highlight

NEW JERSEY

may nineteen thirty-seven

highlight

VOL. I NO. 5 MAY 1937

CONTENTS

Cover: Municipal Bus Terminal, Hackensack, Built by the Works Progress Administration *Photo by Frank Heibel*

highlight

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

New Jersey Works Progress Administration

William H. J. Ely, *State Administrator*

Public Works employing man power have been used through the ages. The Pyramids were erected by millions of sturdy workers. The Temples of Greece and Rome represent the results of endless "man-months" of labor.

In more recent times, nations have recognized the necessity of employing large bodies of men at their customary tasks when there was widespread unemployment.

WPA Projects for men have adapted to present-day needs this age-old and highly commendable principle. A splendid achievement has been the result.

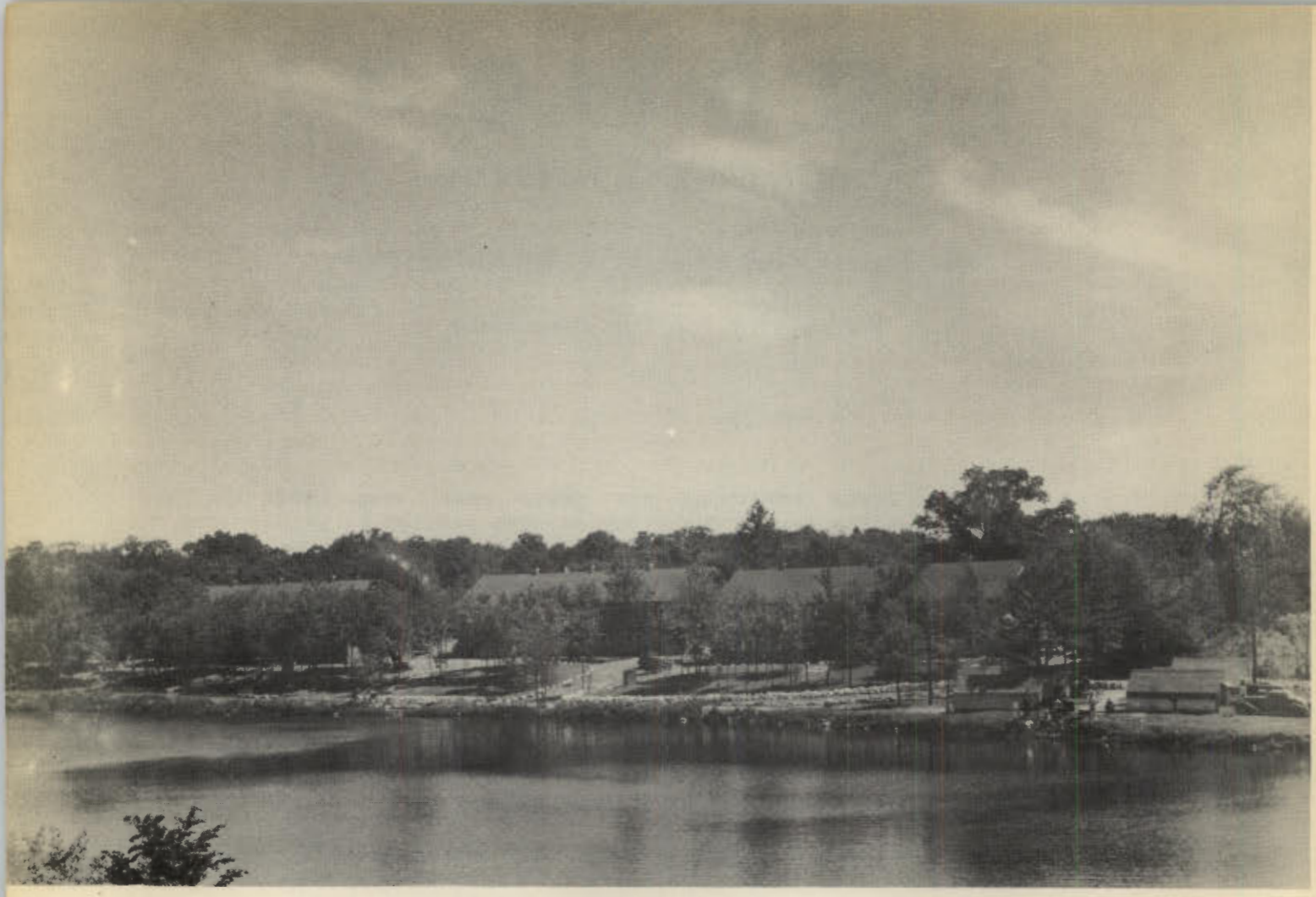
Real pioneering in WPA, however, has been the development of useful non-competitive work for women. This pioneer job was entrusted to women executives in Federal, State and District Offices. Through the period of the depression this wholly new idea has achieved reality and success. Thus a real contribution to the new order has been wrought by women for women. Only a beginning has been made, but enough has been achieved to prove that the effort was soundly conceived. It is safe to say that the place of women in "Public Works" is firmly established. Whatever may be the future plans of the Government for those who need work, the needs of the women breadwinners will be considered and established on an equal basis with that of the men.

Had the women failed when given this opportunity, it might never again have come to them. Their signal success assures work for women with government aid in any future program.

Elizabeth C. Dennis Vann

State Director, Division of Women's and Professional Projects

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



Camp Haledon, Passaic County

"Shake, Andy Mason"

JOHN J. McKENNA

A lean-to shack, one of many in Hooverville, the town of extempore shanties, limned against the depressing brookside landscape of the Haledon dump heap, made acid of the speaker's words.

Quite soberly, he twice offered tobacco; first, in the form of a "chaw"; second, in the form of "makin's." Politely and every whit as soberly, I refused both offers. I was anxious for him to go on. He did.

His eyes glistening, as though he were catching a glimpse of an unlooked-for Utopia, Andy Mason, as immaculate as a soap and water toilette can make one, forcefully brought a gnarled fist into his seamed palm.

"It's not right for men to be like us, or see things like us, or live like us --"

The fist disengaged itself to spread to a bony hand that indicated the hovel -- his surroundings.

"-- Here, like this! We need a

chance to be decent people again. Let them take us out of here -- into new homes -- like Ingersoll, or --" His expression had changed to one of futility. The momentary cloud that halted him changed once more to make him blurt, "Onistagahd, sonny, I'd love the man who'd walk up to me, slap me on the back,and say, 'Shake, Andy Mason!'"

I must have been staring, for the ping of a button, loosened from the threadbare anchoring of his shirt-sleeve, as it hit the water kettle at his feet, jolted me to attention. Soon after, I bid a hasty good-bye. That was sometime ago.

Today, I saw Andy Mason's Utopia not four miles distant from his garbage-heap home where I had seen and spoken with him. It is Camp Haledon, a Work Camp, sponsored by the Borough of Haledon and maintained by the Works Progress Administration of District One. The camp is situated on High Mountain Road, at the feed-reservoir, in North Haledon, New Jersey. The Camp, originally a tent city, had subsequently been an ERA transient camp, and has now become a WPA camp. The buildings, of which there are three main barracks, three outside toilets, and an incomplete Administration Building, were all of them built by the labor of its inhabitants. They are imposing structures, well and sturdily built, of mortar, wall board,and wood, erected at a total cost of $12,000, labor excluded.

Two hundred men,some of them Andy Masons by spirit and experience,make up the population of the camp. In age they range from 18 to 78 years. Their professions and callings are as varied as one would find in the telephone book. Magicians, painters, blood donors, professional hoboes, athletes, ex-pugs, seamen, masons, carpenters, blacksmiths, barbers, male nurses, tailors, even Standing Bear, a full-blooded Indian lifesaver, are a partial list of the vocations represented in the camp roster. A work supervisor and two foremen are the only "outsiders" of the personnel. The two hundred inhabitants of the Work Camp act as their own clerks, timekeepers, and safety men.

From its humble beginnings as a tent city, a little over two years ago, it has grown by leaps and bounds. First one barrack, then another, then another, until there were three barracks, each of them 110 by 60 feet. The construction work reached a new peak in beauty with the new Administration Building. The building, 75 by 35 feet, when completed within the next two weeks, will serve as the offices and living quarters of the Camp's able Director, Lieutenant Harry H. Salz, and his vigorous young assistant, Thomas Delaney. The open fireplace is built with a few of the stones reclaimed from the Old Ponds' Memorial Church, at present being constructed in replica at Oakland by labor from Camp Haledon.

The camp is maintained by a semi-military, albeit easygoing discipline. Rules of cleanliness, such as a shower three times a week, are rigidly enforced, and there is a daily inspection of barracks and mess halls. Health and care of teeth are stressed by visits twice weekly by a dentist and a doctor. No liquor is allowed on the camp grounds. A curfew of 10 PM on workdays, with an extension to 11 PM on non-workdays, is religiously abided by. Visitors are allowed during certain hours. The breaking of a rule makes the offender liable for trial before the camp directors. Radios and dogs are allowed in the barracks with only a few restrictions.

Of the three barracks, Barracks Two and Three house 75 men each, while Barrack One houses only 55 men. In each barrack four stoves, their pipes rigged up to a central chimney, furnish ample heat to the spacious room. Each barrack is formed into a troop, which keeps its own time, does its own clerking, night watching, etc. By such a manner of efficiency the entire camp population can easily mobilize it-

self into an emergency brigade.

According to Lieutenant Salz, there are about 20 men from Paterson, 18 from Garfield, 12 from Passaic, six from Clifton, two from Lyndhurst included in the personnel of 200. There is a small fluctuation as private industry occasionally takes up some of the men. This fluctuation is larger in spring and summer, the men being possessed of a natural desire for comfort and warmth in the winter.

There is a canteen, where candy, soda, and cigarettes may be purchased at city store prices; a well-equipped infirmary, a blacksmith shop, a barber shop, and a paint shop on the camp site. The Commissary, in the capable hands of James Patterson, the Mess Steward, struggles with the job of serving a varied menu through 4200 meals a week. A kitchen staff of chief cook, or chef, with three assistant cooks under him, is flanked by a Mess Hall brigade of seven, two potwashers, and seven kitchen police. A typical menu, the midday meal of which I sampled and found nothing wanting, follows:

Breakfast --	Cinnamon buns
	Corn meal mush
	Fried eggs
	Fried potatoes
	Bread and butter
	Coffee
Lunch --	Celery soup
	Pickles
	Sardines
	Spanish rice
	String beans
	Cake
	Bread and butter
	Coffee
Dinner --	Fried codfish, tartar sauce
	Olives

Inhabitants of the Camp earn their keep

Director Salz and his assistants

French fried potatoes
Spinach
Bread pudding
Bread and butter
Tea

The average workday for Camp Haledon follows this program:

6:45	AM	arise
7:15		breakfast
7:30		work trucks leave camp
7:50		work begins
11:50		noon recess
12:15	PM	lunch
12:50		work
4:00		work ends
5:15		supper
		recreation
10:00		lights out

There is a Camp Bank with about 40 steady depositors, over which Assistant Director Delaney finds time to act as guardian, that has on deposit about $2,100.

Out of their regular WPA salaries, varying with their classification from $60 to $85 per month, the men pay the sum of $25 monthly for their board. In the three classifications, 15% of the personnel are skilled, 15% are in the intermediate class, while 70% fall into the unskilled category.

The recreational facilities of the Camp are many and comprise: the periodical production of a minstrel show, a stellar basketball team, indoor baseball, table tennis, billiards, swimming.

The beginning of the new Administration Building

Ample educational advantages are afforded by Paterson's proximity, with its night schools and vocational school. The Camp Library, with branches in each of the barracks, includes magazines, newspapers, and about 880 books, fiction and non-fiction. These features, coupled with the ever-present opportunity ior the men to apprentice themselves to learn a trade, make the Camp serve an educational as well as a work purpose.

Of late, both Camp Haledon and its sister WPA camp, Camp McMahon, in Clinton, New Jersey have been besieged by requests for jobs. The depression-hit steel and coal industries of Pennsylvania spilled many men on to the transient rolls. The New Jersey camps soon became oases. So accented was the influx that now only residents of the State of New Jersey are eligible for work in the camp. There are, at present, about 30 men on the waiting list of eligibles in District One alone.

Director Salz, with his army and camp experience, is easily a prime factor in the development of the camp. He cited how inferior the forerunners of this camp were: Camps Undercliff, Hazard, Columbus, Mulaholla, Pequoia; how crude, in comparison to the fineness of Camp Haledon. He recalls graphically how the transient ERA camps absorbed the thousand and one Hoovervilles the depression had spawned about the American countryside,how they rehab-

ilitated the men they found in those hovels, but the lamentably incomplete job beyond which they could not go. The ERA went so far and no further. It left the alleged "flotsam and jetsam" hanging in midair, knowing not where he could turn for his next meal. To a large degree Camp Haledon has done away with this incompleteness. Magically, it seems, the life at camp derricks them out of their former failure-selves, and the depression-bankrupts get a new lease on life.

And what do they think about it -- the men? As boarders of Uncle Sam, they find it no trouble at all. to sing his praises. A Russian, Zelinski, well-read and possessed of a high degree of intelligence, will declaim upon the slightest provocation that the glories of Camp Haledon are but a preview of a better managed America. Something about Zelinski's huzzahs and halleluias hearkened a strange, alien thought back into my mind. The thought was of Andy Mason's words: they had been made to match with truth, they had won. Once more I heard the old man slowly speak the words: that desperate "Onistagahd," that frenzied "Shake, Andy Mason!"

ENUMERATING

Robert Place

Gosh! I'm always counting, counting, counting -- Trucks and buses, wagons, cars --
When this counting's done and finished -- Guess I'll start out and count the stars;
Moving vans and Fords and Buicks -- Lincolns, Plymouths, old and new
Every color, reds and purples, pink 'uns, yellows -- black and blue;
You can't guess them, you must count them -- going North, South, East or West,
Flivvers passing by the thousands -- eyes and brains ne'er get a rest;
And you need some extra pencils, pencil points sometimes get hot,
If the pencil point starts melting, change the pencil on the spot;
Men and women, little children, must be counted and by me,
This is termed "Enumerating" -- checking everyone you see --
Ones and twos and sometimes dozens -- walking, strolling, running, too,
Uncles, cousins, nephews, nieces -- count them all -- Of course I do --
Here they come -- Yes! Sure I've got them! Skinny, fat, and short and tall.
Counting, counting, 'til I'm dizzy -- Sure, I've got to check them all!
Fifties, hundreds, thousands, millions -- tally, tally, 'til you're blind,
Check them all! Enumerate them! 'Til you think you've lost your mind,
Then go home to rest your eyelids and for sleep you're almost dead;
Everybody thinks you're sleeping -- but you're standing up in bed,
Counting, counting, counting, counting! Paper patterns on the wall.
Yes! You're going nutty, balmy! What's the answer to it all?
It's this counting -- Numerating, Counting, Checking, drives men mad!
Some don't recognize their mother; some don't recognize their dad;
That's what happens to a checker -- and they're human just like me,
If you think I'm crazy, daffy -- blame this Project -- 263.

