

# highlight

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Gov't Room

## NEW JERSEY



july nineteen thirty-seven



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Cover: Ringwood Manor

*Photo by Rubel*

## EDITORS

Albert Boyd

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# highlight

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

New Jersey Works Progress Administration

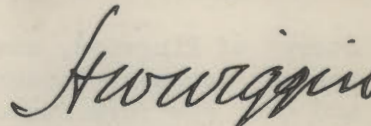
William H. J. Ely, *State Administrator*

The chaos which resulted from the collapse of our industrial, economic and financial system in the years gone by left a wake of starvation and destitution rampant among our people.

The unprecedented rise in unemployment, followed as it was by the loss of homes and life savings, taxed to capacity the morale of the people of this great nation. To accept these conditions with the same degree of resignation as was expected and demanded of the peoples of other countries, was not the American philosophy of the "right to live and let live." Over the wishes of a small minority the determination prevailed to assist those who had demonstrated their loyalty and devotion to this country in times of national crisis. Out of this determination was conceived and dedicated the Works Progress Administration, which stands as a bulwark against the evils of unemployment.

The employment of thousands of men and women representing all lines of endeavor and the expenditure of many millions of dollars for wages and materials to carry out the purpose of this program, are the responsibilities of the State Administrator. To the Division of Finance and Statistics has been assigned not only the task of carrying out the intricate and detailed financial requirements of the administration, but the work of effecting the prompt and proper payment of all its employees. This requires the preparation of more than 7000 pay rolls a month. The Division of Finance and Statistics recognizes the fact that hardship to the workers and their families always results when delay is experienced by them in receiving their wages. If we have succeeded in keeping these delays down to a minimum, it has been due in no small part to the excellent assistance rendered our headquarters staff by the District Divisions of Finance and Statistics.

It is therefore my desire to express at this time my sincere appreciation for the very valuable help they have given and to acknowledge my gratitude to the office of the State Administrator and the several State Directors and their staffs for the splendid cooperation and the spirit exemplified by them in assisting the Division of Finance and Statistics to fulfill its obligations to the public and the worker.



State Director Division of Finance and Statistics

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





Photos by Rubel

## Ringwood

JOHN NORMAN

The story of Ringwood, now a dot on the map between Wanaque Reservoir and the New York State line, stretches back over 200 years of New Jersey history. The reputation of its iron mines, its forges and the men who governed this 15,000-acre domain is unparalleled in a State

that has known many forges and many large landowners. For miles around the influence of the old company is still felt, even though the mines have been closed for several years and the great house is deserted. When a Ringwood resident speaks of the Company it is in capital let-



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ters; there are only two stores -- the Company's -- and The Family can mean only the Hewitts, hereditary owners of the Ringwood Company and all its works.

The company was founded in 1720 as the American Iron Company when Baron Peter Hasenclever, a German, got wind of copper and iron ore discoveries in the Ramapos. The baron was a shrewd man. He bought up the land, went to London and got to work selling shares to the ladies of the court -- even, it is said, to Queen Charlotte. The company made him manager of the property and sent him to Ringwood, where he opened an iron mine, lived in great style with a German brass band to serenade him on hot summer days, and made a great deal of money. Very little of it went back to London.

The baron was replaced by Robert Erskine, young Scottish mining engineer. It was Erskine who really made Ringwood. He developed the mine, opened new forges and rehabilitated the company's finances. Erskine was a good friend of George Washington, and when the Revolution broke out the General appointed him official geographer and surveyor-general to the Revolutionary armies. The Ringwood mine played a decisive part in the Revolutionary struggle. Its forges worked overtime turning out cannon and munitions, and the great iron chain, stretched across the Hudson River at West Point to prevent the passage of British ships, was cast at Ringwood. Robert Erskine died in 1780 at the age of 45, but his forges made their mark on American life for a century and a

Part of the Ringwood Manor estate







Mortar, Hudson River chain and cannon

half afterward. Here were cast cannon used on the main deck of the Constitution when she took the Guerriere in the War of 1812, and one of the two mortars fired at the capture of Vicksburg.

After Erskine's death the property was twice sold for taxes. About 1807 Martin Ryerson acquired title and until his death in 1839 operated the mines and ironworks with much success. Ryerson's sons carried on until 1853, when the place was sold under sheriff deed to Peter Cooper, founder of Cooper Union. He passed the job to his son-in-law, Abram S. Hewitt, former mayor of New York City and father of Erskine Hewitt, who now runs the family interests. The mine, glory and driving force of Ringwood for 200 years, ceased operation in 1931, because the existing tariff failed to give adequate protection. Once a power in America's life struggles, the Ringwood Company's chief concern today is the promotion of Lake Erskine, a real estate development.

The real estate business office has taken over a good portion of the company store, which also houses the Ringwood post office and the Erie Railroad freight depot. This is one general store without a cracker bar-

rel, with no oratory, and none of the friendly cluttered merchandise that has not seen an inventory in years. The real estate business office has cleaned all of that out. The only noise in the place is the clatter of typewriters and adding machines. Neatly stacked blue denim shirts and overalls line the shelves; bright glass cases exhibit nationally known brands of packed meat and groceries. There are no penny licorice twists here: only five-cent packages of cellophane-wrapped candy advertised in every subway station in New York City. Ringwooders come in, make their purchases, and go out.

One mile up the creek from the village of Ringwood is Ringwood Manor, owned by the State, to be developed with the surrounding grounds as Ringwood Manor State Park. Nestling close to the mountain whose ore-laden veins supplied life blood to this community, the great, rambling manor house of 78 rooms bespeaks the steady growth of the wealth, if not the taste, of its owners.

The original building (c.1765) was a straightforward Colonial mansion with gambrel roof, the only recognizable feature left. From this have grown wings, massive and extensive; and the whole was immod-



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estly attacked in the Victorian era by covering the original work with a coat of white stucco, trimmed with pseudo-gothic bargeboards, bay windows and Tudor cornices. The two and one-half story mansion stands today on a knoll surrounded by great oaks and overlooking artificial pools fed by a cascade from a tile drain.

Ringwood is the American scene. It represents the era of our grandfathers when a man's wealth and prestige were measured by the size and elaborateness of his house. Here the desire for the knick-knack and the what-not broke away from the interior of the house and ran rampant over the lawns and gardens in the form of statuary, Civil War artillery, historic gateways, lampposts from New York, stone brackets from Rome, frogs from parts unknown, iron shafts from steamboats and pig iron

from the mountain.

The curiosa amassed by Mrs. Abram Hewitt and other Hewitts includes (in part) two statues depicting Africa and Europe, from a bishop's palace in France; the gates of Columbia College; a small lead fountain removed from Versailles at the time of the Commune and mounted on a century-old New Jersey millstone; Indian grindstones; millstones from Padua, Italy; a pink marble well curb, iron ornaments and lead bucket from Venice; stone columns from the New York Life Insurance Company Building formerly at Madison Square, New York; a yew tree grown from a seed picked at the Bey Ler Bey Palace, Constantinople; three entrance gates from the Middle Dutch Reformed Church in New York; a Chinese vase standing on a New Jersey millstone; a marble statue of Diana; another

One of the several iron gates on the estate







Porte cochere of the manor house

one (French) of a small boy playing with a rabbit, and ornamental iron work taken from the house of the British Governor General in New York City. The trees fronting the house were planted by Mrs. Martin Ryerson to mark the Peace of Ghent ending the War of 1812. Placed before the veranda are 25 links from the famous West Point barricade chain, the anvil used to forge it, the Constitution cannon and one of the two Vicksburg mortars.

History hangs heavily about the big house where Erskines, Ryersons, Coopers and Hewitts lived and married and had children. Washington was a frequent visitor; he was here during the Pompton mutiny of October 1780, and General Howe's report of its suppression was written in the house. Later Washington returned

with General Lincoln and others to celebrate the Declaration of Peace. It was a gay party, with guests from New York and no lack of spirits. Washington was so impressed with the Ringwood country that he is reported to have suggested that 150,000 acres be set aside as a national park and recreation ground, which he held would be valuable if New York should become the largest city of the continent, if not in the world.

Part of the mansion was burned by the British during the Revolution. They were after the forge, the story runs, but got sidetracked in the wine cellar. Revolutionary troops found them in their cups. Mrs. Erskine escaped from the burning building in her nightgown, her watch safely stowed away in her slipper.

Near the house, on the sloping



bank of a willow pond, is the brick crypt containing Robert Erskine's remains. His wife is not buried next to him. A second crypt is the grave of Robert Monteith, Erskine's secretary. Erskine's ghost used to sit on top of the tomb with a blue lantern for a few years after a brick fell out early in the nineteenth century. The practice ended when Mrs. Hewitt had the brick replaced. Closer to the pond are three marble vaults containing the bones of John Hewitt, his wife, Ann Gurnee Hewitt, and John Hewitt Jr. The elder Hewitt, born in 1711, is described as "a man without guile" and "one of the builders at Soho New Jersey of the first steam engine constructed in the United States." His son was less talented. All the stonemason left for posterity to know about John Jr. was that he was "for many years trustee of the Public School of the 5th Ward in the City of New York."

Erskine Hewitt was the last of his family to live in the now empty house. The windows were boarded up when he moved out several years ago. Locally most renowned of the Hewitts were his sisters, the Misses S.C. and E.G. Hewitt. That is how they come down in official documents, and that is how they were known to the natives. Ringwood residents remember Miss S.C. as something of a caution. She rode all over the countryside on horseback at an advanced age, and the story is that she could not tolerate trespassers -- ran them off the property herself. Miss E.G. was more the homebody, an excellent cook whose crullers and doughnuts are still talked about.

On the county road westward from Ringwood to Greenwood Lake is the Ringwood Public School. Behind the school, silent in the scrub woods scattered with unpainted, sagging shacks of former mine workers, is the entrance to the old Ringwood Mines -- the Cannon, the Blue, the

Bush and the Hard. Peters and Hope, two of the biggest, are about a mile farther up. Boarded and locked, with only a caretaker to tilt back in his chair where once men worked to produce iron for America, the mines have not been operated since 1931. Peters Mine once had a ghost, in the days when production was steady and booming. At odd intervals the miners would hear him knocking for company; the summons was nearly always followed by a serious accident. Now the miners are locked out, and the ghosts have the run of the place. No one knows if the mines will be reopened. Water has seeped nearly to the brink and the shafts are musty and rotten.

Upwards of 500 men were thrown out of work when the mines shut down; most of them were Jackson Whites. They came to the mines about half a century ago, attracted by the possibility of wages. Copper-colored, rather handsome in their angular features and of normal intelligence, these people belie the weird tales that have been told about them. The family names of the Jackson Whites echo some of America's well-known lines: De Groat, Wanamaker, De Fries, De Graw, Burris, Conklin, Van Dunk and Sisco. Descendants of two Castiglione brothers are known as Cassalony. Today they live in the hovels that dot the forest bogs, haunted by poverty and the inability to get away from Ringwood. A few are retained as maintenance men about the Manor; others have WPA jobs. There are a number of albinos, and some of these have been employed as freaks by the Barnum and Bailey circus. The name Jackson White, used only for want of a better description of their racial roots, is avoided here. Its corruption, Jack, is a vulgar term of opprobrium. After 150 years New Jersey's hill people are still looking for a place in society.





## Trenton Flood Control

JOHN EVANS

**B**uilt as a private enterprise back in 1834 to supply water to Trenton mills, and for a time considered one of the city's industrial adjuncts, the old Sanhican Creek got out of hand one day back in August 1933; and as a result there has been developed through the cooperation of the Federal Government a program that has resulted in the filling in of a part of the waterway to provide a future boulevard, and the building of worthwhile flood control facilities.

The Trenton Delaware Falls Company was incorporated in 1831 to build what was then known as the Water Power. The venture was not financially successful, and after passing through many hands the then practically abandoned stream was taken over by the city of Trenton in 1929. When the artificial waterway had been dug a number of mills were erected along its banks, principally grist and saw mills. For a number of years these flourished, but when steam replaced the water-



wheel as a means of providing power for machinery the mills were gradually abandoned. And so the stream merely became a placid bit of water flowing from the Delaware above Trenton at Scudder's Falls, passing in the rear of the State House, and reentering the river some distance below the capital. In later years it was a favorite spot for canoeists, and wild duck found shelter and food. A number of canoe clubs also built homes between the Sanhican Creek, as it was known in recent years, and the Delaware River.

Outside of being in the news on account of court proceedings and complaints now and then against the condition of the stream in the lower section of the city, the Sanhican Creek did not break into the limelight until the summer of 1933. In that year the Delaware River, because of heavy rains in the upper reaches, overflowed its banks. The creek equipment failed to stem the waters and the onrushing stream carried everything before it. Stacy Park, which is between the creek and the river, was flooded, and great quantities of wood and underbrush were carried down the creek until they reached a small bridge at Front and South Willow Streets. The bridge here acted as a dam and a high and unsightly pile of debris soon collected. The spillway at Brookville was dynamited, which gave relief, and then, luckily, the river receded and the danger of the water entering homes on Front Street passed away; but the city officials decided that it was necessary that something should be done properly to control the water and prevent any such danger in the future.

Efforts of the municipal authorities to secure the money needed to carry out recommendations made by engineers, to enable the city to make practical use of the stream and its bed, finally resulted in the work being approved as a WPA project, with added consent by the U.S.



Former bed of creek

War Department as to use of waterways. The plan embraced two phases of improvement, one being to fill in the bed of the lower portion of the creek where the mills that used the water as power had been located, and the other to retain the remaining or upper section as a flowing stream that would, under proper control, continue as a scenic and useful asset to the city. The line between the two operations is located just west of Calhoun Street.

Actual work on these improvements

Reconstructing the stream's course





### *Highlight*

started following their final approval in the fall of 1935, and was continued during 1936. The filling in of the bed of the creek below Calhoun Street followed the installation of a pipe of sufficient size to carry a supply of water to one of the mills at the extreme lower end of the former water power. It is expected that this section will eventually form an important thoroughfare for the city. Above Calhoun Street and throughout its length to its source at Scudder's Falls, the creek has been improved as a flowing stream, with adequate engineering treatment that will result in flood

conditions being taken care of.

Probably the most important provision for this flood control is the ample spillway constructed just west of the city filtration plant at Calhoun Street. This is of concrete construction, with a width of 120 feet, which allows the water to flow naturally into the Delaware River from an elevation of 14 feet. The second, or smaller, spillway was enlarged and improved to a width of 60 feet. This one is located at Perdicaris Place. At Brookville, just below the Delaware bridge to Yardley, a new "blow-off" gate, or sluiceway, was constructed, with a width

Concrete spillway controls flow of water





of three feet. As indicated by its name, this gate is provided as an emergency outlet during excessive flood conditions, and will supplement the work of the spillways at the lower end of the stream.

These hydraulic structures will pass an amount of water equalling 1,800 cubic feet per second, which, according to the engineers' calculations, is sufficient to prevent overflow in the creek until such an extreme rise as to cause the river and creek to meet. These ample requirements may be appreciated when it is understood that the normal flow in the creek is only about 100 cubic feet per second.

Coincident with the erection of these spillways and overflow, further important improvement in the waterway consisted of raising and strengthening its banks and cleaning out all bars and shoals in the channels of the stream. The lack of sufficient depth in the channel caused by these obstructions was

held partly responsible for the consequent flow of water over the banks during flood periods.

A total of \$349,543 was spent by the Government on the project. In the construction 24,090 bags of cement were used; 2,563 tons of sand; 4,622 tons of gravel and 205 tons of steel. In the cleaning of the creek 64,000 cubic yards of excavation were necessary.

The improvement is expected not only to provide necessary flood control but also to retain the beauty of the upper stretches of the stream for the benefit of those whose homes front on the waterway. Likewise it will provide an opportunity for a future boulevard, when funds are available, along the Delaware River waterfront. This will also divert a great deal of the traffic from Warren and West State Streets and will thus be an aid in solving one of Trenton's most pressing traffic problems.

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## THE JAILHOUSE IN COLONIAL TIMES

On Oct. 3, 1793, the Board of the Salem, N. J., County Court House ordered that the plank for the dungeon floor be of good white oak, "cut in ye olde of ye moon," and that the bricks under the floor be nine inches high and set in lime and mortar. It would be a hard job for a prisoner to escape through the floor and by tunnelling, as Tom Sawyer demanded that "Nigger Joe" escape from his prison. But it was also provided that the shingles be put on when the crescent moon was dipped downward so that they take a hint from the moon and shed rain nicely.

