windows. Furthermore, I was sure that even my grandparents (whom I had never met), who had lived in Poland, didn't throw garbage out of windows.

Finally, when I promised on my word of honor, never to throw anything out of windows nor even think of that possibility, Mr. Liebman quieted down, and with a triumphant smile returned to hanging the shade. Mr Liebman left with my heartfelt thanks, not only because he had gone out of his way to help us, but his sincerity, in our personal comedy of errors, built feelings of trust and community. And to be really truthful, I, despite Herman's passion, found it a particularly funny incident.

Joe recovered. Our family grew from three to five during the twelve years that we lived in First Building T. As we grew older, the steps got harder. We moved to the Fourteenth Building. The children left, as children should, to make their own households. Joe died. Grandchildren were born. Through all the 48 years of change, our Co-op gave me security of community and place.
The Amalgamated Co-op, my home!

AMALGAHAIKUS
Marcel Kshensky

1.
Trees curve a boarder.
Looking more closely, squirrels
Madly race the sky.

2.
New kids hanging out
On fields to flee cityscape,
Golf course heaven.

3.
Late at night, street hush,
Deegan River rushing by,
Kiss before leaving.

4.
Born of a union,
Chalkmarks on rolls of fabric,
Etch lines for our lives.

RETIRING TO THE AMALGAMATED

by Peretz Kaminsky

Burnout.

It's like everything is too much.

Nothing is enjoyable or satisfying. So this is what it's like when the time to retire finally rolls around. I was going to work until I turned seventy-five, and here I was biting the hand that fed me, and hating the taste of it.

At the beginning of that year (1986), I made up my mind that I would face the unknowable world of idleness. It couldn't be as bad as working. I estimated that by my seventieth birthday I would be finished with all the projects upon which I had been working, that I would put my hat on my head, take my feet in my hands, and run for my life.

I made it two months beyond my target date -- sort of -- that is, I stopped going down into Manhattan each and every day of the working week. Do you know how it is when you get some really alive chewing gum on the fingers of one hand, and you try to pull it off with the fingers of the other? That's how it was with the end of my working days. I dragged myself down once or twice a week. That chewing gum was surely a mess to get rid of, but it finally happened. I got out! FREE!

Now I would have time to sit with all my nicelooking, retired neighbors and talk for fire and for water...to gossip about everything in the world. I would have time to become a full time poet, (I've been doing it part time for most of my life). I would have the time for concerts and theaters, for exhibitions and lectures. I would even have time to pester my grandchildren with gifts they didn't need or want. Did you do such things? Neither did I.

Back then, and still, my dearest friend and closest enemy, was and is, Judah Goldstein. Back then Judah was still director of the Joint Community Activities Committee. If you have ever taken a ride through Central Park in one of those horse drawn carriages, then you know they come equipped with long thin whips that can do real damage in the hands of a sadist. The drivers never use them on the horses. The horses are to be rushed. My friend Judah -- he had such a whip reserved especially for me. What he did was, he volunteered me to lead poetry workshops with the kids in P.S. 95. Actually he did this when I was still working. When I started it going I thought it would be too much to do -- and what did I know about teaching kids anything? And what did he want from me anyhow? Since I was afraid of the whip he kept hidden in his mouth, I did it! I took it on, and surprise of surprises, I loved it. The work was such an enjoyment that it sped up my retiring. Teaching was so exciting that I spent three mornings a week in school and cut my time on the job. Commuting between such charged up excitement and the drudgery of catalogue design pushed me over the edge.

Now, in 1992, my retirement is lots and looks like this. I try to get some writing done most days, and usually succeed. CO-OP VOICES is seeing to it that I have some ongoing responsibility to the community. The interesting arguments and discussions with the dedicated and talented participants in the workshops is a great and ongoing satisfaction.

THE LAST BREAKFAST

by

Szloma Kowarski

1917-1994

Translated from Yiddish by Mary Lukomnik

"Go, children, go and may God help you." He stands in the courtyard, this gray haired Jew. He is between us, my brother on one side, Rochel and I on the other.

It's early morning. The ghetto wall seems even more dreadfully constricting today. They say that Latvians and Ukrainians, the avid assistants of the Germans, have surrounded the wall and are waiting for the command to eliminate all Vilna Jews.

My father stands in the yard. He has come down the stairs with us, escorting us to...even we don't know our destination. It has been several days since the Germans forbade our going to work outside the ghetto walls. We had been mobilized by the United Partisan Organization and had been sitting and sleeping at 6 Strashun Street. Waiting for what? We don't know. This is the end. How should we prepare ourselves? We must escape through the sewers and meet the Partisans in the Rudiniki Woods.