I Battle with Fire

A story

VERONICA HASSOLD

The match was set to the paper under the piled-up legs at seven o'clock. A blaze crackled through the fireplace and up the chimney at seven-five. The fire was out at seven-ten.

I was dining in solitary splendor, and I have a passion for crackling blazes. I left my grapefruit to repair the fire. I am not a good repairer. Through the grapefruit, it flickered; with the final mouthful, it was out.

I returned to the attack. I was firm. Results lasted through the meal. But with dessert, it was weakening; before the last of the bananas and cream, it was out.

I pressed my lips together; I was determined. The dinner things were pushed aside. I arose, in all my might. I rolled up my sleeves, girded up my loins,and bent to the task.

I tore up paper no end. I stuffed paper under logs. I lit paper. Paper burned. Paper went out. I grew hot from the heat of roaring paper, hotter from the coldness of lifeless logs. I felt with forceful regret the inadequacy of my vocabulary which knows but two swear-words.

"Damn and hell," I said. "Damn! and Hell!"

I applied more paper, used more matches. Always the same non-results...a blaze of fiery paper... nothing. I got up from my knees.

"I don't care if it burns or not." And I carried off the dishes.

I came back for the butter. The blaze was still going. Thought it could fool me, eh? Well, I wasn't interested.

When I returned for the cream and sugar, I happened to notice that the blaze had grown stronger. It was kissing the log boldly now.

"Humpf!" said I, and went off.

I let the hot water run, to get the hot water hot. Then it occurred to me that I might have left a spoon on the table. I went to see. There wasn't any spoon; however, the fire, as I saw when I glanced at it, was positively lusty as it embraced the log.

"Well," said I, and expanded.

I washed the dishes, dried them, and put away the last frying pan. I expected nothing; but I went to look at the fire just in case.

The log was burning!

"Ha!" said I, and felt important.

I placed two pillows atop a third on the sofa. I turned off all the lights. I lay back on the pillows and relaxed. I closed my eyes and dreamed. I could see flames dancing through my eyelids. Life was good.

Then light no longer danced through my eyelids; blackness was there. I lay still and thought. I was asleep, no doubt, but I would open my eyes to make sure.

I did. I was in time to catch the last sparks.

Who Came from Where?

Comparative Pathology May Indicate the Origin of the American Indian

S. RALPH MAURIELLO

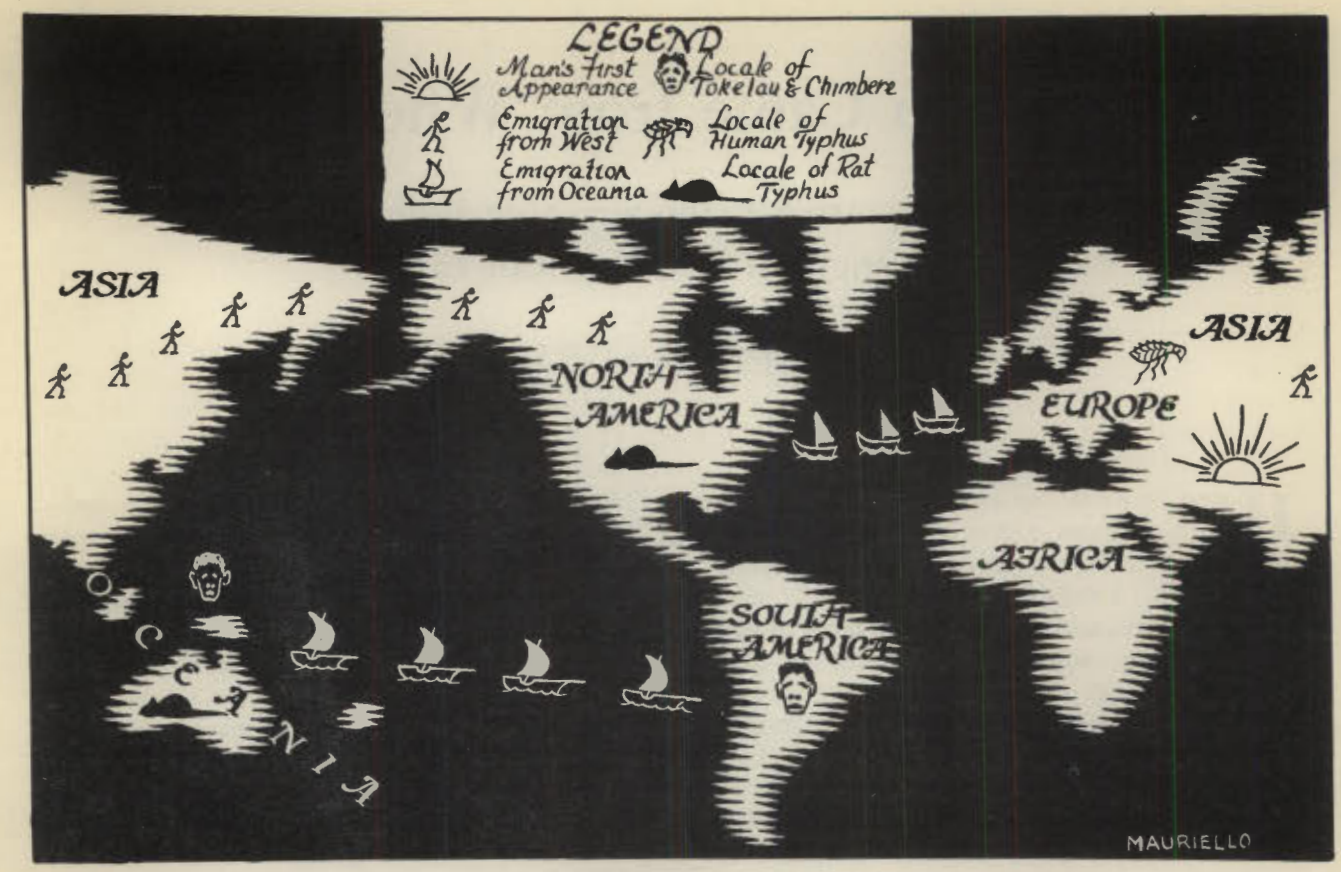
Here is a question which may often have intrigued you, as it has many other people: considering America's isolation from all the other continents, from whence came the Indians who first populated the Americas, and then spread out over the entire two New-world continents long before Columbus found them living here?

Concerning the origin of all races of mankind, the general opinion of anthropologists is that man made his first appearance in Central Asia. From there, some scientists believe, many wanderers slowly beat their way across Europe, and the more adventurous of these finally reached America -- from the East. On the other hand, there are a few scientists who maintain that the original Americans (the American Indians, Aztecs, Incas, etc.) are of direct Asiatic origin. These immigrants, say they, reached America from the West either by crossing the bridging Aleutian Islands (see accompanying map), or else some courageous mariners sailing from Oceania succeeded in crossing the expansive Pacific Ocean -- an accomplishment that, by comparison, would make Columbus' voyage seem like a Hoboken ferryboat trip.

Each of these two conflicting schools of opinion offers excellent support for its contention.

In a newly published French book on the human race by Messers Lester and Millot, there are some very interesting arguments, based on pathological evidence, that substantiate the theory of a trans-Pacific emigration from Oceania. The arguments of these two authors jeopardize the statement made by the French scientist, Beraud, in 1897, to the effect that "there is no relationship between pathology and racial characteristics." Beraud's statement, as we shall see, is not so categorical as he and many others would have us believe.

Let's take a simple illustration: Medical doctors agree that Anglo-Saxons are more seriously affected by scarlet fever than are the Latin peoples. This, you might suggest, is perhaps due to the different living conditions of the two races. But such is not borne out by actual evidence, for even the Anglo-Saxons who live in France and Italy all their lives show this decidedly different reaction to the disease, whereas the native Latins in the place are not affected in the same manner. Thus the question of race undoubtedly enters into consideration. Another illustration: American biologists who, in such a cosmopolitan country as ours are extremely well situated to study the particular sensibility of different races to the same diseases, have found that Negroes are very susceptible to diseases which affect the respiratory system. Statistics published by the army medical corps show that amongst white and colored soldiers living under the same conditions, there is one white soldier to every five Negroes suffering from pneumonia. What better illustrations can be cited to



Map showing possible routes of immigration

indicate that a relationship does exist between race and pathology?

These two examples, selected from many others equally convincing, suffice to disprove Beraud's declaration.

You may wonder what all this has to do with the original population of America; but this is where Lester and Millet's researches serve to substantiate someone else's theory.

Another scientist,Mr. Rivet,seeks to prove that the American continent must originally have been inhabited by immigrants who sailed from Oceania. This is far from being the common contention of anthropologists. But, without taking sides in the matter, it is only fair to admit that weighty evidence from the study of comparative human pathology supports Rivet's theory.

In the Malay Archipelago (Oceania), there exists a disease known as "tokelau." This is a skin disease of the ringworm family, caused by a fungoid excrescence. Recently, amongst a race of men in the least frequented regions of Central Brazil -- a race which has no contact with other people -- there has been discovered a disease which these natives call "chimbere." This disease is identical with the "tokelau" of the Malay Archipelago. The coexistence of so rare a disease in two countries so widely separated as the Malay Archipelago and the extremely inaccessible Brazil interior most certainly points to a past migration from the former country to the latter -- not necessarily a direct one, however.

Now let's consider another disease -- typhoid fever. There are two distinct types of Typhus. The first type is transmitted from one human being to another by lice. This is the more severe of the two, and is usually called "Human Typhus." The milder form, which can, however,give rise to epidemics resulting in fatal cases, is transmitted to man only indirectly -- it is really a disease

of the rat, and is transmitted from animal to animal by lice. Human typhus belongs specifically to the Old World -- to Europe and Asia. Of course, it is now found in America, but its introduction here is recent, as it was unknown before the European immigration to America. The disease is very different from the rat typhus whose center of origination is the Oceanic region (Malay, Australia and New Zealand). Now -- and this is an important observation -- all cases of typhus recorded in Mexico are of the rat typhus, just as in Oceania. This rat typhus is not of recent important importation in Mexico, as is the human typhus in the United States. The chronicles of the Conquistadores indicate that the Spaniards found rat typhus in the New World when they first arrived here.

One cannot disregard this astonishing identity between the Oceanic typhus and the American typhus -- an identity which is satisfactorily explained only if one admits that America's original inhabitants came from the Oceanic region. Had they come from Europe instead, we would expect human typhus to be native to the Americas. Here are two illustrations of comparative pathology pointing to the same proposition.

Whatever the theory one accepts concerning the Indians' ancestors, it must be admitted that comparative pathology, although in its infancy, already plays an interesting and important part in ethnological problems.

HILL TOP

Dorothea Kardel

God's Heaven hanging low,
his cool green earth my bed;
there let me lie, close to the sky --
Green clover 'neath my head.

High up where the daisies blow,
and puffy clouds look down --
let me forget, all care and fret,
far from the busy town.

God's open country round about,
his sun there in the skies;
and through the trees, a bit of breeze --
this would be Paradise.

Alarm!

Police and Fire Alarm System of Union City is Modernized

WALTER KELLER and WALTER LAUDER

An unusual job of which the Hudson County division of the Works Progress Administration is justly proud is the modernizing of the Police and Fire Alarm systems of Union City. This work not only brings to Union City a most modern and efficient Fire and Police Alarm system, but it also gave employment to several hundred needy persons and helped a serious relief problem.

Through neglect caused by lack of necessary funds the two systems had degenerated until instead of being a benefit to the municipality they had become a hazard, endangering the lives and property of residents.

The original systems were installed when Union Hill and West Hoboken were separate townships. The Union Hill systems were put into operation in 1915, and those in West Hoboken in 1921. They remained as separate systems until 1928, when they were made into one unit. During the entire time of the renovation precautions were taken so that the city would not be without proper police and fire protection. This was accomplished by detailing two men at each alarm box while work was being done that affected that section.

The original work of modernization was inaugurated on November 29, 1935, and known as Projects No. 2-114, 115 and 116. These projects employed 200 laborers,12 electricians, eight helpers, three supervisors, three timekeepers and three foremen. Only the preliminary work was done by these projects, a temporary cessation being forced by the lack of funds for materials. With the allotment of additional funds on March 20, 1936, work was resumed and the project became known as Project No. 2-273. This employed 75 laborers, six electricians, four helpers, one timekeeper, one foreman and one supervisor.

These projects completed the excavation of 20,432 linear feet of street, using air compressors to break through the hard surface of the roadway; installed 20,432 linear feet of three-inch fibre conduit and resurfaced all of the streets that has been broken through. Further they installed 34,920 feet of cable, 82 manholes, 125 laterals and 125 new cross-connecting boards.

The city's 15 schools were also completely rewired for the system.

Again on September 3, 1936, it was necessary to suspend operations due to lack of funds,but on December 27th, the needed funds having been allocated, work was resumed under Project No. 2-465. This project took up the work of connecting the fire and police alarm systems and gave employment to 60 laborers,four electricians, four helpers, one machinist and one machinist's helper, one foreman, one supervisor and two material-clerks.

With the completion of the projects the city's 125 fire alarm boxes, 62 police call boxes, 83 flashlight and panel boards in the nine fire houses, and fire alarm systems in the 15 schools have been welded into a unit completely modern in ev-

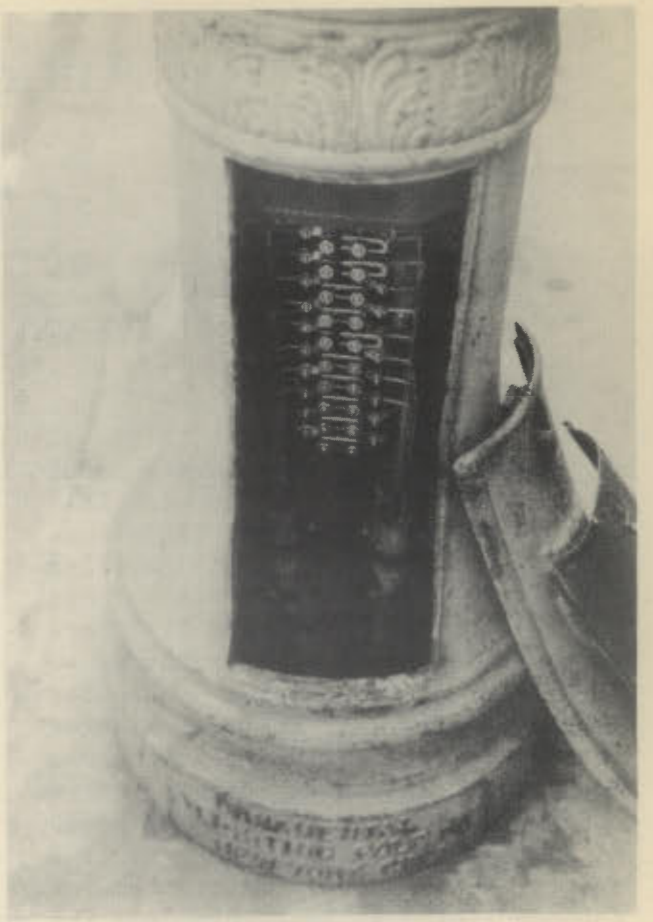
ery way, operating through the Sixteenth Street Fire and Police Headquarters. An operating plant has also been installed in Police Headquarters in City Hall, Palisade Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street.

