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NEW JERSEY

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Albert Boyd

Samuel Epstein

highlight

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

New Jersey Works Progress Administration

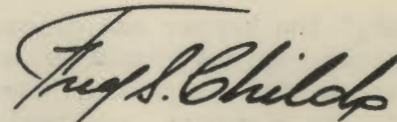
William H. J. Ely, *State Administrator*

Do you know that the Division of Operations of the Works Progress Administration has prepared, reviewed, examined and approved more than 5,500 construction projects? Do you know that to date more than 3,500 of these projects have been placed in operation? Thirty-five hundred projects in actual operation have given life-sustaining employment at one time or another to more than 150,000 different men.

These projects have been sponsored for you and your community to keep men at work while private industry is not in a position to do so. The accomplishments of these men are a credit to the State, its citizens and the workers themselves. The men of New Jersey have constructed waterworks, reservoirs, dams, sewerage facilities, parks, playgrounds, recreation centers, highways, bridges, public buildings, swimming pools, stadia, hospitals for therapeutic treatment of infantile paralysis, boat basins, airports and all other types of municipal improvements. Alterations, renovations, and additions for historical, municipal and state buildings are also part of this gigantic program.

Every community that sponsored a project can be proud of its participation in a program that has employed a total of 150,000 persons since its inception.

Perhaps your father, your husband, your son or brother has engaged in the construction of these permanent improvements. It is to them -- the rank and file of the Division of Operations -- that I dedicate this editorial.



Chief Engineer and State Director,
Division of Operations

New Jersey State Library

Manuscripts by any New Jersey Works Progress Administration
employee should be submitted to Room 208
1060 Broad Street, Newark

Men in the Mud

A New Roost for Metal Birds

WILLIAM B. HAUTAU

Photos by Rubel

A stalwart Negro in cement-stained overalls and heavy rubber boots stands on the rickety little wooden platform beside the grinding concrete mixer. His hands are on the lever of the hopper and his body, shaking with the vibration of the machine, is poised for a sudden application of muscular energy.

"Take it easy there!" he shouts at a fellow-worker who has brought the steel wheelbarrow dangerously near to his foot. "What's you goin' t'do, white boy, tryin' to cut mah foot off?" He smiles and shows a set of strong teeth of surprising whiteness in his dark face. The other man smiles back and gives a correcting jerk on the handles of his little cart.

The Negro leans heavily on the long beam that serves as a handle for the concrete mixer. Down comes the handle. The hopper opens with a clang and spills the gray, wet, splattering mass into the wheelbarrow. Up goes the handle again. The last bit of cement falls into the wheelbarrow, filling it to the brim.

"Okeh," the hopper man grins. The other picks up the handles of the wheelbarrow with a grunt, steadies himself for a moment, and begins to trundle it along a narrow, wooden plank. He has to balance his heavy load with the care of a tight-rope walker. On both sides of him is a deep bog of mud and water. One false step would spill the load and the heavy one-wheeled cart would stick in the mud.

The wheel strikes the beginning of a short ramp. Straining with the effort, the man pushes the load up the short incline and reaches the end of his journey, a circular wooden platform surrounding a square, wood-lined pit.

"Poosh heem op, Tony!" a young Irishman cries with a mocking accent as he seizes the edge of the wheelbarrow. He tilts the little cart over on its side and the concrete spills with a great splash into the pit below.

"Mannaggia l'America!" Tony yells from the bottom of the pit, where he is arranging the wooden shoring. "Watch where you dump," he says, and moves aside as another wheelbarrow appears above him. He stands in several inches of concrete, and his high rubber boots squash and squeak with each step he takes in the heavy, gumbo-like mass.

A short distance away four other workers are prying planks and joists out of the mud. The heavy timbers once were the form for a giant concrete block that has now hardened. They are needed again in another corner of the field.

"One, two, three!" The men throw their weight on the heavy beam they are using as a lever. The blue veins bulge on their foreheads and their faces are flushed with the exertion. The planking creaks in protest, moves two inches, and jumps stubbornly back an inch and a half as the pressure is released. The men rest a moment, breathing heavily.

"What has your old lady been

feeding you, corn beef and cabbage for all these years, Joe? If you only put a little of that weight on the beam, them planks should pop right out."

"Oh, yeah? Well, it sure don't make much difference whether you put your weight on it or not."

Cheered by the banter they try again. "One, two, THREE!" This time the planking rises several inches.

Nearby is a hole, half full of water. Two men are standing beside it, see-sawing on the handlebars of a pump. Alternately they go up and down like two jacks-in-the-box. "Hey, haven't you guys got that shellhole empty yet." A foreman stalks through the mud and looks on for a moment. With a scornful look the pair continue their pumping, bending down and straightening out again like integral parts of the machine.

Somewhere, behind them, there is the sudden roar of an airplane motor that is being tuned up. Above them hums another plane, glittering in the sunshine like a silvery fish as it banks and brings its nose into the wind. Then it seems to pause for an instant before it drops with heavy wings toward the field. It strikes the cinders of the runway once, twice, and bounces along, losing speed rapidly.

The men in the mud do not look up. Airplanes have lost their novelty for them. The roaring and humming of engines has become a familiar sound. There is work to be done, so that these giant birds of man's making may have

a new roost when returning from their long flight.

'No Man's Land,' the World War veterans among the WPA workers have dubbed this part of the Newark Airport, a quarter of a mile west of the Administration building. Indeed, it resembles nothing so much as a battlefield. Trenches and shellhole-like pits lie there, filled with water. A forlorn forest of pine stumps stands in the middle of the field, like the remnant of a woodland plot that has been cut off a foot or two above the ground by artillery fire.

The concrete blocks seen here and there might be the bases for machine gun positions. And the ubiquitous mud and the plank walks running through it may have been brought directly from the bottomless fields of France and Belgium.

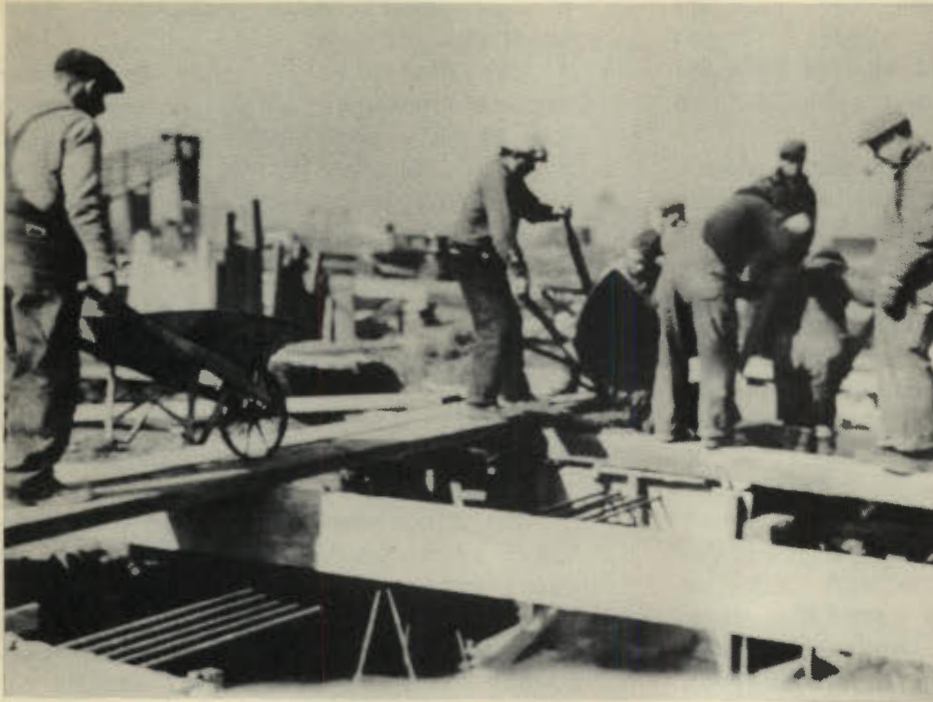
But the battle going on here is not one of destruction. The white pine stumps are the ends of piles that have been driven 25 feet down through the mud and dirt to a firm clay base. The trenches are there to drain off the surface water. And the pits will hold the molds for more concrete blocks, upon which

will soon be laid a framework of iron girders. When they are bolted fast and riveted together, brick walls will be erected above them, and finally there will have risen the largest and most modern airplane hangar in the world.

In the engineers' offices at the Administration building hangs a photographic reproduction of the dream of the architect that is

"Take it easy there!"





"Poosh heem op"

here being shaped into reality. It shows a long white stucco building flanked by cedars and evergreen shrubs. Four towers project from the front of the building. Between them are three immense doors. On the roof, in large white letters, is the word NEWARK.

"Yes," assures Major William G. Sloan, who is in charge of the construction of the hangar, "it will be the largest hangar in the world. It will be 1050 feet wide, 150 feet deep, and 65 feet high."

Major Sloan waxes enthusiastic as he elaborates on the picture of the future hangar. It will be divided into three sections, each of them serving one of the major transportation companies that now use the Newark airport as a terminal, the Transcontinental and Western Airlines, the American Airlines, and the United Airlines.

The three sections will be partitioned off by 12-inch brick firewalls, to minimize fire hazards. An automatic sprinkler system will add further protection against fires. Each of the three entrances to the hangar will be 160 feet wide.

Major Sloan points out that the

gigantic sweep of these entrances is necessitated by the latest developments in aviation. "We thought in the beginning that an entrance of 150-foot width would be enough for any airplane." He smiles. "But we learned better. In the near future planes will be constructed with a wingspread of 150 feet. Naturally, we thought it better to increase the width of the hangar entrances by another ten feet."

The completion of the hangar is scheduled for July or, at the latest, August of this year. With the occupation of the giant structure by its winged tenants, the Administration building will become the central passenger depot for all lines. Heretofore the three airlines had individual depots in their hangars at the eastern end of the field.

Four other hangars near the Administration building, at present used by the Newark Air Service, the Transcontinental and Western, the Eastern Aeronautical Aviation Company, and the Standard Oil Company's private planes, will be razed. Their occupants will either move into the present hangars of the airmail companies, or construct new hangars of their own at the east end of the field.

With the elimination of these four hangars, sufficient space will be gained for the expected influx of ground-traffic. Also, the lay-out of the whole field will become more symmetrical. Five new runways, now under construction, will extend from the hangar toward the black strip of the taxi roadway that eventually will circle the field. From the air,

and against the background of the proposed lawn covering, the runways will resemble a tremendous black asterisk.

An exciting picture of the progress of aviation within the last decade emanates from the information Major Sloan dispenses freely. When, in 1920, Heller Field, Newark's first airport, had to be abandoned because of its flying hazards, it seemed that the New Jersey metropolis had ended its career as an aviation center. Lindbergh's flight to France, seven years later, fired the imagination of Mayor Thomas L. Raymond with the possibilities of another airfield for Newark. Work was begun upon the advice of the Post Office Department that the new field would be made the airmail terminus for the metropolitan area.

While Mayor Raymond did not live to see the airfield dedicated to its purpose -- he died October 10, 1928, eighteen days before the official opening of the new port -- it had in every respect fulfilled the high hopes its sponsors had.

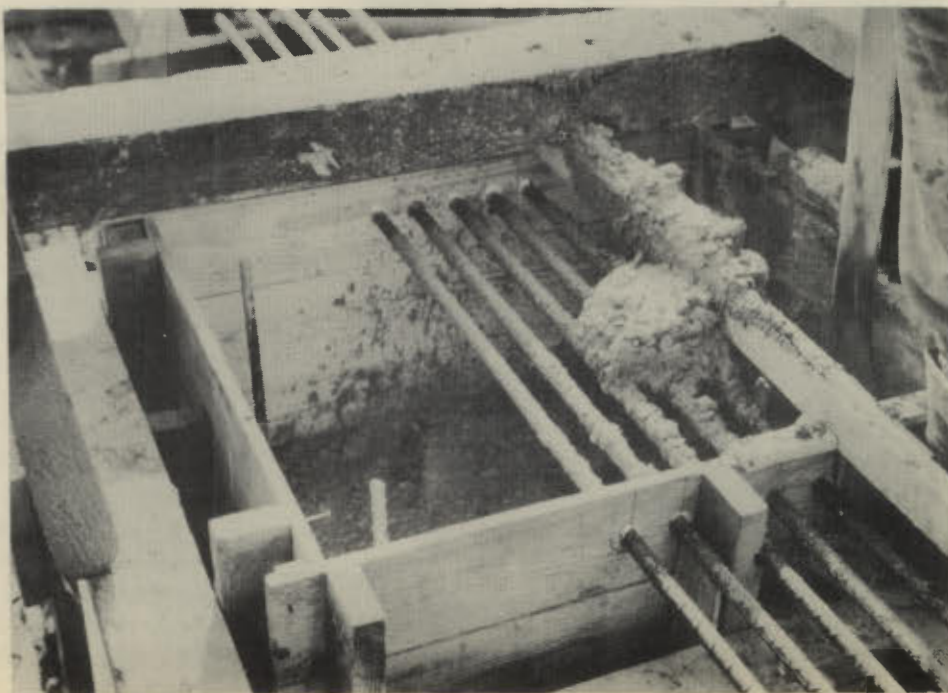
Today, air routes radiate from Newark Airport like the spokes of a wheel, leading southwestward to Washington, west to Bellefont, Pa., north to Albany, and northeast to Hartford, Conn. The distance to all points except Hartford is shorter from Newark than from Floyd Bennett Field, which is also handicapped by slower transportation to the New York Post Office. From Newark Airport the Pennsylvania Market Street Station can be reached in six minutes, the General Post Office in New York in 23 minutes, the

downtown Post Office in Manhattan in 26 minutes.

The airfield of nine years ago had an area of but 68 acres. Since then it has grown to 240 acres. Yet the present extension program, sponsored by the City of Newark and carried on by the WPA, calls for an expansion to a total of 300 acres. And another 180 acres are available on the outskirts of the field, while 500 more acres of municipal holdings are adjacent to the airport, ready to be called into service whenever the day of the flivver plane and the Sunday airplane driver should make further extension necessary.

The steady expansion of the field was necessitated by the tremendous increase in airmail and passenger service as the new form of transportation gained in popularity. From a total of 90,177 passengers, 2,061,509 pounds of airmail, and 64,111 pounds of express poundage, the business of the Newark airfield had increased in 1935 (total figures for 1936 are not yet available) to 205,636 passengers, and 2,744,123 and 1,151,283 pounds, respectively. The number of scheduled arrivals and departures has grown to nearly one

"Watch where you dump"

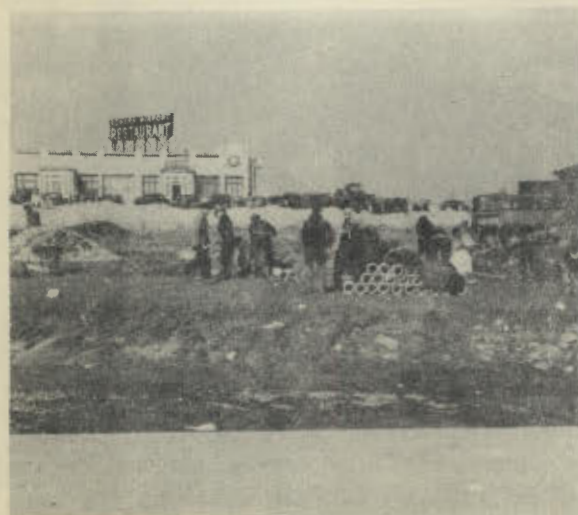




No Man's Land



Administration Building



Laying drainage pipes

hundred a day.

