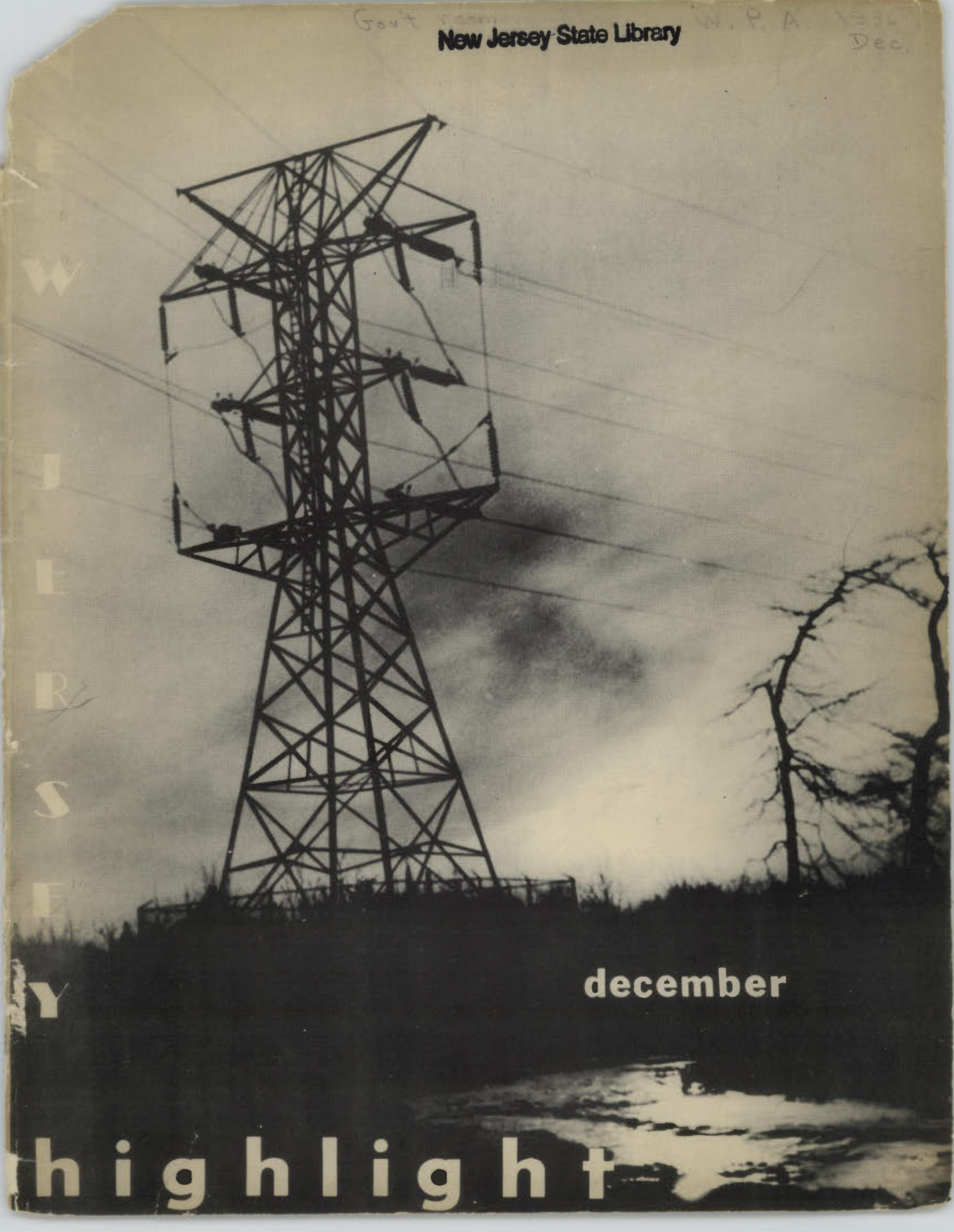

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

— PREPARED BY —

WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION

WILLIAM H. J. ELY
State Administrator

FEDERAL WRITERS' PROJECT

IRENE FUHLBRUEGGE
State Director

With the publication of this magazine, the Federal Writers' Project, in the State of New Jersey, goes on record as to its aims and standards. Set up as a relief project, we are most anxious to have our writers receive sufficient recognition so that they may become established in their own highly competitive professional field.

Security to a writer depends on his public reception. This publication hopes to bring this security closer, possibly even clinch it, for workers on this project. To do this we are endeavoring to cover a wide field in which the special feature writer, the reporter, the poet, playwright and short story writer may participate. Add to this photographs, and work by members of the Federal Art Project.

Through cooperation with our parent organization, the Works Progress Administration, this magazine, long a dream of the Writers' Project, becomes a fact. The printed page is but a tangible result of the best efforts of everyone connected with the Works Progress Administration. The myriad activities of this vast enterprise will be reported faithfully in each issue so that everyone may become familiar with the widespread and far reaching results attained by close harmony among 90,000 people.

Our success lies in your hands. The success of this magazine reflects directly upon the project workers. While we hate to lose our friends, we will be happy if we can help them gain independence in private employment.

Irene Fuhlbruegge

FORMAT AND EDITORIAL WORK BY

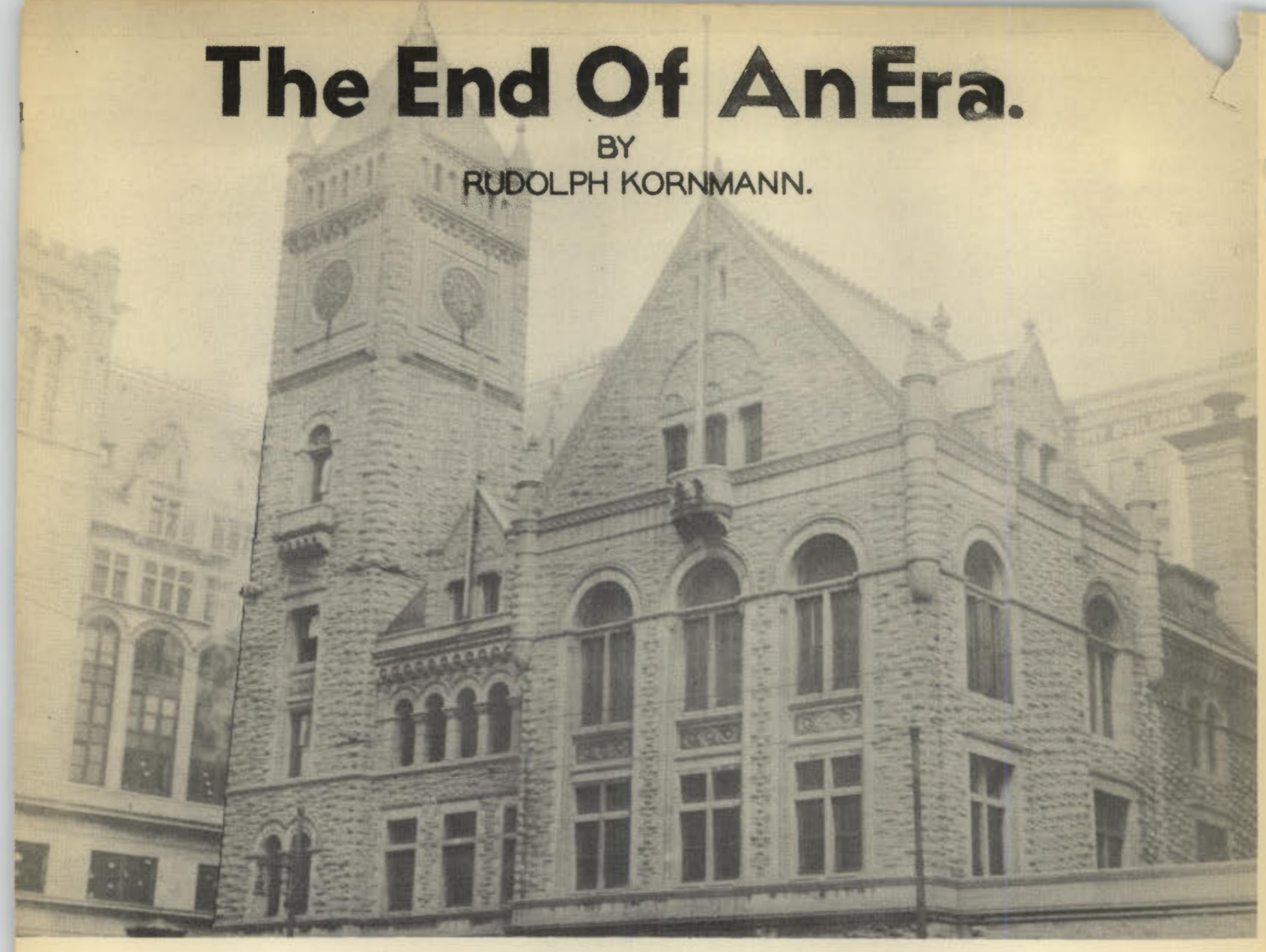
ALBERT BOYD AND SAMUEL EPSTEIN

Manuscripts by any New Jersey Works Progress Administration employee should be submitted to Room 225 - 1060 Broad Street, Newark, New Jersey.

The End Of An Era.

BY

RUDOLPH KORNMANN.



Santa Claus is coming to town, and 85 WPA workers are enthusiastically cooperating to make things easy for the old gent. At present they're four days ahead of schedule in demolishing the old post-office, on Broad Street between Raymond Boulevard and Academy Street. Their particular hurry to get through with the razing of that portion which abuts onto Raymond Boulevard is the result of a plea made to Frank E. Walsh, District Director of WPA, by Executive Manager Fred Harries of the Broad Street Association, in behalf of his organization, that the boulevard be widened in time to facilitate traffic during the imminent Christmas rush. It is planned that 15 feet of the property will be dedicated to the thus far sclerotic artery of Newark's downtown traffic as soon as the building is down and the excavation is filled in. Incidentally, the route of Raymond Boulevard was once the old Morris Canal, a favorite swimming place of local adolescents: ironically enough the filling in of the post office excavation is to be done with earth removed from the excavations made by local WPA in the construction of two new public swimming pools in Hayes Park.

Demolition is a new kind of work for Newark's WPA, whose jobs have so far contributed much to the upbuilding of the community; but, in order to get on with the new, the old must be removed and the old

post-office first opened to a proud citizenry in 1898 has long ago been outgrown. Six months after its completion, it is said, an official inspector from Washington declared the building inadequate for the needs of the expanding community, and it is a known fact that the plans for the edifice were originally intended for a post-office which was to be built in Wilmington, Delaware -- a city of much smaller population than Newark. If the building was inadequate in the winter of '98, how much more insufficient would it be today, when postal receipts monthly average more than those for the entire fiscal year of 1897-'98.

Yet the present razing is not the first to take place on this historic site in the name of progress. Here once stood the venerable building of the Newark Academy (which gave Academy Street its name) until 1855. At that time negotiations for a Federal customs house and post-office building in Newark were completed and a paltry $50,000 was paid to the School trustees for their Broad Street property -- land which today, it is said, has already been bid for at a figure of $4,000,000 by a department store corporation. The first Federal post-office in Newark has been described as "a handsome building, absolutely square and with an entrance on Broad Street composed of five classic arches." This first real post-office was opened to the public in 1858; theretofore Newark's postal business had been transacted in the stores or mercantile offices of the incumbent postmaster.

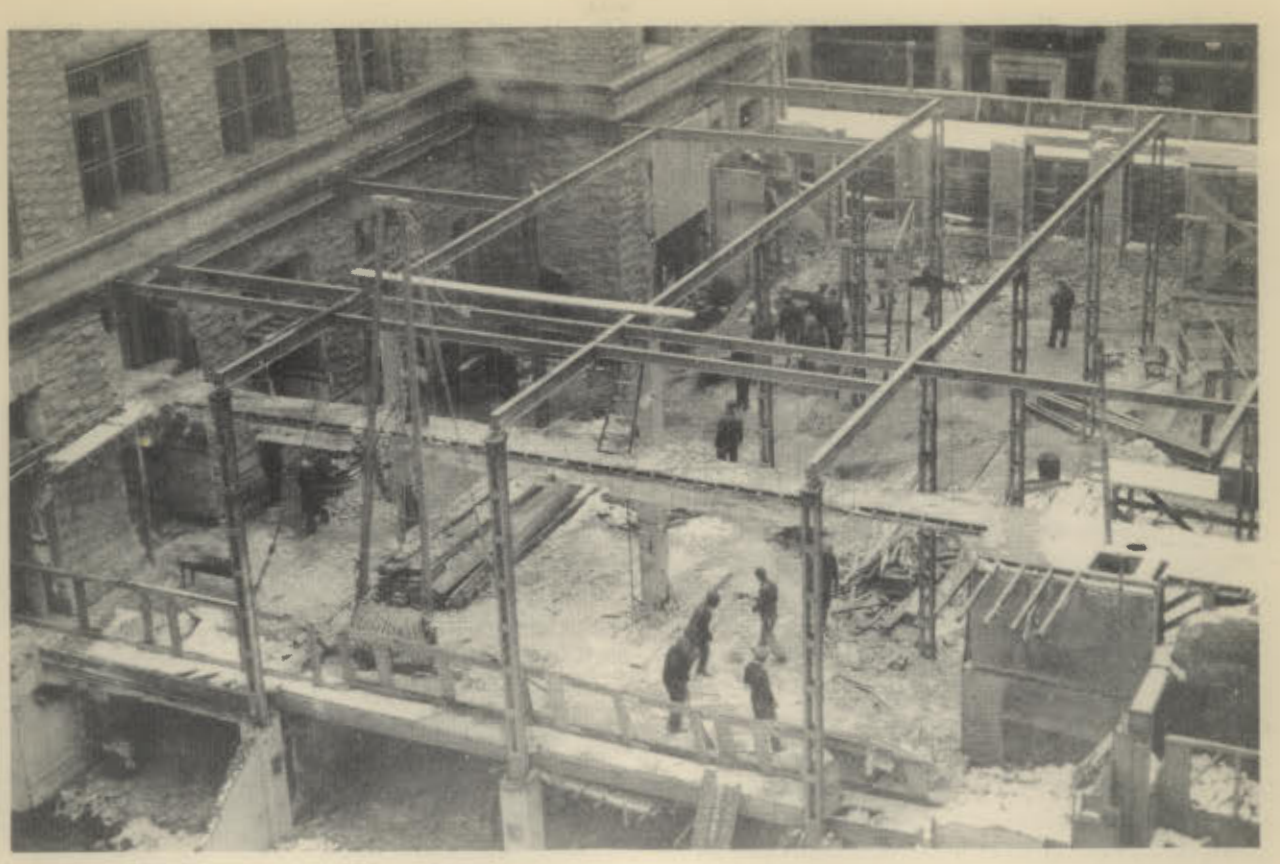
But as early as 1870 agitation for a new and larger post-office had begun; plans for the new post-office were approved in 1890, but it was not until 1898, just two months before the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, that this building which is now being torn down was thrown open for the use of the public. As archives recently found in the building now being demolished show, the nine years between the acceptance of the plans and that auspicious opening day in '98 were busy ones for the people who had to do with the erection and outfitting of the building. So rapidly did postal business expand that for a time, while the new building was being prepared, the postal department found it necessary to occupy crowded quarters in the Old First Baptist Church in Academy Street; the government spent some hundreds of dollars to remodel the church to its purposes and, to judge by the brisk tone of some of the communications, no one was very comfortable. Preparations for the new building were pushed through with all possible speed. For example, examination of the records shows that a Mr. Henry C. Klernan, "Superintendent of Construction of the Custom House and Post Office at Newark, New Jersey," had been superintending for 16 months before he received official notification of his appointment to the post.

Mr. Klernan was evidently a stickler for detail, according to the letters in the crackling letter presses found in the fourth floor vault of the post-office by WPA workmen when they came to demolish that part of the building. His records are full of admonitions to the various contractors he employed; and if one of them dared become remiss in his work, Klernan made no bones about cracking down on the offender. In a letter of September 1896 the severe superintendent complains to a contractor that the paving leading up to the post-office is "Far from satisfactory," and a little later informs another firm that they have "badly damaged the sills of the windows in putting in grills and that no payment shall be made until the damage is made good."

