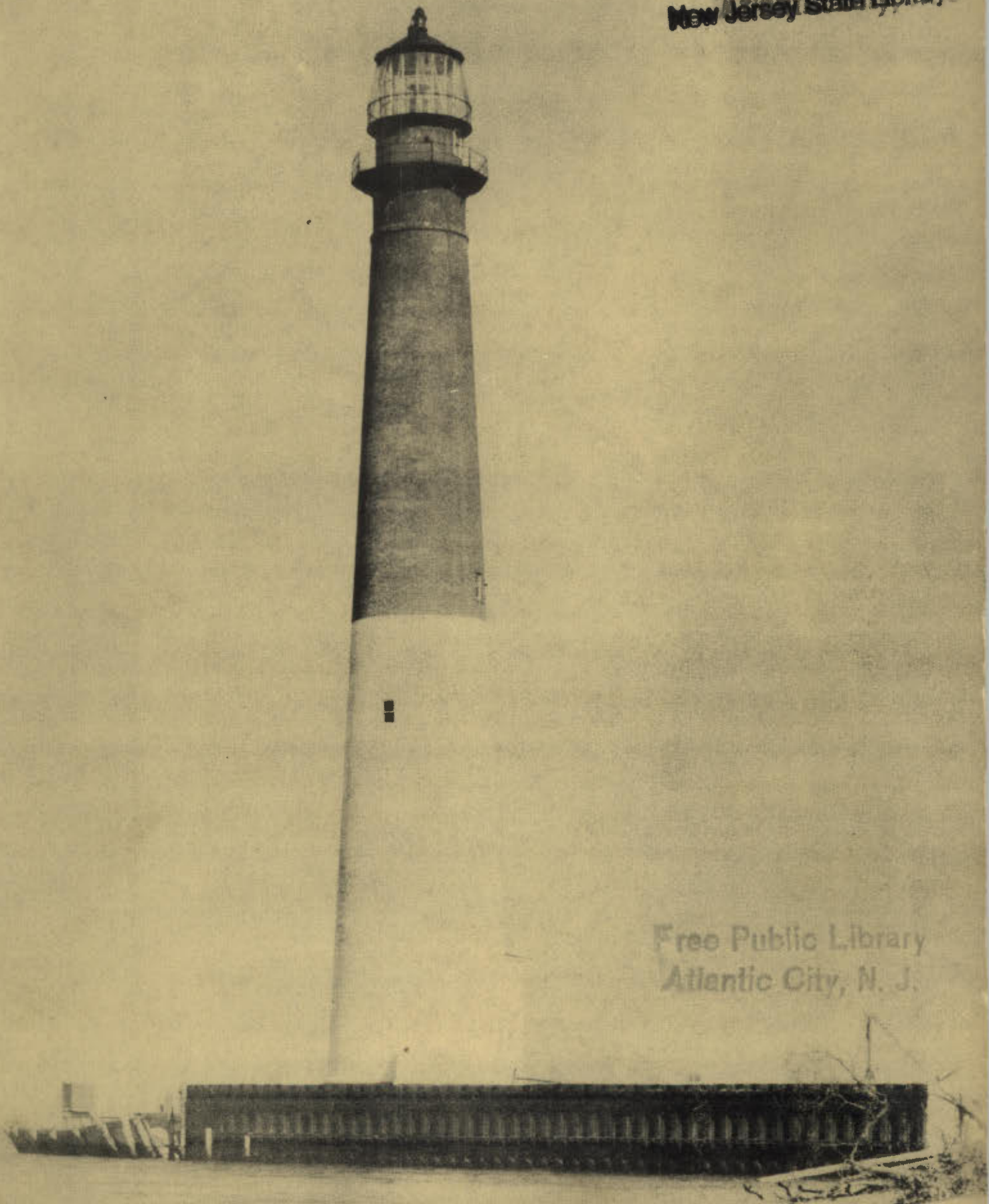


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VOL. I No. 2

Free Public Library
Atlantic City, N. J.

JANUARY 1937

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highlight

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

New Jersey Works Progress Administration

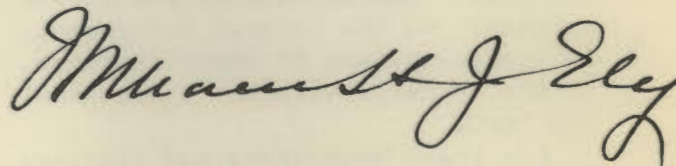
William H. J. Ely, *State Administrator*

Irene Fuhlbruegge, *State Director, Federal Writers' Project*

Contrary to the published beliefs of many opponents of the present Administration, even "this business of relief" needs to be run efficiently in order to function "for the greatest good of the greatest number." Errors of judgment are made, even as in private business, but they are soon corrected.

One of these corrections was recently made necessary by the fact that two of the nine districts into which New Jersey has been divided had fewer than 2,500 WPA workers each -- not enough to justify separate administrative offices, considering that there are more than 75,000 workers in the State. The revision consisted in combining Districts Four and Six into a new District Four; Districts Five and Seven into a new District Seven; District Five to replace the present District Nine; and District Six to replace District Eight.

The merger of four districts into two necessarily meant a reduction in the number of administrative positions, primarily affecting non-relief workers. This inevitable decrease has given rise to some rumors that the whole work-relief program will rapidly be reduced, and shortly eliminated. There is at present little basis for such a fear. Industry in this country has advanced so rapidly mainly because it had a large supply of labor to draw upon for expansion of production. During the past eighteen months the Works Progress Administration has been such a reservoir, and in addition has maintained public purchasing power and has made possible the construction of useful public works. It can and will still function as such. Its value will end only when there is no more need of relief, and to that we all look forward confidently.



EDITORS

Albert Boyd

Samuel Epstein

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

Women Sewing

300,000 Women Join in the
Fight to Conquer the Depression

STANLEY RYDWIN, JR.

Over 300,000 women throughout the country have been called upon by the Federal Government, and have answered that call, to do their share in the rehabilitation of a once depression-stricken land. The job assigned them was a real woman's job, not to be attempted by man, yet it has proven to be as important and necessary as any reconstructive measures of gigantic proportions undertaken by the so-called stronger sex. The task was to clothe poor children, women and men, and to furnish their threadbare homes with accessories that make for their comfort. This they have done, and are still doing, admirably, for over a year, in the more than a thousand sewing rooms established by the Federal Works Progress Administration. These 300,000 formerly unemployed but employable women, in years from youth to matron, were taken off the relief rolls. Among them were heads of families or single members of families without breadwinners, widows and former factory and sweatshop workers, all without means at the time for the bare necessities of life. Many had no experience other than that obtained within a home. But that home experience has proven an asset to the Federal Government, to themselves and to their families, to the underprivileged throughout the land.

For these youngsters and oldsters could ply a needle and run a piece of cloth through a sewing machine -- as what woman can't -- and in all parts of the nation there was a dire

need for clothing for the poor -- for wearing apparel, suits and dresses and shirts, overalls, mittens, pants and underclothes, etc.; for household accessories, bed and crib sheets, pillows and cases, warm comforters and quilts, linens, layettes, couch and mattress covers, towels and nursery supplies, and many other articles for the comfort of body and home.

With their ability called forth to assert itself and with the endurance acquired in their long years as household caretakers, these women sat down to their tasks and today literally millions of these articles have been distributed free among people who did not have and could not afford to purchase them, or were donated to tax-supported institutions.

Hudson County is one of the nation's foremost leaders in the number of these women thus employed and in product output. Its five units in four municipalities, employing a total of 1,119 workers, who use approximately 900 electrically operated and foot-pedal sewing machines, produced the amazing total of 94,000 finished products, such as those listed above, in one year.

Mrs. Elizabeth C. Denny Vann is the State Director of Women's and Professional Projects. Miss Helen L. Dowd is District Supervisor of the Women's and Professional and Non-Manual Division of Hudson County, of whose jurisdiction the Sewing Project is a part, and is assisted by Miss Helen Marvel, Assistant Dis-

strict Supervisor of the county and Field Supervisor for its sewing rooms.

Each of the sewing rooms includes in its personnel a supervisor, floor-lady, cutters, seamstresses, stock-clerks, typists and stenographers, a timekeeper, and a Registered Nurse who is stationed in a fully equipped First Aid Room. Each unit also employs three men who serve as electrician, carpenter, and janitor.

Jersey City's two sewing rooms are at 43 Montgomery Street and 184 Pacific Avenue, the former employing 238 workers and the other 232; Union City's project is at 315-34th Street and has a staff of 170; the West New York branch is at 222 Washington Street, with 204 on its staff.

Those municipalities still not having branches are Harrison, Guttenberg, Weehawken, Kearney, Bayonne. Secaucus and North Bergen. The needy population of these, however, are supplied with goods sewn by the three Federally sponsored projects, which are the two in Jersey City and the one in Union City. The Hoboken and West New York branches are municipally controlled, with their products being distributed solely among those in need in their respective territories.

The two Jersey City branches and the one in Union City were the first to be established in Hudson County, on November 29, 1935, and supplied the entire county. In May of 1936 the two other rooms were opened when the demand for their excellent products far exceeded the supply.

The materials used by the seamstresses, which included woollens, percale, pique, muslins, linens, printed lawns, comforter prints and many others, are or-

dered from the central warehouse in Elizabeth, New Jersey, and when turned into finished products by the sewing rooms, are shipped to the Hudson County warehouse, 41 Cornelison Avenue, Jersey City. Here Warehouse Supervisor Daniel Keating, assisted by Mr. James Walls, keeps the goods in stock until distributed to the needy.

The products in the warehouse are distributed primarily to those on local direct relief rolls. Other needy unemployed may also participate in the distribution upon certification by their local relief agency. WPA laborers who are classified as unskilled, receiving the lowest rate of pay, and who therefore may not be able to buy sufficient clothing for a particularly large family, or are unable to furnish the necessary household goods

A worker at the Union City Sewing Room





Knitting Frame, Union City Sewing Room

for their homes, are also entitled to the products of the sewing rooms. These are certified as eligible by the Assistant District Supervisor in charge of intake and certification.

This correspondent visited the Montgomery Street Sewing Room. The quarters were a scene of hustle and bustle without equal on any other project. The whirr and whirl of dozens of electrically operated sewing machines in action, the zip and clatter of cutters' shears and seamstresses' scissors, and the general hullabaloo was like music to the ears of one who saw for the first time the concerted efforts of a group of busy women. It was a delight to see bobbed-haired girls and gray-haired grandmothers, lined up one next the other, going at it hammer and tongs, and seeming to relish it.

One of the silver-haired matrons was asked how the job was going and how she liked her work. "I really like this work," she said smilingly. "A woman my age is usually discarded by the outside world as too old or too useless to do anything but mind the daughter's baby or wash a few dishes."

When asked if she got a kick out of doing something for her country she answered, "You took the words right out of my mouth," and added that it took more than a couple of years off her head to think that she is a real wage-earner and a help to her community as well.

This was but one of the two hundred women in Hudson County who in

the spring of 1936 worked overtime without pay to sew her share of the 4,000 articles of wearing apparel of various types which were donated by WPA Sewing Room workers to aid flood victims along the Mississippi River, in cooperation with the Red Cross.

During Christmas they acted as Santa Clauses to abandoned youngsters throughout the county, by sewing toys made from scrap materials. Patterns of elephants, teddy-bears, Mickey Mouses, dolls, ponies, sailors and other figures are cut out, sewn, and stuffed or padded with waste-cloths. Then they are covered with bright materials, or dressed. Some bring old, denuded dollies from their homes or from their friends, which are restuffed and redressed to look like new. These finished toys are given to WPA laborers' children or to those whose parents are on relief; to kiddies on the Nursery Projects, and to the kindergarten wards of hospitals.

At one time remarkable economies and ingenuities were resorted to by them in their efforts to keep up with the demand for their articles. The transformation of such materials as flour-sacks and burlap, for example, into clothing made as acceptable as human hands could possibly make them, is one of the many stories that can be told by these women.

Happily today there is no need for such distressing measures. The list of Sewing Project dependents is declining steadily, and with it the number of relief people so occupied.

Federal Theatre

Shall the Federal Theatre Continue, And in What Direction?

LOUIS M. SIMON

There is only one absolutely undeniable statement that can be made concerning the Federal Theatre, "It exists." Fortunately, these two words can and do mean a great deal. It is the interpretation of these words that is the question that lies before the Federal Theatre in 1937. What do they mean, and what groups are interested in having them interpreted?

Any attempt to answer this question is complicated by the fact that some groups demanding answers are not restricted in their interest to the theatre aspect of the problem. At the present time it is pretty obvious that groups that are concerned only with the theatre aspect of the question constitute a very small percentage of the country's population. But the question of what the Federal Theatre shall mean must be answered to the satisfaction of the taxpayers of the country at least, if not to the entire voting population. Of course, there are various subdivisions that can be made in groups concerned. That would be an endless process. Roughly, the major subdivisions of the groups that are interested in the theatre aspect are:

- (1) The audiences of the Federal Theatre.
- (2) The project workers themselves.

Thus far, with the exception of the last-named group, none of the groups has been articulate on the subject in any recognizable degree.

It would seem obvious that the

project itself should be in a better position to be articulate on the subject than any other group, but certainly, up to the present time, it would be skirting the truth to say that it has been completely articulate even on any single phase of the work that it is doing. There are good reasons for this being the case. For example, although the appropriation under which the Theatre Project is financed is distinctly a relief measure, with the implication that the money spent shall be for the rehabilitation of professional persons who have been struck down by the recent economic calamity, the administrators of the project are, in general, without any previous training in handling this side of the problem. They are, for the most part, professional workers of varying degrees of experience in the theatre and with no previous training in handling the social side of the problem. They have approached their jobs in the only way they knew; that is, as showmen trying to put shows on. Each individual has tried to make the Federal Theatre conform, as nearly as possible, to the type of theatre in which he has worked in the past. When some of them have bumped up against the highly complicated problems of social work and governmental procedures, they have attacked the problem in one of two ways. Either they have plunged in as courageous amateurs in an attempt to solve a particular social situation confronting them at the moment, or they have tried to

ignore the social phase by a kind of self-hypnotism. In both cases they have been too busy to be very articulate. The emergency nature of the whole Works Progress Administration is responsible for this basic issue being always left up in the air, with the hope that normal times will return and erase the whole issue.

A great fallacy lies in continuing to treat a malady that should be recognized as chronic with methods applicable only to acute diseases.

The first constructive step would therefore seem to be to get the largest possible number of groups to understand that this is the case. In other words, posing the question is the first thing to be done. No final remedy may be immediately at hand, but treatment could be applied in the same fashion that all good experimenters apply it. That is, to establish a line of conduct on the basis of a well thought out hypothesis, and to follow out such conduct until it proves itself either worthy of continuance or deserving of being discarded. But certainly, no experiment is of any value until the basic conditions of the experiment are established. Whether the Federal Theatre should be considered primarily from a relief point of view or primarily as the cornerstone of a possible State theatre is a basic question to be put before the public and answered by the public before any valuable experimental work can be done.

Another thing which has rendered the project inarticulate can perhaps best be stated thus: "Should the plays of the Federal Theatre express a social philosophy (and if so, which one in particular) or shall it be merely an agency absorbing unemployed actors who shall do plays of recognized artistic merit?"

In this connection it may be worthwhile to expand the subject for the reason that it is an issue on which the project is quite sharply divided. Because of the sharpness of this division, the project has perhaps been more articulate on this

subject than on some others. This does not mean that any consensus of opinion has been established, and therefore, the question is no nearer solution than any other. But it does mean that the question has been posed. If we grant that the Federal Theatre should not state any social philosophy, then the project limits itself to continue the classics in accepted interpretations. A great many people will not be satisfied with this, for they will feel that it will be a dead theatre and that public funds should not be devoted to such a purpose. It will also be pointed out that the classics should only be performed under the most auspicious circumstances, with the very best actors to interpret them, lest poor interpretations of great plays of the past give growing generations a distaste for fine drama and thus defeat the very purpose for which the theatre would be created.

If the plays of the Federal Theatre are to express a social philosophy there will always be discussion about the use of the Government as a means of propaganda, and groups who happen to dislike the social philosophy expressed in a particular play will violently object. In a democracy such as the United States this should not be a serious consideration, for as long as we have a voting system which allows the public a voice in the government, a majority objecting to the social philosophy expressed can remove the officers of government sanctioning the views expressed.

The kind of theatre that would express a social philosophy gives the voting public more of a chance to be articulate about its desires than would a theatre which is based purely on aesthetic concepts. It is suggested that the Federal Theatre should first win the approval of the community in which it exists. There is only one practical way of making a community conscious that it has a responsibility towards a Federal Theatre and that is to make it, in some way, economically responsible.

The method by which the Rockefeller Foundation functions in distributing funds would seem to be one that would be applicable. This, basically, is a method whereby a percentage of funds must be raised by the local community before the Foundation will consider aiding that community. This method has also been used in WPA projects other than the Federal projects and, as far as can be determined, has worked successfully.

An argument that is put up against such a course, with particular reference to the theatre, is that communities not having a theatre do not realize the necessity of a theatre as they would were it something the practical necessity for which is obvious, such as roads or school buildings. As long as we have a Federal subsidized theatre it should be the first consideration of a theatre unit in any community to make itself indispensable to that community, and begin to gather response from the community which will indicate to the project's workers whether or not the community can see a theatre as an indispensable adjunct to its cultural life.

This object will not be accomplished by putting on plays which can be furnished the community in greater technical perfection and at just as low a cost, as, for instance, a motion picture version of the same play. It will not be accomplished if an attitude is fostered in the community that the people who are working on the theatre project are merely "temporarily" dislocated in

the economic system.

The living theatre has had a depression gnawing at its vitals for a much longer time than other arts or industries. Over a period of twenty years, more economic ways of dispensing entertainment to the public have been discovered. During this time the theatre has succumbed to such competition. With this the theatre has no quarrel. There is no reason why entertainment should not be put on the same basis as any other industry, for "pure" entertainment is an industry all the way from the dingiest night club to the best motion picture. But, since the theatre has existed for over two thousand years as a cultural medium, and in some periods of its history has been free from certain economic restrictions, it would seem worth the experiment to keep it alive, giving it another chance free from the restriction of competition. But only that which is culturally deserving of subsidy should receive subsidy.

If the Federal Theatre takes advantage of the opportunity it still has before it in 1937, it will lift itself into doing only such plays as directors and supervisors honestly think are worthy of subsidy, and will do them in such a manner that enough people in the community will recognize that the performances deserve a subsidy. Then the community will begin to think about how they can go about creating a permanent theatre, built along the lines that the project unit has indicated.