The estimated cost is:

Material furnished	$12,598
Wages	$120,000
City's (Sponsors) cost	$8,500
Total to date	$141,098

There are still two projects, numbers 2-9-600 and 2-9-592, awaiting approval in Washington. These are for needed equipment. When entirely completed it is estimated that the work will have cost about $235,000.

The cost of the original systems in Union Hill and West Hoboken, with the subsequent connection into a single unit, cost about $274,000, whereas this modernization will cost but $235,000, showing a substantial saving to the municipality, not taking into consideration that these projects removed a number of families from the relief rolls.



after modernization

Before and . . .

It has been the constant aim of those in charge of the projects to keep the cost of materials down and put the greater part of the monies into wages. At the same time only the best of material was used, insuring the people of the city a system that will stand for a long time. Another saving to the property owners and residents of the city is in the fact that the Fire Underwriters have recognized the great benefits of this modernization of the alarm systems and as a result have given the city a higher rating, thereby reducing the cost of insurance.

Today the people of Union City may well feel proud of their most modern Fire and Police Alarm system, which was sponsored by Director of Public Safety Harry E. Little, and capably carried through to completion by Directing Supervisor Frank C. Joutras.

Anticlimax

A story

VIVIAN P. MINTZ

They tell a lot of stories about war these days. I suppose it's because of the European situation. My boy is president of his debating society in college, and most of his subjects concern war and its horrors. It's funny how times change -- I remember when he was a youngster playing soldier he sort of resented the fact that I wasn't an ex-Army man. Now he boasts that I was a "conscientious objector." I never told him that I would have gone if I hadn't had dependent family ties. I suppose I didn't tell him for the same reason that most fathers don't contradict most of the illusions their sons may have about them.

Several years ago Bill was a senior in high school. There was a speaker at one of his assembly programs who spoke on the smelly mess of "glorious battle" -- with especial sarcastic emphasis on the "glorious." Bill was deeply impressed. For weeks his mother and I heard the nauseating account of how this bitter ex-soldier had seen split skulls and how he had stepped on the gaseous remains of cadavers in the mud and rain. We heard the fantastic details of ptomaine poisoning and maggots seething on the dead. Bill had definitely entered the ranks of the Fight Against War. The house resounded with such phrases as Cannon Fodder, or Merchants of Death. I was annoyed. Not that I didn't agree with my son and his newly found principle, but rather that I wondered wearily why Bill never thought of debunking the debunker. I happened to know that the man who spoke at his school had never seen France and, as far as I knew, had never stepped on a corpse. But then, if he convinced earnest kids like Bill, perhaps his theme overshadowed his personal deception. I said nothing to Bill.

A few weeks later Bill was preparing an anti-war speech for his Current Events Club. He thought it would be an excellent idea if he used a medal awarded for bravery -- to illustrate, as he put it, "the ballyhoo of senseless glory." Since there were few decorated veterans in our town he asked me to get one in the city. I said I would.

I had intended driving over to Millington to the Veterans' Hospital, but later thought better of it. Somehow, I didn't think a shell-shocked or limbless man would appreciate the bitter sarcasm of a healthy boy. Of course, I don't suppose they find any consolation in their decorations, but, on the other hand, they probably prefer their private brands of satire. A second-hand jewelry store or pawn shop would be the more tactful solution.

I found the shop a few days later. It was a dark little place with innumerable and ugly novelties heaped behind a fly-specked show-window. Miniature gargoyles, smudged cameos, and heavy wrought-metal rings and pins; iron bookends and picture frames and misshapen incense-burners -- all very untidy. I usually make it a point never to window shop, but something here caught my eye.

There was a military medal over in one obscure corner. It reflected the single bit of brilliance in the whole window. Attached to a faded and dirty piece of red, white and blue ribbon, it was exactly the thing Bill wanted. I went into the store.

The proprietor came from the back of the store. I mentioned the medal in the window.

"Not for sale," he murmured. I thought I noted a complete change of expression in his thin, horny face--he seemed ashamed and angry and sorrowful.

"Perhaps I may look at it?"

He stuck a long arm in the window and snatched at the medal. He slammed it on the counter before me with such evident rudeness that I coldly protested.

"Do you treat all your customers with this obliging service?"

"Obliging service?" He laughed dryly. "Two men were cut to pieces by a bayonet, and one had his head shot off for that medal. You can talk about obliging services!"

"The name has been scratched off," I said.

"It's my name," said the thin voice. Of course, he told me the story. It was very queer. A desertion, and the capture of enemy soldiers, and then, in a panic of fear, their murder. He was awarded the medal, but it haunted him. He saw the bloody heaps of the men he had killed; he remembered his fear; he lost his self-respect. The thought of the horror was driving him mad.

"The cursed thing is worth about twelve dollars in money, but it cost me my whole life. Take it, I'll give it to you! I loathe the thing! It haunts me! Take it!" He pushed the medal toward me and buried his head in his arms.

I was profoundly shocked. This, I thought, is no mere debunking. Bill can tell this story with truth behind him. Under ordinary conditions I wouldn't have bought the medal, but because Bill would need it I swallowed any sentimental compunctions I might have had. I put fifteen dollars on the counter, and took the medal. When I left the store the keeper's head was still buried in his arms.

I hurried down the street. After hearing that man's story I was anxious to get home and tell it to Bill. Then I remembered that names would probably be very important to Bill. I turned back. Perhaps the man's name was on his store window.

As I came near the shop I saw a familiar, long arm reach into the show-window. He was placing another medal, identical with mine, in a position to catch that purposely accidental light. This medal had the name scratched off, and the same soiled ribbon. I felt extremely foolish. Not because I had been cheated of fifteen dollars, but because I had a mental picture of myself tiptoeing out of that shop to leave the man in his sorrow.

As a matter of fact, I don't feel as cheated as I should. After all, that fellow was really an artist. I believed him when he told that story. Fifteen dollars isn't too high a price to pay for seeing a good actor. I have always believed that a man is better for having been made a fool of now and then. I am willing to wager that I wasn't the only one who got fooled by that medal.

I brought the thing home to Bill. I told him the story of the storekeeper. I didn't tell him of the anticlimax. It would have spoiled his speech.

After all, we older ones can take our disillusion with a grain of salt. A "Cause" is a wonderful thing to have when you're young. I only brought it up because of all the war stories these days. The European situation, I suppose. It's a good thing for kids like Bill to be interested in. After all, I'm not a cynical man.

Marionettes

All Spectators Enjoy the Puppets Presented by the Federal Theatre

LILLIAN YOUNG

Sometimes they say, "I've al-ways sim-ply a-dored marionettes!" and sometimes, "It must be really quite an art, at that, to make the little dolls do all those things." Now these two unusual adult reactions, whether or not you regard them as flattering, are not particularly beneficial as criticism. Neither the eagerly gurgling nor the consciously tolerant parent or guardian helps us assess the value of the Federal Theatre Marionettes.

What the kids say is generally, "Gee!" or "Look!" or "Oo-ooh!" Unless, as sometimes happens, they are little hellions, armored with vicarious experience by the movies. In that case it is pretty tame, of course, to see Aladdin achieve a palace and a princess through the power of his magic lamp, however gorgeous his Oriental costume, however rosy the lighting. After all, some of us eight- to ten-year-olds are accustomed to seeing Al the Dip acquire a penthouse and a chorine through the power of his magic gat; or Jim Alden the G-man win promotion and a seductive secretary with his legally carried revolver. ("I swore to get that rat!") Such doings are much more credible to our juvenile minds.

But -- If we children of the cities who frequent the dime movie house with its third and fourth and tenth-run pictures, having our eyes strained by old films, our minds bemused with ancient mayhem, our sensibilities blunted by passe slapstick -- if we can just be made aware, even though we haven't yet a taste for it, that there is another

Sultan's court in Aladdin and the Princess

Happy Days at the Circus

world of entertainment, a three dimensional world of light and color, living voices and figures in the round, where fun and beauty wait for us; then there is hope that someday we will feel a lack in the meretricious; feel something wanting in action for violence's sake alone; and miss, when it is not there, that tone in a production which makes the difference between a commercial time-killer and an artistic conception.

In the meanwhile the Marionettes can go about among the oncoming generation, forwarding the process of acclimatization to this world of which I speak with such naive hopefulness.

And "oncoming" is, from what I hear, a well-advised adjective.

They tell, on the Essex County Marionette Project, of one booking, where some of the more enterprising of the young audience came on with so much of force that the stage manager found himself engaged in hand-to-hand encounter. They overran backstage, knocked down flats, and grabbed at the dolls; not, you understand, in an outburst of frantic enthusiasm, or even ardent curiosity, but merely because these particular little dears unfortunately never had been instructed in proper behavior at public performances. Their only experience had been in motion picture houses where there are no brightly colored touchables backstage.

So, if a Federal Marionette show, traveling to congested schools and underprivileged groups, succeeds in nothing more than civilizing the future audiences for living plays, it has justified its existence.

There is testimony from schools where the student body has had more training and more opportunity to emerge from the simian era of development, which leads us to believe that governmental efforts in the field of entertainment have already done more than that. I quote from a letter written by the president of a Parent Teachers Association.

"We wish to tell you how much we enjoyed the show. There were many favorable comments from our adult audience, which shows it was not only a children's performance but adult as well. It was one of the most spectacular of Marionette shows I have seen. The puppets were beautiful and richly costumed, the settings and backgrounds unusual for a marionette show, (and I have arranged quite a few marionette shows for the school.). . . We are looking forward

to a return engagement at the school as we enjoyed the show, beside being able to add monies to our Welfare Fund."

And again:

"Having sponsored various plays and projects under the Works Progress Administration through our Parent Teacher Association, we find each one has been a huge success. The two marionette shows were unusual and beautiful and received much praise. The children enjoyed them immensely.

And from a Children's Home:

"Needless to write how happy the children were made as a result of the efforts of your marionette company. It was an excellent performance."

From a County Hospital:

". . .extend our thanks for the marionette entertainment furnished at our Hospital . . . greatly enjoyed by patients and employees."

Rip Van Winkle

Though we shouldn't pat ourselves too smugly on the back because of praise from shut-ins, who are inclined to be more grateful than discriminating.

Enough of "unsolicited testimonials." The Marionette Project be-

Molly Pitcher at the Battle of Monmouth

Aladdin and the Genii

gins to sound like a patent medicine that my great-uncle once fell victim to. "Warranted to cure coughs, colds, pain in the body, wounded affections and pippin hens." I was too young at the time to be interested in ascertaining which of these ailments he sought to ameliorate.

For variety let's have some statistical facts. If you care for statistical facts. If, like me, you don't -- well, read 'em anyway. It won't hurt you.

Since it was established in December 1935 the Marionette Project has played, according to the business manager's box office records, to 32,419 people. Not necessarily 32,-419 different people, you understand, for a certain percentage of the bookings were return engagements. So if Mrs. Entwhistle brought Theodore and Millicent back to see the show when it played their neighborhood again, why, they got counted a second time. But anyway, each admittance constitutes a person. Statistics are like that -- a little confusing -- but just the same they prove things.

The gnomes bewitch Rip

Rip's return after twenty years

Last summer some people got counted over and over, because they came back again and again. You see, the Marionette Project held forth for ten weeks in a theatre in Olympic Park. They played every night and Saturday and Sunday .matinees, and since the show changed weekly, some folks grew into regular customers and came back each week, and got counted each week -- but I said that before. Well, statistics affect me that way,so let's get away from them before I say something else over and over.

If anyone should ask me what I thought the Marionette Project had accomplished, I should tell him: they are filling, and adequately filling, a need for suitable entertainment at a nominal charge, for children of all ages. Speaking of the charge, benefits are played for the underprivileged, at which no admission is charged.

The program presented is varied, imaginative and colorful. It includes Aladdin, in Six Spectacular Scenes! And lavishly costumed! It's easy to costume a two-foot puppet lavishly. The women on the project all contribute the remnants of their predepression satins and velvets.

There is Rip Van Winkle, complete with gnomes, a cow, and a daschhund. And there is Molly Pitcher; a story played by no other marionette troupe, showing the lady as a forceful example of American womanhood defending her country. This last is historically authentic and boasts a grand big cannon for the climax of the second act.

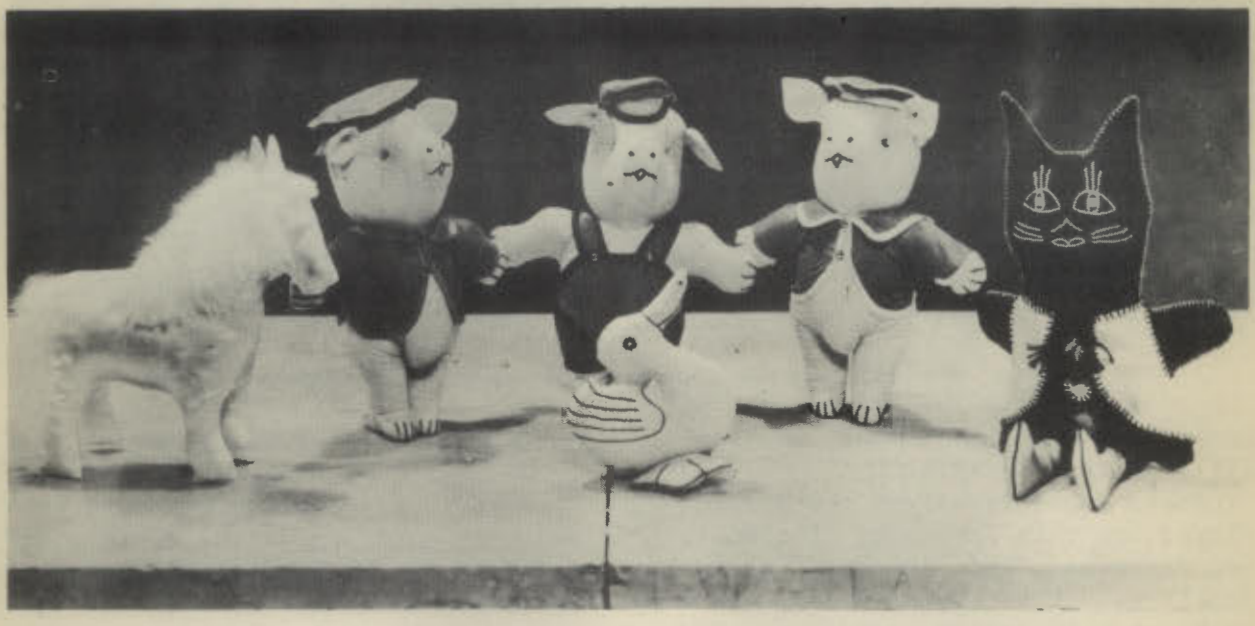
All the plays are original versions,written by the director of the project.

A real live clown,a magician, and a ventriloquist round out the bill.

With these to offer, and another entirely new program into rehearsal, as the ladies often say, it is indeed, "quite an art to make the little dolls do all those things." But the Marionette Project is aware that the little dolls do much more than is apparent to the eye, in any one performance.

