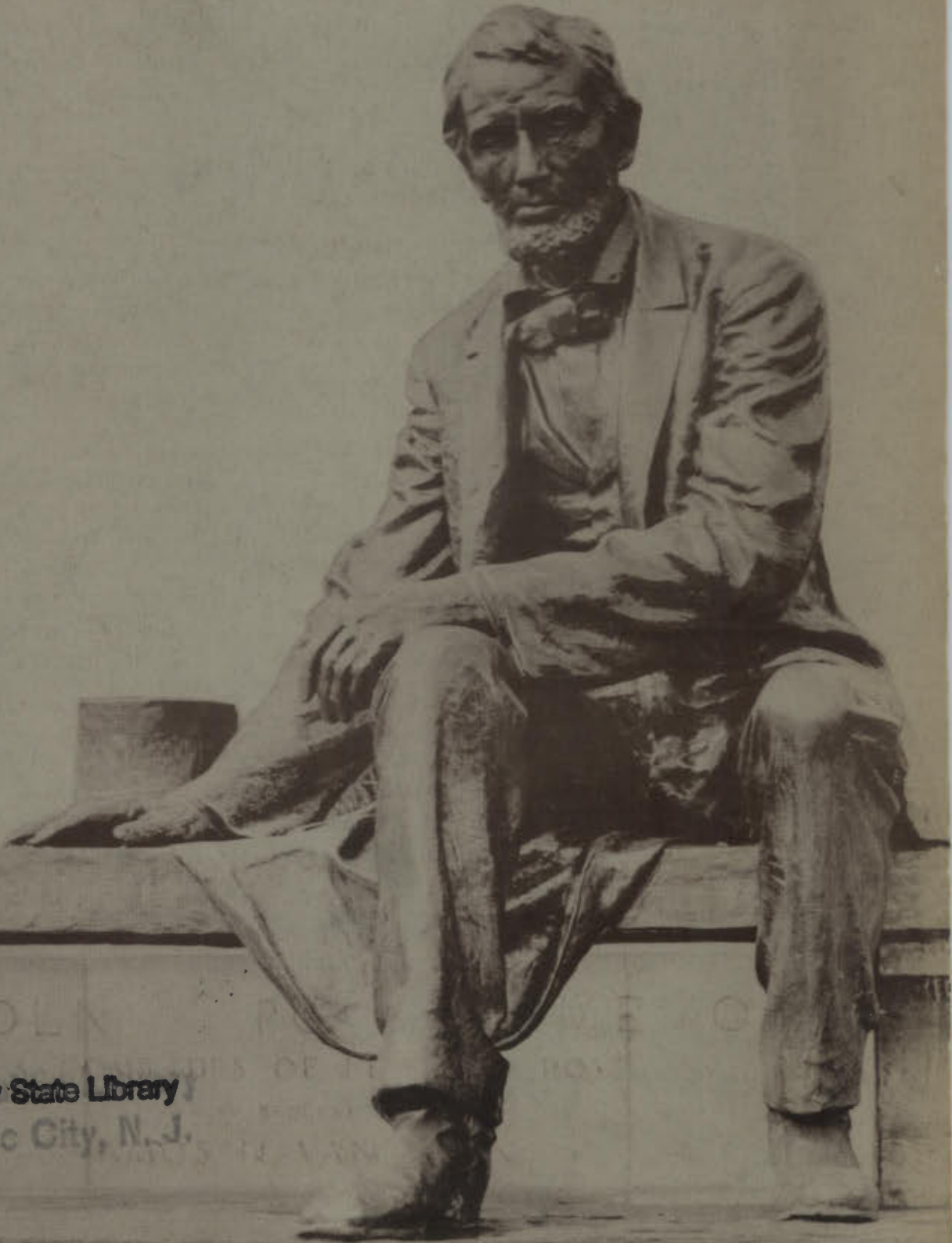


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**h i g h l i g h t** february 1937

# h i g h l i g h t

VOL. I No. 3

FEBRUARY 1937

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## EDITORS

Albert Boyd

Samuel Epstein

# highlight

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

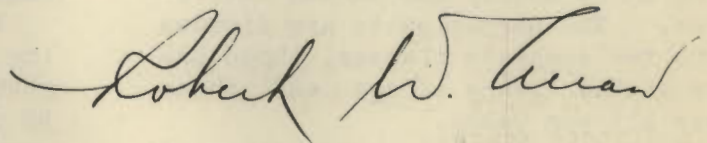
New Jersey Works Progress Administration

William H. J. Ely, *State Administrator*

When a giant industry contemplates the establishment of a new unit, two elementals are dealt in profiligately -- time and expense. The most careful plans are made, consultants and technicians are engaged, money is spent freely if its expenditure appears to the corporate body to insure future profits. Not infrequently, several years pass before the new industrial off-shoot produces its first dollar of profit.

When the nation's largest industry, the United States Government, is forced by vital necessity and crystallized public opinion, to establish an emergency agency, it can permit itself none of the luxurious leisure of private business. It, too, is counting on an eventual profit -- the profit governments derive from a secure social structure, increasing tax returns, decent living standards and a well-housed and economically content electorate. But the public demands immediate results. An administrative body must be assembled over night; operations must be far-flung but well coordinated and, above all, "production" must be instantaneous.

And so it was with the Works Progress Administration. One hundred thousand men and women were removed from relief in New Jersey within five months. Industry was stimulated by a vast buying program. Pay checks make huge inroads into the "dole". Now, through knowledge gained from experience, a sound "business" organization has evolved. "Economy" and "efficiency" are the watchwords. Administrative costs have been pared to a minimum and functions consolidated. The current Congressional Deficiency Bill establishes definite fund limitations within which we must function, and the Works Progress Administration in New Jersey faces the future with a feeling of confidence justified by a pardonable pride in its past achievement.



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

Free Public Library  
Atlantic City, N.J.

New Jersey State Library

# Recreation



Limbering up before a session in the art of self-defence

Photos by Lundin

## STANLEY RYDWIN, JR.

A surprisingly large and encouraging number of the population of Hudson County is taking full advantage of its Recreation Project's facilities. Official figures show that up to date an attendance approximating 306,000 of the county's men, women and children has participated in and been benefited by its program of nearly 150 varied activities. The participants are divided into two separate classes, those under sixteen years of age and those over sixteen years.

Among the primary objectives of the project is to help boys and girls of school age, as well as the youthful employed or unemployed, in constructive use of their "enforced leisure," or spare time.

One cannot without careful analysis really appreciate the breadth and scope of the benefits being bestowed, through this Federal gift to the county, upon the individual, upon the community and, because of its activities dealing with the development of youth, upon the very essence of the future manhood and womanhood of the nation.

The Hudson County Division, treating as it does for the most part with youth ranging in age from 12 to 18 years, and being located in a county made up of bustling industrialism and crowded tenement districts, naturally is interested in making better citizens of its boys and girls by means of both social and educational measures.

Inasmuch as the term "delinquency" is given foremost consideration by the State WPA in its outline of correctional measures to be carried out by municipalities, it might be well to treat at length on the problem of "enforced leisure" and "delinquency" as it affects or might affect the individual and the community (or county). Among the poorer classes, which are a major portion of the county's population, these two items as they pertain to the young are really akin to each other. Delinquency is nothing else in this particular but a byproduct of "enforced leisure" -- of which the poor here have, or have had, plenty.

For instance, an offspring of foreign and more or less illiterate parents, and a product of this "melting pot" area does whatever his free, uneasy mind and alert body dictate. And such freedom, uneasiness, and alertness, uncontrolled and unrestrained by home environment or outside sources, lead invariably to a series of prankish and damaging actions which, if continued, bring on petty offenses against the community and generally end in a weekly visit to the probation officer.

Of course, it should not be construed that such juveniles or such conditions are as prevalent today as they used to be, or that the project is by any means a school for incorrigibles. The various classes today are mostly filled with fine young gentlemen who have learned, or been taught more fully, the rules of sportsmanship, fair play, team work, cooperation, and what they should and should not do when they have a moment to spare. Once in a while, however, one is brought forward who is thought to be the type that has a habit of making the rounds with his "gang" on a series of ashcan dumping ventures, or turning over an unattended pushcart just for the fun of being chased by "Pasquale," or playing in hide-and-seek games on top of tenement roofs. When such a one is discovered in the ranks, a temporary

bad influence on the others, immediate and particular attention is diverted to him and every effort is made to wipe away those self-styled humorous inclinations.

He is less likely to disport himself in actions of this nature if he is occupied during his after-school hours in a game of baseball where everybody has a real baseball glove and uses big league bats and balls, or if he is learning to build a model airplane or boat, or engaging in a marble tournament with a prize to the winner, or learning to play the harmonica with a chance of getting into a band, or indulging in many other of the project's activities outlined for his benefit.

The Division's directors and instructors are working on the theory that idleness brings mischief, and mischief delinquency. They also believe that saving one boy from the pitfalls of his own youthful and misdirected energy is worth furthering the benefits of a dozen more fortunate ones whose characters are being imbedded in them by proper parents and environment. The Division has succeeded admirably toward bringing about at almost every such attempt nothing but favorable and happy results.

Under the supervision of Allie Ridgway, once leading contender for the world featherweight championship, amateur boxing has received wide encouragement. Numerous contests were held in each municipality and the future Dempseys of the community invited to display their fist abilities. The neighbors flocked to these tournaments as enthusiastically as if they had received passes to Madison Square Garden. Both fighter and spectator learned new lessons in sportsmanship and the full advantages of physical fitness. Those boys and girls who had engaged in no definite sport were now anxious to participate in some athletic activity, after seeing the thrills of friendly competition and the mutual respect the participants had for each other's physical prowess.

After the local contests within the county had been completed, a final All-State tournament of the winners was held at Braddock Arena in Jersey City several months ago. Here 26 bouts, sanctioned by the Amateur Athletic Union, were witnessed by more than three thousand interested sports lovers.

Other sports having qualified instructors who derive a pleasure from fully developing the potentialities of their young charges are: baseball, handball, basketball, punchball, tennis, paddle-tennis, swimming, roller skating, horseshoe and quoit pitching and track running. Provisions are also made for those liking to play checkers, hike, fence, and ride a bicycle.

Pursuing its purpose in developing fully rounded individuals, the Recreation Project endeavors to enlarge upon the cultural and vocational work now being done by the public schools, thus aiding a boy or girl who has a talent for some branch of manual training, but wishes to take a general or college preparatory course, whose subjects would eliminate his continuing classes in wood carving. The project has created classes for him and any other boy or girl who wishes to follow some handicraft after school hours.

The process is completed in its cultivation of appreciative sense of the arts through classes in folk dancing, music, dramatics, choral singing, harmonica playing, and sundry types of dancing. On specially arranged community nights the beneficiaries of the various phases of this community asset can demonstrate



An exciting moment in a basketball game

their progress in pageants, water carnivals, exhibitions of the products of particular hobbies, and contests.

The project has been greatly aided by cooperation in the local schools, in churches, public buildings, indoor and outdoor swimming pools, parks, and playgrounds in the donation of facilities.

Thus this long-needed social bureau is justifying its existence as an aid to the schools and the community in general by developing citizens who will be able harmoniously to fit into their environments

and pursue their everyday lives, happy and confident in themselves. They have been taught sportsmanship -- and the person with a sense of sportsmanship and fair play respects the law and the rights of others. Without their daily studies being sacrificed, the school boy and girl have learned a useful hobby that will give them both pleasure and another field from which to wrest a living. The sufferers of an inferiority complex have mingled with the others and forgotten to be self-conscious. The unemployed men have amused themselves without spending money which is badly needed at home, with the result that they will not brood as formerly or draw themselves into a shell of self-pity and bitterness.

Thomas Lynch, director of all Hudson County WPA Projects, and John McGann, supervisor of the Recreation Project and former Villanova football star, have been successfully helped in fulfilling their aims by a competent staff of 212 employees.

# That Man Molokai

A Chapter From THE ENORMOUS SCENE

CARL JOHN BOSTELMANN

We were chopping cotton on the Midway, five of us on the first experimental tract of twenty-five hundred acres. Five hundred to the man. The boss did not chop; he sharpened the hoes, and was the busiest of the gang. We dulled the edges faster than he could hone them. We were managing well until the north alfalfa meadow needed cutting, then we felt we could handle the emergency without neglecting the cotton, but the gang boss shook his head and the ranch foreman said no.

At this we were crestfallen. It meant new hands on the roster, and we had kept the ranch almost to ourselves for two weeks, and we liked it. Recruits could ruin the peace and freedom we had established, would dispute our exclusive claim to the apricot and fig trees and infringe upon our swimming rights at the canal weir. It seemed like a desperate circumstance.

We argued and pleaded our cause, promising foreman Markham we might even work nights to get the alfalfa in. But he laughed and slumped into his favorite curvature of the spine behind the bent steering wheel of his battered thunder wagon. When the chariot screamed between the hogpens, a dense cloud of alkali dust settled like a canopy over the winding Delta road.

We watched the departure and returned to the cotton fields, a mile from the ranch house. We shared a large pessimism.

"I wonder what bums he'll fetch in," the boss drawled, already poi-

soned by our prejudice and now in agreement with us. "It'll likely mean the worst he can find in the gutters of Los Banos. Markham is just about the poorest judge of workmen I know of. I'll take my oath you boys is justified. No sense in makin' a lodgin' house of our little paradise here."

"He's too impatient. If he'd give us only half a chance, we could swing both jobs," Hank grieved. "Well, let's hope for the worst and maybe we'll have the pleasure of a disappointment."

"New faces will ruin this scenery!" Iodine Slim was caustic.

"This here world gets more polluted every day," Montana agreed.

I echoed the protest, and grief was unanimous. While we commiserated, the hoes lay dull and the weeds grew. Then the boss tried to soothe our kindred sorrow with philosophy. "Maybe Markham don't want to take us from our important work here. Remember, we're pioneerin' a new crop in this here cotton tract."

"Too much cotton is grown now. There's always a surplus. It piles up in bales in warehouses, and the price hits bottom. We ought to let this stuff alone and get busy with the alfalfa before he comes back," Slim suggested.

But the boss knew our common weaknesses. He argued. "Quit the disputin'. This cotton choppin' is easier than hayin'. Besides, there's no chaff to choke you, no quick ache to stab you between the shoulders. You can't get a foxtail in

your ear in this tract. We'll stick to our cotton, where choppin' is down-stroke work. Hayin' is up-stroke, against gravity!" And we were licked to a frazzle.

Slim picked up the hoes and distributed them among us. We went back to the routine of cracking baked earth into alkali dust.

\* \* \* \*

Late in the afternoon the foreman returned with his bus-load of recruits. Skidding on flat tires through the yard, he jammed to a stiff stop before the mess-house door. Still an hour before supper-bell, he dropped the new hands at the barred threshold to meditate. They were a hungry bunch and looked it, crowding the steps and the narrow entry, waiting for the locked latch to be let down.

"Our foreman knows all the tricks of his trade," the boss drawled, observing Markham's strategy," and that's an old one. Feed first, and then work hungry. But that mob will sure trample the flunkey when he comes out to rattle the gong. We'll all be mourners at a Chinese funeral."