COVER: BARNEGAT LIGHT (Photo by Rubel)

Barnegat Light, on Long Beach Island, was originally built in 1831 and replaced by the present tower in 1855. The light can be seen 30 miles at sea. The lower half is painted white and the upper, red. The light has never been out except for a short period during the Civil War.

Numerous works of fiction and history have been written about the

famous landmark. One of these was "The Tides of Barnegat," by F. Hopkinson Smith, whose father managed the erection of the building.

In 1930 the Federal Government replaced the beacon by a lightship eight miles offshore. The State of New Jersey bought it for one dollar and raised funds to preserve it. It is now open for inspection.



Lambert Castle, Garret Mountain Reservation

Parks

ALBERT VREELAND

With an eye to the future, Passaic County's extensive public park system, comprising more than a thousand acres of land for recreational purposes and several sites and landmarks of historical significance, is being enlarged and improved under eleven WPA projects made possible through the cooperation of WPA and county officials. Because of this official foresight, countless thousands will flock to Passaic County parks next summer to avail themselves of the opportunities offered for recreation. Improved playgrounds, enlarged swimming pools, planned camping sites and restored historic buildings will

be open to the public.

This important undertaking involves expenditures of approximately \$500,000 by the Federal Government and \$45,000 by Passaic County, the sponsors. For more than a year the work has been in progress, covering a program broad in scope and designed to make permanent and lasting improvements for the enjoyment of future generations. When completed, officials believe, the work will represent a monument to intelligent planning in the field of recreation. The five main units in the park system will undergo thorough reconstruction.

Looking forward to the preserva-



Rock Crusher, Garret Mountain Reservation

tion of natural woodlands within Passaic County, extensive developments and improvements have been planned for the Garret Mountain Reservation, largest unit in the county park system, with its 600 acres located in a mountainous area at the northerly end of the First Watchung Range through which the Passaic River cascades. This woodland reservation is a favorite resort of Paterson City residents. Annual Easter sunrise services attract thousands there, as do the famous saengerfests of German singing societies. In summer months the woodlands are thronged with picnic groups and Barbour's Pond is filled with bathers. Hiking trails thread through the reservation and auto drives lead to advantageous points to view the unusual scenery found there.

General development and extension of roads and paths in the park area, the lengthening of Benson Drive to pass Barbour's Pond for a distance of two miles and the general clearing of the northern half of the reservation are included in WPA Project

No. 1-193 allocated to the Garret Mountain Reservation. The project employs 120 workers for an estimated period of twelve months at a total cost of \$149,571, of which the sponsors will pay \$10,366. This project is nearing completion. The construction of drains and retaining walls for the parking area at Barbour's Pond, to accommodate 200 cars, is another WPA project which will cost \$25,676, of which the sponsors pay \$4,026.50. Work started August 17, 1936, and is approaching conclusion. Sixty men are employed. A stone quarry and stone crusher is being operated at the mountain reservation under WPA Project No. 1-857 to supply stone for WPA projects in this area. Twenty-two men are employed at a total cost of \$11,000, of which the sponsors pay \$1,900.

Renovations are nearly completed at Lambert Castle (a reproduction of Warwick Castle in England) in the Garret Mountain Reservation, overlooking Paterson City. It was built in 1892 by the late Catholina Lambert, pioneer Paterson silk manu-

turer, and acquired by the Passaic County Park Commission in 1927 after an executor's sale. Forty-five men have been working there five months at a total cost of \$13,691, of which the sponsors will pay \$1,148.50. Removal of the entire north wing, where time and weather have wrought material damage, is planned. The Passaic County Park Commission will maintain permanent headquarters at the castle after the pergola, turret and rear addition are replaced with a patio affording a panoramic view of Paterson City and its environs. The site is one of the most famous in the section. According to R.C.M. Hartman, curator, more than 15,000 persons visited the Passaic County Historical Society's museum, established on the first floor of the castle, within the last year. The rebuilding of approximately 22 cubic yards of wall and 5,723 square feet of masonry surrounding the celebrated castle, is also being sponsored by the park commission. Eight WPA mechanics are engaged at this task, which will require an estimated period of two months, at a total cost of \$1,553, of which the county bears \$130.

Goffle Brook Park, on Goffle Road, Hawthorne, comprises 106 acres of picturesque terrain. Park roads and bridle paths will be graded, Goffle Brook will be relocated through the park, a dam will be built and three foot bridges placed over the stream under WPA Project No. 1-188, which will cost \$198,637, of which the sponsors pay \$9,555. Another project

includes laying a storm drainage system of 3,600 feet of pipe, grading and construction of paths and a hard-surfaced roadway and curbing at a cost of \$98,524, the sponsors to pay \$4,464. This project employs 108 workers for eight months. The park will also be cleared and graded under Project No. 1-837, employing 160 men six months at a total cost of \$67,853, of which the sponsors pay \$5,360. This job began September 21, 1936.

Weasel Brook Park, Clifton, will be developed by two WPA projects, the first designed to complete work started by ERA and CWA and dealing with the building of a culvert and the erection of wingwalls. Masonry work will be undertaken, the dam completed and a road built. Approximately a thousand feet of permanently-paved roadway, 30 feet wide, will be constructed in the park.

To supplement the work of the other ten projects, and to facilitate planning and surveying activities, WPA Project No. 1-404 was established as the County Park Planning Project to determine topographic and general measurements of the park units under development. Fourteen men are employed for a year at a cost of \$16,233, of which the sponsors pay \$3,421.

Other WPA projects are planned also for the Preakness Valley Park and Golf Course, comprising 367 acres, and the Pompton Aquatic Park, at Pompton Lakes, 75 acres, both county park system units.



Wreckage

a story

RICHARD A. SHAFTER

Shorty was catapulted from his bunk. A sudden violent force had pounced upon him and hurled him to the floor. He was instantly awake, but for a long moment remained thus, prone and dazed, utterly motionless in a deep vault of darkness. The lamp had been thrown off its hook and the rancid smell of coal-oil was all around him.

"When you see it coming, throw yourself down," Big Mike Havarilla said, splashing through the slush of the early winter morning. "You hear me?" He shook the legs of the boy who was riding high on his shoulder. "Yes, father," answered the boy. He was nine years old and on his way to his first day's work in the mine. They gave him a job on the breaker. He had to pick slate and stones out of the never-ending black stream that passed him by on the conveyor belt.

"Always try and throw yourself down. Get your nose to the ground. There's always a bit of fresh air near the ground."..... He had had barely time enough to drop onto his face before the lightning-like flash. It had singed the hair off his neck. Thirty-nine hours he and the pony had lain pinned under the timbers. At the hospital they told him that Big Mike's knowledge of weather in the pit had neither saved himself, nor young Big Mike, Shorty's older brother.)

But this is no longer the old Buck Mountain Pit, is it? He shakes his stunned head. It makes him wince. With tender fingertips he feels his scalp. There is a gash. Something lukewarm and sticky mats his hair.

Slowly he begins to crawl through the opaque profundity of the deep quiet. He cannot gain his feet; the floor of the coach drops away from him in a precarious angle. Where is that door? But is there any door at all? His breath stops short. Is there any way out of it? Or is he condemned to keep on crawling like this, forever and ever, in utter darkness? "...But they, the transgressors, shall be cast out by Him into the bottomless pit of damnation. Unredeemed by His grace, they shall suffer eternal peril in the Outer Darkness where His Divine Light never shineth forth..." He hears the booming voice of Father Miklacz pronounce the wrathful words over his bent head. For he is a boy again, making his confirmation. And his head feels light and is spinning with the giddiness of fasting and the excitement. He is near fainting and knows he will have to vomit. And the big voice above him keeps on ringing, louder and louder, becomes like thunder: "...no light ever shineth forth..." Mother of God! He wants to shriek. But blackness has him by the throat, throttles him. He hears his gullet rasp as he opens his mouth again, wide, wide... A scream! But not his! His own throat remains dry and voiceless.

There, again! High-colored and explosive it stabs into his loneliness, rends it in two, an ominous, threatening ray from another world.

Frantically he resumes his crawling. His foot strikes something. He reaches back and feels the steely roundness of a gun barrel. The rifles must have fallen from their racks near the door. And here is another obstacle! Boxes of ammunition had been stacked high into a corner. They were overturned and now are barricading his way. He tries to pile them up again, but they come sliding back to him. He pushes them behind him, one by one.

Finally he has cleared his path. With a sigh he pulls himself erect on the door frame -- and freezes into listening. That scream again! It's like a white hot iron through his brain. Clammy sweat breaks out on him. Where has he heard that cry before? When?

He pulls at the door. It will not give. He feels around the frame. It must have jammed; the hinges are probably bent. He tries again. With a curse he leaves off and looks for the lonely, little window that gives light to the coach in daytime. The little square of glass is hardly discernible against the darkness outside. It is almost overhead and too far for him to reach. And he remembers it is barred by an iron grille.

He renews his onslaught on the door. Suddenly it gives way, but only an inch or two. He slides back to where the guns lie. He uses one of them for a lever. Slowly, quarter inch by quarter inch, the door opens with each jerking pull on the gun. Finally he can squeeze his spare body through. He slides off the slanting platform and his bare feet hit the stone and gravel of the roadbed.

His own wagon is lying nearly on its side. The coupling must have broken, for there is a clear space of about fifty yards before him. The three cars next ahead are perilously perched on the edge of the embankment, as if ready to take flight into the dark abyss beneath. Still further ahead a few cars have rolled down the steep precipice. In the all-pervading darkness he can barely recognize the tangled mass down there. Groans and shrieks break forth from it in swathes, lapping wave-like at his feet. Even as he looks, a flame breaks through with the roar of muffled thunder. For a second or two the whole scene stands forth in weird illumination: The gaudy circus cars, tilted end for end below there; the bottom of the valley with the river, swollen by recent floods; the steely sheen of the tracks far ahead where it bends itself around the face of the mountain...

The freakish light dies down as unexpectedly. Night covers all again with a merciful hand. Only a faint glow remains, and its distorted reflection in the racing water far below. And the shrieks emanating from that heap of debris. But they have reached a new pitch now, like that of lost souls.

To the left of the track the mountainside rises sheer into the night, wrapped into the scornful silence of things eternal. Some shrubs and brushes nearby seem to lean forward from their cracks in the steep stone in watchful eagerness. The rest of the almost perpendicular ledge is lost to sight in the dark.

Laboriously, with painful hesitancy, the thoughts take shape in his benumbed brain. The train is wrecked! Had the first section gone through? It carries the bulls and the big cats... That wailing cry stabs into his consciousness again. It pierces his eardrums. Now he recognizes it: Horses! He shivers.

(Juno had cried like that... Both were buried under the falling roof. Part of her mane covered his face and the strong smell of horse sweat merged in his nostrils with that of coal dust and the bitter, sulphuric taste of blasting powder. She tried to work herself loose. One of her forefeet hit his side with each vicious kick she gave. After a while he minded it no longer. Every rib

in his left side was broken by then. Finally she gave it up and kept very still. He thought she was dead. But then she began to scream! For hours and hours she had screamed like that. Her back was broken, but she was still alive when the rescue squad found them. He had cried about her almost as much as he had about the two Mikes, his father and brother. But he had been only a kid of fifteen at the time, and the mangy little pony was his one friend...)

There it was again! It began with a high nicker, that changed into a drawn-out, whining roar. It overshadowed all other sound with its fearful appeal for help.

A rumbling, thumping noise accompanied it. Something was hammering against the wooden walls of a coach, something that wanted to be released from prison.

Shorty broke into a shuffling trot. The mine blast of twenty years earlier had left him with the awry and sidewise gait of a sandcrab. Halfways across the empty space he halted. Several men were running along the next track on the other side of the train. Someone shouted. "Hey, Shorty! You there? Are you all right?" He recognized the voice of Bellowing Jack Butler, the top-boss. He tried to reply, but his throat was parched. Only an inarticulate gurgle broke from his lips.

The shout had brought him to a stop. He must not leave his car. "Under no circumstances, whatsoever," the Colonel had told him. He turned back. He shivered. A fine and penetrating rain was falling. He became conscious that he wore nothing but trousers and a shirt; he had gone to bed in them. He clambered up the car's slanting platform and groped in the dark for his belongings. He put his shoes on his bare feet and pulled a greasy cap over his aching head.

The din had increased in volume, but now he was able to distinguish between the shouts of the crew, the cries for help of those wedged in between the crumpled walls of their telescoped cars; the muffled tattoo of eager axes on wood; the clatter of hooves as a freed horse broke loose and fled down the spur; the hissing of steam even further ahead, where the locomotive was lying on its side like a dying primeval monster. And above all that wailing animal cry!

He shuffled his feet uneasily. He would like to go and help those unreal, fantastic shadows that kept flitting in and out of the flickering light thrown by the lanterns in their hands and a few coal-oil torches placed on the track. But he must stand by the ammunition car. He cursed.

A new note inserted itself into that cacophony of despair. The solitary, sobbing cry of a human being drifted toward him through the rain. "Blackie! Blackie! Help him! Oh my God, Blackie..." Shorty swallowed hard. That was Maybelle Clark, asking them to help that big black stallion of hers.

(The giant horse watched him over the top of his stall with hard, suspicious eyes. Shorty held one of the carrots he had pilfered from the cook tent. As he approached, the beast snorted and played its ears uneasily. Shorty stopped and began to whisper, a half-clucking, half-crooning sound he had learned to use with the pit ponies many years ago. Pacified, the big beast let him come a step closer and sniffed at his hand. He shook his head at the despised human smell, but daintily took the carrot between his big even teeth. Munching it with a big grin of contentedness, he suffered the hated hand to softly pet his nose.

"Gettin' acquainted with Black Satan?"

Shorty whirled at the sound of the drawling alto. He had been

utterly unaware of her presence behind him. He blushed.

"Be careful. Most people are afraid of him. He can be pretty bad at times."

"Oh, I dunno. Horses gener'ly aint natur'ly bad 'nless someone makes 'em that way, I guess." He turned to the horse again. He had to look away. Her slow, amused smile that dragged the left corner of her mouth down made him feel uncomfortable.

She watched him proffer the stallion another root, seemingly wanted to say something else, but instead turned abruptly and walked out of the winter stables, unaware of the group of hostlers in her path.)

A circle of light came toward him. In its center two knees moved incongruously up and down in a staggering run. They came to halt near him. The listlessly dangling lantern was suddenly elevated shoulder-high and he could see the blue coat and cap of the train's conductor. The man's face was chalky white and wet with rain and tears.

The conductor dropped his lantern and slumped heavily down on a rail. He took his head between his hands as if he wanted to hide his ears and began to moan like a child in pain. "I can't stand it! I can't stand it!" The light illuminated him up to his hips. They were swaying back and forth in time with his sobs. Shorty did not know what to say to him. He strained his ears for the sound of that female voice.....

(Butler walked up to him, his big face dark with rage. What in hell are ye tryin' t'do? Gettin' chummy with that snooty wench? Lay off the performers. They're the Colonel's meat."

The hostlers guffawed. "But I must say, she picks 'em for looks." Fitz shouted.

Butler pushed Shorty in the face with the fist of his hand. "Scram, bum! Scram! Ye're a lower end man, and don't you forget it, see?"

The big horse looked at them appraisingly over the wall of his box. His ears were pointed at them in an eager attempt at comprehension.

"See that mean look on him? Betcha the devil figgers right now who's goin' t'be next. Killed a man at her last show, he did, and crippled another for life. I wished she had stayed away from this outfit. She's bad medicine, that girl is. Just as bad as that brute of hers here. Mankillers! Both of 'em!" Butler spat with conviction.)

He heard the gravel crunch before he could see her. She came on the run. First her high-heeled boots entered the circle of light from the railroader's lantern. Then he could see the fringes of her short leather skirt. She stood before him, panting. The wide-brimmed hat sat awry on her head. Her hair hung down in stringy, wet strains. Her face seemed ludicrously small in contrast with her eyes. She was crying. Her man's shirt was rent from the shoulder down and he could see her left breast. Her riding crop was dangling from its loop around her wrist.

"Shorty! He's hurt! Blackie... Get a gun!"

"You mean..."

"Yes, yes! Hurry! He must be shot. I can't see him suffer like that."

"But I can't, Miss Mabel." She was billed as Maybelle Clark, but everyone pronounced it Mabel. I'm not permitted to -- "

"Shorty, please! You must do it."

"But I tell you I can't." He could not turn his eyes away from that firm, bare breast before him, heaving spasmodically with her breathing. He felt himself reeling. "I can't! I can't!" He shouted at her, again and again.

The wailing nicker came to them again. It sounded more hopeless, more compelling even than before. Both held their breaths. The railroader at their feet made a faint whimpering noise far down in his throat and fell forward on his face.

"I must go back. Give me a gun, quick!"

"I can't do that either. I must have permission from the colonel...."

"Ah!" There was contempt and a challenge in that one syllable. "Give me a gun, damn you!" She stamped her foot.

He shook his head. "Please, Shorty....No? You lousy - - -" Her hand shot up. Lightning struck his left eye. He felt the whip cut into his face, once, twice..... Instinctively he threw up his arms. When he lowered them again, he could just see the hem of her skirt crossing the outer rim of that circle of light into darkness.

He listened to her running feet until the sound was lost in the clamour ahead. For a long moment he stood undecided. Then he picked up the conductor's lantern and clambered into the car. From the heap of guns on the floor he selected a carbine. He wiped the oil off the lock parts with his sleeve and carefully worked the bolt a few times. Then he broke an ammunition box open and loaded the gun. In the corner by the door hung an old oilskin. He hung it loosely over his shoulders so that the rifle could not be seen. He held it closely against his body, the muzzle down, the butt in his armpit.

Slowly he made his way down the track. He could no longer see from his left eye and stumbled incessantly. It seemed very far to the ground; he felt like walking on stilts.

Two men were emerging from the light, carrying a limp bundle between them. One was a hostler, the other a brakeman. The hostler looked up and recognized Shorty. "It's Tartaro," he said with a nod toward the shapeless thing supported by his hands. "He got it too." Tartaro was the wire act, "Death Defying Tartaro, the World's Greatest of All Aerial Acrobats."

One of the group of men before the open box car let out a short, high-pitched coyote yelp and crumpled to the ground. The others bent over him. One wiped the blood from his mouth and Shorty could see it was Fitz. The stricken man breathed heavily; with each laborious, rattling gulp bloody foam oozed from his mouth.

"Guess he's done for all right."

"Got him right in the chest, the filthy brute. With both hooves!"

