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Atlantic City p38
WPA band

JUNE 1937



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VOL. I No. 6

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Cover: Flagpole in Middlebrook, where the American Flag
was first flown in New Jersey.

Photo by Rubel

EDITORS

Albert Boyd

Samuel Epstein

highlight

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

New Jersey Works Progress Administration

William H. J. Ely, *State Administrator*

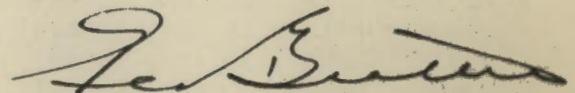
Almost two years ago we were told to have approximately 100,000 needy, unemployed persons working within two months on the Works Progress Administration program. That this job was accomplished with efficiency and dispatch is a matter of record and these workers were employed on close to 4,000 projects in diversified occupations. This total has since been somewhat reduced by absorption into private industry.

It was the function of the Division of Employment to see that these persons were properly placed in their occupational classification. It has been its responsibility to maintain complete harmony and good feeling between the Administration and this vast army of workers. Proof of our efforts in this respect is the fact that the New Jersey Works Progress Administration has been particularly outstanding in the absence of strikes, dissensions, or labor troubles within its ranks.

The workers' assignment, reassignment, reclassification and separation from the program is vested in the Division of Employment. Adjustment of hours of work, wages, settlement of all labor disputes, keeping of personnel records of every worker, are also part of its responsibilities. The basic philosophy of our attack upon these responsibilities has been to see that every worker receives proper treatment in accordance with the Administration's "square deal" policy.

How well we have succeeded in this task is written upon the face of every worker, who in his dealings with the Administration has discovered that humaneness is still present in this world. It is answered by the beat of countless rivet guns, the hammers of hundreds of carpenters, the scratching pens and artistic efforts of thousands of white-collar workers, the swinging of thousands of picks and shovels throughout the State -- all wielded by appreciative humans.

I am perfectly satisfied with those answers.



State Director, Division of Employment
State Advisor on Labor Relations

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



The Cleveland House

Restoring a President's Birthplace

KATHARINE D. HILL

Photos by Rubel

Following the Grover Cleveland Centennial Celebration which will be celebrated by the town of Caldwell this spring, WPA workers will return to the historic manse on Bloomfield Avenue and add the finishing touches to the WPA project which was started here March 1936. These final plans call for the construction of an asphalt driveway

with a brick curbing leading to the large garage-barn in the rear of the home.

From the early spring to the autumn of last year the quiet and se-date section of Caldwell that surrounds the Cleveland manse resounded to the raucous blows of hammers and singing saws wielded by the eighteen WPA workers engaged in the restora-

tion and part modernization of the birthplace of one of the nation's foremost Presidents, Grover Cleveland. Before the eager hands could use the hammers and saws, however, it was necessary to clear the encircling land of boulders, weeds and tree stumps. Rocks were so abundant over the area that the large truck used to haul them away was filled three times. The land was then graded and the resultant topsoil seeded. Groups of evergreens were planted in a semicircle about the front of the house and the maple and pine trees that shaded the rear were transplanted.

In the meanwhile other WPA workers were busy in the house itself. Beginning with its very foundations, they replaced the supporting pillars in the high-ceilinged concrete basement with new cement supports. Here the necessary space was cleared for the installation of a modern oil burner. On the first floor the ancient plaster and moldings were stripped from the walls and ceilings of the four large rooms. The wide-spaced floors were tested and reinforced with nails and fillings. The walls and ceilings were then replastered and new moldings were fitted to the forms of the old. Even the four fireplaces imbedded in the walls of rooms on both floors did not escape WPA surgery. They were taken out, cleaned and repaired with no loss to their genuineness or function and carefully reinstalled.

According to the plans worked out by the WPA and the Grover Cleveland Memorial Association that is cosponsoring the project, the first floor of the home, containing a spacious living room, two bedrooms and a huge kitchen, was to maintain its original character and

setting. This plan had been scrupulously adhered to by the WPA carpenters and painters who have wondrously restored the rooms to their white and pristine charm. However, the second floor did not escape the innovations of modern architecture and domestic engineering. Here the rooms were remodeled and a new flooring was built. What had been once a small bedroom has been transformed into an up-to-date bathroom whose whiteness accords with the dominant tone of the interior. The entire house, whose white walls once reflected the huge shadows thrown by oil lamps, today enjoys the shadowless brilliance produced by a modern electrical wiring system. Unlike the first floor, the purpose of which is to preserve Cleveland relics and memorials, the modernized second floor is used as living quarters by Mr. Charles E. Welsh, custodian.

Restoration and modernization have not been limited to the interior of the Cleveland home. The old roof has had its face lifted and the Caldwell sun shines on new shingles that crest and tilt downwards on the white sides of the house, tinted here and there with touches of green. The windows, colonial and small-paned, are exact replicas of those which

Chair used in White House



were removed on account of their aged condition. A new white lattice fretting now graces the porch to the right of the front entrance.

Hundreds of visitors have already been attracted to this modest white clapboard house, in which, on March 18, 1837, Grover Cleveland was born, the fifth child of Rev. Richard Cleveland, pastor of the Caldwell First Presbyterian Church. The house was presented to the State of New Jersey and since 1934 has been kept as a memorial to the only President of the United States to be born on New Jersey soil.

Cleveland was born in the back room on the first floor. A memorial tablet has been placed on one of the room's walls and in a corner is displayed the quaint wooden cradle in which he was rocked. Cleveland's birth found his parents somewhat unprepared and the cradle was borrowed from a neighbor. The living room in

particular contains many reminders of the only man who was recalled to the office of President to serve a second term following an interim in which the post was held by his opponent. There is the chair in which he sat while in the White House; the desk he used while mayor of Buffalo; the lawbooks over which he labored; the Cleveland family Bible and the license issued by the New York Presbytery to his father. Two unusual items of interest are the box containing some of the wedding cake served to guests in the White House when he married Frances Folsom, and an ancient piano which was played in the White House as long back as 1830.

On the walls are many pictures of the twenty-second President, members of his family and his most beloved friends. There are also letters to him from his intimate friends Joseph Jefferson, the famous creator of the part of Rip Van Winkle, and Richard Watson Gilder, poet and editor. A curious letter from William Jennings Bryan complains that Republicans were still holding jobs as postmasters. There is also a letter from Richard Croker to a member of Congress asking him to use his influence to get Cleveland to soft-pedal his tariff stand. An important document is Cleveland's handwritten message to Congress, dated April 22, 1886. In his message Cleveland showed an almost contemporary concern about the relations of labor and capital. "Under our form of government," wrote Cleveland in this message of fifty years ago, "the value of labor as an element of national prosperity should be distinctly recognized; and the welfare of the laboring man should be regarded as especially entitled to legislative care." Serious labor disturbances had marked his administration and Cleveland was for the enlarging of the Bureau of Labor and endowing it with arbitrational and hearing privileges, similar to the

Main entrance to house





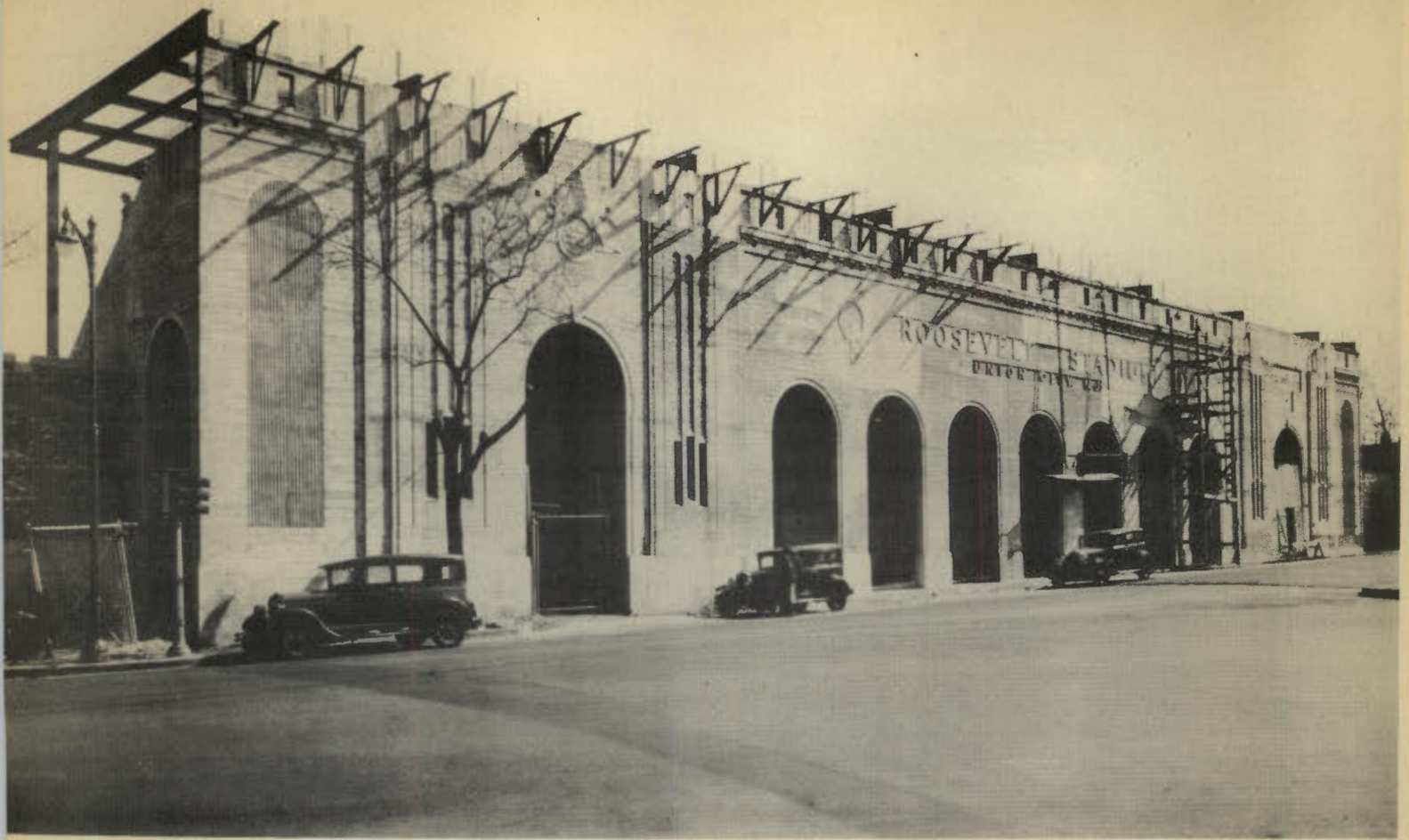
Mementoes in living room, Cleveland House

existing National Labor Relations Board.

When Grover was four years old, his family moved to Fayetteville, N.Y. Here, under the tutelage of his father, he received a rudimentary education which he hoped to complete in college. The demands of a family of nine children on the salary of the country parson left no room for the expenses of a college education. At the age of fourteen young Grover took a job as a clerk in a country store. His father died two years later and the boy decided to fend for himself. He started for Ohio, but on the way west stopped off to visit an uncle in Buffalo. The uncle found him a job in a law office and launched him on his brilliant legal and political career. Cleveland rapidly interested himself in local and national political affairs and he soon was appointed district attorney of Erie County, N. Y. Then he was elected mayor of Buffalo and later governor of New York State. His personal honesty and zealous devo-

tion to good government won him the prominence requisite for his eventual nomination and election to the Presidency. He was the first Democrat to hold that office since the Civil War.

And now Caldwell, a thriving, residential borough with a population of 10,000, has honored the hundredth anniversary of the birth of her distinguished son. The town has grown, but the manse looks much as it did when the Cleveland children romped about its lawns. The sturdy simplicity of its appearance symbolizes the sound and rigorous training that laid the foundation of Grover Cleveland's character and equipped him for the honorable and courageous discharge of the duties of the high offices to which his city, state and nation called him. Caldwell and its inhabitants can well be proud of so great a citizen. And WPA and its workers can be equally gratified by their share in the erection and exhibition of this memorial.



Roosevelt Stadium

Increasing Hudson County's Recreation Facilities

WALTER KELLER and WALTER LAUDER

Photos by Rubel

On January 7, 1936, three hundred and fifty men employed by the Works Progress Administration started construction of the now nearly completed Roosevelt Stadium. The stadium was built on the site once occupied by the Consumers Brewery, located at Summit Avenue between 24th and 26th Streets and running westerly to Hudson County Boulevard. This large section was purchased by the City under the administration of

the late Mayor Rannenberg, for the sum of five hundred thousand dollars. This purchase was made because of the promise of several persons in the city to finance the construction of the stadium. These promises were never kept and the stadium remained a myth. Under the supervision of Commissioner Frederick Berke, Director of Parks and Public Property, the ground was leveled into a baseball field and football gridiron.

Wooden stands were constructed for the convenience of the citizens of the city.

Largely through the efforts of Commissioner Berke and Commissioner Harry J. Thourot, Director of Public Affairs, who took advantage of the Federal grant through the Works Progress Administration, the new Roosevelt Stadium for Union City has become a reality.

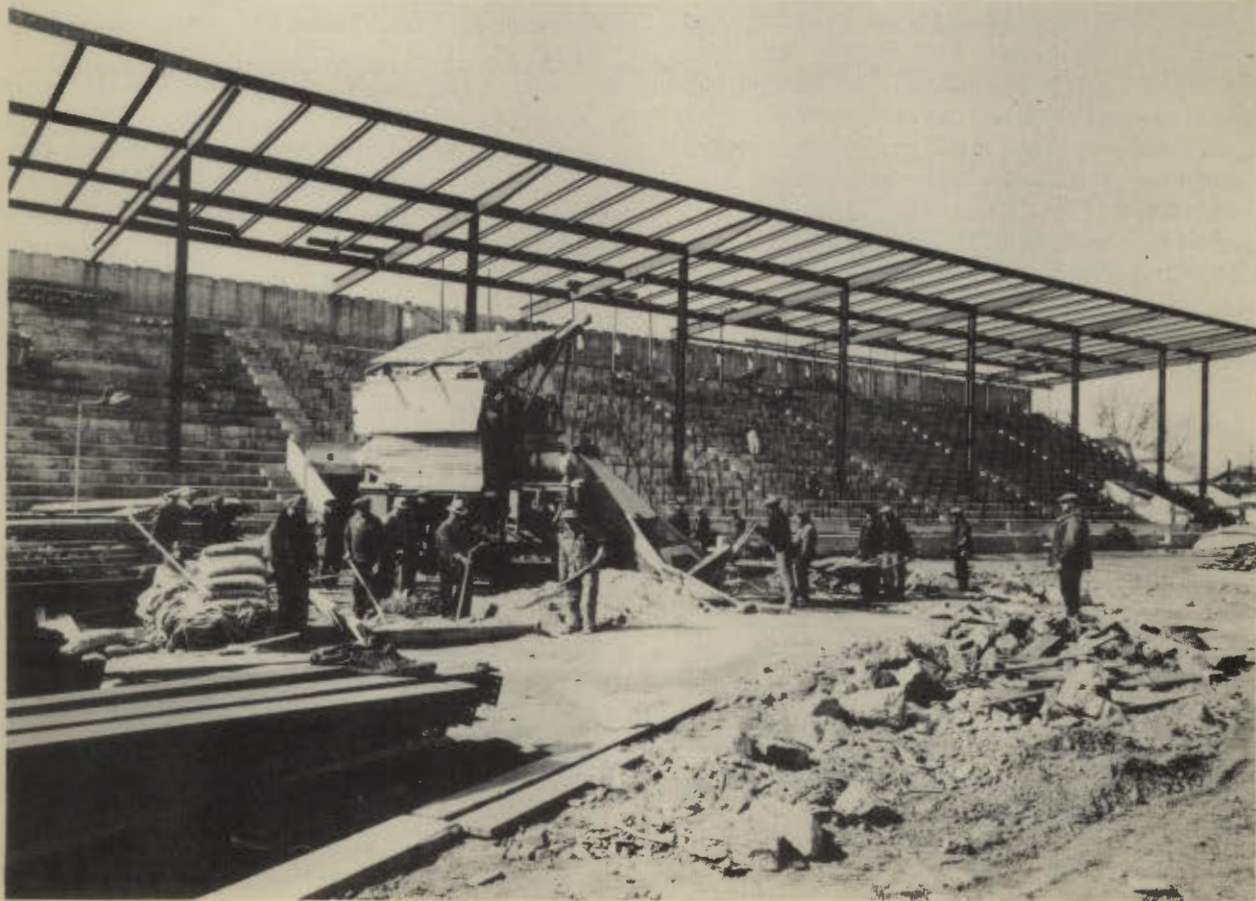
This project became known as WPA Project 2-57, one of the largest works of its kind in the State. Officials and technicians taking part in the construction of this project are the aforementioned Commissioners Berke and Thourot, District Supervisor of Operations Harry Harris, County Director Thomas Lynch and Mahnken and Schultz, Union City architects.