My brother Motel is in the room. He stands wrapped in tallith and tephillin praying. I wait. He has almost finished Kaddish for his wife and child, whom He left shot, dead in a ditch, beyond New Veleika. He continues saying Kaddish for our mother who is no longer with us.

Father moves around the room. He's been up since early morning, has already said his prayers. He prepares hot water. For what? He seems entirely untroubled. Fire encircles the ghetto, yet Father looks with gray, calm eyes at Rochel and me. He prepares the last breakfast, tea with bread, for his remaining family. Mother has entered the eternal world. My sister had left with a group, a long time ago, to fight in the Narotch Woods. We are the four left. I wait restlessly for my brother to finish his prayers. I have no patience. A fire burns within me.

Rochel moves, empties a bag, shakes out sand left over from carrying several shriveled potatoes from work. I see that she puts into the bag a shirt, a sweater, underwear, her blue knit dress. Her mother gave her the dress when Rochel escaped Warsaw.

Rochel, living in the ghetto for the last two years, has had no opportunity to wear the dress. She must carry her mother's gift on this final journey. She moves around the room looking for something else to take with her. We have nothing more.

Meanwhile, Motel finishes praying. He immediately asks, "Well did you go to the doctor? I don't know what to answer. We're facing impending death and he asks about the state of my health. He looks squarely into my eyes and stubbornly waits for an answer. "Yes," I answer. "I went."

"And what did he say?" I find it had to answer with the doctor's abstract words. Death is all-encompassing and I find it difficult to talk about life. "And so, what did he advise?"

"He said if I leave, there's a fifty percent chance that my lungs will hold up despite my serious lung inflammation. And if I stay..." I don't know how to finish my sentence. Many people are staying. My father is staying. The doctor said, frankly, that if I stay in the ghetto, I have a small chance of staying alive. How can I say all this? There's a lump in my throat. I can't express my thoughts.

Motel looks at me, understands my motion or regret and says, "Go with Rochel and may God help you."

"What do you mean go! What about you?" Motel raises his head, stands up, says decisively. "I'm staying with Father. What happens to him, happens to me."

I interrupt. "What do you mean? You're a member of the partisan organization just like Rochel and me."

"Yes," says he. "Up to this moment, I was a responsible member. Now I break discipline."

I look into his eyes, questioning. I can't say the words. He understands my gaze: How can you possibly help Father? Motel looks up looks around, gazes at Father, lowers his head, looks at the floor for an answer. "I don't know, but I go with Father. I left my dearest, my wife and child, in the ditch. The only ones left are you and Father. You go and I'll take care of Father. His fate will be mine. Despite all, it'll be easier for him to be with me."

Father puts the tea on the able., sits quietly for a while. I see my father has withered. In the several years spent in the ghetto, he has become completely gray and seems much smaller. "Perhaps you should really go with them. I'll take care of myself and God will help me," my father says through clenched lips.

I try with all my strength to influence my brother by staring deep into his eyes. Rochel stands silently. Looks at Motel, at Father, her face reflecting an unanswerable question. The deadly silence and immobility chokes us all. Father interrupts the silence, "Children, let's eat. It's getting late. Nobody knows what time it is. But we all know, every moment brings horror.

We seat ourselves at the table. The last time we will eat together. We cannot sit but we don't want to leave the table. Every moment is an eternity.

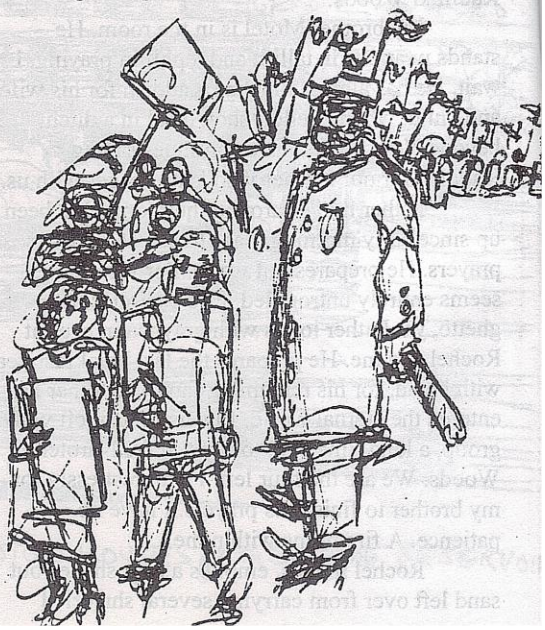
I gaze at my father. He catches my fearful glance and answers with a blessing. "Blessed is the bread that grows from the earth." The situation is grave but the blessing strengthens me. I feel in Father's blessing a spark of hope. Somehow, I feel a little easier. I try to eat more quickly, but I can't swallow. It's our final breakfast but one must eat. There isn't much time and there isn't much food. There are even less words. We don't know who is correct. We cannot think clearly. Furthermore, the partisan organization had ordered us to escape the ghetto through sewers to fight in the forest. Despite all, I want to convince my brother that it is impossible to help Father. The words stick in my throat. I can't mouth the words, "You can't help Father." Yet I know there is no help for those who fall into the hands of the German murderers.