The most important addition to the airport in recent years has been the present Administration building, which was constructed under the CWA in 1934 at a cost of \$750,000. It is designed to express the spirit of flight. The motif of spread wings was used in the general lay-out of the building and in the details of its decoration.

The present extension program includes not merely the construction of the new giant hangar and new runways, but also a general improvement of the field. Many miles of pipes, up to five feet in diameter, have been laid to carry off the surface water which was formerly a serious handicap to operators. The cinder-covered taxi roadway, circling the field, will be five miles in length. The whole field will be landscaped and planted with grass and shrubbery. Evergreens and other shrubs will also be set out around the hangar and the Administration building. A hedge, probably of privet, will border the field on the side facing the highway.

This immense project is directed by Major William G. Sloan, former State Highway engineer. A. H. Armstrong, city engineer, drew up the plans. Twelve hundred men are working under their direction, six hundred of them on the hangar.

The total cost of materials and salaries for all the projects will amount to \$3,292,333. Of this sum the city, as sponsor, will contribute \$698,162.

A small plane, a one-seater, races down the field with roaring motor. It makes a few jumps, like a giant bird hopping along, then it rises in a swift and graceful arch. Circling the field once, it gains altitude, levels off and speeds in a straight line toward the west. One of the men on the pump looks up, smiles, and without missing a stroke on the handlebar, wipes the sweat off his face with the sleeve of his shirt.

Do You Know?

Some Little-Known Facts About New Jersey

FRANK FORD

In the researches made by the field workers of the Federal Writers' Project of the Works Progress Administration throughout New Jersey, scores of interesting facts have been uncovered, facts that sometimes have startled the inquirers. A general history would not bring these discoveries to any great prominence on the printed page. It took the workers of the Federal Writers' Project to get them from their hiding places in libraries, historical societies, old newspaper files, even graveyards, and county, city and town records. Here is only part of the treasure uncovered:

The first white man to be buried in New Jersey was John Coleman of the crew of Henry Hudson's Half Moon. He was killed when the Indians shot their arrows at a long boat of the first white men they had seen.

In the cemetery at Woodbury, in Gloucester County, lie the bodies of "Old" Powell and his wife, parents of 20 sons and one daughter. Seventeen of the sons fought in the Revolutionary War. On the tombstone of the mother is this fading inscription:

Some have children, some have none,
Here lies the mother of twenty-one.

The American flag was officially unfurled for the first time at Washington's camp grounds, Middlebrook, Somerset County, June 1777. General Washington wrote his farewell to his army in the Berrien House, Rocky Hill, Somerset County.

The first cast iron plow was made in Burlington, New Jersey. The pat-

ent was granted to Charles Newbold in 1797. The Colonial farmers would not use it, fearing it would poison the ground. It is now in the State Museum at Albany, New York.

The charter from which Princeton University sprung was granted Oct. 22, 1742, and its original site was at what is now the corner of Caldwell Place and Broad Street, Elizabeth.

The largest aeronautical works in the world are in Paterson and here the first "revolving gun," or revolver, was manufactured by Samuel Colt in 1835.

In Hamburg, Sussex County, is an old mill that has been in use since it was built in 1808, now owned and operated by the National Biscuit Co.

In November 1784 Trenton was, in fact if not in name, the Capital of the United States. The Federal Government was compelled to abandon Philadelphia on account of an epidemic of smallpox.

In the Friends' Burying Ground in Salem there stands an oak tree estimated to be between 400 and 900 years old. It is 73 feet high, 19 feet in circumference and its branches cover 10,156 square feet of ground.

Perhaps few people, North or South, know that in New Jersey, at Finn's Point Cemetery, Fort Mott, Salem County, the bodies of 2,436 Confederate soldiers lie buried. They died prisoners of war. Annually the graves are decorated by the Daughters of the Confederacy.

The submarine of today had its

beginning and evolution in the peaceful Garden State. Simon Lake, as a boy, thrilled by the Jules Verne story "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," made experiments when he was fourteen at Toms River, where his father owned an iron foundry. Simon started with a canoe, turning it over and finding out how long he could breathe while under it. A passing boatman hauled him from under before he could finish the experiment. He then tried a twenty-five pound bag, counting inhalations and exhalations to compute the quantity of air necessary to sustain life. He moved on to an air-tight box. Then he built "The Argonaut," a wooden craft with wheels, that rolled it along on the bottom under the impulse of a crank propelled from within. He got his air through an iron tube reaching above the surface. In 1936 Simon Lake, seventy years old, was still at it, being engaged in an attempt to salvage gold bullion from the British frigate Hussar, sunk near Hell Gate in the East River in 1780. But John P. Holland, a Scottish schoolmaster of Paterson, invented and brought up to date the submarine as it is used today. His idea was that it would be so formidable that it would end war on the seas. He died just before the World War, which proved that it made war more terrible.

Few women, or men for that matter, know that women were allowed to vote in New Jersey as far back as 1776. The permission was granted under section 4 of the State Constitution passed in that year. But the gals voted too often and made too much of a holiday around the polls. Their conduct was considered scandalous and so the section was quashed in 1807.

Among the men of high inventive genius who lived in Newark was John Hyatt who made travel comfortable for everyone by producing the roller bearing. He also made celluloid, from which the Rev. Hannibal Goodwin made photographic films, making film cameras and motion pictures possi-

ble. Edward Weston invented instruments that made blind flying in aviation possible and also invented the photronic cell. Illingworth discovered a method of toughening steel.

In Hoboken, Col. John Stevens, before the Watt stationary steam engine was tried out for transportation, built a circular railroad on the grounds of Stevens Castle, hooked up one of the engines to what he called "a steam waggon" and got it going around and around. He also used one of the Watt engines for a steam vessel before Robert Fulton launched the Clermont.

The Constitution of New Jersey must have been a good one when adopted on July 2, 1776, for fourteen of its articles were included in the Constitution of the United States.

The first Indian reservation in the country was set aside by New Jersey for the Leni-Lenapes in 1758 at what was known as Indian Mills, Burlington County.

West New York, N. J., has the largest briar pipe factory in the world. Strangely enough long before the white man came the Indians sought clay for their pipes in the same neighborhood.

The greatest elevation of the State is at High Point, Sussex County, 1,827 feet above sea level. Without any elevation at all is Ship Bottom, down Barnegat way, named after an upturned wreck.

The postal card -- not the postcard -- one of the important postal facilities of the United States Post Office, was devised by Congressman John Holl of Morris County in the early eighties.

Various Masonic Lodges may set up evidence of their antiquity but New Jersey is really the cradle of the order, for on June 5, 1730, Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, Worshipful Grandmaster of Masons of England, on petition of Masons in the Colonies, appointed Daniel Coxé of West Jersey Provincial Grandmaster. The original deputation is in England. A copy of it is in this country. In the records of the Grand Lodge in England

Coxe is called "Provincial Grandmaster of North America."

The first Negro Masonic lodge in the United States was chartered January 19, 1871, by the Grand Lodge at Trenton. It is Alpha Lodge of New Jersey, No. 116.

William Barbour and Sons of Lisburn, Ireland, in 1861, at Paterson, established the first linen thread factory.

Constitution Day, observed by patriotic organizations, originated in New Jersey in 1916. It was suggested by David L. Pierson of East Orange, secretary of the New Jersey Society of the Sons of the American Revolution.

The first bank of issue in New Jersey was authorized by the Province of West New Jersey in 1682 when Mark Newbie was permitted to use "Patrick's Pence" he had brought with him from Ireland. The money was worthless in Ireland except among the poor peasants, but Newbie was honest and secured it with his possessions. When he died his widow made good all outstanding obligations incurred by its use.

For his brilliant soldiership in the campaign of Solferino in the Italian War, General Philip Kearny, who was born in Perth Amboy, received the Cross of the Legion of Honor, June 24, 1859 from the French Emperor, Napoleon the Third. Kearny was the first American soldier to be honored by the French for military service.

The first mail to be sent by rocket was sent in February, 1936, from a village in the Greenwood Lake section. It traveled 150 yards and over the State line into New York. The owners of stamps on those letters may have something very valuable.

The president of the first Continental Congress was Elias Boudinot of Elizabeth. He was also one of the signers of the treaty of peace with England.

Hadley Field, near New Brunswick, was the first airport landing point for mail.

The first copper and iron in the United States were found in New Jersey and the mining of these metals continued to be a more important industry in New Jersey than in any other part of the world.

The residence of John M. Young on the Million Dollar Pier, Atlantic City, has the address, No. 1 Atlantic Ocean.

Dr. William Beebe, when he wanted to do some outstanding deep sea diving, went to the town of Roselle, New Jersey, where was made for him the two-ton steel globe in which he descended 2,510 feet off Bermuda.

Twelve million people a year visit Atlantic City and this famous resort started a system of protection for bathers as far back as 1882. Its system is used as a model for beaches the world over. Applications for copies of it have been received from Japan, South American coast resorts and other maritime communities.

Tammany got its name from Tamamend, a chief of the New Jersey Lenape Indians, noted for his fine character. The organizer and first secretary of the famous Society was a Jerseyman.

The vote of one man, a Jerseyite, made Thomas Jefferson President of the United States. Jefferson and Aaron Burr had tied in the vote of the Electoral College. Under the Constitution it was then left to Congress to decide the election. Thirty-five ballots were taken without either getting a majority. Congressman James Linn of Somerset County then switched his vote, defeating Burr.

It took a Jerseyman to discover gold in California, James Marshall of Marshall's Corner, Hunterdon County. And when Marshall wrote back to the home folks the rush began. A company of Jerseymen bought a boat and sailed around the Horn to the Promised Land. Many never got back. Those who did, got back broke.

The largest plant in the world for refining asphalt is at Perth Amboy and in that city the entire world's supply of vaseline and its

by-products are manufactured.

The first balloon flight in the country was made in the presence of George Washington at Woodbury, Jan. 9, 1793. The balloonist was a Frenchman, Francois Blanchard. Gen. Washington gave him a passport, "to pass in such direction and to descend in such places as circumstances may render most convenient." He could have traveled over any part of the United States and landed anywhere with that slip of paper. But his flight lasted only 45 minutes.

Radio impulse transmission was accomplished in New Jersey as early as 1840 by Joseph Henry at Princeton. Current obtained from a group of Leyden jars was passed through a wire which, by means of a magnetized needle, produced a vibration on another wire about 100 feet away.

The first intercollegiate football game in the country was played between Rutgers and Princeton, Nov. 13, 1869. It must have been a game with plenty of action for there were 25 men on each side. Rutgers won, six goals to four.

The first game of baseball in the United States was played on the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, in June 1846 between the Knickerbocker Club and the New York Baseball Club. The latter club, the granddaddy of the Giants, won, 23 to 1, in a four-inning game.

The first charter for a railroad in the United States was granted by the New Jersey Legislature in 1815 for the operation of a line from Trenton to New Brunswick.

The first patent leather in the United States was made by Seth Boyden in Newark. This was in 1819. In 1826 he discovered a process for making malleable iron.

Two famous men were born in Burlington, Captain James Lawrence of "Don't give up the Ship" fame, and James Fenimore Cooper, who wrote the Leather Stocking stories, 1789.

The first and only woman to found a settlement in the New World was a twenty-year-old girl, Elizabeth Haddon. Haddonfield, New Jersey is

named for her.

The shaft of the first steamship to cross the Atlantic, the "Savannah," was forged in Morristown, and the boiler made in Elizabeth. The first American locomotive, the "Sandusky," was built in Paterson. The first successful glass factory in America was established in 1793 at Glass House Farm, Salem County.

Rutgers University had its beginning in the Old Dutch Parsonage, Somerville, Somerset County.

The first brewery built in the country was at Hoboken. It was put up by the Dutch after their first crossing of the Hudson from New Netherlands. When trouble with the Indians came and every log cabin of the settlement was burned the red men spared the brewery. Hoboken was rebuilt and again destroyed during the Revolutionary War, but again the strong love for beer prevailed and the brewery escaped.

The first ferry service by steam, reputedly the world over, was operated between Hoboken and Manhattan, 1811. Incidentally, in 1784 Col. John Stevens bought all of what is now Hoboken for \$90,000.

In Burlington, in 1728, paper money for the colonies was printed from the first copper plates, an invention of Benjamin Franklin.

The telegraph was developed by Morse and Vail in Morristown.

A Negro citizen of Newark developed the first mechanical piano. Also in Newark the first stretch of asphalt paving in the United States was laid in 1872.

Among its "firsts" one of New Jersey's proudest was the formation of the first medical society in the country. The physicians of New Brunswick organized, better to control the practice of their profession; such beneficial results came that cities all over the country followed suit. Then came the county and state societies.

The first town in the world to be lighted by electricity was Roselle, N.J. The first textile mill to be operated by water power was built at

Paterson. In Passaic there is one mill that employs 4,000 people. Another mill there turns out 3,000 dozen handkerchiefs a day.

The first experiments in life saving equipment for the shipwrecked were made at Manasquan by Congressman, afterward Governor, William A. Newell. He invented a gun for shooting a life line to a ship in distress and also devised the breeches buoy. The first time the two were put in actual use they saved 202 people out of a total ship's complement of 203. The one person lost refused to try the apparatus.

Trenton became the permanent capital of the State in 1790. It was the first city in the country to manufacture rubber products.

The largest single oyster bed acreage in the world is at Maurice Cove in Delaware Bay at the mouth of the Maurice River.

The Atlantic City Auditorium accommodates 45,000 people and its great organ has 32,000 pipes. Five thousand dancers can use the ballroom floor at a time. The interior is so arranged that it can be partitioned for football and baseball games and polo matches.

Paterson was the first city in the world to establish a hospital exclusively for contagious diseases. It was awarded decorations by the Paris and St. Louis expositions.

The first steam vessel to venture out into the ocean was the "Phoenix," built by Col. John Stevens of Hoboken. It made a trip from New York to Philadelphia.

The State gave one President, Grover Cleveland, and two Vice Presidents to the country, Aaron Burr in 1801 and Garret A. Hobart in 1897. Cleveland was born in Caldwell and died in Princeton.

Newark Airport is ranked as the greatest in the world. During 1935 it handled by air 205,636 passengers, 2,744,123 pounds of mail and 1,151,283 pounds of express.

The first National convention of the Socialist Party was held in Newark, Dec. 26, 1877. The Presiden-

tial candidate was Simon Wing of Boston and he got 21,000 votes.

The only woman sergeant in the world until women served as soldiers in the Russian Revolution was a New Jersey woman, Mary Ludwig Hays, immortalized as "Molly Pitcher." When her husband fell wounded while serving a cannon during the Battle of Monmouth, she leaped to the gun and continued firing it. Gen. Washington, hearing of her heroism and patriotism, gave her a sergeant's commission in the Continental Army.

The first boardwalk, eight feet wide, was built at Atlantic City in 1870. It was financed by the sale of \$5,000,000 of scrip at a discount of 10 percent. The scrip could be used for payment of taxes.