This sports arena, when completed,

will be the only stadium in Union City for use by the public school system. The field, approximately 380 by 420 feet, will be used for all branches of sports: baseball, track, football, soccer, etc. The baseball diamond will be laid out so that home plate will be about 275 feet from right field, 306 feet from left field and 400 feet from center field. There will be a one-fifth mile oval running track with a 120-yard straightaway. There will be four handball courts located at the north end of the stadium. A modern lighting and public address system will be installed for night baseball, boxing, etc.

The 740 linear feet of stands will be of steel and concrete in the shape of a giant horseshoe, ranging in height to 52 feet. The stands are 45 feet in depth. The entire

Roosevelt Stadium in course of construction



construction is of reinforced concrete with small portions of structural steel. The section of stands facing Kerrigan Avenue and Hudson County Boulevard on the west, forms an arcade over Kerrigan Avenue. The stands will be entirely roofed. They will seat an estimated 11,800 persons with bleacher seats to be erected, increasing the seating capacity to approximately 20,000. The entire field will be walled by concrete and brick.

There are seven entries including the two main corner entrances. Beneath the stands will be housed meeting rooms, recreation rooms, rooms including lockers and showers, a complete first aid department, toilet facilities, meeting rooms for school faculties, transformer room, boiler room, etc.

A feature of the underneath construction is the continuous circulating passage, passing all rooms throughout the structure. This eliminates the necessity for leaving the building in order to enter another section of the stands. The locker and shower rooms are arranged for use by both home and visiting teams. Members of teams may enter the dugouts directly from the circulating passage without first entering the field. Another convenience for play-

ers is the separate entrance to the stands arranged for them.

The floors throughout the under-structure have been done in red and black cement, making the rooms most attractive. Although the work has been economically done, nothing has been spared to make this structure one of the most useful and beautiful of its kind in the State.

The citizens of Union City may well be proud of their new stadium. Centrally located, it is easily accessible from Veterans Square, Jersey City by boulevard bus, by auto from New York via the Holland Tunnel, by Public Service trolley and bus lines from all points in Hudson County and shortly by new approaches to the new Midtown Tunnel. This sports arena, the construction of which has given employment to hundreds of the city's needy workers, will shortly be the mecca for sports lovers throughout the city and county. Dedication ceremonies are being planned for Memorial Day, May 30, 1937.

An interesting feature of the work being done on this structure is the modeling room beneath the stands. Here pattern makers and sculptors have been occupied making the letters, numerals, large figures, etc. used throughout the stadium.

NEW YORK DAWN

Across the Hudson
Dawn tongues nibble at the skyline,
And lap gaunt buildings
Into goring yellow fangs.
Smoke --
Drifting from a thousand chimneys
(Incense to a thousand gods),
Stretches up wind-hungry,
And like a whispered prayer,
Vanishes into nothingness.

Earl Lawson Sydnor

Perth Amboy

Excerpt Showing Treatment to be Given
Twenty-One Cities in the New Jersey Guide

HENRY SOSKIN

Photos by Rubel

Perth Amboy (117 alt., 43,516 pop.) was well summed up by a recent editorial in the Perth Amboy Evening News. Here is the picture:

This is an industrial city and we do not pretend to be anything else. Other places may be more beautiful, more attractive as a place of residence, but it is in places like Perth Amboy where things are done. This is a great workshop. Were it not for places like Perth Amboy the charming residential communities could not exist. Perth Amboy is proud to be just what she is. We glory in our towering smokestacks, our grimy factory buildings, our bridges, our snorting locomotives and puffing tugboats, yes even the smells about which we are inclined to complain sometimes, all remind us of the thriving pulsating industry that is about us on every side. Perth Amboy has no reason to apologize to anybody. We are what we are and we rejoice in it.

The reader should not be intimidated by this manifesto. Perth Amboy is really a softy at heart. Under the layers of soot, smokestacks, and slums there is a little Colonial seaport town with a history that goes back to 1651; and Perth Amboy is as proud of that history as a nouveau riche is of the ancestors who came with the castle he bought. The simile is not inapt since scarcely one descendant of an original family remains in the city; the ancient homesteads and historic buildings are still in use -- here as a room-

ing house or a roadside tavern, there as a private dwelling or a particularly decrepit unit of some slum area.

The best way to enter Perth Amboy is by the Tottenville Ferry from Staten Island. Before the little boat eases into its slip at the foot of Smith Street, the industrial waterfront -- solid with wharves and factories -- is seen. It outdoes the view of Yonkers from the Hudson River Day Line. The southward march of smokestacks pauses within a block of the squat little ferry house, painted to match the dirty red of the boat. Beyond the slip, lining the bluff that fronts Staten Island Sound and overlooks Raritan Bay, are some of the homes of Perth Amboy's former elite, with lookout towers patterned to the taste of bygone architects and home builders.

From the labyrinth of picket-fenced corridors leading out of the ferry house is Smith Street, up-ended for two blocks. The rise effectively hides the city, isolating the ferry house and its environs like a quiet fishing village. There is no clue to the industrial community just over the hill.

From this spot, where Perth Amboy itself began, Smith Street runs southwest as a traffic-burdened shopping center, flanked by two- and three-story brick buildings of jumbled architecture with stores on the street level and offices in the upper stories. The street takes on a momentary modernity as it passes



Five Corners, business center, Perth Amboy

Perth Amboy's lone skyscraper, the 10-story Perth Amboy National Bank at New Brunswick Ave., and finally disappears amid huge factories and blackened, pitted fields.

Yet Smith Street is the backbone of Perth Amboy, holding together and making a city out of the many diverse national and economic groups that make up the community. Smith Street is Perth Amboy's assurance that it is a city and not a collection of feudal fiefs clustered around huge factories. Poles, Russians, Hungarians and Czechs come out of their working class section known as "Budapest," Italians leave behind the Latin environment of "Little Italy," Danes and Irish and Germans emerge from the bosoms of their nationalist groups, and in the anonymity of this street with the democratic name they all remember that they are parts of an American city.

Seventy-two percent of Perth Amboy's population consists of the foreign-born and their American-born

children; Slavs predominate, with Danes and Italians next.

There are approximately a hundred factories within the confines of the city, and their products range through cigars, vaseline, women's dresses, neckties, lead pipes, asphalt, munitions, cables, lingerie, and auto parts, to the value of \$273,852,301 annually. But Perth Amboy's basic industry is the manufacture of ceramic wares such as tiles, bricks, terra cotta, and porcelain, made from rich local deposits of clays. Rows of kilns with tapering snouts pointing skyward are a characteristic feature of Perth Amboy and its environs.

The concentration of industry on this point of land is due entirely to the presence of a fine natural harbor, Raritan Bay; the Raritan River, which flows into it; and Staten Island Sound (or Arthur Kill), which connects with the waterways serving New York City. An elaborate system of railroads and highways connects with New York and Philadelphia.

The site of Perth Amboy is first mentioned in official records as having been purchased from the Indians in 1651 by a Staten Island Dutchman named Augustine Herman. The Indians called the place Ompoge, meaning elbow, descriptive of the shape of the land. In 1665, when Philip Carteret came to East Jersey to act as Governor for the Proprietors, the name had become corrupted to Ampoge, then Emboyle, Ombo, and finally Amboy -- characteristic of what happened to Indian place names when Dutch, English, and Scotch tongues became twisted around them.

The first whites to visit this point of land described it as a "sweete, wholesome, delyghtful place" -- a view evidently long held by the Indians themselves, who used it as a picnic ground and for fishing excursions in the bay. Once the English

took possession of New Jersey, the fine harbor and system of waterways at Amboy did not long escape the Proprietors' eyes, peeled for profit. They quickly set aside "Ambo Point" as their own private bailiwick to be developed into the London of the New World, and in 1669 they set about building a town "with all convenient expedition."

One of the local tall stories tells how the city got its name. The Earl of Perth, a Scottish nobleman, was one of the Proprietors interested in developing Ambo Point. When he landed in full Scottish regalia, including kilts, the Indians were puzzled and called him a squaw -- which irritated the noble Scot. He corrected their misapprehension with these words: "No! Not squaw! Perth am boy!"

At any rate, the metropolis-to-be

Staten Island ferry, foot of Smith Street





St. Peter's Church

was dubbed New Perth in honor of the Earl, but the old name of Ambo Point persisted. Eventually the two names fused into Perth Amboy.

"All convenient expedition" apparently meant 14 years in those days, for in 1683 there were only three houses to rival London. The Earl of Perth set about to remedy this in 1685 by sending over 70 families of oppressed Scots and 170 released prisoners of state. These were soon joined by other Scots, English merchants, and French Huguenots. By the following year the town was large enough to be designated capital of East New Jersey.

From this point on the town grew in numbers and importance both as a commercial and shipping center and

as the seat of government of the Province; in 1718 it was granted its charter of incorporation, making it the oldest incorporated city in New Jersey. At the outbreak of the Revolution it was a hotbed of Tory activity until Governor William Franklin was ousted and arrested, and the Continental troops took possession of the Governor's House. It was at this time that Perth Amboy lost many of its "first families" who remained loyal to the King and left the Province. During the Revolution, Perth Amboy's tactical position at the mouth of the Raritan made it a goal for the contending armies, and it was occupied successively by the American troops under General Mercer, and the British under General Howe. General Clinton used its landing as a point of embarkation after his encounter with Washington at Monmouth.

From the close of the Revolution to the Civil War Perth Amboy enjoyed some vogue as a summer resort. The Governor's House was transformed into the Brighton House, a fashionable hotel, and it became the social center for the hypochondriac rich who came for the waters at the nearby Spa. The city's industrial development began during this period, too; its clay deposits began to be exploited, railroads were built, and steamboats replaced the sailing vessels.

After the Civil War Perth Amboy gave itself wholeheartedly to the wave of industrial expansion that rolled over the land. Many other factories followed the ceramic industry that had already gained a firm foothold. Eventually the early residents of the city withdrew and left it to the sole occupation of the factories and its workers.

From the Civil War on Perth Amboy has no "history"; it has what it calls "industrial development."

Points of Interest

1. THE WESTMINSTER, 149 Kearney Ave., between Harrison Pl. and Lewis St., (a rooming house -- open to the pub-

lic), is the heart of Perth Amboy's history. Standing at the summit of Kearney Avenue hill, which slopes gently off to Raritan River, the rambling hulk of weather-worn brick maintains its precarious dignity against great odds. Frame houses hem it in, packed closely on what was once 11 acres of greensward and tall old trees. Tacked to the railing of the broad veranda that sweeps across its entire front is a neat little sign which announces, "Furnished Rooms for Rent." The good old house has been working from the day it was born in 1762. Westminster has not yet joined the company of kept houses "where Washington slept" to serve as a cupboard for Colonial knick-knacks; but like a faithful old employee with a watch presented by the boss, she sports a plaque pinned on her bosom by the Perth Amboy History Club and continues to carry on business as usual. The sign erroneously states that the house was built "with bricks which were brought from England." It was good New Jersey brick that the Proprietors selected.

Westminster was conceived at a meeting of the Council of Proprietors of the Eastern Division of the Province of New Jersey, held at Perth Amboy on March 25, 1761. Trustees were appointed and £3,000 were set aside for their use in purchasing lots and building the Governor's House. Governor William Franklin rented the house from the Proprietors and established residence in 1774. The

last Royal Governor of New Jersey was a tragic figure. Strictly a careerist, he remained loyal to the King. When the Revolution began, Benjamin came to sound out his son. The visit made quite a stir in Perth Amboy; the old man -- he was 70 at that time, while his son was 44 -- was one of the most popular figures in the country. He stayed overnight at the Governor's House, leaving by stagecoach in the morning. The words that passed between father and son are not known; the outcome, however, is. William Franklin continued to the end in blind loyalty to the Crown; his father became one of the leaders of the Revolution. The Perth Amboy encounter was their last meeting until 1785 when, after a reconciliation by mail, the elder Franklin, on his way back to the United States from France, stopped at Portsmouth, England, and spoke with his exiled son.

Westminster's career as the Governor's House was a short one and ended stormily. At midnight of Jan.

The Kearney House





Westminster Hotel, old Governor's mansion

10, 1776, Continental troops broke into the house, arrested Franklin, and drew down the King's flag. The Colonials then used the house for their headquarters. Within a few months the theatre of war had moved south from Boston to New York and New Jersey.

2. KEARNEY HOUSE, Hayes Park, at the SE end of Brighton Ave. (not open to the public), was built in 1780 by the Kearneys, who became one of Perth Amboy's leading families. It is a two-story frame building, painted a light yellow and scarcely showing its age. The house was formerly on High St. When demolition was threatened, the Perth Amboy Historical Society in an access of zeal moved it to the park, installed a couple as caretakers and promptly forgot about it. A museum was planned, but there has been no noticeable pro-

gress for nine years.

Major James Kearney married the mother of Philip Freneau, the Revolutionary poet and editor. This lady, born Elizabeth Lawrence, became known to the literary world of the day as "Madame Scribblerus," a pseudonym that was by no means a poor characterization of her verse. Of her half-brother, Captain James Lawrence of "Don't give up the ship!" fame, Madame Scribblerus wrote:

My brave, brave Jim's a sailor Jack
Upon the treacherous sea --
A sailor who loves poetry
All taught to him by me.

It was in this house that General "Fighting Phil" Kearney of the Mexican and Civil Wars was born.