The Layette Shop

FRANCES MADISON



Toys made by the Layette Shop for Mrs. Roosevelt

A young man appeared one day at a WPA sewing room in Atlantic City, and asked the supervisor if she would show him how to run a sewing machine, during his spare time. She instructed him and he finally was able to operate the machine. He had secured some apparently useless cloth bags and conceived the idea that something useful might be made of them. He washed, bleached and ironed the bags, and with the supervisor's help he cut out and eventually sewed aprons similar in cut to butchers' aprons. These articles he rented; they were returned soiled; he washed and ironed them and rerented. Then, one day, he asked the supervisor if she would assist him in making waiters' jackets. She had no pattern, so the young man secured a discarded jacket, and from it patterns were developed. Out of the bags, waiters' jackets were soon sewed together and these too were rented and washed and rerented.

The young man has developed quite a business. He launders the bags, sews them into articles needed for his business, rents the clothing, launders and returns it to stock on hand. An endless chain for him but a business he established out of his own ingenuity, with the assistance of a WPA sewing room supervisor.

This is perhaps only one of the thousands of outstanding incidents that take place in sewing rooms all over the country. And while on the subject of things unique, it is with pride that mention is made of Project No. 9-1-5094. Located at 2520 Atlantic Avenue, Atlantic City, the Layette Shop, of all the 17 sewing projects in District Five, deserves special notice. Opened on November 1, 1935, for a year and a half it was the only one of its kind in the

Employees of the Shop on their way to Washington

State. The finished work was sent all over New Jersey.

There are fifty-eight people employed on this project, including two forewomen, two cutters, and two janitors. It is operated six days a week, on a two-shift schedule: 7AM to 12 noon, and noon to 5PM. Twice a month, on the first and fifteenth, an inventory is taken and the report is sent to both the District Supervisor and to Headquarters at Newark. Since the project is sponsored by the Atlantic City Commission, a report of finished work is given to the proper officials once a week.

At the present time, baby clothes and children's garments (up to age 10) are made by the women, in addition to the layettes. The latter, needless to say, are a delight to an expectant mother,with their daintily stitched garments of delicate pink and blue. Besides the regulation flannel garments there is always one "best" dress, that no newborn Prince nor Princess would spurn. Faggotting and feather-stitching, which to the uninitiated may be Greek, but which to needy mothers mean the difference between "charity" dresses and dainty garments, add the last,lovely touch.

Originally the layettes were delivered in large cardboard boxes, but, since these entail unnecessary expense, the sewing women are now making wrappers of bed ticking.

Scraps of flannel from the cutting table are braided and sewn into rugs or mats on which His or Her Majesty may gracefully recline after morning ablutions.

And such toys! Shades of the Gingham Dog and Calico Cat! No less a personage than little Kate Roosevelt has been the recipient of some of these charming little gifts.

A survey of the stock room, which is kept in order by one of the seamstresses acting as clerk, discloses a picture of neatness and order. Bolts of material, thread, not even one hook or eye is withdrawn without the proper requisition.

Topping the supplies are rows of finished pieces: jaunty corduroy coats, junior replicas of big sister's; frocks of military design, trimmed with shining metal buttons; princess type gowns with the allure that delights feminine hearts of every age; and last, but by no means least, gingham and calico dresses. Not the Orphan Annie type, however, pride of a matron's heart, but individually designed, artistic creations, lacking only a Paris label!

In other days, women paid to be taught designing and dressmaking; in this day, and under the American way of doing things, they are not only being instructed in these arts, but

are paid for it.

Through a friend, Mrs. Roosevelt was presented with a very dainty baby's dress which afterward was given by her to Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt for the then expected baby. On one wall of the Sewing Room hangs a framed letter of appreciation from the White House which is treasured very much. Later, an interested friend of the Sewing Room requested a baby's dress for presentation to the Queen of Rumania as a token of workmanship from our women to the women of Rumania.

In recognition of their work,Mrs. Roosevelt, through her secretary, extended an invitation to the group to visit Washington on Wednesday, February third, at four o'clock. The letter created intense excitement, but each one was ready at 7 AM of the eventful day. Two buses were speeded on their way by Charles D. White, mayor of Atlantic City, and George R. Swinton, District Director of the Works Progress Administration. The women were accompanied by Mrs. Irene E. Popper, Supervisor of Women's and Professional Projects, and Mrs. Mabel A. Tiffany, State Supervisor of Sewing Rooms.

Mrs. Roosevelt greeted each worker in the Blue Room of the White House and later lemonade and cakes were served. A guide conducted them on a tour of the lower floor where cabinets exhibit the different patterns in china selected by the many mistresses of the White House and where are hung oil paintings of the former Presidents' wives.

A day long to be remembered ended all too soon. All were happy and grateful for their employment under the Works Progress Administration.

EATERS OF THE RED LOTUS

Before our dusk of slaughtered moon
our lives are always afternoon.

We, mighty in our brotherhood,
who have been slaying ancient god,
with pious nonchalance have trod
past other lives of lust and blood;

And what we killed still tortures us
who, martyred, die at every thrust.

We call upon these lives to know
that nothing is and cannot be
until our utter victory
which time is ponderous, moving slow.

What comfort in our loved tomorrow?
They have their day; their day is sorrow.

Yet now their thoughts may kiss their pain
which we may never know again
for in our dusk of slaughtered moon
our lives are always afternoon.

Rudolph E. Kornmann

Education in New Jersey

A Chapter from the New Jersey State Guide

JOSEPH SUGARMAN

Mass education in New Jersey developed somewhat slowly during the first two centuries of the State's history. The progress achieved in converting the Colonial log schoolhouse into the post-Revolutionary academy was limited by the persistent idea that only those who could pay were entitled to an education. In the last 70 years the academy has been replaced by the gradual creation of the present free school system, aided by the united resources of the State.

The most important single advance in education was the legislative act of 1871 which abolished all fees for instruction in public schools. Rich and poor were thus placed on a common level. The hickory stick and the lash went the way of the one-room building. Even the kindergarten system, founded by enterprising women as a means of making a living, was taken over by the State.

Cornerstone accomplishments in building an educational program were the creation of a State-controlled system of training teachers in normal schools, the consolidation of small, weak rural schools into larger and stronger units, the development of a State-wide system of high schools, and the founding of a State college with free scholarships.

The school system, expanded under these stimuli, in 1935 enrolled 860,000 pupils, 217,000 of them in high schools. Education is compulsory, as it has been for more than 50 years, for all children between the ages of 7 and 16.

Under this free school system the State through local boards today takes the child into the kindergarten and carries him through elementary and high schools without charging a penny, providing textbooks, medical care, transportation where necessary, preparation for college, technical training, and night continuation classes for those compelled to work in the daytime. The State also maintains manual and vocational training institutions, night schools for the foreign-born, libraries for students and teachers and specific aid to teachers' pension funds.

The complete program cost in 1934-35, the last year reported, nearly $111,000,000 and employed 28,300 teachers. The average salary of day school teachers was $1,821 per year, a decrease of $322 since 1931.

Federal funds have made possible many additions to public school building in the last five years. They numbered 2,210 owned in 1935, besides 257 rented or portable. Value of buildings, land and equipment exceeded $329,000,000, with a net debt of about $193,000,000.

Such has been the rise of what its opponents of a century ago bitterly opposed as "a pauper system."

History

Once the early Dutch and English settlers had successfully pushed the Indians farther and farther from the Hudson, they turned to providing education for their children. Their ministers held services in the log cabins and then gave religious in-

struction to the children. Upon their insistence schoolmasters were brought from abroad to aid them.

The early log schoolhouse was about 16 feet square. Windows cut into the log walls were covered in winter with sheepskin or oiled paper. There was a huge fireplace at one end and near the windows was a rough desk for the older children, who were learning arithmetic.

Oldest school in New Jersey, Newark Photo by Halpern

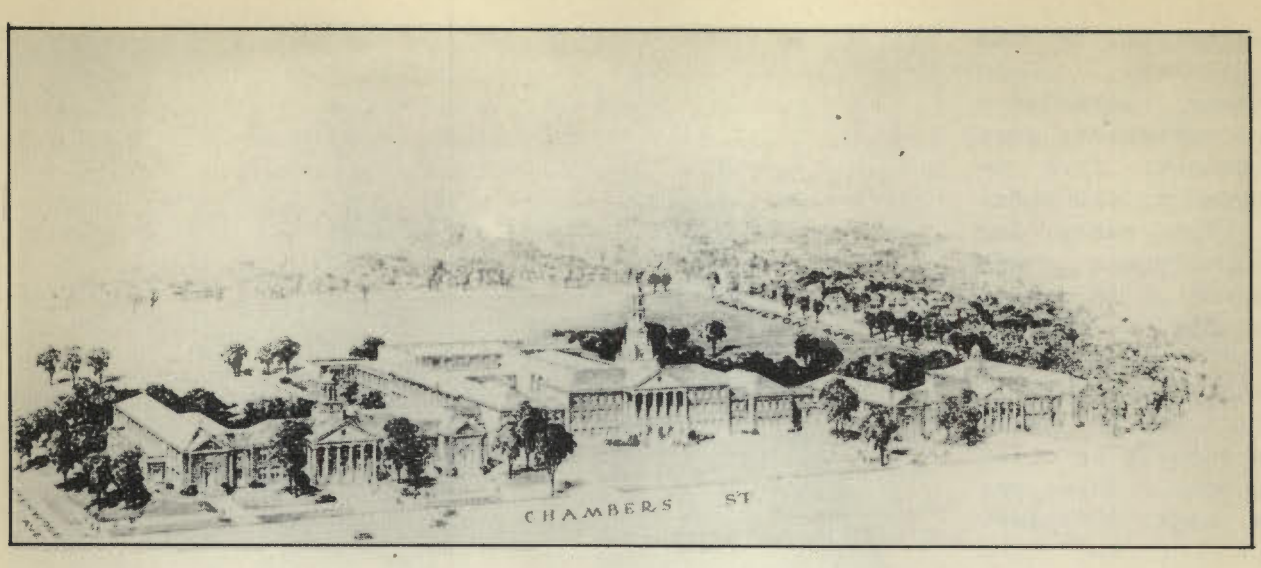
Frontier education was primitive. Reading was the main course, supplemented at times by writing, spelling and arithmetic. The stern Dutch and Puritan schoolmasters excelled in discipline, literally requiring their pupils to toe the chalk line drawn across the schoolhouse floor. Slab benches gave the younger children hardening against the usual punishment for failing to toe the mark.

Although these crude schools continued well into the last century, more advanced institutions were founded in the older settlements for those able to pay the cost. Newark Academy was opened in 1772 and the Trenton Academy three years later. Princeton University had been established in 1746 by the Presbyterians at Elizabeth, and Rutgers was founded as Queens College by the Dutch Reformed Church in 1770. A Princeton graduate opened a grammar school at Elizabethtown in 1766 and many others followed.

In the towns the apprenticeship system in the crafts and trades aided the progress of education. By contract the master was bound to teach his apprentice not only his occupation but also "to read, wryte and cypher." This led Moses Combs, an early Newark shoe manufacturer, to found a night school for his apprentices; later the privilege was extended to others. In Woodbridge as early as 1691 the town schoolmaster was engaged to teach until 9 o'clock on winter nights, presumably for the benefit of apprentices and other workers.

Such was the school system when New Jersey became one of the 13 original States. By this time population was increasing so rapidly that overburdened schoolmasters were obliged to use the older children as monitors to help with the instruction of the younger ones.

The first move toward a free public school system in New Jersey was made in 1813, when friends of education tried to obtain $40,000 from the State for a school fund. After 3 years' effort the fund was started



Trenton Central High School

with $15,000. Four years later the legislature authorized inhabitants of townships to raise money for education of children unable to pay fees. The State augmented its financial support in 1828 by allocating to education taxes from banks and insurance companies.

In the same year a convention of welfare associations at Trenton appointed a committee to publicize the need for better schools. Nearly 12,000 children were reported devoid of education and one-fifth of the voters illiterate.

Although many citizens were disturbed by such findings, education was still considered something of a luxury. It is related that the first school principal in Newark was named primarily to curtail what the superintendent considered waste of fuel. Incidental to his duties as janitor, he was to supervise the course of study.

Clara Barton, later founder of the American Red Cross, was a pioneer builder of the free school system in New Jersey during the middle of the last century. Having obtained a teacher's certificate at the age of 15 in her native Massachusetts, she offered her services without charge for 3 months to aid the free school at Bordentown, N.J., a center of opposition to "free schools for paupers" (see Tour 19). Her faith in the system was more than justified by the quick growth of the school, which had 600 pupils enrolled in its second year.

Spurred by organizations and individuals, the State gradually assumed its mounting obligation. In 1841 the State board of education was given general supervision over education and in 1855 the first State normal school was founded at Trenton. Finally, 16 years later the legislature passed a bill declaring all public schools free. To education was allotted the proceeds of sales from State lands under water.

Present Status

Since the Civil War New Jersey has endeavored to build an educational system which would keep step with population and industrial growth. Higher living standards for the wage earner have created higher ambition for the schooling of his children. A ceaseless demand has produced high schools in every town of importance, while smaller neighboring districts have joined resources for high schools or have paid for tuition in nearby towns.

Through high expenditures New Jersey has broadened the scope of its school system beyond that of many other States. The State is ex-

ceeded in educational expense per pupil only by California, Nevada and New York. The average cost for each student in average day's attendance in 1932 was $126.39 against a national average of $81.36. The outlay fell in 1933 to $102.53, a decrease of 18 percent. By this program the number of illiterates declined from 5 to 3.8 percent in the period 1920-30.

Expansion of schoolhouses and teaching staffs have been matched by efforts to develop courses of study suitable to the special groups arising from an industrialized civilization. The foreign population of New Jersey is now above 840,000 or about 20 percent of the whole, and there are 1,413,000 residents of foreign or mixed parentage. To speed their Americanization, orientation courses have been installed in the regular schools for the children and evening classes have been established for the adult foreigner.

An extensive program has been designed for the underprivileged and the physically handicapped. Backward children, defectives, cripples, the blind, deaf and dumb receive special instruction. The State maintains a separate vocational school for Negroes at Bordentown where 32 teachers give more than 400 pupils preparation for trades and industries or regular academic training (see Tour 19).

To the compulsory education law has been added one forbidding the hiring of children under 14 years of age and requiring those over 14 to be certified in fundamentals. Continuation schools have been provided for part-time workers, while manual training, vocational and agricultural schools have been created in the farming and industrial areas to meet the demand for technical and scientific training.

The State has been a leader in attempting to give individual attention to pupils rather than the mass instruction of the past. Newark and other large cities have been particularly quick to loosen the old curriculum, adopt modern methods of instruction and experiment boldly in an effort to prepare their pupils for contemporary living.

Most school districts employ nurses who keep close watch on the pupils to prevent epidemics and to safeguard general health. For 25 years school districts have been required to engage physicians as medical inspectors to ascertain physical defects of pupils. Dental clinics are being established in increasing numbers and health education has been incorporated into the curriculum by State law.

Financial Problems

Much remains to achieve equality of opportunity for every child in the State. At present the wealthier cities and towns are able to enlist the most qualified educators, but many communities lack funds to provide adequate teachers, buildings or equipment.