Hank was contemptuous. "They must smell through the door. Maybe they expect free whiskey with the beans. A cheap lot of bums. All of them hooligans."

"Eight of them. Jim Tully fellows. I bet they're capable of some pretty nasty stunts. This place is ruined now. I wonder if he thinks the alfalfa is worth the price."

But no. There was another. The foreman had brought in nine recruits. We had not seen the one that mattered; he was down at the pump, washing! Ah, that fellow must be good!

We met him at the pump where he stood with a towel over his wide shoulder, combing his wet dark hair. We greeted him and shared the cold artesian water. He introduced himself. He was Molokai, the new herdsman.

The other eight had been picked up in a pool hall to harvest the alfalfa. Markham had spotted Molokai at the railroad station, sitting on a saddle-sized suitcase. He was just in from Hawaii, he said, and had been working around horses since he was a kid. He had come up now to see the States. Would we share our corner of the bunk-house? The other boys were a bit mangy.

He sat on our bench at the long table at supper. We talked over the food. The Russian with the foxtail in his beard seemed suspicious of our conversation and moved farther down the table. The recruits gulped the meat and vegetables mechanically on the other side of the stained oilcloth, paying no heed to us. A cordiality was introduced into our ranch life by this new herdsman. Supper was like a celebration.

As we smoked and laughed at the table, long after the other men had quit the room, the flunkey lighted a lamp for us and brought us a pot of coffee. We were exuberant at this extra consideration, and a strange buoyancy moved in us. At last, restless with excitement, we got up to go outside. None of us remembered what we had been talking about, but it had been a thrilling session. Molokai had the gift; he knew how to handle adventurous language.

"Remind me to tell you boys about the basket jumpers of Molokai. The swimmers dive from the cliffs in grass baskets. Think of that!" he said.

So it was the outlander captured our imaginations at the very beginning. We went down to the canal for a swim and a smoke.

"Frolicking around in the ditch will seem pretty tame to you, I suppose," Slim apologized. "The canal isn't much, but it's the best we have here, and we like it."

We took clean clothes with us and laid them out on the bridge. For an hour we enjoyed our nakedness in the warm night, diving into the deep pool, swimming against the stream, lounging on the bank in the dark-



ness, in this, our nightly recreation after a long day of heat and labor.

I reminded Molokai about the basket jumpers.

"You see, down there they weave large saucer-like baskets out of reeds, about the size of the flower garden in the ranchyard, about fifteen-foot diameter for the biggest I ever saw and about six or seven feet across for the smallest. Six-foot ones can hold a couple of men, with the large ones carrying half a dozen. They make them flat and light, yet strong enough to stand the load and the impact.

"Basket jumping is a combination of tobogganing and parachute jumping, I guess. I've never ridden a toboggan sled or jumped with a parachute, but I have used a basket off the cliffs of Molokai. It is a weird sensation, coming down the air, half floating and half falling from the cliff brink to the water. But is it sport!"

We were speechless for a while, hardly knowing whether we were supposed to laugh or believe him. But we did neither.

"What keeps the baskets upright and prevents the divers from being hurled out? How high are the cliffs, how deep is the water? Who invented the stunt? Wasn't it a kind of suicide? How many trips down could a basket last? How was it we had never heard of it before?" These were our answer.

"It is precisely as I describe it. The baskets are woven so very carefully, that their balance is perfect. Of course, riding requires a certain skill. The jumpers sense just the right move to make at the right moment in the descent. The cliffs are quite high, hundreds of feet, but the depth of the water does not matter so long as the landings are shallow. It is only the top of the water, the surface, that matters.

"No one knows who invented the game, who was the first man to take the dive off the cliffs of Molokai. But he must have been a daring fel-

low. My father taught me."

Molokai stood up and started to dress, putting on an outfit of faded khaki, an old Army uniform. He was built like a champion light-heavyweight, about six feet tall and a hundred and seventy pounds of good muscle and sinew, with the face and figure of Adonis, brown as an Indian, with a close-cropped head of black hair. He was about thirty years old. Standing, sitting, lacing his shoes, power seemed to flow through him. Here was a man!

"Tell me, are you a native Hawaiian? You look as if you have been in a lot of sun, but you look like a Yankee, even so," Slim ventured with friendly curiosity.

"I was born in San Francisco, but I went down to the islands when I was a kid, and I've just come up from Honolulu. But this basket game. It would be terribly dangerous if it were not for the veterans to show the novices how it is done. Well handled, it is quite safe, yet as thrilling, breath-taking and swift as anything could be. A well-made basket lasts a long time, while a poor one is unsafe for even one jump.

"In the fast drop, and just before the basket strikes the water, the trick is to dive out of the basket into the water. Then swim ashore with the floating basket in tow, and climb up a trail back to the top of the cliff for another vault into space. The sport is little known outside the leper islands."

We took a roundabout way home, stopping to fill our pockets with ripe apricots in the orchard. Bright moonlight now flooded the fields like a luminous rain, fringing the horizon of hills to the west. The Sierras to the east were blanketed in the darkness of night distance. The stars were brilliant, and Molokai looked up at them with an expression that indicated that he knew something about them. In fact, he impressed us as a man who knew something about everything.

"Is there anything in astronomy

beside mathematics?" Slim asked him. "Is there any real scientific basis for astrology? I sometimes wonder if one can plot the future in what he can read in the stars."

"I wish I knew," Molokai said almost desperately. "I'd like to know a thing or two about the future. There's no telling, I guess. But this moonlight, after the swim, is surely swell. It was on a night like this, along a lonely stretch... oh, well, what of it!"

We felt very close to him. He was our type of fellow. Hank and Montana tagged at his heels, talking about him. Slim and I competed to direct the conversation. We all felt an instinctive friendliness, the true spirit of fraternity in this man.

At the bunkhouse we broke the usual night custom by lighting a lamp. We usually undressed in the dark without talk, so as not to disturb the old men who went to cots early. This night we were indifferent to their comfort. Going to bed, I noticed Molokai sorting his baggage, and I was astonished to see a revolver in his hand. The reflection of the bright metal in the lamplight arrested my eye.

"I doubt if you'll have any use for a six gun on Midway," I commented casually. "Things are pretty tame here."

His laughter was startled. He had been caught off guard, for some reason. He offered no explanation for the weapon.

\* \* \* \*

All day in the cotton fields we talked about him. Already the intrusion of the other rookies had lapsed out of notice. Coming in for supper, we seemed more eager than usual, anticipating another cordial session with the fellow from the islands.

But the place we had made for him at the table was not occupied. The Russian with the foxtail in his beard moved back to his old seat, and

his manner seemed a little impertinent. With a handful of bread and beans, he pointed toward the door.

Foreman Markham stood silent against the opening, his arms folded across his chest, surveying the wolves in the mess room.

"Hey, boss," Slim called to him. "Where's that man Molokai?"

"Oh, him?" Markham responded. "Why, they took him back."

"Back? Back where?"

"Sure, back to the place where he belonged. I had a feelin' about that fellow when we met in town. These boys I picked up in the pool hall are a good bunch. We're handlin' that alfalfa fine. But this fellow callin' himself Molokai, when I met him I wasn't sure of him, and I didn't want to take him on. But he convinced me. A smooth talker."

"Well, what about it?" I challenged him. "Where is he?"

"The police from Merced picked him up on the hog drive. They had tracked him here to the ranch, but almost missed him because we were out at four in the mornin'. He tried to run away in the dark. But it seems he'd left his gun in the bunkhouse, so he surrendered when they covered him. Too bad for him, of course, but I'm glad to know I won't be harborin' any dangerous bums on Midway. They took him back to prison. That fellow was a two-termer, an escape. Loose from the rock-pile. He's gone back to Folsom for a long spell."

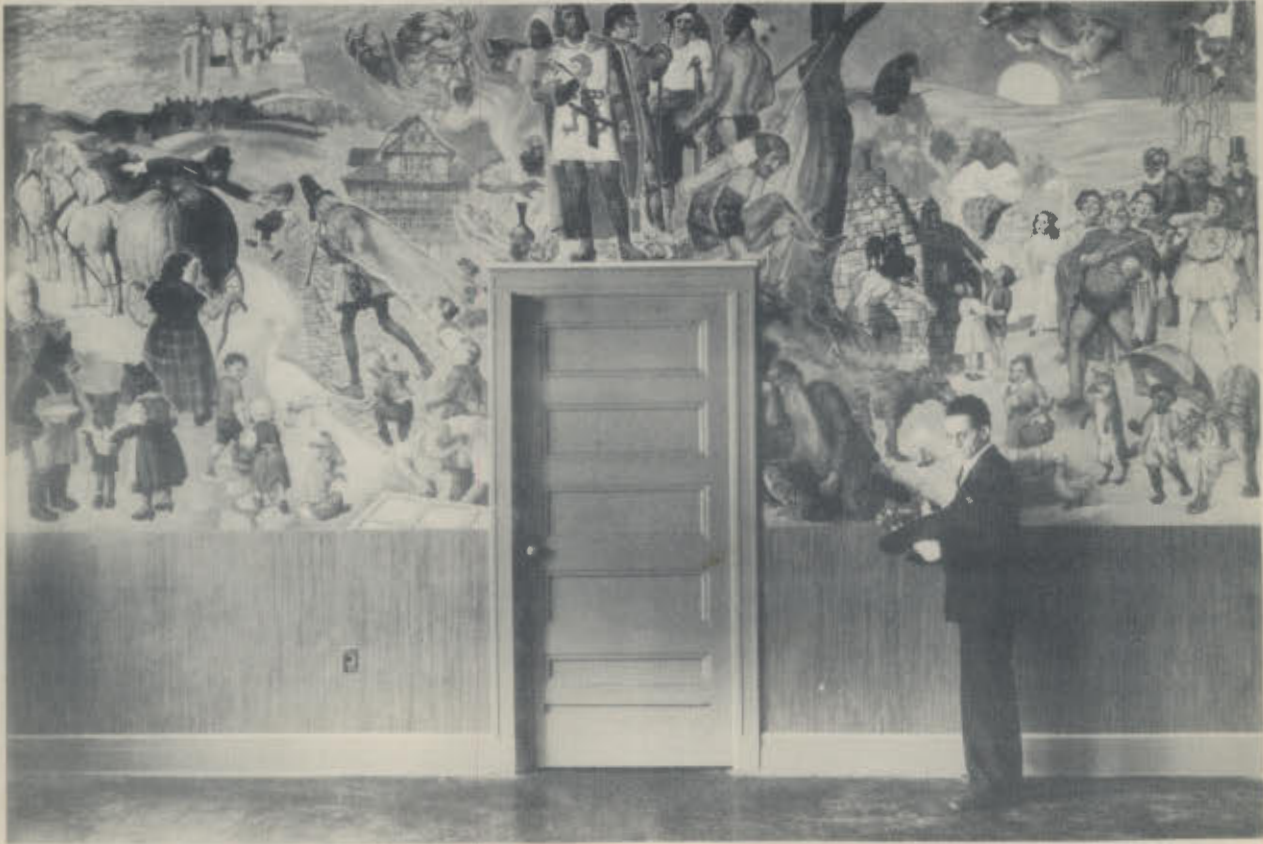
We were stunned. We couldn't believe it.

"Oh, it's true enough. I saw the credentials on it. They had handcuffs on him. He's got a lot of years in the quarry, bustin' stone, before he goes back home to Colorado."

"Colorado? Why, he told us he was from the islands."

"Sure, he told you. He'd have told you anything. He had us all fooled, why, he even had me fooled for a while. Imagine that, having me fooled! He was a bad one, sure enough."

# Federal Art



Photos by Rubel

Mural of Legendary Figures and Fairy Tales by Leopold Matzal, 882 South 19th Street, Newark, N. J., at Branch Brook School for Crippled Children, Ridge Street, Newark, N. J.

Studied for eight years at the Imperial Academy, Vienna and three years in Munich and Karlsruhe, Germany. Many of his paintings are shown in European museums, and his murals are on the walls of the Labor Library and the Army Museum in Vienna.

Mr. Matzal has been a resident of this country since 1921, exhibiting in the National Academy and with the American Federation of Art in various museums throughout the country, receiving prizes, cash and medals. He has painted portraits of many prominent people, among them Vice Chancellor Fallon and Supreme Court Judge Minturn which now hang in the State House at Trenton. Many of his murals decorate the walls of private residences, restaurants and churches.

He was for a number of years a member of the Salmagundi Club.

The mural reproduced above was painted by Mr. Matzal for the Children's Library in the Branch Brook School for Crippled Children, Newark, N. J. The model of the room showing the mural is now on exhibition at the Federal Art Gallery Exhibit in the Raymond-Commerce Building, Newark, N. J.



Church, Hanover, N.J. — Joseph T. Toomey

The Works Progress Administration Federal Art Project Gallery opened with a State exhibit in the Raymond-Commerce Building, Newark on January 4th.

There were over 65 entries including oil paintings, water colors, lithographs, sculpture and mural sketches created by artists on the Project throughout the State.

The Gallery has a threefold purpose, first to acquaint the public with the work of the project, second to afford them an opportunity to enjoy the works of art and third to make it possible for the heads of public institutions to see and acquire these works which may be allocated to them for the payment of the cost of materials.

Over seven hundred people availed themselves of the opportunity to see the exhibit and 20 paintings were

allocated. Several reproductions from the exhibit appear here, others will be shown in a future issue. The exhibit will continue through February.

Joseph T. Toomey  
382 Lakeview Avenue  
Florham Park, New Jersey

Studied at the Rhode Island School of Design under William Cushing Loring, also at the National Academy, the Art Students League of New York and with J. Walter Biggs.

He has exhibited at the Artists Guild of New York, the Morton Gallery, New York, the Montclair Art Museum, a three man show at Summit, the Morristown Art Associated, Chatham, and at the Newark Art Club. This painting is now on exhibit at the Federal Art Gallery in Newark.



Still Life — Ly Harding

Studied in Paris, Bruxelles, Darmstadt and New York. Has exhibited at the Neumann Galleries, the Coz-Delbo, Rockefeller Center, Weyhe, Macy's, Up-town, Lambertson Brownell, the Montclair Art Museum, and the Montross Gallery, New York.

Her work shows individuality and facility. Her color is clear and the brushwork free and strong, showing a strong inclination to the "modern". Her work is now on exhibit at the Federal Art Gallery, Newark.

John Bateman  
308 Linden Avenue  
Haddonfield, New Jersey

Studied at the School of Industrial Art at the Pennsylvania Academy and at the Calarassi Academy in Paris. Was made a member of the National Society of Sculptors in 1912. Designed the Soldiers Memorial Fountain at Doylestown, Pennsylvania. He designed three historical bas-

**New Jersey State Library**

relief panels for the Pennsylvania Building at the Sesquicentennial exposition in Philadelphia.

This statue of "Peter Pan" was made for the Haddonfield High School, Haddonfield, New Jersey and is on exhibition at the Federal Art Gallery, Newark.