3. EAGLESWOOD MILITARY ACADEMY is on the grounds of the Pardee Matawan Tile Company, 571 Smith St. near Convery Pl. (not open to the public).

The rear wall is seen from US 9 at the approach to Victory Bridge. The Academy is one of three buildings that remain of Eagleswood, a cultural and educational center of the nineteenth century.

The structure was built before the Civil War to serve as an academy for young men. From a prospectus issued in 1865 it appears that Eagleswood Academy was situated in "parks and groves, diversified with pleasant walks and drives," and that the school building had then such modern improvements as steam heat, fresh water and gas lights.

Eagleswood was also the home of Sarah Grimke, her sister Angelina Weld, and Angelina's husband, Theodore D. Weld, who were pioneers in the women suffrage movement and ardent abolitionists. They conducted a school for children here and carried on their abolitionist and suffragist activities. The Welds' school and home became the visiting place for many of the abolitionists of the day, including William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips. It is said that this was one of the most important stations of the Underground Railroad, a statement literally supported by the fact that the Pardee Matawan Tile Works, when digging sewers in 1920, uncovered an underground tunnel and caves leading to the river's edge.

Rebecca Spring, wife of the owner of Eagleswood, was also an abolitionist. When John Brown and his companions were taken at Harper's Ferry and condemned to death, Mrs. Spring wrote to Aaron Dwight Stevens, one of the condemned men, and asked that she might bring his body for burial to Eagleswood. He replied that he was indifferent to what happened to his body after the spirit had left it, but agreed that she might bury him if his poverty-stricken father did not claim his body. Albert Hazlett, friend and co-conspirator of Stevens, also wrote asking Mrs. Spring to bury him by the side of

his comrade.

After the execution the bodies were brought to Eagleswood and buried there. In the 1890's, when excavations were under way for the tile works, the bones were turned up and sent to North Elba, N.Y., to lie with those of John Brown on his old farm.

4. ST. PETER'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Rector and Gordon Sts., is the home of the oldest Episcopal parish in New Jersey. Services were first held in 1685, but it was not until 1698 that the parish was organized by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, under the leadership of the Rev. George Keith. A church was built in 1718. From its tower Perth Amboy patriots kept watch on the activities of Tory neighbors across the hill at the Billopp House (see NEW YORK CITY GUIDE). The present brick building of gothic style was erected in 1842 on the foundations of the earlier church. Within are the original pews, and a paten and chalice presented by Queen Anne in 1702 -- said to be the oldest in the country. The adjoining cemetery contains the graves of Perth Amboy's earliest settlers, along with representatives of noted Revolutionary families.

5. ATLANTIC TERRA COTTA CO., 59 Buckingham Ave. (open to the public for group tours, by written application in advance), was the first ceramic factory established in Perth Amboy, having started operations in 1846 as A. Hall & Sons, manufacturers of porcelain household wares. It now specializes in terra cotta work in clay from local deposits. Among the more notable products of this plant's kilns are the pediment of the Philadelphia Museum of Art, and the roof of the new Supreme Court Building in Washington, D.C. It has also supplied special variegated brick and gold tile with black glaze trim for the new Dutch Colonial Perth Amboy Post Office, now under construction.

Harnessing Nature

New Water Reservoir for Butler

FRED TEMBY JR.

Photos by Rubel

Occasional droughts and constantly increasing needs were the two basic factors which prompted officials of the Borough of Butler to construct an auxiliary to their water supply system, to be known as the Kikeout Reservoir. Facilities offered by the Works Progress Administration provided means with which this industrial community of about 4,000 persons could afford to establish this project calling for the development of a 170-acre lake, to cost \$245,484.20.

The site of the reservoir is in the Kikeout mountains, 680 feet above sea level and three hundred feet higher than the elevation of the communities to be served. It is located in the Borough of Kimmelon, one mile from Butler. Here the mountains form a natural basin, supplied with water by the overflow from two-mile distant Kinney's Lake, a private pond, located on the estate owned by the family of "Sweet Caporal" cigarette fame. The borough purchased several hundred acres of this land, recently, from the previous owners, the Passaic Valley Water commission.

The WPA project, designated in government files as Butler 10-191, calls for the employment of 334 men for eight months. Only a few score were assigned when the job was started early this year.

Their task was difficult. One of the first obstacles was the lack of a road to the property. This they overcame by removing boulders, and grading and widening an old wood

road and raising it from one to 16 feet along a 1000-foot course. Then, when trucks were able to reach the site, the job of clearing the ground remained. Not only did the basin, about 500 feet across and 1000 feet long, have to be cleared, but it was also necessary to cut down trees located on the adjoining mountains.

The number of men was gradually increased to three hundred. Unskilled help went to work with axe, brush hook and scythe, side by side with pick and shovel men, in reclaiming this virgin tract which was eventually to resemble a low mud flat, divided by the Kikeout brook, and flanked by the mountains of that name.

During this time the job resembled that of a north woods logging camp. Men in the valley cut, tugged and strained -- those on the hills chopped down large timber which toppled, crashed, and finally slid down the mountainside to rest in the basin. So realistic was this portrayal of logging that only the cry of "Timber" was necessary to complete the scene. A large, white oak, recently cut, contained 98 rings. This will be sent to the State geologist.

Adjacent to the job are the project hospital, the resident engineer's building, and houses for storage and use by supervisors. The first-aid man in attendance is trained to treat all minor injuries sustained by workers. Graver emergency cases can also be provided for. No serious injuries have been

reported, and officials are constantly alert to prevent them.

The dam, 450 feet long and 30 feet high, is now being erected. This will retain 856,000,000 gallons of water. The lake will supply 5,000,000 gallons daily.

The project is being handled through the office of WPA District One in Paterson, directed by William J. Burke. The anticipated expenditure of \$245,484.20 is broken down as follows: \$185,032.20, or about 75%, to be paid for wages; material, \$30,041; equipment, \$6,811, and other, \$23,600. The government will spend \$210,484.20. The Borough of Butler, sponsor, contributed \$35,000 and bought the land, entailing an expenditure of approximately \$15,000 more.

Of the 334 men employed, nearly all are unskilled. Most are experienced in the type of work being performed. While it is true that some are former industrial workers, transported by bus from Paterson, others

live in and around Butler and are former woodchoppers. Some Butler men, however, formerly worked in the local rubber factories.

These industries, the largest in Morris County, are responsible for some of the reasons why Butler is continually demanding an increased water supply. The American Hard Rubber Company's vast mill, with the Pequannoc Soft Rubber Company and the smaller Superior, are constantly expanding, and resultingly need more water for operation. Besides, they have attracted a number of residents to Butler and vicinity, raising the list of consumers. In addition to this, Butler furnishes the municipalities of Bloomingdale, Pompton Lakes, Riverdale and Midvale with their water supply. Other communities have requested that Butler serve them, and it is believed that the auxiliary reservoir will make this possible.

Since Butler is in Morris County, and the project is directed through

Core wall, spillway and embankment, Kikeout Reservoir





Superintendent's headquarters, hospital and shed

WPA District One, comprising Bergen, Passaic and Sussex counties, the method of handling the project is exceptional. This was effected when the Morristown district WPA office was abandoned and it became necessary to have the job supervised through another office, near to the work.

Manuel Sedano, chairman of But-

ler's water committee, is acting without pay in representing the borough at the job. Periodic inspections are made, and official opinion is that a greatly needed asset is being added to the community's resources -- one which, had it not been for government aid, the borough would have had to postpone for a time.

CULMINATION

Constant work, supreme desire
Makes for what one wants -- men say,
But goals will fade, ambitions wane
To wake each day --
With dull-eyed loathe to face the world
Strain every nerve -- do more than one
Can ever do to gain fulfillment.

Vivian P. Mintz

Icarus

A short story

RUDOLPH E. KORNMAN

There were screws and wires on the kitchen table. Pop Bill shoved them and frowned at me.

I recognized the scowl -- lifting of the right brow, slight flaring of his nostrils and a peculiar pout of the lips--as a signal that something surprising was about to happen. He gave the big mass of twisted wires another push and lifted a mysterious bundle from the floor onto the table.

Slowly his grease-stained fingers undid the wrappings while I hopped from one foot to the other in anticipation.

The fingers paused. Pop looked at me sternly. This expression meant disapproval. I put both feet on the floor and for a while was quiet, though I slowly rolled a screw round and round on the table with a grubby forefinger.

The unwrapping continued and at last there emerged a shiny cylinder about which was wrapped copper wire, smoothly shellacked; along the top of the coil the shellac had been scraped away to form a bright furrow, above which ran a brass rod. And atop the rod was an impressive knob.

Also, there was a lumpish looking stone that Pop Bill called a galena and unpacked reverently, and a thin wire that, with his most fierce scowl, he called "the cat's whisker."

He tightened screws and frowned and glared and pouted and, after a long minute of tickling the galena with the cat's whisker, while he

held a flat disc to his ear, finally stood erect. He put the disc against my ear.

There was music!

"That," said Pop slowly, "comes all the way from Pittsburgh."

Pop was always the first in the neighborhood to own any new mechanical contraption. We had the first player piano in the village, the first shower bath, the first carpet sweeper. Ours, too, was the first and only stereopticon machine in Leaville.

I remember the stereopticon machine particularly because of the extraordinary clumps of gray something that he somehow mixed with something else to give light to the projector; a terrible odor and a hic-coughing noise came out of the can that held the mixture at every performance of the machine. Pop Bill gravely assured all of us, Nana Het and Aunt Kate and Second Cousin Alley and me, that the noise meant the whole shooting match would explode at any instant.

Much as I enjoyed the excitement of the darkened room, the white bed sheet hung against the wall on which appeared magically enlarged "S'Matter Pop" comic strips out of the New York Globe and scenes from the Holy Land, I expected to be catapulted suddenly skyward. This gave a deliciously terrifying zest to the entertainment; I trembled partly with dread and partly with the chill of the strawberry "snowball" that coldly burned in my hand. Even yet,

strawberries inevitably remind me of acetylene fumes.

We survived the stereopticon without injury, and lived to have our bones jolted in a Stanley Steamer, a steam-propelled automobile. Fortunately we were all indoors getting ready for an extensive excursion to Elmhurst -- a distance of twenty miles each way -- the morning the boiler exploded.

This startling display of the power of steam roused all Leaville. But it couldn't daunt Pop. Within six months we rolled along the turnpike to Elmhurst in an imported Renault -- pushed by gasoline this time -- and only paused to change tires twice in the whole three hours' drive there and back.

Things seemed to happen all at once after that. An open air movie show -- high board walls, cement floor, rain-ruined seats -- opened across the street, and at dusk all Leaville with the exception of the pillars of the M.E. Church came to occupy the seats, to discourage mosquitoes with lighted punks, and to groan at the misfortunes of Clara Kimball Young, cheer the heroism of Maurice Costello and roar at the pie-throwing of a little man in a derby whose name was Charlie Chaplin.

But Pop Bill hammered and thumped on our roof all of one Saturday afternoon. At twilight, frowning mysteriously, he led us up the narrow stairs from the attic. A high platform had been erected near the edge of the slanted roof and upon it were chairs. Gingerly Nana Het and Second Cousin Alley and I followed him along the narrow planking before the chairs; somehow each achieved a terrifyingly elevated seat upon the platform. Henceforth, every clear night, the whole family (with the exception of Aunt Kate who trembled at the very thought of venturing upon the roof) enjoyed the show gratis while our feet dangled three stories above the King's County

Turnpike.

Movies in those days were full of portentous notes written in flourishing long hand; and alas, we were too far away from the screen, on our lofty platform, to decipher these. Pop, however, solved this by somehow combining the lenses of his now unused stereopticon to make a spyglass. Through this he peered--like an anxious mariner in a crow's nest -- perched upon his chair, and read the significant words aloud. Far away the movie piano -- (played by Al Lockhart's girl, Mealie) tinkled the "Skater's Waltz," while he intoned the forged message that brought prison and terrible disgrace to the nervous young man in the high celluloid collar.

Best of all, Pop liked the travelogues. But he laughed only occasionally during the pie-throwing scenes and then grudgingly; his favorite among the comedians was Al St. John, a blond young man who did incredible things on a bicycle.

Those were thrilling nights, but the days were no less exciting. Rumpel's Butcher Shop installed an electric meat-chopper; Jurgen's grocery rivalled it with an electric coffee-grinder; and Huger's confectionery, not to be outdone, put in an electric ice-cream freezer that by its subterranean thumping made the glasses on the soda bar rattle. But Pop's was the first household in the village to be wired for light.

This marked the beginning of a new era. Came an electric sewing machine, then an electric waffle cooker. Next we got an electric laundry iron and an electric comfort pad for Aunt Kate's rheumatism which, incidentally, that apprehensive lady never dared to use. Even the stereopticon machine was dragged out of the cellar and restored to favor with an electric bulb replacing the odorous acetylene arrangements. On Christmas an electric train went dizzily round and round the base of our tree, stretching a

marvelous finger of light before it. The tree itself was a glory of uncountable electric bulbs.

And all that winter and until the summer when Nana Het died, you could see the light that flashed on and off in our window behind the ground glass sign of Pop Bill's name with the awesome word ELECTRICIAN underneath it. He turned out the sign after Nana Het was buried. He went to his job at the shop in New York but no longer sought after odd electrical work in the neighborhood of Leaville.

Just recently I saw Pop Bill for the first time in six years. After I went away to school, he said, and Aunt Kate and Alley went back to New Bedford to grandpa's, he just let everything go and started traveling. He has been around the world three times; worked as a maintenance man in a pressroom in Shanghai, helped to set up elevators in Vladivostok and helped to construct an electric ferry that was hopeful of running between Malmo, which is in Sweden, and Copenhagen, Denmark. In Dundalk, on the Irish Sea, he repaired bicycles and motorbikes; at Montpellier on the Gulf of Lions he worked with a man who was inventing a marvelously rapid wine-press.

Now his chin was grizzled with gray and when he frowned lines that I did not remember formed beside his eyes; but his excitement at meeting me after so long had made him talkative -- he who had been taciturn and grim.

He wanted to see the airport, he said. In the bus going there he talked aimlessly of the carefully guarded fire that night and day, behind a tin fence, burns off the surplus coffee beans in Rio. Then irrelevantly he spoke of a man named Josie with whom he had installed oil pumping machinery at Baku, south of the mountains on the Caspian Sea.

"It was a queer kind of business," he said, frowning at the memory, "because the water, you know,

is actually more than eighty feet below sea-level."

We had got to the airport. As we got off the bus a silver wing glided overhead. Before us were planes, warming up; even as we walked toward them, one took off with a roar like any angry dragon.

"They wouldn't let me fly," said Pop Bill savagely. "Claimed I was too old to pass. Out in Frisco that was."

"I've never been up," I confessed shamefully.

His eyes were on the plane that now grew smaller and smaller toward the south. "Greatest thing in the world," he growled; "you're missing something."

"Why that new one they got, the big one, y'know, averages 'bout two hundred fifty a n'our."

Suddenly and somehow sadly I recalled the Stanley Steamer, the Renault, the first top-heavy Hudson, the brass-banded Ford and all the other high-bodied, thin-tired cars that had chugged me through adolescence and childhood.

"Pop Bill," I asked, "do you remember --?"