The first electric incandescent lamp of practical service was made by Thomas A. Edison after 13 months of experiment. It was demonstrated at Menlo Park, Dec. 31, 1879, (New Years Eve night). Special trains were run by the Pennsylvania Railroad for the many people who wanted to behold the new wonder.

The mimeograph was invented, along with many other things, by Edison at Menlo Park. He received patent Aug. 8, 1876. The next year he worked out the first phonograph and the first record made on it was the schoolbook verse "Mary Had a Little Lamb." In 1903 the Edison Company produced in New Jersey the first motion picture with a plot, "The Great Train Robbery."

The first smokeless gunpowder was developed by Hudson Maxim at Maxim, N.J., in 1890. It was tested and accepted by the War Department the following year.

Steel pens were first manufactured by Richard Esterbrook in 1868 at his factory in Camden.

The first derby in this country was run on the track at Paterson, June 7, 1864 when Norfolk beat the great racer Kentucky.

The first electric sewing machine was made by the Singer Manufacturing Company at their factory in Elizabeth in 1889.

Federal Art



Art and Drawing Division, Cape May

Cape May County Art Teaching Division

The Division recently opened a comprehensive exhibition of WPA Federal Art Project work, selected from the Easel Painting and Sculpture Division and from work produced by children in the Art Teaching Classes, at the Cape May Court House, Cape May, N. J. The exhibition was sponsored by the Cape May County Art League, under the direction of Mrs. Lorene Trainer, Supervisor of the Federal Art Project in Cape May County.

Organized to encourage appreciation of and self-expression in art, the Cape May County Art League has sponsored art teaching classes under WPA Federal Art Project supervisors in Cape May County. It is expected that the collection of children's paintings will stimulate special interest among the visitors from outlying districts of Cape May County where art teaching classes are held.

At the annual meeting of the League it was resolved, "That the

Cape May County Art League expresses its commendation of the work that is being done in this county in the form of a County Art School made possible by the Federal Art Project.

"Small communities lack the opportunity for cultural development, found in larger centers; this work was undertaken experimentally in the beginning to see what could be done to stimulate art interest among scattered and diversified people in Cape May County.

"We feel that it has gone far to prove its worth. A plan for government sponsorship of the arts which allows sufficient funds to develop the artistic talent of young and old cannot be too highly praised and we heartily recommend its continuance."

Carved door made
by students of the
wood-carving class
Cape May School





Bas Relief Composition, Enid Bell

Products of the Sculpture Division



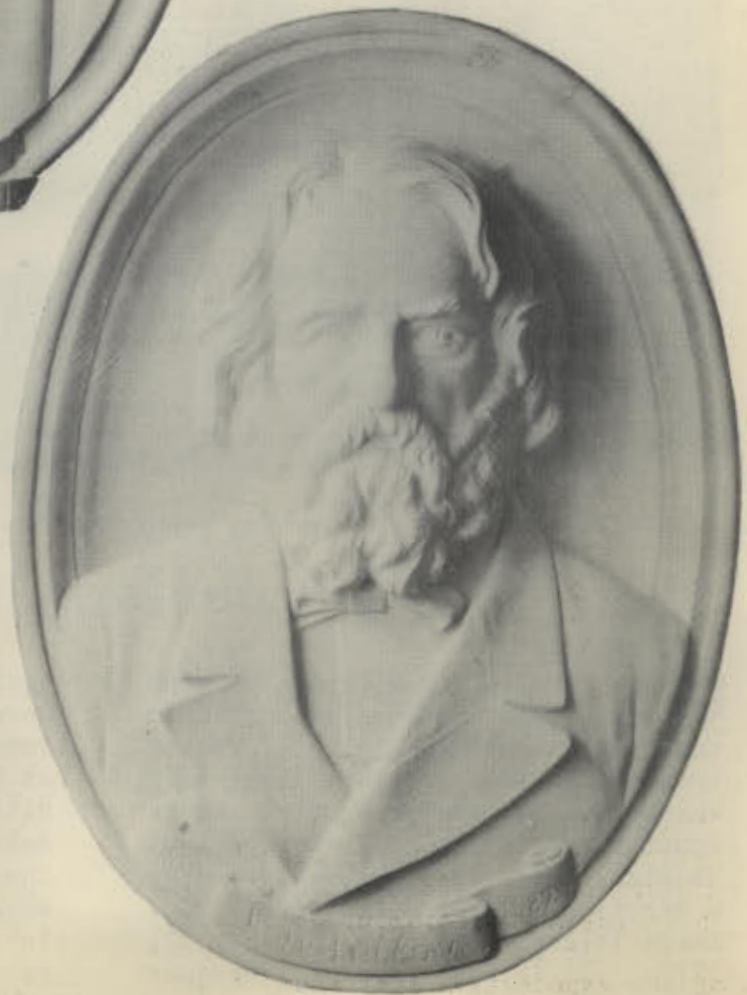


Two bas relief plaques, Mark Twain, left, and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, below, by Mr. Patsy Beneduce.

Mr. Beneduce is a resident of Hoboken and has studied at the Naples Institute of Fine Arts, Naples, Italy. Portraits of the Stevens Family of Hoboken are among the important works he has completed.

ENID BELL

Studied at Glasgow School of Art, St. John's Wood School in London, and with Sir W. Reid Dick of London. Also studied for five years with the Art Students League. Taught at Miss Chapin's School in New York City. Taught woodcarving and painting at the Newark Art Club.



Red Bank Battlefield



The Whitall Mansion today

Photos by Benson

CLOUDESLEY JOHNS

Once more, after a lapse of 160 years, men are busily engaged in the reconstruction of a fort and trenches on the Delaware River near Woodbury, Gloucester County, where Count Donop and his force of 2000 Hessians were crushingly defeated by a garrison of 435 New Jersey and Rhode Island militiamen, October 22, 1777. It is not, however, because of any expectation that enemy troops

again will attempt to ravage South Jersey that old Fort Mercer is being reconstructed and restored, so far as is possible, to its original condition. The work has been undertaken for the purpose of providing the State of New Jersey with another impressive memorial to the Revolution. This work of restoration extends to the entire twenty acres constituting the Red Bank Battle-

field, including the old stone and brick farmhouse, formerly known as Whitall's Mansion, in which Ann Whitall sat spinning while the battle raged, until disturbed by a cannonball crashing through a wall of the room. Today the ancient structure serves as a museum and quarters of the caretaker of the battlefield, now a public park with title vested in the Gloucester County Board of Freeholders.

Just at the great bend in the Delaware River, about six miles below Camden, is an apparently level green field atop a fifty-foot sodded bluff, at the foot of which is a stone retaining-wall. A dense wood forms a pleasing background to the peaceful scene, while scattered trees add charm to the foreground. At one end the Stars and Stripes flutter beside a shining monument; at the other end is a chaste brick house. The approach to this shrine is un-

impressive, sometimes unlovely. The roads are often built upon marshland traversed by low-banked, sluggish creeks, and run past factories, workers' cottages, and acres of weeds. Unaware of ascending an incline, one enters the park to find himself looking down upon the river. Winding paths lead across ravines which were once trenches, and continue to unearthed cannon and the level plain where the house overlooks the river.

It is not known when the building of the stone section of Whitall's Mansion was begun, but it was probably soon after the marriage of James Whitall and Ann Cooper, September 23, 1739. The brick addition was completed in 1748, and bears that date, with the letters I A W for James and Ann Whitall on the north gable.

Conditions under which the present work is being done are vastly different from those attending the

One of the trenches on Red Bank Battlefield



original construction of the fort. Then Howe's army was a standing menace not only to all of South Jersey, but to the Revolution itself. Because of this, General Washington urged that Fort Mercer be held at all costs. It was, but the cost fell upon the attackers. The garrison on that eventful October day numbered 435 men. Against the fort were hurled 2000 Hessian mercenaries. The battle was brief and one of the bloodiest of the war. Enemy losses in the actual fighting were 452 officers and men, and many others, including the commander, Count Donop, later died of wounds. The American losses numbered twelve. So ended the battle of Red Bank, not to be confused with a place of the same name in Northern Jersey.

On the day after the battle of Red Bank, October 23, 1777, three British frigates, including the huge 64-gun Augusta, attacked Fort Mercer, to avenge the overwhelming defeat of the British land forces. Under gunfire from the fort the Au-

gusta became caught in the chevaux de frise, chains of sharp pointed logs across the river placed to prevent the British fleet from joining Howe at Philadelphia, caught fire and was destroyed by the explosion of the magazine. The smaller Merlin also went aground and was burned.

During the battle Ann Whitall, a serene-souled Quakeress, sat spinning in her living room. A round shot tore through one wall and embedded itself in the other. Calling a maid to help her, Mrs. Whitall carried the spinning wheel to the cellar, where she went on with her work. That spinning wheel is one of the relics still preserved in the old house. The cannonball which interrupted Mrs. Whitall's spinning, and other round shot from the Red Bank battle, still may be seen in the walls. Other relics include cannon and numbers of bayonets, some unearthed under the direction of Frank H. Stewart, president of the Gloucester County Historical Society, and others by the WPA workers

now carrying out the project. It was on the pleas of the Historical Society that the work has been undertaken to make the park a worthy memorial of great events, and also that the site was not disposed of at private sale years ago.

The work being done includes the complete restoration of the Whitall Mansion. Although in generally excellent condition, cracks have appeared in the walls of the older stone section.

The sum originally provided was not very large, but widespread interest aroused by the plan and progress resulted in an in-

Ann Whitall's chair and spinning wheel





House and monument, Red Bank

creasingly insistent demand that the restoration of the battlefield be carried much further. This is to be provided for by the new project. Under this plan every stone and piece of building material that can be salvaged from the ruins will be used in construction of the new memorial Fort Mercer. Trenches will be dug in accordance with the original plans, shown on an old map, and earthworks thrown up.

Part of the Red Bank Battlefield Park is to be devoted to picnic grounds, with tables, benches and other conveniences, in order that visitors to the shrine may spend an entire day in comfort. Gravel walks are being provided, and trees transplanted to give the wooded effect of 160 years ago.

There is no record of the manner in which the Colonials became possessed of the land on which Fort Mercer was erected and trenches dug, but it may be inferred that it was just taken on the plea of necessity. Assuredly the Whitalls, Quaker folk, would not have sold or leased the land for purposes of warfare.

Shortly before the Civil War the United States Government purchased from private owners 120 acres of

land, including the entire area of the Red Bank Battlefield, opening gravel pits for construction work. During Theodore Roosevelt's administration the Government prepared to sell the no longer needed property. Frank H. Stewart, heading a committee, went to Washington and appealed to the President to preserve the battlefield. As a result, title to the twenty acres and the Whitall Mansion was given to the Freeholders by Congress. The Freeholders installed a caretaker and began the collection of relics for the museum. The establishment of WPA presented an attractive opportunity to make of Red Bank Battlefield something worthy of its history. The chance was seized by the Gloucester County Historical Society, and now the work is well under way.

The Federal Government has appropriated \$22,459.90 for Project No. 52, for work on the battlefield and the fort. The sponsors, the Gloucester County Board of Freeholders, have pledged \$2667. Project No. 481, for the restoration of the Whitall Mansion and surrounding grounds, has an appropriation of \$11,775, of which the sponsors' share is \$2847.

The Invisible Boat

All Done With Mirrors

BRUCE REID

When a veteran newspaperman takes a notion, in an idle moment, to explore the "junk" in the attic of his memory, what queer discoveries come to light. Strange, forgotten characters turn up, and after the cobwebs of time are brushed off, their personalities loom up as strikingly as when first encountered. Episodes involving unwritten history of a great era float up from the past and become lustrous again. Naval secrets leak from their dim morgue of obligation and demand existence in the light.

"What a story E. Phillips Oppenheim could make of these facts!" I thought. "They read almost like fiction. Just a little masterly manipulation of the central character, and he would stand forth as a striking psychological study of a complicated personality. A loafer of genius who attempted the impossible and finally accomplished it! An enemy fleet which missed being blown out of the water and finally rushed out to its own destruction! A hard-boiled navy department reluctantly forced to adopt a mysterious death-dealing device against hostile fleets, by a war President! If only I were a fiction writer!"

As the lapse of time has released me from the obligation of secrecy, I shall narrate the simple facts. President McKinley is dead; Congressman James S. Sherman is dead; John Allen, the central character of the comedy-drama, sleeps with his fathers in the village cemetery; the secret plans of the death-dealing device

rest in the forgotten archives of the U. S. Navy Department.

The Spanish-American war was at fever heat, 38 years ago. Our forces were in Cuba, halted in their advance on the Spanish army, well entrenched before Santiago, by the guns of the Spanish fleet safely anchored in the harbor of that city. The U. S. expedition was deadlocked, General Shafter, the Commander in Chief, was "up in the air" about the situation, the commissary arrangements had broken down, the soldiers were subsisting on half rations, while the supply ships were dancing on the waves outside the harbor, unable to land their cargo because of the lack of lightering facilities. Captain Theodore Roosevelt, who had thoughtfully provided his own rations for his Rough Riders, was sharing them with the regular army. Between the American forces and the hidden enemy stood a thick forest and two steep hills, each surmounted with blockhouses manned by Spanish sharpshooters. These, and snipers hidden in the tops of trees, made life miserable for the small, half-starved American army.

President McKinley and his war department were frantic over the situation. As long as the Spanish fleet menaced the American advance with their formidable long range guns, no advance could be made. The small army would risk extinction by advancing against a well-fortified enemy, flanked by the naval guns. The American fleet did not dare venture into the harbor to give battle

to the enemy's fleet, reinforced by fort batteries and army artillery. The situation was critical and public censure was growing.

Enter on the scene, John Allen! He lived in a small country village a few miles from the metropolis of the Mohawk Valley, and did odd jobs of stone cutting or chiseling inscriptions on marble headstones, at which he was expert. In demand at all times because of his artistic skill, he was too lazy to capitalize on his ability. A great reader and student of national questions, as well as of abstract philosophy, he spent his time talking to all who would listen to him. He could relate interesting stories, explain the mechanics of machinery, talk understandingly of Socrates and Spinoza and the Evolution theory of Herbert Spencer -- but he would wave away requests for his services on tombstones or "pointing" church walls, and stick to his reading or talking. His family of two sons and two daughters had supported him as well as themselves for years. They both admired and despised him. He stood in high esteem of the big city men, not only because of his conversation but also for his inventive genius.

I was boarding at the Allen house at this time, commuting daily on a bicycle to and from the city. After supper Allen used to sit with me on the front porch and talk about everything, past, present and future. He was a thick-set, shaggy man of middle age, and wore a brown beard. He had a pair of keen blue eyes, a ready tongue and an active, intelligent mind, well stored with ordered knowledge. He admitted his laziness.

One night he said: "I am so lazy that when I go duck shooting I take along my glass boat and move right along into a flock of ducks feeding without their seeing me, and I shoot what I want and pick up what I can find dead in the water."

Allen was given to "kidding" when in the mood, so I merely nodded and talked about the "fiasco" in Cuba.

Next day Allen appeared excited

at supper and spoke sneeringly of the deadlock in Cuba. After supper he started talking to me as soon as I appeared on the front porch.