"Why don't somebody kill that devil?"

They stood indecisively and stared with accusing eyes at the giant horse.

Black Satan was standing in the open door of the car. His ears were turned back and his nostrils were wide open, so that the red showed in them. Saliva and foam dropped from his lips and covered his chest and withers. His eyes rolled hysterically and the mirages of torches and lanterns danced upon their agantine depths as lampyrid flickerings of terror. His neck, sheeny with sweat like polished dark armor, was drawn back in the stance preceding a high jump. Yet that leap never came. Instead, the horse gave a frantic jerk as if throwing his whole weight into the traces of an immense and unseen load. His hooves, in a vain attempt to find a hold, flew into a flurry of agony and hammered savagely against the side and floor of the car. In sudden consciousness of the futility of his effort he closed his eyes and that screaming whinny broke forth into the night again — a shrill shriek of hopeless challenge to the humans before him, that became a snarl of contempt and ended in a low gurgle.

"His hindlegs are caught between two beams. And we can't get in there be-

fore he isn't outta the way. Joe's in there, 'n Pete, one or two others." Someone shouted at Shorty. Then he saw Maybelle Clark. She had been standing to one side and now came a few steps nearer those flying hooves.

"Don't, Miss Clark." One of the men laid a restraining hand on her shoulder. She tore away and the rent in her blouse opened almost to her waist. She was still crying, but tried to make her voice sound steady and reassuring. "Whoa Blackie. Whoa, old boy...." She raised her hand in a persuasive gesture. For a moment it seemed that Black Satan recognized her, then he flew into another pitiful tantrum.

Shorty pushed her aside. He lifted his gun. The horse ceased straining against the unknown load. Over the sights of the gun man and beast looked at each other for an eternal split-second. It seemed to Shorty there was an expectant understanding in the horse's eyes. With an effort he squeezed the trigger. For a moment Black Satan stood very still; then he began to sway on his feet and fell onto his knees. He made one last, staggering attempt to raise himself again -- then with a faint snicker, like a broken sob of relief, he rolled onto his side and lay still.

Everybody stood very quiet. It seemed that the thunder of the shot would never die. Shorty's eye sought Maybelle Clark's when he felt himself spun around by the shoulder. "What happened? Who fired that shot? You? O you confounded, misbegotten idiot: Don't ye know the insurance people will never pay a dime for that horse now? Who told you you could leave your car? Get the hell back there! Get back!" It was Jack Butler bellowing at him. Shorty slunk back into the darkness.

In the car he carefully unloaded the carbine, put the remaining four cartridges back into the cardboard carton and closed the box from which he had taken it. He took the oilskin off and hung it back in the corner; it was show property. He looked for a smooth sleeper on which to put the lantern beside the inanely motionless conductor so that it would not tip over. Then he walked a short distance down the track until he found a crack in the mountain wall that would give him a foothold. Awkwardly, he climbed up the chimney-like fissure until he reached a narrow ledge, large enough to curl himself behind a few bushes that hid him from sight in the gradually widening gray of the dawn.

From there he saw the rescue train arrive several hours later. It brought a crane and several physicians and nurses. Not until late in the afternoon was the track entirely cleared and a road gang put to work repairing the wash-out. Then he clambered back onto the spur. He was half-blind and the two welts, where the whip had scorched his face, had formed into a flaring cross. Slowly he began his shambling walk away from the scene of the wreck.

TRAIN

Vivian Mintz

Steady rhythm
Turning, twisting
Onward speeding man's delights

Constant turmoil
Age compulsives
Homeward rush commuters, nights.

Improving Playgrounds

Newark's Population Will Have
Some Place to Go on Sunday

SALVATORE ATTANASIO

The National Capital and its famous cherry blossoms will have nothing on Newark's Branch Brook Park Extension this spring. For, as WPA workers -- who ought to know -- assert, "There will be more cherry blossoms blooming in this park than in the whole District of Columbia."

Such flowering optimism finds its cause and reason in the reclamation of a large tract of mosquito-infested and sterile wasteland which now, planted with thousands of Japanese cherry trees along the newly landscaped Second River, forms the new park extension. And the two hundred WPA workers who have been working here under the supervision of John Lynch since November 1935 can be justly proud of the job they have done in beautifying an unsightly dumping ground, to create what promises to become one of the most attractive sections in the extensive Essex County park system.

Cherry blossoms, however, will not bloom unchallenged in the new park. Native and exotic azaleas have been planted by the hundred in the lower parts of the ravines and will add their fiery blossoms to the carnival of flowers this spring. Backed by a variety of deciduous and evergreen trees and shrubberies taken from the Essex County Park Commission's nurseries in the South Mountain Reservation, these flowers will indeed stand comparison to the famed blossom season of Washington, D. C.

Developed and landscaped in accordance with plans made by the Essex County Park Commission, this WPA

project includes extensive provisions for recreational facilities. Four modern baseball diamonds have been laid out on the large plateau beyond the newly constructed Erie Railroad bridge. These ball fields were built under the direction of John Kennedy, veteran diamond planner, who for many years has been associated with big league baseball.

Not far from the diamonds a field house, 39 by 39 feet, has been constructed for the storage of field equipment. It also contains locker rooms and hot and cold showers for the players. Two parking places nearby will accommodate hundreds of cars.

The whole project is about 98% complete, yet much of the work is not even visible to the eye. For far beneath the surface there are drainage pipes, water mains and lighting conduits that had to be constructed first before the park could be built that meets the visitor's gaze.

New roads, two and two-tenths miles in length, had to be constructed as a leisurely meandering approach to the park proper. They run northward from Heller Parkway to a point beyond the Erie Railroad and eastward along the newly railed Second River to Union Avenue in Belleville. Another road entrance leads from Mill Street, Belleville, to the park.

Though the final touch has not yet been applied to this new park extension, thousands of nearby residents are already drawn here weekly by the recreational attraction it

offers. The esthetic and residential advantages of the park project to the surrounding sections have already proved incalculable, as witnessed by increased property valuations in the nearby sections of Newark and Belleville.

Yet the Branch Brook Park extension is only one of the park projects undertaken by District Three of the Works Progress Administration in conjunction with the Essex County Park Commission. Other projects include Brookdale Park, lying between Montclair and Bloomfield, and Ivy Hill Park in the Tuxedo Park section along the joint boundary of Newark, Maplewood and South Orange. Rand Park in Montclair and Hayes Park, off Route 25 in Newark, are being built by WPA with the cooperation of the respective municipal authorities.

Ivy Hill Park and Hayes Park are still in the first stage of their redemption. Begun as a CWA project in 1931, the Ivy Hill tract of 19 acres was a very wet problem for most of the WPA workers and engineers. An unsightly swamp and a prolific mosquito breeder, it was honeycombed with numerous underground springs which periodically flooded all surrounding subterranean areas. Four large streams had to be tapped and diverted into a new drainage system before the work proper could begin.

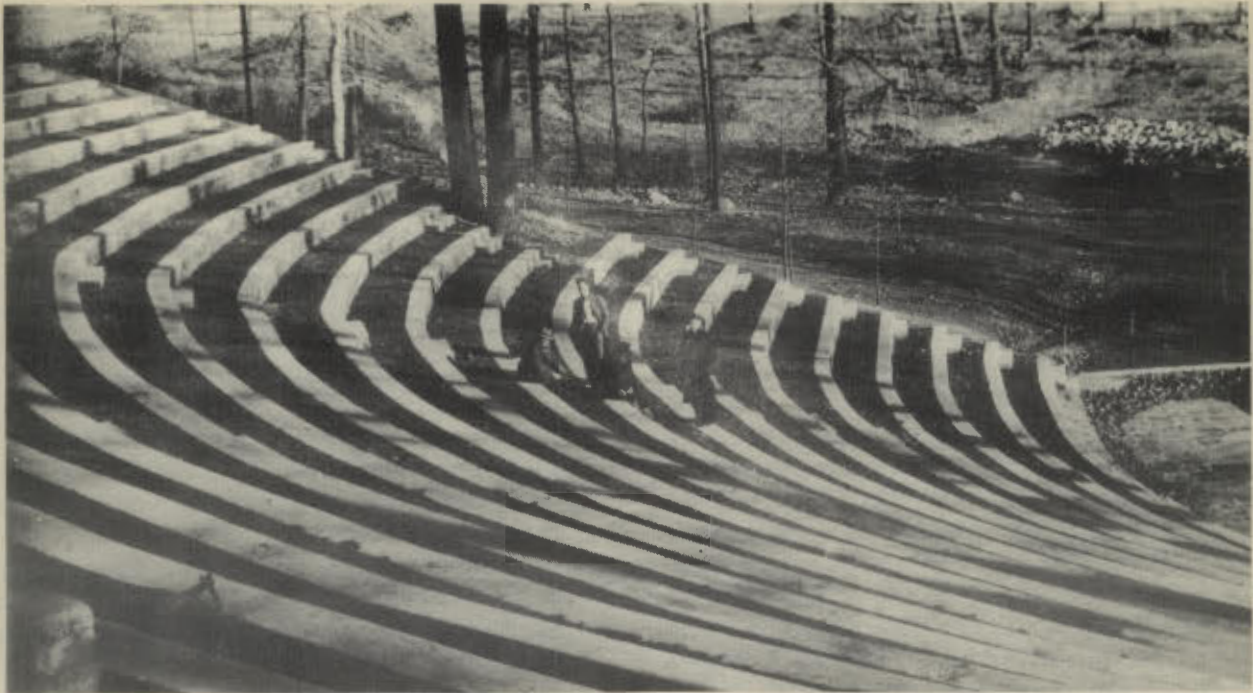
Excavation and about 75% of the grading have been completed. Construction of four tennis courts, a bandstand with a natural amphitheatre and a football field encircled by a quarter-mile running track are next on the project's program. Plans also include a large children's playground and a natural grove which will extend over approximately half the tract. Arthur J. Hensel, project engineer, expects the park to be opened by September 1937.

Forty-foot high Lombardy poplar, Roses of Sharon, atlanti and yellow leaves will be flowering this spring on a 30-acre plot of land which was once one of the most vicious breeding holes for mosquitoes and slimy

insects of every variety. This almost incredible horticultural panorama will complete the reclamation project in Hayes Park, off Route 25, undertaken by the WPA with the co-sponsorship of the City of Newark. This will make it possible for hundreds of Ironbound youths to abandon disease and death-ridden streets and pool rooms and romp with joyful abandon on playfields where once scurried, huge, verminous rats over man-made mountains of rot and waste. And motorists driving along Route 25 on their way to Newark Airport or New York will no longer hold their noses from intolerable odors; instead they will marvel at the sight of dump land transformed into sylvan scenery by the creative powers of WPA workers under the supervision of Bernard Reissner, famous landscape architect known throughout Europe and America. The recreational features of the new park will include a standard baseball diamond, an athletic field and field house and five up-to-date clay tennis courts.

Situated between Montclair and Bloomfield, Brookdale Park, occupying 123 acres, will present another panorama of horticultural and scenic beauty when completed. Brookdale's new beauty will in a large measure be an extension and development of its present pristine state. This level meadowland formerly had been composed of scattered farms and undeveloped rural areas. It was partly sold and donated to the Essex County Park Commission by the town of Montclair. Started as a CWA project, work was again begun under WPA, with 300 workers under the supervision of Frank A. Price.

Mock Oranges, whose lovely white flowers will bloom in May, have been planted in the hilly wooded ground together with 203 other varieties of plants, flowers, trees and shrubbery. Japanese Quince, Lonicera, Aronia and the native choke berry will also abound in color and fragrance, all of them selected for particular beauty and the temporal succession of their blooms. Hundreds of trees



Greek amphitheatre at the Montclair State Normal School

like the Cryptemaria, akin to the famous Redwoods of California, Douglas Firs, Carolina and Canadian Hemlock and Colorado Spruce will in time lend their lofty beauty to Brookdale.

A charming garden, encircling about 35,000 tulips and other native flora, has also been planned. One of the features of the park will be the 40' X 100' artificial pond, containing gold fish and aquatic plants. The water will be drawn from the nearby natural spring.

Lovers of sport, however, have not been neglected by the WPA park builders, for a baseball diamond, a football field, a cinder running track, and a concrete grandstand seating 3,500 persons are included in the plans. Parking areas lie on each side of the athletic field, beyond which the WPA workers have already built a locker house with showers. On the broad top of a gently sloping grass-covered mound nearby, tennis enthusiasts will enjoy the 12 clay tennis courts.

Eight miles of concrete walks will grace Brookfield Park, together with an auto road providing exits to

Bloomfield and Montclair.

Students of the Montclair State Normal School will be greatly benefited by another WPA project this coming spring when they may perform their annual folklore festival in a new amphitheatre. One of the many improvements made upon the school grounds with the cosponsorship of the Normal School, the amphitheatre was built on the side of a mountain behind the main building. It is designed in traditional Greek style, with tiers of stone seats rising from the moss-covered stage against a wooded background, to accommodate 1,600 spectators. Professor Paul C. Clifford of the school staff planned the theatre, which was erected from sandstone, rubble and granite under the supervision of Abijah C. Fox, WPA engineer.

In the lower fields, a short distance from the theatre, WPA workers have built an athletic field, which includes a baseball diamond, football field and a cinder track. A concrete stadium, overlooking the field, is under construction. Parking areas have also been built in an adjoining field.

Montclair is also the site of the Rand Park improvement project. Co-sponsored by the town of Montclair, about 75 WPA workers recently began improvements on this most beautiful recreational area in the town. Extending over an area of 3 acres, the park lies between Montclair High School on Park Street and the George Innes Junior High School.

For years the walled banks of Tony's Brook which trickles through the park have been gradually washing away. Now the bed of the brook is being graded preparatory to encasing its crumbling sides with new rubble masonry for a distance of 900 feet. A rustic bridge will cross the historic brook and birds will find a long-desired attraction in the new bird bath which will grace the re-seeded and re-planted area.

Park improvement efforts of WPA District Three have not been confined merely to the eradication of man-made disfigurements imposed on Nature, as indicated by these reclamation projects where wastelands and dumping grounds are being converted into spots of sylvan beauty. In at least one case, its efforts are directed at a definite improvement on Nature.

Almost at the top of the Orange Mountains, in the precincts of Essex County's famous forest reservation, a new lake is taking shape, that, when completed, will prove another major attraction for the thousands of motorists who tour the reservation in their weekly escape from the hustle and bustle of sweltering cities.

Located in Millburn off Brookside Drive and Glenn Avenue, the lake will require five million gallons of water from the nearby Orange Reservoir to achieve the specified depth of four feet. The lake also will be used for pleasure boating and the spawning of fish. And summer time will never come too soon for the youthful inmates of the Newark City Home for Boys in Verona, as it would

mean that they could splash and swim to their hearts content in the new concrete swimming pool built for them by WPA.

It was necessary to excavate 1600 cubic yards of mud and dirt to build the 100' X 50' pool, according to Thomas Plunkettson, engineer. Fitted with an up-to-date drainage and chlorinating system, the pool will be filled from the City water supply and the drainage will be used to irrigate the small farms of the boy farmers. The Verona juveniles will also enjoy an equally modern baseball diamond, grandstand and cinder running track.

Another WPA project, especially designed for youngsters and to aid in the fight against waywardness in the unhealthy and congested areas of the Third Ward section of Newark, is the Harrison Park Project, located between the Prudential apartments bounded by Somerset and Barclay Streets.

Laid out like a royal courtyard between the "Pru" apartments, this park represents a vast improvement over the dreary tenements which had been left standing like a menacing anachronism to the surrounding planned architectural beauty. WPA workers tore down the tenements, excavated the ground, laid drainage pipes and prepared the area for grading and seeding.

A main concrete walk encircles the park, with other walks gracefully extending towards its center. There will be a well-equipped children's playground, a field house and two modern clay tennis courts.

Thus the WPA with the help of important county and municipal agencies has proved to be a magical agent of transformation and beauty, giving to Essex County and its citizens the immeasurable benefits of its engineering genius, the giant arms of its creative labor, and its social vision -- all important and integral components of new social orientations.

Thumb Fun

Hitch-hikers Aren't the Only Dangerous People on the Road

SAMUEL D. ZEIDMAN

I was lost in a dust-storm. Not quite lost, however, for my feet still touched concrete. Around me stretched illimitable wastes of sage and mesquite, scrubby pine and cactus. For two hours I had been standing and walking, walking and standing. Before and behind me the road stretched, monstrously creamy, until it jabbed itself, finger-like, through the hazy hills which blocked the horizon.

My eyes were half-closed. My throat was choked; I coughed spasmodically, emitting spittles of dust and sputum. Swirls of dry loam whipped themselves into all forms of genie. They tore at my clothes; they leapt and fell; they screamed and whispered; they reared and howled with glee. And they mocked me -- God, how they mocked me! And finally they danced away through the dark-yellowish atmosphere towards that dull, white thing which was the sun.

They had told me back at Deming that it was some seventy-odd miles to Lordsburg. I would be wise, they said, if I stayed on the edge of town, and not go wandering down the road. I took their advice. But it wasn't for long. What restless spirit, I figured, can stand in one spot, even though that spot be a sharp curve, where cars must necessarily slow up?

Now I was hungry and tired. Every ten or fifteen minutes I would hear the drone of an approaching motor. Hurriedly I would rouse myself into a picture of animation -- straighten my tie, cock my hat at a jaunty

angle, button and trim my jacket, rub my dust-laden shoes against the cuffs of my trousers to restore their shine. And smile! Not a grin, or a toothpaste ad, but a plain smile -- one that showed the confidence of my personality (if I had any left by that time) and my readiness to be friendly. And then I would wave my thumb; slowly, at first, with my entire arm describing a wide arc; then, proportionate with the approach of the car, decreasing the sweep of the arm until my gesture became nothing more than a few frantic thumb-wavings, with my wrist as a pivot. "God!" I'd fervidly breathe, "Make him stop! Make him stop!" But the car would rush towards me and whizz by at eighty miles as unconcerned as though I were part of the scenery, never heeding the oaths of mortification and despair it left behind.

I got my ride, as eventually all hitchhikers do. And brother, if you were to ask me whether or not I'd go through that same hell all over again, I'd emphatically reply that I would! It's not so much the idea of getting picked up by strangers that appeals, although meeting new faces and personalities is a relief; it isn't the lure of travel which draws us, despite the fact that this was the compelling force. If this were the case, I and my thousands of companions would much rather wait and do it in style, like "respectable folk". It isn't so much that, especially during the depression years, many of us were forced

on the road; the fact is we could just as easily have stagnated at home. What, then, creates a hitchhiker?