Peter Pan — John Bateman



Still Life

George Manuilov,  
88 Plane Street,  
Newark, New Jersey

Graduated from the Royal Gymnasium, Ristov, Russia. Attended the Moscow Art Academy until the outbreak of the World War. He was expelled from Russia after the revolution as a White Russian. He spent some years in extensive travel throughout Europe, studying and painting. He has painted murals for many private homes and assisted in painting the mural in the Essex Mountain Sanatorium, Verona. His work is now on exhibition at the Federal Art Gallery in Newark.

# Age Carries On

## I Try to Write a Sob Story

BENJAMIN GOLDENBERG

Photo by Rubel

There seemed to be a great deal of apparatus just for taking a picture. The field inspector carried two reflector lamps and a collapsible hood. Nat had an immense wood-encased camera. I struggled with a tripod under one arm, four plates, and a rubberized black cloth. We managed three narrow landings without my swinging the tripod into anything. The room we entered was very long, its high ceiling supported by pillars, one side and end full of windows which almost made the burning lights unnecessary. Five rows of sewing machines, operated mostly by absorbed Negroes, filled the hall with an infinite fleet of newsreel airplanes, zooming by one after another.

That morning, intruding upon a few other complications, Dick had come into the office with the devastating news that his district story wasn't ready. He had a lead for one, he didn't have time to write it himself, and had no one available on his staff that day. He wanted to know if I would fill in, and Al asked me whether I would go.

"It's at the sewing room in Montclair --"

"What! Another sewing project?"

"Oh, but this is different. The story isn't the sewing room, it's this woman --" As Dick went on I became no more enthusiastic. I tried to get out of it, by pleading inability to do justice to the facts, another article to be done, a mass of proofs to check -- but that gap in the layout had to be filled, soon,

and I finally agreed.

After the usual talkative and desultory lunch I bussed to Dick's office. The field inspector was to drive me to Montclair. Nat would go along to take some pictures.

I was a little early, and Dick showed me around the offices, very efficiently furnished. A few minutes before two, the time of the appointment, the inspector came in, rather husky, but attractive. She was quite friendly. Right after the introductions Nat, in shirtsleeves, hair in eyes and apple in mouth, stuck his torso into the door, assimilated the situation, finished the apple and went off for his coats.

He was back in a few minutes, ruminating another apple. There was some discussion as to whether we should use one car or two, centering about the multiplicity of the photographic equipment. We finally decided to go in Nat's car. This necessitated moving a lot of junk, but there was finally room for me in the back seat. On the way out Bloomfield Avenue we had an altogether apochryphal conversation about one of the new picture mags.

When we entered the sewing room nearly every woman stopped working and started talking. We heard afterward that one of the ladies ran and hid, fearing to be included in a photograph. The place was now a beehive rather than an airdrome. We were met by the pleasant forelady, Mrs. Edith L. Bowes, who had obviously been expecting us. She led us across the end of the room to a

nook, lit by two large windows, just about big enough to contain two sewing machines.

Behind the first, facing the rest of the hall, sat a small thin woman with glasses, her face deeply lined, skin and hair both bleached by age. Against the wall leaned a pair of crutches.

After introductions Nat got right to work. He shoed the other worker

make it heartbreaking, and I didn't quite know how to go about it.

"This is a young man from the Writers' Project," said the inspector, "who would like to ask you some questions."

"Go ahead and ask your questions." I was to remember this remark. She repeated it twice during our interview when I didn't know how to go on.



Mrs. Evelyn Bridges, at 68, employs a skill gained during half a century

out of the cubbyhole, moved another to make room for his camera, and stationed the two of us with the lighted lamps, one on each side. All this time we were getting a lot of attention from the rest of the room; they were apparently expecting to have their pictures taken also.

The subject was very willing and posed perfectly; the photographing took only a few minutes. Then it was my turn, and I was a little embarrassed. Before we left Dick had told me to write a sob story and

"Your full name is --?"

"Evelyn Bridges."

"How old are you?"

"Sixty-eight."

"Married?"

"My husband's been dead twenty years."

"Oh. Where were you born?"

"Louisburg, North Carolina. But I lived mostly in Durham till I came north."

She answered very promptly and alertly -- none of the drawl that one might expect from her place of



birth.

"How long ago was that?"

"I was about sixteen."

"What sort of work have you usually done?"

"Mostly sewing and housekeeping."

I hesitated a little. "Do you mind telling me how you lost your leg?"

She didn't mind at all. It had been broken about thirty-five years ago, blood poison had set in, and it had had to be amputated.

She had worked on the sewing project over five years, under municipal, state, ERA and WPA administration. Because of her skill and experience she did all the finishing, tailoring and samples. She declared that she could make a man's suit as well as any tailor. She hadn't missed a day's work since starting.

I had already run out of questions twice and much of this information was gratuitous. While the others were occupied Mrs. Bridges told me about her son, 42 and unemployed, his right hand paralyzed by a stroke. Could he be assigned to a WPA project? I didn't think so, not as long as she remained on the sewing project. She declared that she

would keep working as long as she could.

Questioning the forelady, I found that this was project No. 3-365, with 69 workers and 50 machines, all electric but one. The exception was for Mrs. Bridges, who was so used to the pedal type that she preferred it. The project produced about 3,000 pieces a month -- household articles, inner and outer garments -- and had recently been sending clothes to the flood victims.

After promising Mrs. Bridges a print of one of the photographs, and making sure we had all the apparatus, we left. Well, Dick had said to write a sob story, a heartbreaker, and I didn't quite know how. As a matter of fact I didn't see any story at all. Here were the simple facts, and all I intended doing was presenting them as they were -- no tricks, no embellishments. And all I could think of besides was a remark I had heard the same week, about people patching an obvious imperfection here and there; and I wondered whether this was any less cruel than a one-horse shay that disintegrated all at once.

## RELEASE

## Viola Hutchinson

You are not free that cleave the high blue air,  
For all your mighty wings, your valiant flight  
That parts the velvet curtains of the night  
And mounts the sky upon a moonbeam stair.  
The heart of steel that pours with thunderous sound  
Into your frame its swift and terrible power --  
Child of man's brain, slave of his little hour --  
Can plunge you shrieking, mangled to the ground.  
You are not free -- not as a bird is free  
That trusts his lonely, silent wings to God,  
And lays his chartless course without a rod,  
Seeking no haven but a swaying tree:  
Nor free as I, for whom these prison bars  
Are but a frame that holds a heaven of stars.



Photo by Rubel

# Steuben House

HEBERT T. TURNER

Three times the State of New Jersey tried to give General Baron Von Steuben, Revolutionary War hero, a home within its borders. Three months following the final and successful attempt the Baron, chronically short of funds, sold the estate without ever having lived on the property.

In 1751 brothers John and Peter Zabriskie, millers, built their home in North Hackensack, now New Bridge, on the banks of the river, overlooking their mill pond. They made it a double house, to accommodate both of their families, and along the front, or south side they built a long low porch from which they gained a magnificent vista down the river.

The house is strictly Dutch Colonial in character, but in many respects it differs sharply from the accepted traditions. The ceilings are unusually low, and the first floor is just barely above the ground level. Contrary to the usual treatment, the eaves project considerably at the gable ends, and the gables themselves are filled in with brick instead of shingle. The stonework is cut and trimmed, and laid in coursed bond, yet the surfaces of the stone are left rough, a feature not found in the more typical houses of the period. The twin front doors have transom lights with Georgian mullions, an odd if not entirely unique feature. John and Peter placed a square plaque in the west wall, carved with a symbol of their mill wheel and giving their names and the date of erection.

During the Revolution the brothers Zabriskie made the sad mistake of placing their sympathies with the Tories, which afforded the authorities of the day a convenient opportunity to confiscate it. This they did, and after diverse and sundry manipulations, finally deeded it outright to Von Steuben, who in turn sold it back to the Zabriskie brothers.

The house is once again owned by the State, this time by right of purchase, though made through condemnation proceedings, and is occupied by a caretaker and open to the public.

# Auld Acquaintance

Jack London, Oyster Pirate and Duck Hunter

CLOUDESLEY JOHNS

Jack London was looking forward to a landing at Benicia as we cruised through the rivers, sloughs and straits about San Francisco bay on his 36-foot sloop, the Spray, in the fall of 1905. The reason was that he had heard that three or four surviving members of the old oyster pirate crew with which he had been associated as a boy of 16 were living in an ark on the outskirts of the little California town. Others were in state prison, one had been hanged and three shot to death by officers.

In speaking of that association Jack had told me: "I regret none of it. There were purple passages of life. But I realized the inevitable downward drift, so took a job. It was killing, degrading work for almost no pay; and out there in foggy mornings on the bay I could average a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. I escaped temptation by going to sea."

On narrow, elevated board pathways through nearly half a mile of tule swamps, past ark after ark, mostly dilapidated structures, we made our way, asking here and there for directions. At last we found the men Jack sought, three of them. They lived by ferrying travelers across Carquinez Strait, hunting ducks and petty thievery from anchored unguarded vessels. They recognized Jack instantly, after fourteen years, with shouts and wild whoops of delight. "Prince of the oyster pirates!" they greeted him with his old nickname. Then a barrage of

questions. Where had he been all these years? What had he been doing? Was he really the Jack London that wrote pieces in the San Francisco Examiner? (Jack had sold a few signed stories to newspapers). One of his old companions had thought he was smart enough, while the other two couldn't quite believe it. Jack leaned over to me and murmured:

"Cloudesley, such is fame!"

It then was two years since The Call of the Wild had held first place of the "six best sellers" for more than half a year, and seven other books of his had attracted widespread attention. But books did not find their way into that colony of arks.

At Walnut Grove on the Sacramento River, in the course of the same cruise, we found a jeering letter from our friend George Sterling, the poet, suggesting that it was kind heartedness that prevented us from "killing the dear little ducks" we had promised to send him. Hunting had not been good, and we had shot no more than we could eat ourselves. Jack had an idea, and waved his hand toward a flock of chattering mud hens near the shore. With a 22 rifle, the report of which did not scare the birds, we potted a dozen, sewed them neatly into a sack and expressed it to George. The joke turned out to be better -- or worse -- than we had planned. Our unsuspecting friend sent the sack, unopened, to the Gas Kitchen, Oakland's most popular restaurant, with directions to prepare a feast for a party

of six, and sent invitations before he received a message from the scandalized Gas Kitchen manager to the effect that he hesitated to ask his chefs to cook mud hens, and was Mr. Sterling really serious. George took it gamely. There was a wild duck dinner, but it cost the credulous poet rather more than he had expected.

One of my most intimate friends, an electrical inventor with the universal type of mind, one day told me of a discovery he had made, a potential literary light employed as an assistant bookkeeper by the Standard Oil Company of Los Angeles. I must meet him, must read his stories, Ed told me. I protested, refused, implored, declaring that one of my especial dislikes was reading stories by young bookkeepers. Let the editors do that. They get paid for it. I couldn't escape. Then, such a surprise! There was crudeness in the work, but there were the makings of a style which must compel popularity. I urged the youth with all my eloquence to chuck his fool bookkeeping job and write. No, he was engaged to be married, and had to have his job. I told him to get a job on a newspaper, and offered to take him to newspaper editor friends of mine. He couldn't be budged. I didn't really blame him. She was a lovely girl. Soon afterward I went to New York, to improve the minds of magazine editors with whom I had had some satisfactory dealings, but not enough. Returning to Los Angeles after three years I asked Ed about the young writing bookkeeper.

"He's sports editor of the Examiner," he told me.

At the offices of the Los Angeles Examiner I, for the second time, met C. E. Van Loan, and asked how he finally had come to take my advice.

"I kept thinking about it," he said, "and one day the head bookkeeper caught me doing that and nothing else. He started to bawl me out, so I threw an ink bottle at him and left. Went straight to the Herald and got a job. Now here I am."

I think Van dramatized his exit from Standard Oil a little, but I was content that he had left. Our acquaintance continued until his all too early death, and I had the satisfaction of seeing him become a favorite writer for the world's most popular weekly magazine.

One of the most brilliant writers I have known was Rose Strunsky, who once at the request of the Century Company produced copy for a life of Lincoln in, I think, something like six weeks. It was a thick, heavy volume, but in the writing there was nothing heavy, nor any suggestion of haste. There may have been some favorable prejudice in my mind, although I was always notoriously severely critical of the work of my friends, but no other life of Lincoln that I have seen was so easy to read nor gave such a clear impression of that extraordinary man.

Rose Strunsky's sister, Anna (Mrs. William English Walling), also was a woman of rare charm and a writer of exceptional ability. She was best known as co-author with Jack London of The Kempton-Wace Letters. Before leaving Oakland in October with Jack for the 1905 cruise I had promised Anna Strunsky I would call upon her at the Strunsky home in San Francisco, and had been unable to do so. To make amends I had written from the Spray that on a definite date about mid-December I would see her, thinking the sloop would be back in Oakland Estuary some days before that. Rough sailing, contrary winds and other handicaps delayed us. The night before my appointment, in a gale, the Spray had picked up a heavy anchor and gone tearing down Mare Island Strait in the grip of tide and wind, and Jack and I were busy boys for some hours, and then, at dawn, we were on our way again. I kept my appointment without a great deal of enthusiasm, in spite of the charm of my hostess, for I felt half dead from weariness and lack of sleep. Anna told me of a book she had begun, and incautiously I asked her to read what she had

written. She had a wonderfully soft, melodious and soothing voice. I heard her begin reading, and then awoke to see her dark eyes fixed upon me reproachfully. An apology would have seemed absurd. I laughed, explained and was forgiven; but Anna Strunsky refused to read any more to me that evening.

Charles Warren Stoddard, Poet of the South Seas, was about thirty years older than I. Our acquaintance began when I was no more than four years old, and continued through his life, by correspondence when we could not meet. Charlie had the timid, shrinking temperament of a sensitive child, yet he went through many extraordinary adventures before finding peace and comfort as professor of English in the Catholic University at Washington, D. C.

My old friend and associate (I was editorial writer and drama critic on a paper of which he was city editor) W. O. McGeehan had a friend whom I greatly admired, but never had met. This friend did not like San Francisco and kept away from it as much as possible. One night I saw Mac in front of a theatre, talking to a heavy set man whose appearance did not suggest any literary or artistic ability. Mac said briefly, "Mr. Wilson, Mr. Johns," and faded away. Thought I to myself, Mac's wished some bore on me and escaped.

I spoke, politely, and the stranger and I drifted into an animated conversation. The man was brilliant, sparkling. I was sorry to have to go into the theatre, and at that I missed part of the first act.

"Who was that fellow Wilson you introduced me to last night?" I asked Mac next day.

He grinned impishly. "The man you've been wanting so long to meet, Harry Leon Wilson," he replied. The name Wilson, alone, had not clicked in my mind.

My next, and last, meeting with Harry Leon Wilson was at the Press Club in New York, where he had come to try to persuade Don Marquis to devote himself entirely to the writing of poetry. Instead, Don went in for play writing and produced the Broadway success, *The Old Soak*. I went to the Plymouth Theatre opening night, and met the author in the lobby.

"Clouds," he said, "if I see you sneaking out at the end of the first act I'll shoot you."

I did not go out. The play would have held me if it had been by a stranger.

Of my many writer friends more than half are no longer living, except in the memory of those of us who had the privilege of their friendship. And that memory is a precious possession to me.