I stand up from my seat. Rochel also stands up. It's so hard to leave that table. We must force ourselves. Rochel takes the few rags. My left hand is bandaged because of a bullet wound received a few days earlier. I feel for the small revolver in my pocket. I have it . I go to the door. Father stands at the door, asks us to sit down for a moment, "for a good trip." How good can this trip be? We are leaving Father and brother at the mercy of murderers. Motel turns away, tears in his eyes. I force myself, with all my strength, not to cry. Rochel wipes her eyes. I can't bear leaving my family, yet I offer my right hand to my brother. Without words, we make our farewells. Father follows us. We go down the steps. He follows. We are in the courtyard. He stops. The look in his eyes, full of sorrow, yet trusting, accompanies me to this very day.

After the war, when I returned with my partisan company, I immediately went to where I had left my father and brother, the yard of Deitche #31. The house is completely burnt. I looked at the ruins. It seemed to me that there, between the burned scattered bricks, stands the gray haired Jew with his bright warm gaze looking at me.

Many years have passed. I feel that Father is still standing in the courtyard of Deitche #31 and that my brother Motel, at the window, is watching us.

Rochel and Szloma were cooperators for more than thirty years. Their two children, Miriam and Sam grew up in our Co-op.



A STORY AND A POEM
by
Betty Gee Garbus

REVOLUTION IN THE SUPERMARKET

The scene was a Broadway supermarket on a Saturday morning at the deli counter.

I was waiting for my number to come up and making note of the SPECIALS cards displayed over the counter. My husband's favorite - sliced turkey breast - was on a card as $4.49 PER LB. But something was wrong. The bottom of the sign read: "Regular Price: $3.99 PER LB."

The deli counter was crowded with women shoppers and very noisy. When my number came up I had to raise my voice.

"HOW COME YOUR TURKEY BREAST IS ON SPECIAL AT 4.49 WHEN THE REGULAR PRICE IS 3.99?"

At that moment I noticed a sudden hush over the crowd. A dozen pairs of eyes were on me and my question to the deli clerk. The clerk looked stunned. He whispered something to the deli clerk next to him who said "I'll get the manager."

Now everyone was waiting for the manager. He arrived with the deli clerk. I pointed to the offending card. The manager stood there and slowly considered the matter. The crowd was muttering. They sounded hostile. I thought of the women of Moscow in 1917, revolting over the price of bread. When the manager finally said to the clerk, "Okay, charge her 3.99 a pound," a cry of victory went up and at least twenty women shoppers applauded.

PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION

1. Women in a Green Coat

A greyhaired woman
is rushing down the street
wearing a flowered bandanna.

Underneath her rumpled green
coat there is a life of
spiked tenderness.

2. Store With Red Oranges

The shopkeeper in white gloves
stands behind her counter
eating a lemon.

I cross to her side
of the of the street to buy
strawberries and oranges.

The store is quiet.
I feel the cool air
on the broccoli leaves.

3. Magician

See that man with a cane?
He looks like somebody's grandfather
but he's really a charmer of wits
and words.

His cane is a magic trick
that will turn you upside down
so you can walk on the ceiling
and watch golden elephants
bouncing in the clouds.

MY HERITAGE
by
Bertha Oestreich

Part I
My Mother Frada

My mother Frada Lubin Sack was a feisty little woman, way ahead of her time. She was short and stocky with dark, thick and curly hair. It was so long she could sit on it. She had small, deep-set brown eyes and a snub nose, slightly turned up at the tip.