The answer is simple. It lies within the appellation. It started with the automobile; its life depends upon the automobile. It is as much a part of the automotive life of America as are the highways and billboards, the gas stations and roadhouses. It is the leech of the road, the bane of automobile insurance companies. For brother, don't mistake it. Hitchhiking is ninety-nine percent "hitch" and one percent "hike!"

It's the gamble that counts, the zest in maintaining this proportion. Get somewhere, with the least amount of effort and time. It's only a part of the great American game of success. The hitchhiker hasn't been born yet who didn't come home to revel in self-glorification when recounting his accomplishment. Invariably I am asked how long it takes to thumb from New York to Los Angeles; invariably the "oh's" and "ah's" of astonishment which accompany my answer of "ten to twelve days" make me feel proud! I have done something worthwhile.

Let me here dispel a popular fallacy concerning this practice. A hitchhiker is not a bum, although a bum may be a hitchhiker! I was once caught at Greeley, Colorado, about midway between Denver and Cheyenne. I couldn't get a ride to save my soul. Somehow my luck wasn't with me. (And this is a very deciding factor in a hitchhiker's life.) Several boys from New York suggested that we catch a line of "reefers" (refrigerator cars) out of town that night. I refused. "What am I?" I asked, "a bum?" "What else are you?" was the cool reply. "I'm a hitchhiker." "Well, what's the difference?" they answered.

The difference is this. A bum is -- a bum; trying to chisel the most out of people with the least amount of labor expended. A hitchhiker is a person who has a certain

destination to reach, feels his imposition upon the general public, but is willing to earn his way, and often does, in any manner possible.

A friend of mine once asked me to give him a few hints about the "art" of hitchhiking. (I use this term facetiously.) There are no hints, no rules, no regulations. The practice, it is claimed, started during the war. Thousands of boys in uniform would be given a lift by willing autoists. Today, at least one out of every ten men has hitchhiked once in his lifetime.

There are a few suggestions one might use. On the other hand, there are many objections which the general public feels toward the practice.

First and foremost among the latter is people's inherent distrust of strangers. The general cry is: "You don't know who you're picking up!" It is a perfectly reasonable statement. But the feeling is reciprocal. The hitchhiker doesn't know with whom he's riding. It is true that robberies occur on the road. It is true that accidents happen, and that the injured hitchhiker has a good chance of collecting insurance. It is true that the hitchhiker imposes upon the credulity of the hearer through the use of sob-stories and chisels upon the driver's pocket-book through the means of his pauperism. I've done it myself! But it is equally true that the boy who thumbs his way doesn't know when he's going to be picked up by gangsters, with varying consequences (many newspaper stories attest to this fact.) He doesn't know with what sex-perverted madmen he will ride -- there are many such who do nothing all day but ride America's highways looking for likely subjects. He doesn't know when he's going to be filched of whatever change he has in his pocket, for he realizes that there are just as many chisellers behind the wheel as there are walking the road.

Here are a few illustrations. I was picked up by a strapping colored man driving an old flivver. He said

that he lived a few miles north of Camden, South Carolina. As he neared his home he stopped the car, calmly walked into the rear yard of a house abutting the highway, picked up a sack of flour deposited on the back porch -- and walked off with it!

Naturally the inmate of the house yelled to him, and started giving chase. As the Negro rushed across the road a car bore down upon him from the opposite direction. One of the men in the auto, surmising that the colored man was up to some mischief, stuck his head out of the window and coolly shot him through the heart. Only a letter of identification and recommendation from the governor of my home state saved me from languishing behind bars.

At one time I got a ride outside of Crystal Springs, Texas, from a man who was driving to El Paso. He was slightly (?) drunk at the time. He had a reason, he said. His wife was in the hospital, and he was all alone. I did my best to cheer him up. Through subtle suggesting, however, he started offering me money and other inducements to live with him for awhile.... I blithely continued my way towards El Paso -- alone!

I once earned a few meals at Fargo, North Dakota, by mowing lawns and washing store-windows. When I left the town I had about five dollars in my pocket. Thumbing my way towards Bismarck I came across a car stalled at the side of the road. Its owner was sitting disconsolately on the running-board. Upon inquiry, I discovered that he was out of gas -- and broke. Naturally I offered to walk to the next gas station and buy him a couple of gallons, if he would drive me to Bismarck.

As I started down the road on my charitable mission a rock -- or something -- hit me behind the ear. I fell.... When I came to, both car and owner had disappeared. Besides that my five dollars was gone.

Most drivers won't consider the idea of sifting the good from the bad, but place all hitchhikers un-

der the same category as "highway pests." They universally determine that, rather than be imposed upon by one, they won't give a ride to any. But hitchhiking is a necessary evil. And just as it is a moot question whether or not prostitution or gangsterism can be erased from the American scene, so it is doubtful that hitchhiking can be removed from American life.

The railroad brought the hobo. The automobile brought the hitchhiker. There is an interlineation between the two. But they differ on this one point. The hobo's worst enemy is the "yard detective"; his best friend is the brakeman. The hitchhiker's worst enemy is the automobilist; his best friend -- outside of himself -- is the automobilist.

Most states have laws against hitchhiking. It is obvious, however, that were all the boys on the road thrown into jail the jails would soon be filled. The Federal Government itself attempted a solution of the problem by a regimentation of all the hitchhikers and hoboes. Federal Transient Bureaus were set up in all the important cities of the country. They were usually located, as a matter of convenience perhaps, a few yards from the freight stations.

As soon as the hitchhiker entered one of these transient bureaus (fondly called "TB" by the road boys) he was registered; his name, home address, starting-point, destination, means of transportation, education, vocation and general description were taken. He was housed and fed and given whatever miscellaneous clothing and light medical treatment was necessary. At the end of three days he had his choice either of continuing his journey or of going to a Federal Concentration Camp. Here, for a period of six months, he was given work at whatever vocation best suited him -- with five dollars per month pocket money.

The plan was abandoned last year. Why, I don't know. Certain it is

that it removed the hoboes' "jungles" (camps) and took thousands of habitual hitchhikers off the road. Several of these transient bureaus were miniature cities in size, especially those in Reno and in Omaha. But mushroom-like (as all necessary evils increase and decrease according to either a minimum or maximum amount of outside pressure) the road is again filled with hitchhikers.

Bane of all hitchhikers is the kibitzing motorist. After all, a boy on the road is just as human as the man behind the wheel. He is entitled to some consideration or courtesy. He doesn't mind in the least an attitude of indifference or even a polite refusal of his demands. But the driver who thumbs his way behind the wheel in mimicry of the lad on the road simply aggravates the hitchhiker's situation. And the man who slows down his car -- or even brings it to a complete stop -- in readiness to pick somebody up, and forces the hitchhiker to run several hundred yards to reach the car and then steps on the gas and resumes his journey, should be given a jail term! At least that's the way I and my thousands of hitchhiking companions have sometimes felt.

I can remember one bitter-cold Sunday late last fall. I was coming home from Florida and was stuck in Washington, D.C. I was coatless and hatless. Nevertheless, as I thumbed my way along the Bradensburg Pike, I felt that this was a point in my favor, since most people, I thought, would feel sorry for my plight and my chances for a ride would be easier. Soon enough one man brought his dilapidated machine to a screeching stop before me. I opened the door of his car. "Wait a minute," he said, "I'm not giving you a ride." "Well, why did you stop for me?" I asked. "Oh," he answered, "I just wanted to let you know that I think you've got a lotta guts to stand on the highway on such a cold day!" -- and off he went without me.

Hitchhiking, as has already been noted, does not require any tricks

of the trade. Curves, stop lights, gas stations and road junctions are all likely spots for the hitchhiker to make a personal approach to the motorist. Naturally, a request for a ride by word of mouth is more effective than the mute appeal of a thumb. Nevertheless, there are certain things which a boy on the road should remember. It is not claimed that they are the keys to hitchhiking success but, in the majority of cases, they aid tremendously in getting a ride.

Be neat. As in all walks of life, appearance is the first impression of contact and if that is unfavorable the chances of a ride are nil. Some hitchhikers, realizing this fact, almost carry baggage trunks on their journey. But this is unnecessary. In twelve years experience, in the course of which I have covered every state in the Union, all of Canada, parts of Alaska and parts of Mexico, I have realized that baggage is an impediment. All one really needs is a razor and tooth brush. A clean shirt and socks present the hardest problem. The latter can be had very cheaply at ten cents a pair in any five-and-ten. The former can also be bought very cheaply and discarded when too obviously soiled. (I wore one shirt for two weeks. I merely turned it inside out, finally buying a new one when I had picked up enough change.) But suit cases are out. Many hitchhikers plaster their bags with school banners in the supposition that, posing as college boys, their chances for a ride are better. But such is not the case; it's that clean outward appearance that counts.

Be a man. This is a word which is pregnant with meaning, but it implies all those qualifications which one needs to get ahead in all strata of society. Courtesy, consideration and helpfulness are mere words if not practiced, especially on the road. Courtesy -- a man is "sir", and a woman is "ma'am" or "madam"; not "buddy", not "guy", not "missis". Consideration -- a motorist does the

hitchhiker a favor in giving him a ride; he is not obligated to make any explanations for refusing to do so. The term also applies to women -- on the road, and behind the wheel. Women very rarely pick up hitchhikers. Their reasons are obvious. The popular conception of girls on the road, however, is a defamation of their general character. Most of them are as decent as any home girl, and in many respects are more willing to lend a helping hand. I have often met girls who were hitchhiking in company with boys. They were traveling ostensibly as husband and wife, or as brother and sister. It was for protection, they explained. They really can't be blamed for thumbing. The same impelling force which drives the males upon the road must find its counterpart in hundreds of girls. Their lot, however, is harder, because their sex is an easier prey to the handicaps of the thumb. (Incidentally, Claudette Colbert's trick of displaying a perfect leg in order to get a ride has never yet been duplicated on the road. The thumb is still the thumb for both sexes!)

Helpfulness -- how often motorists have picked someone up, merely because another hitchhiker down the road had once helped fix a flat, or watered the radiator on a hot, blistering day, or just held himself as a sociable companion for lonely, all-day motorists (salesmen and truck drivers notably) without thought of remuneration, but merely as a token of thanks for getting a ride. I once rode with a man who made private deliveries of liquor between Bakersfield and Fresno, California. He explained that he invariably picked up boys on the road. Despite the fact that he was armed their

presence and companionship gave him a feeling of security which he would not otherwise have felt in the ever present danger of highjackers.

A hitchhiker is an embryo psychologist. If traveling broadens the education, hitchhiking broadens one's knowledge of people. The truck is the bully of the road; the car is the mongrel; and the hitchhiker is the under dog. People are more prone to show their true selves before him than before others. He learns, perforce, to play up to their natures -- that is, if he really means to get anywhere. It is an acquisition which holds him in good stead later in life.

To the hitchhiker himself there is one final word. Hold your head high -- not arrogantly, but proudly. Yours is a profession taught by no college but the University of the Highway! Let the staid and solid man rave of the qualities of the School of Hard Knocks. The road develops characteristics in you which are requisites for entrance into business and professional life. If you are impatient, it teaches you to learn how to wait. If you have a temper, it gives you a placid nature. If you are selfish and self-centered, it teaches you to be generous and open-hearted. If you are impetuous, it forces you to think first and act afterwards.

And when you have finally quit the road to turn your thoughts to the sober business of life, you need have no regrets in having wasted your years in hitchhiking. As you recall various pleasurable experiences on the highway (even harrowing incidents seem somehow mellowed by the soft touch of time) you will really feel that it was "thumb fun."



Play Ball

Players and Spectators Enjoy the Facilities
Provided by the Recreation Division

RAYMOND ZIEGLER

Down the court the ball travels from left to right, so fast the eye can hardly follow. A mighty shout goes up -- it's a shot for the basket; but the shouts of glee are turned into moans as the opposing guard leaps high and bats down what looks like a sure goal. And now, boys and girls, you are meeting up with the only pure and unadulterated United States of America game that is recognized as a major sport.

It was back in 1891 that Dr. James A. Naismith originated basketball in the Springfield, Massachusetts, Y.M.C.A. The purpose of the game was to provide a form of health giving and muscle building exercise that was free from the tedium of ordinary gymnasium work.

If the "old Doc" could only look in on one of the many WPA games played in the six leagues organized in Atlantic City under the direction of the Recreational Division, he would feel proud of his achievement in giving the underprivileged boy and girl the physical prescription so carefully written more than 40 years ago.

The recreation instructors of this District of New Jersey WPA can well be proud of the job they are doing. There are now 60 basketball teams in the District, including a girls' league of eight teams in Vineland.

The sport is not confined to the youngsters; many who have finished their school days are enthusiastic players. Through the cooperation of the schools in furnishing the facil-

ities for play, there are now 1,000 taking part in this healthful and highly entertaining game. Yes, indeed, WPA basketball is not only beneficial to the players, but the games also furnish recreation for as many as 3,000 spectators in one evening, in Atlantic City, Ocean City, and Vineland. In order to develop the spectator's interest the league seasons are divided and the winners of the first and second half will play off for the league title. This produces keen rivalry, and the "rooters" come out in force to cheer for their favorites.

But basketball is not the only flourishing sport under the supervision of the Recreation Project. The staff is kept busy planning various seasonal activities. The Recreation Division of this District includes activities both physical and cultural, competitive and non-competitive; it also embodies musical and dramatic arts. Physical activities include playgrounds for children and adolescents, gym classes (male and female) for the older folks, basketball leagues for men and women, field hockey, bowling leagues, handicraft and community sings. Among the workers in the district are trained music instructors who conduct many varied groups.

The Recreation Division celebrated its first anniversary in Atlantic County on December 18, 1936. Cumberland County started January 29, 1936; Cape May County, April 17, 1936. At the present time there are 21 play centers in Atlantic County,

nine in Cumberland and five in Cape May. There are 75 persons employed on the Recreation Project; 33 in Cumberland, 27 in Atlantic and 15 in Cape May.

The attendance figures for the District since the beginning of the project show a total of 919,170, which includes spectators and participants. For the spring and summer outdoor events there were 204,626. The outdoor season included three soft ball leagues, two with six teams and one with four teams. They played five evenings each week. The playground season opened June 24th and continued for 12 weeks on 12 playgrounds. A track meet held on the Sovereign Avenue grounds on September 11th attracted 1,000 contestants and was one of the outstanding athletic features of the season in Atlantic City.

One of the most popular outdoor sports among women is field hockey. Under WPA supervision the girls of Bridgeton and Vineland have formed six uniformed teams, sponsored by local business organizations. The games are played on the park grounds in Vineland.

In handicraft activity the unforeseen and untried talents of many people were brought out. Many of the handicraft objects were made from material ready to be discarded. Scraps of cloth to the number of 5,000 pieces were fashioned into valuable articles. For the young folks, toys such as dolls and stuffed animals were made for the Christmas holiday. The woodcrafters also contributed many toys and useful kitchen utensils. Hammered brass articles such as lamp shades and ash trays were also produced.

Community nights are con-



Pioneer Girl's Field Hockey Team, Vineland, N.J.



Pioneer Girls Field Hockey Team, Bridgeton, N.J.



Girl's Field Hockey Team, Cumberland County, N.J.

ducted in the rural areas, where it is difficult for the residents to visit the city for dancing and entertainment. Folk dancing and singing are enjoyed under the supervision of a WPA worker and with the assistance of the WPA Orchestra, and the interest extends from the supervisor to everyone present.

Leisure Time Councils of Millville, Vineland, Ocean City, McKee City, Pomona, Egg Harbor and Atlantic City serve refreshments at all of these community nights.

Now get this one!

A charm school. Yes, indeed, the girls of Vineland are now taught how to apply cosmetics, how to wear their clothes, how to revamp their hats, and what the proper coiffure is for office and social functions. And for the older women, 65 to 91 years, there is a Leisure Hour Club. They meet twice each week at the Catholic Daughters. What wonderful enjoyment they derive from the chorus, singing old time songs! Their latest undertaking was rehearsing Christmas Carols for their Christmas Party. On other occasions this group is busy with sewing and knitting.

One of the worthy undertakings of the Recreation Division at the Christmas season is the rehabilitation of broken toys. These were distributed at Christmas Parties in Vineland and Atlantic City.

The summer activities of the Theatre Arts Department closed with

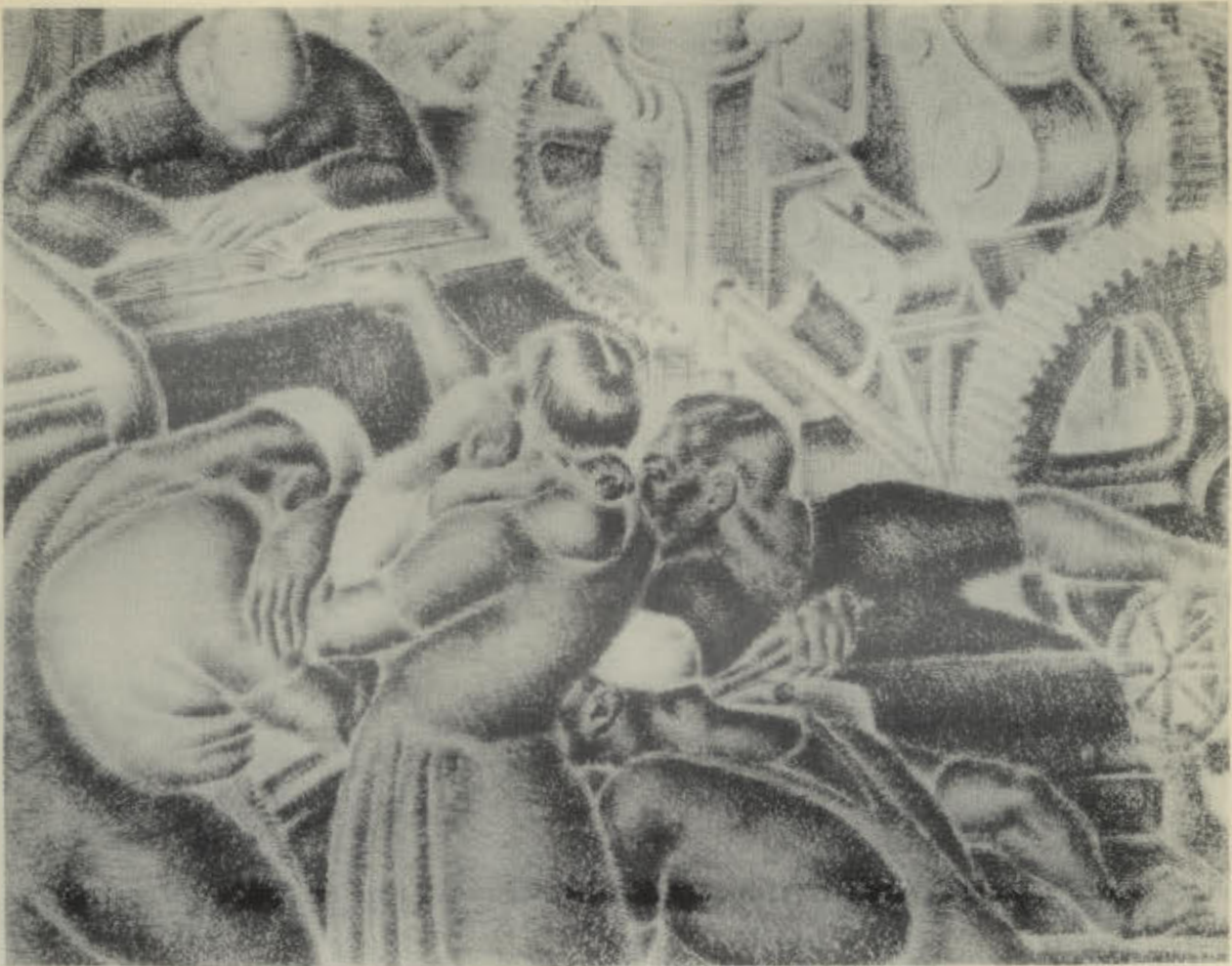
two excellent performances of Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus" at the Vanguard Theatre, Atlantic City. The Southside group was invited to play at the Muhlenberg Branch of the Public Library in New York City on October 17th, and in the Community House of Spring Lake, New Jersey, the following day, where, under the auspices of the Carnegie Foundation, the group won second prize. The Northside group also participated in the last event.