The well-known four-faced clock which for many years confused the citizenry of Newark was a matter of particular concern to Superintendent Klernan. Just who conceived the idea of having such a proportionately large clock in the tower has never been discovered, but, be that as it may, the purchase and installation

of the clock caused the apprehensive Klernan many an unhappy moment. His first letters show that he thought the clock was to be much smaller; when he received word as to its actual dimensions he allows himself to express respectful but nevertheless very real concern. A few weeks later a letter was written to the Supervising Architect of the Customs Department in Washington apologizing for a two weeks' delay in getting the clock into place; when the glass dials were "shiped" (to adopt the spelling of the superintendent's clerk) three of them were broken and it was necessary to wait for new ones. The illumination of the dials, complained the busy supervisor, was also extremely unsatisfactory and he suggested that the contractors do something about the matter. Newarkers, however, will remember that the lighting of the post-office clock, up to the time the clock stopped functioning recently, still remained inadequate. Evidently Superintendent Klernan's objections were overruled. When the clock was dismantled a few weeks ago,a local congregation asked if it might bid upon it with a view to placing it in the church tower. WPA Director Walsh, however, visited the tower with the church officials and upon examination it was discovered that the job of removing the old clock from its place in the tower and re-installing it in the church steeple would run well over $5,000 in cost; hence the request was withdrawn. The religious body was allowed one consolation, however,when it was sadly discovered that the cost of moving the clock made the re-installation impossible: the timepiece was hardly ever in agreement with itself, due to the fact that its hands, long believed to be of bronze, were of light wood painted to look like metal; consequently the winds that blow over Broad Street playfully interfered with correct working of the clock.

In one detail, however, Mr. Klernan was indisputably successful. He respectfully recommended that the four "solid Belleville Brown Hitching Posts on Broad Street be allowed to remain in their positions, since they are absolutely necessary to the convenience of those who have business to transact within the building." The posts remained, although some years later, just when no one can seem to discover, they were removed; but at least harassed Mr. Klernan, when he regarded the handsome gray building beside the bed of the Morris Canal, its glass clock in place and the crowds of admiring citizens hurrying in and out of its glistening doors on the opening day in '98, could lean against one of the hitching posts and congratulate himself: here was one detail in which, despite the perversity of contractors and the perfidity of weather, of transportation and the tricks of fate, he had been triumphant. We can imagine him lighting



his pipe (he seems to have been the kind of a man who smoked a pipe, and a big, curved one at that) and smiling contentedly to himself as he considered a good job well done.

The gray building which was Superintendent Klernan's proud task, scorned by some as squatty, served Newarkers through two generations, through two wars and through a booming prosperity and a catastrophic depression. The gray walls, that today fall beneath the hammers of the wreckers, housed recruiting stations where men who remembered the Maine came to enlist and where others who enrolled their names to make their world safe for democracy came to be assigned. Within these walls, now being pulled out of Newark's skyline, money orders, little parcels of the products of the new world, and long, lonesome letters were sent to the folks back home by immigrants who in their quest of fortune had chosen Newark as their living place; in all likelihood, the first piece of machine-made goods, the first bit of American candy, the first American-made bit of trinketry to delight the heart of an old world mother, was mailed from the edifice which busy workmen now demolish. During the World War mothers and sisters, sweethearts and sometimes children of the boys "over there" stood in long queues waiting for the moment when they might step up to the parcel post window and entrust to the offices of the United States their precious bundles of cigarettes, home-made cake or lumpily-made sweaters, still damp with the tears of their longing.

Today a handsome new structure stands in Federal Square, replete in every detail that will facilitate the work of the postal and customs authorities in Newark; and as the hammers bang at the sturdy walls of the old post-office, as work goes forward so that Newark's daily increasing traffic may move faster and faster, an era seems to die. Yet, simultaneously, something new and vigorous and undeniably right is being born.

Two Poems

BERYL WILLIAMS

Clutching the magazine in one hand Manny took the wooden steps in two leaps, lifting the heavy bag in a single sweep to the porch floor and dropping it down on its worn leather haunches while he fumbled for the key. It was five months since he had used it last,at Christmas time, and he wasn't sure where it was. But if he rang it might wake Mother.

Perhaps she'd be asleep when he got in, and he could leave the magazine on her bed, open to the pages headed, "TWO POEMS," in broad black type, and then, underneath a small "by," his own name, also in black letters if not quite so large, "Manuel Rosenberg." They were going to be able to send the doctor away right after she'd seen it.

And Manny imagined again, as he had all the way home on the dusty train and as he had almost every hour since the magazine had come out four days ago, how Mom's face would be when she looked. Her eyes would widen amazingly and grow brighter; she wouldn't say anything for a minute and then, her cheeks pink, she would breathe, "Manny, Manny. In the magazine. Two pages all to yourself. Oh Manny!" And she would pull his head close to hers and kiss him, so that Manny would smell the sweet smell of her, feel her skin soft against his own, and he knew that his cheek would be wet with her tears when she released him.

Then they would all be very gay. They would be anxious to know what people at school had said, and Manny would be able to tell them a lot of fine things without having to pretend. All during the last four days on campus, even in the flurry of final examinations, students and teachers had stopped him to say the poems were swell.

Manny fumbled in another pocket.

He was terribly glad he had not mailed the magazine the day it came out. He had hated postponing Mom's gladness even for a few hours, but he couldn't bear not seeing her face when he gave it to her. He would hug her first and then show it to her right away.

For the first time in his life, Manny felt, he was actually justifying some of the splendid hope his mother had had for him, beginning to live up in a tiny way to her magnificent dreams. It wasn't much, of course. Manny knew only too well that from the viewpoint of the world to be published in a college magazine was next to nothing. But Mom wouldn't think so. Even if Manny said to her, in all honesty, "Oh, it's nothing; not many fellows bother to contribute, that's all; that's the only reason they got in," she wouldn't believe him. Mom would see in those two pages the beginning of a long and brilliant career -- her Manny, her son, putting on paper for all the world to read the beauty, the power, the love of living that she had breathed into him.

Mom would be sure that these were the first flowering of the talent she had professed to see even in his letters home, his school compositions as early as the third grade, and behind his eyes as he sat beside her, a sober child, watching her hands as she pared apples for apfel-

kuchen, or sewed. When he was quiet she had known that his thoughts were winged within him, and when he spoke she had read into his words the things he wanted to say--far more than the halting slow-chosen phrases had actually framed.

Manny was just fitting his key into the lock when the door opened to his father--but yes, of course it was his father. This thin man, pale and tired, with a heavy sleeplessness in his eyes. Manny put out a hand and then, swiftly, put his arm around the older man and embraced him. It must all have been worse, much worse, than he realized.

Mom must have been very ill.But everything would be all right now. Manny felt suddenly tall and grown up. He would see that things were all right. He was conscious of his father's bony shoulder beneath his own young fingers, and of the heavy rough-edged pages of the magazine, lying within their green cover in his other hand. A warm current went through him. Somehow the poems were going to make everything all right.

Walking ahead of his father up the stairway, he thought how different this summer was going to be from the last one. How disagreeable he had been then--grumbling because he had no job and must stay at home, pretending that his parents simply didn't care when he knew, deep in his heart, that their disregard of his bad luck was understanding. He had resented their efforts to make it pleasant for him--their suggestions for little outings, picnics, trips down town, the dollar his mother slipped him now and then as if she had plenty to spare. He had moved through the whole summer in sullen bored silence, thinking that he had never been so unhappy, cooped up like this after he had had a taste of what life might mean among professors who inspired him, students who talked his language. He had read Proust and Jules Romaine; he had been superior.

But now it would be different. He had a job and he had been published. He had really been published. Now he would prove to Mom, over and over again, that he knew how selfish and how young he had been, that he was grateful for her patience; that he was sorry. They would do things together.

He had never mentioned the pitiful story, the three poems and the long essay on a rather obscure philosopher which he had contributed to the magazine the year before, and which had been returned without so much as a note. College editors were not only lordly but very harried young men, and they had no time for soothing the hurts of wounded freshmen contributors. But now they recognized him. Now he had been published. Manny wanted to talk to Mom.

His father stopped him at the head of the stairs.

"Manny," he said, in a strange low voice, as the boy put down his bag again. "There's something--" he looked up at his son and the words seemed not so much to stop as never to have been there. His face looked empty of words.

And Manny realized how little it was he knew. They had been keeping it from him. How sick had Mom been? In a sudden fright he turned down the hall, hurriedly, the magazine tight in his hand. His father did not move.

"She may not recognize you," he said.

The slow words followed Manny's heels along the worn carpet, but never quite caught up to him. Their sound came close to his ears, but his fear would not admit their entry. Quickly, quickly, he must unfold to the two fine pages

"by

Manuel Rosenberg."

Quietly he opened the door and his eyes sought the still face lying against a white pillow, the slender little column that was his mother's body beneath a white sheet. Manny's father had come into the room, and the door had closed behind him, but Manny did not hear.

On tiptoe he moved toward the

bed.

As he reached it Mrs. Rosenberg's eyes opened and Manny tried to smile. Surely she'd get better soon. He'd make her. He'd take care of her. Oh, but he hadn't known she was as sick as this.

She hadn't looked at him yet and Manny kneeled beside her, thinking she was just coming awake. "Hello, Mom," he said. He wanted to kiss her but somehow she looked too still.

"Look, Mom. Surprise," he said. And he put the magazine in front of her. It fell open naturally to the pages. "Look."

"Hello," his mother said, and smiled. There was neither gladness nor any other feeling in her voice or in her face--only a politeness. Someone had come to visit and she must speak. "How are you?" she asked.

"I'm swell, Mom. I'm swell." And suddenly, over the sound of his own words, came those of his father finding their way through to him.

"She may not recognize you."

"Mom!"he said quickly, harshly. "Look, Mom! See? They're mine." He held the magazine close to her face and his mother smiled her polite little smile.

"I--I wrote 'em, Mom. They printed 'em at school--see?"

And he didn't feel grown up any more. He felt very young and scared. His father was beside him now, was putting an arm around his shoulders and saying, "You'd better come away. She feels fine, you know. She isn't suffering. She just doesn't know us." The words came slowly, one by one.

It is too late, they said.

Manny had not come home in time. Now he could not tell her that he understood, that this year would be different--that all years would be different now and beautiful; that he had been published. It was too late.

The magazine fell shut over his fingers and his head went down beside that still hand. It was not hers any longer.

"Pretty," he heard her voice say. And he watched as the hand moved to touch the bright green cover of the book within which were two poems--dead black letters now, on dead white pages.

"Pretty color," she said.

Dusk.

JOHN ZULEGER

Across ten miles of marsh, where shadows loom
Upon the mountains of the day's end, where,
Beyond the dunes of darkness, a bright spume
Of golden surf floods color to consume
The dusk, while lantern tides rinse purple air,

The skyline towers, lifts its headlands higher
To glow in last reflection of the sun.
Each mountain flames in momentary fire,
Until on broken turret, shattered spire,
Gold melts to mist and ashen rivers run.

When dusk drifts down Manhattan to the pause
Of sudden darkness, slowly stars appear
On plinth of earth and firmament, the gauze
Of evanescence wanes, the night withdraws,
And each wan lamp becomes a wondrous sphere.

Rapid Transit

BY CARL J BOSTELMANN

Because you have suspected it, I have seen a patient
Precision to rule and routine in the servant machine:
I have found it real, the swing of centrifugal steel,
The magic that moves in a wheel, each open gesture of
Circular motion, each undimensional notion of the cogs
That roll in a passionate cycle when speed is a potion.

What sudden miraculous consciousness quickens, emerges
Out of mechanical urges! Thoughts from a mind in the
Mesh of the gears shout in a hum and a roar in my ears:
I drink and I glide down parallel tangents on the rails
Of trajectory trails, caught in a static inertia of a
Dynamic motion! I am everywhere now, and nowhere at all,
Racing the world in a wheel, turning back time by holding
It back as I whirl with it through cyclical surges as all
Of the wheels are mad-chasing themselves like a regiment
Of disciplined, synchronized mechanical elves!

Pistons in toil, sparks bridging poles from condensor
To coil, bearings floating on bubbles of oil; this is speed---
Lust in each wheel, the passionate yearning for repetitive
Turning! Oh, the thrill of this pace, throb of it, throe
Of it! I race, transcending place, having hurled myself
Like the rim of a wheel down the curve of the world. Speed:
The dimension of space. Distance is pace. Now the breadth
Of my being is thinned to the substance of wind, as forward,
Onward, ahead, ahead, ahead, I lean to the chase!

Dreams In Steel

Across wind's cavernous abyss,
From palisade to precipice,
Between rock-stanchioned ridges,
Eyes can behold no edifice
More beautiful than bridges.

Steel arches lift in lyric curves
Above the river's fluid swerves,
Dreams wrought in symmetry.
Who finds this art in air observes
A new divinity.

Needles And Thread

FRED TEMBY, JR.

The spectacle of more than five hundred women, busily engaged in the production of garments to clothe Paterson's needy, may be seen at 204-208 Twenty-first Avenue, where, in an old industrial building, a WPA project has been in operation for the past year. The total cost of this enterprise, sponsored by the City of Paterson, is $531,260.

A breakdown of monetary allocations follows: by the Federal Government for labor and other expenses, $390,276; by the Federal Government for material and supplies, $133,844; by the City of Paterson, sponsor, for other expenses, $7,100.

Under the supervision of Miss Vera Noon, supervisor of women's and professional projects in District #1, 547 women of varying ages finished 5,705 articles of clothing during the four week period ending the middle of November. These included infants', children's, men's and women's apparel and household dry goods.

As fast as they are completed, all articles are sent to James O'Gorman, overseer of the poor, through whose department they are given to applicants whose need is determined by investigation.

A hum of activity from within greets the visitor when the outer office is reached. Here, under the jurisdiction of the project supervisor, records are kept and planning done for continued work. The workers occupy two floors of the large building, each of which presents nearly the same picture.

The work room of the first floor, comprising about 8,000 square feet, contains 210 treadle-operated sewing machines and other working provisions for 322 women. Employees are divided into classes of 20, with each group possessing a forelady and cutter. There is a special class for colored workers. Beginners are taught while employed. Items are sewn to conform with a requisition supplied by the disbursing agency.

Complete supplies are kept on the premises. Here may be found everything from the proverbial needle to the countless yards of material. Other adjuncts to the workroom are the first aid room, with cot and supplies, and the rest room. A nurse is in constant attendance. Employees, whose hours are from 9 to 4, have an hour for lunch and 15 minute rest periods, both morning and afternoon.

Conditions on the second floor duplicate those of the first, except that 225 workers are employed. An additional feature is 10 electric sewing machines, recently acquired. Employees are protected by a trained nurse and first aid facilities.

Although ages of employees vary from 18 to 75 years, the majority are middle-aged. A large number are widows, many with large families.

Outstanding among them is Mrs. B., aged 74, who is holding her first regular job. Widowed 15 years ago, she worked as a domestic for a brief period, following which she was unemployed.

Mrs. B. still possesses an appearance which belies her years. Smiling and healthy, she described her feelings thus: "I call this place my home. I never knew what it

meant to meet such nice people, who do everything they can to help me. My work isn't hard. When my eyes bother me occasionally, I rest. I certainly love it here."

Articles made by workers include children's suits, dresses and underwear, women's dresses, many articles for men, and household dry goods comprising blankets, sheets and pillow-cases.

Parting In Montreal

RICHARD SHAFTER

"I got a ship!"

He did not see her face blanch as he rushed past her and up the half-flight of stairs to his room. She stood, still with her hand on the house door,and looked after him. He had left the door to his room open and she could see him throw things into his old, brown canvas bag.

As he turned with a few crumpled shirts in his hand, he noticed her standing on the landing, watching him. He smiled at her, cheerfully, preoccupied.

"So you got a ship!" Her voice was so low,he barely understood her.

"Yah, first one in since the ice went out. Signed on as stoker. The glory hole is hell, but what the hell.." He laughed. "A job's a job. They had a full deck crew. Maybe next trip in I'll get a chance to shift over."

Suddenly he became conscious of her silence. She stood there, still with the bland face of a dog that has been kicked and doesn't know why. His enthusiasm faltered. He straightened up. "What..."

She woke with a start and tried to smile. "Will you have a cup of coffee and a bite to eat before you leave? Come into the kitchen when you are ready."

There was a deep furrow between his brows while he picked the rest of his meager belongings from drawers and closets.

Then they face each other over the kitchen table. She now can smile encouragingly as she pushes the plate toward him. But he has no taste for food. He keeps chewing slowly and deliberately, dutifully.

Thus they sit, silently, with their unspoken longing between them, keeping them apart. They look at each other and the sockets of their eyes burn with hunger for each other and with the pity for themselves and for each other.

"I can't do it," he thinks. "He's a comrade. My friend! I can't...!"

She sees that big monastery garden before her, out in Maisonneuve, of which her father was caretaker. And she drops her eyes and dares not even look at him any longer. But she knows, she could never resist. She feels his eyes on her face and thinks "Now!" and is willless and afraid. Her knees begin to tremble and she has to drop one hand into her lap to steady them. There is the sharp, gnawing pain, deep in her inside. And it is like a cry.

But he is merely wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. He has to leave. He rises and she also gets up. Her knees feel as if they will melt under her.

"Well, goodbye Marianne. And stay healthy..." He still has to translate phrases from his native German into English. "And give Bernard my regards. Tell him I'll be in to see him when we're back next trip."