But I stopped because he was not listening. Eyes full of profound admiration, he gazed absorbedly to the south. The windy sky was empty where the plane had so lately throbbed.

"Gone, gone already," he whispered, "gone clean outa sight."

"But, Hell," he exclaimed, "that's nothin'. Say, listen, there's a little Dutchman in Augsburg -- South Germany, y'know -- that's actually got together a plane that goes by rocket power. He claims it's gonna do six hundred when he gets it workin'."

"But Bill, why should anyone want to travel that fast -- even if he could?"

The old frown of disapproval came back. I was a little boy, again, being reprimanded for impatience. He didn't answer the question, but

turned slowly back to the field where yet another bright monster stood, sun glistening on its rounded flank.

"Believe it or not," said Pop to no one in particular, "we ain't reached the limit yet."

As he walked away, hands in his

pockets, pipe stuck stubbornly between his teeth, the plane toward which he sauntered no longer looked so impossibly big. Pop, a little man with grease beneath his fingernails, seemed somehow to have dwarfed it.



A pen and ink illustration for PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, by Paul Keller, Supervisor of the Federal Art Project in Essex County



ADMINISTRATIVE: Joseph Baker, Section Manager; Carlos V. Girod, Special Assistant; Robert W. Allan, Deputy State Administrator; William H. J. Ely, State Administrator; William Ohland, Administrative Assistant; Paul D. Holran, Office Manager; Verb A. Gabbert, Director Information Service Section

State Headquarters Organization

Two Years of Progress

Photos by Gearl

After two years of successful operation, it is appropriate to review the "set-up" of the Works Progress Administration in the State of New Jersey. Much has been said in the public press about the WPA, columns have been devoted to laudatory or critical comment regarding specific projects, and orators have expressed themselves at length on the

question of the Works Progress Administration.

The State Administrator, within the limits of instructions promulgated by the Federal Administrator, is responsible for decisions on all matters of policy and for the efficient and economical operation of the entire State Administration, including all divisions of the State



OPERATIONS: top-Paul Rasmussen, State Safety Consultant; Carl P. Malmstrom, Chief Inspector; Major Charles P. Lyman, Specification Engineer; Donald Lyons, Chief Clerk; Thomas White, Acting Assistant State Director Operating Section; seated-George F. Malley, Assistant Chief Engineer; Fred S. Childs, State Director; Joseph L. Fahey, Executive Assistant; Edwin Cortright, Assistant State Director, Project Control

office and all districts. The State Administrator is also charged with the general coordination of the Work Program in the State, including the scheduling of the projects of all agencies participating in the Work Program.

The Deputy State Administrator is responsible for the coordination of the various divisions of the State office, controls administrative personnel and expenditures, and acts for the State Administrator in all matters not involving policy or public relations.

In addition to its Administrative Division (photo on preceding page), which is comprised of the State Ad-

ministrator, the Deputy State Administrator, and their several assistants, there are four major divisions in the WPA. These are: the Division of Operations, the Division of Women's and Professional Projects, the Division of Employment, and the Division of Finance and Statistics.

The Division of Operations (photo above) is responsible for the promotion and planning of construction projects, and for supervising the execution of such projects to insure their efficient operation. In matters relating to the scheduling of projects, reduction of hours of work, labor classification, as-



WOMEN'S and PROFESSIONAL: standing-William A. Kearns, Assisant State Director; Albert F. La Spina, Section Manager; seated-Mrs. Julia Mary Sidman, Executive Assistant; Mrs. Elizabeth C. Denny Vann, State Director

signments and separations, it cooperates with the Division of Employment. It maintains liaison with the State Procurement Office of the Treasury Department in all matters concerning specifications, requisitions, and other transactions having to do with the securing of materials. It supervises the execution of projects by the districts by means of periodic inspections. It is also responsible for formulation of policies promoting safety on work projects.

The Division of Women's and Professional Projects (photo above) performs the same functions with

respect to women's, professional and service, research and educational projects as does the Division of Operations with respect to construction projects, except that it does not require a safety organization.

The Division of Employment (photo on following page) is charged with the hiring and certification of eligible workers. It is responsible for the regulation of hours, wages, exemptions from the security wage, classifications, assignments and separations, training, complaints and adjustments having to do with the welfare of workers, and labor relations. In matters relating to labor



EMPLOYMENT: top-Ralph D. Earle, Assistant State Director; George T. Beattie, State Director; John T. McCormack, Field Representative; seated-Miss Alice V. Halpin, Assistant Director, Intake and Certification; Miss Harriet S. Brunger, Executive Assistant

it coordinates its work with the Division of Operations or the Division of Women's and Professional Projects. This division maintains liaison between the Works Progress Administration and the following agencies: (1) United States Employment Service; (2) other government agencies participating in the Work Program in matters pertaining to labor requirements, and (3) local relief agencies. The division is responsible, in cooperation with the Divisions of Operations and of Women's and Professional Projects, for the

scheduling of labor for projects.

The Division of Finance and Statistics (photo on following page) is charged with the control of pay rolls, recording of sponsors' contributions, maintenance of records of materials and equipment, and continual contact with the State offices of all Federal financial agencies. It is responsible for carrying out policies and instructions relative to timekeeping on projects, pay roll procedure, and for project allotment control.



FINANCE and STATISTICS: top-Edward W. Greene, Assistant to the Director; Joseph W. Duffield, Assistant State Director; George W. Mollineaux, Assistant State Director, Reports and Statistics, seated-Harry W. Wiggin, State Director

This division carries on the general statistical and research work necessary for operating purposes. In cooperation with the State Accounts Office of the U. S. Treasury Department, it maintains the system of recording the services of some 80,000 employees throughout the State of New Jersey, and of certifying their time records, in order to insure punctual reimbursement.

Each of these divisions functions under a State Director and one or more Assistant Directors. These per-

sons in turn are assisted by Section Managers. This structural plan operates at State Headquarters in Newark and in each of the seven district offices. So effective has been this set-up, that with a State Headquarters administrative staff of fewer than 300 persons, it has been possible to operate a program of varied types of activity, ranging from major construction to the most highly specialized professional activities, employing at one time or another over 100,000 persons.

Easy Payments

A short story

NATHANIEL RUBEL

But listen, kid," he argued, throwing pleading words against the proverbial stone wall of his wife's caution, "we've got to take the chance. You know Snale and Company have promised that they'll be able to use the pictures according to their specifications. We'll know by August. It's only the \$300, and the loan company is willing to advance the money. We ought to risk it. We can pay it back . . ."

"On easy terms. Oh, I knew that was coming. How easy are the easiest terms? Tell me that."

It was so easy to puncture the balloon of bright illusion: she knew all the answers.

"But we can even fix it so that the first payment won't be due until -- September." He stretched out that last word. Thirty days hath September -- give it thirty days' worth of pronunciation. Why not? Maybe it would be worth it. "That would give me a chance in the meanwhile to get my orders and a cash advance. Can't you see?"

"I see it all too plainly. It's a dismal picture, even in color!"

Sara Ann had listened patiently--for patience was nothing new in her necessary habits of mind. How many times had that same persuasive voice spoken in just that tone of conviction -- building castles in the air, filmy castles -- and making them sound so plausible and substantial; only to have them burst with a loud deflation and leave them in new debts.

Now it was color. Will had attended a couple of free lectures at the University and had been caught in the new illusion. Colored pictures for advertising were the coming thing -- but how long in coming? It was a gamble; another gamble. Will had come home full of enthusiasm and empty pockets. --If only there would be enough money to meet current expenses, with just enough left over to buy the filters and pay for the necessary new equipment!

Then one evening Will had been in the bathroom, washing up for supper, and Sara Ann had gone into the living room to drown their endless problems in the loud music of the radio. Then had come the favorite six o'clock installment story. And the announcer had abruptly told them that the episode was canceled to permit a brand-new feature to introduce itself -- a Wild West Serial Feature, sponsored by the Friendly Loan Company . . .

"The Friendly Loan Company . . ."

Will had heard only this much when he had dashed out of the bathroom in a lather of excitement to stand by for details. Together they heard the rest of the announcement: "Why give up the necessities of life -- that new bedroom suite, that new dress and overcoat -- when you can borrow a sum of money you can repay in small monthly installments . . ."

Easy payments. Well, Will had his chance. He borrowed the \$300.

Then came the experiments, and Will made his samples and prepared

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them to submit for the big opportunity they had waited, worked, argued and hoped for. And the great morning arrived.

Will kissed Sara Ann good-bye, whispering, "Wish me luck, honey." Then he departed for the fateful interview. Sara kept herself busy all morning with ironing and other sundry household duties after getting little five-year-old Lewis off to school. All morning she repeated her prayer -- "Dear God, make them like the pictures!"

After coming home from delivering Lewis to the school, Sara sat close by the telephone. Will had promised to call her as soon as he heard the good news. She waited until three o'clock, but no call. She remembered Mr. Hardwick, the advertising manager, was a busy man. It would take Will time. So she put on her hat and went to bring Lewis home from school.

Lewis was full of questions, and Sara was full of worry. It was hard, waiting. On the way home she paid him small attention. Meeting a neighbor, she stopped to chat and couldn't refrain herself from saying: "You must come over tonight with your husband, Mrs. Green. We're expecting some very good news."

As she walked away she wondered why she had said it. At her front steps Sara felt strangely tired and sank to the lower step to rest and think. Lewis, released from supervision, ran to get the hoe and rake and immediately enjoyed digging in the yard. He wondered why his mother didn't stop him from making a mess of the sparse lawn beside the front walk. She didn't seem to notice.

It was exactly five-thirty when Sara was roused to go inside to stop

the jangle of the telephone. At last, at last! The good news!

"I'm sorry, I won't be home for supper," complained the tired voice in the instrument. "Maybe I won't get home at all until late."

"What is it, Will? What's wrong?"

"Nothing. Don't worry. I'll be home later . . ." Then the sudden click of disconnection.

. . .

Sunk in her chair, she thought. Why be surprised? Life was made up of these soap bubble dreams -- these colored pictures of fortune -- these old, old disappointments. It was so hard for all of them -- all of them, except Lewis who had all of his troubles still ahead of him.

But this time she had hoped and prayed so hard, and poor Will had struggled and worked like a slave. Yes, that was it. They all labored like slaves -- and for what? So what?

"Oh Mummy -- look out the winder, see what I got!"

Sara Ann looked out the window and saw a worm in Lewis' hand. She nodded her head and walked away from the pane. Lewis couldn't believe his eyes. Why, that couldn't be Mummy! She should be so shocked and perhaps scold him. It was high time he came in to investigate. Come to think of it, his mother hadn't been herself all day. Walking in, he saw his mother with her head on the table. Greatly frightened at this, he touched her. Sara Ann looked up and, wiping her eyes, took Lewis on her lap.

"It's nothing dear, Mummy has a headache." But in her mind, the words, over and over: "In small easy payments . . . small easy payments . . . so small . . . so easy."



Construction as Usual



Dunellen's new Borough Hall

Photos by Rubel

BERYL WILLIAMS

In so many towns new buildings are springing up behind the red, white and blue signs labeled WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION that it is a difficult assignment to write an account of any one of them and make it seem outstandingly interesting. Bricks -- usually red -- steel, mor-

tar, wooden frames for doors and windows -- these seem to be the component parts of every job and they all seem monotonously alike. Perhaps passersby wonder momentarily at the purpose for which each is being erected, ponder for the space of a breath on the number of men who find

employment in its construction -- and perhaps they do not. At any rate passersby have the stimulus of the sound of hammering, the smell of wet concrete and new wood, the sight of bustle and activity to pique their curiosity; readers of an article that attempts to put all of that into cold black and white lack even those aids. And consequently such an article bodes fair to be dull.

Take, for example, the new borough hall in Dunellen. Can an account of it be written in such a way than any reader will go on beyond the first paragraph? For the borough hall of Dunellen looks, in its present state of incompleteness, at least, like so many other unfinished buildings; and it too bears the familiar red, white and blue sign.

Of course a mathematician with an overwhelming interest in the more tedious problems of geometry might find some special joy in its shape, for the hall is erected at the acute-angled convergence of two of the borough's principal streets -- North and Prospect Avenues--and it has five sides. Its principal entrance, at the blunted corner of that acute angle, occupies almost all of the shortest side, which is barely ten feet in length. The North Avenue side is 65 feet 9 inches long, and the building is 41 feet broad at the back. The two remaining sides are 46 feet long -- a long Prospect Avenue--and 48 feet

long -- perpendicular to the back wall. There is no doubt about it -- the building has an unusual outline.

And doubtless architects and contractors would spare a moment for the sturdy construction -- the Flemish bond beaded joint brick work, laid with red stretchers and black headers; the firm steel stairs; the 20-year bonded roof; the tiled floors; and the simple lines of the Old English Colonial style with its arched windows and columned doorways.

Naturally, if you happen to be the borough tax assessor you watch with enthusiasm as the finishing touches are put to your own particular room -- an oddly shaped little place opening out of that entrance at the tip of the building. You are proud of the safe being installed in the back wall, in full view of the window at night, and accessible through no other door but that main entrance.

And if you are the chief of police, who has been maintaining his dignity against great odds during the last few months, upholding the law at a desk in an improvised ex-shop office ever since the old borough hall was torn down to make room for the new one, then you are doubtless extremely interested in several of the other rooms on that first floor. There is a neat private office for yourself, opening into the court room; and the court room, in turn, opens

Bullet- and escape-proof windows



into the judges' chamber. You might even spare a paternal glance for the patrolmen's locker rooms, with their toilets and showers; and, inasmuch as you expect to spend a good deal of your time in this building, you might also take a look at the cellar, where the oil furnace and a shooting range for your force share one section. There is a vault in the cellar too.

On the other hand, if you are a prospective criminal who has considered tackling a neat little job in Dunellen, you might take time out before you get at it to look over the accommodations you will be offered in the jail unit of this new building. If you are a woman you are going to be made comparatively comfortable in a tile-lined cell measuring six by ten feet; there will be hot and cold running water and a cot and -- if you show no signs of attempting suicide -- a bureau with a glass mirror atop it. If you are a man you will have to make up your mind to be satisfied with a somewhat cramped -- but still tile-lined -- cell measuring only five feet by eight. There are three men's cells and only one woman's room. The former open on a common corridor into which a guard may peer through a small square hole and may address you through the latest thing in prison-door grills. And you will be supplied with plenty of fresh air by an ingenious window arrangement-- a sort of venetian blind made of heavy shatter-proof glass. Each movable section, which may be turned outward or closed into a solid window by means of a crank handle, is about four inches deep and topped by

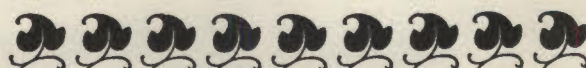
an inch-wide steel bar. The window is rain-proof and jimmy-proof, but it lets the air in quite nicely.

If you are the Dunellen building and plumbing inspector, of course, you will pause for a moment at the door of your own office, and perhaps glance at the meter room nearby where the siren switches are, and the power meters.

If you are Dunellen's mayor you may be willing even to climb a flight of stairs to the second floor, for a look at your prospective office there; you may take a few members of the council along with you and stand together with your colleagues in the middle of the new council chamber. And you might pause long enough to admire the rest rooms and the public library -- Dunellen readers have been using an inadequate room above a store for too long now.