The sheriff of Gloucester County in 1721 was allowed one pound and eleven shillings "on account of Irons and putting them on prisoners and that he take special care of them as occasion requires." And there was a gal in the Gloucester jailhouse back in 1707, the old records show, for sixty weeks and the sheriff was allowed money for a shift for her and a "petty coat." She may have worn them out sitting on that white oak planking cut in "ye olde of ye moon."



# Prospectus

A short story

WILLIAM B. HAUTAU

He appeared over the side of the gondola when the freight stopped for water at a little place south of Tucson, Arizona. I saw him glance cautiously up and down the line for bulls. Then he jumped gingerly. The moment he hit the sand in the bottom of the car the train jerked and almost threw him off his feet. Bracing himself against the side he smiled apologetically. "They start up kind of suddenly, sometimes," he said.

"Yeah," I replied, "you want to watch yourself."

He felt around aimlessly in his vest pockets. He was about 45 years old and had a flabby face that was badly sunburned. Mild blue eyes squinted under sparse eyebrows. A tear in the sleeve of his dirty grey suit was neatly sewed with heavy black thread. He wore a coarse blue shirt of the type given out by the relief and a black tie neatly knotted.

His search produced only some cigarette papers and a folder of matches. "Sorry I can't offer you a cigarette," he said.

"That's all right." I threw him my pouch. He sat down and curved a paper with his left hand and poured out the tobacco so carefully that he never lost a grain.

"Where are you bound for?" he asked.

"Mexico."

"You don't say!" he said in surprise. "Whereabouts in Mexico are you going?"

"Oh, anywhere, Mexico City, I guess."

"That's where I'm going. Have you been there before?"

"No," I said, "but I suppose it's like any other place."

The sun was rising high in the sky and the heat was becoming a mild form of torture. I wished that I'd taken a longer drink at the hydrant back in Tucson. The sand in the bottom of the car whirled around and around in little tornadoes. Some sand had gotten in my shoes. I closed my eyes to shut out the glare.

"Mexico City is a wonderful place," he went on. "The climate is cool, especially at night. In the evening the band plays on the square -- ah -- I've always been partial to band music. The peddlers sell tortillas and frijoles; beautiful Spanish girls with black mantillas stroll about. Folks sit in the outdoor cafes and drink cool drinks."

"It sounds like Heaven," I said. "But I thought Mexico was hot like the rest of this desert."

"No, you see, it's about 7,000 feet above sea level. Of course, other parts of Mexico are hot. That's how they raise all kinds of fruit. There are mountains where at the bottom you can pick bananas and oranges and at the top they grow wheat and grains."

"Then it's a farming country."

"Well, there's a lot of mines, too. They have the greatest silver mines in the world. There are gold



and other kinds of mines. Scientists have dug up jade and turquoise ornaments, so there must be precious stones if they could be found."

"Say," I said, all excited. "Boy! If I could find one of those mines, some gold, or silver or some of that jade. I'd ride the pullmans and spit in the eye of every railroad bull I came across. Have you got any connections down there?"

"Well," he hesitated, "not exactly, you see, well, as a matter of fact, I've never been to Mexico."

"What!" I cried in disgust. "What was all that stuff you told me, a pipe dream? What a screwball you turned out to be!"

"No," he flushed a little. "I never said I'd been to Mexico. Everything I've told you is true. I've read it in books and magazines. Mexico is a really wonderful country. I've read it just like I told it to you."

"Maybe so. It sounds like pie in the sky to me. What are you going to do when you get there?"

"I don't know exactly what I'll do. I can't do very heavy work. I have a few leaks in the old pump." He smiled as he put his hand on his chest. "But I figured I didn't have anything to lose. I'm out of work six years. I was an accountant and then I did bookkeeping for a while, but the Company got a machine that can do the work of eight bookkeepers. A wonderful machine. The man who thought it up must have been a real genius. It adds debits and credits and gives a balance and all the totals stay in the machine so.."

"In other words you got fired."

"Well, I was released. They were very nice about it, but there wasn't any opening for me in the other departments."

The gondola was becoming more and more like an oven. The train lunged and clanged. The narrow band of shade was vanishing. I took off my shoes and shook out the sand. I wondered how to ask for a handout in

Mexico.

"I always wanted to travel," he said. "When I was out of work I spent a lot of time in the library and I used to read the National Geographic and other magazines and books about Mexico. My wife died while I was on relief, so I decided to try my luck. I have nothing to lose. Maybe I'll find someone who can use a man of my experience."

"Maybe it's like you say, Mister, but something tells me that it'll be like all the rest of the towns -- a freight yard, a hoosegow and a lot of back doors between meals." I pulled my hat down over my face and closed my eyes. The heat, the whirling sand and the clickety-click of the wheels made me sleepy. I thought of the cool green of the palm trees, the juicy fruit, the beautiful Spanish girls in the black mantillas. I wondered what tortillas and frijoles tasted like. The images grew brighter and faded.

I awoke as the train came to a lurching and uncertain halt. The sun was high overhead and the heat intense. He was sleeping with his face in the corner. I stood up and looked over the side. We were on a curve. A quarter of a mile in front the locomotive was puffing beside a water tower. I glanced at my sleeping comrade. Well, let him sleep if he could. The steel burned my hands as I climbed down the rungs and jumped to the ground.

The desert stretched off to a low range of hills and clumps of mesquite. A red butte glowed dully in the brightness. When I gazed down the track the rails and ties danced violently up and down. I crawled into the shadow under the edge of the car and lay beside the rail. The ties were hot and smelled of creosote, but the air was noticeably cooler. I rested my face on the backs of my hands.

There is a pleasant, green valley that runs between Albuquerque and Sante Fe, New Mexico. I remembered



the shade of a spreading cottonwood where I stopped to eat a musk melon bummed from a road stand. Overhead the green leaves made a roof, a barrier against baking sky.

My thoughts turned to my companion in the gondola above me. I mounted the metal ladder on the side of the car. He lay in the same position.

"Hey! Do you want to get sun-struck? The sun will kill you if you lie there like that!"

I shook him. His clothes were hot. His body was relaxed and soft. I tilted his head back. His eyes were closed, the skin still ruddy from the sun and wind. The train was silent except for the puffing of the locomotive far away by the water tower.

My feet struck the ends of the ties with a jar that shook my spine. I ran along the track toward the engine. "Hey! Hey! Help! Hey!" Three Mexicans in torn overalls crawled out from under a car and watched me stolidly. I stumbled in the soft sand. A lizard slipped off a stone and scurried away. Two trainmen stood in the shadow of the water tower. One studied me from under his hands. I raced toward them.

"What's the trouble, kid?" asked the brakeman. The other, younger, the fireman, looked curiously, calmly chewing his tobacco.

"He's dead," I gasped.

"Who's dead?"

"The guy I was riding with."

"Did he get clipped?"

"No, he just died. I climbed under the car to get out of the sun. I thought he was asleep. I was afraid he might get sunstruck so I went back and shook him."

"What do you want us to do about it?"

"Well, you can't just leave him lying there."

"We didn't ask him to ride on the train," said the brakeman.

"If you leave him lie, he'll stink to heaven in this sun," offered the

fireman.

"Hey Joe!" the brakeman shouted to the engineer leaning out of the cab. "You lost one of your passengers. Pull up a ways and stand by ready to back up again."

"Was he a pal of yours?"

"No, I never saw him before. He got on the train outside of Tucson. He talked about Mexico all the time, what a swell country it is and all."

"He wasn't no Mexican, was he?"

"No, he never was there."

The engine moved ahead and the clang of the shock echoed down the train. The three boes still stood beside the car where I had passed them. As it began to move they slowly and gracefully swung aboard. "This is the car."

When we laid him on the sand under the water tower, the red flush of sunburn was already beginning to darken in his face. The brakeman felt in the pockets. A dirty handkerchief, some cigarette papers, a folder of matches, a comb, a safety razor with one blade, a smooth, round piece of quartz and a penknife were laid out on the sand.

"No name and address here," said the brakeman.

"Probably don't make much difference anyway," said the fireman. "He don't look like a guy they'd have a reward out for."

"What will we do with him?"

"Damned if I know. The company don't want him."

"Why the hell did he have to die on this train?"

The brakeman asked me, "Didn't he tell you anything about who he was or anything?"

"No," I said, "he just talked about how he used to read a paper called the Geographic and got the idea he wanted to go to Mexico."

The engineer joined us. "This train is supposed to run on a schedule in case you guys have forgot it. Quit playing around with this stiff and let's get going."



"What can we do with him?" cried the brakeman. "If we bring him to the office, they'll say that bums ain't supposed to ride the trains. He ain't got no folks anyway."

"I'll show you what to do," said the engineer. He climbed into the cab and tossed out two shovels. The brakeman picked up one shovel and handed the other to me.

"You're not going to bury him here, are you?" I asked.

"You don't want him, do you?"

"Well, I haven't any money," I said, "but hadn't you ought to take him to town and have him buried regular?"

"Town don't want him. They'll have to lay out money to have him buried. Besides, we'll have to answer a million questions." The brakeman scooped up a shovelful of sand and threw it to one side, then another.

Reluctantly I began to shovel, too. Below the surface the adobe was like cement. Down the line of cars the three boes had climbed off and were standing together, looking in our direction. The brakeman said, "No reason we should sweat while those greasers are around." He shouted, "Hey, you Spics! Come here!" They vanished among the cars.

When we reached a depth of a foot and a half the brakeman dropped his shovel and took the dead man by the shoulders. I took his feet and we lowered him into the hole. The fireman covered the face with the dirty handkerchief and laid the matches, the cigarette papers, the razor and other things on the body. We covered him up quickly.

The brakeman looked around. "Does anyone want to say anything?" We took off our hats and looked at the place where the sand was disturbed. The brakeman said, "The Lord giveth and He takes away. Ashes to ashes and dust to dust. God forgive this poor bum for his sins. Give him a better break in the next world than he got in this one. And I hope I don't die in no freight car. Amen."

"Amen." "Amen."

We stepped into the glare of the sun. The three boes were out of sight. Down the valley where the sun struck the steel, a bright reflection flashed in the heat waves.

The trainmen climbed into the cab of the engine. The long line of freights lurched into motion. I watched the wheels one by one clank over a joint in the rails. The car with my three fellow travelers passed. One raised his arm in a short gesture. My arm returned it.

When the train was hitting a good pace and the end of the line was approaching I swung up the front ladder of a box car. There was heat in the iron rungs and in the planks of the catwalk on the roof. Sitting with the wind against my back I watched the rails wind out from under the caboose. A cloud of smoke and cinders swept by as the fireman threw coal on the fire. We were gathering speed fast. The engineer was making up for lost time. The freight rolled on toward the Mexican border, toward the tortillas and frijoles, the beautiful girls in the mantillas and the band playing on the square at night.

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## NEW JERSEY, THREE CENTS AN ACRE

The annals of the New Jersey Society of Pennsylvania are responsible for the information that when the Duke of York, afterward King James II, sold the Province of West New Jersey to Carteret and Berkeley neither party to the transaction had any idea of what it was worth. Afterward it was found that the price paid came to three cents an acre.



# Off the Record

## Project Workers Donate Their Blood to Help Stricken Children

EDWIN F. SCHOFIELD

On August 17, 1936, the men on WPA Project No. 3-268 were at work on one of those street repair jobs so incomprehensible to the passerby. In the midst of their mundane duties, a frenzied woman suddenly ran up to them, crying in broken English: "For the sake of twenty dollars my child is going to die!"

The men had probably not read Paul de Kruif's recent charge that a child in Chicago had died for the sake of a similar amount, so, with the surprising neighborliness developed among the poor of large cities, they immediately questioned their interrupter. She was Antoinette Russo, a widow on relief, the mother of four children. Her son Anthony, eight years old, had been operated on for double mastoid at the Newark Eye and Ear Infirmary. The hospital authorities had just notified her that immediate blood transfusion was necessary to save the boy's life. To secure a professional blood donor would cost twenty dollars, and there was absolutely no money available.

A number of the workers at once volunteered and set off for the Infirmary, where they were tested for type. Four were found acceptable, and the first transfusion was performed immediately. This rallied Tony from the comatose state which was a short prelude to death.

It should be borne in mind that all these volunteer blood donors were complete strangers to Tony and his mother; they received no compensation for their services beyond a

substantial meal and a glass of stimulant after the operation (the usual hospital procedure) and they lost practically no time from their jobs. Their ages range from twenty to over fifty years. Some of them supposed that transfusion meant they were to be cut wide open by the surgeon. They did not flinch from ever that, however, to save the child's life.

The case aroused great interest at Administrative headquarters and everyone in the organization was anxious to help in any possible way. Frank E. Walsh, at that time WPA director for District Three, made it possible for the men to attend at the hospital; he also authorized Samuel Goldberg, attached to the Compensation Department, to keep a close watch on developments and to spare no efforts. Great difficulties were encountered at times and Goldberg was kept on the run day and night consulting hospital authorities and organizing and transporting the men for tests and transfusions. Employees at headquarters contributed about \$54 out of their own scanty means to pay for meals, stimulants and transportation. At Christmas, toys and games were provided to make the little sufferer and his pals in the hospital happy. A prominent Newark merchant was so impressed by newspaper accounts of the case that he donated his own blood for one of the transfusions.

Blood transfusion is not necessarily dangerous for the donor if he





Tony Russo discussing a letter to Santa Claus

is healthy, vigorous and well nourished. Briefly, it consists of the insertion of a surgical needle into a large arm vein and the withdrawal, by syringe or pump, of a quantity of blood which is injected into a similar vein of the patient, thus entering directly into his circulation. The blood should, of course, be free from taint and the donor is usually subjected to the Wasserman test; he is also tested for type, of which there are four recognized groups in human beings. Different types will not blend properly and the wrong kind would cause the patient's blood to dissolve or to form clots, with probably fatal results.

Transfusion is always a strain upon the vitality of the donor and undernourishment increases the strain enormously. To get enough of

even the simplest kind of food for themselves and families is always a serious problem for the men to whom this article refers.

When Louis Amato appeared for his second operation he was greatly worried lest he would be too weak to return home, as he had eaten nothing all that day. (A deplorable rule prevents the hospital from furnishing the usual glass of stimulant to blood donors in charity cases such as Tony's.)

Michael Quinn, who is in his fifties, sacrificed his Labor Day holiday to attend the hospital and donate his blood for Tony. It was later discovered that Quinn had walked two miles to reach the hospital, not having the few cents necessary for carfare. Had it not been for Mr. Goldberg he would have been without





Blood donors with ex-Director Walsh and Mr. Goldberg

the usual meal and stimulant and would have had to walk back home after the operation.

Tony Russo's case proved very stubborn, and for several months he hovered between life and death. During that time more than one hundred project workers offered their services for transfusion, fifteen of whom have been used for twenty-five operations. Today Tony is not only alive, but on the road to recovery. His legs are still paralyzed from the mastoid infection, but he pushes around in a wheel-chair and gaily tells the nurses he's soon going out to play baseball. The attending physicians consider it unusual for an eight-year-old child with such a blood infection to have lived, and think it due to the blood donated by the men of the WPA organization.

Then there is the case of Patricia Nee, Academy Street, Newark, the

daughter of a WPA worker. A number of her father's fellow-workers willingly donated their blood to save the life of this seven-month-old baby girl. For nearly a month last July she lay at death's door after a serious operation for nasal infection at the Essex County Isolator Hospital.

Although Nee and his wife have nine children, it seemed as though the light of their lives would be extinguished when they learned that the baby must positively have blood transfusions if she were to have a chance to live. The affair seemed absolutely hopeless. Where and how could they expect to get the money to pay a blood donor? When Nee gladly offered himself as a subject he was told that his blood type was unsuitable. When he applied to the police he learned of a departmental ruling which made assistance from them impossible. In despair, Nee



took his troubles to Frank E. Walsh, WPA director for Essex County. A bulletin asking for volunteer blood donors brought responses from a dozen project workers, and more followed. Three were selected as being the type suitable to Patricia's case.

After the third transfusion Patricia showed such improvement that her name was removed from the hospital's danger list and within a week she was returned to her grateful family.