The motor bus and the consolidated school have in the last 20 years aided in overcoming some rural handicaps. Towns have pooled resources to build consolidated schools and to obtain better instructors and equipment. The State has accelerated the consolidation of the rural free schools and the extension of high school privileges by assuming three-fourths of the cost of transporting

Clara Barton's school, Bordentown

children to school centers. There are still, however, 320 one-room schools and 255 of two rooms each, housing 16,000 children. Enlargement of the school unit has been severely retarded in the last 5 years by failure of school tax collections.

A commission named in 1932 by Governor A. Harry Moore to survey school conditions recommended that the State should provide at least $57 annually for every child of school age. Total cost to the State was estimated at $18,000,000 a year to supplement the funds of economically weak towns. Action on equality has been prevented by the depression.

Financing the public school is still largely the problem of local boards of education, which levy school taxes under State laws. State tax funds have been slowly added since 1867 to assist the local boards. In 1901 the State school tax was fixed at 2 3/4 mills on each dollar of assessed valuation of all taxable property. About 90 percent of the money thus raised is returned to the counties for distribution among the school districts, amounting in 1933 to $20,800,000, and in 1935 to less than $18,400,000, a decrease of 11 percent. After making deductions for State institutions and losses through failure of collection, property value decline and litigation, officers of the New Jersey State Teachers' Association estimate that in recent years State aid has actually totaled not more than $5,500,000. This is 6 percent of the cost of public schools, compared with 89 percent provided by Delaware, 66 percent by North Carolina and 33 percent by New York.

In recent years the school tax system has failed to provide funds promptly, causing reduction in teaching facilities in weaker communities. In 1934 the State had 485 fewer teachers than in 1931 although pupils had increased by 18,700. Salaries were delayed; courses curtailed; and the average teacher's salary fell from $2,143 to $1,821. In one city 70 percent of the elementary pupils have been on part time. Cities were forced to close summer schools and vocational evening schools, while rural schools, hardest hit of all, were using textbooks published before the World War, including geographies of prewar Europe.

Much of the difficulty has been ascribed to the system of deriving school funds almost exclusively from property taxes. Leading educators urge that at least 20 percent of the burden be shifted to sources less liable to dry up at the first indication of hard times. This suggestion has received widespread support from the teachers' organizations, parent-teacher groups and women's clubs throughout the State, but to date the legislature has accepted none of the alternative taxes proposed, nor has it taken any action toward broadening the tax base which would partially free the schools from their dependence upon property income.

Critics also object to the distribution of State aid on the basis of the total days' attendance of pupils in the public schools. Under this plan the financially weakest districts with fewer pupils and smaller classes receive less than the wealthier city areas.

Protection for Teachers

New Jersey is one of four States with a State-wide tenure of office law. A teacher cannot be removed nor his salary decreased after three years of consecutive service, except on charges and after a hearing. Pensions are provided by the State under a law approved in 1919 and annuities by the teachers' own contributions. Payment is made after the age of 62 or following retirement, which is compulsory at 70.

The State board of education is a bi-partisan body of ten, not more than five of whom may be members of the same political party. It approves selection of county superintendents, can withhold funds from any local board for failure to com-

Old Queen's, Rutgers University

ply with State school laws, and issues teachers' certificates, valid in any part of the State. Teachers cannot be employed without certificates. With the exception of foreign-language instructors, they are required to be citizens of the United States. A teacher's oath of allegiance to the Constitution is required under a law passed in 1935. While no test case has resulted and there is no record of a teacher refusing to comply with the law, the forces which originally opposed the ruling have announced a vigorous campaign in the legislature for its repeal.

The State operates six normal or training schools for teachers, situated in Trenton, Montclair, Newark, Glassboro, Paterson and Jersey City, giving preparation for instruction in elementary and secondary schools, with a curriculum based on modern educational methods. Since 1913 summer schools have been maintained.

Universities and Private Schools.

New Jersey has two outstanding universities, Princeton and Rutgers. Formerly a land-grant college, Rutgers was designated as the State University of New Jersey in 1917, and receives direct State aid and funds for free scholarships (see NEW BRUNSWICK). It ranks favorably with most State universities east of the Mississippi and has made significant scientific and governmental contributions to State progress. Its College of Agriculture maintains experimental stations throughout the State (see AGRICULTURE). Established in 1918 as part of the State University is the New Jersey College for

Patton Hall and part of campus, Princeton University *Permission of Princeton Alumni Weekly*

Women, which has developed rapidly into one of the most progressive women's schools in the nation.

Princeton, along with Yale and Harvard, has traditionally been one of the country's "Big Three." Although not ranked quite so high today, it has sent forth from its beautiful Gothic campus many men prominent in public affairs. No longer considered a "country club for rich men's sons," Princeton has recently begun to emphasize the social sciences and has undergone a campus democratization, largely inspired by Woodrow Wilson. The university is particularly strong in architecture, engineering and classics (see PRINCETON).

Also at Princeton, although not associated with the university, is the Institute for Advanced Study, a small center for experiment and research in science and the humanities by some of the world's leading scholars. Albert Einstein is a member of this group.

Stevens Institute of Technology at Hoboken (see HOBOKEN) holds a distinguished place among the technical and engineering schools of the country. It was the first college in the United States to grant the degree of mechanical engineer and continues to give only that degree.

The University of Newark was organized in 1935 by consolidating New Jersey Law School, Dana College, Mercer Beasley Law School, Newark Institute of Arts and Sciences and the Seth Boyden School of Business (see NEWARK). The South Jersey Law School at Camden and Newark Technical School are also well known.

New Jersey has a number of private schools of long-established

reputation. Some of these are maintained by religious organizations, while others specialize in college preparation. Among the outstanding religious schools are the college of St. Elizabeth at Convent Station, Drew University at Madison, Upsala College at East Orange, Seton Hall College at South Orange, and Centenary Collegiate Institute at Hackettstown.

School buses insure attendance Photo by Halpern

More than 70 schools in the State prepare students for colleges and universities. Among the better-known preparatory schools are the Hun School and Princeton Preparatory School at Princeton, Lawrenceville Academy at Lawrenceville, Bordentown Military Institute at Bordentown, and the Peddie School at Hightstown.

A widespread parochial school system under the direction of the clergy covers the two Roman Catholic dioceses in the State. There were 263 of these schools in 1935, with an enrollment of nearly 116,000.

New Jersey's libraries are an important adjunct to its educational system, aided by a law permitting taxes to be levied for their establishment in any community. There are 275 municipal libraries and 9 county libraries. The Newark Library, founded in 1888, acquired a first-ranking position under the leadership of John Cotton Dana. Only four towns of more than 2,000 population are without library service. There are 4,000,000 books in use and many city libraries have provided outlying rural sections with reading matter by means of the library truck. By a system of loans all the books in any library, excepting reference works, are available to all other libraries in the State.

Although mainly limited to urban centers, several New Jersey museums contribute a broadening influence to education. Largest and widest in its service is the Newark Museum, one of the first institutions in the country to specialize in science and industry. It also has important art and historical collections. Other historical centers are the New Jersey State Museum at Trenton, the Historical Museum of Morristown, and the Museum of the New Jersey Historical Society in Newark. The Montclair Art Museum houses chiefly paintings and sculpture and the Paterson Museum features natural science collections. Among the museums developed by State colleges and universities the most important are the Stevens Institute of Technology Museum at Hoboken, largely devoted to mechanics and science, the Museum of Historic Art and various scientific collections at Princeton University, and the geological and agricultural museums at Rutgers University.

Personnel and portable stage, Camden Theatre Project

Camden Theatre Project

CLOUDESLEY JOHNS

In various and sometimes strange surroundings the Federal Theatre is set up by the two Camden units. One of these is a vaudeville troupe, presenting a show of the modern revue type; the other, an all Negro troupe which presents, in addition to vaudeville, the comedy "Come Seven" by Octavus Roy Cohen. These units completed their first year of providing welcome entertainment in various parts of the State on January 28th, and their value in adding to the enjoyment of life for thousands is attested by the increasing number of congratulatory letters received by Harry Horne, project supervisor for South Jersey.

In one instance the white unit traveled 135 miles each way to a camp in Sussex County, to entertain 700 undernourished children.

In many cases audiences attending shows given by these troupes are seeing "in the flesh" theatrical productions for the first time, and many of the audience travel long distances, in cars of all sorts, some even walking miles to enjoy the novelty.

There are fourteen acts in the vaudeville show, including a song and dance specialty by a team whose aggregate age is 150 years. This couple, the oldest active team in vaudeville, is Tom and Gertie Grimes, who were found living on a little farm in Sicklerville, N. J., comfortable enough but always dreaming of their old days as troupers. They accepted eagerly the opportunity to return to the road when it was offered them by the Federal Theatre Project. They are special favorites with audiences everywhere.

Last summer the South Jersey traveling theatre project consisted of troupes numbering 34 performers and six executives and stage hands; a portable stage and such scenery as was required, all borne in trucks which, when unloaded, became dressing-rooms. Chairs were provided by the community in which the show was given, individual members of the audiences sometimes bringing their own. This year seats are being carried with the shows. Another innovation in the outdoor shows this year is the setting up of the theatre in an "airdrome" open to the sky but enclosed with canvas on all four sides, instead of setting the stage in the open, as was done last year.

Each show carried its own lighting equipment, which is connected to the local service. In one case the portable stage was set up in the midst of a tract of woodland, in order to make the show most convenient to a scattered farm population, and an electric wire was strung from a house some distance away. This inconvenience soon is to be obviated by the addition of a generating plant to the equipment.

Orchestra of the vaudeville troupe

Photo by Benson

Grand ensemble of the vaudeville unit Photo by Benson

These shows have proved more effective in increasing the population of towns and villages than the most ambitious real estate enterprise ever devised, although, of course, the growth is but transient. In one community of normal 1,800 population the show drew an audience of 2,200, and in another, even more striking proportionately, a village of 325 provided an audience of 900.

Many difficulties have been encountered, but all have been overcome in the spirit of the saying that "the show must go on." In one case, when the traveling show was to have reached its objective at 3 o'clock in the afternoon,a truck broke down, and the town was reached at 7 o'clock. The entire town, including the mayor, pitched in to help, becoming for the time being scene shifters and carpenters, and the show opened on time, the volunteer helpers becoming the audience.

Among the minor heroisms manifested by the troupers is the manner in which some of the girls, in acts providing that little or nothing be worn on the lower limbs, go through their acts in swampland areas during the mosquito season.

In addition to the outdoor performances, the two units of the Camden Federal Theatre Shows have performed in churches, synagogues, school auditoriums, halls and any other enclosure that can be found, large enough and empty enough. On the other hand, a number of performances have been given in fully equipped theatres. On two occasions, when the qutdoor show was rained out, it has been moved to the nearest available hall or other auditorium.

In the first year of the projects, from January 28, 1936 to January 28, 1937, .205 performances, paid and free, were given. The free performances were in CCC camps, hospitals and other specially selected places.

Aside from providing welcome en-

tertainment by presenting theatrical productions "in the flesh," the purpose of the projects is to take care of professional actors and other performers who have been thrown out of employment by the disappearance of "the Road" as a result of the substitution of motion pictures, and other causes.

An interesting feature of the operation of these projects is the reunions that occur. Not all the old troupers, not employed in established theatres, are in the Federal Theatre shows. There are thousands who have retired from active service or found some means of livelihood in other fields. In town after town, as the Camden Federal Theatre Shows moved from place to place,old timers of the footlights and sawdust ring have come to greet friends of their trouping days, whom they had not heard of for years.

There appears to be a growing feeling in South Jersey that "the show must go on" in more than one sense,that the Federal Theatre Projects should be made permanent. The demand is manifested in replies to questions on cards given out at each performance. One of these questions is, "Would you like a permanent Federal Theatre?" The answer to this has been 100 percent "Yes." Aside from the desire of the people for this form of entertainment, there is the consideration of employment for many professional actors and entertainers, now employed by these projects, most of whom could not obtain employment at a living wage in any other field.

TWO BLIND BOYS WALK TOGETHER

Two historic figures, twins of shadow
Moving down the march of sound,
Two nameless, sightless, voiceless comrades,
Companions of darkness, brothers in oblivion,
Reading the braille of life in a labyrinth
Of seven million blind men.

Finding colors in contours, one carries a cane
Jauntily, like a gentleman. The other grips
His stick, a prayer in polished hickory.
Hearing a city's juxtaposition, they walk
Side by side, joined by two elbow-links.

Seven million pairs of feet pattern circles
In a realm where electric lights spell words
To advertise absurdity; but two phrenologists
Of sidewalks touch the factual surfaces
While a myriad stars blink in the midnight.

Two blind boys walk together down the avenues
Of Babylon like two verbs lost from a wise man's
Vocabulary.

Carl John Bostelmann

Federal Music

The Essex County W PA Symphony Orchestra

Essex County Symphony Orchestra Inaugurates a New Series

The Essex County WPA Symphony Orchestra inaugurated a series of weekly concerts at the auditorium of the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, on Tuesday evening, March 9th. This unit comprises many of the finest symphonic musicians of New Jersey. The first concert of the new series was conducted by the resident conductor, Osbourne W. McConathy. Several of the future concerts will be in charge of internationally known conductors. The audience of four hundred received the program with great enthusiasm.

The program presented some features of unusual interest, including the first performance of an American composition, the overture "Colleoni," by Dr. Edward O. Schaaf, noted Newark composer and theoretician. This overture was inspired by the famous Colleoni equestrian statue presented to Newark by Christian W. Feigenspan.

Another feature was the first local appearance of Marshall Moss, 111 South Harrison Street, East Orange, who made his debut as a soloist, playing Mendelssohn's concerto, the E minor, and was admirably supported by the orchestra. As an encore the violinist selected the Prelude to Bach's unaccompanied Sonata in E Major.

Marshall Moss, young American violinist, manifested a love for music when three years of age. He began the study of the violin at five with Alexander Zukofsky, concert master of the Chicago Symphony. At nine he won a free scholarship at the Peabody Conservatory, Baltimore, under J. C. Van Hulsteyn, former concert master of the Lamoreux Orchestra, Paris. After studying with Professor Leopold Auer and Paul Stassevich, Mr. Moss became a pupil of the late Franz Kneisel, until the master's death. In 1926 Mr. Moss was awarded

Dr. Alloo conducting the orchestra

Dr. Modeste Alloo, conductor; Dr. Edward O. Schaaf, composer of "Colleoni," an overture featured at the first concert, and Dr. Edgar Stillman Kelley whose composition "The Pit and the Pendulum," a Symphonic Poem, was featured at the second concert conducted by Dr. Alloo. It was awarded the National Federation of Music Clubs prize in 1925, and was first performed at the Cincinnati May Festival of that year, directed by the composer.

a fellowship by the Juilliard Musical Foundation, New York City, from where he was graduated, having studied with Hans Letz, of the famous Kneisel and Letz Quartettes.

Two other numbers occupied the group's attention, Mozart's C Major Symphony No.38, known as "The Prague" and Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" Overture Fantasy.