"Can you keep a secret?" he asked abruptly.

"If you pledge me to it, I can," I said. "But, if it is news, I'd rather not hear it if I can't use it."

"I'll tell it to you -- you can use it when it comes out. It's a naval secret now and I daren't divulge it. But I got to tell someone or bust! But you got to promise secrecy!" I did.

Then he told me. "I've perfected my invisible boat, made of mirrors set at certain angles so that collectively they reflect the sea and sky and are perfectly invisible! The Navy has taken it up and I'm to go to Washington with my model and demonstrate it in a secret test. If it works, they're going to make four or five and send them to Santiago. They will be fitted with torpedoes and will sail into the harbor and blow the enemy out of the water! My boat will do it, too, but I have to supervise the construction."

That was astonishing news! "How-ever did you get the Navy to look into it?" I asked incredulously.

He smiled. "Pulling wires, of course. There's politics in everything. Jim Sherman knows me -- I've helped him often enough. I showed my boat to him, he went to Washington and talked to the President. It's a rotten situation in Cuba, you know. If we don't do something there, hell's going to pop for the Administration. The President talked turkey to the Navy chiefs and Sherman saw to it that they examined my proposition. Something had to be done -- and quick! That was a week ago. Tomorrow I go to Washington. I've already shipped my boat there. I tell you I could take my boat into Santiago harbor right now with a few torpedoes and send those ships to the bottom. Then our army could march on the city and take it. Those Spaniards can't fight!"

Days passed. Allen returned, with a triumphant gleam in his eyes.

"I did it!" he exclaimed, when I met him. "The test was in a navy yard. I was to take my boat secretly in broad daylight among the vessels at anchor there, and if I could manage to dab a bit of paint on any ship without being stopped or detected, the test was successful. I did that thing. I lay down in the boat and she moved by a hidden paddle behind worked with a small battery. They never saw me at all. And weren't they surprised when the spots of paint were shown them, proving I had stolen up to the ships and could have torpedoed them and got away again."

He said the Navy would construct these boats right away, but added he had to help adjust the mirrors which must be at a certain delicate angle to each other. "They are going to send them in without being manned, with the torpedoes timed to go at each enemy craft," he said.

Allen went to Washington again, or New York. When he returned he said one boat had been built and the remaining sister boats were being constructed as fast as possible. He described his interviews with the naval officials -- their skepticism of anything beyond their own knowledge. But the desperate situation in Cuba impelled them to obey the President's suggestions to "try anything." Hobson's heroic effort to block the harbor and prevent the Spanish ships from coming out was the worst folly of the war. The American fleet was hoping and praying they would come out and fight.

The next few days passed with John Allen living in a paradise of anticipation. He walked on air. He strode around the village stroking his beard and talking -- but not about his invisible boat!

Then the unexpected happened. The Spanish fleet, supposedly under telegraphed order from Madrid, committed the worst but most gallant blunder of the war. They sallied forth from the safety of harbor anchorage and

gave battle to the waiting and unprepared American fleet. They were sent to the bottom in a terrific naval engagement of only a few hours. The news electrified the nation. General Shafter sent his men against Santiago. Roosevelt led his Rough Riders up San Juan and Kettle Hill on foot. The blockhouses were taken, the hills occupied. Artillery was trained on the Spanish Army -- which promptly surrendered, and the war was over.

But poor John Allen! He lost any ambition he might have entertained in life had his invention been tried. He lapsed into his easy, loafing existence, talkative about everything on earth and in heaven -- but absolutely silent on the subject of the invisible boat. He was drifting into a placid, useless old age when I left the state years later. Before leaving the village I asked him if the Navy Department wouldn't buy his invention.

"Hah! That bunch of fossils? No chance. They've got my designs and plans all blue-printed, and my boats. They'll keep them, and I'll get nothing! The original design, a sketch I made of my first invisible boat, I'll give you. I got no use for it now. Why, Reid, if that fool Spanish fleet had only stayed in there to block the American Army's advance, as they'd ought to, my invisible boats would have blown them to hell'n gone! But they came out -- and the war's over! I'm finished!"

Years after, Congressman Sherman was elected Vice President with Taft as President. I heard that he had managed to get some compensation for the village inventor, but I could never confirm it. Nor could I find out whether the Navy Department would ever experiment with the invisible boat again. The plans are buried deep in the files at Washington. I have treasured the original sketch of the invisible craft, made by the inventor. But John Allen himself is as visible in memory as if I had just come from a chat with him.

Federal Theatre

Producing Plays Becomes a Human Problem

ALLAN DALZELL

In the theatre the word revolution has been too often used. It is evolution and not revolution which is needed. In Room 236 at 1060 Broad Street, Newark is located the Federal Theatre Project of New Jersey. In the inner office sits the State Director, Louis M. Simon, not long from triumphs at the Yale Workshop, the Theatre Guild, and with Max Reinhardt, the famous German producer. In the outer office are actors and actresses hailing from all parts of the state: Hackettstown to Cape May, Hoboken to Phillipsburg. Both town and country send their quota of these hopeful human beings, whose chief belief is that they are created for the footlights. Aged actors with shreds of Shakespearean glo-

ry still clinging to their shoulders attempt to impress Mr. Simon. Actresses wrinkled with years of disappointments coyly beg for parts that passed them by years ago. Youth breaking into consciousness, realizing for the first time that the world is his, demands a job. He has talent. He knows it. It is up to the theatre to recognize it. The imitation movie star, standing in gorgeous isolation, believes aloofness is synonymous with distinction. The college girl, with a fine sense of humor and perhaps a deeper sense of the theatre, feels that she is aptly fitted for any part. Her tall companion knows that Macbeth and Lear were written for him. The healthy young man who discovered in

Louis Simon interviewing applicants for parts



high school amateurs that he could get away with a role and once a comedy part, and his girl friend is certain that he would make a good Romeo if she were Juliet. The matron with an unnatural appearance of youth and the natural sharpness of age knows that her experience will stand her in good stead in any part if there is no part available at the moment. She has an instinctive ability for direction (she usually finds a need for this when the director isn't looking). The young propagandist of both sexes comes in with Karl Marx tucked under his arm instead of William Shakespeare.

Out of this whirlpool of talent and near talent Mr. Louis Simon with the assistance of his staff and supervisors has discovered some fine material for stage production. There are actors and actresses, to the manner born with a Broadway background, again being given the chance to follow their chosen profession. You can pick them out in "It Can't Happen Here," "Laff That Off," "Her Majesty, the Widow," "The Barker," and the summer repertory that played

Red Bank last season. The moment they step on the stage you are actively aware of them.

I said evolution. Perhaps this weeding process was nearer revolution. Hell hath no fury like talent scorned. Those who have more imagination than ability in the theatre come back again and again. Then one day they mysteriously disappear, apparently to more promising fields. Sometimes they turn up as stars at a later day. There is nothing so absolute as the uncertainty of the theatre.

With the chaff slowly being separated from the grain, the next step Director Simon has before him is the serious consideration of plays to be presented.

The Federal Theatre in New Jersey has trod softly among the modest and innocuous successes of the past, plays that had fallen into the hands of amateurs and were therefore safe to chance before any audience. The result was obvious -- poor box-office business.

Hardy growths like "Brother Mose" "Na Santarella" and the ever inter-

Preliminary reading of "The Trial of Dr. Beck"





Ironing out individual difficulties

esting Marionettes have been fortunate to develop their own following and have become institutions.

The Federal Theatre now is consorting with O'Neill, Shakespeare, and new playwrights, taking them in its stride with considerable success. The project supervisors have welcomed this wider field.

Fraunie in Paterson is presenting a new play, "The Campbells Are Coming."

McLelland in Jersey City has taken over "It Can't Happen Here," and is revising and tightening it for touring engagements.

Horne in Camden is presenting "Come Seven" with both a Negro and a white cast.

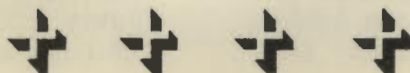
Mrs. Adele Nathan is presenting a

decidedly unique program of four one act plays written and selected by the dramatic editor of a Newark newspaper.

Stork in Newark has taken over the tremendous assignment of presenting Shakespeare's "As You Like It."

Mr. Simon is preparing to introduce to the public Hughes Allison, a new Negro playwright who has submitted a splendidly written and intensely gripping drama, "The Trial of Dr. Beck." The cast for this play employs both white and colored.

So you see that the Federal Theatre of New Jersey is interested in evolution. Mr. Simon is not interested in throwing out the past, he is interested in building upon.



Opportunity Knocks

CAROLINE B. METSGER



Housecleaning at the camp for unemployed women

Photos by Farrell

And youth is being prepared to open the door.

For instance, there's Herman. For him the transition from school to work was trying because of a personality difficulty. He had completed high school and business college, but was so shy that he had been unable to approach prospective employers. In desperation he registered with the NRS. When he arrived at the office of the National Youth Administration, his qualifications were

found to be excellent, but because he became panic-stricken when confronted with a new face, placement had been impossible. He was finally given clerical work in the supervisor's office and gradually stepped into the position of receptionist. Today, after five months, Herman meets new people with assurance and is ready for private employment.

Since March 4, 1936 the Monmouth County office of the NYA has placed 312 boys and girls in paying posi-

tions. This does not include those given student aid. One hundred and fifty-two of the applicants are employed on government projects at the present time.

Seventy percent of those given employment were previously inexperienced in work of any kind. And this is perhaps the outstanding achievement of the NYA; to take boys and girls who grew up during the depression, who have had no opportunity to gain experience, and prepare them to be absorbed into private industry as seasoned workers.

Boys with limited schooling are first placed as helpers to unskilled WPA workmen. They are carefully watched, and if aptitude for skilled labor is noted they are reassigned as helpers to masons, carpenters and

machinists.

Typists, stenographers and other clerical workers are assigned to health centers, libraries, schools, and municipal offices. Many of those so placed have later gone into private industry as experienced workers.

Unusual requests come to this office. John has been in the hospital for more than a year with an infected foot. He must stay some time longer. Previously he had attended grammar school in Asbury Park. His parents tried to have his schooling continued, but because the hospital was not within the city limits a teacher could not be supplied by the board of education. Someone thought of the National Youth Administration and asked for advice. The supervisor

Craft shop in the Hotel Morrow, Asbury Park



consulted the school principal, who reported that John is a capable student; he would be willing to have teachers prepare assignments, arrange examinations and correct papers if someone could be found to go over the work with the student and give the tests. A youth will be assigned as tutor.

The New Jersey Camp for Young Women is another feature of NYA usefulness. Eligible girls from all over the State may enter the camp, which is located in Asbury Park, for three months. Its purpose is primarily educational; to give young women an understanding of the economic situation today as it affects them. They are trained in personal hygiene, family health and community health problems. They are likewise

taught home economics in terms of living in the homes of their parents and in establishing future homes of their own as young housewives. They are taught budgeting, food values, cooking, housekeeping and homemaking.

The Jersey Central Power and Light Company is giving a series of demonstrations in the model kitchen installed in the camp. The Singer Sewing Machine Company is contributing its regular course in dress-making. The Monmouth County Organization for Social Service is arranging to give the American Red Cross Home Nursing Course of thirty hours, granting the regular certificate to those satisfactorily completing the work. Each girl shares in the camp housekeeping to the extent of two hours a day, as a work project under

Practice kitchen in the Administration Building



the regulations of the NYA, for which she receives in pay twenty-five dollars per month. Twenty dollars of this amount is paid to the camp for maintenance and five dollars is retained for personal expenditures. Ample provision is made for recreation.

The camp director and staff make an individual study of each of the eighty girls in residence. A further study is made of the locality from which each comes in order to determine how best the individual in question may become an integral part of its community life; how best she may meet its problems on the basis of adult understanding.

The colored project in Asbury Park, with branches in Keyport and Long Branch, is unusual and successful. It centers around a toy-lending library which has a workshop for repairing and reconditioning toys. Fifty part time and two full time employees are engaged in the work at present. The sides of the library proper are fitted with shelves holding toys of all descriptions: dolls, beds, cradles, mechanical toys, xylophones, rag animals, wooden animals and furry animals. There are approximately four hundred toys in all which go out at the rate of thirty-five a day for a period of three days. At first many articles were broken, and it was necessary to visit the homes and collect about forty toys each week. Now they are

better cared for, and ten unreturned toys in the course of a week is regarded as high.

The shop is equipped with work benches, stools and shelves which were built by the boys; tools were supplied by the NYA. Broken parts are replaced, weakened joints are strengthened, and new paint is applied. The used toys are contributed and the shop is very busy all week, the employees working in three shifts.

Picture these boys, if you will, otherwise unemployed, and ordinarily spending their days hanging around street corners and pool rooms. Then go to the little room behind the library, some morning, to find each absorbed in his task; one removing a damaged wheel from a scooter, five renewing and transforming dolls' faces and hands with light brown paint, several recoating iron toys, and one six-foot youth efficiently sewing up a tear in a rag doll! Do they realize, one wonders, that aside from the work itself they are making the world a happier land for underprivileged children? Or that they, themselves, are acquiring a consciousness of value in old things -- an ability to restore beauty and usefulness to the marred and broken?

And in the files of the supervisor there is a long waiting list of other just such boys anxious to get to this particular door on which assuredly Opportunity knocks.

THE MEANING

John V. Braillard

A poem--is like incense placed
Before the soul by heart and mind,
A consecrated flame encased
In gossamer, its thought enshrined.
A mighty ship with spacious hull
Whose cargo is the beautiful.

As the Twig is Bent

Children Learn to Practice Sportsmanship
Without Knowing How to Spell the Word

SYLVIA HORDES

I want my child to have the opportunities and pleasures that I did not have when I was a child" is a hope in the heart of almost every parent. Some are able to fulfill this desire; others, handicapped by circumstances and misfortunes, either pitifully try or become dejected, resigned to fate, and let things slip. The child, helpless, becomes the victim. The former group does not need any assistance. The Nursery School is interested in helping the latter group. The children, ranging from two through the fourth year, come from homes of people on relief, WPA workers, or from those in similar circumstances. The staff consists of two teachers who have had nursery training, a registered nurse, and a dietician.

Upon registering the child the parent is questioned for full information regarding the child's home conditions. On the entrance card is recorded any inoculation,

vaccination (which is compulsory), contagious diseases, or serious illness the child has had. These cards are kept on file. The day the child is admitted he is examined by the school physician, at which time a medical card is made out. His height and weight are recorded. This information is later transferred to a chart on which monthly recordings are made.

Crates become furniture



There are twenty-five children on enrollment, new children being selected from long waiting lists.

The children arrive between 8:30 and 9 and upon entering are immediately examined by the nurse before they come in contact with any other children. If a child does not appear to be well and his temperature is above normal, he is separated and sent home. The other children, after examination, hang their clothing in their individual compartments in the cloakroom. Since at this early age they are still unable to



Future gardeners at the Jersey City Nursery School

read, the problem of distinguishing their own places is solved by the use of colored insignias. From the cloak room the children proceed to the large playroom for a period of free play with many attractive and educational toys.