One other instance (there have been about twenty altogether) of this "off the record" WPA work will suffice. Vincent Grecco, married, living at 470 South 17th Street, Newark, is employed as a laborer on WPA projects. He has six children ranging from three to eleven years. His daughters Jean, seven years old, and Margaretta, five years, were both afflicted with a rare disease known

as Cooley's anemia. At St. Barnabas Hospital transfusions were all donated by WPA men. The children have recovered and have been sent home.

These are typical cases in which WPA men have gladly given of their own life blood in order that suffering children might have a chance to live and be restored to health and vigor.

Many requests have been received from outside for volunteers but circumstances will not permit the service to extend beyond the organization. A list of more than one hundred men has been prepared at WPA headquarters, 309 Washington Street, Newark; they have all been tested and typed and are available at all times for emergencies.

Their greatest desire is that they, too, may be privileged to give such vital help in time of need as was given to Tony, Patricia, Jean and Margaretta.

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## VIMY RIDGE (1917-1936)

I believe it was twilight -- when God seems undecided  
just what to do with the day --  
that I stood at the foot of this Peace-symbol and  
saw its limbs searching ever upward  
to clutch the Hands of God....

Nineteen long, silent, useless years  
rolled back its searing pages  
and I could see the rotten, crushed, broken bodies  
of boys who knew not what they fought for,  
who only knew the painful greediness of courage  
and the sustaining power of Love....

God and the darkness of night enshadowed me  
as I limped away wondering.

Edna May Oberlies



# The Leeds Devil

## New Jersey's Official Demon

ALEXANDER L. CROSBY

Since 1913 the violet has been New Jersey's official flower, and the eastern goldfinch was elected by the Legislature as the state bird in 1935. But no act of the Legislature or proclamation by the governor was needed to pick the state's demon. By default, the title has rested for nearly a century with the Leeds Devil, a friendly native of Atlantic County who has traveled extensively throughout southern Jersey.

Although the exact date of his birth is unknown there is no doubt as to the parentage, at least on the maternal side. A Mrs. Leeds of Estelville, a small community near the Great Egg Harbor River about 15 miles west of Atlantic City, found that she was an expectant mother. The expectations of the comely Mrs. Leeds were neither great nor enthusiastic, and in a petulant moment she cried out that she hoped the stork would bring a devil.

In due time the old bird made a perfect three-point landing in either the Leeds cabbage patch or rose garden, depending on which school of obstetrical thought the reader accepts. The sequence of events from this point is somewhat confused. Old Mrs. McCormack of Goshen in Cape May County, who knew Mrs. Leeds and in 1887 told the story of the devil's birth, was herself unsure. One version is that Mrs. Leeds told the stork to take the baby back where it came from, and a few minutes later the obedient bird returned with a

squawling little devil tied up in a napkin. The other story is that the human baby promptly assumed the form of a demon and flew out the window. He thereupon perched on the roof, gave one screech and winged his way into the swamp. Mrs. Leeds was a good deal surprised, and perhaps regretted her hasty wish.

The young devil is believed to have spent his adolescence in the swampland, there being no record of his attendance at any public school. Soon after attaining his majority he started going out nights and making himself widely known to the residents of southern New Jersey.

Cloven-hoofed, long-tailed and white; with the head of a collie dog, the face of a horse, the body of a kangaroo and the wings of a bat, the devil has the disposition of a lamb. There is no record of his ever doing the slightest bit of damage; on the contrary, he has shown sympathetic curiosity about the affairs of men. It is considered unfortunate by the more scientifically and hospitably minded people of the state that the devil's reward has been a long series of door-slammings and curtain pullings.

His well-known visit to Trenton was on a cold January night in 1909. Snow covered the countryside, and a waning moon did little to relieve the blackness of the night. Along toward early morning Councilman E.P. Weeden was aroused by the sound of someone trying to enter the door. The councilman, thinking that one of



his Seventh Ward constituents might need held in a domestic problem, jumped from his bed. He was amazed to hear the flapping of wings; and from his second-floor window, tracks could be seen in the snow on the roof. The impressions were those of a cloven hoof.

On the same night the devil visited the State Arsenal, leaving his characteristic footprints about the chicken house but not touching a single fowl or gun. It remained for John Hartman of 467 Centre Street to get a full view of the monster. A flash -- a swish -- a crunching noise, and the devil circled the Hartman yard, then vanished into the night. Mr. Hartman was too shaken to say even "Jack Robinson!" Residents near Delaware River were alarmed to hear noises like the mewings of a tomcat using a public address system, and none of them left their homes that night.

From other parts of the state came confirmation of the devil's presence. At Camden 12 men digging in the Hilltown clay bank took one look as the creature flapped downward, and then were off to set an unofficial record for the three-mile run in working clothes. The Negro settlement at Pitman Grove was apparently not visited, but word got around to every family. A remarkable spurt in church attendance and decline in beer drinking lasted for months.

A reward of \$500 for the devil's capture was offered by J.F. Hope, a Philadelphian. Mr. Hope said the devil belonged to him; and that it wasn't a devil at all, but

a rare Australian vampire, the only other ever captured being a resident of the Berlin Zoological Garden. Although Mr. Hope's integrity was never questioned, a good deal of head-shaking greeted his announcement. The reward was never claimed.

After his famous forays of 1909 the Leeds Devil went into seclusion for some while. There is a tradition that each reappearance is an omen of war, and it was no surprise to residents of Atlantic County when the Italo-Ethiopian War broke out just a few months after William Bozarth saw the devil in the pine country at Batso. Early in 1936 the devil was seen twice by the same man, Philip Smith of Woodstown. Mr. Smith's reputation for honesty and sobriety is said by his neighbors to be spotless.

The southern part of New Jersey can not be called a liar's paradise, mecca though it is for anglers along the shore. Dotted with Friends' meeting houses and the trim white homes of honest sea folk, the region is one where the cardinal American virtues have flourished since long before the Revolution. Yet in every village and town the exploits of the Leeds will be related in lunch wagon, gas station, post office and general store.

The tourist must use a touch both light and firm in his questioning, for the average native is more concerned with stating his own skepticism than in telling exactly what he knows about the devil. At the general store in Oceanville, for example, the postmistress can

From an authentic description





tell -- if you insist -- how old Judge French used to feed the devil ham and eggs every morning for years. But more likely she'll say with a tolerant smile, "The Leeds Devil? Oh, yes, we've heard about it, but of course we don't believe any of that talk. It's just superstition -- that's all it is, just superstition."

The custodian of the Perrineville school, near Freehold, remembers vividly and with no little pride the night when he attempted to shake hands with the Jersey Devil.

"I was walking along the road near the lake," he relates, "on a night that was so dark and foggy you couldn't see your handkerchief in front of your nose. All of a sudden I saw the devil, arms stretched out

and glowing all over. So I walked right up to shake hands with him. But it was just an old tree trunk, lit up with fox-fire."

Other decent persons can vouch for more definite contacts with the friendly fiend. No less a person than the librarian of an ancient town along the Delaware, a lady who has traded books and tales with a large portion of a fine Quaker community, declares that she knows at least a dozen persons who have seen the devil. She regrets that she is not one of them.

"I don't suppose he cares much for reading," she explains. "But I guess he would never dare come into the building as long as we have The Lives of the Saints on the shelves."

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## EVENING CLOTHES

DID YOU KNOW THAT the reason why men from Kalamazoo to Timbuctoo avoid all color in their evening clothes is because a popular novelist in 1828 said that "people must be very distinguished in appearance" to look well in black? Men from prince to prize-fighter, unwilling to admit that they lacked distinction, thenceforth on formal occasions dressed as though in mourning. Bulwer Lytton in "Pelham" made that fatal remark. To him, and to the innate sheep-like nature of man, do we owe the dreary monotony of the human male in his night plumage. Now long after the original statement is forgotten, and "Pelham" has ceased to be read, excepting by a few students of literature, black gentlemen, yellow gentlemen, white gentlemen, red gentlemen, in cold countries and hot countries, and the waiters who serve them, all appear garbed in the same sable hue. Will not a contemporary best seller come to our rescue and say that no man looks really successful, as though he had hog-tied a million dollars, unless he is colorfully dressed when he goes out to dinner?



# Adult Education Program

## Going Back to School

ALTON D. O'BRIEN

The response of the adult population of the State of New Jersey to the WPA Education Program during the academic year 1936-1937 is reflected in the following figures.

The program includes Nursery Schools, Junior Colleges, and schools of adult education. Fifty-one school systems are engaged in WPA Education activities.

The total number of employees is 1,258. Of these, 121 are employed in the Nursery Schools, 79 in the Junior Colleges, and 1,058 in the Adult Education projects. This last figure includes 795 employees in the General Adult Education Program, 149 in the Literacy Program, 85 in the Vocational Program, 5 in the Workers' Education Program, and 24 in the Parent Education Program.

Total average individual enrollment is 26,921. This includes an enrollment of 730 for the Nursery Schools, 972 for the Junior Colleges, and 25,219 for the Adult Education projects. (This last figure includes an average enrollment of 3,110 for the Negro groups.) The 25,219 average enrollment for the Adult Education projects is divided as follows: General Adult Education, 18,519; Literacy, 3,160; Vocational Education, 2,604; Workers' Education, 153; Parent Education, 783.

Total average individual attendance is 17,774. This includes an average attendance of 611 for the Nursery Schools, 887 for Junior Colleges, and 16,276 for the Adult Education projects, 2,007 of whom are

Negroes. The Adult Education projects are divided into General Adult Education, 12,071; Literacy, 2,196; Vocational Education, 1,603; Workers' Education, 102; Parent Education, 304.

The average percent of attendance is 84% for Nurseries, 91% for Junior Colleges, and 64% for the Adult Education projects. Many forum groups have been established this year. Enrollments have not been taken in these groups.

The total number of subjects taught is 57. The students vary in age from 16 to 93 years, and in educational status from illiteracy to college and university graduation.

The people of New Jersey have shown emphatically that they desire nursery schools, that they desire schools of adult education. Throughout the state, courses which best meet the needs and desires of the local groups have been established. It is pertinent that the majority of the units have demanded far more courses than they have teachers available. It is amazing that expression of these needs and desires which adults are now realizing has so quickly been manifested; amazing because education, and this we can lay squarely at the door of the public school system, until recently has been considered by adults as formal schooling, gained during childhood and adolescence. The biggest job that adult education faces today, and its biggest job in the future, is to convince people to



discard these ideas of education as formal schooling, to convince them that education must be considered not as transition, but as a sustained process lasting as long as life.

The State Program has been divided into three main groups: Nursery schools, Junior Colleges, and the Adult Education projects.

**Nursery Schools:** These are for children from two to four years of age who come from homes of people on relief, WPA workers, or from those in similar circumstances. The staff of each unit consists of two teachers, a registered nurse, and a dietician.

**Junior Colleges:** The two Junior Colleges, located in Newark and Perth Amboy, are open to high school graduates who live in New Jersey and who are unable to pay fees in colleges charging tuition. Three curricula are offered:

1. Arts and sciences
2. Business administration
3. Engineering

**Adult Education Projects:** The projects have been divided into General Adult Education, Literacy Education, Workers' Education, Vocational Education, and Parent Education.

**General Adult Education.** This program includes courses in the arts, languages, and cultural academic subjects.

**Literacy Education.** This group shows an increasing desire on the part of many students not only to secure citizenship papers, but to gain fluency in speaking the English language so that they may participate more fully in present day civic life.

**Workers' Education.** This reflects the educational needs of the labor movement and assumes the right of workers to form their own organizations, to consider and take action on their own problems.

**Vocational Education.** These courses, especially the commercial groups, have met the needs of a great number of students who wish to pre-

pare themselves for the commercial and industrial life through actual experience.

**Parent Education.** Parent Education is devoted not only to helping parents bring up children, but to make them better participating members of the present social order, more useful as parents, as citizens, as individuals.

**Negro Education.** The work engaged in by the Negro group is included in many of the previous groups. One of its most outstanding contributions is the compilation of a History of the Negro Race.

The educational philosophy of the WPA program rests on four objectives:

1. To help people understand the world about them.
2. To help people develop their skills, capacities, and to increase their knowledge.
3. To help people form socially useful group relationships.
4. To help people realize their responsibilities in a democratic society.

The program has been administered in such a way that it best meets the needs and desires of the local communities. In many places it has been possible to secure one center in which the entire program has been carried on, including extra-curricular activities. In other places it has not been possible to secure a center for adult education; moreover, even if it were possible, the establishment of such a center would be unwise. Many cities of large area are composed of sections varying widely in nationality, educational background, and economic status. It is obvious that one center of adult education would fail to reach all of these people. In such cases, it has been found best to establish classes located in the public schools of the various sections, to find out the educational needs of the sections by circularization, and to give courses for which the neighborhood shows a



pronounced need and demand.

Early in the academic year many principals realized that the adult education program was failing to attract the attention of the group that needs guidance most, from 18 to 25 years of age. Steps were taken to meet this problem by the institution of extra-curricular activities, such as sports, debates, drama, integrated with the curricular work. It was found that these activities offer an endless means of interesting students in curricular work.

Forum groups have grown much in importance this past year. They are predicated along lines that will answer the needs of the local communities.

The majority of teachers in the WPA Education Program have been trained for work in elementary and secondary education. Teaching in adult education offers so many problems that special teacher-training courses have been found desirable. These have been given throughout the state in the form of Institutes. At these Institutes, teachers from several districts meet at a general meeting at which they are addressed by educators prominent in adult education, on subjects pertinent to the work in the program. After the general meeting, the large group is broken up into smaller discussion groups under the leadership of the respective supervisors of the different programs. At this time, each teacher has an opportunity to present to the group his problems and his ways of meeting them.

With a purpose similar to that of the Institutes, "Round Table," the State Teachers Journal of Adult Education, has been established. Its purpose is, by a presentation of education program activities and various successful methods and techniques, to help integrate and coordinate the teaching efforts of leaders in adult education.

The State Supervisors have direc-

ted much teacher-training work. They have visited schools, held conferences with teachers, and conducted teachers' meetings regularly. They have also collaborated to produce a "Handbook for Teachers," in which are discussed problems most frequently encountered.

Recently a noted educator indicted present public school education on five counts. They are:

1. We have mass education instead of education for the masses.

2. There is too much emphasis on quantity -- there is too little attention paid to individual needs of pupils; there is no chance for the child to establish loyalties based on experience -- "you can't be loyal to anything you haven't experienced."

3. This is the only country in which the teachers have no "say" in educational procedure and administration.

4. Instead of developing ideals from within, in the course of social interaction, and attached to situations and processes which will serve as integrating forces in the building of character, the schools depend on external goals, such as civics and the flag salute, to produce good citizenship. It is these very things which produce careless citizenship.

5. Subject matter is of sole importance -- the public schools stress competition and examination with too little emphasis on preparing students for life.

It all comes back to the good old public. On the shoulders of the American public rests the responsibility for meeting these indictments, for preparing students to meet adequately life activities. Adult education leads toward the solution of this problem. Through adult education the people in the long run must educate themselves, and because of this experience in free learning, realize the necessity for change in the present system.



# War on Jersey Mosquito

"Destroy Public Pest No. 1"

IRVING RADDING

Photos by Epstein

An unceasing warfare exists between man and insects, and entomologists have predicted that eventually insects and not man shall inherit the earth. The WPA division of the Hudson County Mosquito Extermination Commission thinks otherwise, however. Determined to eliminate "Public Pest No. 1," the mosquito, they have brought into use every modern scientific stratagem.

The mosquito has been a pest since ancient times. Early historians record the fact that these insects were so prevalent in Old Egypt that inhabitants in marshy sections were forced to build high towers on which to sleep, since mosquitoes could not fly so high. Others were forced to abandon their homes. Today insects are found in every land and in every climate. The mosquito is an undesirable inhabitant of the earth and is an unnecessary one. As a pest the mosquito might have been tolerated, but as a possible carrier of disease it must be eliminated. Modern civilization demands it and modern sanitation will accomplish it.

From November 20, 1935, to date, six WPA projects have been waging an intensive campaign to rid Hudson County of breeding places for mosquitoes and to acquaint the public with the responsibility of learning how easily they can cooperate in the drive against the mosquito. Three manual and two white collar projects have since been completed. Project No. 460, begun December 3, 1936,

is still operating with an average force of 200 men. It is scheduled for completion next September.