And lastly, if you are an economist preparing a paper on Middlesex County conditions, you may have a note somewhere to the effect that the Dunellen borough hall, WPA Project No. 4-601, between August 1, 1936 and June 30, 1937 -- the probable date of completion -- employed 60 different workers, and as many as thirty of them at one time; that the total estimated cost of the job was \$34,755, of which \$15,000 was supplied by the sponsoring borough.

But the chances are very slim that you are any of these persons. And therefore to write an article about another building -- just another building, with a red, white and blue sign on its clean new wall -- is a difficult thing to do.



Banquet

A short story

ALBERT BOYD

The breast of the duck had a faint rosy glow under its crisp brown, and there were lots of olives in the dressing, and there was just the right quantity of sauterne in the gravy. Not that kitchen wine, either. Real sauterne. Its bouquet tingled in Rey's nostrils.

Rey stared at the table for a moment, his eyes onyx-hard and black. The cat wove in and out between his legs, begging, but he was hardly aware of its brushing tail. Then he got up stiffly and crossed the room to the piano. He stood looking across the piano at the window. The November rains had set in, and the small panes were grey-liquid sheets. His hands reached out and crashed down on the ivory and black keyboard. A cry of pain soared through the house, flooding it, ebbing back and forth, seeping from small room to small room, lingering, stubbornly fighting extinction.

Before the sound had died, Marjory's pale, yellow-topped head appeared in the doorway, and stayed there as if she didn't want to enter the bare room. It was just as if someone had cut a head out of an advertisement and tacked it to the door frame.

"What's the matter, Rey?"

"Nothing's the matter."

Then her watery blue eyes turned to the table. "You haven't eaten your dinner."

Rey laughed. "That's right. But I will." He ran one hand through his mane of black hair.

For a moment longer Marjory watched him, then her head disappeared.

Rey looked at the clock. It was almost two. He wondered how long Marjory had been back from the village. He hadn't heard her come in. Well, it didn't matter. But he hoped she wasn't going around in wet shoes. And he ought to tell her to keep up the fire in the baby's room. If the baby caught cold there'd be hell to pay. His eyes rested on the grey-running window. The room was chill and damp. His dinner was getting cold. He would make a series of sounds which would represent his dinner getting cold. But they would have to be beautiful sounds. There was something so definite, so surely a part of the Ultimate, about the process of his dinner getting cold. First it was hot, then warm, lukewarm and then finally cold -- Dead.

Now -- The breast of the duck had a pink satin glow under its glaze of brown. The green peas were jewels. Maybe emeralds. No, not emeralds. Yes, maybe. The carrots, long spears varnished with butter were --

The baby was crying.

Rey's white hands, spatulate fingers spread and tense, came down on the yellow keys again. The broken chords, thundering and pounding through the small house, shattered and drove out the baby's cry. When the notes receded to silence, the baby had stopped crying.

Rey smiled. Marjory had picked the brat up. He could see her hug-

ging it to her spare bosom. Oh, the baby was all right, except when he cried. Yes, he liked the baby, really. It wasn't much yet. Brown down. Black eyes. Pink, clawing, inarticulate fingers. But crying, bawling -- that hurt his ears. It did more. It insulted him. How in hell could he compose music in that bedlam?

Now -- his dinner was still getting cold. It wasn't his dinner. It was the dinner. Joy, gaiety, warmth, romance fermenting through the flavor and vision of the food and drink, and the winey, smokey atmosphere of the hall. A king in ermine, his bearded councilors, gallant knights, sparkling ladies and the gracious beautiful queen. A jester, deformed. Dog; great dogs being fed from the table. Sparks roaring up the black throat of the chimney. Lovely perfumed heat surging through the haze above the candles. Jewels splashing out of distorted shadows.

Rey laid his hands gently on the keys, softly unloosening the flavor of roast duck, goose, pheasant, capon. He could feel it so plainly pulsing through the room and he could smell it. His mouth watered. His eyes closed. His hands moved, fingers feeling their way toward beauty.

Marjory stood in the doorway again. She waited for him to turn, but he didn't, though he knew she was there. She tapped the door frame lightly with her nails.

"Mrs. Carter's little girl is here, Rey. She brought a note. Mrs. Carter wants to know if she can have the two dollars we owe her for staying with me while you were in New York?"

Rey frowned. "Can't you see I'm busy? I've asked you not to disturb me when I'm busy."

"But Rey, this is the fifth note she's sent." Marjory's voice was thin and lifeless.

Rey swung around. "Tell that

damned kid to get out of here. Mrs. Carter doesn't need that money."

"But that's not the point, Rey."

He laughed. "Oh, it isn't? Tell her to go 'way and stay away." Marjory left the room and Rey's eyes turned to the sliding grey panes. Standing motionless he stared at them until he thought the whole window was moving. Then he saw the little girl, bundled in a black storm coat, run by.

With two fingers he wrung two notes from the piano. Green notes they were. One for each dollar bill. Then there was the little girl running through the cold November rain. She was running down the road between low stone walls and the dripping writhing skeletons of the maples. On one side there was a woods. On the other a rough sodden pasture clung to the scant shelter of a bare pinnacle.

He played it carefully and slowly, slurring the notes -- the rain. A little girl, Jennie Carter, running through the dripping Sussex countryside. There were the steel rain arrows. The rich mud of the road. The little girl's drenched, unburdened figure. The hills. The empty pasture. The clinging woods. Then the maples guarding the stone walls. And there were two green one-dollar bills tight in her small hand. No, no -- she didn't have them. And there was her fear at the expected scolding. For fat Mama Carter would scold her as though it were her fault that she'd returned without them.

But to get back to the dinner -- there were other courses. There would be juicy venison, rare beef, mutton and hare. Also fish -- a great variety of fresh and salt fish. Each course would be a different movement. There would be an introductory movement. The gathering about the board of the noble assemblage. Laughing and talking, finding their places. Then the courses. Six or seven. Then the reposeful after-

math. Good talk, good drinking -- on full stomachs. That would be jolly, but not too lively. Perhaps there would be a short interlude in that. A dance theme. One of the lovely ladies-in-waiting. A delightful creature. A group of statuesque poses. Also the intermittent indications of belching on the part of the nobles and snores from the fat old king slumping down in his heavy robes and clusters of jewels.

"Rey," said Marjory. "Rey, I want to talk to you."

He turned slowly from the piano. Marjory was leaning against the table, her small reddish hands at her sides, gripping its edge. Marjory was slight. She was thin. She hadn't picked up after the baby's birth. Her hair had lost its gold; now it was simply yellow.

"What are we going to do, Rey?"

He shrugged. "Ask me riddles."

She was wearing a green dress which he did not like. It accented the pallor of her face. Her eyes were red-ringed from crying. She seemed to be going all to pieces, disintegrating.

"But we have to do something. We can't go on like this. I don't dare go down to the store again."

Rey nodded. That was an idea. Mr. Taylor, the storekeeper, was the giant. The king's nobles and knights had captured him and chained him in the dungeon under the banquet hall and every once in a while one of the nobles would take a burning fagot from the hearth and drop it through the grating on Taylor-the-giant. Then he'd scream. That would add a colorful note. The whole composition would be punctuated by his roars of pain.

"Rey --" said Marjory.

Rey ran his hand over his eyes.

"Oh, I'll write Jack."

Marjory laughed sharply. "Don't waste the stamp."

Rey sighed and almost sat on the cat, who had jumped up on the piano stool. Switching her tail, she

stalked to the stove and went under. Her green eyes blinked out at him reproachfully.

"Well, what are we going to do?"

"I don't know," said Marjory.

"I'm at my wits' end. You know what your brother Jack thinks of your music. And my mother --"

She left the table and crossed the room right by Rey, to the window. He watched her without feeling. He remembered the pleasure he used to get from just watching her walk. She'd been lovely. She rubbed a pane with her hand and looked out. Something was moving down the road. Rey went to Marjory's side. It looked like a royal caravan. Two big wagons drawn by heavy teams. The wagons were heaped high and covered with tarpaulins. The horses splashed through the mud and rain stubbornly.

"It's Gordon Mower and his hired man," said Marjory.

Rey nodded.

"They must be taking their potatoes to town."

"Yes," said Rey. "I wonder --"

"What?"

"I wonder if I could get up behind that second wagon and steal a sack?"

"They're big sacks," said Marjory. "You couldn't do it. Besides, I don't like stealing."

"That's right," said Rey. "But I could follow along behind and when they go over that washout down the road, one might fall off."

Marjory shook her head. "No. Someone would be sure to see you. Don't let's have any more trouble than we have now."

The horses moved majestically to be blotted from sight by the big wagons. Then the woods shut out the wagons. Marjory turned from the window. She looked at the empty music rack on the piano.

"Working?"

"Yes."

She turned away and crossed the room, but before she could get to the door she burst out crying. Rey

took a step toward her, but stopped by the piano. He didn't like her to cry. He stood watching her. She couldn't very well be queen because she didn't make him think of a queen. But he wasn't the king. He was the king's younger brother. Jack could be the fat, snoring king. Marjory would be the beautiful lady-in-waiting. He'd be a glittering young prince. They were going to have a rendezvous after the banquet. No, no. That would introduce another whole theme and he didn't want that. He'd simply imply something of the kind.

Marjory's tear-streaked, painful face was staring at him. All he saw was the face (like a death mask) as if she didn't have any body.

"Tell me what we're going to do. You tell me. I'm simply crazy. I can't think. I've gotten so many bags of oatmeal at the store that it's a joke. The whole village is talking about it. 'There goes poor Marjory with her bag of oatmeal.' And they laugh. They don't even bother to turn aside. They laugh right in my face."

Rey shrugged. "Talking about it won't do any good. We can manage a-while longer. Something's bound to happen."

Her big, round, hideously red eyes caught and held him. She laughed. Her laugh rang through the house like the clash of sword on breastplate.

"Oh--something's bound to happen, is it? Well, something has happened. The villagers aren't going to get a chance to laugh at me again. Mr. Taylor isn't going to let me have any more oatmeal. He told me this morning. It seems we owe him a little bill." She nodded. "It seems to be a fact."

"And while I was in the village I saw Lew Woodward. You know, the man who owns this house. And he says that we're six months rent in arrears. He's getting impatient. He feels that he should have his

rent if we're going to live here. In fact if he doesn't have it by the end of the week he's going to have what they call a Sheriff's Sale."

Rey nodded. He knew Lew Woodward. Why hadn't he thought of him before? He wasn't anything like Taylor. Woodward was small with a pock-marked face. Probably he had some kind of a disease. Wait -- Chain him down in the dungeon with the giant. The giant and the dwarf. Both raving mad. Both crazy. Of course the giant will kill the dwarf. With one smashing blow of his hairy fist the giant will floor the dwarf. The dwarf will just lie there, his hideously contorted, pitted face staring up at the grating, his disease spreading to the giant.

Rey walked around the piano to the window. He pressed his hot forehead to the cold pane and closed his eyes.

"Couldn't you go out in the kitchen or do something for the baby. We can talk about this again. I'd like to work now."

Marjory's hands were pressed one against each cheek as if she was afraid her jaw would fall off.

"But Rey! You don't realize. I'm starving. We're all starving. The baby -- We haven't had the right food, and now we can't get any. And winter's coming on --"

Without turning, Rey nodded. "I know. Let's talk about it later. We'll find a way out."

It was growing dusk outside and the hills and woods were lovely and dark and uncertain.

"Rey --"

"I know," he said wearily. "I heard you. We'll do something about it. Please don't go over it again just now."

"But I can't get any more food," she said. "And we have to eat."

"All right. All right."

Altogether there would be eight movements. He could see it clearly now. It would build up to a grand climax during the last course of the

dinner, then he would hypnotize his auditors -- lull them to sleep. That would be the dozy feeling after the feast.

Marjory's white face was at his side. "There is nothing more in the house. There is nothing for supper. Nothing for the baby's supper."

Rey's hand cut quickly through the air in a gesture of finality. "Give him what I didn't eat for dinner. I didn't touch it. Please let me alone."

He came around and stood in front of the keyboard. He had to have a simple combination of notes for his running theme. He'd build it up, elaborate it. First the cortege; kings, nobles, knights and ladies were returning to the castle, victorious. The giant and the dwarf were being dragged along in chains. And right up to the moment they sat down at the heavily laden board -- color, life, movement.

Rey struck a group of notes. He wanted a cigarette. He had to figure out this combination. He went over to the table and found the cigarette package. It was empty. He

shrugged, stroking the cat who was on the table. The feeling of the cat's arched back was pleasant to his hand. He kept on stroking it gently.

It was the kind of a surface feeling he wanted to get into this piece of work -- smooth, soft, sleek. And underneath -- Life. He stroked the cat again. The animal raised its head from the bowl of oatmeal and purred. Rey scratched its ear then swung toward the piano. His hands reached out for the keys. His eyes and ears were filled with the gay procession returning through the brittle autumn park.

Music swam through the house. Horses' hoofs rang over loose stones with metallic grandeur. The gusty laughter and boasts of the knights soared loud on mounting scales. His searching fingers raced over the keyboard. The decorous twitters of the beautiful ladies tingled brightly from the treble. Scarlet leaves drifted slowly through an orange sunset. The giant and the dwarf, at the end of the procession, snarled and cursed in the heavy bass.

SEA ROADS

Once having found the sea there is no more
A need of roads, no more a need for far
Pursuit of place. Here I may find a star
As I may chance to find a shell: this shore
Defines the threshold of discovery.
As -- in their ebb and flow, the tides reveal
Illimitable energies -- I feel
Resurging forces that are life in me:

All roads are one within this endless stream
Of space and waters, and all stars are here,
Like shells strewn on a beach. Now I must stand,
Amazed and yet aware, as in a dream,
Gazing on distances to find them near,
Holding all holy powers in my hand.

John C. Zuleger

Music by the Sea

WPA Musicians Prove Their Value

BRUCE REID

The depression was at its worst in the Atlantic City district in 1933, when the public shed its luxuries, excepting for cigarettes, and music was a luxury: it had to go. One could easily forego the "Moonlight Sonata," even the "Blue Danube Waltz." So the public tightened its belt and forgot the musicians who had so long entertained it and who had made the resort more attractive to the paying visitors. Some sixty or seventy artists of the violin, the trombone, the 'cello, the piano and all the other brass and wind instruments in concerto, found themselves set adrift on stormy waters with no haven in sight.

But then came a magic change. In the dismal December of 1933 the Emergency Relief Administration, financed and "ideaed" by Washington and the New Deal, began the task of salvaging the music status in District Five, comprising the counties of Atlantic, Cumberland and Cape May. Later the Works Progress Administration took up the work with larger funds and organization.

The WPA Concert Band and Concert Orchestra today have won a distinct and important place in public favor by their concerts of high class music to large and ever increasing audiences of the visiting and local public of Atlantic City. That is the net result of three years of constant work with the reviving musicians.

The Atlantic City public has never had such a gift of free music

continuous through winter and summer; the "ultra violet ray" influence of music on the public mind and heart has been of incalculable value.