He tries hard to sound cheerful, but her gray eyes, darker than he can remember, disarm him of his casualness. His arms dangle at his

sides, inert, lacking the will to throw a bridge across that wide sea of hesitancy between them. Abruptly he throws his sailor bag onto his shoulders.

"Well, goodbye again, 'n thanks for everything, Marianne." For just a fleeting moment he feels like dropping his bag again,then he hurls himself through the door and begins walking away, fast, hurriedly, almost running.

"Dammit! Dammit! The measly little runt! The lousy little runt! He....Dammit!" Viciously he kicks a cat foraging in a refuse pail on the corner.

Deliberately he swings into Rue Cadieux, although it takes him out of his way, and passes the row of brothels where the girls are just getting up after their night's work and open the green and brown shutters of their windows and see him for what he is, a sailor who has been on the beach all winter and has no money, and after whom they can call derisive things in French and Italian which he doesn't understand, and about whom they can talk to each other across the way, shouting and laughing...

Rubel

Beauty Treatment

DAVID J. ROBERTS

Several well selected sections of Camden County are undergoing beauty treatments at the hands of Works Progress Administration authorities. Sponsored by the Park Commission, several projects have been started by the Federal agency which will bring out much of the hidden beauty of this section along the banks of the Delaware River.

No better example of this effort exists, perhaps, than Project 8-90, which is changing the area known as Haddon Heights Park Division from a mosquito infested swamp into one of the show places of this section. The tract, embracing 31 acres of the old Glover Homestead, will become the realization of a landscape gardener's dream when present plans are completed.

Some conception of the immensity of the undertaking, which has been in progress since September of last year, can be obtained from statistics, revealed recently by WPA officials and County Park Commission authorities. Wages for the various kinds of labor employed on the plan have reached $287,000, while material, equipment, and engineering have cost approximately $90,000. During the peak of operations this past summer more than 400 men were em-

ployed daily, the present number being 287. Carpenters, brick masons, laborers, machinists, electricians, plumbers, cement finishers, landscape gardeners, steel workers and truck drivers were included in that number.

Engineers in charge estimate that the work will be completed about March 1, 1937. Much of the draining and filling-in has been completed, the remaining jobs being mostly the completion of construction work already well under way. A conservative estimate reveals that the entire project is about 82 percent completed.

Landscaping, which followed the drainage of the land, was an important part of the work done and which still remains to be completed. Almost every type of native tree, shrub and perennial has been planted. Oak, beach, maple, ash, birch, dogwood, gum and tulip poplar are some of the varieties which grace the gentle slopes of the park. It is estimated that about 50,000 floral units, trees, shrubs, and flowers, will be planted before the project reaches completion.

The figures concerning the number and variety of trees, shrubs and flowers planted are interesting, when broken down. The park contained about 2,000 trees when the job was started, nearly all of which were in need of the services of a tree specialist. An equal number were planted to further enhance the beauty of the spot. When it came to the care of the hillsides, ravines and stretches of level ground where formal or planned landscaping could be utilized, it was decided that New Jersey had enough varieties of shrubs to take care of the needs. First 1,000 rhododendron plants were put in the ground, under the shade of the trees, for transplanting next spring; 2,500

crowns of honeysuckle followed. Twenty thousand shrubs, including mountain laurel, swamp azalia, sheep laurel, holly, sweet pepper and inkberry, found their way into the ground in appropriate places. More than 1,000 wood ferns were placed along the walks, and countless bulbs of perennials, water lilies, arrowhead, magnolia, cat tails, milkweed and "sneeze weed" were dropped into well-laid out gardens. Then followed the laying of more than 75,000 square feet of sod to cover the bare stretches of gravel and clay. Many of the plants, perennials particularly, were propagated in a nursery maintained by project workers, and which will be turned over to the Commissioners when the park is completed. The surprising result about all the plants, flowers and trees moved and planted, is the fact that losses amounted to less than one-quarter of one percent.

At a point which is the approximate center of the tract stands the office or administration building, which will eventually house the custodian and the offices of the park. The building, two and one-half stories high, is erected on the site of the Glover Mansion, built by John Glover in 1704. The lines of the old building are completely lost in the modern structure which has risen in its place. Old Dutch lines of architecture were used, and the white stucco of the outer walls is discernible from almost any part of the park. The first floor contains three rooms and bath, while a modern apartment, kitchen, dining room, two bedrooms and private bath, await the coming of the caretaker and his family.

A wide gravelled road cuts through the tract, flanked on either side by concrete curbs and gutters. Gravel walks for pedestrians trace their way to all parts, while bridle paths offer horse lovers many trails

tree-lined and beautiful from one end of the park to the other.

The children's wading pool, to be fed by constantly changing spring water, sits in a little hollow well shaded by majestic old trees, not too far from the amphitheatre, where outdoor pageants and dramas will be presented under the auspices of the sponsors of the project. The stage of the open air theatre will accommodate a good sized company in search of the plaudits of an audience for which 2,500 seats will be provided. Brick and concrete buildings, one for male and another for women performers, house comfortable dressing rooms.

Parking space for more than 1,000 cars is provided in an area near the amphitheatre situated within easy walking distance of the rest pavilion, office building and arena. Immediately below the parking lot is the athletic field, to be laid out for baseball, football, hockey and volley ball games. The entire lower section, or that part southwest of the administration building, will be well lighted, as will the theatre, where huge flood lights will cast their rays on performers and audience.

At the extreme southwestern end of the park an eight acre area has been flooded to make an artificial lake.

John Glover, who selected the tract as his homesite, would probably be pleasantly surprised if he could note the changes being made about his former home. The son of English Quakers, he had been pressed into sea service by his native country during the late years of the seventeenth century. He had long wished to come to America, to join friends of his family who had settled in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, to carry on his desire to become a farmer.

Discharged from his maritime service in 1704, he came to Bristol, Pennsylvania, where John Thorne, a friend of the Glover family, had been established for a few years. Thorne was the owner of large tracts of land in southern New Jersey and the father of Hannah Thorne, for whom John Glover had most tender regard. The courtship of the couple was short, and when their desire to marry was made known to the bride's father the latter suggested that Glover purchase a strip of land along Timber Creek, in a section now known as Center Township. The conveyance made, the bridal pair crossed the Delaware River to establish a home.

Part of the land comprising the purchase made by Glover was a swamp, flanked on either side by wide stretches of fertile farm land. The swamp virtually cut the acres belonging to Glover in two, but the advantages offered by the arable portions offset the presence of the marsh. Glover selected the crest of a hill overlooking the morass for the erection of his home, construction being started and completed during 1704.

The staid old Quaker settled down at a point where the office building now stands, to rear a family of 11 children, children who probably frolicked through the swamp that has since been transformed into one of the show places of Camden County. When the old mansion was torn down recently its walls revealed many connecting links with the past. Century-old letters proved that the Glover children became as fretful as modern youngsters, that prices might be out of reach to the average housewife at times, and that life had its ups and downs even in the distant days of the original owner of the tract. The walls failed to reveal, however, what modern planning, ingenuity and application could do to a region once the breeding ground of disease-laden pests, foul smells and unsightly views of matted and tangled vines and grass. John Glover might have envisioned them -- now they have become real.

The Federal Art Exhibition of Local and National Material

OLD AND NEW PATHS IN AMERICAN DESIGN 1720-1936

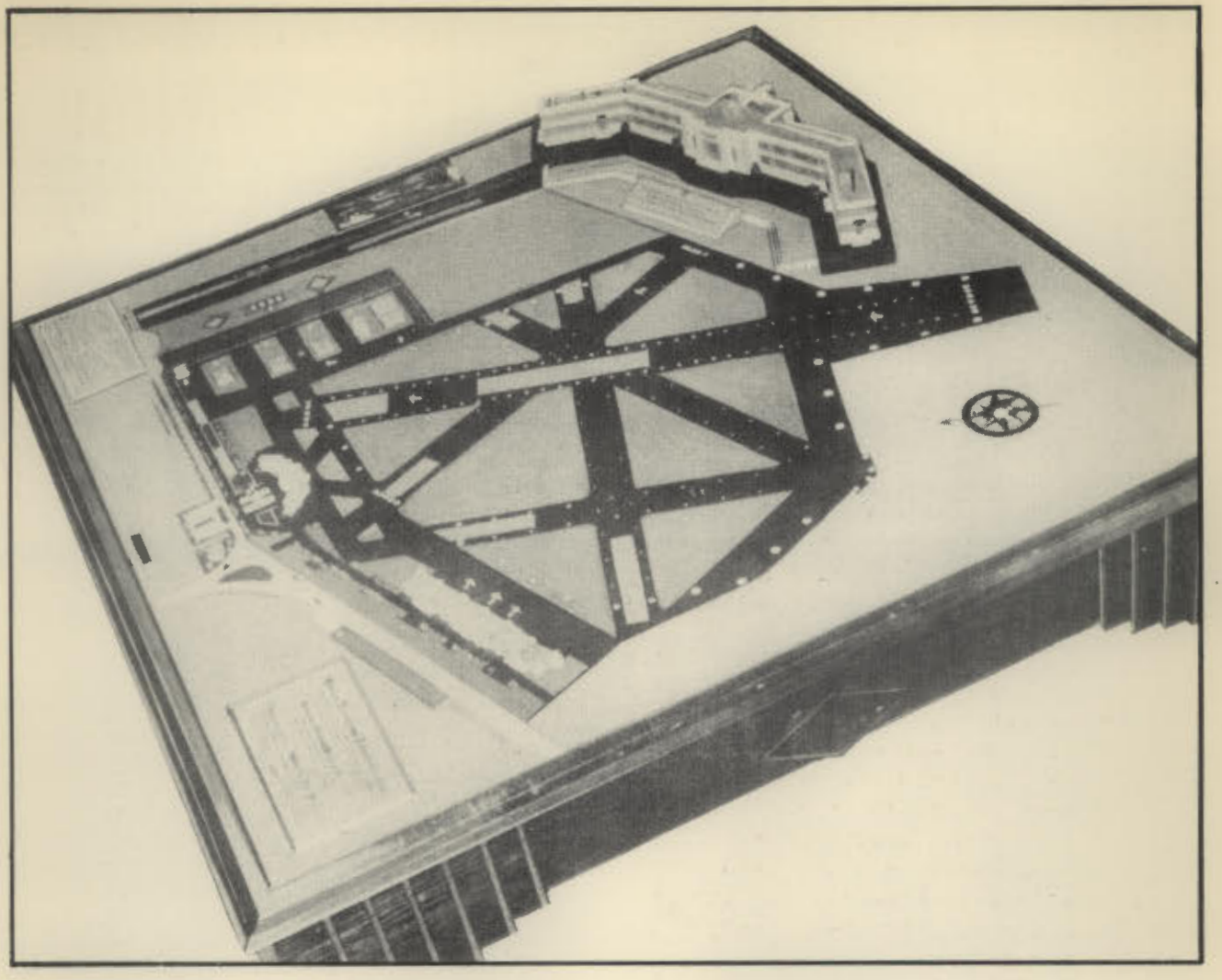
At the Newark Museum till December 24th

The works shown in this exhibition are the products of group activity, of collaboration between painters, sculptors, designers and craftsmen, looking toward the integration of the arts with the daily life of the community and an integration between the fine arts and the practical arts.

In the exhibition the work of 145 artists is represented by 305 items in the fields of mural painting, sculpture; applied design in book illustration and jackets; ceramics, posters, stained glass, textiles, metal and woodwork; photographs and plates for the Index of American Design.

INDEX OF DESIGN. 74 artists are represented by 157 exhibits. The plates composing the Index are studies in water-color and black and white and photographs of objects and patterns characteristic of American decorative art from the earliest days. When possible, the original object from which the studies were made is shown. There are plates of costume, furniture, jewelry and metalwork, pottery and glass, quilts, sculpture, textiles, etc. A separate section is devoted to plates of Shaker design, principally in costume and furniture. 49 photographs taken in Shaker communities are shown.

MURALS. 32 artists are represented by 59 mural panels, studies in water-color and pencil and photographic murals. They are designed for such public buildings as schools, libraries, hospitals, an airport and a courthouse. The subjects depicted are historic, literary, social and industrial.



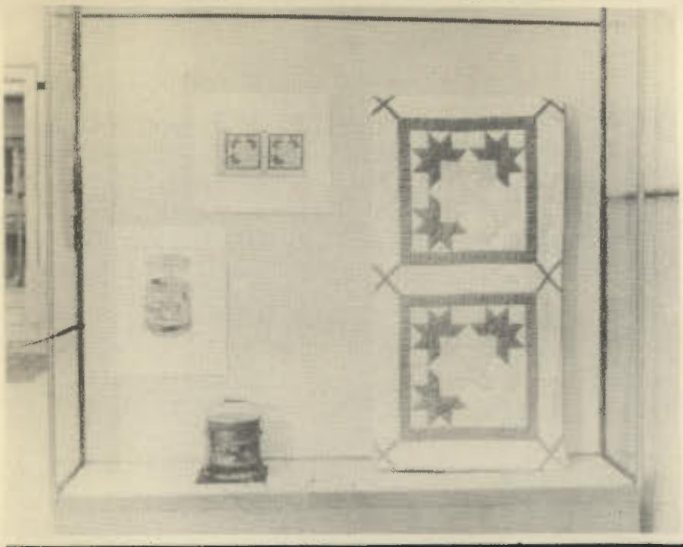
Model Of Newark Airport

MADE BY W P A
ESSEX COUNTY FEDERAL ART PROJECT

A SCALE MODEL OF THE NEWARK AIRPORT as it will appear when completed, designed by Paul H. Keller, supervisor of the Essex County WPA Federal Art Project in cooperation with A.H. Armstrong, assistant engineer in charge of the airport. Charles M. Enjeian, artist and engineer, supervisor of the Poster Project, was in charge of the construction of the model upon which artists and sculptors worked both at the airport and in the studio of the Art Project at 472 Orange Street, Newark.

Ludwig Arnold and Amedeo Puccilli carved from plaster of Paris the buildings modeled to the scale of 100 feet to the inch. Vincent Murphy and John Lauder are responsible for the tiny replicas of automobiles, planes, boats and the railroad, painting and lettering.

Little green, red and white beads indicate the runways and when illuminated by the elaborate lighting system installed beneath the model clearly show the fields and runways on which the giant planes will land on what promises to be the greatest airport in the country.



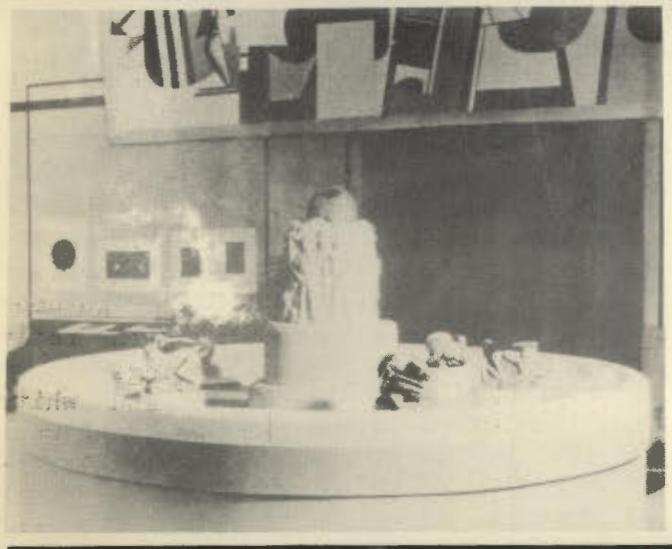
INDEX OF AMERICAN DESIGN

Drawings by Paul Ward and Anthony Zuccarello,Essex County artists,on view at the Newark Museum.

The purpose of the Index Project is to make a visual record of historical American design which will be published in the form of color plates and made accessible to artists, designers, manufacturers, museums, libraries and schools.

SCULPTURE. 15 artists contributed with 19 pieces of sculpture, including plaster plaques and models, cast cement animals, a metal bird, wood carvings, a terra cotta figure and photographs. The sculptures are designed for schools, museums, a Housing Project, theatre, hospital and airport.