That methods employed by the men engaged in this highly important public health program have proved successful is revealed in a statement by Colonel L. E. Jackson, Director of the Hudson County Mosquito Commission, who said in part: "The Works Progress Administration Projects have accomplished during the 17 months of its existence the equivalent of ten years' work ordinarily possible." This revelation from an authority like the Colonel, who has been directing the activities of his commission for the past decade, carries tremendous import, especially so in regard to its practical significance. Results may be measured by the growth of suburban communities and industrial centers, the general steady upward trend of tax ratables throughout the county and the peace of mind of people residing in mosquito-free cities and towns. The lasting benefits derived by the various municipalities and their residents when all the work is completed and evaluated is estimated in the millions.

Under the guidance of L. DeWitt McCarter, WPA supervisor and chief inspector for the commission, two county-wide projects, Nos. 207 and 212, employed 78 trained white-collar workers. One group recorded all unsanitary conditions of stagnated water about private premises. Such mosquito-breeding places were noted





Earth for filling mosquito breeding grounds

as temporary pools formed by cellar excavations, damp cellars, rain barrels, polluted water in sewer catch basins, cesspool overflows, and temporary rain pools. A second group made a topographical survey of over 9,000 acres of salt marsh in the county and recorded their findings on working maps needed for the manual projects in laying out new drainage systems and correcting the old ones. The maps, as prepared, located ditches, creeks, culverts, drain pipes, dikes, and tide gates. Data collected also pointed out the outlines of existing upland with exact location in the salt marsh of all physical elements affecting drainage.

Then the three "artillery" pro-

jects swung into action with 834 men, directed by DeWitt McCarter and guided by the Mosquito Commission. Efforts were concentrated on the notorious "Jersey Mosquito" and its habitat in the salt marshes. This species is sometimes called the "convict," due to the black and white markings on its body. Breeding centers were either filled in, drained or effectively controlled to prevent growth of the insects. Ditches were cut and drained from Secaucus to Cresskill Creek. Dikes were constructed on the eastern and western shores of the Hackensack River, portions of the abandoned Morris Canal basin in Jersey City were filled in with sod and mud taken from the meadows. Tidal gates, installed in



the dikes, work automatically with the rise and ebb of the tide. The gates permitted drainage of water from the back by shutting off the tides. Ditch digging connected countless holes and allowed for a change of water with each tide.

Filling in the mosquito-breeding marshes was necessary in certain polluted areas in the meadows. A total of 9,000 acres of salt marsh were provided with an adequate drainage system.

Mosquitoes are of economic importance because they breed in such countless numbers and because they are natural migrants, swarming in large broods up to thirty miles from their breeding places. Proof of the extent of their cruising ability is determined by spraying certain breeding spots with bright-colored paints. Observers then report existence of these mosquitoes.

Mosquito extermination is a health measure and the sanitary code of New Jersey makes it a specific offense to cause or permit mosquito-breeding places. Local boards of health have cooperated by passing

ordinances covering such offenses. A State law passed in 1912 provided for a county mosquito extermination commission. The State Agricultural Experiment Station at New Brunswick supervises the policies of all commissions and makes available scientific findings pertaining to modern measures in controlling and eliminating insects.

Federal appropriations on the five completed mosquito control projects totaled \$312,931. The Hudson County Mosquito Extermination Commission, sponsors, contributed \$5,678. Project No. 460, now under way, is listed as \$293,464 from Federal funds and \$71,765 from the county commission. Men engaged on No. 460 are stationed at Fidlers Creek off East 49th Street, Bayonne, filling in, draining, and pulling out tree stumps.

Hudson County is fortunate indeed to have men in the Federal, WPA, State and County Governments coordinate their forces to stamp out the mosquito. They have issued the ultimatum: DESTROY PUBLIC PEST NO. 1 AT ALL COSTS.

Filling a ditch near Bayonne





# Long Beach Island, South

9.6 Miles off the Beaten Track

HARRY BREWER

Editors Note: The New Jersey Guide will contain tours of all national and state highways in the state. Side tours of unnumbered roads will be given to points of unusual interest. The following is recommended on a hot July day.

Side Tour 35 B Beach Arlington to  
Beach Haven Inlet -- 9.6 m.

Summer hotels, tourist houses and garages in the villages, a few open all the year.

This side tour through the southern part of Long Beach Island passes large sea fisheries with long pound nets moored on the sand bars off the ocean shore. A long line of rugged dunes shelters the fishermen's villages and the summer cottages of an army of city folk, idlers, anglers and gunners seeking salt water and its diversions. Barnegat Bay along the route was the haven of privateers and pirates and more recently of rum runners.

The tar bound macadam county road No. 7 becomes concrete at BEACH ARLINGTON and takes a turn southward .3 m. through the SHIP BOTTOM section of that borough. These two boroughs have united in recent years, and still use the hyphen name on their civic buildings. The northern part of the town is Beach Arlington, the southern, Ship Bottom.

Ship Bottom was named after a hull which lay bottom side up on the beach for many years. There are two similar traditions about the wreck. In 1817 during a great storm one

Stephen Willits, a sea captain who was subject to psychic urges, felt impelled to put out to sea in search of a possible ship in distress. When opposite the present town he saw a vessel near shore. Willits put out with a small boat crew into the raging surf and came upon a ship hull, beached bottom side up. Hearing a tapping from within, the rescuers chopped a hole with an axe. A beautiful young woman appeared. She poured out her thanks in a strange tongue and, dropping to her knees on the sand, drew the sign of the cross. She was sent to New York and was never heard from again. The other story is that in September 1846 the sloop Adelaide struck a bar off Ship Bottom, capsized and drifted onto the beach keel up. Persons on the beach heard tapping; again a hole was hewn through and a beautiful young woman emerged. She was the daughter of the captain and the lone survivor. This young woman did not go to New York but to her nearby home, where she later married and bore a son who became a Sandy Hook pilot.

Two fisheries are here. Along the wide highway are bungalows, stores and the now unused railroad and its station. On the bay side are fishing piers, the coast guard station and



lobster pots drying in the sun.

The island narrows as the bay widens. Sand dunes block the view of the ocean; at times "sand-devils" rise in whirling ghostly pillars from the dunes dancing to the breezes. In the bay the Inland Waterway divides into two channels, marked by buoys and stakes. One arm is close to the shore with only 4 feet of water; the deeper channel follows the far shore of the bay, seen in clear weather about 4 miles away, bordered by a vast reach of lonely salt marsh.

BRANT BEACH, 2.3 m. (15 alt., 80 pop.), is a cottage resort within gunshot of both the ocean and bay. Here are great sand dunes that cause the admirer of Robert Louis Stevenson to turn mentally to his weird and rather sad tale of the "Pavilion on the Links." The village displays a cement business block, a small hotel, and a colony of pseudo-English stucco houses. The major catch here is crabs, shrimps and lobsters.

South of Brant Beach the concrete road runs through the white, sandy dune-land. A few stunted beach-plum trees, 6 to 8 feet high, which bear fruit in time for the bathing crowd of summer folk, offer a scanty shore welcome. The sands of Long Beach have often yielded human bones, reminders of by-gone wrecks when sailors and passengers were buried wherever their bodies were found. The



Fishing fleet at pier, Long Beach Island

Epstein

shifting of sand in the winter gales goes on unchecked, moving dunes from place to place, covering and uncovering these graves of iron men and wooden ships. Unclaimed dead are now taken to the Masonic plot at Barnegat or to Manahawken for burial.

BEACH HAVEN CREST, 3.1 m. (20 alt.), is a small town with a permanent winter population. The Jersey Central Power and Light Station for the island is here. On its southern edge is a group of modern houses that brings Cape Cod to mind. A long narrow arm of the bay reaches up almost to the highway, the old railroad beside it.

BEACH HAVEN TERRACE, 5.4 m. (15 alt., 112 pop.), is a small beach



resort with year-round residents, stores, waterworks and a post office. Beach Haven Terrace was well known as the home for many years of Captain "Billy" Crane who, during a long and useful life, was captain of the Coast Guard Station close by.

South of this village the highway becomes a gravel road passing scattered summer bungalows. LONG BEACH STATION of the Coast Guard, now inactive, is at 5 m. (L). Here a cove reaches close to the road from the Inland Waterway. This channel, in the period of prohibition, was used by rum runners who slipped by the waiting guard boats off the coast on misty nights, entering the bays either at Beach Haven Inlet below, or Barnegat Inlet to the north. Much easy money found its way into every village along the island and some of the fishermen had retired from the sea when repeal ended the cascade of wealth.

By the roadside are wax myrtle bushes, more commonly known as bayberries. These evergreens, 3 to 4 feet high, were Edison's predecessors in lighting the settlements hereabout in Colonial days. Their purplish white berries still yield material for wax candles every fall. The fishermen's wives long ago gathered them, melted the wax and moulded it into candles for their homes. Some of the older women retain this art as an anchor to windward in hard times. There are other myrtle bushes here which do not produce wax, but have small hard black berries. Their leaves are aromatic and in antiquity they were sacred to Venus. Contemporary Venuses of the beach sands find their perfume a delight.

SPRAY BEACH, 5.8 m. (15 alt., 50 pop.), presents Long Beach Island at the narrowest. The SPRAY BEACH YACHT CLUB and several houseboats ashore on the bayside (R), serving as dry land homes, command attention. Here was the summer home of John Luther Long, author, playwright and Oriental traveler who wrote the libretto for

"Madam Butterfly."

Across the water (R) Barnegat Bay merges into LITTLE EGG HARBOR, base of a fleet of privateers that harassed the English during the Revolution, sallying out and falling on supply ships that moved along the coast. Many prizes swung at anchor in Little Egg Harbor and at the wharf of Tuckerton, dimly seen on a clear day near the north shore of Little Egg. A British expedition burned the shipping there in a raid in 1778. But the whaleboats hidden in many small coves and creeks along the bay coast were overlooked. These and their crews of hard-baked, salt fishermen preyed on British ships until the end of the struggle.

BEACH HAVEN, 7.1 m. (7 alt., 760 pop.), with a number of hotels and a half mile of boardwalk, is popular among Philadelphia families and other vacationers, having achieved a reputation, shared by the entire island, as a hay-feverless resort. The village and its BEACH HAVEN TUNA CLUB (R) (open to all interested), are havens for tuna fishers. On the bay is a small safe harbor for the Barnegat skiffs and skippers who serve as guides for marlin, bonito and bluefish as well as tuna. A dozen skippers and several writers and rod experts of national repute organized the club 4 years ago to promote tuna fishing. They have a story-and-a-half house on the bay opposite the fishing dock, with a sun porch where fish stories can be heard in comfort in any weather -- blow high, blow low. Accommodations are limited. The club awards prize buttons for unusual catches.

Unique in Barnegat Bay are the bait boats. They cruise in and out among the fishing boats offering all kinds of bait, from squids and moss bunkers to shedder crabs and shrimp. Here is a reminder of the British bumboat and of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pinafore" with "dear little Buttercup" offering her wares to the sailor men.



Beach Haven had a pirate thrill in the not too remote past. Some 50 years ago a little sloop anchored off shore and two men came into the Little Egg Harbor Life Saving Station, where they stayed for supper. Casually they inquired about two local landmarks, the Two Cedars and the old lighthouse nearby, and soon thereafter ostensibly turned in. At dawn the lookout man saw through his telescope two men digging furiously in the sand at a point between the Two Cedars and the old lighthouse. The guardsman aroused the crew; meanwhile the diggers were dragging a huge chest from the hole. When the Life Savers arrived their guests were depositing the last gunny sacks on their yawl boat and were weighing anchor. The ancient iron-bound chest, an old rusty cutlass and a few Spanish coins remained. On the cedars were cryptic marks, and a crumpled yellow map lay on the ground. The cutlass is now in the office of the superintendent of Coast Guard stations at Asbury Park. What the treasure hunters got no one knows.

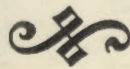
Barnegat Bay is 6 miles wide at Beach Haven. Two boat lines over the Inland Waterway ply between Beach Haven and Atlantic City in summer. The harbor, with nearly a mile of front, is sheltered by an island.

Beach Haven's first hotel was erected 1851. The borough now has graded schools, broad streets and many handsome cottages as well as several large hotels. Best known is the old NEW HOTEL BALDWIN, a many-turretted frame structure on the beach (L). It was built by Matthias W. Baldwin, founder of the Baldwin Locomotive Works. Beach Haven is important enough to have a cross street, Center Ave., intersecting the highway at the hub of the re-

sort.

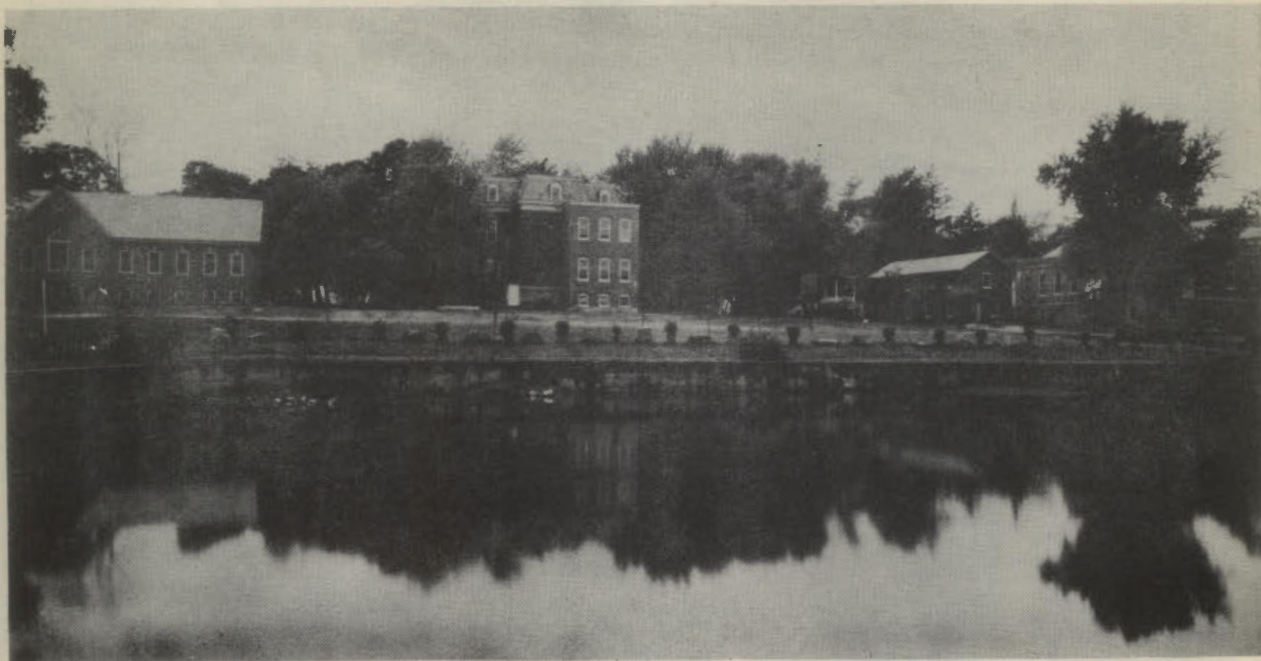
Bond's Hotel at Beach Haven was perhaps one of the most noted hostelrys on the shore. Opened in 1851 by a Capt. Thomas Bond, a watchcase maker from Maiden Lane, New York, it was the rendezvous of the elite from Pennsylvania and New York for many years. The building was finally torn down in 1908. The dining room door, covered with the carved names and initials of the "who's who" of its time, is now in the MUSEUM of the BEACH HAVEN LIBRARY. Bond's had bowling alleys, a billiard room and a flock of sheep that assured the guests of real spring lamb at all seasons. Captain Bond, a leader in life saving, equipped a "House of Refuge" with the best paraphernalia obtainable for rescue work. On one occasion his men rescued some 400 famished immigrants from the ship Georgia. Guards were necessary to keep them under control while food was being prepared, but not one person was hungry when the passengers left for New York. In those days there was much shipping; in a single day in 1876 Bond's log recorded 7 steamers, 2 ships, 2 barks and 180 schooners passing. Bond ultimately lost his property and depended upon friends in his last years. He died at 93 and was buried in Tuckerton, across the bay.