The artist, conductor and the orchestra's excellent work was highly praised by Frederick Rocke, State Director of the Federal Music Project of New Jersey, who spoke at the beginning of the program and announced that Dr. Modeste Alloo, of New York City, will conduct the March 16th concert, at the same place.

The crowd gathered in the auditorium showed their appreciation and interest by hearty applause.

MOLOKAI, 1873

Earl Lawson Sydnor

". . . (Father Damien) slept that first night under a tree amidst his rotting brethren." - ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE LEPER

They left me here to die
With the dragging time --
To see
The flesh of me
Borrowing the marrow
Of my bones. The hair of my head,
Like the sheddings of a beast,
Leaves traces where I make my bed.

These crumbling teeth in my
Parching mouth are like
The shifting sands
On a scorching desert.

The scales from my skin
Follow the spasmodic breeze
And rot each living green
On which they fall.
The stink of my body
Quickens the only sense
The tricky fates have left me.

The earth is my bier.
The skies are the boundaries
Of my tomb.
Death (somewhere taunting
Ones that have no wanting)
Holds the keys
Of this great vault of mine.
Am I a living death?

Look! Look!
The mocking sun in the flaming west,
As it scourges from my cell,
Writes in blood across the sky:
"This is another day you shall not die.
You are a living death!"
A living death . . . a living death.

THE PRIEST

Let not the body's plight hold brief
Against the mind's dull seeming grief.
The withered leaf.

Detached from the mother tree and blown
In space, knows only root and stone
Will hold their own.

In all beauty lurks a hint
Of tragedy. Yet not that tint
Should be the glint.

Life is the scattered fertile seed;
Death and despair's the stifling weed --
Renew your creed.

Acquaint yourself with God and be
Like the Son of Man on that bitter tree --
Soul set free.

His burden was a cross of shame.
Redeeming souls, His only aim.
Call His name.

He conquered the grave (death's keen knife)
Your heritage is the gift of life
Void of strife.

Dust to dust is the body's way;
You've walked around in borrowed clay --
Kneel and pray.

The sun sank its gold in a sandy hill,
And night was tomorrow's windowsill.

Hide-Out Becomes Haven

EDWARD F. CONNELLY

State refuge for ducks near Barnegat Bay

Along the shores of Barnegat Bay, famed in legend as the favorite hide-out for pirates and refugees in the days gone by, there is now being prepared under the auspices of the State of New Jersey a "hide-out" for the thousands of wild fowl that yearly pass over the sand beaches and tide marshes along the Atlantic Coast in their migratory flights. Two large fresh water lakes, each covering about 50 acres, separated only by a narrow barrier of earth from the salt marshes of the bay, will provide the needed feeding grounds. The improvement will be but another feature of the New Jersey State Game Preserve at Forked Rived and has been made possible through a Federal grant of funds.

The farm is located just off U.S. #9 and State #4, not far from Toms River. An attractive entrance with a lodge house and the word "welcome" over the gates tend to make the auto tourist stop as he travels the road along the shore. The place is a mecca for sportsmen who desire to see how the State is anticipating the wants of the hunter by raising pheasants and quail, and also for school children who, accompanied by teachers, are frequent visitors in order to get first-hand information on this game experiment. In addition there will be established in the near future on grounds adjacent to the lakes a camping site for Boy Scouts, affording them every opportunity to study the visitors from the skies as they take refuge in this modern haven.

The farm at Forked River was started in 1912 and now covers an area of 537 acres. It consists of approximately equal tracts of wood-

Building the dike to control the flow of water

land, salt meadows and cultivated lands surrounded by an eight-foot fence, except on the meadows, where the fence is four feet high. One hundred and twenty-five acres have been fenced in as a deer park and here are raised and kept animals which are found in the woods. Some have been injured and others abandoned by their parents. These are kept for display purposes and never number more than half a dozen.

Lack of finances has kept the New Jersey Board of Fish and Game Commissioners, which controls the preserve, from making necessary improvements, but when the Federal Government announced that it was willing to provide funds for essential improvements through the Works Progress Administration in order to give work to men, application was made for four projects. The money was granted and for more than a year mechanics and laborers have been transforming the preserve into one of the best of its kind in the land.

The first one of these projects called for the creation of a duck refuge, feeding and breeding grounds to cover 50 acres. For this the WPA provided the sum of $41,256.20 and the State $475. For a long time Malcolm Dunn, superintendent of the Game Farm, had been anxious to create this refuge, but the funds were never available. A survey showed him that the very grounds needed were back of the salt meadow lands of Barnegat Bay, which were adjacent to the area where the fresh waters of Wrangle Creek emptied into the bay. It was found that fresh water lakes, so necessary to such a refuge because it is necessary to plant wild rice and celery, could be constructed without excessive engineering difficulties. The rice and celery will not grow in brackish waters and they are essential if wild fowl are to be attracted.

The work, started in the early part of 1936, has been carried on with vigor. One lake is completed and the second is nearly finished, and visitors to the farm this summer will find a transformed place. The first job was to clear a wooded area at the mouth of the creek, and then the river for some distance back was cleared of refuse to permit a free flow of water. Then the laborers with shovels and wheelbarrows began the construction of a dike 2,000 feet long joining the two banks on either side of the creek. In the creek bed a 10-foot concrete spillway with gates was constructed to

control the flow of the fresh water.

In building the dike it was necessary to go down eight feet to find a hard bottom. This trench was filled with sandy gravel. Above the ground clumps of sod cut from the marshes were piled neatly one on top of the other to the required height on both sides, and the center was filled with gravel. Along the water level on the dike small-mesh wire had to be staked the full length of the dam to prevent the muskrats from tunnelling through and ruining the whole construction project.

The spillway is of reinforced concrete construction built on wooden piles driven into the ground. Wooden gates regulate the height of the water in the lake. Eight small islands about 10 feet square have been built for resting and breeding, and it is expected that they will prove a welcome retreat for the wild fowl. The second lake on which work is being completed is approximately the same size as the first. The overflow from the first lake will be used to fill the second, so that eventually there will be approximately 100 acres devoted to this haven.

It is estimated that the work will require nearly 30,000 cubic yards of excavation. In addition a gravel road has been built from the main buildings on the farm to the lakes through a thickly wooded section. It is about a mile long and drainage ditches have been cut on both sides, not only to take care of the drainage of the road, but also to drain the water away from the parking area in front of the main building. This was subject to flooding after bad storms.

Another project, nearing completion, in the rear of the brooder house is the construction of two breeding pens, one 300 feet by 300 feet and the other 1,200 feet by 300. A large shelter house has been erected in the center of the latter pen. Four partitions have also been arranged so that the birds may be separated both in the pens and shelter house. In all 10,200 feet of heavy galvanized woven wire fence, eight feet high, supported by galvanized posts set in concrete 10 feet apart, was needed to enclose the pens. A gate large enough for a truck to drive through gives admis-

Excavating drainage ditches

sion to each pen, and there is a wooden trough 20 feet long in each enclosure. In addition 2,000 feet of one-inch galvanized iron pipe was laid below the frost line to provide each of these pens with running water.

Accommodations are provided for 5,000 pheasants, quail, wild duck and geese. For this work the Government provided $5,399.40 and the State $1,850.

A third project at the farm is the painting and repairing of six buildings and 10 breeding pens and shelters, for which the Government allotted $4,431 and the State $269. A fine piece of preservation was done through this work. The wooden foundations of many of the buildings had just about served their usefulness when the gang of WPA carpenters and masons got on the job, jacked up the buildings, cut away the rotted portions and replaced them with concrete forms. Concrete floors were laid in many buildings and a concrete walk laid from the superintendent's house to the brooder house, a distance of about 150 feet. In addition other repairs were made to the buildings, and windows and doors were replaced where necessary.

A big discarded poultry house, used as the WPA field office and for tool storage during the construction days, is being converted into a rest shelter for visitors. Wash rooms and other facilities will be provided. All the buildings on the farm have been painted, from the superintendent's home down to the smallest brooder house and feed trough. A concrete water reservoir with a capacity of 25,000 gallons provides fire protection.

And so visitors to the Forked River Game Farm this year will find much to admire and much of interest, thanks to the cooperation of the Government through the Works Progress Administration.

Besides the Forked River Game Farm, the New Jersey Board of Fish and Game Commissioners, of which George C. Warren, Jr., of Summit, is president, also conducts a pheasant farm of 223 acres at Rockport, of which 44 acres are woodland; and a farm of 142 acres at Holmansville for raising quail.

LOVE

John V. Braillard

It wells up from the heart
An all-engulfing tide.
Its passionate appeal
Is one I dare not hide;
For should I stem the rise
Of love within my heart,
Emotion's call to arms
Would tear my soul apart.

Federal Art

Photos by Rubel

Education Panel by Fabian Zaccone, West New York Public Library

Fabian Zaccone studied at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N.Y.,Leonardo Da Vinci Art Achool and New York University.

Exhibited at the National Academy of Design, the 5th International Exhibition of Lithography and Wood Engraving at the Art Institute of Chicago, the Texas Centennial Exposition, National Exhibition of Lithographs, Woodcuts and Block Prints, from which one of his prints was selected to be included in a traveling exhibition in Sweden; the New Jersey Annual Exhibition, Montclair Art Museum, Salons of America, Independent Artists Association, Newark Art Club and Kresge Annual Exhibition, Newark, N.J.

He has received awards from the Montclair Art Museum, New Jersey Chapter of the American Artists Professional League, Kresge Annual Exhibition. He has taught at the Leonardo Da Vinci Art School and has done quite a bit of book illustrating.

In his mural panel "Education" for the West New York, N.J. Public Library, he has portrayed the life and activities of the American school educational system, interpreting the function of modern education such as machine and wood shop training, art and physical training, social and civic activities which give a full and happy experience to every boy and girl.

FOUR SEASONS
Murals by Blanche Greer of Chatham, installed in the cafeteria of the New Jersey College for Women at New Brunswick

Two wood engravings by Rowland C. Ellis, a graduate of Washington University of St. Louis, Missouri. He is at present doing a special assignment for the Federal Art Project, in the Newark Museum. Mr. Ellis is a member of the American Artists Professional League.

A study in angles

The two linoleum cuts on this page are by Margaret Lente Raoul, Supervisor of the Federal Writers' Project in Ocean and Monmouth Counties.

Lily pool

Restoring Speedwell Park

GEORGE C. HANNIFIN

Building the dam at Speedwell Park, Morristown Photos by Rubel

Halfway between Morristown and Morris Plains, in one of the countless unbeautiful hollows of the Whippany River, is a valley that remains lovely in spite of itself. At the bridgehead where US 202 dips down, curves gracefully and spans the sorry stream,one is in the midst of "the ruins" -- between the largest garbage dump in Morris County and the bog bottom of an ancient lake -- probably the most significant single historical site in this part of New Jersey.

West of the highway at this point are the few remaining walls of the Speedwell Iron Works, in the past numbered among the leading industrial enterprises in America, where native iron was processed into products that established a criterion for quality. In the forge that once occupied the site, the shaft of the Savannah, first vessel to cross the Atlantic Ocean under steam, was manufactured. Where the old sandstone dam has fallen away to the flow of freshet and flood, one of the Jaqui Mills once ground into meal the grains of Morris County farmers. Across the road to the east, but north of the stream and facing the

Ruins of the Speedwell Iron Works

acres of refuse, is the wooden barn which housed the final experiments of Samuel F. B. Morse and Alfred Vail which produced the perfected invention of the electro-magnetic telegraph.

The remaining stone wall of the forge, the fallen bulwark of the ruined dam and the cleared site of the original mill: these, beside the empty basin of old Speedwell Lake, indicate that the present has not dealt well with the past in this area. Across the street, wrapt in the smoke of the burning dump heaps, the barn of the inventors stands in prosaic aloofness,its plain exterior painted a color that defies description, giving no hint to the casual tourist of any place-significance. The land west of the road is public park, east of the road is private property available to public intrusion only through the misdemeanor of trespass.

Until a few months ago Speedwell Park was a neglected area, its historical importance overlooked, its native beauty hidden by eyesores. Dirt roads, overgrown with weeds,

wandered aimlessly through thickets to the swampy shores of the sluggish river. But agitation for the restoration of Speedwell Park was heard recently in Morristown, and, while the town could not undertake the work, the Works Progress Administration provided an answer. An appropriation of $31,464.89, of which $24,949.50 was contributed by the Federal Government, the remainder of $6,515.39 representing the cost of the project to the town, saw the job begun. The Morristown Board of Aldermen are sponsoring the work.

The main feature of the project is the reconstruction of the dam. Semicircular, 150 feet long, the dam will rise 10 feet above the Whippany River bed. It will be 12 feet wide at the base, six feet wide at the top and extend three feet below the river bed. Two gatehouses, eight feet above the dam wall, will be erected at either end of the dam to house control machinery for the floodgates.

Impounded waters will form a 25-acre lake in the heart of the park, returning the top levels of water to the edge of the site of the Speedwell Iron Works. The lake, which will be 10 feet deep at the dam and shelve off to a depth of three feet in the shallows, will be approximately 1,000 feet long and 900 feet wide. The area to be inundated has been cleaned and all brush and debris removed. The shoreline is to be rock-banked to prevent erosion.

This new lake will provide a winter and summer recreation spot for residents of both Morristown and Morris Plains. Easy access to groves and shores will be provided by a reconstructed road, now being cleared

Barn where Morse and Vail experimented with the telegraph

and graded, from the highway.

The remains of the former stone dam have been removed and the foundations of the new dam are already in. The river channel has been excavated and widened, and park land adjacent to the dam graded and dressed with topsoil.

Work on the Speedwell Park project began in August 1936. An average of 50 men are engaged in the current work. Most of these men are laborers, unable to secure private employment. Many of them, prior to being engaged, were on relief. The opportunity to work for a living comes as a blessing to them. They evince a keen interest in the progress of the work and show a surprising knowledge of the historical background of the place in which they are working.

The practical value of the project may be gauged from two standpoints. The first of these is the value of the work to the individual worker on the project. The WPA money received by him is simple economic salvation, nothing less -- if nothing more. The second merit is that there will be a new place of recreation in what formerly was a wilderness. Thousands of persons will be provided with a playground in which to spend their leisure hours.

What better purposes than these are there to serve? Such a project, which permits unemployed men to earn their way under the guidance of engineers, and to restore historical shrines as well as to provide facilities for tomorrow's leisure, needs no apology. The funds appropriated for these purposes in this project represent a sound public investment in a world that is correcting. its bad habits of stupid waste and wanton neglect of things worthwhile.

ANTICIPATION OF SPRING FEVER

The seed that sleeps in quick vitality
Sunlight and rain will waken into glory:
Each root a stream, each leaf a laboratory,
It will be raised into reality.

Its spread of lyric branches will be laid
Across a vault of winds, and birds will build
Their nests within them, some bright morning filled
With song! And I will dream in summer shade.

John C. Zuleger

Gardens of Towaco

Towaco Gardens are a Blend of Indian and European Cultures

MABEL INSLEE

Towaco, a district of Montville Township, situated on the edge of the highlands, is a residential and farming community of about nine hundred persons who occupy homes, for the most part, among pleasant cedar groves on the gentle slope of "Foremost Mountain."