## ALL IN A NUTSHELL

John C. Zuleger

I held an acorn in my hand, a gift  
Of dream and prophecy closed in a kernel  
Of quiet magic; glorious and vernal,  
I felt the grandeur of a forest lift  
In green horizons, climbing without rift.

A seed of oak! What miracles must be  
Waiting to stun my senses with new wonder  
In a moment of muted summer thunder  
When earth leaps skyward for my eyes to see  
The promised beauty in the growing tree!



Constructing tennis courts at the Trenton Central High School

# Building Americanism

EDWARD F. CONNELLY

Spending a total of \$394,726.28, of which the Federal Government contributed \$354,585.38, the City of Trenton has modernized its outdoor recreational facilities, while the Trenton Board of Education has been able to offer to the growing boy and girl a complete athletic plant on the premise that as the playing fields of Eton provided a strong manhood for the English, so the playing fields of America will make a valuable contribution to the building of a sturdy, reliant Americanism.

For many years Trenton has been lacking in what might be called sport luxuries. Of course the City Fathers have looked after youth and in the past have provided playgrounds and equipment so that growing boys and girls might have some place to play. But the city never had a stadium or a modern field for

track programs, and all meets were held on such tracks as could be built by zealous athletically inclined followers of the sport. The city has no stadium as yet, but through the aid of the WPA it has two modern tracks and the Trenton Central High School has a field for all sports. The first step has been taken in providing an outdoor athletic plant to which the residents point with pride and where students find healthful exercise and amusement. The rest of the steps can be taken in the future, since provision has been made for expansion as the needs warrant and the funds are available.

Not only has the city and the Trenton Board of Education benefited through these wise expenditures of the Government, but some hundreds of men have been given work in a period

of economic distress. As the fruits of WPA projects, Cadwalader Park, Trenton's largest recreational center, now has a complete layout for track events in addition to the baseball and football field and tennis courts; the High School has an athletic field, with tentative plans for a small concrete stadium; and four playgrounds have been improved so that in the springtime the residents of the city, as well as the children, will be able to enjoy outdoor sport under proper supervision.

Cadwalader Park, in the western section of the city, is a most spacious and beautiful park, where green lawns and shade trees provide an ideal setting for the family picnic or outing. Named for Thomas Cadwalader, chief burgess of Trenton in 1746, the park covers an area of 100 acres with the main athletic field bordering on West State Street opposite Junior High School No. 3. The field, in addition to catering to the needs of the residents of the western section, also provides an outdoor athletic plant for about 1,500 boys and girls who attend the school and who now have a place to stage athletic meets.

This WPA project has so far provided a well-drained baseball and soccer field and a five-laps-to-the-mile running track with a 220-yard straightaway. In addition nine tennis courts have been covered with asphalt so that weather will not interfere with the play of the tennis enthusiasts. In the past the clay surfaced courts were not available after a heavy rain and at the height of the season had been closed for days at a time. This is not the case now, for the courts are always ready for play except in snowy weather.

For this improvement the Government contributed \$67,362 and the City of Trenton \$12,412, a total of \$79,774. The work was started in October 1935 and provided jobs for workers all through the past winter and summer, while there is still work to be done before the job is

entirely completed. An idea of the vast amount of labor involved may be gained from the following figures:

Excavation for the playing field, 1170 cubic yards; excavation on tennis courts, 2,880 yards; macadam sub-base for tennis courts, 5,750 square yards; excavation and hauling for grading, 7,000 cubic yards; stone and cinders for track, 2,340 square yards; asphalt topping for tennis courts, 5,750 square yards; topsoil spread and seeded, 8,000 square yards; cinders, 390 cubic yards; stone dust, 714 tons;  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch stone, 1,990 tons; and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inch stone, 585 tons.

The improvements at this center also included regrading and landscaping the area adjacent to Parkside Avenue so as to eliminate a steep slope. The leveled field is to be used for playground purposes.

For years the students at Trenton Central High, with a beautiful and modern high school and plenty of vacant space in the rear of the building, had to content themselves with a make-shift baseball and football field because the city did not have the funds to provide modern facilities. A number of years ago the late William J. Bickett, then superintendent of schools, had plans drawn for a stadium which would include a track, but the time was not opportune and he died without seeing his hopes realized. When the announcement was made that the Government would aid in the construction of worthy projects, the plans for a track and football field were presented and approved, as were tentative plans for a small concrete stadium to be built when more funds were available.

Modeled after the Yale Bowl, it contains a football field with a quarter-mile track; high jump, broad jump and pole vault pits, handball courts and 15 asphalt tennis courts. The cost of the project was \$101,404.70, of which amount the Government contributed \$76,033.70. An average of 61 men was employed when the project was at its height and

the specifications called for the laying of 2,206 lineal feet of pipe for drainage on the athletic field; 5,600 cubic yards of topsoil had to be cut, loaded and hauled and 12,500 square yards of topsoil had to be spread, rolled and seeded. Materials used included 3,190 tons of broken stone, 551 cubic yards of cinders and 1,760 lineal feet of chain link fence.

\$5,264, while at the playground center near the Sewage Disposal plant along the river a baseball diamond and four clay surface tennis courts were built. The Government paid the entire cost of the work, \$80,404.50.

And so after many years the city is at last able to offer modern facilities for the lovers of outdoor sports. It is a far cry from the early days in Trenton when athletes



A high school athletic meet made possible by the WPA

At the Chestnut Park playground four asphalt tennis courts and a wading pool were constructed, the Government spending \$33,087.47 and the city \$5,505.90. At the stadium playground two asphalt tennis courts, a volleyball and a handball court and a soft-ball diamond were built, the Government contributing \$82,578.87 and the city \$4,000. Four asphalt tennis courts and a soft-ball diamond were built at the Lambertton Bluff Park, for which the Government provided \$15,118.34 and the city

performed on quickly prepared tracks or on the ovals at the old Pennsylvania Car Shop field or at Hill's Grove, later known as Hetzel Field, to the grounds now available for use of the city's youth. Whether the development of the boys and girls will be any better remains to be seen, but at least Trenton, through the WPA, can point with pride to athletic fields where courage, self-reliance, fair play and the competitive spirit can be inculcated.



# The Audience Reacts

Results of an Audience Survey  
by the National Play Bureau

WILFRED C. HECK

As suggested by Mr. Simon in his article last month, the only way in which a subsidized theatre can find out if it is of any value to a community is to discover the reactions and ideas of its audiences. One way is the trial and error system of counting whether more or fewer people come to performances as time goes on, but there may be other factors involved in this aside from the attraction of the group or of the specific play. A much more scientific investigation is the Audience Survey Questionnaire distributed by the research division of the National Play Bureau, Federal Theatre Project. This determines the type of audience, their reactions to the particular presentation and the whole Federal program, and general suggestions and criticism.

The Bureau has recently released the results of surveys in Newark and Montclair during performances of "It Can't Happen Here." The statistics, based on a total of 148 replies, are even more gratifying than interesting.

It is no surprise to discover that most of the audience is of the so-called white collar class, predominantly professionals or office workers. The largest specific group in Montclair was 15 teachers, closely followed by 14 students, 10 housewives and 9 clerks. In Newark there were 8 teachers out of 34 questioned.

The general classifications numbered:

In Montclair --

32 Professionals  
7 Arts  
3 Trades  
8 Business  
15 Office Workers  
32 Miscellaneous, including the 14 students and 10 housewives mentioned, plus 7 salesmen and one lighting advisor.

In Newark --

13 Professionals  
3 Office Workers  
18 Miscellaneous, including 4 salesmen, 4 housewives, 3 students and 7 unstated.

The answers to the first question, "How many Federal Theatre plays have you seen before this?", reveal that most of the audience was attending for the first time. The exact figures were:

At Montclair --

91 First Performance  
19 Previous Performance  
4 No Answer

At Newark --

29 First Performance  
3 Previous Performance

A majority saw other plays frequently, that is five times a year or more. At Montclair 62 attended the theatre occasionally, while 52 did not. At Newark the corresponding numbers were 20 and 12. The reason for non-attendance of the latter groups, according to their answers, is mainly financial, while lack of opportunity is a minor, even though an important, consideration. The publicity attending the showing of Lewis's story may have been the reason why this was a first attendance

even for those to whom theatre-going is a habit, since some of them suggested that Federal productions be more widely advertised.

Those who believe that the theatre is merely an elevated sort of sublimation or entertainment will be agreeably surprised at the type of play which theatre-goers prefer. Out of 50 in Montclair who answered the question, 33 enjoyed drama dealing with current issues such as the one they were seeing. In Newark the proportion was even greater, 26 out of 34. A more specific inquiry on the kind liked revealed, in Montclair, the following preferences:

14 Social Problems

10 Drama

7 A Variety

Other types, such as historical, melodrama, farce, biographical, mystery and classical, received one, two or three votes each. The replies and remarks as a whole showed that most of the audience wanted dramatic presentation of modern problems.

Further comments on the script, direction, acting and technicalities were predominantly favorable, aside from a little dissatisfaction with slowness in scene changing and one or two minor lacks of perfection in presentation.

Probably the most important part of the experiment was the reaction to the question whether there should be a permanent Federal Theatre. Of the 148 who answered, 141 were favorable to the proposition. Of these a majority also wanted a neighborhood community theatre, which ordinarily would not be profitable to private enterprise. Of 27 who expatiated on their answer, 14 approved because "it provides good Legitimate Theatre

at a low price and makes it possible for more people to go to the theatre;" 7 qualified their endorsement by certain conditions or restrictions; 5 considered its cultural, educational, and creative value; while one thought "this Government should keep out of private business."

Of 59 who answered, 56 approved an admission price, of whom 36 were satisfied with present rates, while 10 favored a movie rate.

Additional comments on this problem were:

"To cover expenses."

"A bit lower than commercial Theatre prices."

"Charge enough to make the public appreciate its tremendous value."

The situation, as summarized by the report, seems to be:

"1. The answers indicate an almost unanimous approval of the production.

"2. The majority of the patrons were seeing their first Federal Theatre play and all sections of the reports reflect their approval of the project. The almost unanimous vote for a permanent Federal Theatre, the reasons given for this approval, the preferences expressed for plays rather than movies, and the large majority who want a neighborhood or community theatre all indicate that Federal Theatre is filling a real need in New Jersey. If attendance at Federal Theatre plays has been small, therefore, it is not because the people will not support a low price theatre, but because they do not know about it.

"3. Both reports reveal an unmistakable preference for current issue and social plays."

COVER: NATHANIEL RUBEL

The statue of Abraham Lincoln in front of the Court House at Newark is the work of Gutzon Borglum, nationally known sculptor. The cost was donated by Amos H. Van Horn, in

memory of his comrades of American Legion Post No. 11. President Theodore Roosevelt spoke at the dedication ceremony on Decoration Day, 1911.

# Prisons or Programs?

A Recreation Department Successfully  
Cures and Prevents Delinquency

BERYL WILLIAMS

Photos by Rubel

About a year ago the staff of the WPA Recreation Department of District Four, headed by Assistant State Supervisor Joseph Sieber and with the approval of State Supervisor Wayne T. Cox, volunteered their services to the city recorder for the inauguration of a new system of handling delinquent youth in Perth Amboy. The resultant program has gone on steadily since then. It has meant an increase in clerical detail for the office staff and frequent evenings sacrificed from personal pleasures by all the workers, but they agree with the citizens of Perth Amboy that it has been worthwhile.

Recorder Louis F. Sellyei gave birth to the original idea, which is unique in the State as far as the participation of WPA is concerned. When he first came to the bench of the local police court he was appalled by the numbers of young men between the ages of 16 and 21 who were brought before him on charges ranging from crap shooting to grand larceny. Some were first offenders, others had been sentenced previously to the State Home for Boys at Jamesburg or had served time in the County workhouse.

He realized, as do most modern students of sociology, that a method more beneficial to offenders and to society as a whole ought to be substituted for the system of indiscriminate sentencing which court congestion had previously compelled. The fallacies of so-called correctional institutions have long been

recognized but too little had been done, he felt, to stem the flow of youthful offenders through their doors. Theoretically prisoners are led to self-evaluation in terms of social needs, through supervised instruction and directed activities. In reality individual differences have precluded any wide margin of success, and terms of imprisonment have all too often resulted in an increase of the characteristics causing them.

Any plan that would help these boys, the recorder believed, must take into consideration conditions at home and leisure time associations -- the two fundamental bases of delinquent behavior -- and would therefore require the assistance of persons trained in handling young men. County probation officers could not be called in, since their jurisdiction ceases when boys reach the age of 16. Recorder Sellyei appealed to Mr. Sieber.

Thus began, without cost to the city, a system for dealing with young criminals who, if given another chance, might become valuable citizens. The WPA staff brought enthusiasm and training to their task, and so successful have they been that Perth Amboy's civic leaders have begun an agitation to supply the project with the facilities and equipment it has so far managed to do without.

Mr. Sieber immediately worked out a program to which he devoted his personal attention during the entire year. He received no compensation



Getting into trouble

for the overtime work it entailed. Every effort was made to discover, first of all, whether or not the culprit was a victim of some physiological or psychological abnormality which rendered him in need of medical attention. If so he was referred to the proper authorities or institutions. Then, in those cases where only surplus energy or susceptibility to suggestion had first led the way into unlawful pursuits, individually planned activities were scheduled for each boy. Care was taken to suit the programs to particular tastes and adaptabilities, but once a probationer was assigned to a definite routine he was required to follow it regularly.

These programs include a variety of things, depending upon the one of three classes into which a boy fits -- those attending school, those working, and those not attending school and without employment -- as well as upon his natural inclinations and mental equipment.

Boys in school report to Sieber every afternoon at 3 o'clock, bringing their textbooks with them. They work on their studies until 5 o'clock, and when tutoring or help is needed members of Sieber's staff are there to give it. In the evening

they report twice each week for the basketball games of the city league, unless they need the time for school work. Saturday mornings are also devoted to games in a gymnasium.

The unemployed report to the gymnasium each morning to play basketball or read in an improvised library over the gym. In the evening those who desire may attend night school and others report for games.

Those employed during the day may also attend night school or, if they show no tendency toward study, may take part in the games.

One evening a week Sieber devotes to interviews.

A member of the staff devoted his entire time to investigating employment possibilities for the boys, and of the sixty-five with whom they have had dealing during the year, eight of the twenty-seven unemployed were placed in private employment and fifteen sent to CCC camps.

In many instances where the boys were out of work and in need of clothes or necessities Sieber or the recorder found money in their own pockets to offer them.

All those connected with the work have derived great satisfaction from the fact that while twenty-three of the probationers had previous records before they were placed on probation, only two "repeated" while on probation or after their probations were completed.

One of the cases which might be called typical if each of these boys did not have their particular and individual problems was that of George P. He had been arrested three times, once for stealing coal, once for stealing copper from moving freight cars, and once for assaulting an officer. He had served one term in the county workhouse.

George at first resisted probation, but constant supervision and guidance changed this viewpoint. He was given physical, psychological and psychiatric examinations which revealed the following:

Physically he suffered from hypertrophied tonsils, and an overac-

tive heart.