Extending below the borough of Beach Haven for a distance of 2 m., the township of Long Beach terminates in a flat rounded beach of gray-white sand. Almost at the point is the new Bond's Coast Guard Station. Coast Guard boats are kept in Barnegat Bay because of the shelter thus afforded and because the distance around the point and into the ocean is so short that it can be traversed very quickly.





# The Factor of Environment



Photos by Rubel

## Pleasant Surroundings Help Rehabilitation at the Jamesburg State Home

VICTOR N. LOVE

At the New Jersey State Home for Boys at Jamesburg, New Jersey the WPA has contributed in a small way toward the realization of the aims of the superintendent, Mr. Calvin Derrick.

With an enrollment of over four hundred boys between the ages of eight and sixteen years, this corrective institution warrants recognition as an example of modern institutional planning. Coming from homes where the loss of either or both parents has created chaos in otherwise normal lives, where inharmonious conditions have left an almost indelible mark upon impressionable youths, these boys are placed

in a Reception Cottage for about four weeks, during which time they are examined by the psychologists, the educational director, the disciplinarian, the dentist, and the psychiatrist. The doctor also gives a physical examination and administers immunization treatment.

The above-mentioned specialists and the Superintendent confer with the parole officer who has coincidentally investigated the boy's home and, in the presence of the boy, determine the cottage in which he is to live, the grade in school to which he will be assigned, and the type of work he is to do.

Each cottage houses from 30 to 45





New addition to one of the cottages

boys and is presided over by a resident cottage father, a cottage mother, an assistant cottage father, and a night watchman. Colored boys under white officers live in four separate cottages, eat, by cottages, in the same dining room with the white boys, and go to school, work, and play with the white boys.

Boys go to school half a day and work half a day. Some boys work all day. The school has all grades from the first to the tenth and, in addition to all academic subjects for those grades, also includes auto mechanics, advanced woodworking, printing, scouting, physical training, tailoring, shoemaking, mechan-

ical drawing, typing, mimeographing, orchestra, band, weaving, hooked rug making, applied art, manual training, sheet metal, and clay modeling. The school also directly supervises all work done in maintenance shops.

All of the foregoing find their counterparts in the vocational work of the boys with the addition of farming, dairying, poultry husbandry, painting, papering, electrical work, masonry, plastering, laundering, baking, canning, cooking, sewing, darning, waiting on tables, making beds, etc., etc.

Over a period of a year, three WPA projects, employing 163 workers, have contributed many improvements

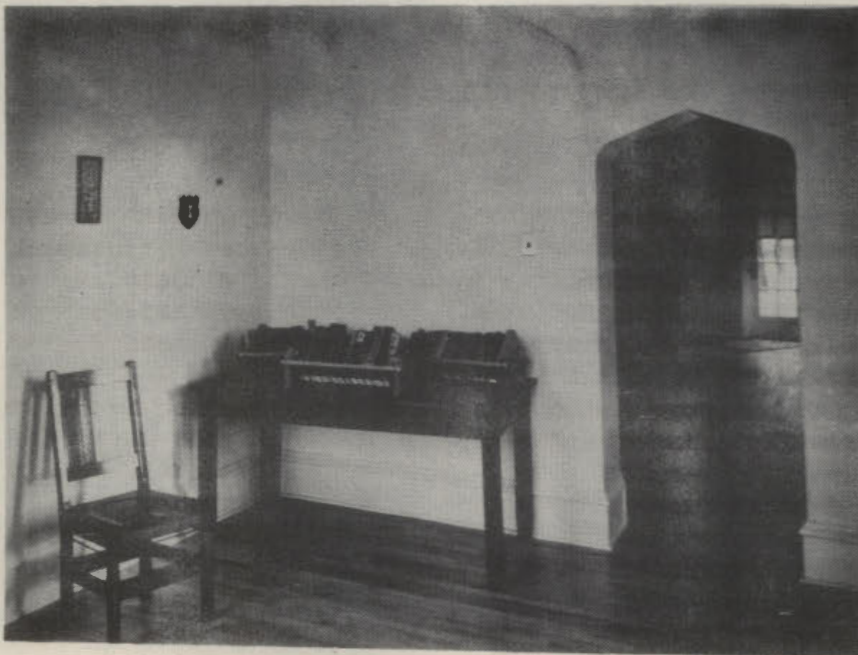


which, in some measure, help consummate the aim of Mr. Derrick to carry on a corrective program embodying the important factor of environment. The \$20,950 contributed by the Federal Government has had \$3,380 added as the sponsor's (SHB) share in a WPA program which has included improved ground drainage of the entire farm area, the realignment and cleaning out of existing ditches, the installation of concrete pipe lines, grading, and the laying out and construction of walks. Old fences have been repaired and a new fence built around the pasture, orchard, and truck farm. In addition, an extension has been added to one of the cottages and general interior and exterior painting has been done.

All of these things are evident, and, although comparatively small, contribute somewhat toward Mr. Derrick's vision of a favorable environment which makes its subtle imprint on impressionable youths whose average total stay at the school is about sixteen months.

It has long been recognized that feelings form the vast undercurrent of behavior in many ways. In some instances the character of the feelings is surprisingly uniform for all persons. In other cases, the quality of the feelings aroused in a specific situation is peculiar to the individual. Such idiosyncrasies are well known, particularly those associated with color and color combinations, with lines and curves, and with areas of specified proportion.

From a psychological standpoint, who can actually evaluate the individual and perhaps lasting benefits received from the vista of broad acres of cultivated ground entirely free from the customary restricting prison wall or fence; the purposeful arrangement of buildings, trees, shrubbery, walks, and lawns; the cheerfulness of the newer and lighter paint on buildings whose unbarred windows look in upon further changes from the oppressive drabness usually pictured as part and parcel of a reform institution?



Study hall in new building



# What's in a Name?

## New Jersey Municipalities Derive Names from a Long and Varied History

FRED EPPELSHEIMER

One of the winter-night indoor pastimes of New Jersey, when the cider was going round in provincial days, was the naming of settlements, mountains, lakes, rivers and bogs. Indians, Swedes, Dutch, Scots and English in turn passed judgment on the juice of the forbidden fruit, and were inspired to give titles to every feature of the landscape they were able to see. None of them could spell or pronounce the names given by the others; so their tongues twisted strange words. Long poetic Indian names became something short, sometimes harsh. Others became half and half of Indian and Dutch. The loyal English honored their gracious sovereign at many stage stops on the King's highways.

Then there were the Smiths, the Browns, Joneses, Johnsons. All built sawmills and gristmills beside the streams. Each built a house beside the mill, and others came and built houses beside the miller's. He cut quite a figure, made money and swung the delegates. The place just naturally got in line and took his name without a vote.

But later came war, union of scattered colonies, a nation born. The villagers were suddenly aware of Washington, Adams, Hancock, Hamilton, of Franklin, Stockton, and looking backward, of Columbus, Henry Hudson and Captain Cornelius Mey. Around the stove it was decided that the time had come for many things. So they drove the Tories into jail or the woods, shot the King's portrait

off the tavern signboard and pushed a platoon of Smiths and other millers from Colonial pedestals. Thus they made way for heroes of the day, whose names are found in the list of New Jersey post offices.

In many towns the people clung, however, to memories of things that had been. They drove out the Indian, fought the King and ruled the Dutch and Swedish languages out of court, but left their names in the geography books, deeds and records.

Some of the old names are obvious in meaning, some are cryptograms to a generation of puzzlers, others curious in origin. To the Quaker custom of plain speaking may be laid the earliest name of Chesterfield, Burlington County, which was Fools-town. Later this was changed to Recklesstown, due to the activities of its leading citizen, Joseph Reckless, a mill owner. He does not appear to have lived up to the name, however, beyond taking the risks of business in good times and bad. For the sake of its reputation, however, the town felt obliged finally to make the change to Chesterfield.

Scrabbletown nearby, then a tavern with six or seven cottages around it, followed the fashion thus established and took the name of Georgetown, a smiling village that is trying to live down its past struggles with poor sandy soil on the edge of the pine country.

The name of Stop-the-Jade Run near Vincentown recalls slavery in New Jersey. It came from the trou-



bles of Thomas Budd, an early settler of large property holding, including slaves, who founded Buddtown, a few miles farther up the stream. Among his slaves was a young woman who fled from his house and disappeared. Budd issued notices, posted in many villages, offering a reward for her return. All closed with the appeal "Stop the jade." This request met with much jesting, with the result that the stream became known as Stop-the-Jade Run.

Jacksonville, Burlington County, rejoices in the name of "Old Hickory" -- President Andrew Jackson -- assumed at a time when this region gave up timber cutting for a living and took to farming and politics. Before Jackson's time the place had a rough-and-ready reputation as Slabtown, due to its use of slabs in buildings. These were the outside curved slices from logs sawn in Slabtown's sawmills. Slabs are still used in Jersey summer resorts as the outside covering of cabins.

Approaching Atlantic City on U.S. Highway 40, east of McKee City, is a thoroughfare that thrills the tourist by thrusting at him the name of Delilah Road. Who is she and where? The answer to the first question comes a little later when he reaches the junction of Tilton Road. Here the shade of Henry Ward Beecher, eminent clergyman and abolitionist, comes into mind, defendant in the celebrated case of Tilton vs. Beecher for alienation of a wife's affections. The entire country argued the merits of the suit for many months and Egg Harbor Township here set forth its views in the names of its two main highways.

Freehold was afflicted for a century and more with Jugtown hanging to its coattails. It clung first to Mount's Corners, now West Freehold, where Moses Mount kept a tavern from 1800 to 1836, succeeded then by his grandson. The procession of jugs that went back and forth at this tavern is believed to have given the

name of Jugtown to the locality. When a new name was given to the post office in 1880 Jugtown promptly moved to Five Corners, near Jerseyville. In this neighborhood there were cider mills and rumors of applejack distilled from cider.

Elsinboro Township in Salem County took its name from Fort Elsborg, built there by the Swedes in 1638. The Swedes fought a losing battle with the Jersey mosquito, nicknamed their fort "Mosquito Town" and finally moved farther north. A Dutch fleet took sides with the mosquitoes and ended New Sweden forever. John Fenwick and his Quaker colony, coming a few years later, sought harmony and named their settlement Salem, meaning "peace." They pacified all but the mosquitoes, who have shed the blood of Dutch, Swedes and Quakers and their descendants for 300 years and may be present, invited or not, at the coming anniversary of the Swedish settlements in 1938.

Atlantic City is old Absecon Island of the Colonial days, meaning in Lenape "place of the swans." Henry Hudson and other Dutch explorers along the coast reported having seen large numbers of these and other wild birds at "Absegami." There is still a Swan Pond a few miles south of the island in the salt marsh and some of the birds have been seen in the migrating season.

Bayonne is built on old Constable's Hook, its name varied from the Dutch Konstaple or "gunner." When New Amsterdam was little more than a fort and trading post in 1646, one of its gunners, Jacob Rey, obtained a grant of land at Nipnichsen or "drink nothing" across the Hudson River and built a home there, giving the name to the hook or point of land. Present day Bayonnites disagree on the origin of the town's name, which is the same as that of a famous French city.

Secaucus is an Indian name translated "place of great snakes," probably so named by its residents after



meeting the Dutch traders who exchanged schnapps for valuable furs. A large Erie Railroad yard is there now but the railroaders disclaim knowledge of the reptiles.

Residents of a Gloucester County village woke up in 1842 to learn that for 70 years they had been living in a town with the name of an Indian hell or "place of the evil god." The latter is the interpretation of Squankum, former name of the town, now Williamstown. The word is Algonquin and widely used among many Indian tribes, according to Charles A. Philhower, authority on Indians, a variation being Squantam, a Boston suburb. New Englanders brought the name Squankum to Monmouth County, New Jersey, soon after 1700. A resident of that place, Deacon Israel Williams, bought the land that is now Williamstown in 1772, and settled there, naming it for his Monmouth home town. When they obtained a post office, Williamstown folk set the matter right by cutting out the devil and naming the good deacon in his place. By some compromise with evil, however, the name of Squankum was allowed to remain on the creek flowing from the town, though there were then two taverns within its limits.

Looking at Magnolia, Burlington County, it is hard to visualize the place as Turkeytown and still more difficult to think of it as Scrapetown. The wild turkey was a Jersey fowl and Indian totem, however, many centuries before the white man arrived. The white hunters long came to Turkeytown on the frontier of the wild pine country to round up their holiday feast. One explanation of Scrapetown is the turkey-shooting contests winding up sometimes in quarrels between home talent and other experts with "Long Betsy," the muzzle-loader of early Americans. These ended in many "scrapes" for hotheaded youth. When ambition and culture blossomed in Scrapetown, it plucked a new name from the magno-

lia, of which there were many in the gardens.

In the Lincoln Presidential campaign a village blacksmith near Salem wore a cocked hat in a parade, intimating that Lincoln's opponent would be knocked into the hat. The hat took a costume prize for the blacksmith, who nailed it over the door of his shop, and his townsmen expressed their delight by naming the village Cocked Hat.

Hagerville, a Negro settlement in Salem County, bears the name of a woman slave who was burned at the stake by sentence of a court for assisting in the murder of Roger Sheron in 1708. The name is Biblical, that of a left-handed wife of Abraham. Her son, Ishmael, aroused the anger of Sarah and both mother and child were driven into the wilderness. Ishmael later became the father of the Ishmaelites or Bedouins, "whose hand is against every man."

Cat Tail, a village and the brook of the same name in Monmouth County, tell no tales of feline anguish due to separation. Long ago they produced plenty of cat-tail rushes. These supplied rush bottoms for chairs from their leaves and lighters or candles from the punk in their spikes.

Millburn is trying to forget that it was once called Rum Run. A brook that empties into the Rahway River here was once used by illicit distillers whose operations were detected when the fish in the brook came to grief from its alcoholic content.

Broadway in Warren County denies any connection with the Great White Way of Manhattan. Its name refers to "a broad way," where the State highway passes through the place.

Quibblatown was the name by which New Market, near Plainfield, was known for nearly a century, after a Seventh-Day Baptist Church was formed in 1707, seceding from the First-Day Baptists. The resulting discussion was State-wide and other



churches of the new denomination were organized. In the Revolution Washington's soldiers, camped here, wrote about the dispute and dubbed the village Squabbletown.

Sodom appears to have been popular a century ago. Two New Jersey towns were listed by that name, one now Hainesburgh in Warren County, the other in Hunterdon County, later known as Clarkesville. What sins gained this distinction were not mentioned, but the same name was conferred on Esopus, N. Y., in the period following the Revolution by an evangelist preaching repentance.

Wild hogs have vanished from the State, but there was a time when the pine barrens yielded a living to small droves of the animals, usually in marshy spots. They are believed to have been bred from domestic hogs that heard the call of the wild like Jack London's dog and ran away from good homes with a future in pork and sausage. Hunters killed the wild droves years ago. But there survives the name of Hog Wallow on a village of berry pickers about seven miles south of Chatsworth on the improved county road that runs through the heart of the barrens. The former hog wallow now yields quantities of cranberries.

A Dutch scholar's explanation of Weehawken is that the name is combined from the Dutch "wee" or "woo" and Indian hawken, "place," or "place of woe," referring to the massacre of the Indians here in 1643 by Governor Kieft's soldiers. Others trace it to awie and kauken, meaning "end of the mountain" at the southern extremity of the Palisades.

Pumptown took its name a century ago from the town pump that every one there knew so well in the center of the road, and where men, horses and cattle passing through the place stopped to drink. The old well is still there, but the pump has gone the way of many others into junk. Edison made the place famous by building his first experimental e-

lectric trolley railway from Menlo Park to Pumputown.

Dutch scholars translate Totowa or Totua, as it appears in some early records, as "where you begin," referring to its place on the frontier of the Wild West of that day along the Passaic River.

Marshalltown, near Salem, is sometimes called Frogtown, one of its old names. The frog is a native of this section. There is a legend that the frog songs there at times were the pride of the county and that on a damp Sunday evening in springtime the chorus was able to drown the sermon of a preacher, who in despair cut it short and called on the choir for help.

The Torne, a hill at Boonton, has a name of Dutch origin from the word "toren" meaning a tower. The hill falls somewhat abruptly 300 feet to the abandoned Morris Canal and the Rockaway River, giving a broad ski jump for anyone who cares to try it.