Frada had boundless and intelligence. She was vocal in her fight against injustice and the exploitation of workers. When she came to this country , she worked in a sweatshop for three dollars a week. She was a born nurse, and whenever there was illness in the family, she was there to help. When I was a child, I remember that our home was a stopping-off station for relatives and friends arriving from Russia. I can still see Mother standing at the washboard and scrubbing their heavy woolen underwear. The immigrants would stay with us until Mother found them an apartment and they got a job. She survived illness and poverty and she would not let me drop out of college when my father lost his job. She was truly a strong, independent woman, a feminist way ahead of her time.

At eighty years of age, Frada was in night school getting the elementary school diploma that circumstances of life had not allowed her earlier. When she graduated in the spring of 1953, three articles by my mother were published in Night Shift, the student magazine of Evening Elementary School 80 in New York City.

My sixteen year old son and I attended her graduation which was interesting and unique, since all the graduates were adults. Among them were a rabbi and a concert pianist who later played for the graduates and their guests. Many of the students came to school right from work and they were enthusiastic and eager to learn. When my mother ascended the stage to receive her diploma -- and an American Legion medal for history and civics -- her teacher, a tall young man, bent down and kissed her. After Frada made an impromptu speech, telling how thankful she felt to her adopted country, my son turned to the woman seated in back of him and proudly exclaimed, "THAT'S MY GRANDMA!" Mother was difficult. Her domineering and blunt ways accounted for the fact that she had few friends. She got along better with men and enjoyed playing chess with my father and her nephew, although the latter tried her patience because he took an inordinately long time to make a move on the chessboard.

Frada was devoted to her grandchildren and liked to tell them stories. Their favorite was "Joseph and his Brethren." When she came to the sad parts, her voice quivered and her eyes filled with tears.

My mother lived to the age of one hundred and ten and died in the Workmen's Circle Home for the Aged. She remained feisty to the end. When the dentist at the Home was rude to her, she told him, "It isn't enough to be a dentist! You also have to be a mensch!"

Part II
Memories of My Father

When I was a little girl, my father would teach me Russian songs. We would lie side by side on the "lounge" in the dining room and sing at the top of our lungs. The "lounge" was a count with a raised head-rest. It was made of a shiny material which was a substitute for leather. It was hard as a rock. I know, because I slept on it at night, since we had two boarders, the Forman brothers, and only two bedrooms. Papa would translate the song, one line at a time, so that I should understand what I was singing. I still remember one or two of the songs, and sometimes I hum them as I do my housework.

My father, Hillel Sack, was a handsome man. Of medium height and slender, he had thick black, curly hair, sky blue eyes and fair skin. He had a wonderful sense of humor and a warm, pleasing personality. I was so proud of him when he was Chairman of the Workmen's Circle National Convention. Not only was he an effective public speaker and needed no notes, he could make rhymes on the spur of the moment. Members of the audience would yell out a topic and Papa would make up an appropriate poem, complete with rhymes.

My father was one of the original founds of the Workmen's Circle, a fraternal organization. In later years, he traveled all over the United States to organize new branches. He was editor of various monthly literary magazines and a writer of articles and poetry for Yiddish journals. Papa worked as auditor for the Workmen's Circle in the Forward Building on East Broadway on the lower East Side.

I was eleven years old when my father took me to his office on a Sunday morning, right after the Triangle Shirtwaist Fire -- March 25, 1911. It was bedlam in the office. Hundreds of people were milling about, desperately trying to obtain burial plots for members of their family who were victims of the disaster. to obtain burial plots for members of their family who were victims of the disaster.

One hundred forty six garment workers, mostly women, perished. Girls were jumping out of windows. Corpses littered the pavement. Four hours later the fire was finally extinguished.

Papa and I would go for a walk in Central Park early in the morning in the winter. He would place my hand in his pocket to keep it warm. When we felt chilled by the cold north wind, we would seek shelter in one of the greenhouses on One Hundred Sixth Street and Fifth Avenue, usually the one which housed tropical plants, trees and flowers. The damp warmth would hit us suddenly as we entered and it felt very welcome in contrast to the cold air outside.

In December, 1930, my father died of a heart attack here in the Amalgamated. He had been a heavy smoker. I was devastated. He and I had a very close relationship. We were on the same wave length, in spite of his occasional spurts of temper. I dressed in black from head to toe, quit teaching temporarily and refused to go out. The Workmen's Circle wanted to have his body lie in state at the Forward Building, but my mother refused and his body was taken to Vladeck Auditorium to be viewed by the public. His funeral was almost military in its aspect. There were two rows of men facing each other on Van Cortlandt Park South, about eight feet apart. The coffin was carried by the pallbearers in the space between the two rows of men. It was most impressive. Papa was buried in the Mount Carmel Cemetery, alongside Abraham Cahan, former editor of The Forward and B. Charney Vladeck, union leader.