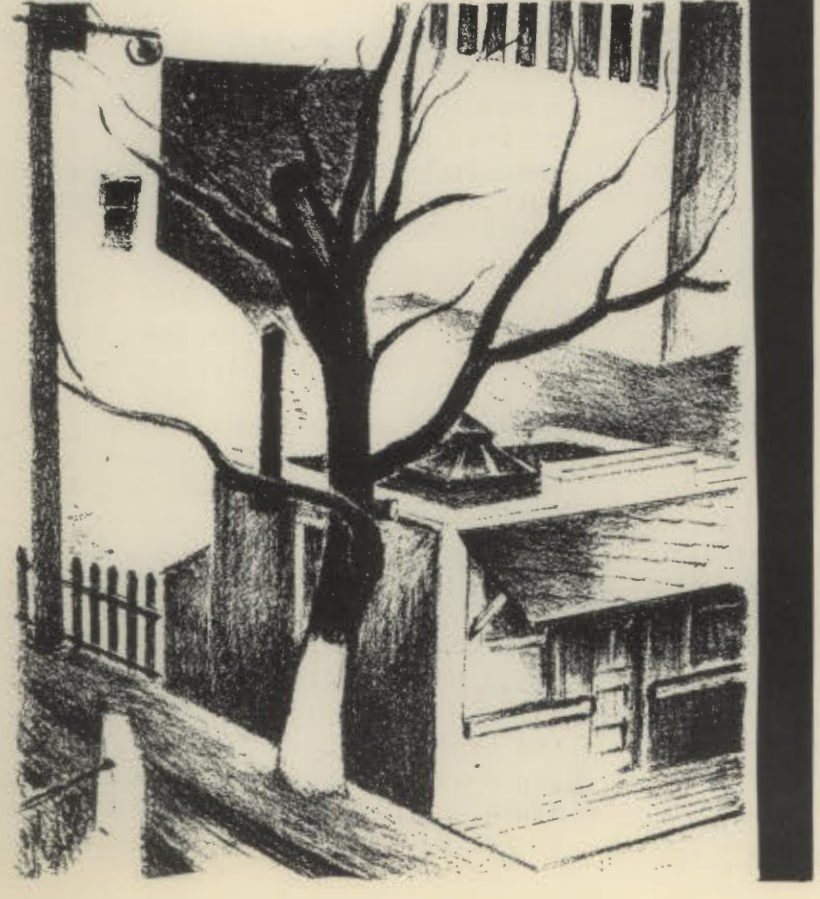
DESIGN LABORATORY,POSTERS AND OTHER WORK IN APPLIED DESIGN. 70 exhibits in Applied Design by 24 artists include water-color studies for book illustrations; designs in tempera for book jackets; pottery vases, bowls and plates; posters in tempera and silk screen process; embroidered and stenciled textiles; studies in water-color and model form for stained glass windows and detail of window in glass;copper bowls,tin niche, aluminum clock and wooden box and tray.



Model fountain for Roosevelt Park Memorial Hospital by Waylande Gregory, Middlesex County sculptor. Above the fountain is a corner of the mural designed for the Newark Airport by Arshile Gorky, New York artist.

DAVID DOVGARD, born in Russia thirty-five years ago, has spent the past fourteen years studying art at the Newark School of Industrial and Fine Arts, the National Academy of Design, New York City and the Art Students League.

His paintings, water-colors and lithographs have been exhibited in the Salons of America, Society of Independent Artists, New York City, the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington, D.C., the Montclair Art Museum, and with the New Jersey Artists Professional League.



ROBERT MARTIN was born in New York City 1888. He received his education in New York City schools and studied painting with Robert Henri and at the Julian Academy, Paris and the Beaux Arts Institute, N.Y.

He has exhibited in many galleries throughout the country including Doll and Richards, Boston; California Art Club, Los Angeles; Pennsylvania Academy, Philadelphia; New York Water Color Club, New York; and has paintings in the permanent collection of the Brooklyn Museum.

The Perfect Job

REYNOLDS SWEETLAND

When a WPA project vitally helps a community's leading business that job is well worth while. When the work project also offers employment to an average of thirty-four men for six months at a total cost of less than $18,000 to the government for the entire project, it is by way of being a good job for all concerned. But when that same work project gives such complete satisfaction that the community comes back for more, that is indeed the perfect job. Such a job is Work Project 5-2 on the Bradley Beach Boardwalk.

This is not the Project-of-the-Month from the point of time completion; but it is the outstanding project of the month as a finished job so successful that more work of the same nature has just been requested by the same borough. It is from that viewpoint that Joseph H. Gehring, Director of District #5, considers it worthy of further comment.

Back in the summer of 1935 the councilmen of Bradley Beach were in a worried state. The boardwalk, the center of activity for any seashore resort, had not only become an eyesore but was an actual menace to public safety. Old people were stumbling over the uneven flooring, women were catching their high heels in the wide cracks, and children were falling upon the protruding nails. The borough stood liable for damage suits; the valuable good-will and peace of mind of their summer guests were at stake -- but the councilmen could do nothing.

Already the boardwalk had had a new flooring laid over an earlier one. This had been the best repair work the borough could afford. Now this second flooring was as dangerous a hazard as the under-deck had been, while the unseen piling and stringers were in an infinitely worse condition than the deck. The councilmen had a man check up daily

on all the worst spots and hoped for the best.

At the end of the season it was clear that outside help would be needed and the councilmen appealed to the WPA for this much needed project.

The work called for a complete reconstruction job. The old piling had to be replaced with new creosoted piling. Because of the sand all this had to be jetted, not pile-driven. New stringers, or cross-beams, were needed as well as a new flooring.

This reconstruction project was begun on October 1, 1935 and carried through during the following six months of bitter cold and bad weather. On May 29, 1936 the project was completed. John Rogers, a Bradley Beach councilman and himself a building contractor, saw the project in all its stages and unhesitatingly says it could not have been better done no matter what contractors handled the work.

Bradley Beach, as sponsor for this project, contributed $8,249 for material, equipment and other direct costs. They could not have paid the total cost of the project but they now feel they can afford a contribution toward further reconstruction of the boardwalk to the south of the work already done.

This project called for 800 linear feet of boardwalk, 24 feet wide, between Mc Cabe and Newark Aves., and 800 linear feet, 34 feet wide, between La Reine and Fifth Aves., all in the Borough of Bradley Beach. These two stretches are about five blocks apart, in the busiest part of the shore front, and were the most in need of repair.

Of the Federal funds expended, 56.6%, or $9,700 went for labor. Out of this 15.4%, or $2,640 went to unskilled labor; 8.8%, or $1,500 to intermediate; 25.7%, or $4,410 to skilled; and 6.7%, or $1,150 for superintendence. A later appropriation of $600 was needed to complete the labor involved, making the total expenditure for labor $10,300.

Materials, equipment and other costs took up the remaining 43.4% of the Federal funds, or $7,438. The sponsor's contribution was $5,959 for materials and supplies, $2,290 for equipment rental and $47 for other direct costs; a total for Bradley Beach of $8,249, and for the Federal Government of $17,769.

The project offered 170 man-months of labor, 60 to unskilled labor, 30 to intermediate, 70 to skilled and 10 to superintendence. In other words the average was two foremen and 32 men at work at all times, and the result -- the perfect job.

Scenes from the Federal Theatre's production "Her Majesty the Widow," by John Charles Brownell, which recently played a successful week's engagement at the Montclair Theatre. An extensive tour is being arranged.

Clifford Stork, who directed the production, is a very well known theatrical figure in Newark, having managed a repertoire company at the Orpheum Theatre for many years. This is his second production for the Federal Theatre, the first being Don Mullaly's war comedy, "Laff That Off."

Our Village

MARGARET L. RAOUL

Our village is somewhat different from the one pictured by Mitford. Before the repeal of Prohibition it was a bootlegging center, and still is, for the taxes demanded by government and state are so exorbitant that the bootlegger can undersell the legitimate dealers.

Men are pointed out as prominent bootleggers, leaders in their profession.When some of our foremost citizens meet them on the street, they hurry to shake them by the hand. For they fear the bootleggers, and also they cannot deny them the respect due to success and wealth. Then banks have been known to profit by financing this gentry, and lawyers sometimes earn fat fees in their defense.

Unimportant persons like myself come in contact with bootleggers at second hand. I have the same milkman as had one of these ornaments of the community. He lived in a large, droll house of the General Grant period, formerly owned by a famous impresario. This much-betrimmed mansion is situated on a hill whence incoming rumrunners could be seen and communicated with by radio. A few years ago a hurried alarm was sent in, and the house surrounded by police armed for a fight. But the occupants had fled. When an entry was made, it revealed a wireless apparatus,together with a hidden store of many thousands of dollars worth of contraband liquor.

Later Mr. Minsky, who was what they call a "big shot" in his profession, spent the summer in the gingerbread house, with his wife, several servants, and an especially fierce police dog as a guard. One day the milkman, stopping to pick up an empty milk bottle, was badly bitten by the dog, who thought he was making light of his master's property. When the injured man called to see Mr. Minsky, Mrs. Minsky said, "I haven't seen my husband for a week, he is away so much on business."

To the bootlegger, his illicit trade is a business like any other. And perhaps it is as respectable as that of the financiers who have foisted large quantities of worthless bonds on a simple public.

Three years ago the Minsky abode was unoccupied, and Mr. Minsky's body, punctured by bullets, was found on the top floor reaching for a door through which he hoped to escape his murderer. Downstairs were two empty coffee cups eloquent of the last conversation that occurred before a debt was paid to the underworld. The fierce police dog was of no avail at this ordeal.

The murder is still unavenged.

Upon the bootlegger preys the highjacker, a land pirate. He waylays the big trucks of illegal whiskey or beer, and demands tribute. The bootlegger, unable to appeal to the law for protection, takes the matter into his own capable hands -- and justice is not tempered by mercy.

A few years ago at about noon, a car was seen dashing at full speed along the highway, another car in pursuit. Coming to the railway track, the fugitive's way was unexpectedly blocked by the descending arms of the gate used to assure the oncoming train the right of way. The

fleeing highjacker, in desperation, jumped from his machine, and using it as a barricade started firing on his pursuers. In spite of its being in the middle of the village in broad daylight, these fired back, killed their quarry and fled. They were never apprehended. A small boy who beheld the bloody scene was in hysterics for several days. But the old man in charge of the railway crossing was too deaf to hear the shots, and went home to luncheon, unconscious that his shutting the gates had resulted in a cold-blooded murder.

I buy my groceries at a chain store where prices are low. So does Luigi Salvatore, who, I am informed, is not a big shot,but merely a punk, or lieutenant; but our village is so unimportant that to us he seems a big person. He lives in a large house guarded by two lively police dogs, who roam at night but are tied up during the day. Luigi is a devoted husband and father, and is planning an impressive future for his small son. His wife is young enough to be his daughter, which is not surprising, for she is the child of his first wife by a former marriage. Everywhere the story is told quite openly that Luigi's obliging brother "bumped off" the elderly, uninteresting spouse, so that Luigi could do the right thing by the daughter.

Salvatore's respect for his young wife's intelligence, however, is unequal to his affection, for he does not trust her to do the marketing, but prefers to attend to such important matters himself. So one may often see him during shopping hours, picking out a cauliflower, or punching a chicken in the ribs, to see if it is tender, while his bodyguard, with a gun on his hip, stands by to see that no disgruntled business rival interrupts the operation with a stab of a stiletto.

In other ways Luigi Salvatore crosses the path of less enterprising members of the community. Recently a young woman told me that she was worried about her handsome lazy brother, whose charming manners and beautiful voice made him such a favorite. It seems that the brother has become friendly with those of Luigi's aides who undertake the perilous night trips to deliver the contraband. The excitement-loving youth had shared some of these expeditions. "The danger is," said my friend, "that my brother will learn too much, and find it difficult to withdraw from the association."

It was startling to discover that an acquaintance was on friendly terms with members of the underworld, and might be caught in that mysterious and evil net.

Luigi, now that he has invested in local real estate, and is otherwise well provided with this world's goods, is beginning to feel the burgeoning of social ambition. When a prominent and respected member of our village entertained recently, Luigi, though uninvited, appeared and made himself at home. The host feared to ask him to leave. On another occasion the Episcopal Church was giving a "social," attended by several hundred parishioners. Beer was to be part of the refreshments. But owing to long years of Prohibition, those in charge didn't know how to open the barrel, and cool its contents,so someone thought of calling up Luigi for directions. He, preferring to think that this could not be done adequately over the telephone, came to the entertainment and insisted on serving the beer himself, much to the amusement of unregenerate members of our village. Later our foremost bootlegger asked a pretty young matron to dance; she refused the first time, but thought it more prudent to accept the second invitation.

Luigi is not only shown every consideration by the town's prominent business men, but he is much beloved by the poor. For every Christmas three hundred baskets, each containing a turkey with appropriate trimmings, and a bottle of strong but comforting drink are dis-

tributed to the less fortunate folk. These can be relied upon, when questioned by the police, to be blind and deaf, and very forgetful regarding any unusual occurrence in their neighborhood in which their benefactor has taken a prominent part.

I know that by now my readers are following our hero's triumphant progress with sympathy,and are probably worrying about his welfare, now that Prohibition has been repealed. But Luigi was not to be caught napping; he has many friends in high places, and through their good offices has been made head of the bureau of local licenses. Anyone who wants to get a permit to sell alcoholic beverages has to apply to Luigi Salvatore.

Some have said that the American aristocrats of the future will be descendants of bootleggers. One can picture Luigi's son, then a social leader, telling proudly of his wise, charitable father who was in the wholesale liquor business.

A detail study of three figures from the mural at the Essex Mountain Sanatorium, Verona, drawn by Michael Lenson.

The mural, measuring 14 by 36 feet, was formally unveiled and accepted by the Essex County Board of Freeholders at a tea held at the Sanatorium November 19, 1936. It represents the historical development of New Jersey.

Canal Into Boulevard

FLORENCE FOREMAN

A boulevard in exchange for a canal!

That is the story behind the big WPA project now under way in Trenton: filling in the century-old Delaware and Raritan Canal for a length of two and a third miles within the city limits, and constructing in its place the base for the paving of a fine, modern boulevard. The undertaking, one of the largest of the WPA construction programs in central Jersey, insures employment to 1,000 men for a year.

The Delaware and Raritan Canal, an unused and unsightly stream and a health menace in summer months, will be entirely obliterated. Four canal locks and seven bridges will be torn away, and the handiwork of the canal diggers of over a hundred years ago will pass out of existence when auto traffic hums atop the old canal bed.

With the completion of the project fast-moving automobiles will traverse this old waterway route where once mule-drawn canal boats had their day. Crossing the city from north to south, the boulevard will relieve traffic congestion in the down-town areas, and will open thirteen dead-end streets. In addition, the new arterial highway will enhance the value of considerable property now abutting it, including several large parcels owned by the city.

This project was officially opened on August 5th last when Mayor William J. Connor and WPA Director M. William Murphy, who is in charge of the project, tossed the first shovelful of earth into the canal in the presence of Trenton's City Council and WPA executives.

Federal funds for the project total $886,000. The sponsor, the City of Trenton, will contribute 320,000 cubic yards of fill which has a value of $120,000. This is being hauled by trucks from the Federal dredging operations along the Delaware River near the Trenton sewage disposal plant. Besides the fill operations, a drainage system for carrying off surface water, formerly discharged into the canal, is being constructed. This will be one of the outstanding engineering accomplishments of the project.

The project does not include paving the boulevard, which will probably not be done for several years, by which time the fill will be properly settled.

The State of New Jersey took possession of the canal in 1934, title passing to it from the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. A legislative act of the present year authorized the transfer from the State to the City of Trenton of that portion of the canal within the city limits required for the fill operations. On July 30, 1936, State WPA Administrator William H. J. Ely, who had been working with Washington authorities for several weeks for approval of the project, announced favorable action thereon, and immediately District Director Murphy flashed the word to his engineers to "say it with shovels." A week later the first gang of 300 men, all from the relief rolls, began work on the project.

The Trenton State Gazette, in its issue of July 31, 1936, said

editorially: "It is impossible to estimate the value to Trenton of the fulfillment of plans for the filling in of the Delaware and Raritan Canal, the largest WPA project to be undertaken in this city. There is every basis for the belief that it will constitute eventually the most important improvement made effective in Trenton in many years, and will contribute to the development of a greater city."

