



## (S)milestones

Seymour Goldberg and Milton Goldberg, who were for many years Rossmoor's Sports Directors for the Senior Condo Olympics, were presented with Township of Monroe Community Service Awards in recognition of their outstanding service to Rossmoor and to the larger community. The presentation was made at a special gathering in the Municipal Building. The Mayor presented the awards and Town Council Vice President Joanne Connolly spoke about the accomplishments of the two Rossmoorites.

Milt gave active leadership to the Olympics for 12 years and Sy for 14 years. Both are avid table tennis players and are involved in other activities at Rossmoor. Sy is vice president of the Croquet Club and Milt is vice president and Ritual Chairman (Gabbai) for the Rossmoor Jewish Congregation.

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The Monroe Township Arts Council sponsored a Juried Art Show and invited artists to submit their works, the best to be selected for exhibition at the township library. Rossmoorites Linda Esposito and Arnold Jasper each submitted a ceramic bowl, and both were chosen for the show.

Remarkably, Linda only started working in ceramics a year and one half ago and Arnold a year ago. They credit good teachers in the Ceramic Room at Rossmoor.

We welcome news about our readers and their families for (S)milestones. If you wish to contribute, drop the information off at The Rossmoor News on the second floor of the Clubhouse, e-mail it to [news@rossmoor-nj.com](mailto:news@rossmoor-nj.com) or mail it to The Rossmoor News, 2 Rossmoor Drive, Monroe Township, NJ 08831



Mayor Pucci, Sy Goldberg, Milt Goldberg and Council Vice President Joanne Connolly at the presentation in the Municipal Building.



Linda Esposito and Arnold Jasper holding the bowls exhibited at Monroe Township Library.



## Sam's Eye View

Some months ago I was invited by a club in Rossmoor to be their guest speaker. Recalling a quite uncomfortable situation I had once experienced, I politely turned down the offer.

A short time after moving to Rossmoor (which seems centuries ago) I received a like invitation. At the time, I had written two plays and my name had become a household word. Actually, in only two homes, my sister's and my son's.

The club's social chairwoman suggested I tell a few funny stories rather than speak on a serious topic. Having never spoken in public, I was rather reluctant to speak on any topic at all. However, the lady was quite persistent in a charming way, and I found myself saying, "I'll do it," "I'll do it."

When it sunk into my mind the following day on what I had agreed to, I began to conjure up alibis as to why I must cancel. I didn't reckon with my wife who said, "You've made a promise to these people. Now keep it." And, she added, "You can do it." Easy for her to say.

Something else bothered me. I believed I could write funny, but could I speak funny? I had serious doubts about that. So what to do?

I still had two weeks before facing the firing squad. I decided to haul myself to the library and hopefully find some kind of joke book. Luckily, I found one that included jokes from the likes of Henny Youngman, Alan King and a few other well-known comedians. That was half the battle. All I had to do now was to deliver these one-liners as a stand-up comedian would. Oh, yeah. Didn't my wife say I could do it?

For two weeks, I stood in front of a mirror trying to be Henny Youngman with jokes such as these:

Diner: What is this fly doing in my soup?

Waiter: The backstroke. There was another version of this joke in the book:

Diner: What is this fly doing in my soup?

Waiter: There was no room in the potato salad.

After going through a few more dozen of these chestnuts, the way a boxer goes through his warm-ups, I decided I was ready as I would ever be to face this group of strangers who would be daring me to make them laugh. I didn't for a moment believe I would have them rolling in the aisles, but I had reached the pinnacle where I was going to be as good as I could be. I realized it wasn't saying a heck of a lot.

The day finally arrived. That morning I searched through the house in vain for Valium which I knew well that I didn't have. Instead, I settled for a shot of Scotch, remembering that the last time I had had any liquor was on my wedding day 40 years prior which had left me light headed.

The drink didn't have much of an effect. I was still quite nervous when I got to the meeting. I recall hearing the club president saying: "The meeting will now come to order". I shall never forget her words that followed: "The guest speaker this evening is Sam Newman, who will be followed by entertainment."

Needless to say, things did not go very well after that. Comedians are known to have a language of their own. If they've had a good night when their jokes get a lot of laughs, they describe it as "I killed them tonight."

My wife, who wasn't at the meeting, asked me how my speech went over. I replied, "Honey, I didn't kill them tonight, but I think I wounded some of them."

—Sam Newman



## Culinary Corner

Life definitely comes in cycles. As kids, we can hardly wait for Christmas. Then as we get older, we almost dread the holiday season because we have to decide where to spend the holidays—with which family and/or which friends—and what will be appropriate gifts. Christmas sometimes becomes a hassle.

Then we have kids and when they're little, we're the ones who first get excited just thinking about what presents we'll get them and in anticipating their reactions.

The kids become teenagers and older. Satisfying their wants or finding gifts that will be appreciated isn't easy and you almost dread their response to your presents. But they mature and have kids of their own and they begin their own cycle.

Now they can hardly wait for Christmas and they have such fun buying and making presents for their own children. You as grandparents also look forward to the holiday season once again as you see the joy in your children and the ex-

### Easy Sugar Cookies

- 1 box yellow cake mix
- 1 stick butter, softened
- 1 egg
- granulated sugar
- Pillsbury Holiday Frosting

Mix first three ingredients together to form a well-blended dough.

Divide in half, place in plastic wrap and chill in the freezer for 20 minutes.

Preheat oven to 375 degrees.

Sprinkle sugar on cutting board or counter and roll the dough out to 1/4-inch thickness.

Cut with cookie cutters and place on lightly greased baking sheet.

Bake for 5-7 minutes.

When completely cool, use the Pillsbury Frosting and decorate with colored sprinkles.

**Note:** I left the dough in the freezer for almost an hour so I had to let it warm up some before I could roll it out. The green Pillsbury frosting with red, green and white candy bits was my shortcut idea instead of making an icing from one cup powdered sugar, one to two tablespoons of milk and food coloring. Enjoy!

citement of the grandchildren. Somehow the Christmas carols really mean more to you and tears sometimes swell in your eyes as you recall past times. The smells and tastes bring back more fond memories. Yes, this is a wonderful time of the year.

Last year I managed to get my "cooking" tree and another Christmas tree decorated ear-

ly. (Hosting a party helps motivate!) Most of my Christmas cards were sent and cookies were baked. I even found an easy recipe that resulted in lots of compliments.

Have a wonderful holiday season and a healthy, Happy New Year!

I can be reached by e-mail at [sbmcooks@aol.com](mailto:sbmcooks@aol.com).

—Sidna Mitchell