Normahiggin Brook, near Westfield, has a name of Indian origin believed to be a variant from Nolon Maheguns, the name by which the creek is mentioned in an old deed. This is translated as "Women Maheguns" or Lenape Indians, sometimes called Mohicans. The Mohawks, one of the Six Nations, had conquered the Maheguns and commonly termed them "women." This term was used scornfully at a peace conference between the governors of New Jersey and Pennsylvania and of numerous Indian tribes that had warred on their frontiers, held at Easton in 1758.

Crosswicks, or Cross-week-sung, its ancient name, is believed to mean "house of separation," referring to a house nearby set apart for girls at a time when they were separated from the boys, and wherein they were initiated into a secret society of Indian women.

Indian acquaintance with iron ore in the Morris County hills as "sunk-en black stone" is disclosed in the



name of Succasunna, which they gave to this locality, now a town.

In Burlington County a little south of Jacksonville is the long deserted Copany Meeting House used as a Revolutionary hospital. The bridge over the creek at this point has been known since 1778 as Petticoat Bridge. A Hessian detachment of Howe's army retreating from Philadelphia then approached the town and the women, learning of it, hastily ripped up the planks on the bridge. One of them slipped and fell but a nail caught her petticoat, saving her from the water.

Retreat in Burlington County near Vincentown was first known as New Retreat. It obtained the name when a well-known forge manufacturer fled to the pine wilderness then here from Birmingham near Mount Holly on the approach of British invaders, fearing he would be seized like others and sent to the British prison ships because he had provided iron for Washington's forces.

Mantua, Gloucester County, took the name from an Indian tribe known as the Mantoos and Mantes. "Manta" is translated as meaning "frog," supposed to be the totem of the tribe living on the banks of Mantua Creek. The Indians have been gone nearly 200 years but the frogs have left descendants.

Fairfield once had the homely Dutch name of Gansegat or Goosegate, referring to the occupation of Dutch farmwives of Essex County who raised geese for the market and for their own feather beds and tables. Later English and Scotch settlers changed the name. But in the town now you may drive in Dutch Lane or Deepvaal Road, which the modern Fairfielders are proud to own.

Barnegat was mentioned by the Dutch explorer, Van der Donck, as Barendegat. In this form it is translated as "gate at the end of the barrens," or at the end of a long stretch of barren sandy coast, as it is.

There are about as many porches in Porchtown as in the neighboring Gloucester County towns of the same size. It is explained that the name has no relation to an easy seat in a rocking chair on a warm day, but that it was borrowed from Samuel Porch, a settler here a long time ago. In further proof of his activity it is cited that the town is built on Little Ease Run.

Blue Bell's name is believed to have originated in that of a tavern here at the junction of several Gloucester County roads leading to a stage route between the Delaware and Absecon. The same name was used by many taverns, one of them still in Philadelphia, built before the Revolution. The bell winning this popularity was the one calling the guests to dinner.

Ong's Hat is the queer name of a village that clings to the end of the pine country. The Ong family was among the first in this neighborhood. Tradition is that one of them, a young man, slighted a woman at a Saturday night dinner and that in her wrath she snatched the chimney-pot hat from his head and flung it far from her into the branches of a pine tree. There it remained for all the world to see and laugh over until time and the winds destroyed and removed it.

Mount Rose, near Hopewell, has a beautiful name selected by a schoolmaster of long ago because of the blossoms that grew here in the garden of a friend on Rocky Hill. Ill fortune followed the hamlet, however, one day in May, 1932. A truckman then passing along the road spied something gruesome that turned out to be the body of Baby Charles A. Lindbergh Jr., for the murder of whom Bruno Richard Hauptmann later died in the electric chair.

"An enclosed house" or fort, is the meaning ascribed to Manasquan in the Lenape language. It recalls that the New Jersey Indians of the coast, fishermen rather than warriors, often



fled from their fishing grounds to fastnesses when the fighting bands of the Six Nations arrived for summer diversion and a sea food diet. With others the Lenape traded their wampum for furs and other wares.

There are three explanations for the name of Saddle River. Some say the original topography of the area represented a saddle. Others say that the path along the banks of the river many years ago permitted travel on horseback only, so that the name of "saddle" was applied to the place. A third and most likely version concerns two land speculators from Scotland who surveyed the valley. Finding it so similar to another valley, Saddle Burn in Argylshire, Scotland, this name was applied to the locality by the two men.

There are two legends on the origin of the name of Half Acre, near Jamesburg. One is that many fights occurred around an old tavern, the Monroe Hotel here, causing the people of the county to name the place "Devil's Half Acre," later politely shortened to Half Acre. Another story is that in 1800 there were two roads passing the Monroe Hotel and that the owner, Daniel Lott, fenced off half an acre including the roads at the rear of the house to compel travelers to pass his front door. This gave the name of Half Acre to the neighborhood.

Piscataway is often shortened to S'cataway, although it has no connection with any undesirable feline. Meaning "when darkness falls," the name was applied to this section by settlers from New England who had formerly lived on the New Hampshire river of the same name.

Oakland in Bergen County once was the site of an Indian village and was known to the Minnesink tribe as Iacapogh, their name for the wild plum, which in Colonial days was

common through the State, and is still found in many places. Yaw-paw has been in use as an American variation.

Oradell's poetic title is of Indian origin and has been translated as "margin of the valley."

Tenafly is Dutch, probably from Thyne Vly or "Garden Valley," the name also given by Arent Schuyler and his syndicate to a vast tract they cut into small farms on Pompton Plains prior to 1700.

At East Orange is Ampere Station on the Lackawanna, a residential section named for the famous French physicist who gave his name also to the international unit of electrical current intensity. A bas-relief likeness and tablet to his memory have been placed in the railway station.

Whippany is translated from the Lenape as the "place of the arrow wood" or willow.

To the South Jersey Indians of the Turkey Clan, Tuckahoe is said to have meant "where the deer are shy."

Hopatcong revels in the poetic Indian name that tells of "honey waters in many caves."

The Pequannock Valley that has long supplied drinking water to Newark and other towns was to the Indians "the cleared land." Tradition does not tell how it was cleared but forest fires that have denuded so much land in historic times seem a likely explanation.

Timbuctoo, a hamlet close to Mount Holly, is a Negro settlement and is named for the Negro metropolis of the same name in West Africa, part of the French Sudan colony. This latter was long a center of the slave trade which preyed on the Africans under Arab domination, and the name may have risen from memories of a former slave who had found freedom but could not forget.



# Saved!

## Conquering an Underground Enemy

WILLIAM J. COFFEY

Proceedings in connection with the antiquated sewerage system of Pleasantville were happily avoided when the WPA offered assistance. That was in the fall of 1935. Since then a complete sewage disposal plant has been built and sewers laid, now giving Pleasantville one of the most up-to-date systems to be found anywhere in the United States. This operation was completed in less than one and a half years. The system now can take care of 60,000 inhabitants. Pleasantville has a population of 13,000.

The value of this modern system of sewage disposal to a city depending mainly on its residential qualifications for its existence, is incalculable. The rescue of its large and beautiful bay from pollution, thereby leading to the revival of its former oyster and shellfish industry and recreational features, is another important result. Overtopping everything, however, was the resultant benefit to the health of its residents, menaced by a faulty sewerage and poisoned terrain.

So critical has this situation become that the State Board of Health threatened immediate proceedings unless the city took remedial action. The municipality was helpless to undertake such an enterprise, its finances being at a low ebb. It was then that WPA stepped in and offered aid in building a new sewerage system. The city thankfully accepted.

In passing it should be said that

many citizens had gained a livelihood out of the bay around Pleasantville until the State Board of Health made a test of the water and found it polluted due to the sewage from the city being pumped into it. The Board prohibited any bathing, fishing, clamming or oyster gathering whatever from its waters.

Then followed the mandatory order to bring the sewer system up to date.

The entire cost of the system -- sewage plant and sewer extensions, is \$322,979. WPA spent \$134,260 on the disposal plant while the City of Pleasantville contributed \$44,678. On the sewer extension, WPA supplied \$108,000 for labor; \$9,456 for material; \$7,574 for equipment and \$2,000 for miscellaneous incidentals; a total of \$127,030. To this Pleasantville contributed \$16,911.88, making a grand total of \$143,941.88. For the sewage disposal plant WPA supplied 200 to 250 men from November 11, 1935 until April 7, 1937.

Insofar as WPA is concerned, Work Projects Nos. 59-64, 59-382 and 59-117 are finished, but the City of Pleasantville did not have enough material to place the entire plant in operation; however, the dual feature of the set-up makes it possible to use a half unit to take care of the present sewerage requirements of the City.

The Sewage Disposal Plant is located on the old Turnpike close to the Bay and extends from Pleasant-





Pouring concrete for sedimentation and digestion tanks

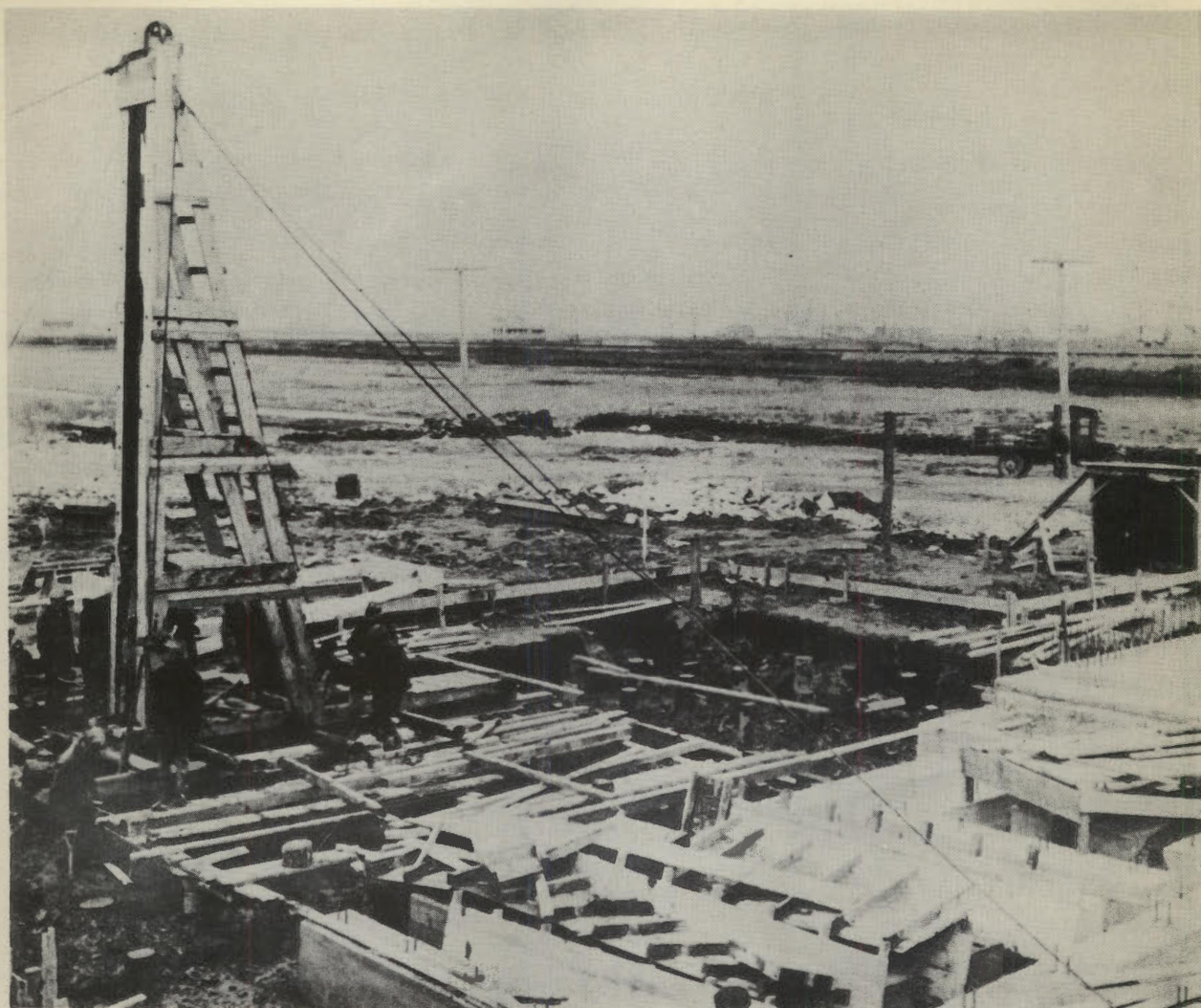
ville Avenue to Hughes Avenue, to a point 350 ft. 6 inches from the Bay. The building is of brick construction on a concrete foundation. It houses a pump room with two electric turbine pumps, a chlorine room and an office laboratory.

Specifications drawn by the sponsor's engineers called for 16-foot piling for the foundations. After seventy-eight of these were driven, WPA engineers insisted on a soil test. A test box was built of lumber and filled with sand. With a 6-ton load the piling sank two inches, but when a pile hammer was brought into operation the piling sank an additional three feet to the refusal

point. All 16-foot piling was then ordered removed and 20-foot ones were substituted. These carried a load of 22 tons. A total of 556 20-foot pilings were driven for the foundation of the building and the tanks.

At the very start, weather conditions were adverse for outside work and to expedite matters and save the sponsors considerable money on the rental of equipment, a half dozen windbreaks were erected to protect the workers. During the cold weather in November and December of '35 and January and February of '36, the men worked in two five-hour shifts, due to the fact that the sponsors failed





Driving 20-foot pilings for sewage disposal plant

to supply material fast enough. Each shift worked two hours with an hour of rest to warm up in the shed that was erected to house the tools.

After the completion of the main building, work was started on the tanks. Adjoining the main building are two contact tanks, one on each side, measuring 14 feet 3 inches by 21 feet 5 inches; also two sedimentation tanks, 100 feet by 19 feet -- one on each side of the building. Four sludge-digestion tanks, 23 feet by 16 feet, are also located on each side of the building. All of the tanks are of concrete construction.

There are also four sludge-drying beds, 100 feet by 74 feet, composed

of eight-inch terra cotta trunk lines and six-inch terra cotta laterals in addition to eight lines of six-inch terra cotta laterals running to the trunk lines.

Under the old system, the sewage flowed into the plant, where it was treated with chlorine and pumped out into the Bay in its entirety.

Now, under the new system, the sewage is still allowed to flow into the old plant. From there it is pumped into the sedimentation tanks at the new plant and from there to the sludge-digestion tanks, where it is digested for a period of three weeks. This is done to kill bacteria. From the digestion tanks the



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sewage is allowed to run on to the sludge beds, which are composed of three inches of one-quarter inch gravel; three inches of three-quarter inch gravel; three inches of one and one-half inch gravel and topped with six inches of filter sand, the sludge remaining on top of the beds. Farmers then cart this away for fertilizer. The water from the wet sludge seeps down through the filter bed and returns by gravity to the building, where it is chlorinated and pumped into the Bay.

In order to protect the plant from high water due to storms and to

hold the fill on which the building was erected, a sod bank was built. This is 6 feet high, with a 10-foot base tapering to a top four feet wide. Approximately 10,000 cubic feet of earth was required for the fill.

To complete Pleasantville's Sewerage System it was necessary to lay 18,600 feet of eight-inch terra cotta pipe with four-inch laterals in the streets to carry the load to the Disposal Plant. This work was done under Work Project No. 59-117 and at times there were 75 men engaged on this work.



Cuernavaca — a linoleum cut by MARGARET LENTE RAOUL



Left to right --  
 Canio --  
     Ralph Errolle  
 Nedda --  
     Marthe Errolle  
 Silvio --  
     John Meade  
 Beppe --  
     Pasquale Armeno  
 Tonio --  
     Robert Kelso  
 Leading characters  
 in Leoncavallo's  
 I Pagliacci, at  
 Mosque Theatre,  
 Newark, April 23rd



## FEDERAL MUSIC PROJECT



Errolle conducting rehearsal of orchestra and cast. Approximately the same cast of the Essex County Opera Company, a unit of the Federal Music Project of New Jersey, will produce Bizet's opera Carmen at the same theatre on June 18th, with Errolle in the leading role as Don Jose



# The Party

A short story

BERYL WILLIAMS

Celie sat down on a rock and hunched her shoulders up close together. This was halfway, this rock at the edge of the park, and she wished she could stay here forever. She didn't want to see the family and she didn't want to see the kids in school again. She didn't look forward to graduation or to entering high school in two days. She wished she could die right here.