When they first enter school almost all the children stand or sit dutifully limp while mother removes their outer clothing. She's been doing it all along, but how wrong she is! Even the two-year old is capable of doing a lot more than he is credited for. Yes, there are certain things with which he needs assistance, but these are soon mastered. Very soon the child can remove his own outer clothing. Tape loops sewed by parents have facilitated the hanging up of the outer garments. The sewing rooms have proved of infinite assistance with the dresses,

suits and underclothes they sent. One of the first things done immediately after school opened was to start a wardrobe. A regular campaign for clothing was made among friends, relatives, and neighbors, which was then distributed where it was most needed.

A free indoor play period continues until about 10, when the children receive cod liver oil and fruit juice. After this the children are toileted and washed and then divided into two groups. The younger group, the two and some of the three year olds, goes into the sleeping room for a short rest on the cots. The older group goes into the play room for a quiet period of stories, rhymes or poems. This early morning rest is to help the digestion of the cod liver oil and has been found to be very beneficial to the general



Learning cooperation and sportsmanship

health of the youngsters.

About 10:20 the children get up from the morning rest and put on their clothing to go outdoors, providing the weather is not too severe. Help is given where it is needed and the children are encouraged to assist each other. Twice a week the older group goes on a walk to visit some place in the neighborhood. During both indoor and outdoor play their natural tendencies are considered and provided for by the activities and equipment. At about 11 the younger group comes in, remove their outer clothing, are toileted, washed and comb their hair in preparation for their lunch. A story is often included if time permits. At 11:30 this group goes downstairs for lunch. In the meantime the older group has come in and is having a period of songs, poems, rhythms, or stories until 11:30, at which time they prepare for lunch. They go down for lunch at 11:45. By this time the first group is partially through with lunch and the nurse is ready to go to the bathroom with the first one finished. A time limit of 40 minutes maximum is set

for lunch. The food is attractively and tastefully served in colorful dishes with small quantities of food to encourage the asking for second portions. Discrimination against food is not permitted. The main dish most often consists of three or four vegetables. After this the child gets a sandwich and a cup of milk. Bread is never served together with the main dish since most children have a tendency to eat too much bread instead of the vegetables.

The sandwiches are usually made with whole wheat or raisin bread, usually toasted and spread with various things, such as peanut and apple butter, chopped cabbage and carrots, chopped egg, cheese, jelly or sardine. They are cut in quarters to facilitate eating and to encourage asking for seconds. Only after finishing this the child gets his dessert which may be chocolate pudding, fresh fruit, custard, jelly, or any one of many others. The height of the tables and chairs, the curved eating dishes, the salad forks and sugar bowl spoons have all been chosen to facilitate and encourage self-feeding. Such other problems as spilling food while eating, putting too much food in the mouth or on the fork at one time, swallowing food without first chewing it properly, excessive talking or playing at the table, holding food in the mouth, and talking with food in the mouth have all been obliterated. Removing a child from the table had been one of the best solutions, for the child soon learns he alone suffers -- that either he eats as he should what is put before

him or he goes without eating. Many a child, after being sent away from the table, has returned voluntarily and finished his meal without further comment.

From the very beginning correct bathroom habits are taught. Regularity is becoming a fixed habit, as is the use of paper and the flushing of the water, which at first was a novelty to many.

Following the toileting and washing, the children go upstairs and undress for bed. On each is placed a bathrobe made by the WPA sewing room. The room is darkened and the windows opened wide. Soon every tot is fast asleep. It was astonishing to find how many youngsters regarded taking a nap as a punishment. This period is approximately two hours long. At 2:30 they awake, dress, are toileted and washed, make their own cots (at least make a courageous attempt) and have an afternoon snack of milk and crackers or sandwiches. By now it is time to prepare for home. Each child goes to the cloakroom, gets his clothing, and dresses. As his mother, big sister or big brother calls for him, each child

comes up and shakes hands before leaving.

A daily diary is kept of each child showing his progress from day to day. All members of the staff record notations that they may have observed. These assist in the home visits that are made to each home every month by the members of the staff.

The science experiences have not been neglected. Each child filled a tin can with dirt from an adjoining empty lot and planted a lima bean which he himself watered and watched grow every day. They have all taken turns at watering the other plants in the room. Dyeing eggs, observing the fish, watching corks float, feeling snow, sand, mud, and water; watching birds fly, water freeze, and ice melt are a few others.

The children are learning manipulation and coordination of the muscles. They are developing many skills, such as lacing and unlacing shoes, buttoning and unbuttoning clothes, piling blocks, stringing beads, manipulation of eating utensils, piling dishes on serving table, putting pegs in peg boards, riding

wheeled toys without falling or bumping, going up and down stairs under supervision without assistance, distinguishing color, shapes and sounds, singing true to pitch and with good tone quality, using housecleaning implements correctly, and increasing vocabulary with which to express their thoughts.

The Nursery School at P. S. No. 31 in Jersey City has three rooms -- the playroom, the sleeping rooms, and the combination kitchen and dining

Exercising young muscles





Photo by Epstein

Practicing correct eating habits

room. The sleeping room is very simply furnished. The cots are lined up side by side, one foot apart. A gaily colored dressing table at one end of the room and several small mirrors placed about at the children's eye level make the matter of pride in personal appearance a relatively easy matter. The drab blackboards are camouflaged by stretching yellow bias tape into foot squares with pictures of nursery rhymes and illustrations of stories with which they are familiar pasted in alternating boxes. These pictures were cut out from drawing and coloring books and were painted with water paints by members of the staff. On another board is a series of six chalk drawings showing activities of the child during the day. Plants on the window sills and curtains on the door windows add that certain little

touch of coziness.

The playroom is very colorful and attractive. In one corner is the doll center. It consists of a small dressing table, a doll bed and crib, table and chairs, two benches, doll carriage, dolls and doll dishes. The dressing table was made from an old end table painted yellow to which a yellow printed ruffled skirt was added. The doll bed formerly knew itself as a piano bench, from which the cover was removed, a few nails added in necessary places, a leg reinforced, a coat of yellow paint, and a ruffled skirt added. The chairs formerly served their duties as egg crates. The doll corner is separated from the rest of the room by a large slide made by the Manual Training department of the Board of Education. Beneath the window is a bench made by painting an egg crate which was turned on its side. Next comes the block center. The blocks are kept in cupboards made by joining three egg crates placed side by side in upright position. Along the front and back of the room are groups of movable shelves upon which the children keep their small toys. In another corner of the room is the reading center. Two egg crates, painted in red and white brick effect, made an attractive combination of fireplace and book shelves. On the opposite side of the room is the music center, which consists of a piano, victrola, and the instruments of the children's band. The latter is composed of a drum made from a large round cracker tin, a rattle made by joining two tin cans with adhesive tape and filling with dried beans, cymbals, triangles, and noise-maker clappers from a nearby restaurant. Other points of interest in the room are the wheeled toys, the sand table and sand toys, the easel and crayons, and the Parent Corner. The Parent Corner includes a bulletin board where menus, recipes, descriptions for the making of home-made toys, notices for parent meetings, etc. appear. Beneath this is a small table filled with pamph-

lets and booklets of all types and subjects of interest to parents in relation to children. The blackboard walls of this room are decorated similarly to those in the sleeping room. The frieze effect in this room is that of a circus and its activities. Plants on the window sills and in wall brackets, curtains on the windows and doors comprise the remainder of the picture of the playroom.

The kitchen and dining room are downstairs -- in a corner of the school's indoor play court. Here the dietician prepares and plans the meals. Four tables were made by covering with oilcloth benches formerly used in the play court. They very fortunately are of an ideal height. The chairs were a donation of one of the neighborhood furniture stores. An oilcloth rug helps in the general appearance, sanitation, and protection of health in the dining room. Egg crates, again, were utilized as serving tables. Attractive pictures of children eating are pasted on the wall and add much to the cheerfulness. Movable screens to be placed around the dining room

are in the making.

The parents have been just as fine as they could be in cooperating. They have hemmed towels, bibs, and wash cloths; made cakes for parent meetings and children's parties in school; brought in plants and odd toys from home; sewed slipper bags for each cot; and made gifts for the children at Christmas. Fathers have mended toys and furniture and made new ones. Parent meetings, held twice a month, are well attended. Problems at home are brought up and discussed and suggestions are made by parents and the staff.

The Nursery School is directing overabundant energy to worthy and proper channels and uses, and establishing good habits before bad ones are formed. The children are learning to help each other, share, and wait their turn. Sportsmanship is a word they're learning the meaning of, though the terminology and spelling are as yet unfamiliar. They are taking pride in their personal appearance and accomplishments, all in the serene and quiet environment of the Emergency Nursery Schools.

SPRING RAIN

Earl Lawson Sydnor

The rain plays music on the hill,
And treetops hold the notes, then spill
Them into melodies that race
Like teardrops down a lovely face.
Each silver note -- a new refrain
Snared by the wind to sing again
On mossy stumps and padded beds
Of leaves. And now, like little heads
Of laughter courting not a care,
The cool Spring rain combs earth's green hair.



Federal Music

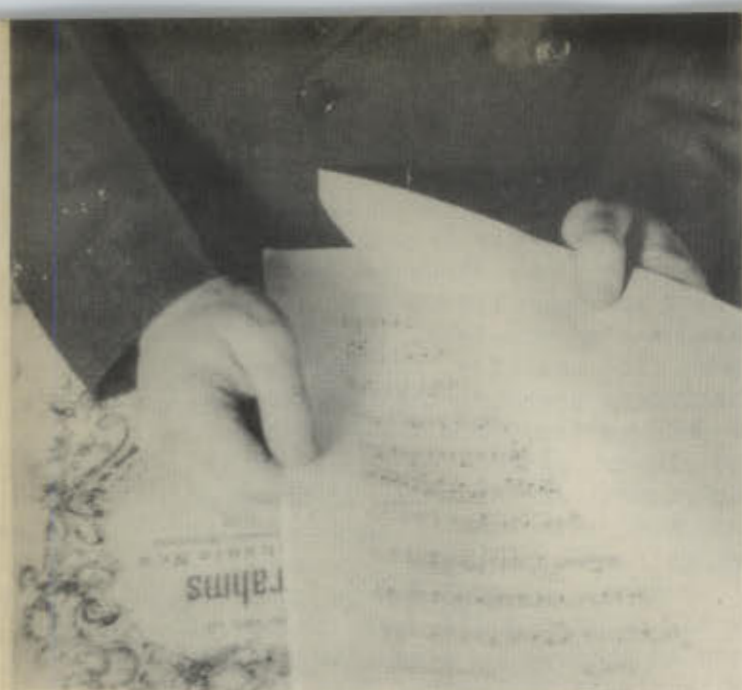
Watch Their Hands

FREDERICK W. VANDERPOOL

The leader raises his baton and music grows, swelling to fill the vast auditorium. The audience is conscious principally of the sound. It's eyes follow the actions of the musicians as a mass, picking out the rising and falling of the bows, the

sliding of the trombones, the glitter of light on the brasses, the long slender forms of the wood winds and the fat kettle drums; but the important point is the coordination of the mind and the hand, and of this the auditor is not at all conscious

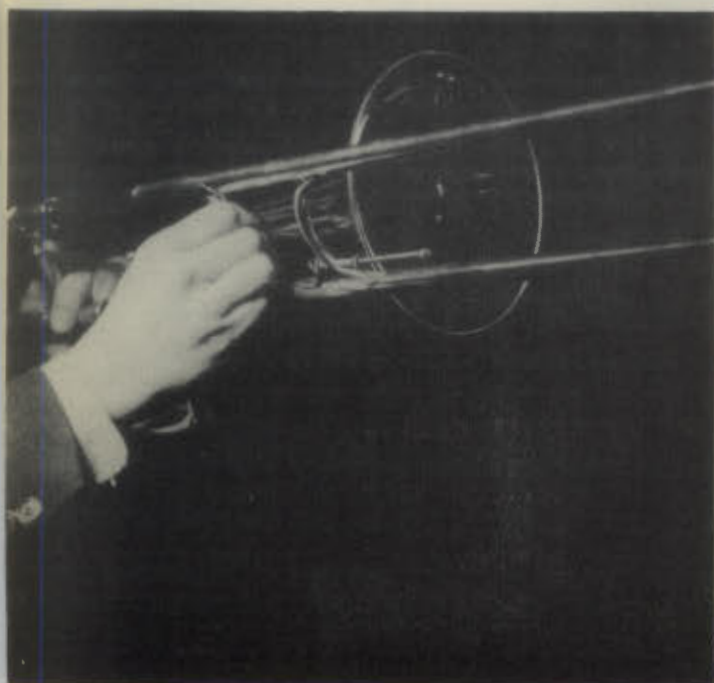




unless he is a musician. The success of this coordination produces a result which will take the mind of the audience from the mechanics and allow it to flow with the rhythm of the music. The hands of musicians (including primarily those of conductors, pianists, violinists and all other instrumentalists) provide an endless, fascinating and provocative study.

Take, for example, the artistic hands of Osborne McConathy, resident conductor of the WPA Essex County Orchestra. Here are hands that in every slight move express a varying mood of the music being interpreted and with the slightest ges-

ture can bring from the musicians under his baton the desired effect. The skilled hands of his players are also a most engaging study. Four important instruments in an orchestra are the violin, violin-cello, bass-tuba and the French horn. In the playing of the violin and cello, we observe the graceful and delicate fingering with which the music is brought forth; in contrast, quite different from the manner in which the pianist produces his tone. Contrary to popular belief, most of our famous pianists have anything but the so-called artistic hand; namely, a large thin hand with long delicate fingers.





Regarding the playing of the bass-tuba and the French horn, the position of the hands is quite different in each instrument. In the case of the bass-tuba, the hand lies in a flat position, the cushion of the finger pressing the desired key. To produce tone from the French horn the player grasps the curve of the instrument in the palm of the hand and then with the finger cushion brings forth the tone.

Probably the most famous musical hands in the world are those of Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Here we have a perfect example of a real artistic hand. Instead of the customary baton, Mr. Stokowski achieves the effect he desires from his musicians entirely with his remarkable hands. The merest movement of a digit conveys to them the Maestro's wish.

The uses to which we humans can put hands, one of the most important parts of our anatomy, are unlimited.

Several of our world-renowned pianists have small, broad hands with short stubby fingers of great muscular development. Leopold Godowsky, famous pedagogue, tells us that before Bach's time the thumb was not used at all in playing the piano. When he advised the use, it was not to be employed on the black keys. Fingering, like everything else in piano playing, has been an evolution. Chopin made great use of the thumb on the black keys -- Von Bulow believed in much changing of fingers in order to make use of all. It can readily be seen that the use of the thumb on black keys must throw the hand out of position, tend to make movement jerky and force the hand nearer the name-board, where leverage is heavier. Godowsky believes in avoiding the use of the thumb on black keys when possible in order to keep the hand in a more natural and logical position.



Ricochet

a story

SAMUEL EPSTEIN

The wind, when I pushed open the door of the railroad station, sliced itself through the slit and the broken drops of water in it got through my closed collar and chilled me to the bone. I hesitated. But a glance behind me at the sodden group of people waiting made the storm outside seem clean and wholesome by comparison. I pulled my hat down on my head, and tightening the collar of my trench coat stepped out into the whirling night to kill an hour till my train arrived.