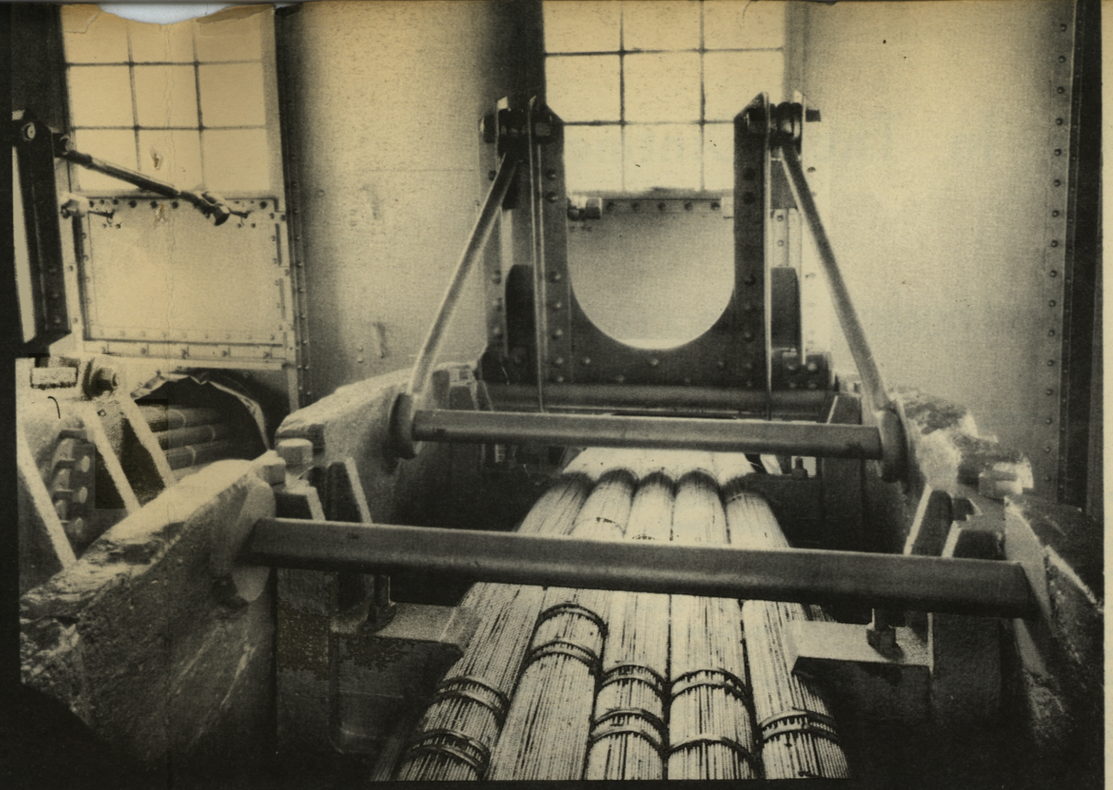
It was in 1832 that the work of digging the Delaware and Raritan Canal began. The section lying between New Brunswick and Trenton was completed in 1834, but the section between Bordentown and Trenton was not finished until 1838. The opening of the latter section provided the means for exchange of traffic with the Delaware Division Canal, which had an outlet at Bristol, Pa.; with the Delaware and Susquehanna Canals, and with the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, which brought vessels from the South.

Coal and other cargo were transported through the Delaware and Raritan Canal across the State of New Jersey to New York and other tide-water points. In 1866 traffic amounted to 2,857,232 tons, of which 83 percent was coal. In later years cargo traffic dwindled, and by 1908 cargo freight had decreased to 397,-258 tons, tapering off in more recent years to practically zero.

Modern Trenton, viewing the old stream as a community liability, applauds the WPA project and the civic betterments that will accrue from the conversion of a Canal into a Boulevard.

A view through one of the locks showing the overgrown and caved-in condition of the canal.

Another view of the canal showing workmen demolishing a lock.



steel

These photographs, showing at the same time the massiveness and spidery beauty of The George Washington Bridge, were taken by Nathaniel Rubel, Federal Writers' Project, for use in the New Jersey Guide Book

Flies In The Ointment

VERONICA HASSOLD

Pedro sat on the porch, sunning himself.

His tail was curved at the proper artistic angle, he had just finished washing himself, and the sun caught and intensified the shades in his fur. He looked his best and he knew it. Moreover, he felt his best. He had dined on liver, the choicest of his select foods, he had gulped an extra large quantity of milk, and there was to be fish for supper. The sun was pleasantly warm and Pedro was extremely comfortable. Pedro thought that life was very good. Pedro drowsed.

Then the humans came.

Pedro was really quite annoyed about it. He'd hoped for an hour or two to himself, but no -- a cat had no privacy nowadays. There was always something to take the joy out of life, always a fly in the ointment. The humans sat down, and Mrs. Seeley from across the street spoke to Pedro's mistress.

"Madge," she said, looking at Pedro, "your cat's beautiful; I wish my Katie were a Persian."

Pedro snorted to himself. Katie! Why, Katie was just a common alley-cat.

"Maybe I didn't tell you, Madge," Mrs. Seeley went on, "Katie's to have kittens."

"No!" said Pedro's mistress. "Will they be her first?"

Mrs. Seeley nodded.

"I was wondering," she said, "if your Pedro might be the father."

Pedro choked.

His mistress looked at him speculatively. "Do you suppose so?" she asked. "If he is, I know several people in the neighborhood who'd like one of the kittens. They're always telling me to get Pedro mated."

"Why don't you?" Mrs. Seeley questioned.

"Well," said Pedro's mistress, "you know how he is about food and all-so fussy. Maybe he'd -- well, you know."

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. Seeley. He'd -- well, you know."

"Maybe," answered Pedro's mistress, "but you've seen how he is when the cats come around to the yard here. He won't even look at them."

"But I take care he's out every night till midnight," Mrs. Seeley retorted, "and what doing, if not..?"

But Pedro stayed to hear no more. He stalked from the porch in high dudgeon. Never in his life had he been so insulted. Simply because that fool cat of a Katie was in the family way, he had to be blamed. And as if that weren't enough, the children of this alleged relationship were being disposed of before they were even born. Pedro felt indignant toward his mistress and furious toward Mrs. Seeley. Just because a cat didn't choose to fall all over himself when visitors came to call was no reason for insulting him because he did choose to go out nights.

Pedro stopped on his way down the path. Maybe he had better go see Katie. She was a silly little thing, but these were her first kittens, and she might appreciate some fatherly advice. Not fatherly, friendly. Besides, there was a question Pedro wanted to ask her.

He got no satisfaction from Katie. When he came up the path, he was most annoyed.

Katie had been surprised and glad to see him, of course, and after a few moments of polite and genteel conversation, he had delicately broached the subject of her present condition. But she had become coy. Pedro detested coy females, so he had asked his question point-blank. Katie's answer still shocked him; she didn't know. Pedro frowned as he walked. Perhaps he was a stickler for morals (he didn't want to condemn Katie), but after all -- these were her first kittens. Pedro shook his head. What, he wondered, was the world coming to?

The next weeks were filled with endless trials and vexations for Pedro. The suspicion of fatherhood lay heavy upon him, and every time he appeared in the sight of humans his possible parenthood became a topic for discussion.

To add injury to insult, Katie left off being coy and tried to become wise. She pretended that she did know who the father of her children was, and for a slight consideration...say, several pieces of juicy liver..she might divulge her secret. Pedro, of course, saw through her little game, but he became increasingly annoyed because of it. Who wouldn't be annoyed? Blackmailed for a crime one wasn't sure one had committed!

No one was more relieved than Pedro when the day of days dawned for Katie. Mrs. Seeley got in an attendant from the Cat-and-Dog Hospital down the road, and Mrs. Seeley and Katie were in their glory. When the neighbors heard that the moment was at hand, they gathered on the porch with Pedro's mistress. Pedro considered retreating to the attic, but thought that might look like cowardice -- or guilt. So he stayed.

The tension on the porch grew great in intensity before the news came. Naturally, it was hardest of all on Pedro. His body was all goose-pimples, and his knees were so shaky he lay down so the humans might not see their trembling.

Then the word came!

Katie's kittens had been born and they were not part Persian. They were just plain cats: three, black; two, maltese.

Pedro sighed gently in relief. Pedro relaxed.

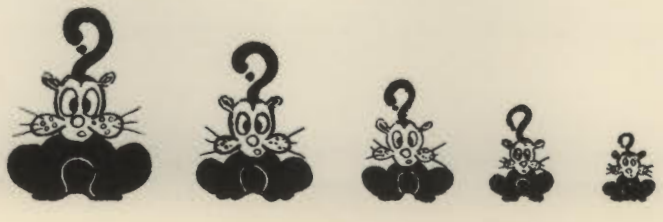
The humans could not seem to get over the news. They talked of their disappointment, their blasted hopes; they looked at Pedro, relaxed, innocent of all sin. Pedro expanded under the looks. His honor had been vindicated; his name cleared.

He stretched out in the sun, curving his tail at the proper artistic angle. He had washed himself, and now the sun caught and intensified the shades in his fur. He tasted in anticipation the fish and milk that were to comprise his supper. The sun was pleasantly warm and Pedro was extremely comfortable. Pedro thought that life was very good. He drowsed.

Then his mistress came out from the house.

"I just phoned Mrs. Peddie to tell her the news," she said, "and she says that her Susie is going to have kittens next month. Do you suppose...?"

All eyes turned to Pedro.



Willow Park

VICTOR LOVE

Salvaged beauty, salvaged land, salvaged materials, salvaged pride -- if these phrases seem vague and hyperbolic as a description of Willow Park in Middlesex Borough, Middlesex County, it can be only through unawareness of the story behind this WPA Project #4-155. When that story is known the words become not only understandable but a statement of sober fact.

Willow Park, which lies just south of Route #28 not far from where that roadway leaves the corporate limits of Bound Brook to continue toward Dunellen, was dedicated on Sunday afternoon, November 22nd. Boy Scouts, veterans, a drum and bugle corps, foreign group societies and school children marched in the parade. The veterans dedicated a tree to their fallen comrades, and the school children held services before the evergreen their contributions had purchased for a community Christmas tree.

But even before that day boys and girls had sailed and paddled their boats on the surface of the new lake; had tossed testing stones

This muddy marsh and brook was transformed into Willow Park. Photographs on page 36 show present appearance of the grounds.(Photos by James Page)

at the early frail ice, anxious for the moment when it would bear their weight; citizens who liked to walk had found its autumn paths attractive; zealous ones had gathered in groups to offer volunteer labor; and between 80 and 90 men had received employment over a period of months--had become, in many cases, workers rather than recipients of relief.

That program on Sunday afternoon served merely to recognize the official acceptance of Willow Park as an integral part of the life of the Borough: a part in which the Borough had cooperated to the full extent of its ability and a part of which it is proud.

In December 1935 the work was started. The land had all been either completely or partially presented to the Borough by interested citizens, some of it years before, for the purpose of a community recreational center. But up to twelve months ago no means of transforming the banks of the unsightly little Ambrose Brook into a pleasant place had been found. When the Federal appropriation came through there was general rejoicing, colored by an unusually small measure of the political criticism which meets every WPA project at its inception.

James Page, president of the Borough Council, volunteered his services to landscape the fourteen acres which were to be improved. He has also drawn up additional plans for the several adjoining acres, also the property of the Borough, which it is hoped may eventually be added to the park.

The narrow scraggly brook was dammed by a concrete-cored earth fill into a seven-and-a-half acre lake with an average depth of seven feet. A sluice gate was constructed for drainage and flood control. In the center of the lake the excavators left an irregularly shaped island, 150 feet long, known as the Teardrop.

Ambrose Brook runs westward into the lake from Lake Nelson, falls over the dam at the eastern end, tumbles across heaped boulders at the dam's foot and then continues -- neatly between stones for the extent of the park -- toward the Raritan River.

The boulders in the park have their social history too. Having been discarded during the work at a nearby curbing project it was expected that they would be, at some expense, hauled away to a refuse heap. But the Borough purchased them for an insignificant sum and, largely through volunteer labor, had them taken to the park where they have been placed to advantage. Many of the evergreen trees likewise, other than the school children's community tree, were acquired by a combination of good management and good fortune. It has been estimated that between three and five thousand dollars worth of material was thus rescued, to the credit and advantage of Willow Park.

Flowering shrubs have been planted, and there are willow trees--as one might have imagined -- pin oaks, birches, mulberry trees and dogwood. When the basic work has been completed swings, picnic tables and benches will be constructed. And wild ducks and two pair of Canadian wild geese have been offered to the park by an interested resident of the state.

The drives on both sides of the lake -- that on the South is three-tenths of a mile long and that on the North just slightly shorter -- will be finished in crushed stone with a tar binder. An attractive stone grotto has already been erected at the entrance of the North drive. Work is expected to continue throughout the winter.

It was under the mayoralty of John J. Rafferty that the park was begun. The present mayor, Chester Lydecker, also beams at it with approval.

"I feel that such a thing has been an essential to the community for years," he declares. "But it would never have been possible without the WPA appropriation. The Bor-

ough,for some time to come at least, could not have attempted it. Now we have something which is not only an immediate improvement,but which will be of value for many years to come. The active participation of the Borough in this undertaking, the donations of land and shrubbery, is ample proof that our citizens recognize the value of what they have received."

Louis Caplan, alderman, agrees with him. "The joys which are derived from a park are open to us now," he declared, "rather than being postponed for generations. And furthermore, without the Federal appropriation of approximately $42,000 which made the park possible, the Borough would have faced the dilemma of providing food and shelter for some eighty families which would have dropped on its shoulders when the state-managed Emergency Relief ceased to exist."

And the workmen -- how do they feel about it? More enthusiastic than articulate, one of them paused to consider. "Fine," he said at length. And then, after a short space during which the other workers nearby had nodded agreement,he spoke again. "Fine," he said. Perhaps, after all, that one word is all that is really necessary as a description of the Willow Park project.

-Out Of Mind

SAMUEL EPSTEIN

When my financial standing gets to the point where it can stand on its own feet without any bolstering from me, I intend to devote the remaining year of my life to hunting down the truth of the numerous cliches that so liberally besprinkle our everyday conversation.

I for one get rather tired of having pat expressions hurled at me constantly. It's "He who hesitates is lost;" or "Everything comes to him who waits;" or "Beauty is only skin deep;" or "Beauty comes from within." An attempt to listen to all of them results in a muddle that even the "G" men can't clear. I have gotten to the stage where one more will be the last straw.

And there you have it -- the last straw! I don't know why the powers that be didn't let straw alone, or at least confine it to its original purposes. I have no objection to using straw for making bricks, for bedding cattle, for sipping liquids through, or even for stuffing mattresses, though I think that using straw for mattresses is stretching a point.

Be that as it may, I still object to throwing straws to see which way the wind is blowing; to throwing them to drowning men; or using them to breal camels' backs. Were I to conduct laboratory experiments on the veracity of the sages, most certainly I would start on the straw situation.

The idea of breaking a camel's back has always intrigued me. Camels seem to be rather sturdy beasts and the possibility of breaking their backs with straws seems to me as futile as some of our recent straw votes. However, I'd get a camel, and if I had enough money left over, I'd get some straw.

Of course I realize that the experiment couldn't be very scientific because the starting point isn't very clear. The expression does not specify age, size or sex of the camel, and I'm sure that when it comes to bearing burdens all three specifications, especially the last, are of great importance. But all this would have to be waived. I'd start with a healthy young camel of medium size. About the kind and quality of straw I must admit grave doubts. I've thought about this point for many hours and have finally come to the conclusion that in all fairness to the camel he should have the privilege of picking his own straw. If the beast doesn't like it after he picked it--well he made his bed let him sleep in it.

At any rate having gotten the proper straw for my particular camel I would begin to load it, one stalk at a time. I would, of course, have to number each straw so I could identify the particular stalk that caused the rupture. Knowing as little as I do about straw and camels I would hesitate to venture an opinion as to just which straw would end the experiment and the camel, but if we assume that a stalk weighs 1/25 of an ounce and that a camel can carry 500 pounds, we arrive at an arbitrary figure of 200,000 straws as being the load limit of a camel. Obviously then, the next straw will cause the beast's back to break.

Then, when the wives of those

of you who are husbands decide that you have become the last straw by virtue of staying out late one night in a row, you can chuck the little lady under the chin (or out the window) and say with a chuckle, "No,no my pet. I couldn't possibly be the last straw. It's down at the Smithsonian Institute." If that doesn't work let me know immediately. I'll make a recount.

To those of you who think I'm talking through my hat (and there must be one or two sceptics among you) I wish to say that I have already experimented with one of our classic remarks.

For a period of weeks I haunted the waterfront with a package of straws in my pocket. For weeks no one fell into the water. I was about ready to give up when one afternoon I heard a cry for help. I rushed to the end of the dock I was haunting that particular day and saw beneath me, floundering in the water, a man. I was quite sure he couldn't swim for he was making a terrific commotion all about him. In fact he was making so much noise that I was afraid that someone would come to his assistance before I could conclude my experiment.

"Hold on a moment, old man," I told him.

"To what?"he asked amid remarks that are really too good for the average reader.

"To this," I said and threw him a straw in the best straw-throwing manner. It was too light and the wind blew it out of his reach,though I must admit that I have some doubts as to whether he really tried to reach it. The scientist in me prevailed, and I threw straw after straw. His attitude was very bad. He wasn't the least bit cooperative, in fact, it looked as though he didn't get the idea at all. He kept yelling that he wanted to get out of the water, knowing, as he must have known, that if he did my experiment must necessarily stop.

"You know," I told him as I lit a cigarette, "I don't really blame you for not wanting these straws. I wouldn't want them either. I'd want cellophane-wrapped straws or none at all, and that's what you're going to get."

I walked to the nearest soda fountain, grabbed a handful of sanitary straws and came back to my dock. He was still there, but how his color had changed!