He had an inferior mentality with a median test age of about 13 years; neither marked abilities nor disabilities and a manner uncertain and apprehensive.

He was seventeen years of age and had left school while in the eighth grade. Home conditions were found to be the worst of any boy on probation, with a mother mentally helpless and three brothers confined to state mental hospitals. The boy's childhood had been colored by the taunts of his playmates, also of low economic status, who assured him that his entire family was insane and gave him the nickname "Nutty".

The examiner advised that he be permitted to remain on probation, but removed from his present associates and interested in a job or in some new forms of recreation.

The boy's story of his arrests was coherent and relevant. He said that his first window-breaking had been accidental, and that as a result he had been placed on probation. Some time later he had been the witness to a theft of copper from freight cars, and the boys involved had offered him a dollar if he did not "squeal". He said he accepted because it seemed an easy way to make money. At that time George was arrested and sentenced to thirty days in the workhouse.

After his release he was again near the railroad tracks and when a suspicious officer accosted him he became panicky, he declared, and made an effort to break away; he insisted he had had no idea of assaulting the policeman.

He admitted that his parents had at various times sent him out to steal coal, when they had no fuel at home. Since he had left school he had had only one job, and had spent most of his time near the river seeking driftwood for fuel. He said he liked to work with wood and hoped some day to become a carpenter; he also expressed an ambition to join the CCC.

The examiner, favorably impressed



Keeping out of trouble

with the boy, reported that because of his inferior mentality he was easily led by others and frequently found himself in situations with which he could not cope. He recommended supervised recreation and a job.

Sieber immediately contacted CCC authorities and obtained permission for George to be sent to a camp. The boy's regular correspondence with Sieber after he was installed there indicated that he was perfectly content and had become greatly interested in the study of plant disease. When he returned home for a few days prior to his reinlistment it was evident that he had responded favorably to camp life. Physically he had put on weight and mentally he seemed to have completely lost his defense complex.

George well represents the result of such treatment as this project has constantly furnished. His healthy body and active contented mind are in marked contrast to his condition upon release from the Work House. No one knows -- but Sieber and his staff like to guess -- how much greater the contrast would be between George as he is, and George as he might be, had he been sentenced to prison.

# The Bowering Statues

George and Martha Still Watch

Life Go By in Paterson

ABE KIRCHBAUM

Tantalizing to the imagination and marked by an eighteenth century appearance of exact and proper decorum, two curious, metal-wrought figures representing George and Martha Washington stand on the side porch of a quaint two-story frame dwelling on the corner of Ward and Hamilton Streets, in Paterson, silent guardians for more than 150 years of an iron-bound copy of the Declaration of Independence. Since 1884 they have been at their present location, diagonally opposite the old post-office, and they are supposed to have been in existence for one hundred years prior to that.

The minute statues, about three feet in height, as well as the house, came into the possession of their present owner, Miss Annie Sisco, upon the death of her uncle, John Bowering, onetime Paterson plumber, in 1884. Before this time the figures graced the entrance of the plumbing establishment kept by Bowering on Broadway, near Washington Street. The exact age of the statues is not known, but from early recollections of her uncle's remarks Miss Sisco believes them to be a century and a half old.

Indisputably fine specimens of workmanship, the statues appear to have been cast with great care and skill. Not a single sign of disintegration is visible, even today, and the figures still attract the daily attention of hundreds of passers-by going to and from the County courthouse and the Central High School buildings nearby.

Majestic in bearing, although of slight size, the statue representing America's first president sternly stares into space, robed in a flowing gown, its one arm resting in a sash and its other clutching a document inscribed with the date, 1776. Martha Washington stands calmly on the other end of the porch, her tresses down, arms folded and chin proudly tilted in the air.

The house itself, of old-fashioned variety frequently seen in this vicinity, is believed to have been built a little more than eighty years ago. John Bowering purchased the house, when it was comparatively new, only a short time before the builder died. A tinsmith and metal cornice artisan of no mean ability, Bowering employed his talents in making his home one of the finest looking in the city.

An old iron fence, of intricate design, extends 36 feet along Hamilton Street, directly in front of the porch on which stand the two iron-molded statues, as if guarding them against the outside world and protecting the secret of their inception. An ancient English elm tree also stands at the side of the house, reminiscent of the days when the entire plot was a part of the Colt Estate.

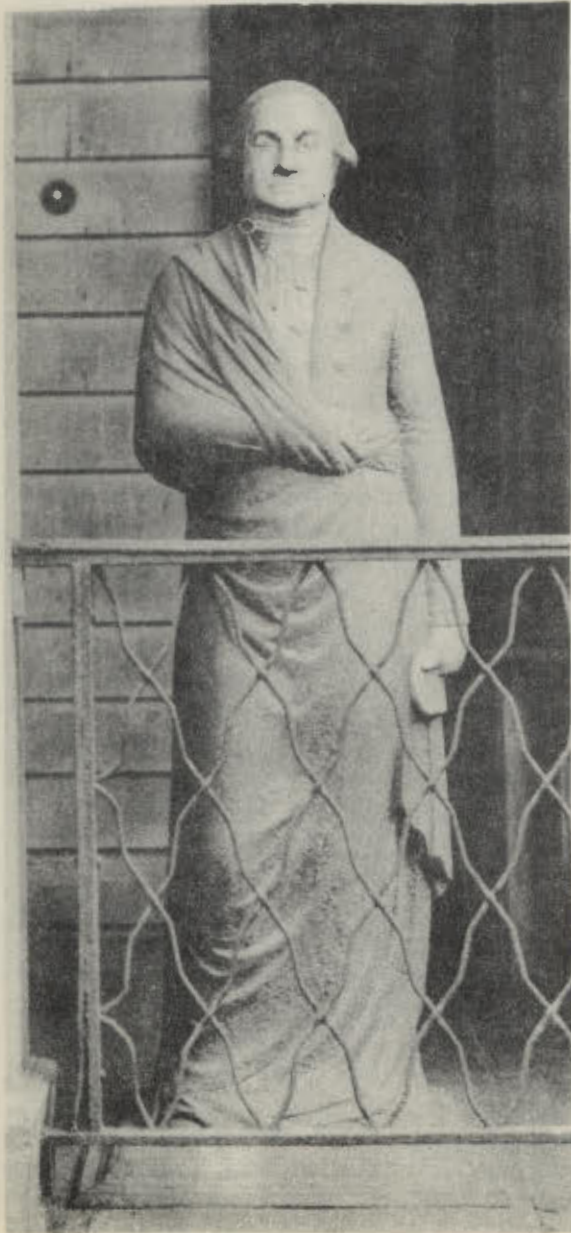
The house contains four rooms on the first floor and five rooms on the second floor. Many of the original furnishings are still used.

The bedroom furniture is 65 years old. Made of solid walnut wood, the bed itself stands approximately ten

feet high and is trimmed with ebony carvings and French walnut panels. The dresser is eleven feet high and of the same design. Both articles are in splendid condition. In the parlor on the first floor is a solid rosewood piano, supposedly about 80 years old and retaining much of its old-time lustre.

An article of particular interest is the long, flat English-made table which is one of the most cherished possessions of the house's occupant. When her uncle purchased the house from its builder, it was agreed that

"My George . . .



Photos by Rubel

. . . and Martha"

he pay \$100 to obtain the table with other furnishings.

From time to time antique dealers have tried to purchase some of the rare curios owned by Miss Sisco, especially the two small statues of George and Martha Washington, whose origin remains veiled in mystery.

Miss Sisco, however, refuses to part with "my George and Martha", as she whimsically calls the two iron-cast figures.

"If anything happens to me," she says smilingly, "I want them placed in an historical institution."

# Leviathan

a story

SAMUEL EPSTEIN

It was good to be home again. Three months of South America made New York's pavements look good enough to kiss. Even the curses of the truck drivers were music in my ears. I stood on West Street and looked in a very supercilious manner at the ship that had just brought me home.

I pulled out my watch. Two thirty. The problem that faced me was whether I should report to the managing editor or take the afternoon and evening off to look the town over.

I was taking one more look at the harbor and mentally thumbing my nose at my ship when I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned around.

"Dennis McGinty," I exclaimed.

"The very same," he answered.

We pumped each other's hands for a minute while I looked him over from top to bottom. He was a little man, lean and wiry. A pinched face and flashing eyes gave him an appearance of shrewdness that could have been substantiated by all who knew him. He wore a derby hat and a form-fitting suit, neither of which looked new. His shoes, usually polished to the point of brilliance, were scuffed and dull. I let go his hand.

"How goes it with you Dennis?" I asked.

"Lousy." He shook his head sadly. "And you?"

"I don't know. I've been away for three months covering one of those revolutions in South America."

Dennis tapped his pockets experimentally. "I seem to have forgotten

my cigarettes. Have you any?" He must certainly be in a bad way, I reflected. Dennis was a promoter. The type that promotes anything. He used to say that his passion for promoting began while he was in school. It seems he had teachers who were vicious anti-promoters -- at least as far as he was concerned.

Most of his schemes were good. Some were so good that he took vacations when they were completed. There are some who say that he had to take vacations.

"Promoting seems to have reached an impasse," I said as we sat on a packing case and smoked. "What's the trouble?"

He sighed. "Ever since I organized that Chinese Laundrymen's Protective Association I've been dogged by hard luck. Do you remember that?"

I nodded. Dennis had discovered that his laundryman charged him ten cents for reversing a frayed collar. Dennis didn't mind the ten cent charge, but the thought struck him that the more frayed collars there were the more ten cents there would be. He formed his association, which for three of the ten cents would fray collars scientifically.

At the peak of the industry Dennis had his men fraying 15,000 collars a week. His payroll amounted to \$200 per week, leaving Dennis \$250 for himself. If it weren't for the curiosity on the part of the customers as to how their shirts wore out so fast Dennis might even now be sitting in the lap of luxury. The customers never did find out. They



just stopped using Chinese laundries. Dennis found it advisable to retire for a time. He had come out of hiding a month before I left for South America.

"You mean to tell me that for four months you've done nothing?" I asked.

He nodded gloomily. "I tried several times, but no soap. Last month I had what promised to be the best promotion I ever pulled off, but it went sour."

"What happened?"

He pointed across the river. "See across there? That's the Leviathan. Rusting away."

I said nothing.

"I was sitting here one day," he went on. "Thinking what a shame it was to let a fine ship rot away and thinking maybe I could promote a night club on her. It's too big for a night club though. Anyway I was sitting here and a piece of newspaper blows across my feet. Having nothing better to do I picked it up and read the story of this here hiking derby they're having."

"Hiking derby?" I queried.

"I forgot you were away. You know this big muscle man Howard Brown." Dennis sighed enviously. "What a business he has. He's got camps all over the country where he charges people \$20 a week to eat spinach and stop smoking."

"Well anyway he's behind this derby. He's writing editorials about how healthy it is to walk. I'm sitting here without a dime and wishing I could walk across the ocean or something when an idea hits me. Why not walk across the ocean?"

"Walk across the ocean?" I asked. "How's anyone going to walk across the ocean?"

"That's where my idea comes in." Dennis said.

"See that ship?" He pointed again

to the Leviathan. "That boat needs about 50,000 horsepower to drive her thirty knots. Drive her at ten and you can do it with a thousand."

"I don't know much about marine engineering, but maybe it's all right."

"All you have to do is rig up a treadmill," he said. "Rig up a treadmill and charge 3,000 people \$500 each to walk across the ocean. I'd work them in eight-hour shifts."

I must have looked dazed.

"Don't you get it?" he snorted. "It's simple. The treadmill turns the propellers. The people walk. In about five weeks they're across and then for another \$500 they walk back again. A round trip grosses three million."

"Do you mean to tell me that people would pay you \$500 for the privilege of pushing themselves across the water?"

"What do you mean pushing themselves across the ocean. They're walking across. They get plenty of spinach. No smoking and no drinking. Ain't that worth \$500?"

"You're crazy," was all I could say.

"Crazy my eye. Two weeks after the first announcement I had 1000 applications."

"What happened? Couldn't you hire the boat?"

"That was easy."

"Couldn't you rig up a treadmill?"

"I'll tell you what happened. This guy Brown gets jealous. Look at this."

He pulled a newspaper from his pocket. Plastered across the front page was a scarehead:

BROWN FINDS WALKING INJURIOUS  
TO HEALTHY  
PEOPLE SHOULD LIE DOWN AND  
REST TO BE HEALTHY

# Swampland to Playground

Transforming a Dump Into a Landscape

JOHN H. BOURNE

One of the four most extensive and ambitious WPA projects authorized for New Jersey is under way along Cooper River in Camden County. At the close of 1936 Cooper River Parkway was almost three percent completed, with about two years of work ahead. Parts of the park and equipment will be open for the welfare and pleasure of the public long before completion of the entire project. The total cost will exceed \$6,000,000. According to sponsors, engineers, architects and others enlisted in the magnificent enterprise, it will look more like a hundred million when completed. Besides adding an extraordinarily attractive unit to South Jersey's recreational centers, it will undoubtedly serve to increase the value of adjacent property by millions of dollars.

The contrast between the area as it was, now is, and as it is to be, challenges human imagination.

For centuries the stream which now is being so completely transformed and beautified was known as Coopers Creek, named for one of the earliest settlers in the present area of Camden City. Recently it was dignified by the designation of "river," but with that the dignifying of the watercourse ended for the time being. Dirty, misshapen, utterly ugly, it crawled its way among tidal swamps and almost liquid mud flats, foul with slimy waste and decaying vegetation, while its banks became dumping grounds, increasing the dismal character of the scene.

Today it is scarcely less unbeautiful, but far more interesting. At the close of the year 1700 men, from laborers to architects and engineers, were at work on the project, with more to be added early in the current year.

Work on this project was begun March 2, 1936, but only in preliminary activities. It was not until December 5th, when a huge hydraulic dredge, capable of moving from 48 to 125 cubic yards of solid earth an hour, was installed, that action began in a really big way. Previously dykes had been constructed, separating sections of mud flats and swamp land from the area the river is to occupy when the great undertaking is complete. In erecting these dykes eight powerful cranes, with fifty-foot booms and five-eighths yard buckets, are used. Their accomplishments were supplemented by laborers supplied with 1194 shovels and 400 wheelbarrows as the moving of more than 4,000,000 cubic feet of earth was begun. In addition to this, in preparation of the area for the construction of paved highways, buildings, bridges, tennis courts and other means of serving and pleasing the public of South Jersey, there are 2270 piles, 30 and 50 feet in length, to be driven.

The working force at the beginning of the current year, under the direction of Townsend B. Rowand, general superintendent, included 985 laborers, 174 intermediate workers, 123 skilled workers, 68 office workers and 13 professionals. Among



Dredging and excavation at Cooper River, Camden

them were landscape architects, mining engineers, hoisting engineers, carpenters, bricklayers, riggers, electricians, steamfitters, plumbers and tree surgeons. There were four supervisors and 43 foremen.

Included in the early stages of the project is a large nursery where trees, shrubs and plants in great variety are being brought toward perfection for transplanting in many parts of the six-mile area of Cooper River Parkway from South Connecting Road in Camden City to the Mountwell Swimming Pool in Haddonfield.