Immediately the rain and the wind plastered my trousers against my shins, and for a moment the feel of wet cloth was uncomfortable, but I soon became used to it. Street lights were making long shivery streaks on the wet pavement. When a car went by its tires wiped the pavement clean of water and broke the streaks. The rubber treads made a pleasant noise on the asphalt -- a noise that changed from a high-pitched whirr to an ever-slowing series of plops as the cars slowed down for traffic signals, until finally I could hear each plop distinctly as the wheels stopped turning.

After fifteen minutes of walking past the brightly lighted shops, I turned a corner into a street that ran off the main thoroughfare. It was dotted with little taverns, each with a neon sign advertising some brew or another. A glass of beer or a highball, I reflected, would certainly be in place, so stopping before one with a particularly large

sign -- a blaze of red light with outlines made hazy by steamed-up windows -- I pushed the door open and entered.

The hot air fogged my glasses. I took them off and polished them with a handkerchief while I looked at the place with blinking eyes. It was a small room with a bar that ran from the doorway back about fifteen feet. There was only about ten feet of space between the bar and the wall, and about half of that was taken up with little tables that ran along the wall. Three men leaning on the bar were talking in the loudly confidential manner of people well on the way to drunkenness. Around one of the tables at the back a group of men played cards. They played silently, their faces still.

I asked for dark beer and liked the expert way the bartender handled it. The foam rose over the top of the glass, but when it settled the beer stood dark against its white collar, within a half inch of the top. I shoved a dime across the polished wood.

The shock of cold liquid going down my throat was pleasant. I picked up a pretzel and chewed it. The crunching noise filled my head and drowned out the inane conversation. I discovered that I was tired and took my glass and sat down at one of the little tables.

The window rattled when the wind struck. After some minutes the hissing of the transformer in the neon sign, the mumble of words from the bar, the low sounds of cards strik-

ing a table, and the immovability of the barkeeper leaning against the cash register combined to push the howling night very far away. When the door opened and admitted a cold gust of the outside, it roused me suddenly from a near stupor.

I looked up at the newcomer and the swallow of beer in my throat stopped where it was. Never had I seen so hideous a sight. The man as he twisted his way to the bar, pivoting on a crutch, seemed only half there. His right arm was gone up to the elbow, what was left of his right leg hung limp; but it was his face that was so repulsive.

If half of it had been cut off cleanly, the result would have been bad enough, but this face was not cut -- it had been mashed or driven. It was as though some terrific force had pushed half of it back and into the other half.

Hideousness has a much greater fascination than beauty. I was unable to take my eyes from him, and much to my embarrassment I realized that he noticed my staring. The others in the room were evidently quite used to seeing him around, for they scarcely looked up. He ordered beer and when he had picked up his glass he brought it and sat down opposite me at the little table.

I looked down at my beer and turned the glass around in my hands. But I felt his eyes on me and finally raised mine. I think he smiled -- I'm not sure.

I mumbled something about the weather. He spoke and the words coming out of that warped mouth were almost unintelligible.

"Not so bad," he said. "I've seen worse."

"Bad for driving. I'm glad I'm taking a train."

I had almost finished my beer. I'll go when it's gone, I thought. I lifted the glass and drained it.

"Trains aren't so safe either," he said suddenly.

"Oh, I don't know. They don't skid."

"Maybe they are all right for

those inside them, but not always for the one outside."

I wiped my mouth with my handkerchief. "What do you mean?"

"Crossings. On nights like this you can't always see them coming."

Before I could get up he said, "Have another beer," and motioned to the bartender to bring them. When I tried to pay he waved me aside quietly but with authority. At any rate, I thought, he's no beggar. Growing a little accustomed to his appearance I looked at him more carefully. His clothes seemed fairly expensive.

"I'll tell you about the safety of railroad crossings -- a story," he said, and took a sip of beer.

So that was what it had been -- a crossing accident. I had little hankering for a gruesome tale, but my train would give me the excuse to leave shortly. I settled myself more comfortably in my chair.

"During prohibition," he began, "a lot of people were engaged in the bootlegging industry. This town with its large foreign population was a good field for such activities, and as time went on the territory here was sort of divided between the principals in the business. The railroad tracks through the center made a natural boundary, one gang running the east side and the other the west. The free lancers were left the gleanings. Dangerous gleanings they were too."

He stopped for a moment and we both swallowed more beer.

"By some unwritten agreement, the two big gangs kept to their own territory and there was little trouble there. But when the little fellows began to cut into the business both gangs decided to get rid of them. The small fry, by avoiding excessive protection charges, were able to undersell the organized groups, and that was bad for the big business."

I nodded. Gang killings were an old story.

"It got so that the individualist had to do his delivering at odd hours and in odd ways. Many of them

were found mysteriously dead, but the profits were big and some of them stuck. The particular bootlegger I'm talking about managed to keep clear. He knew that eventually they'd get him so he kept putting money aside with the idea of being able to quit before he got fired." He grinned.

"It was on a night like this, just before Christmas. He had been making deliveries in a little bakery truck, and at about two in the morning he headed home, taking all the back roads. He knew that the gangs were gunning for him, but he had seen nothing to alarm him. When he came to a railroad crossing where the gates were down he pulled up behind a car already waiting there. The road went up-hill approaching the tracks, so he put his car in low gear and kept it from rolling back by slipping his clutch."

I knew what was going to happen, but I was tense anyway. My back felt itchy all the way down. I took another drink of beer and looked at my watch. It was getting late. I had only about four minutes left beyond the time it would take me to walk to the station.

"I'm almost finished," he said.

"Go on."

"Well, the car in front of him was a big black sedan and in that business you get to looking at big sedans suspiciously. The license number of this one meant nothing of course, but a little hole he noticed in the back window did. A little round hole. And when a car drew up on the other side of the tracks its lights showed him the outlines of four men's heads in it. He knew it

was a gang patrol car, just two feet from his bumper."

He took a long drink and I glanced at my watch again. Three minutes. Well --

"He wasn't afraid," the twisted mouth said finally. "Because he was sure that the same headlights that showed those men's heads would blur his own to them. But he was wrong."

"What happened then?" I asked.

"I don't know."

"You don't know!"

"Not definitely. I can only guess. I suppose the men in the car ahead thought they had a perfect set-up. They could shoot just as the train came into the crossing and after it had gone through, get away before anyone would discover the body."

"And --?"

"They did. But they didn't get away. You see, there was something they couldn't know."

I was leaning forward.

"When the train came close they let go, but when the fellow behind them slumped forward his foot slid off the clutch. His accelerator foot must have jammed down with the shock of the slug, and his car jumped ahead. It drove the other one straight through the gates into the locomotive. Both cars were smashed. The men in the first one were killed."

I slid back against the chair. Very clearly now, I could hear the conversation at the bar. The slither of cards seemed very loud and distinct. The show window still rattled. I looked at my watch. I had missed my train.



Traffic!

A Works Project Saves Lives and Property

A. KIRSHBAUM

Photos by Rubel

When a WPA project is directly or indirectly responsible for the saving of human life, limb and property, then its worth to the community cannot be measured in dollars and cents. Such a project is the WPA Traffic Survey (1-612) sponsored by the Paterson Board of Public Works, with its center of activity in the Board offices in the City Hall.

One of the few projects of its kind at the time it was started, its work has been closely followed by scores of communities throughout America, with an eye towards establishing similar surveys should the one in Paterson prove valuable. Encouraged by the results thus far shown, several municipalities have already followed the example, and one may soon expect many others to fall into line.

Established for the express purpose of improving the city's traffic conditions, the invaluable information gathered by the survey concerning the volume and movements of traffic has served

as a basis for needed changes in the street and traffic system, determining location and timing of traffic lights and revision in traffic rules.

In outlining the work of the project, it is interesting to note the thoroughness with which the 28 workers supervised by Thomas Tonge and Chief Traffic Engineer A. J. Kane have undertaken this extensive survey. Complete traffic counts are being taken at every intersection in the congested area of the city, accident reports are being charted according to time and location and a complete check of parking facilities is being made.

A glance at the manner in which the three tasks are being conducted is rather interesting. In order to determine the flow of traffic at the city's busiest intersections, enumerators have been posted at these points and by the use of clocks count the volume of traffic as it moves past the particular corner in



Enumerators checking traffic



Map of fatalities, injuries and property damage

the three different directions, left, right and straight ahead. The results of these counts are then pictured on charts drawn by expert draftsmen.

For the purpose of checking accident reports, two huge maps of the city of Paterson are utilized, one for the current year, and the other representing the previous year. As an accident occurs a pin is inserted at the exact point where it took place -- a red pin if the mishap proved fatal, a yellow one if non-fatal, and a blue one if only property damage resulted. In this way

the most dangerous intersections of the city can be seen at a glance and at the same time a comparison can be made with the amount, the nature and the scenes of accidents of the year before.

On the basis of these two surveys at each intersection -- the volume of traffic and accident reports -- Paterson is in a position to determine whether a policeman, a traffic light or a traffic sign is necessary at that particular intersection. The most dangerous, of course, require the attentions of a policeman. To date, as a result of the invaluable

data computed by the Traffic Project, the city of Paterson has seen fit to establish additional traffic lights and hundreds of miscellaneous traffic signs.

The beneficial results of the erection of these safety devices are clearly evident by a glance at the two maps. Not only has the number of accidents declined greatly since the project has been established, but, what is more important, the number of deaths have decreased from 27 in 1935 to 20 in 1936. This decrease, coming at a time when the growing number of vehicles is causing the death rate from accidents to mount everywhere, definitely proves that the survey is rendering a commendable service to the community.

To cite a few examples: The intersection at Madison and Tenth Avenues in Paterson has always been a sore spot in the city's traffic system. In 1935 accidents at that point resulted in one death, two persons seriously injured and one in which property damage resulted. As a result of the survey's findings -- 12,000 cars on an average cross that intersection in a single day -- the city of Paterson erected a traffic light there. During the entire year of 1936 only one accident occurred and that one only a minor mishap.

The intersections at 21st St. and Madison Ave., Madison and Market Sts., and Park Ave. and Madison Ave. are other glaring examples of danger spots which as a result of the survey's findings have been converted into comparatively safe crossings by the installation of traffic lights.

But the project's work is by no means complete. Besides the many intersections which are yet to be

charted, there still remains the great problem of parking, a problem which present-day communities are finding increasingly hard to solve.

In trying to improve the parking facilities of the city and alleviate many of the hardships resulting from the ever growing number of motor vehicles, the project is conducting a thorough preliminary investigation. Parked cars in the congested area are checked daily at fifteen minute intervals. In this way is determined not only the number of cars but also the drivers who adhere to the one-hour parking rules and those who violate it. Needless to say, the violations are numerous.

On the results of these investigations will hinge the action to be taken by the city of Paterson in revising its parking rules to conform with present-day needs. It may lead to the introduction of parking meters or merely a reclassification of parking areas -- or maybe both. At any rate the survey is expected to go a long way toward easing the parking situation in Paterson.

In order to consolidate all the valuable information gleaned from these traffic volume charts, accident reports, and parking data, an immense map of Paterson, 12 feet square, which embodies all these findings to date, has been drawn up. When the map has been completely filled in and the information acted upon by the Board of Public Works, Paterson will be well on its way toward becoming the safest city, not only in the State, but in the nation as well. It has made an excellent start -- thanks to the WPA Traffic Survey Project.

MAN

Vivian Mintz

Life's small dreams, ideals, fulfillments
Brushed aside by fear and greed
Of those who seek naught but to shackle
The greater number -- some day freed.

Woodside Ghosts

WILLIAM J. LANGER and RICHARD A. SHAFTER

Illustrated by Rudolph E. Kornmann

Woodside residents were about evenly divided in their opinion of Captain Nicholls. The more appreciative would point him out as a shining example of civic virtue in a community that was famed for the ribaldry of its citizenry.

"Gentle as a lamb," they were wont to say whenever they saw the old sailor, home from another trip in his ancient schooner, ambling down River Road, carefully trying to avoid the mud puddles of the unpaved thoroughfare. "Gentle as a lamb and nary a bad word out of him."

"Aye, gentle as a kitten," their opponents would have to agree, "but it ain't right. He used to be the cussingest man in three counties once upon a time." And they would shake their heads as if their faith in humanity had been betrayed.

If Old Joe Thompson was among the crowd that habitually congregated in the entrance to Melius' Delivery Stable and Feed Emporium, questioning eyes would turn to him. For it was whispered that Old Joe knew what had brought about the lasting change in the captain's once notorious behavior. But on each occasion that Joe would sight his old sailing master, his face, normally as black as the ace of spades, would turn an ashen gray and he would retire to the depth of the barn, there to hold long, whispered conversations with his horses, in which "Ah, that ole debbil!" would frequently recur.

And it was also commonly known that no power on earth could bring Old Joe to pass along Gully Road

after dark. Once night had fallen, no tip, however large, either from the passengers of the bus he was driving twice a day, or from merchants waiting for delivery of goods on his dray, could induce Joe to take another but the round-about route over Grafton and Washington Avenues.

Asked about the cause of the aversion he showed toward the road, Joe would say, nodding sagely at his team: "Dem hosses knows, folks don't know nottin's."

But "folks" finally pieced the story together, bit by bit. It had been in the days when his strong language had earned Captain Nicholls the name of the most eloquent of all the river and bay mariners. His was truly a choice collection of vituperative verbiage, and he was famed for the ability to let fly for fifteen minutes without repeating himself once.

One day the captain's schooner was laid up in Newark harbor for want of a new charter. Captain Nicholls thought he might as well go home for a few days, and so he set out for Woodside, accompanied by Joe Thompson, the schooner's cook and the captain's faithful general factotum.

At first the walk was very pleasant, with the captain striding along vigorously and cursing smoothly and efficiently at the unevenness of the dirt road that in every respect was so much inferior to the nicely hollystoned deck of his little vessel, and with Joe trotting alongside and



occasionally saying, "Yassir, Cap'n," or "Dat's right, Cap'n."

But halfway to Woodside they were overtaken by a thunderstorm and, while it improved the captain's expressive loquaciousness, it added nowise to the comfort of Old Joe. He was wet all through and wished he were back in his snug little galley on board the schooner. The incessant lightning scared him and in the dark woods alongside the road dangerous shadows seemed to lurk. The very atmosphere was loaded with e-

lectricity and the lightning increased by the minute. An odor of pitch and sulphur seemed to pervade the air.

Once or twice doubts assailed Joe that his master's choice profanity was just the right thing under the circumstances and he tried a half-hearted "Now Cap'n! Now Cap'n!" But the captain seemed totally oblivious of the fears besetting Joe's quaking heart.

Just as the captain again vociferously expressed his utter contempt for a particularly loud clap of thunder, a blinding flash of lightning revealed to Joe that the two of them were no longer alone. A third man was trudging along, walking between himself and the captain!

In another flash of lightning Joe noticed that the man was dressed in the black garb of a clergyman. He saw, too, that the man's clothes were perfectly dry -- despite the heavy rain! Everytime Captain Nicholls rose to even more Homeric heights of profanity, a dry, crackling laugh broke from the lips of the stranger.

Each new bolt of lightning revealed new startling things to Old Joe. The clergyman was completely on fire! A strange blue light seemed to emanate from him! He still chuckled, louder even than before, and the sound of his laugh seemed to drown out the howling of the wind and the thunder of the storm.

"Cap'n, look!" Joe shrieked.