"How do you like these?" I asked throwing him a dozen or so.

He didn't answer. As I review the situation now, I feel sure that he wasn't sulking. He was probably full of water.

"If you don't catch them," I said with grim determination, "I'm going to bring them to you." With that I dove into the water and swam to him holding aloft more straws. But even when I tried to put them into his hand,he wouldn't take them. I must admit that he was of a most affectionate nature, for he wrapped both arms about my neck and it wasn't until a policeman had hauled us both out that I was able to disentangle myself.

The crowd that had gathered by this time hailed me as a hero. There was no dissenting voice,for the fellow I had fished out was still unconscious. I suppose I was a bit excited for I found myself still clutching a handful of straws. Some wag in the crowd seeing them called out -- "Throwing a drowning man a straw, eh?"

What with my experiment going to pot and all that, I'm afraid I lost my temper. I pushed him off the dock.

If any of you want to help my efforts in a financial way, just send the contributions to the State Asylum.

Lighted Targets

GEORGE C. HANNIFIN

East out of Morristown we drove at a good gait about a half mile down Madison Avenue, and then turned into a gravelled driveway. At the entrance stood two posts bearing circular globes,marked:STATE POLICE. Down the driveway loomed a red brick building. At the rear we found a parking space. The structure evidently had been a private residence, a rambling place that hinted of an earlier era.

Inside Headquarters a courteous desk sergeant directed us to the pistol range, a low red brick building lying a fourth of a mile to the rear. We walked down a dirt road.

Fronted by a raised stone porch, we saw a red brick building about 100 feet long. A number of troopers, gay in their gaudy plumage, gathered around the doorway. One of them, evidently a ranking officer, opened the door for us.

We found ourselves in an anteroom, around which was scattered a profusion of low-backed arm chairs, giving the impression of a hunting lodge. A haze of tobacco smoke mingled with the buzz of conversation in the room. Groups of men stood in conversational circles or lounged in arm chairs.

The talk was all on the subject of shooting. Various crack shots present were pointed out and their accuracy with a revolver extolled. During this robust talk, we did not exactly feel in our element. We have always kept a non-combatant distance from armaments, even the guns in the window of a sporting goods store.

Directly off the anteroom were two doors,leading to the range proper. An officer announced that the meet was about to start and everyone filed through these doors as in response to a military command -- with customary discipline but without the synchronized order of long practice.

The room in which we next found ourselves was about seventy-five feet long. The walls were covered with burlap to deaden the noise. Two notched pistol racks stood crosswise on the firing line with trays underneath them for discharged shells. A three-tiered balcony provided the spectators with seats directly behind the marksmen. From the topmost tier we had a good view of the competition.

A pistol meet is a spectacle replete with thrills for the novice. These meets are not merely held; they are staged. The actual shooting is preceded by a dramatic routine which whets the attention for action. Your finger itches for a trigger and you begin to get military notions.

The first six contestants lined up on the firing line. Troopers from every post in the state were taking part in the match. I watched more closely. The palms of my hands were sweating.

A sergeant standing on a wooden platform behind the firing line acted as master of ceremonies.Watching him work, I felt the night clubs had lost a good man when this fellow became a trooper. His voice rang out the order to load. With this the range was plunged in darkness, with the exception of the target lights. The resultant half-light gave an eerie and weird effect to

the proceedings. A hush hung over the hall. Six shadowy figures stood with extended arms, holding in their hands sudden death.

The order to load was followed by a pivotal turning of the targets. The man on the platform notified the waiting marksmen as to how long it would take the targets to return to position.

The targets swing to shooting position. The director's voice rings out -- "Fire." Red flashes of gunfire spurt from the mouths of six long-barreled pistols. Ten shots to each man. The noise is deafening. Intent, the uniformed figures riddle the targets with deadly accuracy.

"Cease Firing." The command is barely heard above the reverberations of gunfire. Lights are on again. The marksmen put their weapons in the notches in the pistol racks. An officer is tabulating the scores. Then the results are announced.

Another six troopers take their places on the firing line and the whole performance is repeated.

We stayed to watch several more teams. Anyone with the thought of embracing a life of militarism or crime should first visit the pistol range at Morristown. He may change his mind.

The pistol range is a WPA project, just completed under the sponsorship of the State of New Jersey with local labor from Morris County's unemployed mechanics, artisans and laborers. As a police facility it has already proved of enormous value.

"GOT A STAMP, BUDDY?"

MUSIC

Three photographs illustrative of the wide field of endeavor covered by the Federal Music Project.

At the top is the Trenton Symphonic Band; in the center a scene from the opera Martha, presented by the Essex County Opera Company. At the bottom the orchestra and massed chorus of the Essex County Project.

Three New Jersey Houses

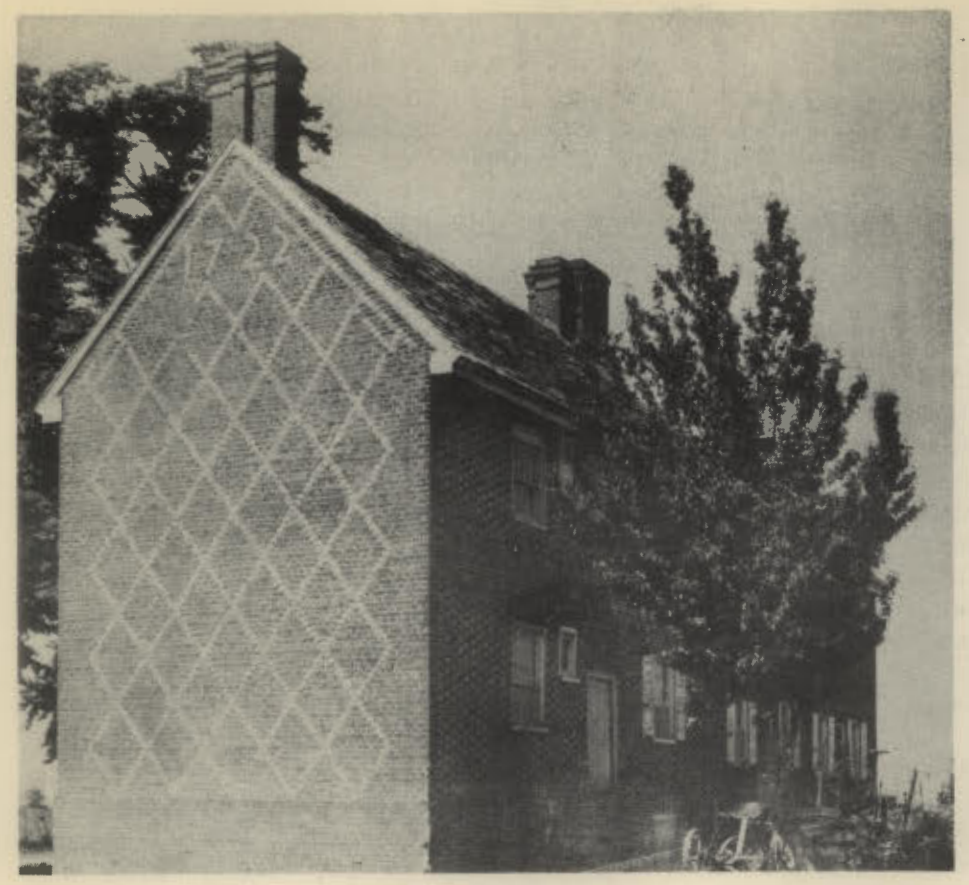
HERBERT TURNER

Photos by Benson and Rubel

The David Demarest house, Riveredge, New Jersey, still looks much as it did in 1693. Its enviable seclusion away from a main highway may account for its high state of preservation. Here is to be found the much-copied gambrel overhanging roof, lacking only the thatch at this date, but having added nothing worse than two small dormer windows. The masonry is not of squared brown stone but of the irregular type, marked off by white mortar. The original mortar was made from the "blue clay" found in the Hackensack River for the digging. Originally, only one chimney broke the roofline and that at the west end of the house. The original two doors on the south -- the front of the building -- still enter the only two rooms on the first floor and each of these rooms has its one south window. The entire second floor is still "up attic" and has never been partitioned off.

1686 is claimed as the date when this house was built and it is said to have followed a temporary shelter and to have been followed in turn by another home built in 1689 on the west side of the Hackensack.

David's wife died here of smallpox and was buried on the land which became the French Cemetery nearby. Beside her were placed her husband and oldest son, all three before 1694.



Situated in Elsinboro, near the north bank of Monmouth River, is the Abel Nicholsen house, built in 1722 by a son of Samuel Nicholsen. Southwest Jersey patterning of gable ends grew up in Salem and adjoining counties because of the proximity of both brick and glass works. It is not a far cry to glazing the brick when the glass workers are next to the brick yard, for the blowing of a salt glaze on the clay colors and finishes off the brick.

The Hawkins House stands on the north side of Mill Road in Matawan, New Jersey. It was built about 1700, though records of the builder and date of erection have been lost. Few examples of the overhanging Dutch eaves exist outside of Bergen County.It has been altered in parts, but much of the original remains. The eaves and windows on the rear are untouched, the old glass suggesting perhaps the earliest in use in Jersey, with the shingles and siding hand-hewn.

The Big Bowl

STANLEY RYDWIN, JR.

On January 7, 1936, eight hundred Works Progress Administration workers entered upon a barren and desolate sandy tract of land known as Droyer's Point, situated on the outskirts of the West Greenville section of Jersey City, where they took up pick and shovel, trowel and hod, hammer and saw and wheelbarrow to begin construction of a sports arena for the citizenry of their City.

Toiling through their first few months in the outdoor frigidity of an unsympathetic winter, and keeping the pace without let-up throughout the hottest summer months, these eight hundred of Jersey City's formerly unemployed will in the near future realize the fruits of their assiduous labors - for in the spring of 1937 the Jersey City Stadium will have been completed. Jersey City's long hoped for "Million Dollar Stadium" will then be an accomplished reality. It will be the largest sports amphitheatre in the state of New Jersey, and, indeed, hardly ranking second to any other in the country for grandeur of construction, seating capacity, strategic location, athletic facilities and automobile parking accomodations.

This giant of steel and stone will cover a territory measuring 800 by 650 feet, and will be surrounded by a high stone wall. The structure and its surrounding grounds will take in all of sixty acres. Its steel and concrete grandstands of terraced seats, now nearing completion, will have a capacity for 22,000 persons, and its architectural layout will permit the expansion and erection of additional grandstand and bleacher seats, raising the total seating capacity to more than 70,000 persons.

Complete provisions are being made for the staging of every type of athletic endeavor, with special emphasis on contests in football, baseball, track and field events and boxing bouts. In the latter case the seating capacity will be considerably raised when seats are placed around the entire field.

Under the grandstand, in that part of the stadium behind baseball's home plate, there will be locker-rooms, shower-rooms and other facilities. These will be made accessible from the field by declining ramp passageways which will be placed, one near baseball's first base and the other near third.

Over thirty acres of land adjacent to the stadium will be used for the parking of automobiles.

A number of powerful floodlights will be erected high around the entire stadium, these to be used to turn night into day on the occasion of "twilight" games in football and baseball; circuses, rodeos, carnivals, etc.

The site selected for this institution of sport, at the foot of the western end of Danforth Avenue, is singularly ideal. From the top rows of the grandstand tier one gets an impressive view of a vast portion of Jersey City, Bayonne, Kearny and the Newark Airport, each close enough to the stadium to be made accessible to and from them in quick order. The Bayonne-Staten Island Bridge and Pulaski Skyway are in

perfect perspective from this quarter. The stadium also faces the new State Highway No. 1,which links with the Holland Tunnel and George Washington Bridge on the north, and with the Bayonne-Staten Island Bridge and points along the New Jersey shore on the south.

The stadium at present is known as WPA Project 2-188 -- the largest project in the State of New Jersey. With funds contributed by the Federal government and with properties donated by the City of Jersey City, this gigantic undertaking is taking form under the sponsorship of Mayor Frank Hague and Commissioner of Parks and Public Playgrounds William J. McGovern. It was begun for the benefit, primarily, of Jersey City's 70,000 elementary and high school students. It is the culmination of many years of untiring effort on the part of the city officials to have a stadium befitting a city as large and important as Jersey City.

Officials and technicians taking part in its construction are State WPA Administrator William H.J. Ely; Chief Engineer and State Director of Operations Fred S. Childs; Christian Ziegler,Jersey City architect who designed the stadium; City Engineer Hugh C. Clark, District Director Thomas E. Lynch, District Supervisor of Operations Henry Harris, and Field Engineer Harold Ridley.

Substantial development of territory lying near the stadium is expected to flourish this coming spring when the project is expected

to be completed. What was once a bleak, uninhabited district, practically forsaken as a residential neighborhood and occupied solely by several industrial plants,will, with the picturesqueness of the stadium, its newly-constructed paved roads surrounding it as traffic tributaries, undoubtedly become a vastly improved real estate section by the building of restaurants, gas stations, cigar stores, novelty shops, and many other enterprises which invariably gather round a place where multitudes congregate.

Due to the location of the stadium at the very base of Newark Bay, leading out as it does to the Hackensack and Passaic Rivers, the Kill Van Kull and New York Bay, the East and Hudson Rivers and up to Long Island Sound, a novel form of transportation could be established, on the occasion of particularly important events, by some enterprising group, in the installation of a ferry system to and from cities surrounding these territories. Moreover, some part of this Droyer's Point, which at one time was utilized as the Jersey City Airport, might again be re-established as a landing field for planes on like occasions.

The Jersey City Stadium -- the only sports arena in the world accessible by means of trolley, bus, auto, railway, ferry, private yacht and airplane !

Historical Records Survey Anecdotes

JOHN MILLINGTON

Much historical data is attained only after tedious days of research by persons especially qualified for the task. Much work of this sort is of a cut and dried nature, with dates, names and places being of such prime importance that painstaking effort must be exacted of each worker. The valuable results that frequently follow such work, however, are admirably exemplified by the achievements secured by the staff of the Historical Records Survey. Like some other WPA projects it does not have a smooth macadam road nor a splendid municipal structure to attest to the public benefit derived; it will, however, present state and local libraries, universities and various other public archives with a body of data which will prove invaluable to the future research historian, and which these organizations do not have the means to collect for themselves.

Frequently a humorous angle, however, enters even into this work. Found mostly in the files of newspapers of another day and age are advertisements and records which obviously will cause the most sophisticated eyebrow to arch. Several are offered for your observation:

An 1845 Ad.

HUSBAND WANTED.

The advertiser, not approving of the slow and deceptive proceeding of courtship, takes this method of obtaining the object of her desires, A HUSBAND and hopes that no unworthy advantage may be taken of her candid nature. She is about twenty years of age, by her friends said to be very agreeable and intelligent, not beautiful, but comely, fine teeth, fair complexion, light hair, rather tall, pretty foot and her hand at her own disposal. Is fond of flowers but has no money. She trusts that the desirable qualities above ennumerated may couterbalance this deficiency. She would not object to go to New York on her wedding trip.

In her husband she would desire amiability and some property to maintain comfort and convenience at least. A residence in town during the winter months would be indispensible and she would desire to pass the summer in the country. The neighborhood of Holmesburg would be preferred, she would like a resident of that place, but would take a Jersey man as a last resort.

Any gentleman well recommended, possessing the above qualifications and as many more as may be, can be married in a short time, by addressing at this office a note to R-

Source: Monmouth Inquirer Oct. 2/45

DEFENCE AGAINST MISQUITOES.

An old pilot on the Ohio River says, "Never kill or drive off a skeeter; let him have his fill; expose your body so as to get bitten all over, after which no skeeter will bite you; for a skeeter never was known to place his sucker in the same place that one had been before him, even if it were fifty years ago. Being bitten all over, you will therefore prove an effectual remedy."

Sept. 1, 1855. Monmouth Inquirer

A SLAVE'S ANSWER.

A fugitive from slavery was

asked if he was not well fed and clothed. "Yes." Was his master kind to him? "Yes." Was he overworked? "No." "Then go back to your Master; you were better off than you will be in freedom." "Gentlemen," he replied, "the place that I left, with all its advantages, is open to any of you that wants to fill it."

Feb., 19, 1836. Monmouth Inquirer.

A CURIOUS AD.

I, Elizabeth Wilkinson, having had some words with Hannah Hyfield and require satisfaction, do invite her to meet me upon the stage and box me for three guineas; each woman holding half a dollar in each hand and the first woman that drops the money loses the battle.

THE ANSWER.

I, Hannah Hyfield, hearing of the resoluteness of Elizabeth Wilkinson, will not fail, God willing, to give her more blows than words, desiring home blows and from her no favor. She may expect a good thumping.

Monmouth Inquirer. Oct. 20, 1855.

LORE OF THE FINGER RING.

If a gentleman wants a wife he wears a ring on the first finger of his left hand; if he is engaged he wears it on the second finger; if he is married he wears it on the third; and if he never intends to marry he wears it on the fourth.