All along the six miles, on either

side of the river, on ground created by earth dredged from the swamps, will be drives, paths and recreational facilities of many sorts. Beneath the made ground will be a drainage system, of terracotta pipe of various sizes, so perfect that tennis courts, baseball fields and most other sections of the area should be dry within an hour after the heaviest rainstorm.

As the work continues, the swamp land at the lower end will give way to a beautiful lake. Into this lake none of the heavily polluted waters of the Delaware River, which now



Laying the base for Cooper River Parkway



Turning swampland into dry, level ground

flood the entire region at high tide, ever will be permitted to flow. A reinforced concrete dam will take care of that, keeping the waters above it clean and smooth. This dam is a project in itself. It is so designed that the water elevation behind it will be lower than the normal high tides of the Delaware River. There is no record of a dam of such design, although the principle employed is an old and tried one. The structure will be approximately 450 feet long, and as it is being built in the swamp, it will be supported entirely on piling. Never will the lake and river become stagnated, for though it will be what is known as still water the natural runoff or ground water furnished by the 30-mile watershed will supply sufficient fresh water. Flood water will not go over the dam, but through it by way of gates which will close automatically as the tide rises against the lower wall. This will eliminate flood conditions in the improved area.

A rowing course of the finest type is among the features of the Parkway, and here, possibly next year, important boat races will take place. Other recreational features

include eighteen tennis courts, bridle paths, a model yacht basin 250 by 850 feet, and club houses.

Two main paved highways, South Park Boulevard and North Park Boulevard, will run the length of the parkway on either side of the river, connected by several artistic bridges and underpasses. Beauty in all its appropriate forms will be provided, making the region a veritable modern fairyland.

Plans for providing this magnificent playground for the people of South Jersey were formed early in 1935, following the practical completion of adjoining park projects, including the huge swimming pool between Farnham Park and Cooper River and Pyne Poynt Park in Camden City. There was some opposition, but finally, August 29, 1935, the Camden County Board of Freeholders appropriated \$461,600, the amount required in order to obtain the original Federal appropriation of \$4,457,499.

The three projects with which the Cooper River Parkway ranks are the Newark Airport, the bulkheads and dam at Atlantic City, and work on the Interstate Park along the Palisades.

# The Loveliest Funeral

a story

MAURICE ROTHMAN

Perhaps if I had not felt so smug in my knowledge of children, I would not have asked Mary to stay after school that afternoon. I knew that she was in desperate trouble and I wanted to help her. I felt that I could.

"Mary," I said, making my tone sound casual and busying myself with some papers, "how many dresses have you?"

"Sixty-five," she answered glibly, "and with those at my grandma's, I have a hundred."

"Yes, I heard that." I looked up at her. She was thirteen and quite short for her age. Big dark eyes were set in a thin face.

"They all talk about me. I know they do, Miss Halpern. I didn't know you'd heard though." No tears. Big dark eyes, hard and recalcitrant, looking at me levelly.

"How much do you get for pocket money every week?"

"Four dollars and twenty-five cents."

It was all so ludicrous. Her cotton dress looked like it was years old and had cost no more than seventy-five cents when new. It was easy to visualize her background. Family on relief and in desperate straits; faces mirroring vast black voids of hopelessness. Father tramping the streets --

"What does your father do, Mary?"

"He's an artist." Her eyes opened wide, shining with pride. "Sometimes he paints pictures on furniture."

"You love your father, don't you?"

"Oh yes, Miss Halpern. He's the

most wonderful father."

"I know, Mary. Now please tell me how much he makes a week."

"Why -- why --"

"Come, Mary, you have an idea, haven't you?"

"A hundred and fifty dollars." The words tumbled out fast.

"Oh he doesn't make so much."

"Yes he does, Miss Halpern -- and don't call me a liar."

I put my arm around her then, and pulled her close to me. I knew that she used to like me. But now I felt a strong resistance in her attitude.

"I want to help you, Mary. I want terribly to help you. You are old enough to understand everything I tell you. And I am old enough to know that if you don't stop exaggerating (mind I'm not calling you a liar), something very terrible is going to happen to you. They all talk about you. They form little groups and talk about you. You don't like that, do you? Please don't interrupt me. Now if you keep up your exaggerations -- and everybody can easily see through them -- you'll be isolated, persecuted by the rest of the children. You'll be miserable. Now, why do you do it?"

"I don't lie." Her tone hard and low pitched.

"Then why, in heaven's name, do you wear this cheap little cotton dress if you have --"

"The others are all silk and I don't want to wear them to school." It was rehearsed and utterly ludicrous. Did she expect me to believe her? I must make it clear that she

was a perfectly normal child as far as her studies were concerned, standing just a measure above the average. I then explained to her that millions of people were unemployed, millions were on relief. I told her that there was not an iota of disgrace attached to being on relief. To make my point stronger and break through her armor, I told her that the government owed her family relief. But going around making up fantastic stories was disgraceful.

"Now, Mary, please tell me the truth and I'll think so much more of you."

"I have a hundred dresses."

I gave her up then. But I took the thought of her home with me, evolving plans to trap her, to break through her seeming impregnability, to save the poor kid from the ostracism and misery that I knew would be forthcoming. The whole thing was beginning to prey on my mind. There must be some way to save her.

So I conducted an investigation of my own (the methods I used are of no moment) and found that I had been correct in my deductions. Her home was a shambles of broken spirits. They had been on relief for six months now and the family had its back to the wall. Her father had been a dilettante artist, but had not painted anything ever since they went on relief. About a year ago, he had lost his job with a furniture company. I had expected to find some trace of mental aberration in her family, but there was none. They were normal people -- the father and mother and two-year old brother, normal people, but sunk in an abyss of misery.

I made two more attempts to argue with and cajole Mary but failed. She stood before me, small, pretty, her dark curls hanging about her face -- an insoluble problem.

"I told you before, Miss Halpern, that I have a hundred dresses."

Of course I never told her that I knew all about her. The whole procedure I had used, though perfectly honorable, left a bad taste in my

mouth. I salved my conscience with the thought that I had done it for Mary. I had to have a weapon. I pitted my experience, my knowledge, my maturity against her frailty and pitiful obviousness -- and lost. I wished then that I could give her up, forget about her, but I couldn't. I was being challenged from a different angle; the discipline of the class was being disrupted. Once, when I asked a pupil what she was giggling about, she stood up and said, "Mary says that her maid always makes her curls for her."

"Now, Dorothy, that is certainly nothing to giggle over."

"But she says they have three maids, one for her, and one for her mother and one for her little brother."

"Three maids --" I felt my helplessness before the problem of Mary rise up in a wave of nausea.

"Why does she have to lie like that?"

"Her dress is old and the hem is torn."

"Look at her shoes."

They shouted from all sides, a sea of resentment against the obviousness of her lies. I lost my temper completely and screamed at them to keep quiet. For a long moment we stared at each other, the class and I, and I was thoroughly exasperated with myself. The first principle in maintaining order, in my opinion, was never to lose control over oneself. And here I had given a ghastly display of temper.

And through it all, Mary sat calm, her eyes boring into mine. For a moment I thought they were pleading with me, begging for understanding and sympathy. There was still time. There was still time. If only I could break her down -- make her cry. She looked so puny and helpless, a tiny piece of flotsam tossed about on a sea of enmity. She had been so sweet before that ludicrous obsession of hers.

I kept her in again.

"Oh, Mary, that is not the way to fight public opinion. Poverty does-

n't take one bit away from dignity." Oh yes, I know -- empty phrases -- but what could I do? "There are other poor girls in our class. If only you could refrain from exaggerating. You're on the wrong train, Mary. You must get off and change trains." I spoke hoarsely, very near tears myself. "For heaven's sake, don't you think we all know that you don't have three maids. Why there isn't a child in the class with three maids."

"We have three maids, Miss Halpern. You all think I'm lying, but we have three maids."

I knew that the story of her lies was going the rounds of the whole school. I knew that she was being called "crazy Mary." I knew that the permanent effect on her life would be irreparable. My own peace of mind was being seriously affected. Nights I tossed about making plans and discarding them. What was I to say to her. I had to admit to myself, that I had used every argument I could think of.

"Don't you like me any more, Miss Halpern? Will you turn against me too, like the others?"

"Oh, but I do love you, Mary dear. Now let's forget the whole thing for a while --" I had a raging headache -- "What are you going to do about Hallowe'en? I want you at the party. I'll tell you what, Mary, if you'll help me with the spelling papers, I'll get you a lovely little costume for the party -- What kind would you like?"

"I'll help you with the spelling, but you don't need to get me a costume, I have a whole rack of costumes to choose from."

I felt myself on the verge of screaming, I sat for a long time getting hold of myself -- then I dismissed her.

Of course she was absent the day of the party -- and needless to say I had a perfectly miserable time.

Naturally things got worse as days went on. Someone had mentioned dancing lessons to her, and she said calmly that she took lessons too --

she studied tap dancing and modern dancing and toe dancing and ballet dancing and acrobatic dancing. Then they became vicious and called her vile names. They danced around her in the street, tearing at her dress and pulling her hair. "Crazy Mary -- Crazy Mary. She has three maids. She has a nurse for her baby brother. She takes every kind of dancing lesson. Dance for us, crazy Mary." I came out of the school and they saw me and ran away. She was pale and disheveled and her dress was torn but she didn't cry. I walked with her for a couple of blocks talking of her studies in school -- but mostly we walked silently --

Then one day she came to school in a new wine-red dress and I sensed a change in her. That afternoon as the children were filing out, I touched her arm and gestured to her to wait. When I had shut the door on the last pupil and turned to look at her, I saw a new softness in her dark eyes. They were lovely eyes.

"I like your dress, Mary."

She broke down then, falling on her knees and burying her head in my lap, the tears coming unchecked. Her body rose and fell with her racking sobs. She had lovely brown curls and I patted them. I had to have something to do with my hands. I was on the verge of sobbing myself.

Her voice came muffled and broken with her sobs, "I won't do it again -- ever."

I had to wait a long time before I could trust myself to speak. I just sat there stroking her curls, my eyes blurry with tears. Finally I said --

"I don't know why you did it, Mary, and I'm not going to ask you, ever. It was all wrong and utterly unnecessary. It was an awful, awful time for you -- and for me too, because I love you so."

Then she told me that her father had gotten on the artist's project of the WPA and had been employed for a month already; that her new dress cost a dollar seventy-five; that they

were gloriously happy at home; that her mother was smiling again; that she loved her father and thought that he was the greatest artist that ever lived.

"Some day," she said, her eyes starry with a new happiness, "he'll be a great artist."

"Of course he will, Mary -- of course he will."

The next day I had a long talk with two picked girls, urging them to befriend Mary, to play with her, to show the others that Mary was a perfectly normal child. I told them that I was sure they would find Mary amenable now. They promised they would. Infinitely relieved, I went home, for the first time, at peace with myself and with the world.

Two glorious weeks passed. I felt ineffably elated. Mary was getting along well with her new friends. She was a naturally sweet girl and now the miasma that had settled on her was quickly being blotted out. I saw her running and playing and laughing with the other children and I knew how happy she must be after the long black weeks of ostracism and persecution.

Then one day she was absent from school. The next day I was told by some pupils that Mary had lost her father. The long strain had done for him. I had never seen her father but a feeling of infinite void settled on me quite as if I had known him all my life. But my thoughts were all of Mary. Poor child! What had she done to warrant fate's cruelty. Poor innocent child. I caught myself talking in subdued tones, sorrowing not for the dead but for the living. I knew that her frailty could never stand the shock.

Then she came back and sat perfectly still and answered all questions correctly. "The Pilgrims came in 1620 and were bound for Virginia, but the storm tossed their ship onto the shores of Massachusetts. They decided to stay because they had had enough of the rough Atlantic --" Her voice was subdued, low pitched, even. Her eyes were staring through me in-

to vacancy. I had heard her use that tone before, but then I didn't hear the words or the tone at all; I thought only of the bereft little girl who had suddenly found herself without a father, where last week his presence was part of her existence. When she sat down her foot touched her neighbor's and she said "Pardon me," with an appallingly quiet dignity.

When the pupils were gone for the day, I took her to my heart again. "Mary, I'm your friend."

"I'm glad you are my friend because I want to talk to you."

No tears. An eerie calmness that made me feel limp in my chair. I studied her dark eyes, darker now because of her pale face.

"I want to tell you about my father's funeral."

"Oh, but you mustn't talk about that now."

"Yes, I must, Miss Halpern."

What kind of a funeral could it possibly have been. No money. Few friends.

"There was music, Miss Halpern, the loveliest music came in through the open windows. He was beautiful in a silver coffin --"

"Oh, Mary --"

"And twelve perfectly white horses were snorting and stamping their hoofs and fretting to be off --"

"Oh, Mary --"

"And, Miss Halpern, the people, a whole parade of people, all dressed in fine black clothes. It was the loveliest and richest funeral that ever was. I wanted to tell you first, Miss Halpern, because I love you. Later I want to tell everybody. I must tell everybody about my father's funeral. They put him in a big stone building all covered with ivy. Music came from all sides. A sweet sad music." Eyes, two brown stars. "It was the loveliest funeral."

Silence.

"Miss Halpern -- you believe me, don't you?"

Silence.

"Miss Halpern -- Miss Halpern, you



believe me, don't you?"

Her voice came like a frightened thing, ending in a small scream.

Oh, God help me, I know the things I should have said. They would have done no good but I should have said them. They would have done no good,

I swear, because I knew the stuff that Mary was made of. Hadn't I butted against the stone wall before --

I pulled her to me. "Darling, of course I believe you. It was the loveliest funeral --"



BEAUTY PARLOR A Lithograph Mildred Dobbin

Mildred Dobbin was born in Newark. She has studied art at the Newark School of Industrial and Fine Arts, Art Students League and privately with Nicholai Cikorsky.

Her work has been exhibited at the Art Students League and the American Artist School, New York City.

# Archives and Orchids

Think of Future Historians Before  
Discarding That Picture Postcard

BURTON KLINE

In "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" one of the great dramatists makes merrily with a certain Monsieur Jourdain. This Monsieur Jourdain had taken the precaution to make a handsome fortune. This attended to, he set about using his means to acquire personal polish and attain a position in the world suited to his achievements. To accomplish this worthy purpose he employed the best obtainable tutors in all the arts. One of these told Monsieur Jourdain that as he was not a poet he was a master of prose. As much to his delight as his amazement Monsieur Jourdain found himself already a writer. Hadn't his every dunning business letter been a piece of prose?

Monsieur Jourdain is the immortal figure that Moliere made him because in him cried out an instinct common to all humanity. Breathes there a soul so dead who hasn't a laudable desire to distinguish himself in some way or other? And the strange part of it is that we all do just this. In one way or another every human being is a Monsieur Jourdain. No man can buy or dispose of the simplest piece of back alley real estate without leaving his deeds behind him. And he may be sure they will be treasured as nearly forever as steel and concrete vaults and human care can approach that limit.