"Everyman", the old morality play, was dramatized with extraordinary success at the First Presbyterian Church in Atlantic City, and was played during the Christmas week in Wilmington, Delaware. A thrilling anti-war play was the department's contribution to the Armistice Day program in the city. An original dramatization of Dickens' "Christmas Carol" was played by the Southside group in both the Senior and Junior High School, Atlantic City, and other places.

Both groups will be represented in the Elizabeth, New Jersey, play writing contest. The Southside has sent a very beautiful and imaginative poetic drama in several scenes, and the Northside has sent a three act play depicting the cabaret life so typical of that section of Atlantic City. Both authors developed their writing during the regular weekly sessions devoted to theatre arts technique.



Pioneer Soft Ball Team
of
Cumberland County



MOMENTOUS DECISION

Designated for the walls of the Morris County Court House, Morristown, N.J., Anatol Shulkin's mural "The Historical and Social Development of the Law" was exhibited in a comprehensive show of American Art at the Newark Museum, Newark, N.J., under the title "Old Paths and New in American Design" on November 7th to December 28th inclusive.

In the four panels 7' x 96', comprising the mural, Mr. Shulkin traces the development of law from the earliest times to our own day, using symbolic figures to indicate the law's adjustment to the needs of man. The titles of the panels are "Origin of Conflict" -- "Momentous Decision" -- "Letter of the Law" and "People's Justice."

Defining his attitude toward the

WPA, under whose auspices the Morristown mural was developed, Anatol Shulkin said, "The Federal Art Project has been the most significant thing that has occurred in the history of American art."

Now thirty-six years old, Mr. Shulkin studied at the National Academy, Art Student's League, Beaux Arts Institute and in Paris. In 1921 he was awarded the Chaloner American Scholarship. Mr. Shulkin is a member of the National Society of Mural Painters, American Artists Congress and has exhibited in national shows. His last mural, recently completed, is in the dining room of the Barbizon-Plaza Hotel, New York City.

He is represented in the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York City.



NEWARK INDUSTRIAL SCENE
By Theodore F. Husa Jr., Montclair
Essex County Federal Art Project

This picture, painted for the Federal Art Project, received honorable mention at the Sixth Annual New Jersey State Exhibition at the Montclair Art Museum.

Theodore Husa studied at Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; Chester Springs School for two years under George Harding, mural painter; Franklin Speight and Pearson.

Exhibited at the National Academy of Design, New York City; Pennsylvania Winter Annual; Southern Vermont Artists Inc.; New Jersey Annual, Montclair Art Museum; Salons of America; Wanamaker Regional Show.

Received second prize Chester Springs Annual; honorable mention, Kresge's Spring Show; two popular vote prizes were also awarded him at the same show he was awarded honorable mention, at the New Jersey Artists Annual Show.

The Montpelier (Vermont) Museum has purchased one of his drawings.

He has served on the Jury of Awards at the Orange Art Center 1935, given occasional lectures and demonstrations of paintings and for several winters taught at the Free Time Guild courses as well as private teaching.

He is a member of the American Artists Professional League.



WATER FALL

by Edgar Pearce

EDGAR L. PEARCE living at 89 Morris Avenue, Manasquan, N. J. has studied under William Chase, Alden Weir and Cecelia Beaux at the Pennsylvania Academy, Philadelphia, and during two scholarships with the famous Spanish painter Sorolla in Madrid.

He has exhibited in the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, the Academy of Design in New York City, and the New York Water Color Club and the Art Institute of Chicago.

At present he is supervisor of the Federal Art Project of Monmouth and Ocean Counties.

Mr. Puccilli has studied for many years in Rome. He is now making reproductions of historical sculpture for educational displays for the Art department of the Newark Board of Education.

EDUCATIONAL PANEL by Amedeo Puccilli



To The Ladies

Long Branch Looks After Its Children

REYNOLDS SWEETLAND

The unselfish devotion of a group of eight WPA workers is making local history in Long Branch, N.J. These eight women continued a very humanitarian Work Project during a temporary lapse in Federal support. This Work Project 5-71, the Long Branch Day Nursery at 391 Broadway, Long Branch, is the only institution of its particular sort in the state of New Jersey, and the only WPA Day Nursery in the United States.

Most people only think of Long Branch as a seashore resort but it has many garment factories and small industries giving seasonal employment to large groups of women, especially during the winter months. Many of these women are mothers who could not work if there were not an agency to care for their small children during the day, and all of these women would be on relief if unemployed. Thus, from the mother's point of view, the project was an urgent necessity, while from the child's angle it was a desperate hope for survival. Realizing this the Public Welfare Society of Long Branch and the city officials made a request for this project which was granted in November of last year. On Nov. 25, 1935 the Long Branch Day Nursery opened in an Episcopal church. By Dec. 10, 1935 they had moved into the present seven-room private house.

The WPA division of Women's and Professional Projects, under Mrs. McEvoy, supervisor for District Five, selected eight workers for the Day Nursery, all but one of them from

local relief rolls and all of them mothers.

There was one registered trained nurse, Mrs. Evelyn Cain, the superintendent, an afternoon superintendent and dietician, Mrs. Catherine Randall, one other practical nurse, a cook, laundress, and three housekeepers. WPA also paid the rent, bought cribs, day-cots, tables, chairs, linoleum and kitchen supplies. The WPA Work Project 5-153, the Long Branch Sewing Room, supplied sheets, bedding, quilts and some clothing.

The Long Branch Public Welfare Society, headed by Mrs. Ernest A. Linburn, its president, is sponsoring the project and has created a Day Nursery Committee of which Mrs. George Rosenfeld is the extremely active and efficient chairlady. This committee supplies the upkeep: the coal, milk, food and ice. They have also created local good will which has brought them donations of many things from the gas and electricity to shoes and warm clothing. Even a group from the N. Y. Stock Exchange donated \$100 for educational toys. Playground equipment and a large sun porch were local donations, while, most remarkable of all, Dr. Joseph Binder calls daily to check up on the children's health and treats any child in his home without any thought of pay -- donating his constant services free.

The perfect teamwork of Mrs. McEvoy for the WPA, Mrs. Rosenfeld for the local Day Nursery Committee and Mrs. Terhune, head of welfare work in Long Branch, has made the

nursery an outstanding success. Although fitted for the requirements of only 30 children, as many as 40 have been cared for at the same time, while a waiting list of more than 100 had to be closed down last June as the impossibility of giving further aid became apparent.

The children are from small infants up to six years of age. They come from any needy family where the mother is working outside the home. The welfare society investigates all families, but there are no restrictions on race or creed. The nursery hours are from 7:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.

And as for the children --- here one realizes the crying need for such a day nursery. The applicants are frightened, nearly half-starved little children, many having eye defects and several with "pipe-stem" legs and other signs of rickets. Most of the families had been on relief, with only a limited food supply. To some families the necessity of all adults keeping up their strength seemed more important than the feeding of an infant.

It was immediately seen that the major duty of the nursery was not educational play, but to feed the children back to health. They needed care before they could be receptive to any mental or manual training. Practical hospital work is being done now. To cite one case, at the present time there is a 19-month old baby boy who can not stand and has never walked, whose

lower limbs are undeveloped for no reason except malnutrition -- slow starvation. Under the intelligent care given, marked improvement already is apparent in this child. The boy may become a useful citizen or a helpless cripple, depending on whether the project can be continued or not.



Hungry patrons of the Long Branch Day Nursery

This project has cost WPA very little for the wonderful good it is accomplishing. From Nov. 25, 1935, when the project opened, to the unlucky Friday the 13th of last November, when the funds had been exhausted, \$5,272 was paid to the eight workers, most of whom will have to return to the relief rolls if the project can not be renewed. Equipment cost WPA \$401 and rent \$240, a total of \$5,913.

It was proposed to continue as a WPA nursery school. Thereupon fifty working mothers addressed an appeal to Mrs. Roosevelt in Washington. They pointed out that unfortunately this would not keep the children for the long hours their mothers have to work. What they did not say is that care for the children's well-being and simple training in neatness and learning to help themselves is about all these submerged little children can understand.

Although the eight WPA workers continued their work in spite of not being paid for it, this soon became unnecessary. The WPA, recognizing the usefulness of the work, shortly appropriated more funds to continue the project.

The 157,000th. Cigarette.

Mr. Benbough Opens a New Ledger

ALEXANDER L. CROSBY

The Benbough mansion was silent. Mr. Benbough sat in his regular chair and watched the blue-green flames from the sea logs that he bought every fall. But there was no pleasure in the colored fire. Once or twice Mr. Benbough looked up at the paneled walls of the library, finding no comfort in the sight of favorite bindings, meticulously aligned on walnut shelves.

It would be good, Mr. Benbough thought, to have a drink. He had no whisky that day. His self-imposed limit was three drinks on any single day, with a maximum of nine for the week. Tall, gray-haired, with sensitive and well-chiseled features, he looked like the skilled corporation lawyer that he was; certainly not like a man who needs to measure his liquor. And indeed there was no necessity for Mr. Benbough's rule. It would have been as impossible for him to be drunk as to organize a protest meeting on Union Square.

On this night he wanted a drink badly, and lacked the courage to ring for his butler. Wilson undoubtedly knew about the note on the library table. All of the servants must have known. They had probably helped her pack, get into a taxi. There must have been excited talk after she left, speculation about what Mr. Benbough would do. The masks they wore when he came home from the office poorly concealed the tension.

He would like to invite Wilson in for a drink, too. And then he would put the question straight: "Wilson,

what would you do if your wife ran off with another man?"

But it wouldn't work. Wilson would fumble, "I am sure I don't know, sir: I am very sorry, sir," and then he would escape through the library door. Many others of higher station than Wilson had left through the same door, leaving nothing of themselves to warm the lonely man who remained.

"Well, I guess I'll have a cigarette." Unconsciously, Mr. Benbough spoke aloud. With slender fingers he held the cigarette a moment before lighting a match. This might be the 157,000th. One in the pack was for his records showed that he had smoked 7,849 packs since he began at the age of twenty-one. No, wait: the last cigarette in this pack would be the 157,000th. Mr. Benbough did the multiplication in his head, rapidly.

He scratched a match and inhaled with deliberation. Miriam had thought he was a queer one. Within himself he had fought desperately against this acknowledgment; but there was no longer any use in fighting. She had never understood the significance of his personal records. Grudgingly she had permitted him to tabulate and analyze every one of a thousand household expenditures.

When they were first married, she had laughingly chided him, called him "Mr. Benbough Research, Inc." He had justified his strange passion for statistics then; explained that he wanted to have a record of everything he had done, so that some

day he could write a book that would be the perfect inventory of the average man's life. Of course the book would be anonymous. He had even considered a title, "Man Under the Microscope."

"But you aren't an average man!" Miriam had cried. "No average man would write down all the things you keep track of. Who cares what your weight was in this week five years ago, or how many suits of underwear you have worn since 1923, or how many Christmas cards you mailed in 1919? And I suppose you could look in one of your loose-leaf folders and tell me how many times you have made love to me."

Mr. Benbough had turned red at that final thrust. It happened to be untrue only because the puritan in him was strong enough to thwart his goal of a complete accounting.

He had defended himself against the charge of abnormality. With patience that exasperated Miriam, he had pointed out that his life was in all ways that of the average well-to-do man, except that he knew what he had done and the others could merely guess.

"Suppose we take golf as an example," he had suggested. "Now I had been playing less than a year when Phil Haskins -- you know what a cocksure, overbearing fellow he is -- bet me \$100 that I couldn't crack 100 in a match with him six months later. That was very foolish of Phil, because I had a record of every card I had ever turned in, and a graph showing that if my rate of improvement continued I would be capable of a 95 in six months. Actually, I won the bet with a 94."

"And wasn't that a triumph!" Miriam had retorted. "Don't you see that by shaping your life to graphs and charts you are destroying it?"

"Your assumption is wrong," Mr. Benbough had persisted. "I do not shape my life according to graphs. I only mark down what has happened."

Yet Miriam had planted a doubt that lived where his own had been resolutely strangled. He intensi-

fied his search for evidence that would prove the usefulness and common sense of his hobby. Often he planned traps for salesmen and business acquaintances. Before buying a new car he would insist on having estimates of gas and oil mileage as compared with the previous model. Then he would confront the salesman with detailed records of every gallon of gasoline and quart of oil used by his old car.

He preyed on friends who carelessly used approximations or predictions. The former he refuted with data from his own experience; the latter he noted in his diary, and waited for events to refute the prophet.

In phantasy he pictured himself as the star witness in a sensational trial. Perhaps he was the man wrongly accused of a diabolical murder. With his diary and other records on his lap, he would calmly repulse every assault of his cross-examiner. If it were necessary to prove an alibi, his travel maps would be just the thing. Mounted on linen and kept in a large portfolio, these maps showed every trip of more than 50 miles that he had ever made. Red ink was for railroad journeys, violet for airplane, green for automobile, brown for steamship. Stars indicated stops for the night; or, with the corresponding numeral, for several days. "Your honor, I offer this map in evidence" There would be a hush in the courtroom, of course. And the jurors would lean forward.

Mr. Benbough lit another cigarette, the 7,850th pack was nearly empty. He had once shown his smoking graph, based on semi-annual averages of consumption, to his doctor, who had called it "quite interesting." Mr. Benbough had thought that the physician (who had provided him with records of complete physical examinations at six-month intervals for nearly twenty years) might wish to borrow the data for an article in one of the medical journals. It might have been called, "Effect of

Cigarette Smoking on Heart and Lungs of Normal Patient, Age 42." But the idea hadn't occurred to the doctor and Mr. Benbough had shrunk from suggesting it. He seldom showed his books of records to anyone.

Well, what did the average man do when his wife ran away? Yes, by God, he was an average man. In fact, Miriam herself had some queer ways. She was flighty, impulsive, sometimes moody. Perhaps that was because she was so much younger. Not enough experience to realize that the painstaking research, tabulation and analysis that create success in business could also revolutionize a man's personal life. And yet, the system hadn't worked very well.

Mr. Benbough looked toward the corner where the minutiae of nearly a quarter-century of his life were stored in leather-bound volumes. He imagined the charts and graphs for the next decade, as they would be without Miriam. Less travel; fewer Christmas cards mailed and received; a sharp decline in theatre attendance, and a dizzy drop in the line for parties and number of guests entertained overnight. Miriam was the one who always brought home new books. Well, he could join some of these book clubs to maintain his average of five critical summaries a month. But it would be hard to write the digests without her. She was good at suggesting ideas. And there was golf. Worry was bound to affect a man's game. Probably he would be shooting no better than 100.

Downward curves everywhere; reversal of the trend; indices hitting levels even below those of the pre-marital years. Miriam's flight had wrecked the system.

Well, then, the hell with the old system! "The hell with it!" Again Mr. Benbough spoke aloud, and his words cheered him.

He shook a cigarette from the pack and held it in his mouth. He bent the lightened package gently between his fingers, an old habit to test for emptiness. The paper and

tinfoil yielded readily. Mr. Benbough suddenly knew that he was about to light his 157,000th cigarette.

"The hell with it!" he almost groaned, tossing cigarette and package into the fire. So he couldn't change? He would show her. For a moment he stared hatefully at the black leather volume on his desk; the one with "Cigarettes" stamped in gold on the cover. The system had him licked, eh? With passionate jerks he tore the heavy pages from the binder, crumpled them, flung them at the fireplace.

He was exultant yet strangely weak in his defiance. On an impulse he rang for the butler.

"Wilson," he said, encouraged to see the man blink at the sight of the blazing pages, "you bought a fresh box of cigars for the dinner last night, didn't you? Well -- bring me a cigar."

Wilson retreated, returned with the cigars, retreated again from the strange bonfire.

Mr. Benbough took a cigar. He stripped away the cellophane, sliced off the tip with the gold penknife that Miriam had given him on his thirty-ninth birthday, lit a match, and puffed steadily.

The cigar was good. It was rich and soothing. But it burned slowly.

There was a slight rustling and crackling as the paper fire died down and the charred pages, once bright with colored inks, cooled and stiffened. Mr. Benbough moved away from the noise and sat down at his desk, to see how it felt to smoke a cigar there. Yes, it was a good thing for a man to smoke a cigar. He would keep the box in his desk; the deep bottom drawer would be the place.

He pulled open the drawer and stared at what he saw: a pile of white sheets of paper, punched, and ruled in ledger style with red and violet ink. He had almost forgotten them.

Mr. Benbough put down his cigar to stare with more absorption. Well,

why not? This was something new and significant; the end of one epoch, the start of a different life.