If only she were in a June class there would be a summer between. But that's what came of being smart and skipping a term. She was graduating in February.

It was cold on the rock and Celie shuddered. Trees stood black and twisted against the gray sky. Halfway home and it was only 6:30. If she hadn't walked so fast -- but she had wanted to get away quickly.

Oh, it had all started off so well. The whole class had been excited, up in their own room. They had rushed about, cleaning out desks, collecting notebooks and papers from Miss Steele, going through their books with soft erasers and turning them in. And looking forward to the party and to walking home after it. Celie had been sure then, and very happy.

Even going down the stairs had been all right. There was jostling and hushed laughter. But once in the big kindergarten, with its ring of baby chairs and the worn floor patterned in pale yellow sunshine, things had changed. The boys had collected at one end of the room, in

a little knot of serge and sweated backs, and the girls had gathered at the other. The two groups whispered, each among itself, with little sparks of words and small laughs breaking off and flying out into the empty space between them.

Some of the girls had said silly things like, "Well, are those big bums going to stay up there all day?" and "Gosh, aren't boys the limit?" But they couldn't have really cared because they could talk about it. Celie stood about in a tense expectancy, gazing with wide open eyes at the sand box where the kindergarteners had begun a project on the Sahara desert. There were tiny palm trees and a paper tent to indicate an oasis.

Celie thought of the "Desert Song" and of Jack singing it to her under a palm tree. And in her heart she was sure that he was going to walk home with her. That after today she would be able to talk about Jack as Lillian talked about Ed, as Jean talked about Bert. "Gee, I was skating with Ed all yesterday afternoon; we didn't half get our arithmetic done." "So Bert said, I'll read the first ten pages and you read the next ten, and then we'll tell each other."

Miss Steele came into the room with a stack of phonograph records in her arm and laughed at them, standing like that.

"Come on," she said. "We're going to have a square dance. A Paul Jones. Get into circles. Boys on



the outside, girls inside. And march. When I clap my hands dance with the girl in front of you."

It had taken a little while. The boys, some of them, hung back. But finally they were started. Once Jack smiled at her across the circle and Celie felt her heart jump. They marched around, stumbling a little sometimes, as some one's heels were kicked by someone's toes.

And then Miss Steele clapped her hands.

Well, Celie might have known it would happen. Jack was five boys away, and the two boys nearest Celie reached awkwardly for the two girls on either side of her. The music swept on and the circle was broken up into bobbing, sliding couples. Celie was standing alone.

"There's Celie, Frank," Miss Steele was saying. "She hasn't got a partner either. Quickly, dance with Celie."

And miserable, feeling his arms reluctant about her, she had sensed his anger at this conspicuousness, known that he hated her too for being a part of it.

Frank's face was sullen and Celie was silent. The music went on and on. Miss Steele clapped and they marched again, danced again. Celie was paired with stupid oafish John that time. John wasn't even going to high school. He couldn't spell.

Finally they had stopped and there had been games. Once, in Going to Jerusalem, Jack had been opposite her when the music stopped and he had said "Here's a chair. Quick, Celie." And she had hurried but Dorothy got there before her. Dorothy's warm brown eyes had laughed up into Jack's blue ones and she had said "Hello, handsome." Jack had laughed too. Celie was out of the game.

After a while Dorothy said she knew a game. Miss Steele let her tell about it. All the girls were to go into the cloakroom and the boys were to sit in alternate chairs

in a big circle. They would each choose a girl and then the girls would come out one at a time and sit at the right of the boys they believed had named them.

In the cloakroom they laughed and giggled, all but Celie and little Edith, who never laughed at anything. They could hear the boys laughing outside. Would Jack choose her? Celie was almost sure he would, but did she dare chance it? No. Better not chance it than be wrong. She couldn't stand it if she should be wrong. Better --

There was her name being called. With head high Celie marched out and sat down next to John. The class all laughed. "Wrong! Wrong!" they shouted. Celie got up and went to the corner. Three girls were there already. It wasn't so bad. They weren't laughing at her. They were laughing at John. He had grown very red.

They played guessing games and then My Grandmother's Trunk. Celie was good at those but that was no help. It was no help to be smart.

And finally it was time for ice cream. It was while they were standing in line for it that Jack came near her and said, in his low polite voice, "Why didn't you sit next to me? I chose you."

Celie got up from the rock and put her cold hands in her pockets. She might as well go on.

Jack had said, "I chose you." And what had Celie done? Celie, whose heart had given a great leap to feel him there beside her, saying those words. Celie had laughed.

"Oh, did you?" she had said. And laughed.

Jack had gone away then, to help Miss Steele, and Celie had eaten her ice cream with Edith. They had talked a little about graduation, and Celie hadn't been able to taste the ice cream.

A little while later Miss Steele was saying "Now get along with you. It's getting dark. Be here at ten



o'clock tomorrow morning, promptly. In the room behind the auditorium. Promptly, now."

And there had been a general rush for the cloakroom, a lot of talking, a lot of people saying "Good night, Miss Steele."

Celie had reached down for her rubbers. Dorothy's feet came and stood near hers, and then Jack's feet were there. Celie could have touched them.

"Hold this, will you, Jack." It was Dorothy's warm voice, confident, sure.

"Going my way?" it went on. "Want to walk me down?"

And after a little pause Jack's polite "Sure. Sure I do."

Blindly Celie stood up, reached for her hat. Dorothy was at the cloakroom door. I must get out of here right away, Celie was thinking. But there was Jack in front of her.

"Celie," he said. "Celie, I've got to walk home with Dorothy. She asked me."

"Sure." She was buttoning her coat. The button stuck. Well, let it go.

"Well, look, wouldn't you --"

"Good night," Celie said, and hurried past him, out the door, across the empty school room, with its stacks of paper plates, the little Sahara desert, the quiet piano.

Why couldn't she have waited? Found out what it was he was going to say? But if it was to ask her to walk with Dorothy and him she couldn't have done it anyway.

Celie had walked very fast, and the wind had been cold on her wet

cheeks.

There was the house, with a light in the dining room. They would be eating. She had told them not to wait.

"Hello," said Celie gayly, pushing open the door.

"Well, hello there. You're early. Have a good time, dear?"

"How was the party? Someone walk home with you?" That was Father.

"Get a plate, dear. I didn't set one for you."

"Did you have fun, Sissy?" Little Cynthia's eyes were wide. "Did you gradjate?"

If only she could have gone straight to her room, locked the door, refused to talk to anybody. Girls in books did that. Or if she could tell them that Jack had wanted to walk home with her -- or had he? Couldn't he have said no to Dorothy if he wanted to?

Celie reached a plate from the shelf and carried it into the dining room.

"You didn't come home alone, did you, in the dark?" Father was asking again. Concern made his voice harsh.

"Oh sure. I ran out on those dumbbells. A party's bad enough, without having to walk home with them afterward."

And "Oh, swell -- meat loaf! And baked potatoes!" Celie sounded very pleased. "The ice cream was terrible. Give me a lot."

But could she swallow? Could she swallow anything?

Celie looked blindly at the filled plate in front of her and slowly she picked up her fork.

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## DR. CHEW'S FALSE TEETH

Edwin Chew of Salem, N. J., many years ago turned from blacksmithing to dentistry and, as Dr. Chew, invented a new method of making false teeth. He made them out of sea shells. A set of them is in the possession of the Salem Historical Society and another set is in the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia where, also, is Dr. Chew's dentist's chair.



# DE GUSTIBUS NON DISPUTANDUM EST

Rudolph E. Kornmann

Mrs. Petrie always said,  
"The fairest flowers of all are red."  
A sunset or a cherry tart,  
a crimson melon on a cart,  
delight this dame's devouring eyes:  
Red is her color, and her vice.

But Mr. Petrie hungers for  
a hue his wife does not adore.  
When he goes buying vests or jams,  
or motor cars, or telegrams,  
he pouts that purple is obscene,  
he poohs at pink, he growls at green,  
For Mr. Petrie, jaundiced fellow,  
Goes into raptures over yellow.

In all but this,  
His wife and he  
Are mated  
Quite amicably.

For many maiden years, his wife .  
had lived a scarlet, carefree life,  
wore fourteen poppies in her hat  
and even though it kept her flat,  
Could not suppress a torrid flair  
For brilliant crimson underwear.

And Petrie's bachelorhood  
Had been  
Devoted to  
His saffron sin.

Yet so myopic is affection  
their foibles had escaped detection  
till after they were safely mated  
and -- so said the law -- related.  
Then Mrs. Petrie firmly said,  
"My dear, our love-nest must be red!"

And thus began  
An altercation  
Sustained throughout  
A generation.

How arbitrary are these twain,  
how foolish is their tilt, how vain,  
for, as I'm sure you will concur,  
orange is what we wise prefer.



## "Industrial Camden"



Part of industrial Camden; City Hall at lower right

Benson

### SAMUEL EPSTEIN

A picture of industrial Camden from soup to ships, with radio sets, talking machines, furniture, glazed kid and other leathers, buttons, chemicals, cigars, hosiery, petroleum products, cans, paint and varnish, soap, beer, cork products, periodicals, books and other commodities thrown in for a good measure, is compactly and attractively set forth in a 144-page booklet entitled "INDUSTRIAL CAMDEN," prepared by WPA Project No. 68-353. Written primarily for manufacturers, the book is a

candid picture of what Camden offers industry.

Section One is devoted to Camden, the city; its location, area, altitude, climate, history, population, vital statistics and health. In the concise style carried throughout, it lists the system of government, building permits, streets and street cleaning facilities; sewer and water facilities, fire and police protection, schools, libraries, hospitals, parks and playgrounds. Hotels and recreation facilities are also men-



tioned.

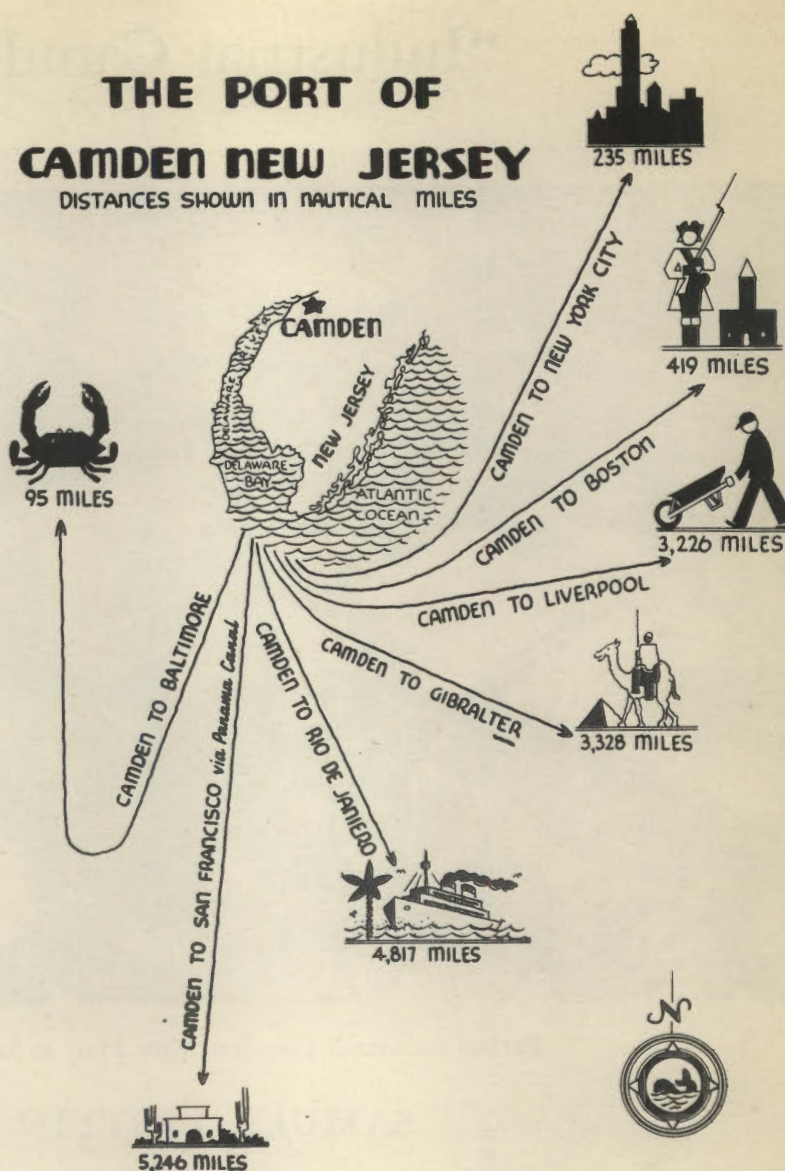
In Section Two, "Camden The Port," the book enters into a discussion of information pertinent to industry. It discusses the South Jersey Port Commission and its relation to Camden City, the trade routes from Camden to various world ports. A section of statistical tables shows cargo movements in and out of Camden and a discussion of marine terminal equipment follows. Sea traffic is a very important phase of Camden's life. "With the construction of carefully planned and publicly owned marine terminals at Camden, modern facilities for the shipment of goods by water, rail and highway are available to all desiring their use. These facilities are operated in the interest of the public and not for private gain." This paragraph from the text is ample evidence of the desire

of the city to cooperate with its industries and, therefore, with its inhabitants, because upon the activities of the manufacturers depends the prosperity of the population.

A chart showing the increase in cargo movements by months for the year 1936, and another comparing cargo movement through the Camden terminals for the years 1929-1936 inclusive, give the reader a graphic finger-tip picture of the expansion of the city. "The cargo tonnage movement through the Camden Marine

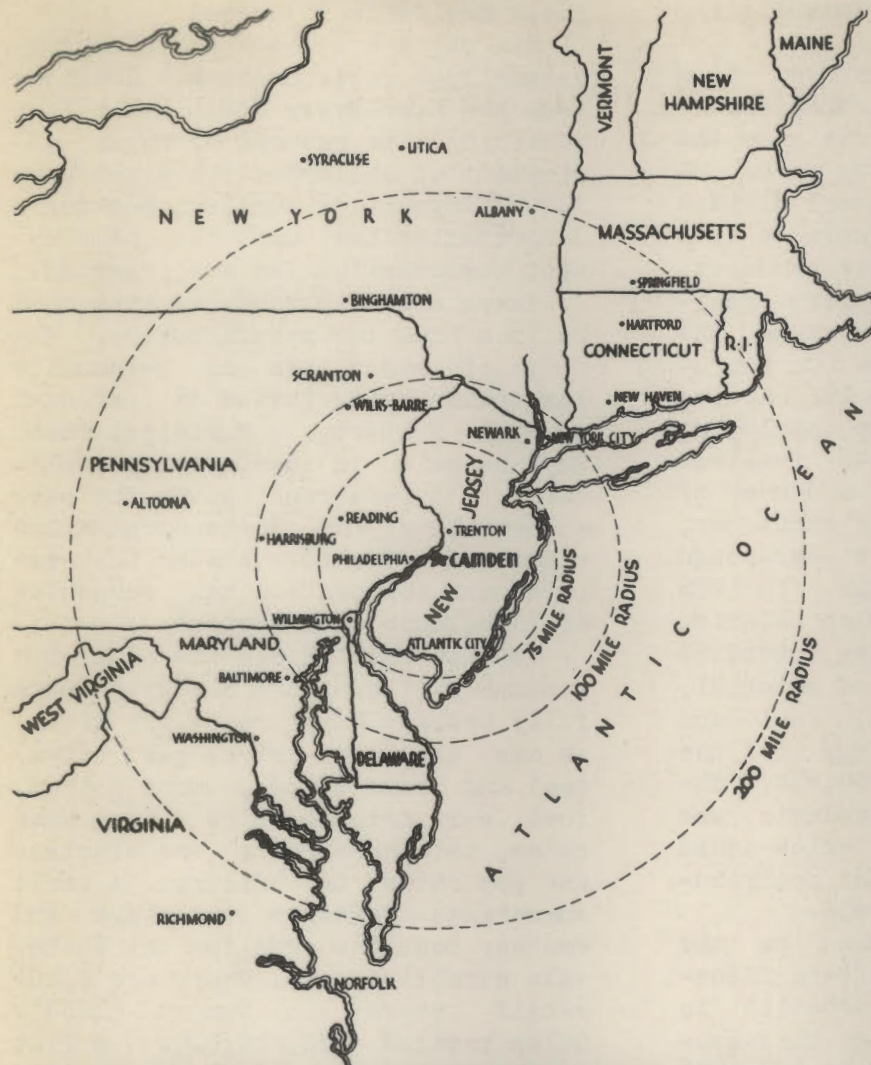
## THE PORT OF CAMDEN NEW JERSEY

DISTANCES SHOWN IN NAUTICAL MILES



Terminals has increased in volume each year since 1931, when the new Beckett Street Terminal was opened for operation. The number of vessels calling at the Terminals during this same period has shown a remarkable increase from 108 ships in 1931, to 639 in 1936. Since the completion of the Beckett Street Terminal, which affords unsurpassed facility for the trans-shipment of water-borne commerce, many of the inter-coastal and coastwise steamship lines have made the Port of Camden a regular sched-





CAMDEN OFFERS A GREAT INDUSTRIAL TRADE AREA

uled port of call, this being one of the principal reasons for the growth in business and the much greater number of vessels arriving at and departing from the Terminals."