But the human drama of the whole process: the transformation of "down and out" artists to pre-depression life and skill, to self-respect as important members of a rejuvenated community; this is the real story of the Music Project of the Works Progress Administration. It is one of those successes which make for real civilization.

There was Carl Doell, 56 years old, a pupil of the great German violinist Joachim, and who treasures the violin bow given him by Joachim in 1888. Herr Doell, when only nine years of age, played the Mendelssohn Concerto in a public concert in Europe. An intimate friend of the great Liszt, he has music autographed by the composer. He was brought to the United States as concertmeister for the first Philadelphia Orchestra, from 1903 to 1905; served in similar capacity for the Metropolitan and Philadelphia Opera Companies. Twenty-two years ago he organized and conducted the first of two symphony orchestras in Atlantic City. An accomplished musician, he performs as a master on his beloved violin. He is First Violin in the WPA Orchestra in Atlantic City. He knows all phases of instrumental music. The loss to the community of this musician alone would have been a spiritual calamity.

Ettore Marchetti, violinist, 54 years old, holder of a diploma of the Rossini Conservatory of Pesaro, Italy, was first violinist of the Argentine Opera House, Buenos Aires, South America, also orchestra leader of leading hotels in New York, Philadelphia and Atlantic City. Signor Marchetti was also promoter of the Grand Opera Company of Atlantic City and general musical director and conductor of St. Michael's Opera Company and the Cosmopolitan Opera Society of Atlantic City. He joined the local WPA project at its inception in 1933.

Creste Vessella, another man past middle age, was once the rival in popularity of John Philip Sousa as Concert Band conductor on the famous Steel Pier. He was listed in Who's Who as one of the leading conductors of the country. The depression fell on him heavily at an age when it is difficult to start afresh; when nerve and morale are gone. Yet today he is a conductor and a valued assistant supervisor to Music Supervisor Herman J. Fiedler, to whose devotion, patience and tireless energy much of the success of rehabilitating the experienced but destitute musicians is due. Antonio Antonelli, aged 54, came from European bands to play for three years with the Philadelphia Orchestra; was soloist 13 years at the Shubert Theatre in Philadelphia and often called upon by Victor Herbert for his beautiful trumpet solos. Emilian Gurpegin, aged 59, pianist of note, was a fellow-student and friend of Jose Iturbi, one of the great names in the music world today.

Herman J. Fiedler, Supervisor of the Music Project, is 50, but indefatigable in his concert and band work. Like his father before him, he has been organizing and instructing bands and orchestras in New Jersey for 30 years. Born in Hammonton, Atlantic County, Fiedler came to Atlantic City in 1899 and since then has been active in music here. He

is a master of the trumpet, has played in orchestras on the Steel Pier, Rendezvous Park, Colonial Theatre, Greyhound Race Track, Globe and Garden Pier Theatres and the Convention Hall; has conducted his own band at Rendezvous Park and the above-named places. As an organizer, executive and sympathetic counselor in the Music Project, he is effective as much from his human personality as from his musical knowledge.

Here are a few others retrieved from the morasses of depression to become again brilliant performers in the band or orchestra that is becoming famous for its concerts: Anthony Masino, 56, violinist, graduated from Paris Conservatory; assistant director with the Martini Symphony Orchestra on the Steel Pier from 1909 to 1919; led the Colonial Theatre Orchestra eight years, and at the Earle Theatre two years. Salvatore Cerminaro, 55, baritone horn player, graduate of Italian Conservatory; assistant director of the Concert Band on the Steel Pier for 14 years; played four years at the old Apollo Theatre on the Boardwalk.

The ages of the others average from 40 to 45 years. That means experience and accomplishment in their profession. Though their youth had gone, if these men could be brought back to vigor and hope, they could still be rehabilitated to do good work and have a chance to get employment when times grew better.

Gradually and steadily, through constant practice and rehearsals, in an atmosphere of encouragement, the staleness of technique, due to long disuse during the depression, began to disappear, the mentality of the performers grew fresher and brighter, their performances grew more attractive and impressive. As the glorious melodies of Schubert, Liszt and Mendelssohn rolled in smooth unison from their collective instruments, the men became more vitalized, their performances more effective.

By the time the WPA took control the Concert Band and Concert Orchestra had attained a favorable hearing with the public. And as time went on, these units became in demand for public concerts. Sixty-four persons, including the supervisory staff, are now enrolled in the four units.

These units are: Concert Band, 30 performers; Concert Orchestra, 19; Dance Orchestra, six pieces; Negro Unit, six.

A few incidents, taken at random from many such, will indicate the impression the units of the Music Project have made on the public during 1936:

Two large national conventions had followed each other in the Convention Hall. Both had furnished audiences that crowded the Plaza in front of the Hall as the WPA Band played selection after selection, with much applause and encores. A delegate from the Dairymen's Convention approached Supervisor Fiedler and asked: "Is this all WPA music?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"Well," said the man, "I'm from a Pennsylvania city and I'd gotten the idea that the whole WPA set-up was a misfit and all wrong, particularly the white-collar projects. I've been knocking them on the front page. But if this band that I've heard play today is an example of WPA work, I'm through knocking! It's a great band you've got here!"

While the band was playing on the Plaza at another time, a rolling chair rolled up to the bandstand, and an elderly man looked over the leader's music score of the selection being performed, tracing each note with his finger and following the music closely and with absorption. With him in the chair was Captain John L. Young, who lives at "No. 1, Atlantic Ocean," located on the Million Dollar Pier, of which he is part owner.

The old gentleman, it was learned, was a wealthy Philadelphian, an amateur musician, who hired the best

orchestras to play at his home and had hobnobbed with Victor Herbert. He praised the WPA Band as excellent in its technique and smoothness. While he and Captain Young were conversing with the band leader, some of the musicians came forward and shook hands with the gray-headed man. They recognized him as one for whom they had played in his home, and he recognized them.

Another wealthy visitor was a frequent listener to the Concert Band in its outdoor performances. In a letter Supervisor Fiedler received subsequently from Toronto, Canada, Mr. J. H. Jones wrote: "Among the many pleasures I enjoyed in Atlantic City was your delightful Band; their tone and balance was very fine indeed, and I am no mean judge. What a marvelous thing the WPA has done for music and musicians." Mr. Jones took a series of pictures of the Band before he left for home.

One elderly lady, residing for her health in Atlantic City after a European tour, who is a devotee of good music, was accustomed to spend winter Saturday afternoons listening to the opera over the radio. A friend inveigled her into accompanying her to the Senior High School, to "listen to a real band" one day. Reluctantly she went. Now she goes to listen to the WPA Concert Band or the Concert Orchestra whenever either unit is performing, in preference to the Metropolitan Opera on the air. "It's the best music I've heard in Atlantic City!" she declared to the writer.

Musicians in prosperous times have the camaraderie that comes from community of devotion to their art, but there is the spirit of rivalry besides. In the rejuvenation of the musicians of Atlantic City through the Music Project of the WPA, the camaraderie is accentuated, while the rivalry has disappeared. The long intense fight to retrieve their art and themselves from the killing frosts of depression has welded an

esprit de corps that faces the future with a united front and stimulates the units to do their best. As a result of this feeling a fund for the relief of any of the members who should fall sick and to aid those musicians who were not fortunate enough to gain employment in the Music Project, was early established by the members. The amount of this fund is now approximately \$800. The fund was recently drawn upon at the death of three of the members.

Condensing the history of this eventful Music Project in essence: Organized on November 14, 1933, under the Emergency Relief Administration, with 25 musicians. Came under the Works Progress Administration, December 14, 1935, one month being lost in the transition (the only time that was lost in its three years' existence), with 64 members in Atlantic County and ten others in the other two counties of the District. From December 14, 1935, to November 14, 1936, a series of weekly concerts was given on Sunday evenings in the Senior High School Auditorium to audiences averaging 300 persons. During the summer of 1936 a series of weekly concerts was given at three different points on the Boardwalk: Convention Hall Plaza, Maryland Avenue and the Beach, and Atlantic Avenue and the Boardwalk, the audiences averaging 3,000 persons. These performances were invariably well received, applause being vigorous and many encores being demanded. During the Flood Sufferers' Relief program of the Red Cross, February 1937, the Concert Band and Concert Orchestra contributed generously of their services in raising funds for the flood sufferers' relief.

Each of the four units of the Project has given, on an average, three performances weekly for a period of a year. Press notices and reviews have been liberal in praise of the Music Units for their work in public concerts.

The future of the Music Project

is looked at with hopeful eyes by the Supervisory Staff and by the musicians themselves. Plans for this year's activities are already under way. They include an extension in the concert territory to cover the uptown section of the city, until the summer season sets in. Weekly concerts will be given there at points to be selected, in response to urgent demands. It is also planned to erect bandstands in different parts of the city so that during the summer season Atlantic City residents will have special opportunity to hear the Band play. The summer Boardwalk concerts will also be continued for the benefit of the thousands of visitors with whom the Band has become very popular. In addition another series of Sunday evening concerts is planned to be given in the Senior High School Auditorium, by the Concert Orchestra.

This expansion in the activities of the Musical Project is due to the growing popularity of the Band and Orchestra with all classes of the resort's population. The WPA Music Project is recognized as an important asset to the resort as well as a cultural agency for the city that cannot well be allowed to languish in the future. It is felt by public and musicians alike that this project has done a great work in reestablishing a local field for the concert type of music in the community, and that either the municipality or civic or financial interests will sponsor this calibre of music and underwrite the expense of rendering it free to the public. And this will be something new to Atlantic City. The musicians feel they have created a musical atmosphere during their three years' work, besides recreating themselves as self-respecting members of the community.

They have done more: silenced criticism of the Works Progress Administration effectually by their really superb performances and their attitude toward their work.

Seven Stars Tavern

New Jersey's Champion Haunted House

JOHN H. BOURNE

Just why one particular house should have a monopoly of ghosts may be no more explainable than why some particular boy has all the warts. Maybe it just happens so.

Other ancient houses of colonial West Jersey are still standing but if they ever harbored ghosts there is no known record of the fact. But mention visiting Seven Stars Tavern, even today, and more than likely you will be asked, "Did you see any ghosts?" Seven Stars was a ghosts' headquarters, sure enough. Mr. Charles S. Boyer, President of the Camden County Historical Society, declares Seven Stars the champion haunted house in New Jersey.

It is a substantial brick building on the outskirts of Woodstown, close to a historic old Moravian church. It was erected by Peter and Elizabeth Louderback, and their monogram is woven into the brickwork of the south gable. A popular tradition says Peter was coachman for an upstate family of Livingstons, and after eloping with Elizabeth, the daughter and heiress, he bought the original log tavern, replacing it in 1762 by the present structure. Tradition further has it that Elizabeth herself helped Peter mix the mortar and place the bricks. It was nobly done, whoever did it. Mr. Frank Stewart, famous New Jersey historian, declares it the best preserved of all the colonial taverns.

Passing this tavern is the old King's Highway, laid out by order of King Charles in 1681 to connect Sa-

lem, of Fenwick's Quaker colony, with Burlington, the provincial capital. Those were mainly horseback days, because of crude roadways, and a small window, high up in the front wall of the tavern, was set for the convenience of mounted travelers who could thus be speedily served their liquor without dismounting, since this window opened into the taproom, behind the bar.

Stirring times here during the Revolution. It has its traditions of a duel, and of the hanging from an attic window of a suspected Tory spy. John, a son of the proprietor, kept his wagons busy procuring food supplies for Washington at Valley Forge, for which the British put a price on his head; and a daughter, Margaret, was the wife of Captain John Till, of the 1st Battalion, Continental Line. In Swedesboro, four miles to the north, the British burned the Episcopal Church school house. In Sharptown, two miles to the south, they burned the house of Mr. Sharp. Ten miles away was fought the battle of Red Bank, and close to where "the Pennsylvania Navy," a fleet of Patriot row boats, sank a British war frigate. Twelve miles in another direction, at Quinton, the Redcoats were again defeated; and while marching to that defeat they halted to raid Seven Stars. But knowing of their approach, the family treasures had been buried, and the women and children, with such of the men as were not with the army, thereupon took a vacation in the woods.

Time has blotted out many details and connecting links of the tavern ghost stories -- not at all surprising, since those best qualified to speak were more interested in forgetting than in remembering their experiences. Fragments remain, often disconnected and contradictory; but by comparing the assembled fragments one may get a fair idea of several different ghosts. Peter, for instance.

The Ghost of Peter Louderback

Undoubtedly Peter, the proprietor, frequently visited the tavern after his death and burial. He was seen and positively recognized by those who had known him in life. In his disembodied state Peter seems to have been neither mischievous nor wicked, like other outstanding tavern ghosts, and this is Peter's distinguishing characteristic as a ghost. He contents himself with wandering about, sometimes with no apparent object, but again in pursuit of some fixed purpose. He has appeared in different places within the tavern, though more often in the adjoining fields and woods, but never outside the limits of the old plantation -- which leads one observer to believe that Peter's burial place, never a matter of certainty, was somewhere on the place.

It is Peter who has often been seen gliding through the tavern woods with his hands clasped behind his back, though from time to time scratching his head as if in perplexity.

One also hears of the couple who, thinking themselves alone, were philandering in the moonlight under the trees along Laurel Run, the brook which meanders through the tavern property, when a vapory apparition was seen approaching through the trees, rustling away the leaves with his feet as if seeking something upon the ground. Peter again, of course, but that's where the story ends -- just like a dream, ending where real interest begins.

Almost as unsatisfactory, because of its incompleteness, is the appearance within the tavern to a woman who was climbing the stairs as the ghost was coming down. This incident was related to me as explaining a facial disfigurement which, it was claimed, became hereditary. "Everyone in the family has it," I was told, "since his great-grandmother met the ghost on the stairs. His grandmother was born right away afterwards, and a horrid purple birthmark covered one side of her face." "That is certainly strange and interesting too," said I; and, hoping for further details, I asked, "But what did the ghost do?" "Do," he bawled out; "he didn't do nothing, what'ya expect him to do? Why dammit if he'd a done something they'd all of 'em be just like raw hamburgers instead of being just face-marked!" And by the evidence that this ghost was peaceably inclined, did nothing, attended strictly to business, I identify him as Peter.

Peter has, or had, business interests. Rev. Joseph B. Turpin, once pastor of the nearby Methodist Church at Sharptown, and himself a descendant of Peter Louderback, in 1898 published that the ghost of Peter was seen digging in the ground in the field next to the tavern, seeking the treasure which had been buried upon the approach of the Redcoats. Ghosts, therefore, are not omniscient, or Peter would have known that the treasure had been discovered to the British by his Negro servant, and that pieces of the silver plate were later seen in Salem and New York.

Closer to the probable truth, as explaining Peter's ghostly activities, is the version of Ann Laurie Robbins, an aged Quaker lady, born and died in the tavern. In 1878 she wrote a lengthy poem to perpetuate the memory of the old landmark. After declaring that Peter and Elizabeth had made considerable money in the tavern, she explains:

"But when death took them suddenly,
And no loose cash was found,
Dame rumor then was wild, and said:
'Twas somewhere buried round.'
But where that buried treasure is,
No one has ever found;
Though Peter's ghost is often seen,
As though still watching round."