He took the topmost sheet of paper and laid it on the desk. With

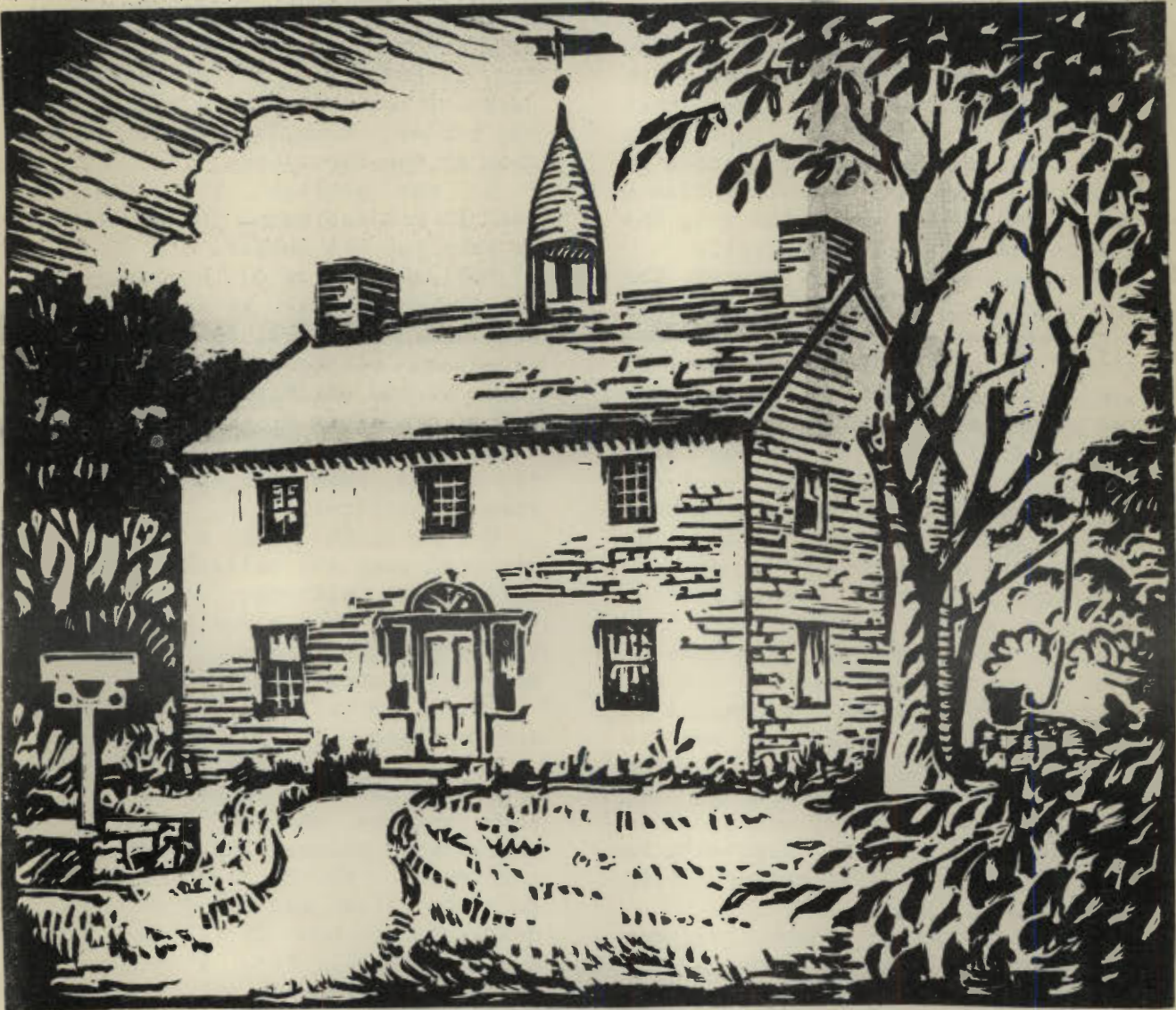
his fountain pen he printed neatly, firmly:

RECORD OF CIGARS SMOKED

1935

Sept. 27 1

(Note: First cigar.)



LINOLEUM CUT

Lewis W. Biebigheiser

THE OLD COURT HOUSE ON THE GREEN
in Morristown, New Jersey. This view shows the famous well-sweep and the pillory. The scaffold is not shown. A rough-hewn boulder erected by the D. A. R. now marks the site of the building.

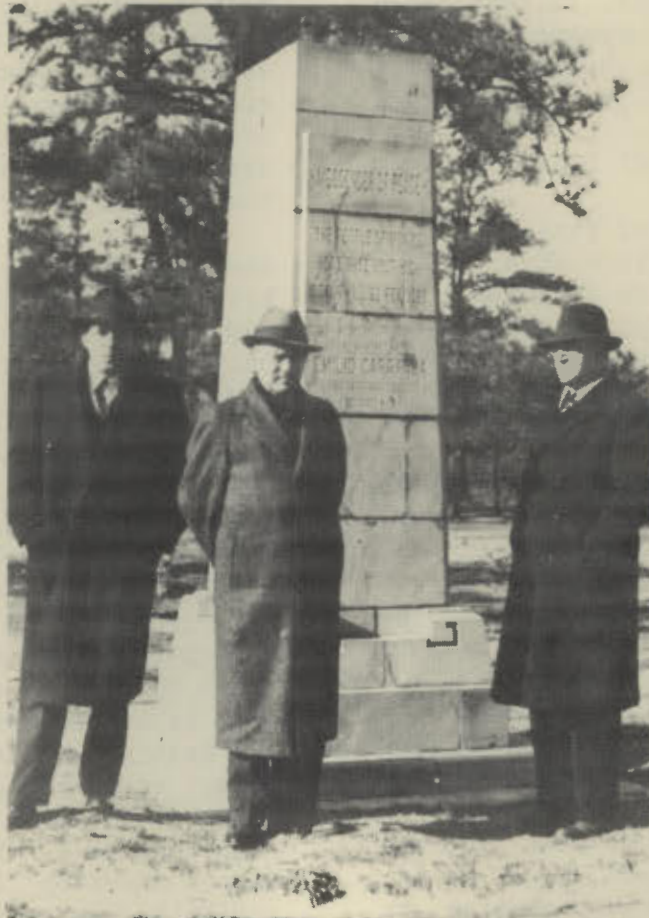
Carranza Monument

New Jersey Honors an International
Good Will Aviator

MADISON WHOMSLEY

Each year on July 12th simple and impressive memorial services are conducted in the heart of the desolate "pines" section of Burlington County, bringing together in a closer bond of friendship the peoples and governments of the United States and Mexico.

Down in Tabernacle Township, in a small cleared area set apart from the surrounding wilderness, is a monument erected to the memory of Captain Emilio Carranza, Mexican Good Will flier, who died when his airplane was wrecked during an electrical storm on the night of July 12, 1928. This monument, which stands on the spot where the heroic airman and his demolished plane were found on the following day, was erected with funds contributed by the school children of Mexico. The annual memorial services held on the anniversary of his death, at the Carranza Monument, are attended by representatives of the



Standing in front of the Carranza Monument left to right are: Harry H. Cramer, construction section head; Frederick D. Forrest, Executive assistant District No. 7; M. William Murphy, Director District No. 7.

Mexican government and by American military officers and public officials.

Although a historic shrine whose significance and appeal are growing each year, access to the monument has been very difficult. It is located nearly seven miles from the main highway and is reached by a poor sand road about seven feet wide that permits only one car at a time to pass.

Today, thanks to a WPA project under way, the old sand road is being widened and reconstructed, and in some sections a new roadway is being built. Trees and brush are being cleared along its course, gullies filled in and hummocks leveled down, so that a

fine new highway with a graded width of 33 feet will be completed next May when dedication exercises will be held.

M. William Murphy, WPA Director of Burlington and Mercer Counties, will then turn over the completed

WPA work to Tabernacle Township, the sponsor. Carranza Road, as it will thenceforth be known, will become an additional tribute of American respect to the memory of Mexico's intrepid airman who gave up his life on his mission of good will.

Fifty feet from this road, and in the center of a cleared area 100 yards square that has been redeemed from the original woodland, stands the Carranza Monument. This is a square tapered shaft 12 feet high with a base measurement of four square feet, and is built of native stone of Mexico. The inscription reads:

MESSENGER OF PEACE

The People of Mexico
Hope That Your High
Ideals Will Be Realized
Homage Of The Children of Mexico
To The Aviator
EMILIO CARRANZA

Who Died Tragically on July 13, 1928
Erected 1930

The date of Carranza's death was July 12th, rather than July 13th, the date on the monument. The body was found on the 13th.

A park will be laid out by the WPA project in the cleared area surrounding the monument.

This WPA-built Carranza Road will facilitate the hauling to market of the products of 2,000 acres of cranberries and 700 acres of farm produce. Children living in the vicinity of the road will be afforded good bus transportation to school. The improved road will also provide an emergency entrance into the heart of the Pines in case of forest fire.

Tabernacle-Sandy Ridge Road, which will become Carranza Road, is now being reconstructed by the WPA for a length of seven miles. The road runs through a sparsely settled country. There are only three houses along its entire route. Forests and dense underbrush encroach on its seven-foot width, and when two cars meet, one of them must pull off the road into the sand and brush. The sand

in the wheel ruts is almost as fine as flour. This is deer country, too -- so much so that the WPA workers were laid off as a matter of safety during the three deer-hunting days in December when the forests were alive with gunners.

The improved road will be built of compacted gravel to a depth of six inches, and will have a 16-foot wide traveling surface with six-foot shoulders on each side. Drainage ditches of a depth varying from 18 inches to four feet will be constructed. In some sections the old road is frequently flooded with the overflow from cranberry bogs. These depressions are being filled in and the roadbed raised.

After the WPA work is completed the road will be oiled by the county. The seven-mile stretch of roadway extends from a point one and a half miles south of Tabernacle to the tracks of the Central R. R. of New Jersey at High Crossing. Federal funds for the project are \$69,380 and the contribution of the sponsoring township is \$4,890.

Opening of the improved road will undoubtedly result in general public pilgrimage to the Carranza Monument. The 22-year-old Mexican airman became famous throughout the world when he hopped off from Mexico City for Washington on June 11, 1928 to repay, on behalf of the Mexican government, the good will visit of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, who had made a non-stop flight between the capitals. Carranza reached Washington on June 12th, and was warmly welcomed and a luncheon guest of President Coolidge. On June 15th, he flew to New York and received a tumultuous reception. Pending preparations for his return flight, he was the center of a round of entertainments in New York.

On Thursday night, July 12th, Captain Carranza took off from Roosevelt Field, just before a rainstorm, for his flight home. On the afternoon of the next day John H. Carr, of near Chatsworth, Burlington County, with his wife and mother,

were gathering huckleberries at Sandy Ridge. They came upon the dead body of Captain Carranza and his wrecked plane in the brush at the spot where the monument now stands. Carr hurried to Chatsworth with the news and a telephone call to Mount Holly brought County Detective Carabine speeding to the scene "through nearly impassable roads known only to the inhabitants of that section," as the news story in the Mount Holly Herald of July 20, 1928 put it.

Carabine established the identity of the flier, and the body was removed to Mount Holly. Colonel C. V. Wickersham, Chief of Staff of the 77th Division, stationed at Camp Dix, and other military officers hurried to Mount Holly and took charge until the arrival of Arturo M. Elias, Mexican consul at New York. Colonel Wickersham selected a guard of honor composed of six lieutenants, who guarded the body during the night. Members of Mount Holly Post No. 11, American Legion, under Captain Loren M. Fryer, draped an American Flag over the body. On July 14th the remains were taken to New York, escorted by Mexican officials and State troopers. Grief-stricken Mexico received the sympathies of a nation of Americans as the body of the airman was conveyed to his native land.

Last July 12th, on the seventh anniversary of Captain Carranza's death, memorial services at the monument were participated in by representatives of the Mexican government, members of the New Jersey Historic Sites Com-

mission and the American Legion. Hon. Rafael de La Colina, consul general representing the Mexican government, presented eight medals to individuals whom his government sought to honor for services rendered in the recovery of Captain Carranza's body. Eulogies were delivered, wreaths placed on the monument and prayer offered. A salute was fired by a detachment of soldiers from Camp Dix, then "taps" was sounded.

Here, on the hallowed ground where a simple shaft now rises, a youth of courage and ideals had laid down his life as he carried from nation to nation the tidings of good will -- Captain Emilio Carranza, Messenger of Peace.

Down come the pine trees along the road leading to the Carranza monument
The old sand road is being widened and repaired





The entire cast of *Fra Diavolo* in the final scene

Federal Music

Maintaining a custom which has already become a tradition, the Essex County Opera Company, a WPA-sponsored project, followed its popular presentation of "Martha" by a production of Auber's romantic opera, "Fra Diavolo." The Company gave six evening performances and two matinees during the week of December 14th, at the Shubert Theatre, Newark. The Newark Ledger of December 15th called it, "A worthwhile and thoroughly enjoyable addition to Newark's musical season ...colorfully staged." Beautiful scenery, a well-trained chorus and striking costumes all joined to produce a week of outstanding entertainment.

The group of performers sang and acted under the especially competent direction of Ralph Errolle, who also played the leading part. Errolle, who was formerly with the Metropolitan Opera Company, possesses an excellent voice and an engaging personality, as well as being an experienced actor. He carried his part throughout the whole performance with the zestful abandon and vivacity which the role demands, combined with the sprightly romanticism of the heroes of so many operettas. He was frequently applauded for his singing in his character of Fra Diavolo, the bandit chief who masquerades as the Marquis of San Marco.

The part of the heroine, Zerlina, daughter of Matteo, a tavern keeper, was capably filled by three actresses at different performances, Nonde Laurence, Marthe Errolle, and Estelle Hoffman. The role of Lorenzo, a Captain of Carbineers, Zerlina's sweetheart, was taken by John Brierly and Harold Crowell.

In line with the usual operetta tradition the comic element was supplied by an English tourist and his wife, Lord Rockaby Prettypenny, played by Romley Fell and Robert Kelso, and Lady Pamela, performed by Naomi Aron. A pair of unkempt, dimwitted bandits added to the humorous interludes.

The individuals in the cast were ably supported by a chorus of ten soldiers and another of ten male and twenty-three female villagers.

The scenery was constructed under the direction of Harold W. Pond; Mildred Evans designed the costumes.

Marriage of Zeilina (Nonda
Laurence) and Lorenzo
(John Brierley)



Ralph Errolle as Fra Diavolo



Lord Rockaby Pretty penny
(Romley Fell)
and Lady Pamela in one of their
humorous dialogues



Bicycle Railway

Everybody His Own Engineer
Between Mount Holly and Smithville

WILLIAM MEGONIGAL

In these modern days, when one may fly overnight by plane to Los Angeles, or go zipping down paved highways at 80 or so miles per hour, it is hard to realize that less than thirty-five years ago the popular method of travel from Mount Holly to Smithville, N.J., was via the bicycle railway.

Unique, too, was the fact that the motive power of this railway system cost nothing, engines, firemen, brakemen, and conductors not being required. Transportation was provided the public immediately upon arrival at the depot, where the agent in charge of the bicycles also collected the fares. The distance, two miles, was made in seven minutes. Each passenger ran his own machine.

The organization of this novel railway system, first of its kind ever constructed, was one of fabulous adventure in those days and required considerable deliberation. For two years the plan was discussed. Then one night in January 1892 a meeting was held in Joseph H. Gas-kill's office, Mount Holly. A. E. Hotchkiss, inventor and promoter of the system, exhibited maps of the proposed road, and submitted plans and specifications as well as estimates of probable receipts and expenditures.

Three different lines of survey had been made in an effort to obtain the shortest and best route. The one presented was nearly a straight line crossing Rancocas Creek ten times, making the distance from Pine Street, Mount Holly, to the terminus

on the grounds of the H. B. Smith Machine Company, in Smithville, about three-fourths of a mile shorter than any other public route. The right-of-way and depot sites had already been secured.

Merits of the project were carefully considered, and it was thought advisable to organize a company with a capital stock of \$10,000, half of this to be raised by first mortgage bonds. Each member present at the meeting agreed to take one or more bonds, and arrangements were completed to begin work on the road early in the spring.

The road is thus described by the Mt. Holly Mirror of February 3, 1892:

"A number of successful tests had been made on a sample section of bicycle railroad 200 feet long erected on the grounds of the Smith Machine Company. The track was built by bedding cross ties 3 by 6 by $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet long in the ground about six feet apart. Upon them a post and rail structure of yellow pine lumber was erected, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet high. The posts were secured to the cross ties by means of bolts and angle irons, narrow wooden stringer pieces connected the posts, and the top stringer piece had a T shaped rail screwed to it on which the bicycle ran.

"This railway required a special form of bicycle for its use, although the ordinary saddle, handle bars and propelling mechanism were employed. In the upper part of the frame were two grooved wheels which ran one in advance of the other on the single track of rail. The position of the

saddle was between the wheels so that the rider was carried along the trackway astride the track supporting structure. The handle bars were located in front of the rider in the usual manner, and while they were not needed for balancing or steering, they served to steady the rider and assist him when propelling rapidly.

"The frame of the bicycle was made double and extended downward below the track rail on opposite sides of the track structure about two and one-half feet. It had at the lower end small guide wheels running horizontally on opposite sides of the lower stringer pieces of the trackway. This kept the machine in an upright position.

"In front of the rider was the driving wheel, about twenty inches in diameter. It was connected with a ratchet and stays to the propelling treadles located at the lower part of the frame on each side. The machine was geared up by its ratchet mechanism to a higher speed than practicable in the ordinary bicycle. Vehicles were later devised for la-

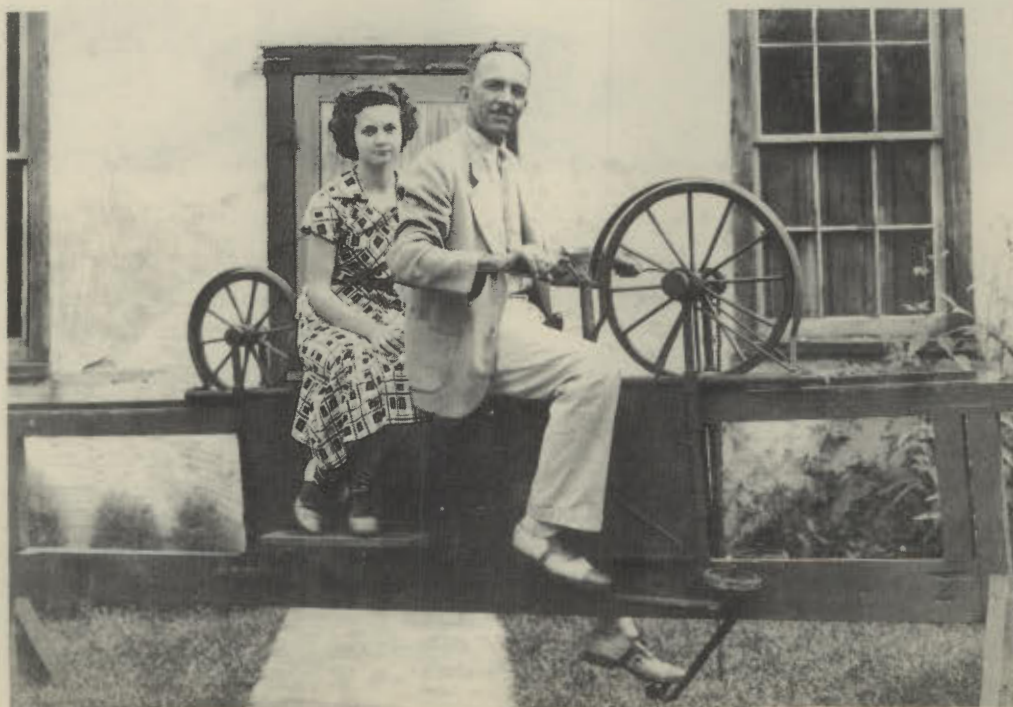
dies, and others made to carry more than one passenger at a time.