Except on aspiring town charts, Towaco has no streets and avenues, only roadways. So much for the physical aspect of the Towaco culture pattern, to which the residents are drawn from two main sources: first, the old native families, farmers of Dutch descent, who in many instances have been in possession of their land since its original settlement; second, business and professional men, and their families, who have moved to the village in the past several decades.

In addition there is a sprinkling of recent newcomers and an extremely small proportion of resident tenants. Aside from the Dutch farmers and their numerous kin by inter-marriage, the population is mostly of British-American stock with enough Scotch admixture to keep the taxes down, come what may. There are also included a few Italian-Americans and a few descendants of Alsace-Lorraine French.

Every home has its garden, whether a mere strip of annuals and a shrub or two near the house, a generous profusion of perennials and flowering shrubs overflowing low walls, or more elaborately planned grounds with fruit and ornamental trees, vegetables and trim shrubbery. Well-kept lawns are fenced within flower and shrubbery borders; hillsides are roofed with the groves of orchards, and the native wilderness is preserved in rock gardens. But with one or two exceptions, all these exhibits are definitely classified as the amateur type. There are no estates with professional gardeners -- unless ex-Senator David Young's farm, Bonnybrae, deserves that classification. His is the only Towaco home included in the Harkness volume, "Beautiful Homes of New Jersey."

The term "garden" in this monograph is used in the meaning of the definition suggested in the Encyclopaedia Brittannica: "Garden:..from a Teutonic word for an enclosure;... the ground enclosed and cultivated for the growth of fruit, flowers and vegetables.." In order to be specific, however, we are considering ornamental gardens, mentioning the more utilitarian vegetables in a very general way.

In June the flower gardens are at their best, a burst of bright bloom, afforded chiefly by Dutch tulips and iris, together with late lilac and flowering shrubs such as the spirea. But it may more truly be said that the gardens are at their best from the late spring snow flurry to the first heavy frost of fall. There is a seasonal procession of bloom. Doubtless, the loveliest gardens of all are of phantom variety in which the owners indulge while they pore over the spring flower catalogue with a February blizzard raging out-

side.

Gardens of Towaco date back to the first Dutch and English settlers. The Dutch and English culture complexes have a common source, gardens of our common Teutonic ancestors.

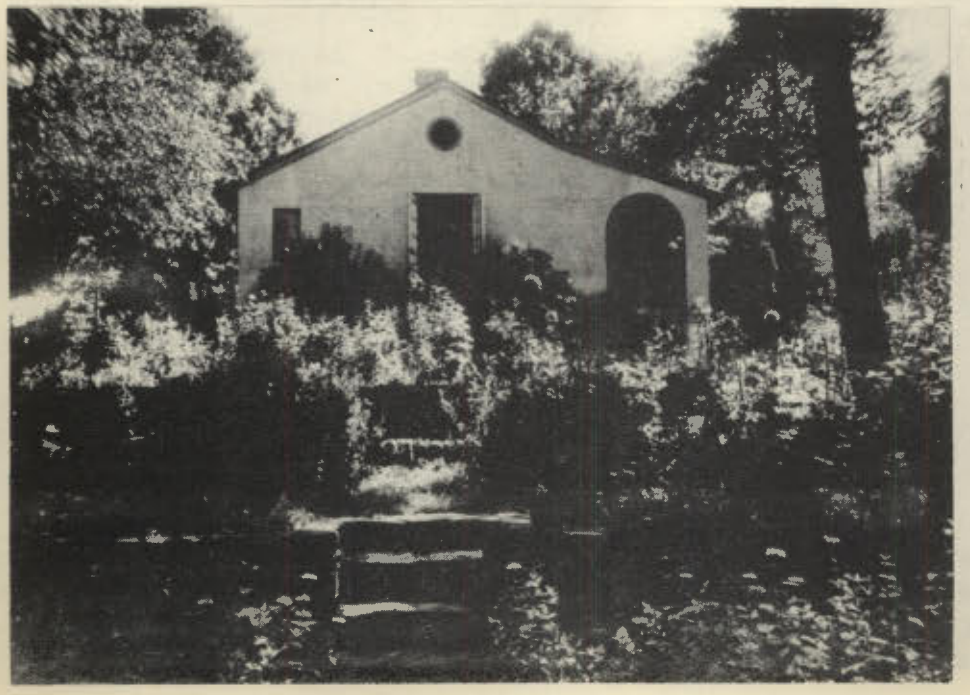
New Jersey is known as the "garden state,"and it is easy to imagine the profusion and variety of fruits, ferns, fragrant flowers, trees and shrubbery that filled the wilderness where Towaco now stands, before the white men came -- a wilderness broken only by occasional Indian trails and possibly a village of Indian wigwams along the edge of a stream. Wild flowers probably flanked the doorways of those wigwams. The Indians had little need for cultivating flowers, and did not trouble to, as far as is known, with the exception of sunflowers, which they admired and grew for their seed. These they ground into a meal, appreciated for its flavor.

My own small house in Towaco was built some years ago, by a direct descendant of original Dutch settlers. This farmer was very proud of his garden of huge sunflowers. Was that unusual trait acquired by him, through his ancestors,from the Lenni Lenapes by means of direct diffusion?

Where Towaco now is, the Lenni Lenapes, or Delawares, were the prevailing tribe of Indians. They fenced off and cultivated gardens of maize, orchards of apple and plum trees, patches of melon and pumpkin. The women did most of the gardening, except the heaviest spading and digging, just as the women of Towaco today do nine-tenths of the work in the flower gardens. Possibly both Indian and white women gained new aesthetic values through their first-hand acquaintance with flowering herbs, shrubs, fruit trees and the multitude of wild flowers about their homes.

The Indians understood fertilization, using fish for the purpose. In "Gardens of Colony and State" it is stated: "In New Jersey as elsewhere, the colonists had their first lessons in the gardening of the New World from the Indians"; elsewhere in the same volume a description of what is now northern Jersey is quoted, by a traveler from Hendrick Hudson's "Half Moon," who called the region a "retired paradise of the Ethiopian Emperor."

Mr. Anthony Scilipoti's garden



"A Handbook of American Indians North of Mexico" states that without the knowledge of native plants, vegetables, herbs and cereals, as well as methods of planting and preserving them,which they learned from the Indians, the progress of the white men in America would probably have been delayed a century.

The New Jersey Indians got on unusually well with the white sett-

lers, but they could not adapt themselves to the new civilization and as a result nearly all of the tribe died out, and the remnant emigrated to fresh wildernesses farther west. While Indian garden culture traits may not influence garden lore of today directly, they have had a profound effect, through diffusion, on the cultivation of certain vegetables such as melons, cereals and native fruit trees. Quite appropriately, a number of wild flowers are named for the Indians, including the Indian moccasin, Indian tobacco and Indian pinks.

The lily pool

As the Indian culture pattern faded out, it was replaced by Dutch and English complexes. The Dutch settlers were thrifty, clean, orderly, religious, but they clung to their ancestral culture as they do in Towaco today.

Let us consider very briefly the Teutonic source of the Towaco garden complex. In "A History of Garden Art" Marie Louise Gotherin writes: "Under primitive conditions, cultivation of gardens only began when a wandering tribe settled." As soon as they built permanent abodes they enclosed strips of land. Gradually gardens took form, not gardens as we understand them today, because they were not yet separated from the rest of the environs of the house. Fruit trees and vegetables were set out close to the house in regular beds so that they could get the needed attention. Gardening in this fashion antedated farming.

When the Dutch and English came to the New World in the early seventeenth century, "civilization in America began as it were, full-fledged. Early colonists came direct from the settled civilizations of Europe, especially from England. Many of them were persons of education and refinement; some were men of substance. One might expect that evidences of culture, including the making of gardens would be shown very early, and this is what happened. Practical gardening began at once in great earnestness. Colonists were forced to strain every nerve, not only to make a living, but to make homes. These they conceived, inevitably, in English terms, a house surrounded by a garden, always planned for food and for delight. There were flowers for color and perfume. Even the first-comers brought seeds and cuttings and began at once growing English favorites: apples, plums, cherries, catnip, marjoram, thyme, gillyflowers, poppies, roses. Then there were the native plants from the New World, which were not to be neglected." This we are told in "Landscape Architecture of North America."

The Dutch settlers came into North Jersey along the line of the Indian trail from the Hudson to the

Great Lakes, which passed over Pompton Plains, about five miles north of Towaco, and some of them settled here. What was the gardening culture complex which they as immigrants brought from Holland of the 17th century and established here by diffusion, modified to a certain extent by Indian culture traits?

All European gardens of that century were affected by Renaissance fashions, especially by those of Italy, but the average garden of the average Dutch merchant of the period had become so artificial, so highly colored, with painted gravel, ornaments of shells and colored glass, so overdecorated with grotesque statuettes, stiff box hedges and fancy flower-filled baskets, with trees geometrically laid out at each corner of the square beds, with ornamental rocks and a temple in prominent view, that there was little or no room left for flowers, even for the beloved tulips, which were then at their height of popularity in Holland. Dutch gardens were spotlessly neat, clean, orderly, painfully artificial, highly colored, overdecorated, pretty. A synonym for a crazy garden, in all the countries of Europe was "Dutch Garden." Was this complex spread by diffusion to the New World?

I am thinking of a charming little Towaco garden of a Dutch-American friend. All the trees have white-washed trunks. The rocks are painted white. Her garden is immaculate -- not a weed, not a stray flower, all is geometrically designed. Her entire place, with scarlet geraniums in green boxes, painted garden seats, and square blocks of lawn looks "patent perfect."

The "loveliest" rock garden, made in the exact shape of a crescent, is without one weed. But should not rock gardens be informal and semi-wild? What a poor gardener, that one who cannot resist the temptation to fashion a rock garden in the stiff, artificial design of a "perfect crescent."

Early in the eighteenth century a traveler in America described a little old Dutch lady of Bergen County -- doubtless, there were others like her in the neighborhood where Towaco now is -- who worked each day in her "sweet plot," protected from the sun by a "heavy black calabash." She had in her sweet patch: love-in-a-mist, canterbury bells, tulips and box, all of which can be found in Towaco gardens today. Here Dutch and English garden traits were beginning to merge. The traveler said also that Dutch mothers were kept so busy "Dutch cleansing" their children that most of the flower-garden culture fell to the lot of the Dutch grandmother.

Phlox at garden wall

Shells were a favorite decoration of Dutch seventeenth century gardens. My Dutch-American landlord does not know that fact, but he brings me, whenever he can find them, white shells with which to trim my garden. Such a garden culture is

entirely new to me, coming, as I do, from the Middle West.

He also brought me, as a surprise for my flower-garden, five boxes of blooming pansies and set them out in the shape of a huge cross in my rock garden! I was startled when I first saw them and fancied myself in a cemetery. He admires stiff geometrical design in a garden as the "correct thing," also the use of lone rocks and white shells for decorations. Exquisite tulips, jonquils and hyacinths in profusion is another Dutch garden complex -- the bulb garden -- which has been widely diffused in Towaco, as elsewhere in New Jersey.

The English influence in modified form may be marked in the sweep of well-cared-for lawns, in dividing the hedges of box between roadway and garden with hedges of flowering shrubs. These hedges form a background for old-fashioned English flowers, including lilies, peonies, roses, verbenas, sweet william, hollyhocks, pansies and other favorites. Scottish marigold, ragged robin and a host of annuals have resulted, also, from seed brought over from England and Scotland.

Outdoor living-room

Gardens of Towaco! What a bright array they are, all looking out on a vista of green hills and far horizons -- cared for, orderly, gay with color, restful, and sometimes exciting!

An Italian artist planned and landscaped his place in typical Italian fashion. For his salads, he grows herbs that cannot be bought in American stores, and delicious Romaine lettuce and other European vegetables. His groves of vegetable, fruit, flower and herb gardens have a delightful way of merging with one another. As you follow flower-edged paths about his two-acre estate you come unexpectedly upon cool outdoor living-rooms on shaded terraces, you cross a brook over a rustic bridge and gaze down on banks lined with forget-me-nots.

His house and grounds are part of one architectural plan, designed for comfort and delight. Italians know intuitively the sincerity and beauty of garden art and how to achieve it.

Wife and husband planned and built the entire place. His gardens are cared for in off hours; he is a commuter. Even at home, much of his time is spent in a studio north in this house, a lofty, sky-lighted roof. The studio opens by French windows onto a balcony with wrought-iron railings, and the balcony leads down steps to a fountain pool where goldfish swim and lilies gaze at their own reflection.

Like the other gardens of Towaco, this one is home-made. But nearly all the gardens have tucked away somewhere a birdbath, and, in the coolest, most inviting spot, where the view is best, garden seats and a table.

The soil nearly everywhere is interspersed with rock, hence rock gardens are popular. Low rock walls vie with hedges as dividing lines. There is little if any money to be

spent on gardens today, so seeds are saved, and native plants, including ferns, shrubs and young cedar trees, are brought in from the surrounding woods. Wood ashes, manure and dead leaves serve for fertilizers, while pests can be fought with tobacco tea and even dishwater soapsuds.

One Towaco home is built just north of the old Morris canal. The garden faces on the south a nearly vertical canal bank fifteen feet high, overgrown with wild ferns and shrubbery. A corner of the canal bank is utilized for a rock garden, planted thick with forget-me-nots, violets, pink spring beauties and ferns. A pool glistens among the forget-me-nots, and a toy rustic bridge crosses a tiny gully -- in short, a toy garden flourishes on the side of a miniature mountain. The greatest beneficiary of this garden is a pet chipmunk, who darts from behind baby cedar trees, crosses the bridge and climbs to beg for peanuts.

This entire garden is orderly, but with the order of comfortable English informality. There are garden chairs in a secluded corner, and a deep bed of huge green velvet handkerchief of lawn, bordered with the lace of flowers.

America has great unity of flower culture today. The nursery-man with a new hybrid advertises it impartially throughout the United States and Canada. Every garden-owner reads about it -- many try it. We import ornamental trees and shrubs from Japan, China, and all other parts of the world. A new style of garden furniture becomes a fad in every state. But despite the standardizing effect of these traits and of newspapers carrying garden pages, and of magazines and books devoted to the subject, despite college courses on gardening and degrees at agricultural and horticultural colleges, Towaco gardens remain strangely like the gardens of its English and Dutch ancestors and the wild-flower gardens that grew at the doors of wigwams of the Lenni Lenape.

Tools used by gardeners of Towaco are curiously like the tools used in the bronze age. My landlord uses a sickle and scythe, not a lawn-mower, although the latter are, of course, more generally in use. My neighbor cultivates his plot each spring with a hand cultivator amazingly like Daniel Webster's plow.

Surely in the sense that work loved and well done is art, flower-gardening is an art in Towaco, and it leads to kindred arts, such as flower arrangement and planned architectural landscaping. A friend said to me: "I like gardening because you don't have to give it up when you grow older as you do tennis and golf. No matter how old you are, you can indulge in the mild exercise of gardening, and with experience grow more and more successful." Moreover, a garden keeps you in touch with the charming and harmless life of the birds and squirrels and butterflies, even if it also involves constant warfare with pests.