Another member of the Robbins family, which family, following the Louderbacks, possessed the tavern for well over one hundred years, recently wrote that one family of tenant farmers actually abandoned their growing crops and fled the farm, vowing they had met

The Woman Ghost

Frequently we hear of a woman ghost who visits the tavern, but never did we get eyewitnesses of the celestial female until the Stevens girls, now living in Camden County, returned last year to revisit the place. The Stevens family had lived in the tavern within the past twenty-five years. Upon reaching the second floor those two young women held back and asked me to precede them. When approaching the small bedroom they huddled together, tightly clasped hands and gave plain signs of fear. Again downstairs, they said the small room was their bedroom, and that in that room they had, BOTH of them, on different occasions, seen the woman ghost. This ghost was in a flowing white robe, with hair hanging long and loose. It had peered into their faces, and spoke something or other about its baby -- perhaps the ghost was looking for its lost baby. The girls were so disturbed, visiting the room after a long lapse of years, that it was impossible to get any connected story -- but they promised to return.

The Ghost of Bluebeard

The outstanding tavern ghost is Bluebeard. Very like him is Captain; and in so many particulars do the stories of Captain and Bluebeard agree that one is quite impelled to believe them one and the same. So

before we listen to Gram's story of Captain, we better understand the local traditions regarding Bluebeard.

Bluebeard is the best known of tavern ghosts, as his story is undoubtedly the oldest. In early colonial times pirates infested the Jersey inlets along the Delaware river. Bluebeard was one of them; and his well-known cave is on the Lane farm, close to Oldman's Creek, near Skulltown. Pieces of eight have been found there, and in recent times strangers are said to have unearthed some bulkier treasure. Once, when hotly pursued, Bluebeard is said to have removed his coat of mail and thrown it over a bridge at Bridgeport. Anyway, Bluebeard's cave was not far from Seven Stars, and the picturesque rogue made the tavern a frequent stopping place.

So to the tavern came Bluebeard one night for his grog, as was the custom with saints and sinners, and he left for his cave just before the break of an impending thunder storm. His path led through the woods along Laurel Run where it joined the then road to Skulltown, for the Seven Stars of that day was a log building situated beside this small stream in what is the present pasture field. Bluebeard was urged to wait until the storm had passed. He replied that he was not afraid of God, devil or man and would proceed even though the devil wrung his neck nine times backwards. He left and the storm broke. Next morning his body was found beside Laurel Run, his head twisted clear around, and, of course, dead.

But though dead, Bluebeard did not quit the place at all, at all. A daughter of Joseph Robbins told me of two of his appearances while she lived in the tavern. Once a man reported having seen Bluebeard walking around without his head. The man said he wouldn't have minded it only his horse shied. Another man met Bluebeard near the buildings -- and



Seven Stars Tavern, King's Highway, near Woodstown

this time he was carrying his head under his arm. So, because all the stories of Bluebeard emphasize some head peculiarity, we believe he should be connected with Captain, who has the same trait.

The Ghost of Captain

"Gram" Grimshaw, a dear old lady, now deceased, had been raised in the tavern. When I asked her to tell me what she knew about the ghosts she replied with the story of Captain. "As a child," she said, "I had often heard about ghosts; but only once was I scared.

"My parents seldom spoke of ghosts, nor would they let us children talk about them. I knew nothing particular about them except that ghosts were good people -- Father

told me that; and he used to call them 'The Good People,' so I was never really afraid of them. But sometimes at night I would hear folks talk about the ghosts, and always in a low voice; and whenever I came near, or if they thought I was listening, they would either stop talking or finish in whispers; and I guess in that way I came to learn that ghosts were something awful. But when I asked mother about it she explained that there were both good ghosts and bad ghosts; but that the good ghosts were stronger than the bad ones, and always took good care of good people; and after that the ghosts never worried me. Only once.

"It was summer time, when I was quite young. Father and mother had

been gone all day to Quarterly Meeting at Salem, they being Quakers, and would not get back till the cool of night; for it was one of those terrifically hot and dry old-fashioned summers when crops scorched in the fields. A welcome storm was gathering, and already rumbles were heard in the west.

"Just at dark two neighbor men came in to borrow our carriage. They had with them a runaway slave they wanted to take to Salem for the reward. When they learned that father and mother had gone off with the carriage they put some extra ropes around the runaway and left him in our kitchen in charge of Lazz, while they went out to hunt for another carriage. Lazz was our colored servant. His full name was Lazarus, and he always belonged to the farm, but Lazz was not a slave, because none of our family believed in slavery.

"The storm was getting nearer, and I had shut down all the windows. I was doing my stitching at the front end of the long kitchen, and paying no attention to the two men at the other end of the room, till there was a thud and a scuffle and I saw Lazz on the floor sitting astride of the runaway, who was moaning something awful and begging to be turned loose. I went over and told Lazz to let him up, for Lazz was a great big darky, and I thought they were fighting. But it wasn't that, as I found out. Lazz had been entertaining the roped-up runaway by telling him about the tavern ghosts and had gotten well along in his story of Belzebub, the chief ghost, when the runaway felt a sudden craving for freedom and started off, only to fall at the first leap, since he was all tied up, and with Lazz atop of him. I made Lazz lift him up and sit him on the bench, where he was that flimsy that Lazz had to hold him straight.

"I went back to my stitching, but with my ears wide open; for I knew that with the runaway all trussed up

so he couldn't get away, Lazz would continue his story where he'd left off and run it through to the end. And I wasn't mistaken, for soon's he'd got the runaway calmed down he began again; and though I had missed the story of Belzebub, I was all there for Captain, and this is about how it went.

"In the tavern there are lots of little ghosts, but the bad big ones are two Chiefs -- one is Belzebub that he'd been telling about, and the other one is Captain. Captain wears boots higher than his knees; and he carries a pistol and a knife in his belt, and a long sword. His face is so horribly contorted that one eye is in the middle of his forehead and the other is down where the end of his mouth ought to be; while his nose and mouth are all over on the other side. Captain is so hideous to look at that folks don't like to meet him, but run away. But that's the only thing they can't do, because his back is turned towards you, that's when he's looking right square at you. And if his face is really turned away, it's no use either -- because he can see right through the back of his head. But sakes alive, if you do try to get away, he just lifts off his head and hurls it after you; and the detached head, with all its long hair flying, comes a traveling through the air after you, all the time screaming and swearing and clicking its teeth till it catches you and drives you back to where Captain is sharpening up his long sword on his boot and then --

"Crack! Bang! There was a monstrous clap of thunder that shook the tavern and made me taste sulphur; and right soon afterwards I found myself in the corner a hanging on to Lazz and Lazz was a hugging the runaway, and all of us was a doing what was meant for prayer, whether it was regular form or not.

"Lazz came out of it quite subdued. The runaway moaned and begged

Lazz to 'say no mo', just lemme go way'; but Lazz didn't dare let him go, no matter how much he would have liked to. Moreover, lightning was crackling all around the place, and Lazz was himself so frightened he felt a need of mollifying the ghosts. So when he picked up his story it was more complimentary to Captain.

"Captain is not a bad ghost. He is a friend. He never visits the tavern only when he is thirsty or when it is lightning. If he finds his whisky he just drinks it and goes away, singing and whistling. But if he doesn't find his jug waiting for him on the back porch he smashes a window or bursts in a door and goes stomping all over the tavern looking for it. He knows this place better'n we do; and he goes in all the rooms, and looks in all the closets and chests and everything till he finds it. And if he can't find it, then he pulls everybody out of their beds and makes them all go downstairs in their night gowns and dance till they fall down like dead, and after he puts his mark on them he rattles his big sword and --

"Snap! Crash! Heaven and earth seemed to blow up in that reverberation. It was the master of crashes; and with it was a blue light that made the two candles seem like two tiny red eyes. And when I could see again, neither Lazz nor the runaway were present. The runaway never did come back to hear the rest of the history of Captain; and when the neighbor man came with a carriage they accused me of setting their Negro free, declaring that Seven Stars never was anything but a blasted station on the Underground Railway -- in which they were more than half right, for many Northbound slaves did find their shelter here."

Nowhere else did I ever hear mention of Belzebub, who figured in Lazz's story, but maybe that is to

be expected. Still I am yet hoping to catch up with that story -- as well as those of the Indian, the Peeping Woman, the Horse and Rider, the Hessian and other ghosts whose names alone are now remembered.

Hannah's Ghost

Hannah Satterlee also had an experience to relate. She was 88 years of age when she visited the tavern in 1928. She was a Robbins, and also tavern raised.

"Certainly," said this delightful old lady, "I had heard about the ghosts; and once I thought they were all after me at the same time. My room was on the north front corner, on the second floor. The bed was an old four-poster, and the posts were connected at the top by wooden rails which extended from post to post.

"That awful night I was sleeping the same as usual when all the fiends seemed to unite their voices in one supreme yell. Naturally, I woke up, and I knew instinctively what the trouble was. So I lost no time sliding deep under the covers, where I was most too scared to breathe. Each minute I expected to have the covers snatched away; and before my terrorized mind came memories of the different ghosts whose records I knew but too well--Peter, the Indian, the Spy --

"What's that? Scratching! The bedposts are shaking! aOW-WA-wa-wa-wa-wa! A moment's silence; then from ghostly confederates outside came the answering cry -- and I knew I was a lost soul. The bed again shook, more violently than before, while this time, from directly over my head, came an even more harrowing, more tremulous, more prolonged a-OU-WA-wa-wa-wa-wawawa! and before it had died away the covers were snatched away and -- Father had me in his arms. He had also heard. And on the rail that ran around the top of the four-poster sat a silly screech owl."

By permission of the Salem Sunbeam

Sixteen Women

Teaching Mothers to Sew

C. JOHNS and A. EASTER

Photos by Benson

Sixteen women, all but one unskilled in needlework, were taken off relief in Woodstown, N.J., February 13, 1936, and employed in one of several sewing projects in South Jersey. Fifteen of the women had been housewives, never gainfully employed outside their homes. The sixteenth woman had been employed in a dress factory, but unable to maintain the pace demanded, was dismissed. There seemed no possible prospect of reemployment for her in the only trade she knew, and the one alternative was relief.

With the establishing of WPA Project 68-259, this woman not only found herself employed at her trade but performing an important service in the instruction of the inexperienced. Most of the seamstresses were colored women, and their sewing experiences had been confined to occasional mending.

Even more remarkable was the case of an Italian woman who, though the mother of eighteen children, never had done any sewing at all. Yet she, under expert and earnest guidance, became a skilled seamstress, excelling in fine stitching.

The project was in-

stalled in comfortable quarters provided by Mayor Damon G. Humphries in the basement of the Woodstown Borough Hall. The mayor manifested a keen interest in the enterprise from the start. Mrs. Elizabeth D. Cook was chosen as supervisor.

Such marked progress was made in the development of skill in the production of garments of all sorts for the use of needy persons that the mayor, before the close of spring, arranged a pageant in celebration of the project's notable success. In this pageant appeared the children of workers in the Woodstown WPA sewing room, attired in garments made by the sixteen project workers.

Among the products of the Woodstown sewing room and other WPA sewing projects in District Six are women's and children's dresses, undergarments, boys' suits, men's trousers and overalls, quilts, rag rugs and many other garments and articles. In addition to these, an interesting feature of the project's activities is the production of toys. This was begun in November 1936, when it occurred to Mrs. Leona Kramer, supervisor of Women's and Professional Projects in Dis-

Easter Hare





Clothes and toys made by Woodstown sewing room

trict Six, that toys are needed in the homes of the poor, as well as other things. She sent her assistant, Mrs. Anna Easter, to interview project supervisors.

Christmas was at hand, and the women of the sewing projects pitched in with a will, needles flew and toys of various sorts began to take form. All of these were made from scraps of material and stuffed with the same or with cotton batting. In the district, at Christmas time, 6,000 of these toys were given to homes for friendless children, missions, etc.

Although the Woodstown project was fortunate in having one skilled and experienced member to teach the rest, they, like the others, were somewhat at a loss when it came to toy making, because of a lack of patterns. The 5 and 10 stores sup-

plied the deficiency at first, project workers spending their own money, and later several developed an inventive faculty.

Toys shown in the accompanying pictures were for Easter. The big March Hare was designed to assist President Roosevelt in the egg-rolling activities on the White House lawn. He went to Washington wearing a tag bearing the following: "From Project 68-259, Clementon, to Washington to assist President in the Egg Roll." He is four feet tall and attired in a full dress suit made on the project.

District Six as a whole, the counties of Camden, Salem and Gloucester, with 50 WPA sewing rooms employing nearly 1,500 women, produces approximately 8,000 garments per week, besides the toys.

Cuthbert the Thespian

A short story

BERTRAM C. ROBERTS

I'm chief barkeep here in the Silver Cuspidor. Old Man Moker owns this joint, and I worked for him long before the Noble Experiment petered out. Yes, and I even took a rap for him once when those enforcement birds used to break down doors and break up bottles. And all because one of them got by with the dirty trick of using a taxi driver's get-up. Was I sore?

But what I want to tell you about is what happened last night. I'll have to admit I'm still on the fence. Sometimes I get headaches trying to figure Cuthbert out. But judge for yourself.

One of my regular customers, "Sign Here" Glump, says that Cuthbert Harcourt is the last word in scientific improvement of the common barfly. Glump is feeling low about the way Cuthbert dangled himself as a prospect for a big insurance policy, and clipped him for the drinks for one solid week. And no beer, either. But I guess what hurts him the most is the way the boys rib him about losing his reputation for getting the prospect's name down on the dotted line.

Last night I comes in right on the dot at six o'clock to relieve Dan Clancy, and who do I see but Mr. Cuthbert Harcourt right in the act of building a six-story sandwich with all the liverwurst, cheese and crackers in sight. I dive into my apron and reach for the cloth to practice some salesmanship.

"Good evening, William," says

Cuthbert. So I says good evening and casts a meaning glance at the place on the bar where a glass should be and wasn't. Just when I'm about ready to give up, Cuthbert weakens and fishes a dime out of his striped trousers. Striped trousers, bat wing collar and cutaway coat are standard equipment with him. But the extras that burn me more than anything else are the pair of detachable cuffs which he clips on his shirt sleeves. Everytime he reaches into the pretzel bowl, the cuff jumps right into the bowl with the pretzels.

When he first started spending his spare time with us, I got curious and asked him what line he was in. I get friendly with my customers by showing some business interest, which is part of my practice of salesmanship. Well, I no sooner puts the question than he rises to his full height of six feet, and raises both eyebrows about two inches more. "I am an erstwhile Thespian," says he in a dignified manner.

Now I know all the dodges on account of cashing checks, and all the rackets on account of not cashing them. But, Cuthbert had me there. I guess he could see I was still groping in the dark, so he says: "I will be more explicit. I am an artist -- temporarily at leisure."

Came the dawn. "Hoofer?" I inquires.

"Really, William," he protests. So I stop asking because I am not the nosey kind in a case like that.

We give the bums rush to most guys out of a job and with no dough, but with Cuthbert Harcourt it's different. Mr. Moker says he is a trade stimulator, and what old man Moker says goes. "Treat him with consideration," says Moker last week.

"Drinks?" I asks in surprise.