Everything you handle or touch this day may become an archive tomorrow. The seeming trash of today is tomorrow's treasure. Last evening, in slippared ease and cheered by prospects of rising recovery, you

probably conned a motor car catalogue and picked, perhaps only in imagination, the next car you will buy. It is to be hoped that you do, but far more important is that catalogue you held in your hand. Twenty years from now the cars there advertised will be as much jokes as the wheezing cars of twenty years back. Perhaps a hundred thousand prospective buyers conned the same catalogue, and threw it away. You probably tucked yours in a drawer for future consultation and forgot it. You may have had no further use for it, having bought your car. But whether you saved the catalogue deliberately or by neglect, you did the next generation a priceless service. That catalogue is an archive.

Those who knew Mark Sullivan in his law school days remember with a grin his room in old Hollis, his old Morris chair, and the convenience known to the ladies of the day as a lapboard forever across his knees. What times he was not poring over law books he was everlastingly clipping articles and pictures out of papers and magazines and pasting them in a scrapbook. He had stacks of these scrapbooks and kept on adding more. His friends wondered at a grown man's amusing himself with that sort of nonsense and set it down charitably as a mild form of lunacy. In recent years Mark Sullivan has made himself the author of "Our Times," six volumes of contemporary history, with probably more to come, immensely interesting and valuable now and perhaps invaluable in

the future. These volumes were made from those scrapbooks, pasted up by a man who knew an archive when he saw one, and saw its value that far in advance.

It is most devoutly to be hoped that some one will have the foresight to embalm in the necessary mothballs one or more of the hats the ladies are currently wearing. Fifty years from now they will be, if possible, even funnier than they are today. They are archives at least, and that, together with their mirth-provoking qualities, is possibly their major merit.

Yet archives may take on forms of extravagant beauty. An archaeologist found a stone along the Aegean Sea. On it was carved:

"A ship-wrecked sailor, buried on  
this coast,

Bids you set sail.

Full many a gallant bark, when we  
were lost,

Weathered the gale."

That magnificent shout to victory from the lips of defeat was probably written, not by a sailor, but by a poet who spoke the truth for him. He left something more than an archive; he left a lightning insight into one civilization when humanity attained a peak it never reached before, and never afterward.

Every well-stocked art museum in the world makes spread of its hoard of Greek amphorae, and with excellent reason. These jars are among the finest attainments in the human effort to arrive at beauty. Nearly all are signed, very properly, with the name of the artist. Now it is known that all these articles issued from about six manufacturing plants, indicating big business in the pottery line in Athens. And again you have a quick light on the Athenian way of thinking and doing things. Note that the jars bear signatures of the artists and not the names of the makers. Their names disappeared with their dust. The Athenian world, having bought their jars, had no further use for them. And yet they merit immortal gratitude for leaving

these archives behind them.

Old theatre programs are already archives, especially those reaching back for the names of Forrest, Davenport, Booth, Barrett, Forbes-Robertson, John Barrymore -- in the days before he acquired his mania for marriage. Even the radio program in this evening's paper may be an archive ten years hence. Old timetables are archives. "Annie Rooney" became a frightful bore in her heyday; today the song is a relic, along with "Yes, We have No Bonanos," and many another. They are archives, of course, because they carry a meaning. They are lights on the past.

Naturally, the courts are the great, deliberate, organized point of deposit of archives and of what they have to tell, and among these the Surrogate's files touch the people first and most intimately. In the Essex County Hall of Records -- a fairly new building already stuffed to the bursting point with records -- you will find three floors of leather-bound volumes, all marvellously indexed. These books contain thousands of pages of wills, deeds, mortgages. On paper they make dull reading--until you think. Behind these dry transactions are two and a half centuries of one man's success and another man's sorrow.

Picking at random among these tomes you will find an inventory dating from 1806. On one of its yellowed pages, in faded brown ink, written with an old and sputtering quill pen, you will find the entry:

"One black man named Anthony.

Value, \$120."

To the clerk who scratched that down, no doubt, it was one more tiresome detail at the end of a tiresome day. It may have struck him as being about as exciting, and as useful, as picking fly-specks out of black pepper. He may have hoped while he wrote that the sausage for supper would be of slightly better quality than that of last night. He may have wondered how much he would lose at cards when his friends

dropped in for ecarte. One thing he probably never thought of -- that he was writing an archive of thunderous moment. He was planting one of the little grains of powder in a train leading to one of the most horrible things that ever happened -- the War between the States, over the slavery question.

This is what archives mean. It is why the Administration appears to have been so nearly inspired in financing and organizing the Survey of Historic Documents in all the States. The time was ripe and to have muffed the occasion might have been a calamity. In 1835 the Essex County Court House was burned to the ground and except for one lucky trunkful, every record, from 1681 to the year of the fire, was burned. The Survey is a kind of insurance against the like throughout this country.

It would pay for itself if it did nothing more. It cannot possibly find and catalogue all the millions of records left in the course of 300 years by the busiest of all peoples. But in New Jersey alone it has traced down priceless papers as vividly illustrative of the life and thought of the past as the sailor's tombstone, and regarded as lost for a hundred years. And the like goes on, perhaps, all over the land.

Here is a single example. For easily a century The Elizabethtown Bill in Chancery has been known to students of American jurisprudence -- by reputation. They all knew of it and something of what it contained, but no one had ever seen the document itself. The story of the bill and what it stood for is too long for rehearsal here. The nub of it is that the early settlers of East Jersey took themselves to be beautifully stung in their titles to land. Three times they bought and paid for it from three different sets of claimants, beginning with the Indians. When a fourth charge came for quit-rents, they kicked, they fought, they rioted, they sued. The case was in court for a full

twenty years. It never was settled. It never was even tried. Even this paper which argued the cause disappeared and was thought forever lost.

George J. Miller, State Director of the Survey and himself a historian, found it in a trunk in Perth Amboy. (Or was it New Brunswick?) The workers on the Survey have been for a year and a half too busily engaged in their inventory of every County Court House in the State for their director to take stock of what other historical treasures they may have unearthed. The richest part of their finds will come, no doubt, when they go into churches, old attic trunks, even old barns where dust-covered Colonial records are known to sleep. Already enough has been accomplished to safeguard from now on pretty much all that is worth the saving in handing these papers on to posterity. If other states have done as well, the coming historian will have at his hand a wealth of material such that if great history is never written among us, it will be for want of the genius and not of the records. And at least two epics are crying to be done. There is not a trace of exaggeration in saying that if greatly done, they would take their places beside the Iliad and the Aeneid. They are the Revolution and the Civil War.

In one other direction the Survey already has done a long-needed service. It was at first the experience of workers in the field to encounter hostility on the part of custodians of these county records. The records were sometimes in disarray and their keepers preferred not to have their condition bared until there was time to put them in order. Their resentment was the more understandable because the disorder was not their fault. The records had come to them from predecessors who themselves had probably inherited a chaos probably dating from Colonial beginnings. In time these officers saw in the Survey workers a help and not a nuisance.

Here were workers only eager to put their papers in shape, when otherwise neither money nor time might have been available for the job. The records are not merely described for the student's or historian's behoof, they now, generally, are sorted so he can find them.

Now a part of one county's records -- Mercer -- has been printed in pamphlet form for the guidance of the personnel in shaping the coverage of the other counties. The inventory is fairly complete for all 21 counties. Henceforth the task is one of collating and editing the

mass of garnered material, and this has proceeded to a point where half a dozen counties begin to be ready for reference to Dr. Luther Evans, Federal Director of the Survey in Washington.

To single out individuals from the 145 members of the staff would be invidious, when all deserve verbal orchids for a job that had to be as thorough as it was speedy.

Orchids? Oh, yes, orchids. In Rio you buy them at ten cents a trainload. And there is the difference. Archives are worth much more, especially at their source.

## MR. PETRIE

### Rudolph E. Kornmann

Mr. Petrie, upside down  
might be a savant or a clown,  
but standing on his proper legs,  
he's comprehensible as eggs.

He is the creature elegant,  
a futile thing, whose whole intent  
is frantically to keep alive  
and, having started, to arrive.

His customs vary, but his plan  
is quite u-til-it-arian;  
equipt with mouth to love and eat  
he keeps the god-like shape complete.

These supplemented by a mind  
compose the form of human kind,  
which, though its flesh soon decomposes  
is fond of war, and wine, and roses.

# Old Age Colony

Cumberland County Provides For Its Aged

WILLIAM WESCOTT

We were driving southward along the State Highway which runs from Millville to Cape May when the sleek-haired driver of the two-bit cab stated laconically, "Well, here 'tis, Mister." He then turned sharply to the right and down a winding road.

In the rear of the car was another passenger, an old man whom we had casually picked up in front of a lunch wagon, because to our mind he represented a "typical case." Beyond his monosyllabic acceptance of our invitation to visit the place where shortly he was to make his home, he had not as yet spoken a word. The old fellow was about seventy years of age, bronzed and seamed of face, sturdy of body, gnarled of hand, and answered to the name of "Cappy."

After a few minutes of driving we found ourselves at the edge of a vast clearing in the forest. In the center was a cluster of newly built, newly painted houses. The little village, we estimated, covered about fourteen acres.

As we walked around the colony Cappy became quite informative. We learned a lot from him and we were indebted to him for much information about a WPA project, the very nature of which is an amazing anomaly in South Jersey, the heretofore impregnable stronghold of reactionaryism. We talked to Cappy quite some time as, with an air of ownership, he showed us around Roosevelt Park.

Although the Old Age Colony Project, located in the heart of a small forest of pines one mile south of

Millville, Cumberland County, was and still is, in a sense, a construction job, it is regarded by the people of the District more in the light of a splendid experiment of a special humane nature and of far-reaching sociological significance. The objective in this case was a safe, snug anchorage for life for a number of aged, indigent, spirit-crushed people, who for some time had been existing on an average of \$16 per month, given them by the county.

This colony, which may be the forerunner of hundreds of similar settlements, was the brain-child of Mrs. Effie Morrison, deputy director of the Cumberland County Welfare Board. For some years Mrs. Morrison had been struggling with the almost impossible job of securing comfortable housing conditions for old age pensioners of Millville. These aged people, unable to secure profitable employment, were obliged to fall back upon the provision of the State law giving them a small monthly pension.

The Welfare Board deputy director's most difficult problem had been to find means to enable them to pay rent and at the same time have enough money left for the purchase of food, to say nothing of securing fuel and clothing. She learned that the city owned 100 acres of idle land on the west side of the State Highway between Millville and Cape May, about one mile from Millville. It occurred to her that the city might utilize a part of that tract

upon which to build small but comfortable homes for the pensioners.

Mrs. Morrison sought and obtained an interview with the members of the City Commission, who were deeply impressed with the possible efficacy of the plan. But Millville, they said, like a good many other municipalities, was facing difficulties, and they could see no way in which to provide funds for such a venture. It then occurred to Mrs. Morrison that they might secure Federal aid through the Works Progress Administration. The Commissioners immediately contacted District Director George R. Swinton at Atlantic City and arranged for a conference. Swinton listened carefully to all details of the proposition. He was impressed with its object, expressed his opinion that it was a most worthy one, and explained how a project might be prepared with detailed plans and cost estimates, to be submitted to the District Office.

From then on little time was lost in getting the project under way. The plans were approved and forwarded to the State headquarters in Newark and subsequently checked and approved in Washington, where President Roosevelt set upon them his seal of approval on November 14, 1935. The Federal Government allotted \$24,809 for the plan.

The City at once set off a large section of its tract and twenty WPA laborers were put to work to make ready for construction. Materials were hauled in, a well sunk which produced an unlimited supply of pure water, and then eleven carpenters, one bricklayer, two painters, two plumbers, one electrician, two truck drivers, a timekeeper, foreman, and supervisor set to work to build a little community.

There are now fourteen buildings in all the Colony. Seven of them will be for couples and six for single persons. Those for the former contain a living room, bedroom, dining room, kitchen and bath. Dwellings for single persons will contain a living room, bedroom, kitchen,

dinette and bath. Each house will have a front and rear porch. All will be heated with stoves.

Houses for couples will rent for \$7 a month and those for single persons for about \$5 a month. Each dwelling is equipped with gas ranges, is lighted with electricity, has city water and sewer connections. The small rentals, city officials declare, will cover the carrying charges, and the half-acre of fertile soil allotted to each house should make the Colony self-supporting. It is quite possible to raise more than enough garden truck on a half-acre of soil in this vicinity to keep a family throughout the winter, experts say.

Cumberland County nurserymen have volunteered to furnish several varieties of fruit trees and plants. Not to be outdone, the Cumberland County Poultrymen's Association has pledged to give ten chickens to each Colony resident desiring them.

Each house will be named for a flower, and in front of each garden this particular flower will predominate. The Colony grounds are beautifully parked. Fountains, flower beds and shrubbery are now being laid out according to plan.

The Colony forms a large square, in the center of which is located the Community House. This building contains a large assembly room, a small game room, and another room where refreshments may be served when the old folks gather for their festive occasions. Living quarters are also provided for the caretakers of the building.

Because it is the first colony of its kind in this country, and because it has been developed with the aid of Federal funds through the Works Progress Administration, Millville Commissioners have named it "Roosevelt Park." This is the second of its name in the State, since there is also a Roosevelt Park at Metuchen.

On the short trip back to Millville we dropped Cappy off at the lunch wagon, and the driver turned in the direction of the bus station.

Cappy's garrulity had turned off quickly as soon as we had left the scene where, at the age of seventy, he obviously intended to carve a future for himself.

"Tell us about Cappy," we said to the driver.

"Well, the old geezer used to be well off. Was a sea captain over in Salem. Retired and come here to farm. Lost it n'everything else 'bout six years ago. Couldn't land a job. Finally had to go on the county. Before that he used to be pretty sociable. Used to come in the old bar at the old Richards Hotel and set 'em up regular. After he went on the county he'd come to the bar same as usual and sit around readin' the papers. He didn't bum no drinks, but he'd take one if one of his old friends would force him to it. Well one night our football team here was celebrating at the Richards bar. Cappy was standin' at the end of the bar with a friend havin' a glass of needled beer. Well, they wasn't enough room for the whole team and Cappy too. So Ozzie Karpis, our big tackle who works at the mills here and was already feelin' too good, tries to shove in between Cappy an' his friend. Cappy wouldn't budge, so Ozzie pushed him pretty hard an' says, 'Get outa here you lousy county bum!' Well, Mister, it happened mighty fast. Old Cappy let go one

from the floor with that big ham of his and there was Ozzie sittin' on the floor with a funny expression on his face. Cappy finished his beer an' walked to the door. He turned around an' says, 'I paid taxes in this here county for ten years. I don't think that lout ever paid any. But mebbe he's right.' He walks out an' never comes back again an' he seems to change after that. Sorta slunk around. Kept to himself an' all that. Then about a year ago this Old Age Colony thing started. Cappy took a big interest in it, an' walked out every day to watch the men work. He was pretty sore when they wouldn't let him help. Anyway as soon as the thing started Cappy became more like his old self, though you couldn't get him to open up on anything except this here project."

The driver drew up to the bus station. We paid him and went in to wait for the next bus to Atlantic City. We suddenly discovered that we were thrilled. And that seemed funny because we like to pride ourselves on not being moved emotionally about anything. It wasn't the blow that Cappy delivered in the old regulation quarter-deck style that thrilled us. Finally, we found out that we were thrilled because for the past year Cappy had been making a comeback. They were taking Cappy off the shelf of uselessness and giving him another chance.