The social effect of the complex is still more beneficial in that it brings about the kindliest neighborly cooperation. At first your flower garden may be a gift garden, and each new plant reminds you also of a friendly donor. But in time you realize with pride that you have plants and slips to share and are becoming a benefactor to your garden-enthusiast friends. Another consideration is that gardens, managed economically, including herbs, fruit, berries, and vegetables, help to make the homestead self-subsisting.

Considering all these characteristics of the garden complex, it is not strange that it has held the fascinated interest of men from the earliest days; that Oriental Queens insisted on having their "hanging gardens"; and that according to highest authority, the Creator of the universe "walked in His garden in the cool of the day."

Photos used by permission of the owner, Mr. Anthony Scilipoti

Eliminating Interference

Increasing the Efficiency of Newark's Radio Patrol

ALBERT S. WALTON

Car forty-seven! Car forty-seven! Go immediately to Clinton Avenue and --" The radio sputtered unintelligibly and died out.

"Damn!" said one of the two cops in the radio car emphatically. "There's another dead spot. I wonder what they want us for."

"We better stop at the diner there and call headquarters," said the second, giving the wheel a half turn to ease over to the curb. "They oughta do something about them dead spots; soon, too. Everytime that happens you'n I get it in the neck. The dispatcher always thinks we've been taking it easy somewhere."

"Dead spots" have been the bane of Newark radio cops ever since the city's Department of Public Safety initiated the radio patrol about two years ago. There were about 450 of these "dead spots" in Newark and vicinity before WPA Project No. 3-518 conducted its researches and experiments. The project, the first of its kind in the whole country, has been able to eliminate approximately 85 percent of these dead spots and other causes of radio interference.

Interferences are commonly encountered wherever short-wave radio is used. The Newark police department saw in them a serious handicap and continuous threat to crime prevention and detection. The fault could not lie with the department's new and modern transmitter, which had proven its unquestionable reliability and had lost not more than approximately twenty minutes of transmission time in the two years of its use.

In the latter part of September 1936 Radio Project No. 3-518 was set up under the sponsorship of the City of Newark, "to locate and possibly eliminate most sources of interference on radio frequencies adaptable to police short-wave reception."

Even before the project came into being, it was known to veterans of the radio patrol that most dead spots occurred in the neighborhood of tall office and apartment buildings and at the foot of hills and in wooded areas.

The project, with headquarters at Liberty and Congress Streets, first engaged in county-wide check-up of these dead spots. Simultaneously the equipment of the police cars was gone over to secure maximum efficiency of reception.

Radio waves, as is well known to science, have a tendency to spill themselves over an obstacle in their path, very much in the manner in which a body of water hurls itself over a weir or a dam. Of course, some of the waves are absorbed by these obstacles; others may be reflected or turned from their original course; for the main part, however, they will hurdle the obstacle and, like a cataract that leaves a hollow space between itself and the mountainside, leave a "dry" area: a "dead spot."

Consequently there followed a series of experiments, based not always on theory only, but also on hunches. Various types of aerials were given a try-out on the police

Finding "dead spots" on Newark's streets

cars, among them the single wire, the underslung, the U form, the horizontal type and the loop.

Then someone suggested lengthening the fishpole antenna that had been the standard equipment of Newark radio cars, to "reach up" for the waves. This brought surprisingly good results, although the aerial was now longer than the quarter-wave length hitherto thought necessary for good reception. The reason for that was found in the fact that the capacity effect between the aerial and the body of the car would tend, at ultra-high frequencies, to neutralize a part of the aerial's length. This problem was finally solved by the simple expedient of changing the position of the antenna from the rear bumper to a place to the left of and above the windshield.

While these experiments immediately improved the reception, they did not eliminate all the causes of interference. Noises constitute one of the main troubles in short-wave radio reception. To devise ways and means for the elimination of noise interference, the project's engineers constructed a number of sets of noise locators. A noise locator resembles on the whole a regular receiver, yet it is equipped to detect stray waves and measure their length and intensity, thus providing a means to determine the direction and source of "noise" waves.

The measurement of high-frequency waves has always been a very delicate problem because of the involved relationship between capacity and induction. No standard detectors for short-wave interference have yet been constructed and brought on the market. Consultations with some of the largest concerns in the electrical field brought the information that the development of a detector as required by the project would necessitate from six to eight months of preliminary laboratory experiments at an estimated cost of $150,000. The market price of such a detector would be about $800. The project technicians decided to develop their own apparatus from parts

obtainable in any radio store. These "home-made" noise detectors, of which the project now has seven, have proven highly efficient and cost on the average $65 apiece.

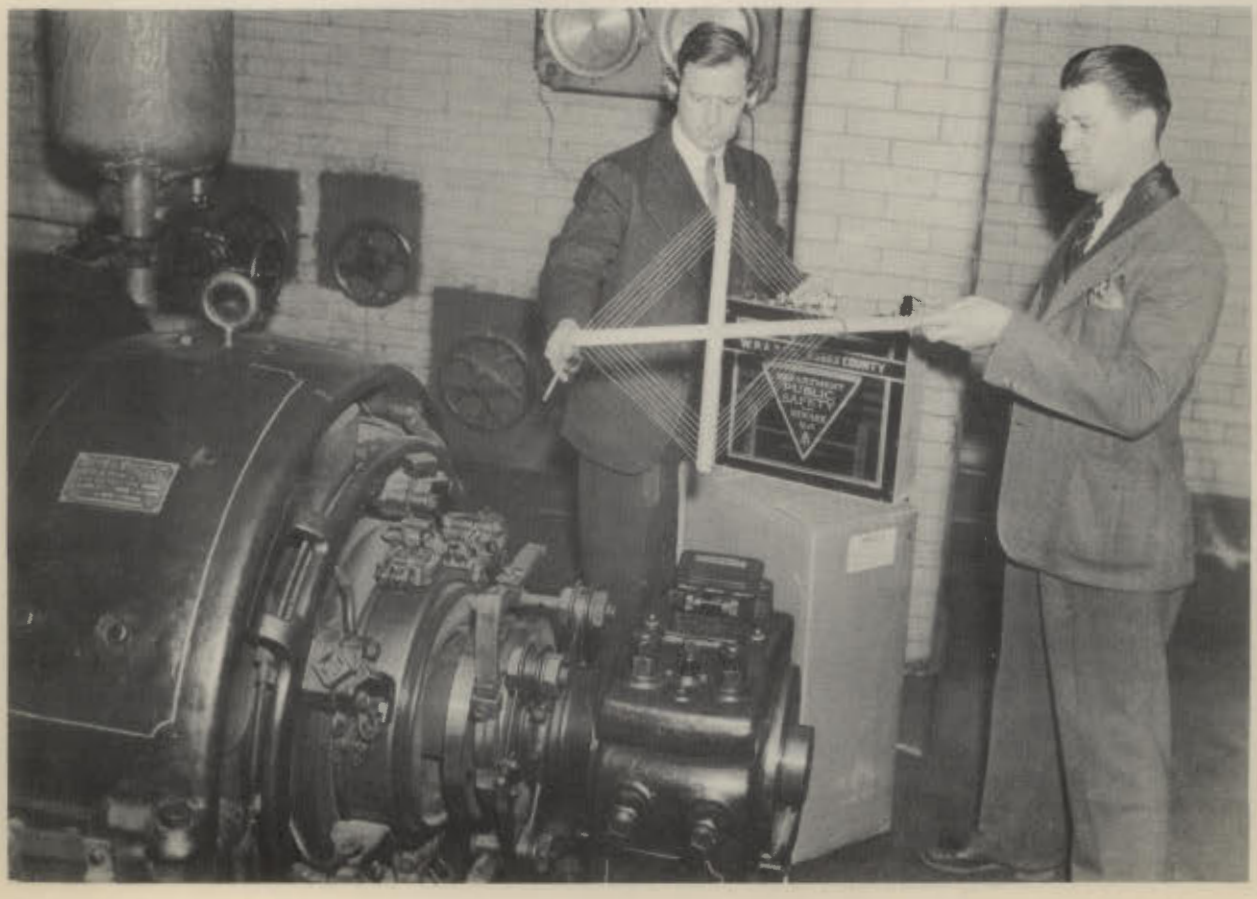
Newarkers may have seen a crew of three or four men at a street intersection, setting up what may have appeared as a queer-looking radio receiving set with a loop-antenna on top of it. A man with earphones listens intensively, making short code-like remarks to a second who writes them down in a note book.

The coil of the antenna is turned repeatedly, to receive the noise waves from various directions. As soon as the maximum reception from any direction is recorded, the crew changes position and repeats the process half a block away or on the other side of the street. The intersection of two interference waves thus determined would give approximate location of the source from which the offending waves emanate.

A fishpole antenna is then substituted for the loop aerial and with its aid the intensity of these stray waves is measured. The apparatus is then carried toward the source of the interference. This may be located in a building and be either a neon sign in a store front; a physician's X-ray apparatus or diathermy machine; or even the control contacts of a traffic signal post. Ironically enough, the tube bombardment machines used in the manufacture of radio tubes have been one of the main sources of this interference.

The records of this detection work in the field are then plotted on a map according to a color scheme which shows the relative intensity of the various interference sources. Next, recommendations are made to the city for the definite elimination of these interference sources. In many cases it needed but a slight correction of electrical defects to

Checking possible noise interference from machinery



eliminate the interference and stop the noise waves definitely. A loose connection, a faulty contact, or the poor commutation of an electric motor may have needed adjustment. In other cases it was necessary to install filters which would shunt the offending currents to the ground.

Better reception of the headquarters' signals by the police patrol cars has been the result of these experiments on the part of the project. However, the beneficial results of its work to the Newark police radio system as well as to other users of short-wave transmission cannot as yet be fully appreciated. A substantial saving in transmission cost may be affected shortly. For the present, the police department's transmitter has to send its signals in sufficient strength to minimize and override the interferences and "noises." Consequently, the signals of the local police station have been heard very strongly not merely in other places of the country but even abroad. Recently Puerto Rico reported that the Newark signals were often heard very strongly there. And even in the antipodes the Newark police calls have been heard, as is proven by a communication from the Australian police department which operates on the same 9.9 meter wave length.

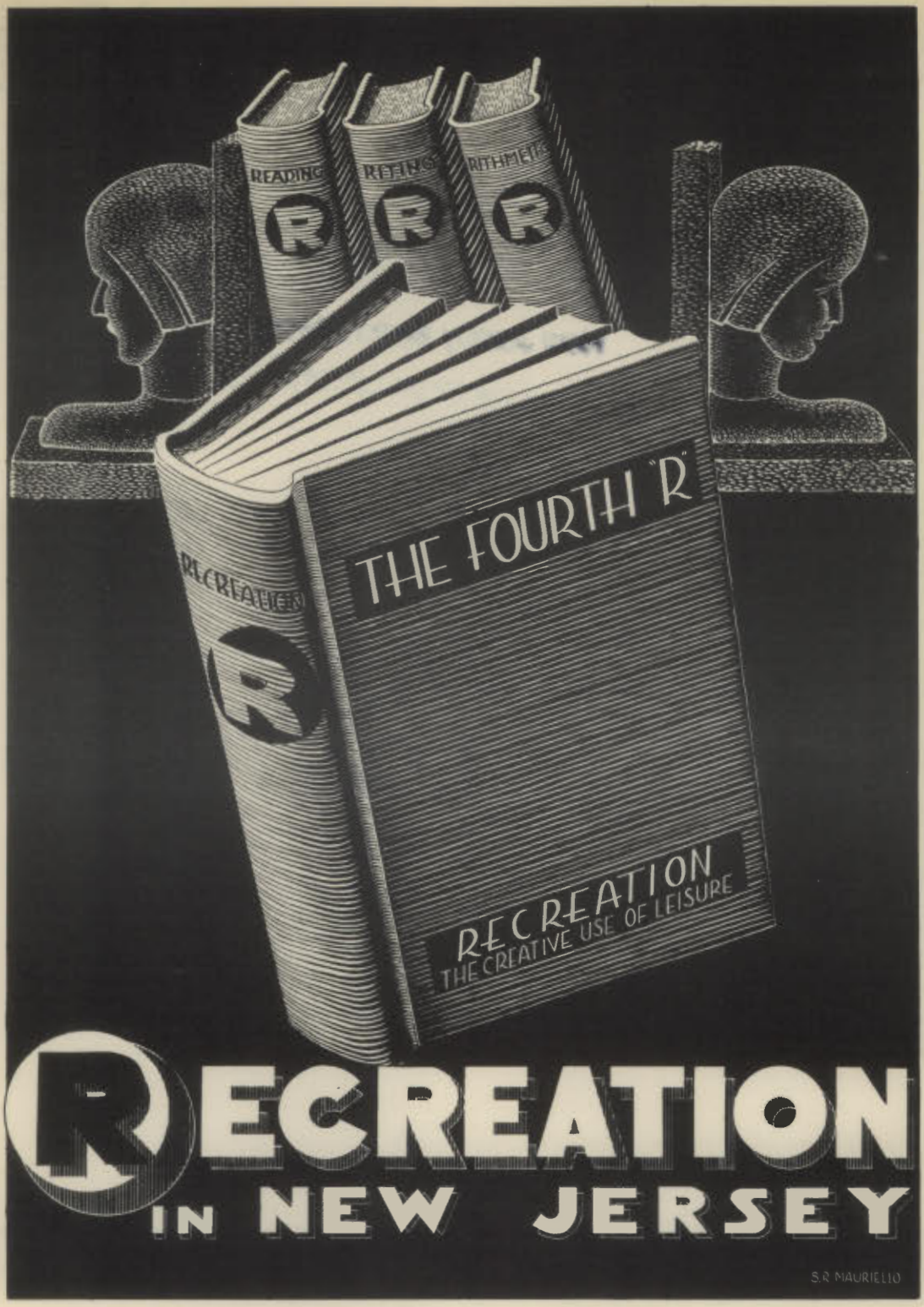
The work of the project has been followed with great interest in other parts of the country. Numerous cities, facing similar conditions, have made inquiries here, so that the Radio Project No. 3-518 can proudly claim to have been the trailbreaker for a new and more modern phase of short-wave radio transmission.

Daniel Pelletier, a veteran army wireless operator, was supervisor of the project. Henry R. Strahlman and Edward A. Amerman assisted him as senior engineer and senior technician, respectively. The personnel of the project consists now of about twenty field workers and junior technicians, but has been as large as sixty-five when the project first set out on its experiments.

PROMISE RENEWED

Helena Price.

There are some things so small they pass unthought
Until some heart-deep need may point them out.
Last night, unseasoned warmth -- for March -- had brought
Vague, weaving arms of mist that clung about
The bare trees' shining trunks. The brooks were fleet,
The yielding earth rejoiced at shedding frost
With small, insistent voices round my feet,
And all the air gave hint of having lost
The fear harsh winter thrusts into the mind,
That what is really only sleep, is Death;
For all last autumn's care, to wake and find
There's no more spring. Upon that faithless breath
Broke in God's yearly proof. Across the bogs,
Rang distant, fairy sleighbells of the frogs.



Reproduction of poster in full color, by S. R. Mauriello, used by the Recreation Project

New Jersey State Library