"The track being elevated, it was adapted for use at all seasons of the year, and at night when road bicycling was dangerous, the machines were provided with head and rear lights. An important feature of the system was the fact that the bicycle could not jump the track and anyone could ride one without previous experience or skill in the art."

It was proposed to construct the system with two fences or tracks to allow travel in opposite directions at the same time. But -- with the advent of road development, automobiles, etc. -- the little bicycle railroad passed into the realm of history, an adventure of 1892 that created considerable scientific and public interest.

The Hotchkiss trackway and bicycles are now owned by Joseph Wolf-ron, Postmaster of Mount Holly. Robert Ripley, of "Believe it or Not" fame, the Smithsonian Institute and the Philadelphia Museum have made numerous efforts to buy them.

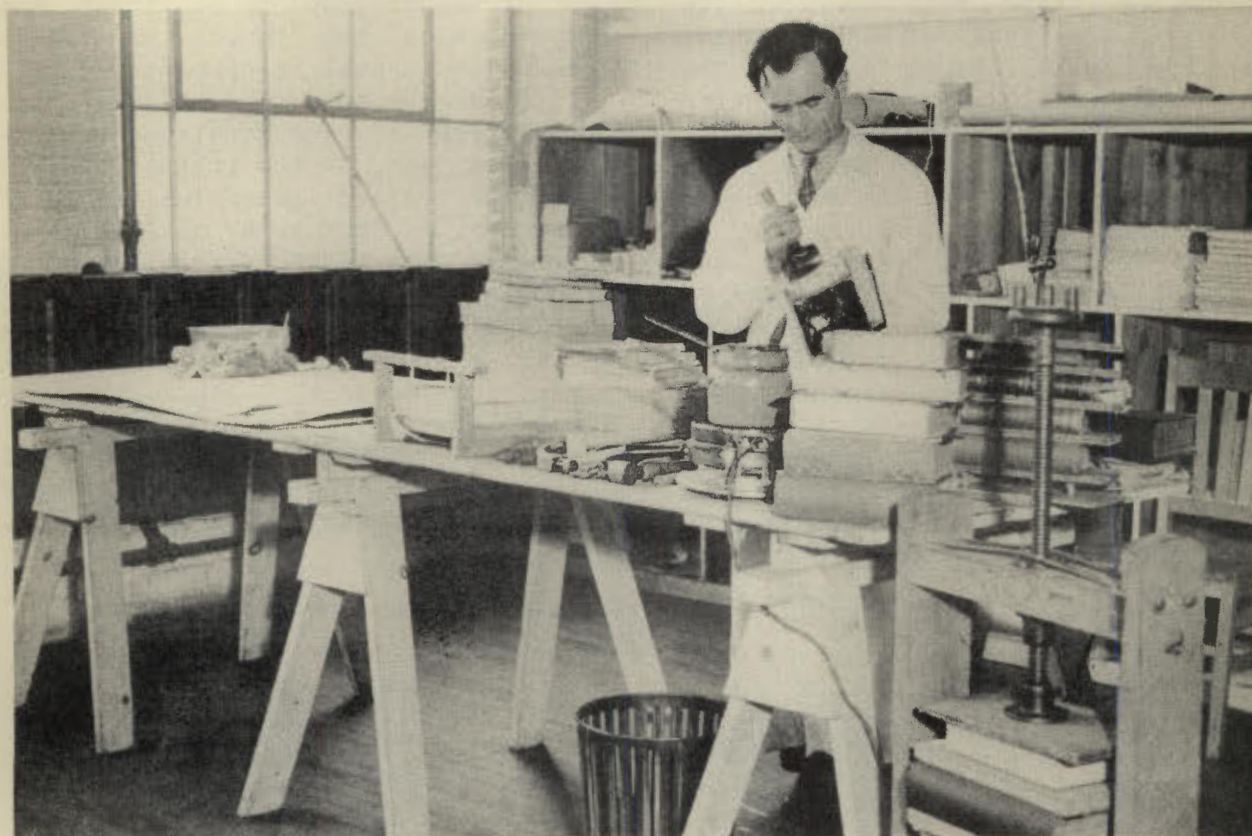
One of original bicycles of the railway at Mount Holly



Research Aids Agriculture

Seventy Technicians Do Their Part to Help the Farmer

RANDOLPH BRAMWELL



Photos by Jack Gearl

The WPA service projects working at the New Jersey State Agricultural Experiment Station and the College of Agriculture, New Brunswick, deal with important matters which the normal income of the institutions ordinarily would not permit, according to Dr. Jacob G. Lipman, director and dean. Furthermore, Dr. Lipman believes, the results already accomplished by these projects fully justify the expenditure of supplementary Federal and State funds.

At the present time there are 117 service projects in operation, giving employment to 70 professional or "white collar" workers. These groups are made up of 53 men and 17 women, of whom 18 have either attended or graduated from college. In the past, each worker has served science or industry in one capacity or another. Consequently, the ranks include graduate chemists and engineers, bacteriologists, botanists, statisticians and statistical clerks, bibliographers, laboratory assistants, mech-

anics, tree-pruners, book-binders; stenographers and typists, architects, accountants, and a scientific illustrator.

The work carried on by these technicians embraces many phases of agricultural development, and strict supervision is maintained by Dr. Lipman, Prof. William C. Skelley, Dr. W.H. Martin, Adrienne B. Conybeare, and other staff members of the Experiment Station and College. To facilitate procedure, the projects have been classified as follows:

Plant Disease Research - study of the cause and effect of various fungi on plant life.

Horticultural Investigation - the preparation of microscopic slides for use in classwork and the study of the formations of plant life.

Plant Food Resources - the compilation of plant food resources in the



United States.

Seed Analysis - research into the effect of disease and fungi on seeds.

Soil and Plant Science - the preparation of a bibliography and abstracts of existing literature, and the compilation of a Soil Science Dictionary.



Orchard Culture - to assist in various experiments on cross breeding and the care of peach and apple trees.

Agronomy Investigation - the development of a herbarium for research.

Strawberry Breeding - the typing and compiling of data on previous strawberry experiments.

Study of the Growth Status of Delicious Apples - the study of apple cultivation.

Dairy Husbandry - the investigation of the effects of care and breeding of cattle on



Chemical Research at the Agricultural Station

the production of milk and butter fat.

Poultry Investigation - compiling statistics and data on egg-laying.

Agriculture Engineering - the making of farm building designs for distribution to New Jersey farmers.

Machine Development - development and testing of a salt marsh ditching machine for the New Jersey Mosquito Control.

Chemical Investigation of Streams - investigation into trade waste and stream pollution.

Development of Universal Non-Poisonous Disinfectant Formula for Use in Public Buildings.

Statistical Research - analysis of statistical and economic information on farm products.

Book-Binding Project - the repairing and binding of books for the Agricultural Library.

In addition to providing employment for 70 technically trained men and women, these projects are instrumental in improving the quality of farm products and plant life, and in speeding up agricultural processes in general. One of the more important projects at the Station, to quote Dr. Lipman further, "relates

to a far reaching study of the soil fertility resources in the United States. A bulletin summarizing some of the major conclusions drawn from this study has already been published, and has attracted wide attention, both in this country and abroad. In this study emphasis was laid on the fact that land, our greatest natural heritage, has not received the consideration which it deserves, either from the economic or social point of view. Therefore, the results obtained are a valuable contribution toward dealing in a more effective way with the conservation of our land resources, the distribution of our population, and the standards of living in rural and urban communities."

It is gratifying to learn that Dr. Lipman and his department heads are more than satisfied with the accomplishments of the WPA workers connected with the service projects operating under their supervision. Furthermore, since all this research has been tabulated, with bulletins, maps and charts published and in circulation, it is certain to speed agricultural development and benefit the nation as a whole.

Park Dialogue

a story

RUDOLPH E. KORNMAN

Bert, you're a funny guy. Soma your ideers ain't decent. A fellow with your brains, that can talk like you do, working with a stingy old guy like Lefkowitz in a picher frame shop. Ain't you ever gonna get outta there an' try to amount to somethin'?"

"Aw, I ---"

"No. Wait a minnit, Bert, I'm givin' you this straight. It ain't for me now that I'm talkin', it's for you. Maybe you doan wanta believe me but -- well, there ain't any guy I'd do as much for as you, no kiddin'. I wanta see you get somewhere, amount to somethin'."

"Aw, shut up, kid, will ya? It ain't that I doan appreciate what you're sayin', Betty, but -- well, I know you're nuts about me."

"Oh yeah? You big conceited lug, you ---"

"Oh all right then. On'y I thought we was lettin' our hair down, speaking out straight; 'fyou wanta kid aroun' O.K. with me, sister."

* * * *

"Bert."

"What?"

"Bert -- listen, I guess you're right. I am -- what you said, you know."

"Listen, Betty, I think you're a swell kid, too. I wish I could tell ya what I -- well, I guess it could pass for love, or something."

"Oh, Bert."

"Wait, now. Doan get me wrong, honey. I'll never amount to nothin'.

Not your kind of amounting anyway. I like ol' Lefkowitz, see. He's got the stuff. I gotta stick with him."

"You don' hafta do nothing you doan wanta, Bert. A fellow with your brains could go out and get a job tomorrow, even if there is a depression. You ain't afraid of work, are you? Huh?"

"Work? Oh I doan know. I never thought of it as somethin' to be afraid of. But that ain't it."

"You could get somewhere. We could get married. If, like you just said, you really care about me, you'd do it for my sake. Get a real job and get somewhere."

"Gosh! Ain't that jus' like a woman? Aw, doan get sore, Betty, but lookit, ain't it true, the minnit I tell you how I like you, an' everything, you wanta tell me how I should feel about what I wanta do. You wanta change me aroun' right away. If you -- you really like me why d'ya wanta change me?"

"Well -- I dunno -- it's just the way things are, I guess, Bert. A girl wants to have a home, kids of her own maybe. She wantsa guy that's gonna take care of her, the kinda fella who's gonna give her what she needs."

"A merry-go-round, huh?"

"Whadya mean, merry-go-round? That ain't no merry-go-round, that's the way things is, really."

"Yeah. I know. We're all on merry-go-rounds, each guy with his private music, see, on his private horse, goin' around and round and gettin' nowhere, quick."

"But, Bert, can't we get together, I mean, well sorta ride on the same merry-go-round?"

"That's been tried lotsa times, Betty. It doan work out. There's no usa kiddin' yourself. After a while you fin' out ya been goin' around different ways alla time. It just looks like you been on the same track, but you ain't, see; it's a kinda trick you play on yourself... this makin' believe you reely understand about somebody else's merry-go-round. But you can't do it, kid."

"But, Bert, I mean if two people love each other."

"If they do -- yeah, that's just it, Betty. An' if any two of 'em ever did, maybe, do you know what I mean, they could sorta build their own merry-go-round. But -- well, I suppose that's what the whole gang of people has been kiddin' themselves into thinkin' what they been doin' all along. D'ya see --"

"Bert. Bert, listen what's your merry-go-round?"

"Hah. I ain't found out yet kid. I got one sure enough, we all got one, but I ain't been able to find out yet what mine looks like, or what makes it go."

"Then what's mine, Bert?"

"I guess yours is what most women's is, kid. Your own good times, or your own good looks, or maybe someday it'll be your own kids, y'-understand, not because they'll be such great kids, but because they'll be yours. I guess most gals is like that, anyway. They sorta like a merry-go-round that don't swing out too far, with lotsa free rides and sweet music. Sometimes I think its women what started the whole merry-go-round."

"Oh yeah. What stops it, wise guy?"

"God, I guess, or whatever it is that puts on the brakes."

"You mean people die?"

"Yeah. An' believe me, Betty, some guys get so dizzy before the ride's over that they can't see nobody else's merry-go-round; they can't realize there's a million more

merry-go-rounds, all tootin' and clatterin' and gettin' nowhere....

"Take ol' Lefkowitz, now. That's what I like about the guy. He says everybody's got a right to his own way of livin' and thinkin' and doin' so long as it doan interfere with nobody else."

"Aw, boloney, that guy Lefkowitz -- ain't that what this country's sposed to be? A free country and everything."

"Yeah but it ain't Betty. No place ain't, can't be so long as you got different merry-go-rounds. Gees, I'm gettin' myself dizzy with all this. I guess I better shut up."

"No, Bert. Keep talkin' to me; it's screwy but I like it, somehow--"

"Honest?"

"Yeah, honest --"

"Well ... y'see every guy's got a different kinda ideer about what he should do to use up his time, see. With one guy it's--well, the fights, see; he goes to all the fights, and he listens on the radio, and reads about --"

"A kinda hobby, huh?"

"Yeah. A hobby. Only with some guys it's more'n a hobby. Some guys do things that take up all the brains they got. Like big scientists, and painters, an' --"

"My pop is like that, y'know? He's got a hobby, an' how. Boy, you should see him figgerin' out the ponies. He's up till three-four clock in the mornin' figgerin' on the ponies."

"Yeah. But still in all, he ain't no Einstein. See what I mean? It takes up a lotta time but still an' all --"

"Well, he won some dough las' week, pop did."

"Yeah, well he's really after the dough. He thinks he can figger out long odds someday an' clean up. He ain't so much different than thousands of guys. He's after dough -- it's a money merry-go-round."

"Yeah, but Bert, you said they all couldn't get on the same one."

"I know. I know. Each guy works it a little different, see? It's

guys like your pop that've been runnin' the works for a long time --"

"Huh?"

"I mean ever since it got decided that you couldn't just go out and take another guy's stuff away from him."

"What d'ya mean decided. Ain't it in the ten commandments?"

"Sure. Sure. An' where did the ten commandments come from? Figger it out for yourself, there's Moses, see, a fella that's gotta lead a bunch of half-starved people across a desert. Naturally he's gotta tell 'em they can't steal from each other, or rob each other, so what does he do but spring the ten commandments on 'em."

"Bert! How can you say such things --?"

"Whadya mean. Moses claimed that God give him the rules, see, but it don't add up. First of all God says, "Thou shalt not kill," and then God tells the Jews how to go in and bump off their enemies. That don't make sense --"

"Yeah. That sounds like Lefkowitz tol' you that."

"Well suppose he did? Jehovah -- the fella Moses kept talkin' about -- well, he wasn't really God, not real God. God has enough of a job seein' that the world turns around the right way and keeping the sun shinin'."

"Bert! Bert! You scare me the way you talk. I should think you'd be afraid to talk like that. All them things Lefkowitz tells you..."

"An' he said that God, real God, is sortuv holdin' the whole gang of suns and moons and people and clouds and sky altogether, keepin' 'em from fallin' apart into nothin', keeps people from slidin' off back into the other side of things, back past things."

"I don't know what you mean, Bert."

"I didn't at first neither, when Lefkowitz said it like that, see, but after awhile you keep thinkin'

about it and then all of a sudden you see it. God, Betty, God holdin' the whole works together, looking everywhere at once, being everywhere at once, bein' everywhere --"

"Oh, Bert!"

"Whatsa matter, kid? You sick or somethin'? Gee, don't sit down there on the grass, it's wet. You'll get a cold. You're shakin' and shiverin' like anything."

"It's -- it's all right, Bert; on'y, on'y it's the moon I guess and the stars, up there, an' what you was sayin' now. Bert, hold me tight, honey, an' kiss me."

"Huh? Oh -- gosh, Betty, I never knew you was so thin, lookit I can put my arm right around your waist. I never knew you was like that, so thin."

"Don't talk, Bert, Bert, don't..."

"Betty, gee -- I --"

* * * *

"Gosh, lookit the time. We gotta go, kid. Lefkowitz asked me to be in early --"

"Listen, Bert."

"Huh?"

"I wanta ask you somethin' too."

"What?"

"Give up that job at Lefkowitz, Bert. You can reely amount to somethin' and we can get married. You wanta marry me now -- now after to-night, don't you?"

"Yeah, but -- gee, how can I quit, Betty? Ol' Lefkowitz depends on me..."

"Oh. So I spose I can't depend on you, huh? I spose that I ain't got no right to depend on you, now? Ain't I entitled to a home and -- an', well a home for my kids, your kids? Jus' suppose now there was--"

"All right. All right. I guess you're right, Betty. But, gee --"

"Well, c'mon then; I guess pop'll be surprised to hear we're gonna get married. We can tell him now; he's most likely still sittin' up with his horses --"

The Camden Murals

Camden Children Will Enjoy a Vivid
Presentation of History and Literature

JEAN BIDWELL

A milestone on the march toward humanizing of public education will be planted in Camden with the installation in the near future of two WPA Art Project murals in the auditorium of the Clara S. Burrough Junior High School in that city.

No longer will it be necessary for pupils of this school to draw on their imaginations or colorless textbook illustrations in order to visualize their heroes of history and literature of the world in which they live.

The murals, ten by six feet each, one dramatizing the highlights of 444 years of history on this continent and the other portraying the romantic characters of literature familiar to boys and girls of junior high school age, are being completed by Jerome Brown and Russell England, artists employed on the Federal Art Project in Camden.

Plans for the two paintings, which will be hung close together on the real wall of the school auditorium, were worked out by Mr. Brown from a tentative outline given him by Thomas W. Trenbath, principal of the school. The arrangement and sketching of the many subjects is being done by Mr. Brown and the toning of the color scheme is the work of Mr. England.