"Of course not," snaps Moker. "Just consideration." While I'm thinking about this, the old bar cloth is busy clearing away the crumbs and suds from the bar.

"A glass of your best lager, William," says Cuthbert, loosening his strangle hold on the dime. By this time he is brushing the balance of the crumbs from his cutaway coat, and reaching for some more fodder. And all the time he is gabbing about the problems confronting the government. Unemployment, social security, the machine age and all the rest of the hokum you see in the papers. But I never get a sore finger from punching the cash register while all this is going on, just a sore neck from yessing him and exactly twenty cents of Cuthbert's dough.

Business picks up some about eight o'clock and I'm setting them up pretty fast for a while, hoping Mr. Moker won't snort too loud when he squints at the total on the register. I finally glances down the bar to where Cuthbert is parked, and all the liverwurst and cheese is gone, and his eye is on the last cracker. A good salesman never gets discouraged, so I approach him with confidence and the bar rag, when in comes Mr. Ketcham, the stock broker. I can see right away a boiled owl is sober compared to him.

"How ya, Bill," he says sociably. So I reaches to the back bar for a little of everything to make his "Merry-Go-Round Special." He takes a slant at Cuthbert who is acting quiet and dignified, like a vice president solving a problem. That's the way Cuthbert works on a good prospect.

"A drink for the gentleman, Bill,"

says Mr. Ketcham. By the time Cuthbert is through refusing I put it in front of him. Mr. Ketcham is as good as gold, so when he and Cuthbert are right in the middle of the Supreme Court situation I feeds the drinks aggressively, as all good salesmen do. Mr. Ketcham pays cash for half and I puts the other half on his tab. So Cuthbert is still even.

It was almost midnight when I pour Mr. Ketcham into a taxi and cut some more free lunch for Cuthbert. While I'm busy slicing the liverwurst, he remembers about an important phone call he has to make. I'll have to tell you about those phone calls. Right after somebody comes out of the booth in the back room, Cuthbert always waltzes right back to make a call. Well, I don't like to say anything about any of my customers, but the lowdown is that I used to be able to count on a buck a week in returned nickels and now my take is zero. Why? I ask you. But I must cease digressing, as one of my toney customers says.

Well, while he is back there and I'm all alone, I'm wondering how I can put the screws on Mr. Moker for a raise. I spend a lot of time thinking about that problem, but so far I haven't hit upon the right approach. It takes time.

And, just then, what walks in the front door and right into the middle of my thoughts but two of the toughest looking mugs I've seen since repeal. They steps right up to the bar and the worst looking one throws down a buck, then starts looking the joint over.

"What'll it be, boys?" I says, even though they don't look so good to me.

"Two shots of rye," says the toughest looking one.

I set it up and am just plunking the fifty-cent button on the register when I hear a voice growl: "Clean the till."

I turns quick and there's the worst looking one with a rod in his

hand and a bad look in his eye. By this time the other punk is outside by the front door, looking around. I decide right away that Mr. Moker needs me more than the undertaker does, so I reaches in the till for the bankroll and there I was with better than a hundred smackers, counting what Clancy took in. Just when I was saying, "Better be safe than sorry," who comes marching in but Cuthbert the Thespian. The guy with the gat takes one look at him and blinks. It was dramatic.

"What's the trouble, William?" asks Cuthbert, as cool as an ice cube.

"Sit down and take a load off your feet," snarls the guy with the gat. Cuthbert fixes a piercing glance on him and lowers his eyebrows.

"Young man," says Cuthbert, "I do not allow anyone to address me in such a tone of voice." Then he sits down, looking at me and the roll in my hand.

"Furthermore," Cuthbert continues, "you have no legal right to come in here and threaten my host William with a vulgar display of arms. He is a brave and honest man and I do not expect him to be frightened by any such silly nonsense."

The mug is so taken back by this that he looks like a pug who has just got it on the button. Then Cuthbert puts in his masterpiece.

"In olden days," continues Cuthbert, "if Robin Hood had come into a tavern on mischief bent, he would at least have insisted that everyone have a tankard of ale before his hastening back to his forest retreat with his booty." Then he heaves a long sigh. "Ah me! How times have changed."

"I aint such a bad guy," complains the big punk. "And what's good etiquette for that Robin Hood is o.k. with me. I seen him in de movies. He was sure some class in the stick-up racket."

And then I puts in my nifty. "Mr. Harcourt," says I, nodding at Cuthbert, "is my best customer."

"O.K." says the punk. "Give him a drink and leave the nickels in the till." He straightens up with a look of pride. "I aint no eight ball."

The lookout sticks his head in the door like he is going crazy and yells to make it snappy. So while I'm fumbling around for a glass for Cuthbert I gets a little excited and drops the bankroll on the floor back of the bar. I starts to bend down when my best customer broadcasts again.

"Consider what you are doing, William," says Cuthbert. "Financial matters may be considered after I have had my lager."

So I shifts quick like a football player and reaches for the tap instead and draws his beer.

"Scram!" yells the lookout at the door.

"Make it snappy!" snarls the punk with the rod as he leans over the bar.

And just as I feel the rod in my back and reach for the roll, I hear a wailing siren and screeching brakes and in rushes three Sons of Erin, ready for business. They put the bracelets on that pair of stick-up artists in no time and takes them to the station.

The excitement is just about over when Cuthbert gets up from his chair and walks over to the bar. I am so busy wiping the perspiration from my dome that I forget to get my bar cloth.

"I shall certainly speak to Mr. Moker about your bravery, William," he says. He has something else on his mind. I can always tell by my sales instinct. That's my professional point of view, you know.

"By the way, William," he finally continues, "I would gladly order a bracer for both of us but one of my phone calls this evening was long distance and unfortunately required

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all of my remaining change, except for one five-cent piece. That, through some strange fate, was reserved to enable me to phone the police when those ruffians came in."

Well, what can you do with a guy like that? Maybe he did phone the police and maybe he didn't. But I can't spend all my time off going around the neighborhood trying to find out who did. I know it happened.

So anyhow, I took down one of the twelve-ounce glasses and drew the lager Mr. Harcourt usually orders when he is paying. And just when I am trying to collect my thoughts, what does he do but lift his glass and smile.

"Have something yourself, William," he says.

Which I did, and Mr. Moker is going to pay for both.



The Path to the Sea -- A linoleum cut by MARGARET LENTE RAOUL

Aiding Education

Project Preserves School's Status

J. MADISON WHOMSLEY

Diverse have been the ways in which the Works Progress Administration in New Jersey has aided the needy man and woman as well as the municipality struggling with the problem of meeting the demands of its residents with a depleted treasury. A glance at the records of any of the district directors will reveal an avalanche of suggestions of many kinds and types. To pick the project that will be of the most value to the community, and at the same time give work to the greatest number, has been the difficult task. But now and then there comes a word of praise that clears away much of the doubt and misgiving and gives the administrators the feeling that they are doing an important job.

Such is the case of a project in Burlington County -- the building of an addition to the Wilbur Watts High School in Burlington to house a library demanded as one of the requirements by the State Board of Education, if the high school's rating was to be continued. Not only was the job completed satisfactorily, but Vann H. Smith, supervising principal of the schools in Burlington City, forwarded to the Director for District Seven the following letter of praise:

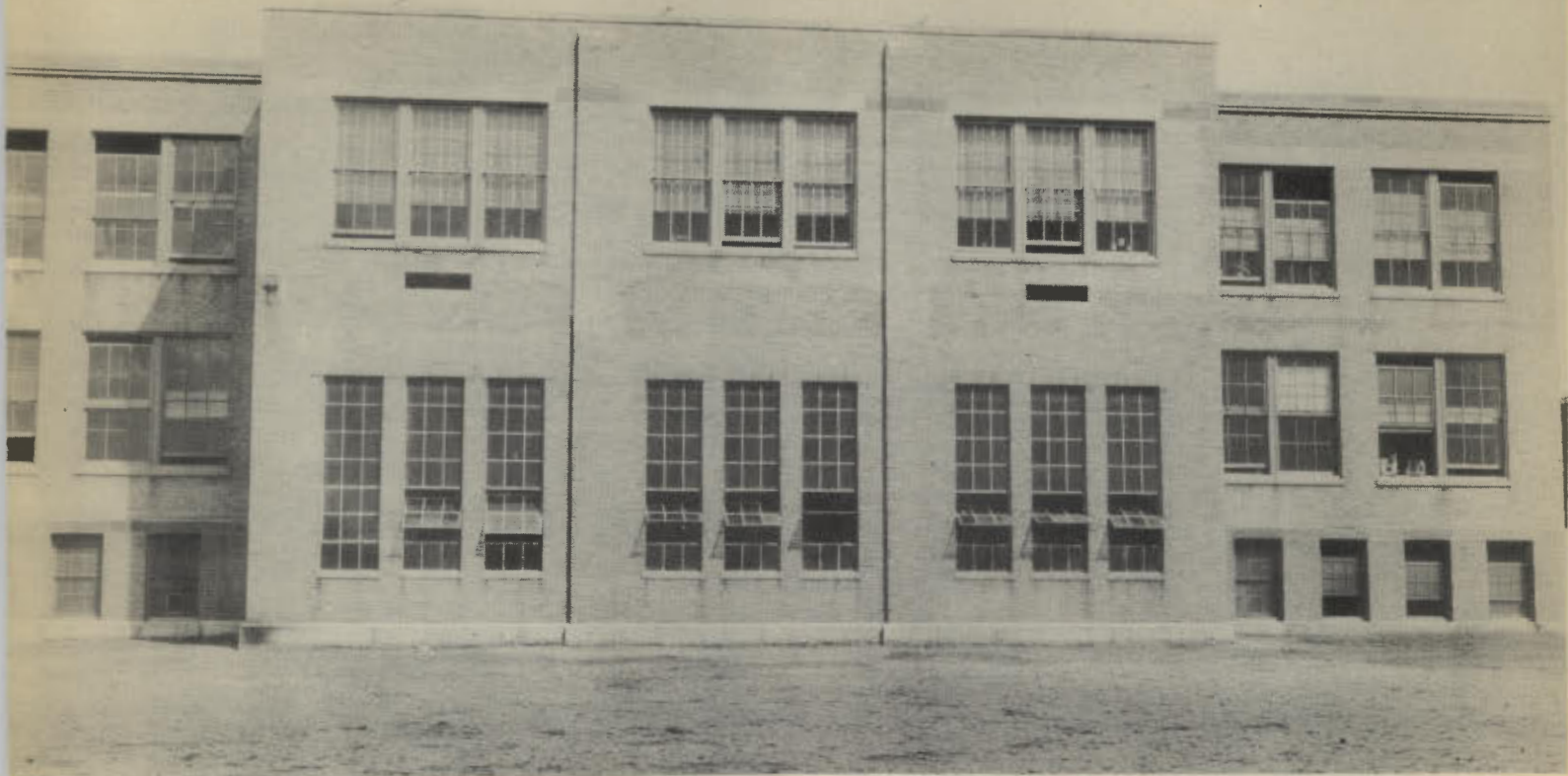
"I wish to voice a word of appreciation for the part that you and your WPA organization played in securing for us the addition of our splendid new high school library. We have needed this very badly for years and had reached a point where

our approval was threatened by the State Department. I believe now this is one of the finest rooms in the State used for that purpose. You have been a wonderful help in securing for us what we needed most."

The school officials notified the taxpayers of Burlington that they had been warned by Dr. Howard Dare White, Assistant Commissioner of Education, that the population of the high school had increased to such an extent that a new library was necessary if the school wished to continue receiving State funds. The State law requires as part of the school equipment a library sufficient to take care of 10 percent of the enrollment. Burlington High School was built for 650 pupils, but at the time the demand was made by the State more than 800 were being accommodated.

What to do was the problem facing the members of Burlington City Council. The city treasury was not in a position to absorb the debt necessary to provide the required improvement; but if something was not done the city would lose not only the State school funds, but all pupils from outside the city for whom tuition was being paid would be withdrawn, as the school would not be accredited.

It was then that the Works Progress Administration stepped into the picture. City Council suggested the project to the district administrator; plans and specifications which met the approval of the State



Library addition, Wilbur Watts High School, Burlington

Commissioner of Education were made; the matter was referred to State Administrator William H. J. Ely, and with little loss of time word came back that the Government, through the WPA, was willing to contribute \$9,675. Council then appropriated the balance, \$8,124, and a project that has meant school independence for Burlington City was begun, and 39 men were given immediate work.

For about a year mechanics labored to bring into reality this needed library. On January 21, 1937, the dedication exercises were held and attended by members of the Board of Education, City Council, Parent-Teachers' Association of the Wilbur Watts High School and others. The main address of the evening was given by William R. Conard, retiring president of the Board of Education, who joined in praising those who were responsible for the much needed improvement.

When the problem of approving a

library was being discussed, every possible location was surveyed and it was finally decided to build a second-story addition, 60 feet wide and 100 feet long, to the gymnasium in the rear of the school building. Two doors leading from the corridor of the second floor of the main building provide entrances. The room, light and airy, exemplifies careful planning. On the outside wall, which faces west, three groups of windows overlook the athletic field and provide natural light. There are also three large skylights in the ceiling through which natural light filters. In the rear of the room three alcoves join the main room by means of neatly designed archways. Skylights also provide these rooms with natural light.

Around the walls are bookshelves, seven feet high. Neat electric fixtures suspended from the ceiling cast a soft glowing light which illuminates the room so perfectly that



Interior of the new library addition

one can read in comfort in any part. Venetian blinds allow the light of the sun's rays to filter through without discomfort to the reader, while the built-in units of the heating and ventilating system automatically regulate the temperature and purification of air. The plaster walls and ceiling and the heavy plaster molding at the top of the walls are painted a light buff color that harmonizes with the natural finish of the maple floor.

While all this construction was going on classes were held as usual, for the contractors were able to carry the outside brick walls up to the necessary height, set in the window frames and place a roof over the new addition before they touched the gymnasium underneath. When the latter was removed a gin pole or small derrick was set up on the gymnasium floor. Then after the sheathing and rafters had been taken down

an acetylene burner was brought into play to burn loose the old roof trusses. Then ten and one-half tons of new steel girders and supports were swung into place and the floor of the library and the ceiling of the gymnasium completed. Mechanics placed pipes, electric wiring and plastering and did the many odd jobs necessary to such a piece of construction while classes in the school went along in their accustomed way.

Thanks to the Works Progress Administration, Burlington City has a high school that meets the requirements of the State; the pupils have a place to seek needed data for their school work and the residents of the town rest content with a job well done and at only a little sacrifice: a job that would not have been possible at this time without Government aid.

Cover Note:

Memorial Flag Pole at Middlebrook
Heights

The Washington Camp ground at Middlebrook Heights is maintained by the Washington Camp Ground Association. Every June 14th, Flag Day, they have a ceremony there and a new flag is run up (a thirteen star flag). The old flag is given as a prize in a signal race conducted by the Boy Scouts of the Watchung area. The winning team has the honor of running up the new flag. The camp ground was given by the late George Lamont. It was stipulated in the deed that the Declaration of Independence must be read there once a year. This is done every 4th of July. The association was organized to maintain the ground as a memorial to George Washington and the Continental Army.

Free Public Library
Atlantic City