"What the hell do you want?" the captain yelled, turning around. Just then another flash of lightning brought the clergyman into view again.

"He got hoofs!" Joe shouted.

"And a tail!" yelled the captain.

Another laugh came from the clergyman. Joe's feet felt like they were frozen to the ground.

"Damit, Joe, what're ye waitin' fer?" cried the captain. "Let's run fer it!"

And run they did! And never did they stop until they had reached safe anchorage at the captain's house in Woodside. But from that

night on no one ever heard Captain Nicholls curse again or take the name of the Evil One in vain. The fountain of lusty and picturesque verbiage had run dry.

Sadly as the die-hards among Woodside's old-timers may have taken the ancient mariner's metamorphosis, they could find solace in the comfortable feeling that their community's considerable treasure of tall and picaresque tales of queer shapes and queerer people had suffered not at all from it. Indeed, the oddities of its inhabitants, both mundane and spectral, seem to have constituted the little community's chief claim to fame during the fifty-nine years of its independent existence.

What wonder then that Woodsiders, for want of a Chamber of Commerce booster committee, should point with particularistic pride to Gully Road as the favorite stage setting for ghosts and their eccentric doings? For wasn't it in the Gully Road that the image of a British spy, hung there by overzealous vigilantes during the Revolution, played his numerous pranks on late passers-by? And hadn't it been also in Gully Road that when a mob had driven an old squatter from his shanty because it obstructed the path along the river bed the old man promptly died of shock and his ghost continued to scare members of the mob for nigh on thirty years?

Aye, indeed, Gully Road was not a healthy place to be in after dark, the old cronies gathered under the pentroof of Melius' barn would opine. Even a well-known historian had borne them out when

he described the famed road as "a dark and lonesome place where no honest man desired to be caught after dark; where it is said smugglers filed by during the silent watches of the night, the deserted river bank being a favorite rendezvous for those whose deeds were evil..."

But not only ghosts contributed to the reputation of the Gully Road. In 1793 the old woods trail had been the scene of the first stagecoach robbery on record in American annals. And only a short while later, and on almost the identical spot, the Dutch minister to the United States, Mynheer Van der Planck, was held up in his coach-and-six and relieved of a substantial sum of money and his valuable jewelry. While this first crime wave brought out the law officers of the new commonwealth in great numbers, the robbers were never apprehended, nor were His Excellency's valuables retrieved.

It was not on the Gully Road alone that Woodside's fame rested;



other thoroughfares had their ghosts as well.

There was, for instance, the headless phantom that after sundown haunted the Back Road bridge over the Second River. All the elements of a first-class murder mystery surrounded that apparition. No doubt, it was the spirit of the unfortunate miller who once owned Benson's Mill and who was done away with one dark and stormy night, presumably by a rival for some fair damsel's affections. His decapitated body was found floating in the millrace some time later.

Again, there was the ghost of Moll de Grow, which preferred the River Road for its nocturnal excursions. Opinions on Moll de Grow differed, however. Some believed her to have been an outright witch, who held communion with the powers of darkness and who was able to brew mysterious and forbidden potages for all kinds of evil purposes. Others said she had been but a simple old soul, adept at finding herbs of curative faculties in the woods, and that her ill repute dated from some young mother's threat to turn her unruly offspring over to Moll de Grow. The effectiveness of the threat was so gratifying that the lady told her neighbors, who promptly applied it too when occasion warranted. In due course Woodside urchins, whenever ill behaved, were threatened with "the old witch."

Simultaneously the stories of Old Moll's witchcraft began to spread. Some claimed to have heard eerie shrieks emanate from Moll's little hut on the River Road. Others reported outlandish noises after dark, as if of carousels and wild orgies. Again others had seen strange men who spoke strange languages enter and leave the hut.

At night, in the taproom of the town's tavern, the talk would turn to "the witch" and there was cursing; often as not someone would propose to burn her at the stake. But when the question was raised who was to go after Moll, enthusiasm waned

and faces blanched and the brave burghers would quietly finish their draughts and one by one sneak off to the comfort and safety of their respective connubial havens.

One night, however, Dutch courage was running particularly high and a group set out to the little shack on the River Road to rid the town of its witch. But it was too late for any exhibition of civic indignation, for when they arrived they found Moll de Grow dead.

For many of them no better proof of Old Moll's utter baseness was needed. Her untimely demise obviously showed a profound lack of consideration for the well-laid plans of that group of high-spirited citizens. To them her death was nothing less than a personal affront.

Whether Moll's was really a vindictive nature that tried to find an understandable satisfaction in tormenting her former tormentors, or whether she simply joined the ranks of other Woodside ghosts, her spirit haunted the town for many years and is said to have found no rest until the former River Road became part of the grounds of the present Mt. Pleasant Cemetery.

Alas, when, in 1871, Woodsiders lost what one historian called "our independence forever," the cock's crow seemed to have sounded for the town's ghosts.

Together with what is now the so-called Forest Hill section of Newark, Woodside was again absorbed by the Jersey metropolis from which it had broken loose three score years earlier. Against its independence and rugged individuality the town, in the plaintive words of the same commentator, exchanged "little, aside from fire department service, but an occasional policeman who comes twice each year with tickets to sell for ball or excursion." And as if that spirit of progress personified by that "occasional policeman" was too much of a competition for the spirits of Woodside, ghosts ceased to walk Gully Road and River Road and Back Road by night.

Nuggets of Lead

Jacks of All Trades Prove Their Worth

LOUIS W. SHEAFER

Nuggets of lead, 29,905 of them, are being assembled at the WPA warehouse on North Georgia Avenue, Atlantic City, for the water main project of District Five. These cup-shaped nuggets are grouped 5 each on 18-inch bars, and if placed end to end would reach from beyond Egg Harbor City to Atlantic City, a distance of 20 miles. They are being shipped here from Jersey City in various lots, and when the entire order is filled it will be a matter of 185,000 pounds, more lead than is used on any project in the State, probably more than will be used on all the other projects put together, outside of District Five. This lead is being used in caulking the large 48-inch cast iron water pipes on the water main, replacing the old, 36-inch, wooden-staved main extending from the pumping station in Absecon across the meadows into Atlantic City.

The lead nuggets are not the only interesting feature of the warehouse and workshop, for this is one of the most active and intriguing cogs in the machinery of the WPA setup. Here all the tools and equipment of the Fifth District are assembled, with 20, and sometimes 24, workmen busily engaged in handing out the supplies for the numerous projects of Atlantic, Cumberland and Cape May Counties.

When this force of workmen is not so occupied, they are kept busy in their 50 by 70 foot building repairing tools and creating new articles for WPA projects, and also playing

host to the Nursery Schools of Atlantic City by making useful articles for the children. This work is really an enjoyable feature of the men's daily toil. All activities of this force are under the supervision of Tool and Equipment Supervisor Andrew J. McKimm.

The carpenters employed here have to be "jacks of all trades," because they build and repair all kinds of articles. The largest of these are field offices and tool houses. They are built in four-foot sections, constructed with tongue and grooved roofing and bolted together so that they are portable and can be moved for use on any WPA project. The size of these buildings is 8 by 12 feet and 8 feet high. They have windows in the front so that the watchman in charge of the project can look out and see everything that is going on. In some cases these buildings are used by the engineer in charge. He has a shelf attached to the window where he may work and at the same time check up on the men on the job. Another important product of the shop is a large, waterproof tool box which can be moved from one project to another.

Can you imagine having your old rubber boots fumigated? Well, there is a rubber boot department in the warehouse and all boots are brought in to be fumigated and sterilized. They are then inspected by the man in charge, who goes over them thoroughly and marks all parts that need repairing. They are then turned over to the repairman, who patches and



Storage and reconditioning of tools

glues all loose parts of the boots. After this they are returned to the projects for use in all kinds of soil.

Another activity that has been a great saving to the government is the furniture repair shop, where the carpenters do not only rehabilitate furniture but build anything that may be required on "hurry orders." Among the articles turned out are typewriter desks with drawers, coat and hat racks, large and small closets with and without doors, benches, tables, stools, also book racks with 6 shelves -- 18 by 20 inches and 3 feet high. These racks are used for ledgers in the finance department of the WPA office. The carpenters also made a tripod for the Traffic Survey. Drafting boards with trestles for the engineering department were

designed and made here.

We must not forget to mention bookcases, desk tables and filing cabinets that were needed in odd sizes and shapes by the various WPA Departments. These pieces of furniture could not have been secured at a furniture factory, but when the order was placed with Supervisor McKimm they were made in short order and delivered almost before the ink on the requisition was dry.

One of the most interesting departments is located in the rear of the building to the left, the blacksmith shop. One thing noticeable when you enter this shop is its cleanliness. As a rule most shops of this character are black, dirty and smoky. This department takes care of all broken and dull tools. As soon as any of the tools become bro-

ken or too dull to use, they are brought into the warehouse, where they are exchanged for new or repaired ones. The old ones are turned over to this department, where all handles are removed and placed on racks and the broken ones replaced. Then the tools are resharpened, re-pointed or straightened. One thing that helps to get work done in a hurry is a power tool grinder. After inspection they are put on large racks for redistribution. Wheelbarrows that are on the injured list are also taken care of here, whether it is for a broken handle or bent iron parts. After these barrows have been repaired and painted they can hardly be distinguished from new ones.

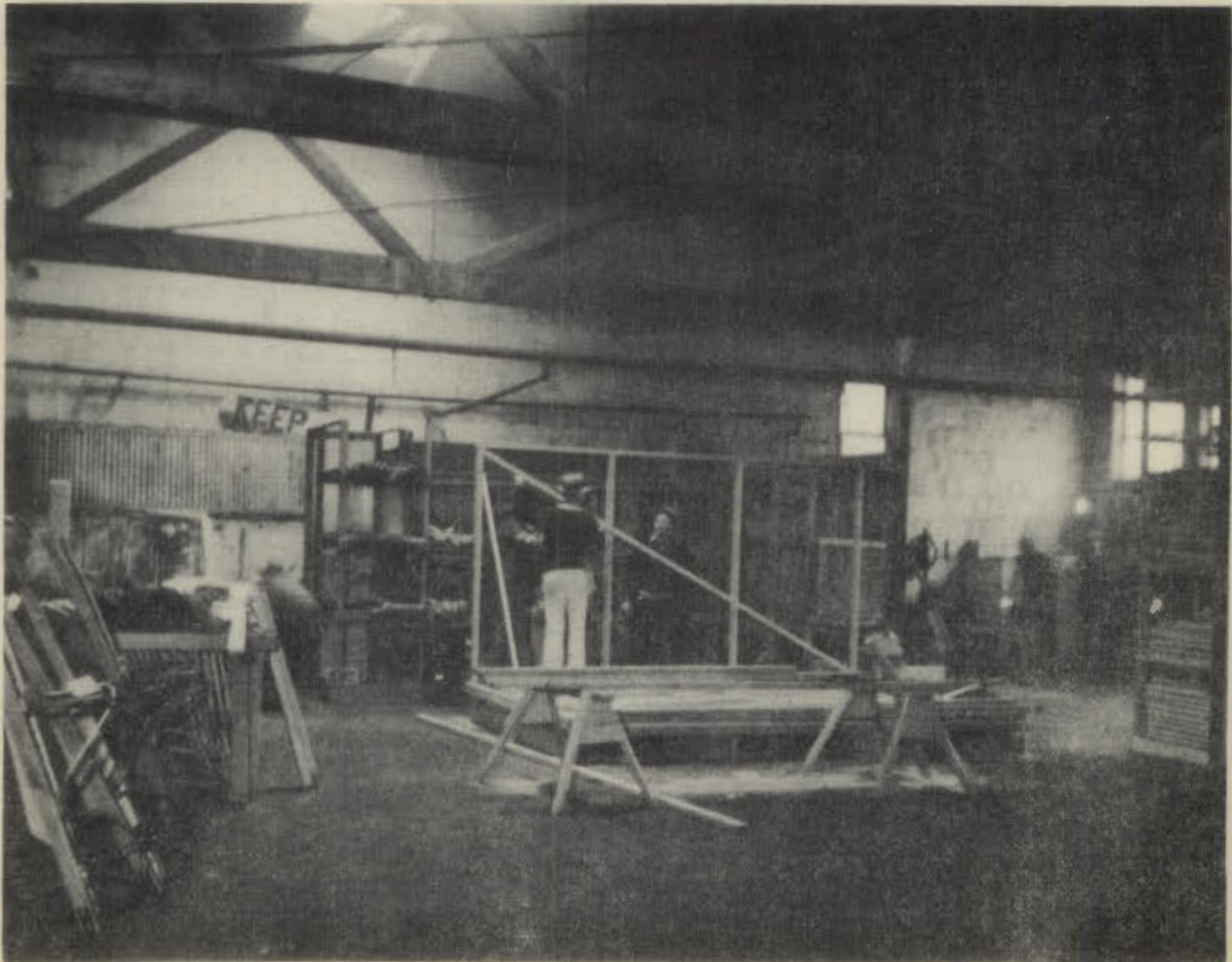
Every sign used on WPA projects is made in the Georgia Avenue shop. Instead of paper signs such as are

usually found in other parts of the country, the district signs are all painted to withstand the wear of rain and wind. This is the only district that has painted signs. The point is obvious; signs must be indestructible, for it is a known fact that many paper signs have been mutilated or destroyed by children at play or by vandals. The signs are finished by the house painters department, also located in the Georgia Avenue building.

The barriers which are used at street ends where construction is under way are made in the woodwork shop. These barriers are usually about 12 feet long and 4 feet high.

Most of the little kiddies who attend the Nursery Schools are not strong, and need not only food to build them up, but things they can

Men building field sheds



use to exercise their limbs and build muscles. In their spare time the carpenters of this shop make exercising apparatus for the schools, and they have helped a great deal in the rehabilitation of the children.

The teachers called upon the willing carpenters to build appliances that the children can use to strengthen their legs and arms. They rigged up a climbing ladder; this is made up of two ladders, 3 by 8 feet and a platform, 4 by 5 feet. These ladders are attached to the platform on opposite sides. The children walk up the one ladder, rest on the platform at the top of the ladder, and then down the other ladder on the opposite side. They also put a bar under the platform of the ladders and the kiddies draw themselves up and down, thus getting the correct arm exercise. Another article made for the schools was a wooden horse, or trestle, about 12 inches high and 12 inches long. It is used as a horse or train, and is greatly enjoyed.

Children love to scribble upon wooden floors or the walls with chalk and crayon. Something had to be rigged up to stop this, so the workmen devised an easel about 3 feet square with two legs and a back support. At the bottom there are 7 boxes in which the chalk or crayon is stored. Instead of having the

children write on painted board and create dust, a black piece of paper is attached to the easel with thumb tacks for the tots to scribble on. These articles are used at the Nursery School at Texas Avenue, conducted by the Board of Education.

The Nursery Schools in Atlantic City do not need sand boxes because when they play in the sand they are taken to the beach, but the more unfortunate ones who live on the mainland had to be taken care of, so the next request was for sand boxes. These were built for the Woodland Avenue Nursery School in Pleasantville. It is a well-built box, made of pine boards, 3 by 5 feet. Two doors cover the top to keep the dirt and rain out when not in use. The box is 12 inches deep and is painted battleship gray.