A rough sketch is the first step in the production of the murals. When this sketch takes satisfactory shape a proportionate enlargement is made. Then, before the coloring is done, a tracing of the original sketch is painted in water colors.

From these small patterns the murals were copied.

The historical mural will give life in the minds of pupils to the great men of four centuries who have had a part in the building of America.

Starting with the arrival of Christopher Columbus in 1492, the painting will carry the student on a visual excursion through the struggle of the Puritans with stubborn nature, the cruel vicissitudes of the Revolutionary War, the rugged era of the covered wagon and the great gold rush of 1849.

Reaching then the first period of comparative ease and security in the Nation's history, the exploring eye of the student will encounter the unrest climaxed by the Civil War, passing on through the turbulent ascension and expansion of American affairs to the World War crisis, all symbolized by dominant figures in the events that crowded upon one another through these succeeding eras.

Interwoven in this mural with the advance of military and national affairs is a panorama of industrial and scientific progress -- the first railroad train, the Wright brothers' first airplane, and on along the line to the modern automobile and steamship and Lindbergh's famous plane, "The Spirit of St. Louis."

Also shown are the Empire State Building, the Delaware River Bridge, connecting Philadelphia and Camden; Independence Hall, Camden's new skyscraper City Hall and Courthouse, and other subjects. In the upper

right hand corner is a modern descriptive sketch interpreting "wars and rumors of wars."

The companion mural on literary subjects groups in the mind's eye one great living company of the beloved and long-remembered characters of school reading. Ichabod Crane steps out of the pages of Washington Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and Long John Silver takes leave of his accustomed haunts between the covers of Stevenson's "Treasure Island," bringing with him an authentic map of the island. Robin Hood rides out of Sherwood Forest, and the fabled Alice out of the Wonderland of Lewis Carroll's fancy, to join Cinderella, Louisa Alcott's Little Women, and the children's oldest friends from Aesop's Fables -- all seeming creatures of flesh and blood and not merely images painted in words.

Also depicted in the literary

mural are outstanding historic figures whose names and deeds have become part of literature as well as history -- Abraham Lincoln, Marc Anthony, and Julius Caesar.

Mr. Brown devoted much time in reading and research to give authenticity to the murals. No slightest detail was overlooked to make accurate reproductions of trains, ships, airplanes, buildings, uniforms and costumes.

Designed to serve as more than decorations, the skilful blending of the subject matter and the rich coloring of these murals will enrich the minds and fire the imaginations of the pupils privileged to enjoy them by keeping before them in appealing, understandable form the most inspiring episodes in history, literature, and the growth of our scientific and industrial civilization.



A fantasy of History and Literature -- Section of the Camden Murals

I Cud Lick Thim Yet

Jake Kilrain Could Dish It Out
— and Take It

CLAUDE H. MILLER

Another battle of the Century was on, this time between Joe Louis, the Negro from Detroit called "The Brown Bomber," and Maxie Baer, California's pride, who had already been the hero of a dozen fights and a hundred night clubs. Madison Square Garden amphitheatre was jammed with fight patrons. A hundred direct wires were installed to send a blow by blow description of the fight to a thousand newspapers. Even in far-off Japan a cable to America had been hired for the night so that a few minutes after the final blow was struck the yellow folks on the other side of the world would know who won. There were more than five hundred reporters and sports writers in the audience. Movie rights had been sold for fifty thousand dollars. Just to broadcast the fight on the radio to a million listeners and occasionally to mention the name "Buick," this motor car company had paid another \$25,000. So-called ringside seats, some of them so far from the actual ringside that the fighters looked almost like pygmies, brought \$80 a pair. The gong sounded. The fighters jumped up from their corners and threw off their bathrobes, a hundred cameras and flashlights recorded the scene -- and the heavy-weight championship fight was on.

Up in the town of Lynn, Massachusetts, an old man was dozing in a chair. He was seventy-nine years old. All that afternoon he had been carefully watering and nursing his flower garden, hoping that an early frost would not nip his asters. It

was no wonder that the old man nodded a bit. He had been working since early dawn among his flowers.

"Come on, dad. The fight is on." The old man grunted disdainfully and slowly rose from his easy chair. He was an inspiring sight despite his years. Fully six feet tall, he was as lean and supple as a race horse. His shaggy head of snow white hair and his keen blue Irish eyes set under bristling white eyebrows, his ruddy complexion, his figure as straight as a young Indian brave -- all spelled health. He took his place with his family near the radio. In a few minutes, the fight was over. At the words of the referee, "Seven - eight - nine - ten, you're out," the old man slowly got up, mumbled something, and left the room shaking his head. And so to bed.

Who was he? None other than John Joseph Killian, who in his earlier days fought a hundred battles under the ring name of Jake Kilrain. It was he who fought a hundred and five rounds on an island in the Seine against the Britisher Jem Mace, and thus won for America the championship of England. After a triumphal tour of the United States, in which he met all comers, sometimes two or three in a single night, and won a hundred knockouts in one hundred days, he was hailed as the logical contender for the Heavyweight crown and the diamond-studded belt of the mighty John L. Sullivan, the Boston Strong Boy, Champion of the World, whose terrifying scowl and

devastating record had the average fighter beaten even before he entered the ring. John L. was a national hero. He too had fought his way up from the bottom, and wherever he appeared he was greeted by an army of admirers who would follow him from one barroom to another just to hear him roar, "I can lick any mother's son in the world. See what the boys will have."

On more than one occasion John L. almost caused a riot in Broadway resorts. He had the New York cops terrified, but as most of them also were Irishmen they secretly admired him. History records that once he leaped from the floor to the bar of a famous New York saloon called "Silver Dollar Smith's" and demanded drinks for the crowd. The proprietor hurriedly sent for the police. Just as John L. was roaring defiance with his "I kin lick any" etc., two cops closed in on him. John leaped from the bar and down they all went in a heap. John quickly leaped to his feet, and seizing the first cop by the collar and trousers catapulted him through the swinging doors. As he was slowly rising from the sidewalk, the second policeman followed and landed on him.

John quickly left by a rear door and followed by his admirers made the rounds of a dozen other saloons. Finally he stumbled into a cheap hotel on Seventh Avenue and was put to bed. The proprietor soon learned who his distinguished guest was and the mighty John L., sleeping it off and fully clothed, became to the Jewish proprietor of this hotel a potential source of profit. So hurriedly lettering a sign, "See the mighty John L. Sullivan lying in state -- 25¢," he was soon doing a rushing business, showing the curious "the stag at eve" after he had drunk his fill. The news had soon spread all over the Tenderloin, as the sporting district of New York was then called. Just as the room was filled with eager customers John L. awoke. In an instant he sensed the situation. Striking right and

left, he cleared the room in less time than it takes to tell it. Then he sought out the proprietor, and seizing him around the waist, threw him headlong down the stairs and broke his arm. History does not record where John L. spent the rest of the night, but such was the type of man Jake Kilrain was matched to fight.

At that time prize-fighting was illegal in every state of the Union. It was considered so degrading and brutal a sport that many of the more reputable newspapers would scarcely print a line about it. For a woman to appear at a prize-fight would have been considered degrading and shameful. Women did not smoke cigarettes in those days either, and even men were ashamed of the habit.

The Sullivan-Kilrain fight was scheduled to be held somewhere in Louisiana. For days fight fans had been gathering in New Orleans. The actual battleground, however, was a mystery. The governors of all the Southern States had issued proclamations calling on all good citizens to help preserve law and order and to prevent, if possible, this shameful exhibition from taking place.

Shrouded in mystery the two principals, Sullivan and Kilrain, left their respective cities, Boston and Baltimore, and traveled for New Orleans as ordinary passengers, taking every precaution to hide their identity. One of Jake Kilrain's seconds was Steve Brodie, the man who claimed that he had once jumped from the Brooklyn Bridge. Another was Richard K. Fox, the owner of the Police Gazette and the donor of the Diamond Studded Belt which John L. had won. Jake's trainer was the Englishman, Charley Mitchell, a heavyweight pugilist who had already fought John L. and had been thoroughly licked. Orders had been issued in every state through which the pugilists had to pass to arrest them on sight. For that reason Jake had been provided with a "fall guy." This chap, who resembled Jake slightly, was to take the rap in case of trouble while

Jake would continue on his way to the battleground.

In Ohio the arrest almost occurred. At a small tank town where the train had to wait at a siding the village constable and several deputies came on the train, bristling with revolvers, hoping to arrest Kilrain and thus claim the reward of \$500 which was offered. They were greeted by as menacing a bunch of pluguglies as one could find in a week's search. Completely smothering the officers of the law, they ganged them on the platform. Practically holding them prisoners, they kept them until the engineer sounded a warning whistle to start. As the train started, and in the time honored way, they eased them off.

Finally the train reached New Orleans. None except those in the know really were sure that the principals were there for the fight which was to take place the next day, July 8, 1889. In fact even money bets were offered that Kilrain would be afraid to show up. On the morning that the fight was to take place those who held tickets were told to assemble at a certain railroad station, destination unknown. Jake traveled as an ordinary passenger on one of these trains, and but few of those in the car with him realized that they were riding with one of the distinguished principals. The engine that pulled Jake's train ran out of firewood en route. Many willing hands scoured the countryside for a fresh supply and robbed many a woodpile. Just as the engineer again got up steam and with a warning "toot" sounded 'all aboard' a company of Louisiana militia appeared, ordered to hold the train. They were just a minute too late.

In those days prize ring rules were entirely different from the rules existing today. Before the days of the Marquis of Queensbury, they fought under "London Prize Ring Rules." A round was not three minutes, as it is today, but every time a fighter went down and failed to get up before the count of ten.

Sullivan and Kilrain fought with bare fists, not boxing gloves. To toughen their hands, they had pickled them for weeks in a mixture of salt and alum. The fighters wore spiked shoes. There were practically no rules as rules exist today. One fighter could spike another with his shoes, wrestle him, hit him when down if the referee wasn't looking, and such a little pastime as gouging eyes out was all a part of the manly art of modified murder.

The battleground for the fight was in the little town of Richbourg, Mississippi. The ring was pitched on the lawn in front of the little hotel, in the glaring sun. Spectators as well as records of the weather bureau of that time declare that it was one of the hottest days ever known. The spectators crowded around the ring, craning their necks for a better view of the fighters. Several men fainted from heat, and at least one spectator suffered from a sunstroke from which he afterward died. Such was the setting when those two giants crashed together, ready to fight to the death.

Jake Kilrain's back and shoulders were covered with huge sun blisters, the result of training in the sun a few days before. At first, with every blow, the water spurted from these blisters, which peeled off and left the raw quivering flesh. For two hours and twenty-three minutes these men battled. The fight lasted 75 rounds. That meant that the two principals had been knocked down a combined total of 75 times. Is it any wonder that old Jake Kilrain sniffed disdainfully and went to bed the night Maxie Baer failed to come up after a blow from Joe Louis, not with bare fists but softened by huge boxing gloves?

In the early part of the fight John L. had spiked Jake Kilrain so severely that with every step the blood spurted out of Jake's shoes. In the sixth round John L. crushed in Jake's chest and broke two ribs. Even today Jake will show you the hollow in his chest where John L.'s

fist left its mark. At the end of the seventy-fifth round, and with Jake Kilrain protesting violently and begging to be allowed to continue, Charley Mitchell, his second, threw the sponge into the ring and the fight was over.

This was the last championship fought without gloves. Gloves were first used in the next decisive encounter, when John L. himself bowed to "Gentleman Jim" Corbett.

Such were the fighters of those days -- the days before the million dollar gates, the perfumed and idolized Hollywood favorites, the night club entertainers, all of which started the decadence of a sport so commercialized today that scarcely a fight is on the level.

Last summer I met Jake Kilrain. He talked freely of his fights. He felt that he had been robbed of the decision in the Sullivan fight. For

several years Jake had been a night watchman at the Fore River Shipbuilding Yards. But now he was taking it easy in the twilight of his life. Some day, let us hope, some modern Homer will give to the world a story or a movie -- a saga of this brave old man's life. You can't find his like among the crop of fighters in these days. They just don't get that way. The day of huge purses has softened them. Even for his most important fights Jake received only a few thousand dollars.

"What do you think of the modern crop of fighters anyway?" I asked Jake as I was about to leave him. "Do you believe you could have licked some of them in your best days?"

"Me boy, I cud lick some of thim even yet."

And I believe he could.

The Challenge

Master he stands, master he views his scene,
Man the anointed, chosen child of gods,
Whose law is manifest in his machine,
Whose will exults in rhythmic piston rods;

Seeker and sage and scientist, whose thought
Has kindled fires throughout the midnight years,
Marvels at verities his dream has wrought:
Magic in wheels and miracles in gears!

Dynamos sing, electric motors hum,
Turbines chant a canticle to his power,
But does he reason of the day to come --
The certain and inevitable hour

When he must look beyond the scope of speed,
Beyond desire, even beyond delight,
To find immortal food for mortal need . . .
Beyond the nebulae . . . beyond the night!

CARL JOHN BOSTELMANN

STORIES of New Jersey

PREPARED FOR USE IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS BY THE
FEDERAL WRITERS' PROJECT of the WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION

IRENE FUHLBRUEGGE, *State Director*
472 Orange Street, Newark, N. J.

WILLIAM H. J. ELY
State Administrator

T H E E G G A U C T I O N

New Jersey -- its history, its beauty, its development -- is being introduced to its young citizens through a series of bulletins issued to the public schools.

This information, collected while compiling national, state and local guides, is much too detailed to be included in the guides in its entirety. Rather than waste any portion of this painstakingly collected material, the Writers' Project conceived the idea of issuing bulletins for school children -- bulletins written from the data that might not find a place in the numerous guide books.

Under the guidance of prominent educators, these papers, dealing with every aspect of life within the State and in its relationship to the life of the Nation, are prepared with a view to awakening in the new generation a deeper sense of its significance.

From the State Editorial Office of the Federal Writers' Project 7,000 copies of each of two bulletins are sent every week to a rapidly growing mailing list that includes more than 200 schools, as well as libraries, historical societies, social organizations and private citizens.

The enthusiasm of the comments that have greeted the first bulletins has encouraged the editors in the belief that this service, in supplementing and enlivening the school program with material not otherwise available, is a real contribution to education.

Mothers By Proxy

More Than Money is Needed to
Keep Some People Alive

ALLAN AMES

The Visiting Housekeepers Project No.6-230 for Somerset County was established February 1936 for the purpose of promoting health measures and providing guidance and assistance in distressed homes of families unable to afford household aid on their own meager resources. At the beginning a personnel of 18 trained women was set up by the WPA in the District to inaugurate this work.

The visiting housekeeper follows a routine of performance which in a large degree is fundamentally that of a social service nature, working continuously with chores of household occupation. Nothing in the ordinary line of housekeeping is neglected, be it fatiguing or laborious. Meals are prepared, rooms cleaned and children washed and dressed. The laundry is washed and ironed, furniture dusted and rugs cleaned. Every common household task is her immediate personal responsibility. Temporarily, the project worker assigned as a housekeeper becomes the head of the family to which she is assigned, a responsibility for which she is well equipped.

Her services meet the emergency of the moment and develop a new system for the orderly processes of domestic habit in homes stricken with illness as well as poverty. When the regular household routine is disrupted by the illness of the mother, the children are the first to experience the dearth of a guiding hand. Meals become sketchy and are improperly prepared. Household chores become neglected, with the

result that what was formerly a smoothly running and systematic design of living is now a disjointed and hectic atmosphere. Here the visiting housekeeper proves herself invaluable. She is a mother herself, hence the care of the children is a subject with which she is familiar. Her firmly guiding hand quickly restores peace and order to the household.

In instances where mothers are invalided or are absent from the home by reason of their being employed at income-producing outside work, the service of the project woman is of tremendous importance where the usual professional care of the physician, nurse or governess is lacking. The housekeeper is not a nurse, but works in cooperation with the Visiting Nurse who is a regular caller at the homes where housekeepers are stationed. She works 7 hours a day and 5 days a week. The Visiting Nurse calls at the home on the two days when the housekeeper is not there. The 18 project workers have a thorough knowledge of household duties and have been given a clean bill of health by doctors. Several nationalities are represented, so that Polish housekeepers are sent to Polish homes, Italian housekeepers are sent to Italian homes, and American housekeepers are sent to American homes, as the case may require. At no time do the housekeepers perform actual nursing duties unless a Visiting Nurse is present. Mrs. Alice Yannette, the capable Somerset County Supervisor

of the project, makes a call on each of her housekeepers two days a week. The project is notified of instances where help is needed by doctors, hospitals, visiting nurses and various social agencies.

A specific case that may be cited as an example of the splendid work being accomplished by the Visiting Housekeepers Project is that of Mrs. D of North Plainfield, who suffered a broken hip last February in a fall down a flight of cellar stairs. Mrs. D is married, but has no children or relatives. Her husband has been unemployed for six years. With no one to turn to for assistance, and finally home after a long period in the hospital, she was confronted with a problem that is not unusual during times of distress.

Her courage and cheerful outlook displayed more than words the blessing that had come in the form of a visiting housekeeper.

"I'm so thankful for what the Visiting Housekeepers WPA Project has done for me during my sickness, which has had me in and out of the hospital for nine months," she told a visitor. "Back in February when all this happened, I asked myself, 'What was I going to do?' My husband has been out of work for six years, I have no children, no relatives, no one, so these

WPA women are a blessing. That's the reason I feel so thankful for something they do for me."

Her straight-bobbed hair was pushed back from her forehead, revealing the lines made by the pain which had wracked her body, but her clear blue eyes shone with the new hope that she had found.



A phase of the varied service. A new baby, a husband injured in an automobile accident and four other children make a housekeeper invaluable. The housekeeper above is tending the new born baby. *Photo by Matt Farrell*

In the files of the Visiting Housekeepers Project may be found the histories of many cases similar to that of Mrs. D. It can be truly stated that the workers on the project are fulfilling an urgent social need.

Miss Edith McCully, director of the Morris County Welfare Board, commenting on the work being done by the project, says: "I have heard nothing but enthusiastic comments on the work of the housekeepers, and I hope that if WPA should ever cease to function (which it probably will some day -- though we trust that may be delayed) the Com-

munity Chest will take over the social agencies of the county."

The sentiments of Miss McCully have been echoed by many of the civic and industrial leaders of Somerset County. All of them hope that the admirable work of the project in allaying human misery may someday become an important part of the county's social service bureaus.

WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION

PAINTING



OPENING

JAN. 5TH 1937

SCULPTURE

FEDERAL ART
STATE EXHIBIT

RAYMOND COMMERCE BLDG., NEWARK

WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION OF NEW JERSEY