Two by Mildred Kaminsky

WORDS AND PICTURES

Words and images
express themselves
one way or another,
sometime or other.
If my waking hours
do not provide me
with opportunities
to say all the words,
to express all the pictures;
I lie in bed during the night,
neither asleep nor awake.

With my eyes closed
I see letters,
words and pictures.
With my mouth closed
I speak words to myself.

If, during the day,
I actually talk,
giving voice to my thoughts
and my feelings --
if during the day
I experience the world
and see it around me,
I sleep through the night.

THINKING

The menorah is back on the shelf with all the other memorabilia, in plain view. Chanukah, Christmas, and New Year's Day are over. Whatever we did to mark the events is behind us -- in the past.

The trees have been dumped. The lights, the fragile colored balls, the angels, Santa Claus, the reindeer, all that tells us it's Christmas, has been packed away, saved for Christmases to come. The street has lost its holiday garb and is once again returned to its everyday appearance.

We are already into the middle of Winter. The sky is gray. It's cold. The snow and rain hang in the air but do not fall. But now, what lies ahead? The holiday gifts have lost their newness. New hungers begin to reveal themselves. I'm sure something will soon occupy our time and our thoughts. We'll create events; dinners, a party, a matinee, a meeting, a breakfast to honor a colleague, a hospital visit, a concert.

Is rushing around more fulfilling than thinking? Maybe not, but it is so much easier!

THE OLD FIRST BUILDING

by
Hal Levin

It's almost three decades. That old courtyard and its planting live on, but only in my memory. The clinging vines had made their way to the top, that is to say, to the very fourth floor. Four stories. It was only four stories high.

I also have a memory of Chicago. There, the beast of efficiency killed the beauty of Wrigley Field.

Some might accuse me of trying to stop the flood of tear-em-down-and-rebuild-em-bigger consciousness with my foolish finger in a fragile dam. But to me, offering a nut to the squirrel at my fourth floor window is more satisfying than central air conditioning.

Where that old first building once stood there are no vines. There are no squirrels playing on the walls.

Two Poems by Honey Kassoy

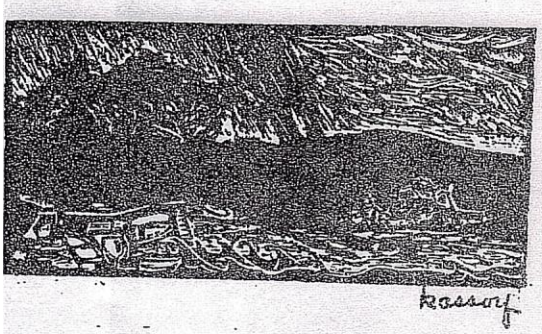
LETTER TO DAVID

I never wrote to you before.
Now , here I am writing
when you can't answer me.
Yet I know you'll get this.

How could you have been 92?
Your memory held names and dates,
while we ,who forget, are only in our 70 s.
You were a gentleman,
a gentle man,
self-taught.
Shakespeare , Modern Lit.,
Theatre , Music ,
History , Current Events,
all subjects you excelled in .
You enriched us by your knowledge.
And your humor and wit !
What was that last joke you told us ?

You said you were ready to go.
You were tired, you wanted to leave.
But you did it too soon .
We had another Monday planned,
our Monday evening "salon".
We needed to meet again
to tape the tales of your youth.

And , now, you can't make it.



ONCE IN A BLUE MOON

(Blue moon : second full moon in same calen

In the middle of the night
it is so light that I awake.
Out my window
there's a white , white world.
Moon glowing on frosted grass,
on the whitened roof of the barn.
Full Moon, Harvest Moon,
Blue Moon casting its spell.
Unearthly, eery , airy,
light in color,
light in weight,
floating.

In the morning I look out the window ,
the frost still on the grass .
There in the blue, crisp morning sky
is the Blue Moon.

Bertha Oestreich - In Memoriam
1899-1998

The contributors of this journal would like to raise their CO-VOICES to salute Bertha, our friend and fellow contributor. Bertha, who would have been 99 on her next birthday, was a feisty lady. She never failed to attend our CO-OP VOICES workshops. Her memoirs appeared in this journal frequently. She will be missed by all of us.

No Filtration Plant Here

Save Our Community

Save Our Reservoir

Cooperation . . Working Together Works