The carpenters are at present engaged in building a slide for this same school. It is made practically the same as the climbing ladder, only on the opposite side of one flight of steps is the slide made of heavy tin, 3 feet wide. Nothing is too difficult for the workmen to do in their efforts to bring joy to the children, and they really get a "big kick" out of it.

This is one feature of WPA work that is seldom brought to the attention of the public.

THE CLOCK STRIKES

John C. Zuleger

The clock high on the citadel
Knows each hour by its given name,
And like an ancient sentinel
It greets each with a measured bell
That always calls each day the same.

But patterns never can endure
Beyond a certain quiet end;
For even time is not secure...
But dying echoes toll the pure
Songs of wind where willows bend.

Set-Up

a story

MAX FREIFELD

Murray'd never lost his grin. He was a good set-up for rising young mugs. His name didn't draw the big dough, but the crowd always got its money's worth.

The gorilla matched against him would have the weight and strength and wind all with him, and he would wade into Murray like a Dempsey. Leather would fly all over him, the other guy would take his time and place his punches, and all Murray would do was stand up and take it -- and grin. A broken tooth or a cut lip or a bloody nose, even stomach punches that made the skin look the color of ground-up meat, couldn't wipe that grin off. The crowd was always with the other fellow, yelling for him to finish Murray, and the guy would try his best, but all he got and all the crowd got for an answer was that grin.

As long as Murray could stand up and take it and grin, he got matches.

It had to come to a stop sometime. Murray was matched with a kid from the west who needed a local build-up. The kid was plenty husky, it looked like he had steel instead of muscle, and he pushed over lots harder fellows than Murray.

They asked Murray would he take him on.

"Sure," he said. "I'll take on anybody."

It was a hot summer night when they fought. The heat from the big lamps felt as if it was almost touching them, and the smoke and smell was like a gray gas cloud over the ring. There were enough women

in the crowd to make it yell for blood plenty and loud. The women were mostly good-time dames, and since inside they didn't like men too much, they wanted to see almost any other guy beaten to a pulp.

Murray walked down the aisle to the ring first. There was a little yelling while he walked down. He was wearing the same grin he always had. Then came the kid. His chest was out and he was smiling and waving his hands to the crowd. He was blond and sort of good looking and the crowd yelled its head off, the women picking him right away to be the winner.

The two fighters danced around in their corners, and the roar of the crowd was like the ocean in their ears. Everybody in the crowd thought everybody else was making all the noise, but the talk of each one made one big noise that never stopped. The lights, except for those over the ring, went out. The noise died down. Murray had that grin on his face yet, but the kid wiped off his smile. He put his face in position and scowled till he felt like murder.

The bell rang. Murray started for the middle of the ring, not slow, but he wasn't in a hurry. At the same time the kid tore out of his corner like a bull a kid's been throwing stones at, and now the kid's in reach. Before Murray could lift a glove, the kid started a right from the floor. He put everything he had in it, maybe he figured on a one-blow knockout and his picture in the papers big, and it landed square

on Murray's chin. It made him almost fly back, and his head snapped back so hard and quick that even the dames who were ringside thought his neck was broken. But it wasn't. After he landed he grabbed the kid and used everything he knew to keep those gloves away. One thing hadn't changed. He still wore that grin.

After that first sock the kid seemed to lose his pep. Murray was wide open and he could hit him when he wanted, but it looked like he couldn't repeat that first punch. Maybe the way Murray took it, with a grin, sort of took the heart out of the kid, but anyway, he didn't have enough imagination. He just kept pounding away at Murray. He was like an engine, and his arms were like pistons. Steady as hell, with never a miss, they pushed back and forth, carrying their knobby ends to Murray's body. The crowd yelled, not like they always do, one time soft and then all of a sudden a big one, but just all the time, steady.

It was the fifth round. Murray'd hardly touched the kid, while the kid used him for a punching bag. You could hardly recognize Murray's face. It looked like a mask of blood and cuts and black and blue marks had been put over it, and the mask was bigger than his face and streaked with dirt. He didn't seem to know what to do with his body. It was independent and moved around different from what he wanted. But anyway, through that mask of dirt and blood still came that grin of his. It was sort of frozen on.

Well, it was the fifth round. The kid was fresh yet and sore as hell because he couldn't get a knockout. That's what he was after, and he came tearing out of his corner like an express train, not a mark on him and the sweat making him shine all over. Murray's sweat was a dead, dirty sweat that didn't shine much. He walked out of his corner slow and easy, his hands down and wide open. What did he care? The grin would see him through.

The kid saw his chance. He took

his time -- it looked like a slow motion picture -- and put everything he had into a left to the stomach. You could hear the smack of that wallop like a bullet. Nothing human could stand a sock like that. Murray bent over like an old man. Then came a right uppercut timed to the second. It jerked Murray's head back harder than that very first punch even. Murray wore that grin yet while you saw him trying to make up his mind where he'd been hurt worse and which way he should bend.

The kid stood back, curious, watching him. Murray looked like he was having a hard time. Then, all of a sudden, his eyes popped open so wide they looked all white. He opened his mouth wide. For a second it looked like the grin had changed to a laugh. Then you saw it was pain, plenty of it, straight from hell, and without a sound he just hit the floor like a sack of potatoes. When fighters hit the floor they usually either jerk a little or straighten out, but he hit the floor face down, without another move.

He was still out cold when they got him to the dressing room. It was fifteen minutes before he woke up. Then he began to bawl his head off.

After that, Murray was through, all right. The grin had been wiped off for once. It had been sort of a charm, good luck, and now he'd lost it. He wasn't any good as a set-up, everybody took him. But he would never have quit fighting, only he couldn't get any more matches.

Now he's running a little candy store, sort of a hangout for taxi drivers. He's always the first one to laugh at some wise crack or joke. He always laughs hard. And he grins all the time, wide, so it looks like a scared copy of his ring grin.

But the cabbies found out one way to make him cry easy. A big joke one of them is always playing on Murray is to fake a swing at him. That makes him jump back quick, and lose his big grin, and cry.

Sure, Murray still has a big grin on his pan.

Not Just Another Park

Another Link in the Green Chain
Beautifying Union County

VICTOR N. LOVE

New Jersey has many times been referred to as "the battle ground of the Revolution." Regardless of the controversial nature of this statement, ample evidence has been brought to light at least partially to justify such an appellation.

WPA laborers excavating on the site of the Springfield unit of Rahway River Parkway, one of the sections of the Union County Park system, recently unearthed a heavily corroded cannonball about the size of an orange. This apparent leftover from the hostilities in regard to Colonial independence has been put away in the field office and the workers are still alert in the hope that something of a more spectacular interest may be found to be added to their present one piece museum.

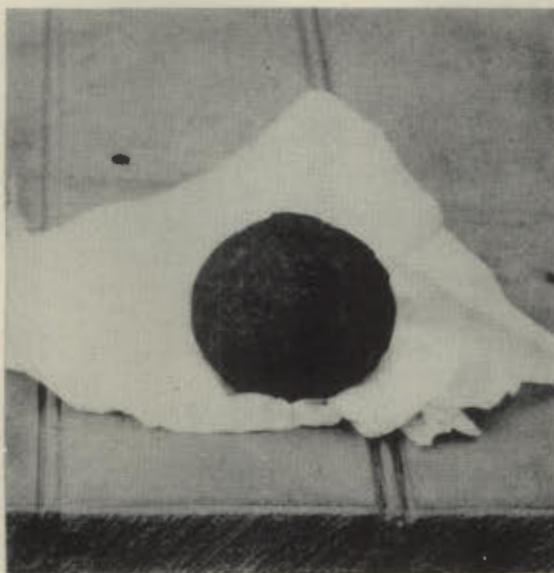
The extensive work being done at the Springfield unit merits considerable interest. The area, 30 acres in extent, lies along Van Winckle Brook just before that stream enters Rahway River. It adjoins the Union County Regional High School, now being erected as a PWA project, and will make another link in the green

chain planned by the Union County Park Commission to connect the Watchung Reservation and Rahway River Parkway. The principal purpose of the park will be to provide additional recreational facilities for general use, plus athletic fields for the young people of seven municipalities who will attend the regional high school.

The proximity of the school naturally brings up the question as to what disposition will be made of the park's recreational facilities during the period the school is closed, since there has often been criticism of the fact that public property used by school children does not function between school terms. According to N. K. Pearson, Park Commission Engineer,

the athletic fields will be open to public use throughout the summer, and the remainder of the park, including the play areas, the lake, the drives and the picnic grounds, will naturally be operated on an uninterrupted annual basis for the benefit of all nearby residents.

The Springfield unit, as yet unnamed, is only one of the 16 WPA projects supervised by Robert P. Walsh



One piece museum

which have been set up under the sponsorship of the Union County Park Commission. This body was established in 1921 to expend appropriated moneys for the greatest return in "health, happiness, beauty, usefulness and general public welfare." Eight of these projects are now operating. Four have been completed and four are temporarily suspended. The Federal funds used totaled, up to January 1937, \$1,300,000; and as many as 2,200 men have been employed at one time.

The crew at work in the Springfield park numbers 275. In the uneven area lying between Mountain and Meisel Avenues these men are constructing a sports and recreation center offering a wide variety of

facilities. It is hoped that a plan for landscaping the adjoining school property and the park will be worked out to mutual advantage, and every effort is now being made to plan the park in the light of the particular needs of the students. An underpass will protect them from the danger of crossing the Rahway River Railroad, which cuts through the park. These tracks, incidentally, will be screened by plantings of trees.

The largest single section of the park will be converted into athletic fields, including regulation football and baseball fields, a cinder running-track, a softball field, and soccer and field hockey areas. Separated from these by the proposed

Clearing out debris for lake, Rahway River Parkway





Van Winckle Brook, proposed feeder for lake

Park Drive will be six tennis courts surfaced for longest wear and rain-resistance. There will be a field house with dressing rooms, showers and toilets for the students, and additional comfort facilities, which can be reached by an outside entrance, for the convenience of the public. The principal parking area, providing space for 150 cars, will be near the fields; additional parking space will be set aside near the tennis courts.

The play area, between the fields and the school, will be partly wooded and partly open, with volley ball courts, lawn tennis facilities, horseshoe and shuffleboard areas, seesaws, swings, sandboxes and other playground equipment.

Van Winckle Brook will be crossed

by rustic foot-bridges, and two adjustable spillways will be erected in order to keep the level of the three-acre lake at a constant four feet. The lake is being dug out of what was marshy land fed by springs and subject to flooding; four feet of topsoil -- "enough to supply half the parks of the county, beside what we need here," as the unit supervisor put it -- was removed from its surface, and the spillways will permit further feeding from the brook when the springs do not supply enough water. During the winter the level of the lake will be dropped to two and a half feet, in order to provide safe skating.

There is already a wealth of trees in the park -- chiefly black swamp maple, elm and oak, together

with a single linden tree which is being watched over with particular care -- and supplementary planting of shrubbery will be made.

Handicapped by rain, this Project No. 4-743 had a slow start, but it is humming along busily now. And even before the school is ready for occupancy in the fall it is expected that the park will be available to

residents of the vicinity.

As Mr. Pearson expresses it, "This park is in an ideal situation to do good; this section of Union County needs recreational facilities; and in addition the high school has no room for its athletic fields. We are certain that it will be in constant use -- during the school terms and during the vacations."

WHY LIVE IN A HOUSE?

Herbert T. Turner

Some years ago I bought a house for my family (and myself) to live in. It appeared at the time to be a nice enough home, with a roof, doors, windows and a cellar with a furnace. It was also, to all appearances, equipped with plumbing facilities and other necessary adjuncts.

But no longer.

My satisfaction with our home has departed with the advent of Norman Bel Geddes and air-conditioned bathtubs. I am dismayed that I cannot throw my dress shirt into the laundry chute and find it three minutes later, washed, starched, ironed and buttoned in my dresser drawer. Nor can I push a button and have a broiled lamb chop appear on my plate.

I am hopelessly lost without an elevator to reach the ground and have been compelled to appease myself by getting out my bedroom window and sliding down a tree. I cannot turn my house around to face the sun, it hasn't even wheels so that I can move it away when the tax col-

lector comes around, and it is frightfully squarish in shape and offers great resistance to the wind, which is a serious disadvantage.

The roof is useless. It slopes, and keeps out the rain and snow, but I cannot take a sun bath or play ping-pong on it. The walls are not transparent, so that I have lost all the joy of being a proverbial goldfish. All of the windows open and shut too, so that I cannot properly refrigerate myself in summer or roast myself in winter. The darn thing needs painting. I can't wash it, even with Ivory soap.

The furnishings too are quaint and antiquated. I am forced to settle down into upholstered chairs, when I would much prefer to loll into a chrome nickel pipe rack and rest my feet on a streamlined bookcase.

Speed is the thing, and my house hasn't got it, that's all there is to it.

Next time I shall know better.
I'll get a trailer.

FEDERAL WRITERS' PROJECT
PUBLICATIONS

Partial List

ALABAMA

'Bama Scripts. A monthly pamphlet.

ARIZONA

Arizona Highways. Vol. XII, No. 8.
Single Copy 10¢. Excerpts from
forthcoming Guide.

ARKANSAS

Guide to North Little Rock. A
booklet. Free.

DELAWARE

New Castle On The Delaware. \$1.
A guide.

IDAHO

Tours in Eastern Idaho. A pamphlet. Free.
Idaho. \$3. A guide.

INDIANA

Hoosier Tall Stories. A booklet.
Free.

IOWA

Southwestern Iowa Guide Book.
Free.

MASSACHUSETTS

Winter Sports & Recreation in the
Berkshire Hills. A guide.

MICHIGAN

Kalamazoo - Battle Creek City. A
Folder.
A Tour of the Old Mission Penin-
sula. A guide.

MINNESOTA

St. Cloud Guide.

NEBRASKA

Shucks. A monthly bulletin.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Raging Rivers. A pamphlet. Free.

NEW JERSEY

Matawan. A guide.
New Jersey School Bulletins. 18
published to date.
Highlight. A monthly magazine.

NEW YORK

Your New York. A descriptive
folder.

Chips and Splinters. A magazine.
Almanac for New Yorkers. 50¢.

OHIO

Central Ohio Tours. Tour folder.
Ohio's Capitals. A historical
folder.

Northwest Territory Celebration.
A program of the sesquicentennial
celebration.

Marietta County. A folder.

Gallia County. A factual folder.

Pickaway County. A folder map.

OREGON

The Oregon Memo. A bulletin.

PENNSYLVANIA

Pen and Ink. Illustrated items
of interest.

Three Hikes Through Wissahickon.
Selected from Philadelphia Guide
Copy. 10¢.

A Bid For Liberty. An account of
the Penn. Colony's Resolutions
and Declarations of Independence.
25¢. Postage 2¢.

Tales of Pioneer Pittsburgh. 10¢.

SOUTH DAKOTA

MSS. A monthly periodical.

TENNESSEE

Tales for the Camp Fire. A story
tellers' handbook.

WASHINGTON

Here and There in Washington. A
factual leaflet.

WISCONSIN

Topical Digest of the Wisconsin
Statutes Relating to Public Wel-
fare.

Place Name Legends. A monograph
of Indian Place Legends.