A total of 221,668 tons of cargo was handled over the docks of the Camden Marine Terminals in 1936. This represents 20.68% increase in tonnage movement over the amount handled in 1935. The inbound tonnage totaled 99,513 tons, an increase of 28.62% over 1935, and the outbound tonnage 122,155 tons, an increase of

14.90% as compared with 1935.

An idea of the scope of marine shipping may be gleaned from this paragraph on tonnage distribution.

"The import tonnage consisted chiefly of the following commodities: woodpulp from Norway, Sweden and Finland; fertilizer materials from Chile, South America, Germany and Norway; lumber and lumber products from British Columbia; and cork from Spain, Portugal and Mediterranean ports. These products are raw materials used by Camden industries and in many instances the manufactured articles made from these materials are shipped outbound through the Terminals, by water, consigned to foreign and domestic markets."

A symbol chart showing the distance in nautical miles from the Port of Camden to such places as San Francisco, Rio de

Janeiro, Gibraltar, New York and Boston is inserted in this section to show more clearly than words can express the ease with which imports and exports move from Camden to almost every corner of the world.

Such important facts as the low-tide depth, fresh water facilities, light and telephone connections are included in this section. A paragraph is devoted to charges and rates applying to the terminals. So complete is the book that wharfage charges, receiving and delivering



charges, electric light and power charges, mechanical equipment charges and the rates for fresh water are all listed. Naturally, this listing is subject to change.

Section Three is devoted to a picture of industries already existing in Camden. Bar charts show the location of industries by wards. A three-year employment chart divided into male and female workers, a list of the manufacturers, their products, number of employees, the firm president and plant manager, show the scope of Camden industry. On February 1, 1937, there were 281 active industries in the city, employing 25,826 males and 15,042 females. Because the business of a number of the firms is seasonal in character, the numbers given show a year-round average rather than a peak. In 1935 wages in Camden, including salaried officers and employees, totaled \$29,544,107. The cost of material, containers for products, fuel and purchased electric energy for the same year totaled \$71,930,696. The total value of the products was \$141,788,102, while the value added by manufacture, the direct contribution of Camden, \$69,857,406.

Section Four continues on the theme of what Camden offers industry. Railroad transportation is taken up first. Treating this subject very much in the same way that marine transportation was handled in an earlier section, the book shows at a glance the number of railroads, bus lines, ferries, truck lines and air lines that are available to Camden and vicinity. Charts and symbol drawings are used with good effect. Because of the proximity of Camden to Philadelphia, a section is devoted to transportation across the river between Camden and Philadelphia.

Communication service is taken up in detail. The various telegraph and radio services are described, as are telephone facilities. In 1932 there were 13,071 telephones in the city. In 1936 there were 14,286, reflect-

ing again the steady growth.

Of vital interest to any manufacturer are the banking facilities. These are fully discussed.

Six pages are devoted to employer-employee relationships. Sections from the New Jersey State Labor laws governing the payment of wages, employment of children, the eight-hour law, employment of females, Workmen's Compensation Law, and the unemployment compensation law are inserted.

Taxes are discussed, as they must be in a book for manufacturers. The City of Camden has no mercantile tax, taxes being levied on personal or real property. Municipal taxes may be paid in quarterly installments. A paragraph gives the bare essentials of the State corporation taxes and a footnote states that tax rates and corporation tax schedules are available upon request.

Section Five closes the book with a summary of subjects discussed more fully before. Water rates are given, as are electric rates, gas rates, coal and coke prices, wood prices, fuel oil prices, fire insurance rates, telephone rates and electric and gas rates to industry. A table summarizes Camden's retailers and another does the same for the wholesale establishments. There are 2,089 retail stores in Camden (1935). Sales totaled \$38,705,000. A list of the building and loan associations in Camden, together with their assets, closes the story.

The entire booklet is the work of WPA Project No. 68-353, a project of seven people under the direct supervision of Arthur M. Taylor and under the general supervision of the Women's and Professional Projects, whose State Director is Elizabeth C. Denny Vann. Working without fanfare, this small project gathered all the statistics, made the charts and prepared the book for publication in six weeks. The value of the book can only be suggested in this brief review, but little need be said about it. The book speaks for itself.



# A Children's Theatre

Federal Theatre Project Presents  
The Emperor's New Clothes

HAROLD J. SMITH

Naturally enough, when most people hear Children's Theatre they think of Peter Pan, the dancing Kutie Kids and, those more conversant with modern educational methods, Rhythm Bands and Christmas Pageants. They are all consistent, however, in that they believe Children's Theatres are composed entirely of children, and the audiences entirely of parents who greet their offsprings' antics with gurgles of surprised delight, no matter what, short of mayhem. Nothing of the sort! Real Children's Theatres are for children, not by them. The grown-ups are actors and the children the audiences and critics.

The Federal Theatre of New Jersey is particularly suited for a Children's Theatre. It is what is known as a "natural." The old timers schooled in the theatre of grand gestures, bravuras and tremolos, literally go to town on our present script, The Emperor's New Clothes, written by Charlotte Chorpenning. Together with the vitality and imagination of the younger element of our theatre, the mixture presents a made-to-order combination that supplies just the right elements of vivid imaginary appeal that a Children's Theatre should have.

But don't get the idea that to put on a children's play is merely a matter of judicious casting. On the contrary, there is not only nothing "merely" about it, but quite a good deal -- or almost entirely super, super theatre and a possible stu-

pendous. The toughest audience in the world is a bunch of kids, always has been, but is especially so today when the ordinary honesty of children is enhanced by present-day sophistication. It is no longer a problem of presenting a beautiful fairy tale, beautifully presented. It is now necessary to build a credible story, logically told, applicable to the child audiences' modern, social morality. Moreover, it must be presented in such a manner as will do credit to the actors and directors, who find themselves placed, by the children, in juxtaposition to Mickey Mouse and colossal motion pictures as their standards of comparison. They are satisfied to justify neither a gesture nor a complete production on the assumption that it is "art." They care nothing for art, and furthermore, are not even remotely interested. If the production is artistic, that is, if it satisfies the above-mentioned requirements, it will satisfy our customers, the kids. Things in a production that a "mature" audience might let pass, kids will boo. They are funny that way.

And so you can see the difficulties of production that face the Federal Theatre staff in preparing The Emperor's New Clothes; difficulties that start where other production units end. Adele Gutman Nathan, who is staging and supervising the production, is a fountain of energy, and well might she be, for the production itself is a mass of details



that would challenge any producer. The production has been broken down and rehearsed in separate units -- the book by Lillian Young, all stage motion by Harold J. Smith, and the festival in act three, prepared with the help of Roy Sheldon. This pageant method should satisfy at least one of the elements of the Theatre. The cast of about eighty people includes aerial artists, clowns, bears, canaries, donkeys, troubadours, mob scenes, trick lighting, glittering costumes by Rhoda Rammelkamp, Chinese music by A. Lehman Engel. The set, designed by Rollo Wayne, transforms the whole theatre into a Chinese village, in a "never, never" land, somewhere between the ages of 5 and 40. The action takes place not only on the stage, but throughout

the entire auditorium. As a matter of fact, the stage could only be called the focal point where the most important action takes place. The children spectators are not inert onlookers, but part of the show. The actors mingle with them and provoke their interest and response; an exciting adventure, rather than just another interesting spectacle. The entire movement of the play is rhythmic, and it is really more of a huge dance than the usual realistic treatment, or more truly called "naturalistic." However, precedent in theatre history has pointed out the dangers of a too violent reaction to "naturalism." The directors are well aware of this. There is nothing in the production that can be called "decorative"; nothing so subtly sym-

Rehearsal of The Emperor's New Clothes





July 1937

belic that a five-year-old child can not understand. It isn't "arty," and the directors are careful upon insisting that every movement, every departure, every spoken line is motivated.

The Emperor's New Clothes is taken from the Hans Christian Andersen story of the same name. It is all about a foolish emperor who thought about nothing but his clothes and how Han, the wicked minister of his robes, swindles the poor weavers; and Zar and Zam come from across the sea and make believe they weave a cloth that is magical, which doesn't exist-at-all-really. And how the wicked Han is brought to justice and how the foolish Emperor parades in his new robe that doesn't-exist-at-all-really.

The necessity for children's entertainment has long been recognized

by certain, more advanced, educational groups. Religious groups have recently been campaigning for motion pictures which are suitable for children. The public at large has been slow to realize the dearth of material and insistent need for suitable theatrical entertainment for children, even though it is generally accepted that the most impressionable ages are between five and fifteen.

It is possible to create such a source of theatrical entertainment for children which will be exciting and which will light the combustible imagination of the children; something which will leave them with a better insight into their own social and economic relationship to the world about them; which will leave them with a stimulating impetus that will carry constructive force.

Adelle Nathan, Louis M. Simon, State Director; Lucetta Jewell Miller, Regional Director, Women's and Professional Projects; Harry Friedgat, Executive Director, YM and YWHA; Mrs. James B. Lewis, Chairman YMHA Children's Theatre Committee





# The Nursing Service

## Health and Living Standards Raised

DOROTHEA KARDEL

Five WPA Nursing Projects, sponsored by the cities of Paterson and Passaic, and several smaller communities in District One, have played an important part in raising the health and living standards of relief clients as well as of the general working population.

The maintenance of good health has always been the foremost aim of every municipality, yet it has been accepted as a problem often difficult to solve. The record of the WPA Nursing Service today shows that a way has at last been found through which the situation can be coped with satisfactorily. The report of William J. Burke, WPA District Director, is conclusive evidence of the noble work carried on through the Nursing Service.

In Passaic and Bergen this service is under the supervision of Miss Vera Noon, and assignments are handled from the Women's and Professional Projects headquarters at the WPA offices in Paterson.

For Project 1-960, located in the Paterson Board of Health building on Mill Street, \$32,640 of Federal funds were allocated. Under the city's sponsorship \$5,117 was added to this amount, permitting this important work to be carried on in adequate fashion. Twenty registered nurses stationed here are personally supervised by Elizabeth V. Heavey, R. N., with Dr. F. P. Lee, city health officer, serving as constant advisor. In addition, one practical nurse, one junior bacteriologist, two junior

clerks and one forewoman are included in the personnel.

Equally active in the city of Paterson, Project 1-1126 operates on a Federal allocation of \$10,080 plus a local contribution of \$840. From the Board of Education headquarters in the City Hall, ten nurses are assigned to duties in the various public and parochial schools as outlined.

Nursing Service Project 1-988, operating in Passaic's Municipal Building under the supervision of Katherine Geddes, graduate nurse, varies its scope by including in its activities that of bedside nursing--the daily attendance upon injured or bedridden patients. Immediate attention is given prenatal and contagion calls and the maintenance of a baby welfare department is an important branch of the service. To the work of this project have been dedicated \$12,978 of Federal and \$1,644 of the sponsor's funds. Over 10,000 home visits to relief patients were made during 1936 by the ten registered nurses engaged on the project. The nurses, together with a junior clerk and forelady, comprise the personnel. A tuberculosis clinic on Monday and Friday afternoons and Tuesday mornings receives hundreds of persons for examinations. Three baby clinics are conducted -- one at School No. 7, Summit Avenue, on Wednesday afternoons; one at Reid Memorial Library, 80 Third Street, on Thursday afternoons, and another, also on Thursdays, at the Municipal Building. A





Another patient for the WPA Nursing Service

Farrell

dental clinic is maintained on Wednesday and Saturday mornings, and it enlists the services of the WPA nurses, who also assist in the hygiene and dental examinations carried on in the schools. A clinic for vaccinations and inoculations proves of invaluable assistance to the city physicians.

The part played by the WPA nurses in this great drama of health-conservation and character-building is one of prevention and education. The immunization of children against diphtheria, vaccination to prevent smallpox, eyeglasses for those who need them, tonsil and adenoid operations, general physical examinations of school children; clinic visits for heart, lung, eye, ear, nose and

throat ailments; medical, prenatal and surgical care for adults; these--briefly -- represent the service available to families on relief through the nursing service project.

Child welfare stations, located throughout the city, cater to the well-being of the infant population; thousands of babies are brought to the stations for examination, weighing, measuring, and diet and health advice. Much educational work is done in connection with the child welfare department and school nurses make periodic home visits, besides conducting routine work, first aid and home hygiene lectures in the various schools.

A statistical review of the results of the home visits of the WPA



nurses in Passaic, Bergen and Sussex counties during the past year should prove interesting. More than 35,000 calls were made to relief families, with the number in a family requiring attention varying from two to nine persons. Nearly 3,000 adults were referred to heart clinics, a like number of adults were examined, X-rayed and fluoroscoped at the tuberculosis clinics, and 1,044 persons were referred to other hospital clinics for various ailments and disorders. School nurses made nearly 700 home visits; 346 children were either immunized or vaccinated; 4,380 mothers brought their babies to the welfare stations; eyeglasses were procured for 15 children; 24 children were given free tonsil and adenoid operations; and over 1,000 relief patients received dental treatment.

In one month, July 15 to August 24, 1936, six WPA nurses visited in their homes at Paterson and suburbs over 500 boys and girls who applied for admittance to Camp Hope. Family histories were obtained and the children brought to the local Board of Health, where physical examinations and throat cultures were taken on certain dates during July and August. Where reports were favorable, parents were notified when children were to leave for camp.

Last summer Camp Hope was conducted by the county, under WPA aid, at an abandoned CCC camp at Smith Mills. Official statistics showed that over 844 children put on a total of 1,976 pounds during the average stay of 11 days. This (Camp Hope) project definitely established "the need and value of a permanent camp for undernourished and underprivileged children of Passaic County" -- according to a Resolution adopted by the Executive Committee for Camp Hope recently -- the com-

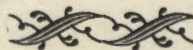
mittee moving to appeal to the Board of Chosen Freeholders for aid in securing a permanent site for such a camp to be established again this summer.

Passaic City is also interested in sending the less fortunate children to camp in summer. Toward this end, WPA nurses on any project are called upon to assist in physical examinations and preparations of the children for camp. They not only accompany the children to and from camp, but must accurately record all camp histories as well. Thus parents may feel assured that their children are being accorded the most excellent care.

In the interest of the health and character of the county's underprivileged children, there seems to be no question but that the need of camp life in summer is an urgent one. With the cooperation of the county board of freeholders anticipated, there is rumor to the effect that a separate government allocation may be made in the event that the county establishes a permanent Camp Hope in the near future.

Cognizant of the high aims and resulting accomplishments of the WPA Nursing Service, the communities of Rutherford and North Arlington have followed Paterson and Passaic in establishing nursing projects, though operating on a smaller scale in accordance with the financial appropriations and the population.

Altogether, the WPA Nursing Service renders aid in many directions. To those who must, of necessity, depend upon relief, there is available the attention they would otherwise be denied. And the WPA nurses continue to serve, cheerfully waiving restrictions and expanding their normal functions to meet the growing needs of the thousands of families on relief.





Epstein

Photograph of the booklet INDUSTRIAL CAMDEN prepared by Project No. 68-353 in Camden, New Jersey, a comprehensive survey of present industrial conditions in the city of Camden. A supplementary booklet is to be prepared which will give an extensive view of the many industrial possibilities of this city.



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