

# Gadfly the grinch

The Bethlehem Gadfly Neighborhoods, Serious Issues June 30, 2019

*(latest in a series of posts on neighborhoods)*

Gadfly sometimes forgets he was young.

Last night he called the police on his student neighbors (two houses away).

Who were partying.

Maybe 25-30 strong.

And it wasn't even 9PM.

It wasn't their chatter. The night was young. Alcohol had not yet spiked the volume.

It was the loud outdoor music.

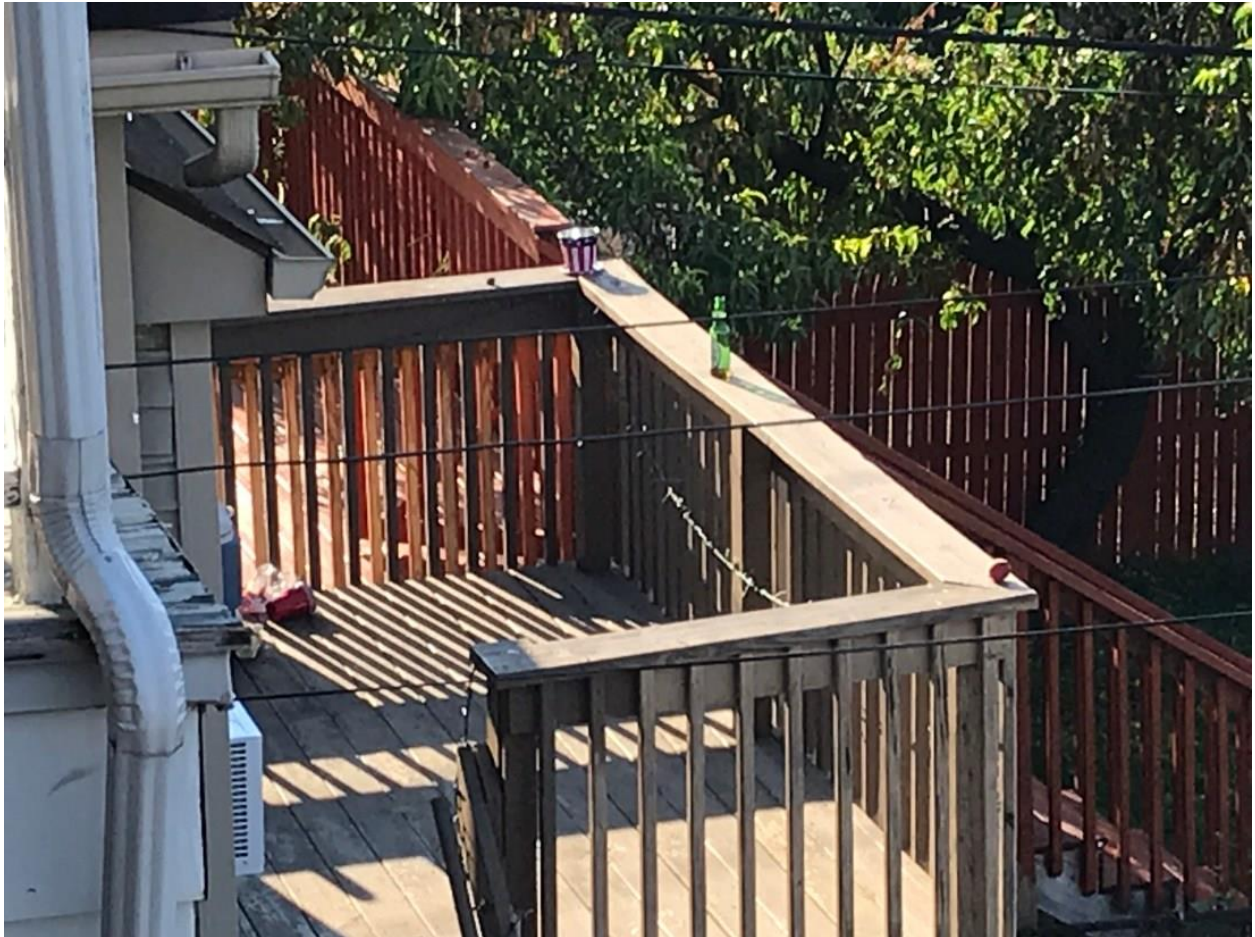
Loud.

Outdoor.

And music several light years distant from the "Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye" of Gadfly's ballroom period.

I figured we must have a music ordinance.

The students immediately complied when the police arrived (new call system worked fine and very fast!)



*a dead soldier, the only morning mark of the festivities*

There are 15 close-together houses (doubles and triples) in the Gadfly stretch of block.

7 are now rentals.

The last 2 student housing.

One sees a pattern emerging.

My recurrent nightmare is that we are the last homeowners on the block.

I am the only one who regularly cuts the postage-stamp plot of grass.

And shovels snow promptly.

And who replaced his dying tree.

And whose car doesn't oil-wet the street.

(Ok, that last one is somewhat of an exaggeration, sorry.)

In my nightmare, after finally, heroically succumbing to attacks by encircling students armed with jagged-edged cell phones, instead of

the last shall be first (King James version, Matthew 20:16)

Stephen Antalics will engrave my stone with this verse from the Zoning Bible:

Family. One or more individuals who are "related" to each other by blood, marriage or adoption (including persons receiving formal foster care) or *up to 5 unrelated individuals* who maintain a common household with common cooking facilities and certain rooms in common, and who live within one dwelling unit. (Developers version: 1302.43)

That is, if I don't die beforehand from overexposure to the "Words-that-don't-mean-what-they-mean" virus.