When a lady is not engaged she wears a diamond on her first finger; if she is, she wears it on the second finger and if married on the third finger. If she intends to be a maid she wears it on the fourth finger.

When a gentleman presents a gift to a lady with the left hand, this on his part, is an overture of regard; should she receive it with her left hand it is considered as an acceptance of his esteem, but if with the right, a refusal of the offer.

Monmouth Inquirer Dec. 12, 1857.
Monmouth Hist. Assn. Freehold.

A RECIPE FOR WAR FEVER.

Take 7 grains of common sence
½ pound of Christian Religion
8 ounces of critical calculation
3 " of political economy
2 table spoonfuls of pulverized philosophy
11 grains of pure morality.
Dissolve these ingredients in 1 quart of the milk of human kindness; Place the whole in an iron saucepan of firm resolutions and place it over the glowing fire of love until it boils. It is then ready to use.

The patient must be put to bed in the chamber of reflection on the couch of perfect "good will to men". The head must repose upon the pillow of peace of God, and the coverlet of charity must envelope the whole person and be well tucked all around.

When these instructions have been faithfully performed the patient must take a lemonade glass of the reciept every hour; the effect will be expedited by the playing of soft music accompanied by a gentle female voice singing the anthem sung by the angles when they announced the advent of the Prince of Peace.

If the patient seems disposed to sleep, suspend the music, throw open the windows and let in a free circulation of the air of eternity which will dissipate the last wild throb of war fever.

Mon. Herald and Inquirer,
April 11, 1861
Mon. Co. Hist. Assn. House
Freehold

Pick Up

ALBERT BOYD

The traffic on the road was light and fast and only the swiping zoom-m-m of a car as it shot past disturbed the quiet of the New England countryside. At long intervals I passed a few people afoot. Then I came up behind a lad who was walking right along. I liked that. The lad was willing to do something for himself about reaching his destination. He was straight and tall, fairly heavy. and his hair, light and sunburned, was rumpled. His face, for he turned as I slowed the car, was anxious.

I stopped and he ran up alongside.

"Want a lift?"

"Yeah. Thanks."

He climbed in,slamming the door after him. "I've walked quite a piece."

"Glad to help you along."

The boy said nothing. I got the car rolling again and held it at fifty.

"How far are you going,Mister?"

"Oh, quite a way."

"I'm going up-country."

I nodded and we rode in silence for awhile. I noticed that he had heavy work shoes on and that while his suit, which was a little small for him, was of a good stout material, it had been well worn. It looked like homespun and perhaps it was.

"Where are you going up-country?" I asked.

The boy turned his face. It was burned a high tan through which large, flat blue eyes took on fear. His hands were large and rested prow-shaped between his knees. They tightened their pressure on each other.

"I haven't decided yet. I'm just going up-country. I'll get something to do."

"Looking for a job?"

"Yeah."

"Working your way around?"

"Yeah."

"Live up here somewhere?"

"I did."

After all, it wasn't any of my business what the boy did. "How old are you?"

"Sixteen."

"And your name?"

"Charlie."

"Well, Charlie, glad to know you. I'm Alfred Smith. Not the Alfred Smith."

"Glad to know you, too, Mr. Smith." Then in a moment, "Say, you're not from out west are you?"

"No. I'm one of the Eastern Smiths. I've never been west of Chicago and St. Louis."

"Oh."

"Why?"

"Nothing. I just wondered."

"No. I come from New York," I said. "There are a lot of Smiths in New York."

Charlie nodded. "I've never been more than thirty miles from Newtown in my life, but I'm going now. Newtown's thirty miles east of Northampton."

"Starting out on adventure?"

Charlie smiled. "You might call it that if you can call running

away from home anything but running away from home."

"So you're running away?"

"Yeah."

"I remember when I left home. I was a little older than you and I wasn't exactly running. But it was a final, definite break. I've never been back since. Sometimes I think it's a good thing to get away from your folks."

"You'd think it was a good thing if your Mom's man beat you."

I looked at him. "Now let me get this straight."

"Oh, he's her man, all right. There's no secret about that. Pop hadn't been dead half a year when she took up with him. He owned the next place."

"That sounds a bit complicated," I said.

Charlie nodded. "He was a sort of half-cousin to Pop. They'd always been friends, more or less, and I guess they were related."

I tried to keep my eyes on the road, which was far from straight. I didn't want to embarrass the boy.

"I hated him, I can tell you. I hated him even before Pop died. He just kept sucking around. He had a farm of his own and he should have spent his time running it, but he'd rather bum around our place telling Pop how things ought to be done. And Pop was a better man than he'll ever be. That's what makes me sore."

"There are a lot of people like that," I said, getting out a pack of cigarettes. I offered one to Charlie, but he shook his head, keeping his blue eyes on the road.

"Pop hadn't been dead even six months. That's what mattered. He wasn't hardly cold yet when Ralph came bulling around. It wasn't right. At first, for a short spell, he was careful and watched how he acted, but then, soon, he did whatever he damned pleased.

"Ralph's a big man, much bigger than me. And I guess he's pretty good looking, at least he thinks he is. But he's lazy as hell. He'll spend two hours getting out of a piece of work he could do in one. And there's another thing about him. He can be as nice as pie till he gets what he wants, then he's liable to turn mean. I spoke to Mom about him once, but it was just like pouring water on a duck's back. She acted like she'd lost her wits.

"Pretty soon Ralph moved right in. It was handier, he said. He rented his own place and came in just like he was our Pop."

I nodded.

"Me and him didn't get along. I'm the oldest and he worked me like a horse. He didn't take to work much himself, but he was always around to see that we kept at it."

Charlie's story was beginning to take definite shape for me. It was like a liquid, an acid flowing from an over-turned bottle, eating away the surface it gradually overspread,and revealing something familiar. I knew this story. Perhaps it was a familiar country tale. Perhaps it was something creeping up out of my own past. But I hadn't run away from home. I'd left my family, amicably, for purely economic reasons. I hadn't seen them since because I felt that we had grown very far apart.

And I couldn't recall where I had read a story just like this.Perhaps it was only some quality which I had not found, or recognized, for a long time, coming to the fore. Perhaps it was nothing in the story itself, but something in me to which the boy or his words were the key.

I wished that I hadn't gone into this thing at all. After all it was just a boy's story and aside from that it was not important. It was important to the boy, like hacking his leg with an axe, because it had happened to him. And its telling was important because it was helping him to place the thing in the background -- to find the place in which it could change, logically, as his background expanded. All this,while something big to the boy, was simply the story of another human, a boy I had picked up along the

road.

"There are six of us kids," Charlie went on. "Maybe the rest of the kids are too young or just didn't hear the talk, but I did. Everybody was talking about Mom and her man. I wouldn't have anything to do with him. I did my work, but I wouldn't sit in the kitchen and talk of an evening. I don't think I was wanted anyway. I had to put some of the kids to bed, but then I'd get to bed myself and read. I read old magazines, but they were mostly about farming and I had plenty of farming. So I saved what little money I could get ahold of and bought magazines. I liked best the ones about cowboys. I hid them under the mattress because Ralph said I was wasting oil, reading at night.

"I kept reading those stories and kept reading them. I got so I didn't pay any attention to Ralph because he wasn't so much when you got to know some of those cowboys. Gosh, they're swell."

Charlie's hands were large and rested one on each knee. They were burned a shiny brown, through which light hairs stood, softening their crackled, almost shell-like surface. The joints of the fingers, especially those of the thumbs, had been pulled and strained so often that he seemed to have five fingers of practically equal length on each hand. And while his mouth was restless with the telling of his story, his hands were at peace as if they had finished their work in connection with it or were ready at any time, though in no hurry, to do so.

He smiled. "Then this spring we had a set-to. Ralph had heard talk at the store and he'd lit into a fellow and come home with a black eye. He tried to tell us how he'd beat up this fellow who was doing the talking, but I knew the fellow so he couldn't get away with it. So I just laughed at him and that made him mad.

"He's a louse -- Ralph is. I hate his guts. I've hated him since the first time I saw him. I hated the way he wouldn't half do the work on his own place and come over and try to boss Pop. Maybe Pop was too easy-going. Pop used to talk some about the way Ralph came over to help him. But Pop never let us want."

I nodded. It was best to let the boy go ahead and tell this story. He had to get it straightened out. There was something about it, more than he had told, that was worrying him.

"I was telling you about reading them magazines," Charlie went on, his opaque blue eyes clinging to the oncoming road. "I got to reading a lot. From the minute I got up in the morning till after supper, I was busy as hell. We were all busy. We were just like slaves. Even Jackie, that's my kid brother, the youngest, and he's only six; had to work right along. We wouldn't have minded if it had been for Pop and Mom. But for Ralph --- that was something different.

"But as soon as I could get up to the attic and to bed, I started reading. It made me forget all about Ralph and Mom; at least sometimes it did, and I liked that.

"Well, this spring Ralph got short of cash and sent me out to work. He got me a job with one of the city people who think they own our part of the country because they come up here every summer." I could tell Charlie looked at me, but I was watching the road. "You know what I mean."

"I know," I said.

"What I mean is, just because they got a few dollars they think they're God almighty -- This was a woman I went to work for. She wasn't young and she wasn't old and she was getting a little round, though she was pretty enough. She didn't have much of a place, Only a few acres with a small farmhouse and barn on it. Mrs. Lucas, that was her name, kept right after that place as if it was something. She was always painting it or setting out pines or making flower beds or

buying old junk. She got in every attic for miles around looking for what she called antiques.

"And she had all the partitions ripped out of the barn. She had one end ripped off and a big fireplace built on. She had a birch floor and a funny balcony built in and a big window opposite the fireplace. She called it a studio. Nobody ever did anything out there but just sit around and talk.

"I guess she was a widow woman; at least she wasn't living with her husband. Every two or three weeks she'd drive down to New York and come back with a car full of bums. And that's what they were even if they did wear good clothes. About eleven every morning they started drinking. And they kept it up. Some of them would sleep in the afternoon and some of them would go out for a ride, but when they got together again, they took up the drinking just where they'd left off. But I never did see any of them real drunk. I figure they drank so much they were plain sodden and a little more didn't make much difference.

"I did everything around the place. Some times I had to help clean house. A mean colored woman did the cooking. She was the meanest female I've ever seen. Well, I got to know Mrs. Lucas and the lay of the land pretty soon, so I kept away from the house as much as I could. Whenever I got a chance I'd go off back of the garage or the barn-studio or better yet, off into the woods and read. I've read more this summer than I ever read in my life before. I got to liking them cowboy stories better than anything else, though I did read about love and ghosts and gunmen. True stories, you know. But them cowboys are real men. That's what I liked. When they want something done they just gallop off and do it. Or if they want something they just up and take it and it's theirs. If they need money they just hold up a train or a saloon or hotel and take all the money they need."

I nodded. "Those stories are pretty exciting, aren't they?"

"You bet they are. Boy, those fellows lead the life." Then he stopped a moment as if considering whether to go on or not, but simply shrugged. "I got enough of those city people and their polite ways and their drinking and worse by the time I'd been there two months. But I didn't know what to do about it, because if I didn't stay there I'd have to go back home and I wasn't going to do that. Pretty soon I began to see that there wasn't anything to do but to go out west and be a cowboy. If you've ever wanted anything real bad, if you've ever wanted anything more than you've ever wanted anything else in your life before; you know what I mean."

I nodded. "I think I know what you mean."

"Just think of the things you could do if you were a cowboy!" And Charlie's eyes smoldered. "Wouldn't you like to be one?"

"It is an idea,"I admitted. "To tell the truth, I haven't thought much about cowboys for some time. But it might be fun. Only I couldn't go west now. I have other business which needs attention."

"I know," said Charlie. "That's always the way."

"But you were telling me about the city woman you worked for, and her guests. Didn't they do anything?"

Charlie shook his head. "If they did, they kept it a secret. Not a damned thing,so far as I could see, only drink. Oh, they talked about doing things, but they never seemed to get to them. They didn't even go for any long rides in the car. They were never gone for more than a couple hours. Sometimes they'd send me to the store. They just hung around. The men and the women, too, wore short, little pants, and their legs were bare. I think they were crazy."

I smiled.

"Well, I'd sneak off and read every chance I'd get. I got to

thinking about them cowboys out west pretty hard. And I was sure that if I could only get out there and be one, everything would be all right. Then I began to think that if I was going out west to be a cowboy, I'd have to change some, for one of those hombres wouldn't have stayed on where I was, working for a crazy female and a parcel of fools. And they wouldn't have stood for things the way they were at my home, either. They have what they call six-gun justice out there."

I nodded sagely. "So I have heard."

Charlie, apparently not hearing, frowned. "I got to thinking about it more and more. Then I didn't see why if cowboys could get what they want, why couldn't I get what I want the same way? I only want to get out west to be a cowboy, like I said." He stared straight ahead at the road for a few moments. "That's how I came to do it." I looked at him. "I didn't see why I shouldn't take the money from Mrs. Lucas and buy a ticket and go west. She had plenty of money and losing a little of it wouldn't hurt her none."

"Couldn't you have saved enough?" I asked.

"Save? How could I save any when I wasn't getting any? I didn't lay my hands on a penny. Ralph had got the job for me and he came around every week and collected my pay. He'd told her some cock-and-bull story and got that arrangement. So I couldn't save any because I didn't get any to save."

"But how did you get the cowboy magazines if you didn't have any money?"

"Oh, one or another of the men visitors would get them for me. I guess they wanted me to keep my mouth shut so they'd ask me if I didn't want something from town. And I'd tell them magazines about cowboys. Sometimes they'd remember to get them and sometimes they wouldn't. But that didn't make so much difference because I didn't mind reading the old ones over again."

"I see," I said.

"That's how I got the idea, anyway. She had plenty of money and I didn't have any. All I wanted was enough to get me out west. I knew I'd get along all right after that. So I began to keep my eyes peeled, and plan. That colored cook had every Thursday afternoon off, and I figured that the first Thursday the cook was out of the house and my boss had taken her gang out for a ride, I'd go over the place and see if I couldn't get enough to take me out to God's country. You see, I knew Mrs. Lucas was pretty careless with money. I'd seen it lying around when I'd cleaned house or taken the rugs out or carried in firewood.

"And that's what happened. Along came a Thursday and the cook lit out for town as soon as she cleaned up after lunch. And in about an hour the boss and the three people who were staying there then went off in the car."

Charlie laughed, shaking his head. "I knew just what I was going to do, but I didn't see why I shouldn't have some fun doing it. There was an old shotgun in the barn that I shot woodchucks with. So I loaded her up and blasted away at the back of the garage as if it was a saloon I was going to hold up. Boy, I thought I was something when I got the smell of that powder in my nose. But the house, when I went in, was like a saloon; there were so many bottles standing around on tables and bureaus.

"I sneaked through the house holding the gun ready. I went all through it. I didn't look in the most likely places first. I just crept around feeling pretty sure that when I really started looking, I'd find something."

I kept my eyes on the road, while I followed Charlie's story. I could see him creeping through the empty house, full of antiques, probably set on a hilltop with mountains in the distance. Of course

one particular house, belonging to a certain Mrs. Lucas,but my experience led me to suspect that, inside, it was identical with every other fairly well-to-do place I'd ever seen in New England. The general idea seems to be to establish a certain quality by garnering or looting the century-old trappings of the best local families.

"Well," Charlie went on, and there were seams of sweat on his forehead. "Finally I got tired of poking my gun into closets when I knew there was nobody there. I went down to the parlor to start the real search, for after all, I was looking for something.

"Luck was with me, for the first thing I saw when I really looked around was Mrs. Lucas' purse laying on the sofa. There it was right before my eyes. I picked it up and opened it. There was seventy dollars and some change in it."

I looked at him. The knuckles of his big hands, as they clamped his knees, were whitish.

"I counted it over several times then sat on the sofa to figure out just what I was going to do. I had the money, right enough, but I didn't know where to go to get a train to take me out west. I supposed I'd have to go to Springfield or maybe Boston, or New York, even. I didn't know. I was still sitting there when I heard a car coming up the drive. In a second I knew it was the boss and her friends coming back. I got to the window and looked out. They were coming back so much sooner than they generally did that I guessed she must be after her purse. I watched them climbing out of the car -- I wasn't going to let those city people spoil my plans after I'd gotten the money.

"I opened the door just as they were coming up the path. They were talking and laughing. I leveled the gun at them. 'Reach for the sky or I'll shoot,' I said. You could have knocked them over with duck-down. The two women began screaming and the men backed off. I guess they thought I'd gone crazy. I circled around them carefully, keeping the four of them covered. I backed all the way to the car and got in. I held the gun on the top of the windshield. It was a Chrysler touring with the top down. Then I started the car, backed it around and headed out the drive -- I was going to drive out west. I had the money. And I had a gun, only it should have been a Winchester repeating rifle."

I laughed. "I can hardly believe it."

Charlie ruffled, his face reddening. "But it's so. It's just the way I'm telling it."

"Oh, that's not what I mean. I believe what you're telling me. Only -- " I frowned. "You're sure you don't mind telling me?"

"I don't mind."

"All right, then."

Charlie's brow furrowed in a wet frown. "Well, I guess that's pretty near all."

I looked at him. He was husky; his big shoulders squared back strongly and his long legs were cramped for room. His hands were still on his knees. His eyes were still watching the oncoming road. But the only alive thing about him was his voice. Otherwise, he was just a statue of the conventional farm boy, Genus New England.

"But how about the trip in the car?" I asked.

"It didn't turn out so good."

"Did they catch you?"

He shook his head. "It wasn't what you'd rightly call catching me."

"Let's have it."

"Oh, well -- The two women were screaming and waving their arms and the men had their mouths hanging open, just as if they weren't ashamed of not having any too much sense. Generally they tried a little to hide it. But not then. So I just drove down the drive and left them. There aren't so many houses there and it's half a mile, dirt road, to the highway. And I wasn't in much of a hurry. I knew they

couldn't do much about catching me, because the boss wouldn't have a telephone and they couldn't holler loud enough for even the nearest neighbor to hear. And no one would think anything about me driving the car, because I sometimes drove it to the store."

Charlie laughed again. "I don't think I ever felt better in my life. I was my own boss. Mom and her man could climb a tree, and Mrs. Lucas and her fancy friends could go to hell.

"I knew just what I was going to do. I was going to drive into a gas station in town and get a road map and head out for sage brush. It was about twenty miles to town and when I got on the highway I opened her up. Boy, that thing could travel. I was going to see how far I could drive before dark. I was going to get some meat and a can of beans and camp out. There were two heavy rugs in the back of the car."

Charlie frowned again, lifting his eyes from the road approaching the windshield with monotonous consistency, then looked at his hands. "Sleeping out I'd not only save money,but I'd get toughened to sleeping under the stars. Cowboys spend a good many nights out on the range, full as many as they do in the bunkhouse. They get tough as leather. They have to. They get so tough .38s bounce right off their hide." He laughed. "So I was glad them two blankets were in the car. I had my gun and my blankets. When I got out west, all I'd have to get would be my pinto, chaps, revolver and Stetson."

"Still, that sounds like a pretty large order," I said.

"Oh, I could have managed it," said Charlie. "The only trouble was that I didn't get there. I drove on down the highway that led to town. It was a tar road just like this, only it wasn't so wide and it had more holes and bumps in it. They draw logs on it, winter and spring, and that ruins any road. I was thinking of getting a road map and laying out my route. I was going to Arizona. There's a town there called Painted Post that sounded pretty lively. I wanted to figure out where I'd stop nights. That would have to be in the country.

"Then all of a sudden I saw a car speeding down the road toward me. It was coming like hell, right down the middle. I hadn't seen it before and I was sure it was going to hit me. I yanked the wheel over and slid down the bank at the side of the road. I don't know how I'd have made out if I'd have been able to straighten the car out and maybe get back to the road again. But I smashed."

Charlie mowed the sweat from his forehead with a hooked forefinger, then grabbed tight hold of his knees again. It seemed that he was keeping himself from jumping right out, really, by holding his knees down.

"I wasn't hurt much, only shaken up. When I climbed out from under the wheel, I heard the other fellow cursing. I don't think I touched him. I took just one good look at the car. She was stacked up against an elm. The radiator was smashed. One wheel was twisted and so was the front axe'. I guess the motor was cracked, too, for it died while I watched it, with the damnedest hissing you've ever heard.

"I just beat it into the woods. I had the money in my pocket, but I couldn't stop for anything else, not even the blankets or gun. I had to get out west and I didn't want to get into any argument with the fellow driving the other car. So I just lit out through the woods. I knew the country. I'd hunted all around there. There wasn't a chance of getting lost. It wasn't so far to town, maybe seven or eight miles, but even so I planned to keep off the road.

"Well, I reached town after dark, and the first thing I knew the sheriff had me by the shoulder."

Charlie stopped for a moment. We were driving down the long hill

past the Veterans' Hospital into Brattleboro, Vermont. It's not a bad town, though they've picked out swell hiding places for their traffic lights. Charlie took no interest in it.

"It made one hell of a stink and I thought they were going to jail me for the rest of my life. Boy, I was scared. But I hadn't spent a nickel of the old girl's money, so it was just turned over to her, though it wasn't that easy and I heard plenty about what sort of a fellow I was. But the car was something else again. Ralph and Mom were there all the time, and Mom had to mortgage the place to buy Mrs. Lucas a new car. There was just nothing to be done about the old one. I guess it's still on the bank propped against that elm. Boy, it was a nice boat, all right.

"Well, Ralph was against mortgaging the farm. He said it would serve me right to work for the state for a while. He had a lot to say about that, but for once Mom didn't give in to him. But Ralph had to promise that he'd keep me in hand and see to it that I'd behave myself from then on. So the judge gave me a final talking to and we went home.

"Ralph acted just as if it hadn't been for him, I'd have spent the rest of my life behind the bars. But I knew the reason they didn't put me in jail was because the money had been returned and Mom had bought the old lady a new car and because I was a kid. But just the same, Ralph seemed to think he was God almighty--and had given me my freedom which I didn't deserve. That's what he kept saying.

"Well," Charlie went on after a short examination of his hands, as though they'd been the chief offenders. "We went home and everything was quiet enough till after supper, then Ralph said he'd broken the sprayer and wanted me to help fix it."

The boy laughed. "Maybe he did break the sprayer. He broke most everything he touched. But I never found out. He said for me to get the rivet punch from the harness room and I went to get it. I was no sooner in the harness room than he crept in after me and slammed the door shut, locking it. Then he started telling me how he was going to beat the hell out of me and how, when he got through, I was going to know who was boss in the family. And with that he unhooked the tug of a heavy work harness from a nail and swung it at me with both hands."

Charlie's flatish blue eyes hardened into discs of ice. He smiled bitterly. "Maybe you don't know what a tug is. It's a long band of several layers of leather sewn together, and it's coupled to the breast strap at the front, and the evener, by the heel-chain at the back. Every horse has two. They're what he pulls with."

I nodded.

"Well, the first time he swung it, he caught me high on the hip -- Here. It knocked me over, but I grabbed for his legs and before he could hit me again, I had him. He's a big fellow, but he's mostly hot air. When I got him down, I held his head and banged it on the plank floor till I thought I'd knocked the life out of him. But I hadn't. He was just unconscious. At least he was. His heart was still working, though it was pretty much all up hill."

Charlie sat quiet looking at his big hands pressed tight on his big boney knees and I was just as glad that it hadn't been my head which had been bounced up and down on a plank floor by those hands. They seemed very suitable for such a pastime. They were so out of proportion to the lad's mental capabilities. But perhaps they were great strong hands because of his cerebral limitations, or to make up for them. Then I wondered if I was underestimating the boy's mind. Wasn't he desiring only to escape, the way at least ninety percent of the world was trying to escape, a situation in which he found himself and on which

he could get no governing grasp?

"I think I'll get out here," Charlie said suddenly.

I slowed the car down to a stop and Charlie opened the door as if to bolt.

"So long. Been glad to give you a lift."

Charlie looked at me. "Yeah. So long."

"Still thinking of going out west?"

"I don't know -- I might."

I nodded. I got out my wallet and handed Charlie twenty dollars. "I'd like to help you along. I think you'd make a good cowboy."

Charlie shook his head.

"Sure. Go ahead take it. You'll need it." I shoved the money in his hand. He didn't say anything. The two bills seemed pathetically insignificant in his big brown paw. I rolled the car forward. I looked in the little rectangle of mirror as the car gathered speed, and saw the boy staring after me. Then he calmly sat down by the side of the road looking at the money in his fist.

LINOLEUM CUT BY LEWIS BIEBIGHEISER

The Arnold Tavern on the Green in Morristown, where Washington stayed during his first visit. The building was razed soon after the Revolution.

The Bacharach Home

WILLIAM WESCOTT.

The annual outbreak of a mild epidemic of Infantile Paralysis throughout the eastern part of the United States, for the past several years, has left in its wake many cases of partially paralyzed individuals for whom until rather recently very little effective help has been given.

Atlantic City, long known as a health resort, has had little or no means of treating victims of this disease, although there are several pools for public use. For a long time a swimming pool with warm sea water, in charge of a trained physiotherapist and equipped with proper therapeutic apparatus, has been the cherished dream of the local medical profession.

This dream is now rapidly assuming the form of a reality through the efforts of several physicians, a few public-spirited citizens, and the Works Progress Administration. On February 30, 1936, a project for a fully equipped therapeutic pool at the Betty Bacharach Home was approved and returned from Newark to George R. Swinton, Director of the Ninth WPA District of New Jersey, calling for an allotment of $20,531. In addition to this the local sponsors applied $14,408. Three months later an additional allotment of $7,532 was granted by the WPA and was added to $5,352 raised by the sponsors. During the period of its erection this project has given work to 136 men.

The project is rapidly nearing completion and its benefits will soon be open not only to the children who are living at the Home but on certain days other patients will be welcomed. The visitor to Atlantic City who is in need of treatments may receive here what he cannot receive at home, namely, the benefits of under-water physiotherapy.

While physiotherapy has long been an adjunct to the treatment of many diseases, its use has been more or less limited for the lack of adequate facilities in many places. Of late its advantages have become more fully recognized resulting from this form of treatment when used under water. So used, it is a method of muscle re-education given to patients in a pool of warm water, and carried out by a physiotherapist, specially trained in this type of work. The benefits derived by the President of the United States, as well as many others, from this form of treatment, at Warm Springs Foundation is well known to all.

A therapeutic pool should not be confused with or thought of as a swimming or diving pool, because it is, as the name implies, strictly for healing purposes. It is gratifying to know that at the Betty Bacharach Home there is a building for the special purpose of housing one of the most modern therapeutic pools in the country, and it will be the only pool of this kind in the eastern part of the United States using sea water -- which is well known to have many advantages over fresh water. The addition to the Home, which is erected, is a two-story, all brick building. The pool is of white tile, with a "skid-proof" white tile bottom. Although it is distinctly not a "swimming pool," its size is ample for such purposes -- being twelve feet wide and twenty-two feet long. The pool ranges in depth from 18" to 3', and has a capacity of 15,000 gallons of sterilized sea water, the temperature of which is accurately maintained by specially designed instruments. The entire content of the pool is changed every three and one-half hours.

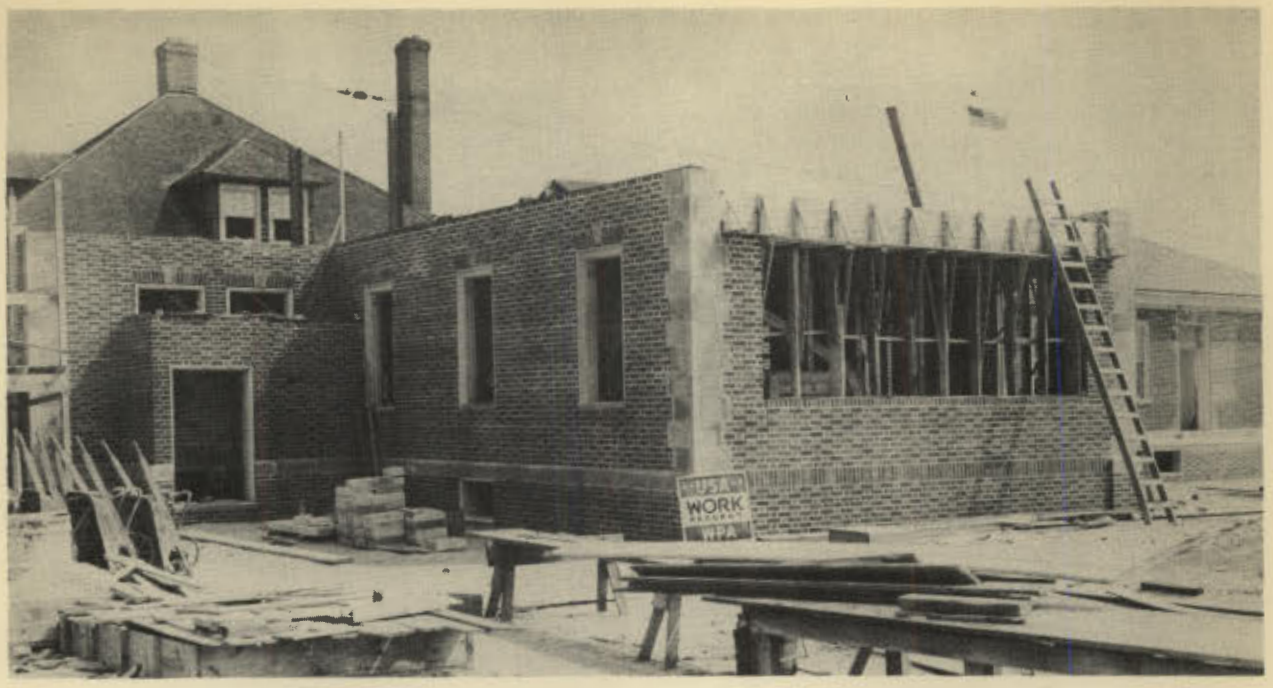
Various types of mechanical appliances are placed at advantageous spots around the building to supplement the exercises in the pool. These include mechanical bicycles, ladders, steps, inclined planes, punching bags, rowing machines and all other equipment designed to bring into play the group of afflicted muscles. Beside Infantile Paralysis any individual who has any wasting muscular disease, and who may derive benefit from these exercises of the muscles under water may now receive them here.

Physicians and Orthopedic Surgeons will be able to send their patients to Atlantic City with detailed instructions as to the treatment which will be carried out by skilled, trained, physiotherapists. Therefore, a family need not remain at home because some member requires this special form of treatment, but, on the contrary, the entire family can come here and enjoy a vacation while the infirm enjoy the many benefits of the seashore, and will also be able to continue treatments ordered by the physicians at home.

For these reasons, this most modern addition to Atlantic City's many health adjuncts will be of untold benefit not only to the afflicted individual and his family, but to the City of Atlantic City as well.

United States Senator A. Harry Moore, former Governor of New Jersey and long friend of the Betty Bacharach Home for Crippled Children, at Longport, accepted the invitation of the Board of Directors to lay the cornerstone of the new building which was in course of construction by the WPA. The ceremony took place Sunday afternoon, May 10th.

There were two other United States Senators present, W. Warren Barbour, of New Jersey, and David Walsh, of Massachusetts. In addition other dignitaries included Gov-



ernor Harold G. Hoffman, Congressman Isaac Bacharach, and several of his fellow members of the lower house of Congress; State Administrator William H. J. Ely, of the Works Progress Administration; Deputy Administrator Robert W. Allan, and several other officials from the State WPA office in Newark; Mayor White, the other members of the City Commission, and a host of friends of the institution, including a founder, former Mayor Harry Bacharach.

Senator Moore was given a silver trowel with which he laid the cornerstone. He and other distinguished guests made brief addresses. Former Senator Ely spoke for the Federal Government,which made possible the funds released through WPA.

Friendship

CAULDER B. PERRYCLEAR

Let him, whose pride of intellect deludes
And leads him to suppose his gifts embrace
All riches of expression, and includes
The power to delineate with grace
The charm of friendship, sing his little song --
And, in his egotism, find his joy.
We would not hurt his pride, nor would we wrong
The merits of his verse; its own alloy
Of spurious wit -- of childish vaporings --
Will tell the tale. We can but humbly bow
In reverent praise, while all our being sings
The glory of that King, who binds, somehow,
Poor human hearts with Friendship's golden strings,
And links our silent souls in speechless vow.

NOTICE PLAYWRIGHTS

A plan is being developed by the Federal Theatre Project to encourage the development of hitherto unknown, or little-known, playwrights. The details of this plan are still in the formative stage and, therefore, the full plan is not ready to announce. However, it is most important that plays be submitted for consideration immediately, so that a survey of potential material may be carefully made. Upon this survey the complete development of the plan will depend.

If you have an unproduced play, or if you know of an unproduced play, will you submit it to the Theatre Project, at once? At the present time, it should be understood that the play is submitted for reading purposes only. However, when production plans are complete, the plays that have been submitted for reading will be given full consideration and the authors informed of the basis upon which production of their plays by the Federal Theatre Project may be achieved.

Manuscripts should be addressed to Louis M. Simon, State Director for New Jersey Federal Theatre Project, Room 236, 1060 Broad Street, Newark. All manuscripts should bear the name of the author and a return address on the manuscript itself.

ERRATUM

The two sections of text on Page Twenty-one should be reversed.

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