Half-acre and house for every resident of Millville's Old Age Colony



# Tour 4

Excerpt From a Tour in the New Jersey State Guide  
Being Prepared by the Federal Writers' Project

JOHN NORMAN

Photos by Rubel

(Suffern, N. Y.) - Mahwah - Lambertville - Delaware River - (New Hope, Pa.). US 202.

New York Line - Pennsylvania Line, 81.5 m.

The road is paralleled at intervals in the northern section by the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western RR., and between Copper Hill and Ringoes by the Delaware Division of the Pennsylvania RR.

Good paved highway, with stretches of four-lane concrete. Frequent service stations with usual accommodations. Numerous tourist camps; hotels in towns.

Northern New Jersey, through which US 202 starts its southwesterly ramble from the New York Line to Delaware River, is a region of heights and rolling dips rising in sharp relief from the generally flat land of the State. South of Suffern with the green and purple-shadowed Ramapos behind, the highway penetrates a country that has the clean high look of the Berkshires. For miles around, the Ramapos rim a terrain of minor hills and ridges through which narrow rivers twist their way into the cups of small mountain lakes. Old farm lands from Mahwah to Lambertville slope up to the foothills, rising and falling with the rocky core of the country; only at intervals do they give way to industry's encroachment. This route cuts open a cross-section of 200 years of America. Here are decisive moments in American history, lost in time, but fixed in the place of their occurrence: the Colonies' first sizeable iron works, which helped turn the tide of the Revolution; concrete-buried Indian paths followed by the Continental Army under Washington; and the house where Morse and Vail labored to bring forth the first magnetic telegraph.

The New York State Line is 1.4 m. S. of Suffern, N. Y. A few yards S. of the State Line US 202 turns R. at the junction with a macadam road, the Franklin Turnpike.

Left here, on the Franklin Turnpike, past the SUFFERN BOYS' CAMP ACADEMY (L) and the AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK PLANT (R), is the WINTER HOUSE, 0.7 m. (R), a two-story brown-shingled old Dutch dwelling believed by many local residents to be "the house with nobody in it" of which Joyce Kilmer wrote. If it is really the "tragic house, its shingles broken and black," repeal has peopled it and put it in repair; today it is a wayside restaurant and bar. This 150-year-old place by the Erie tracks is a fine example of gambrel-roof Dutch Colonial architecture.

A right turn on the Franklin Turnpike at 0.9 m. leads into the business center of MAHWAH -- several stores, a post office and an Erie RR. station. Mahwah residents will assert with some amusement that there is no such place as Mahwah; it has neither fixed limits nor a known population. An unincorporated village, its name is Indian and is said to mean "beautiful."

JOYCE KILMER'S WHITE COTTAGE sits on top a steep hill in Mahwah, at Airmount and Armour Rds. Flanked by birch and elm and surrounded by a rocky garden, the house looks far down into the Ramapo Valley. It is here, the local story runs, that Kilmer wrote Trees -- although other communities have also claimed the honor.

US 202 runs through an Erie RR. underpass and crosses the Ramapo River at 0.3 m.

At 0.9 m. is the junction with State 2 (see Tour 16).

US 202, known here as Old Valley Road, runs straight ahead. Shaded with maple and shot through with the pungent odor of pine, this 3-mile stretch of macadam cuts into a district untouched by industry for 200 years. Low, rambling white-painted brick houses built by Dutch landbreakers are today the homes of Wall Street brokers and gentlemen farmers, their estates still enclosed by the winding stone fences with which the tidy Dutch marked their land's limits. Commerce itself is resented on Valley Road. The atmosphere of solitude is emphasized by the sharp rise of the Ramapos at the last upward roll of the fields.

The residents' feeling for the quiet countryside is not always expressed in a forbidding insistence on privacy. The RAMAPO WATER GARDEN, 1.3 m. (R), for example, is marked by a large sign which gives the impression of a commercial establishment; but inquiry will reveal that its proprietor, a retired movie theatre owner from Brooklyn, has had the sign erected only to be hospitable, so that travelers will be encouraged to view his three fine lily ponds and tropical aquaria. This apple-shaded 20-acre estate is said to have been the site of the original Sheffield Hope milk farms 135 years ago.

The JAMES CLINICAL LABORATORY, 1.7 m. (R), is the place where Dr. and Mrs. Robert F. James of Detroit do general clinical work in a small white brick building that looks almost as old as their house but happens to be practically new. The blue-shuttered house, constructed of stone and mud with trimmed saplings for uprights and with a white clapboard exterior, dates in part to Colonial times. It is one of three dwellings in this neighborhood that have been identified at various times as the original Hopper House, where General Washington planned the attack on New York City.

At 2 m. (R) is a two-story, dormer attic brick house, its old white paint curling along its walls. During the Washington Bicentennial celebration of 1932, when the New Jersey countryside was being ransacked for historic spots, this was declared by its present owner to be the original Hopper House. A marker was erected, but lasted only a couple of months. Henry O. Havemeyer, owner of the adjacent property, protested that a house on his estate was really the Hopper House. The ensuing dispute was settled when the New Jersey Historical Commission awarded the honor to the Havemeyer Building and placed its marker there. This HOPPER HOUSE stands at 2.5 m. (R), a three-story square brick dwelling back of which is a tremendous red barn once used as a carriage house. In an adjoining field is a small OBELISK, carrying no inscription but marking the spot where Washington is said to have hoisted a diminutive Hopper maiden to his saddle bow.

At the ivy-covered CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, 3.4 m. (L), the road drops sharply, passing the DARLINGTON PUBLIC SCHOOL, 3.6 m. (R). The red



Rockaway River at Boonton

brick and limestone IMMACULATE CONCEPTION SEMINARY is atop the hill, well off the road (L).

There are no village limits between Mahwah and Darlington. As one local postmaster puts it, "You can live where you please in Ho-Ho-Kus Township -- it don't matter where your house is. It all depends on which name you like better, Darlington or Mahwah."

North of Oakland there is a change in the character of the district; along with the old Dutch houses, their backs to the road, there is a sudden clump of "roadside rests" -- beer, hamburgers and service for tourists. These have been the object of considerable acrimony on the part of some wealthier newcomers in Valley Road. The stand-keepers, however, find no harm in making their living out of a country in which they have spent all their lives.

Off the road (R) is a double-headed steel TOWER which rises from the wooded mountains. It is a private lookout belonging to Clifford F. MacEvoy, mayor of Oakland, and is lighted for aviators at night.

At 8.2 m. Pond Brook with its mill site and lumber yard marks the S. end of the Valley Road region.

OAKLAND, 8.6 m. (280 alt., 735 pop.), one of the oldest communities in Bergen County, is a cluster of frame buildings strung out S. of a New York, Susquehanna and Western RR. station just over the bridge (R). The borough has been known successively as Yawpaw, The Ponds, Scrub Oaks, Bushville and now Oakland. Its public edifices number a school, a large fire bell (L), a Civil War monument and flagpole in the middle of a public square (R), a one-story brick borough building at the far end of town, and a brilliant red post office which shares occupancy of a two-story yellow frame building with a barber shop (L).

Hanging from a bracket in the public square is a SIGN which announces: "Oakland. Bergen County, N. J. Established 1869." The legend is topped by a portrait of one Chief Lapogh and the words, "Once There Was Indians All Over this Place." The sign was the donation of Robert T. Sheldon, a resident of Valley Road; Oakland people assert that the ungrammatical construction was insisted upon by Mr. Sheldon, who, they recall, said it was "a quotation from some author."

The rivalry between old and new that was noted in Valley Road takes on a different form here. To the left of the main street is a chain grocery store; opposite it is a red porch general store which exhibits a large sign: "Chain Store Prices -- Plus Delivery!"

A SILK LABEL PLANT is the borough's sole industry. Its principal point of interest is the BOROUGH HALL, constructed by WPA as a replica of the old Church



Twentieth century industrial blends with Dutch Colonial at Sheffield Farms of the Ponds. The site of the former church building is farther down the road by Oakland Pond (R). The hall, a white Georgian edifice, is adjacent to the present brown-shingled DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH, whose congregation celebrated its 225th anniversary in November 1935. A former pastor of the church, the Reverend Ilsley Boone, became the center of a local controversy some years back when he espoused nudism, of which he is today one of America's leading exponents.

West of Oakland, beginning at ROTTEN POND, 1.5 m., and skirting the top of the Ramapo Mountains, are traces of the old CANNONBALL ROAD used by the Continental Army in transporting munitions from the Ringwood Iron Works (see Side Tour 9A). It is not accessible by car. This pre-Revolutionary road, swampy portions of which were laid with logs, corduroy fashion, served the Jackson Whites in their enforced flight from a society in which they could find no home. Few isolated racial groups have had so tragic a history as the Jackson Whites. A mixture of Hessian, English, West Indian, Dutch, Portuguese, Negro, Spanish, Italian and American Indian blood, their ancestry can be traced to the two boatloads of 3,500 women shanghaied by the British authorities during the Revolution for the pleasure of their New York troops. In the crossing from England, one boatload was lost; and Jackson, the contractor, filled in his order with a substitute conscription from the West Indies. When the British evacuated New York City the women were released. But the authorities would have none of them, and they were forced to leave the city. Ostracized wherever they went, half-starved, they struggled their way into the mountains of New Jersey. They were joined by another band of outcasts, Hessians stranded by the British government which had brought them to America to fight the Revolutionaries. Runaway slaves, outlaw whites and the Tuscarora Indians banished from North Carolina -- unwanted men of all races soon found the log road to the haven in the Ramapos. As late as 1925 the population was augmented by a group of Negroes imported from the south to act as strikebreakers, and ostracized by their fellow-men in New York and New Jersey. Many stories have been circulated concerning the alleged "savagery" of the Jackson Whites; none of them is true: Today many of the group, which num-

bers about 150 families, work in nearby factories. The Jackson Whites have no community of their own. Their greatest concentration is at Conclintown (see Side Tour 9A), atop the mountain. Dark in color for the most part, there are a number of albinos; some of these have been employed as freaks by the Barnum and Bailey Circus. 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 Casalony.

South of Oakland, following the Ramapo River, US 202 swings (R) through a district of bathing beaches (R), tourist camps and hot dog stands.

At 10.9 m. is the junction with a concrete bridge over POMPTON LAKE into Pompton and the Borough of Pompton Lakes.

Right across the bridge and (R) on Perrin Ave., a macadam road, is BIER'S TRAINING CAMP, 0.3 m., where top rank professional boxers prepare for their matches. The camp makes Pompton Lakes a newspaper dateline known by fight fans throughout the country. It is jammed in spring and summer with tourists, sport-lovers and anglers on hand to watch Louis, Carnera, Canzoneri or Berg go through their paces. Most of the Broadway visitors know the training-camp only for its outdoor ring fronting the lake, its gymnasium and its restaurant-bar. But the camp site has other historical associations than those of this year's greatest fighter of all time. The two-story white frame and brick house in which Dr. Bier and his family live is the 200-year old SCHUYLER MANSION, where General Washington and his staff took the day off to attend the wedding of Peter Schuyler, Washington's aide.

Lakeside Avenue skirts the lake into the Borough of POMPTON LAKES, 2.8 m., (200 alt., 3,500 pop.), where a du Pont plant manufactures electric blasting batteries and metallic caps.

The ESTATE OF ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE, well-known writer and dog-fancier, stretches along both sides of US 202 at about 11.5 m. Terhune's house nestles in the steep lake front, almost hidden by towering shade trees (R).

At 12.1 m. is the junction with the Paterson-Hamburg Turnpike. US 202 turns (L) here.

The COLFAX SCHUYLER HOUSE, 12.3 m. (R), has a warped and sagging roof, crumbled brick chimney and great sloping cellar that are testimony of the building's age. It was built in 1697 by Arent Schuyler; his descendants have occupied the house ever since it was built. The oldest portion of the house extends as a right wing to the present main section, which is still in excellent repair and is in use today. Six slim, white Ionic columns support the second story and its gambrel roof. The entrance, up a broad porch, is marked by a cross-paneled "witch door" beyond which it was impossible for witches and evil spirits to penetrate. A sandstone marker fronting the mansion indicates 23 miles to Hoboken and Jersey City; the milestone, erected in 1805, is not accurate.

The Colfax Bridge over the Ramapo River, 12.5 m. (R), was built in 1836 by the Morris Canal and Banking Co., in cooperation with General William Colfax.

At 14 m. is the junction with State 23 (see Tour 9).

Three hundred broad acres stretching along both sides of the macadam road beginning at 14.1 m. are those of SHEFFIELD FARMS. Sweet timothy and alfalfa smells make up in bucolic atmosphere for the modern buildings where milk is



The Colfax Schuyler House at Pompton Lakes, built in 1697

Photo by Halpern

drawn from cows by machine and pumped across the road for bottling without being touched by human hands. The milk houses themselves are a luminous white, a cross between old Dutch mill buildings and the spare trim lines of twentieth century industrial architecture. (Milking parlor is open to visitors).

At 15.6 m. there is a maze of intersecting roads at a traffic circle where US 202 unites with State 23 in a four-lane concrete highway whose north- and south-bound lanes are separated by an avenue of trees. At 16.8 m. is another traffic circle large enough to enclose several houses.

MOUNTAIN VIEW, 17.1 m. (180 alt., 1,684 pop.), a residential and summer-resort community, appears to the traveler as four corners of brick and frame buildings marking a right turn along US 202. The DEY MANSION (open Tues., Wed., Fri., 12-5; Sat., Sun., 10-5; adm. 10 cents), a red brick structure of three stories on Totowa Road near the PASSAIC COUNTY GOLF CLUB, is the borough's most important historic house. Washington had headquarters here in 1780, and at one time 250 men and officers camped on the bare pine floor of its attic. Built in 1740 for Colonel Theunis Dey, it has been preserved as a Revolutionary museum by the Passaic County Park Commission (see Tour 9).

Turning (R) on Greenwood Avenue, US 202 separates from State 23 at 17.2 m. It crosses a single-track Erie RR. line and a bridge over the narrow Pequannock River onto the Boonton Turnpike (R). Lining the right bank of the river are the bungalows of summer visitors. Wood barricades separate the houses from the river's edge and at frequent intervals steps lead down into the water. Homes were deserted here in the spring of 1936 when floods swept down the Ramapo Mountains and inundated the valley. The river topped its banks, overran roads and highways and surged to the porches of the flimsy frame buildings.

A weed-grown ditch paralleling the road (R) is what remains of the old MORRIS CANAL. A monument to the era of expansion, the canal was built in 1831 for the coal and iron-ore haul into Boonton and Dover. The Lackawanna and Erie RRs. long ago supplanted its service and the State Legislature withdrew its charter in 1920. Today it is a resting-place for windblown newspapers and the wax-paper sandwich wrappings of heedless tourists. Where the road becomes two-lane concrete the canal ditch stops abruptly, reappearing soon on the left

side of the highway. This section of the road was built over the canal bed.

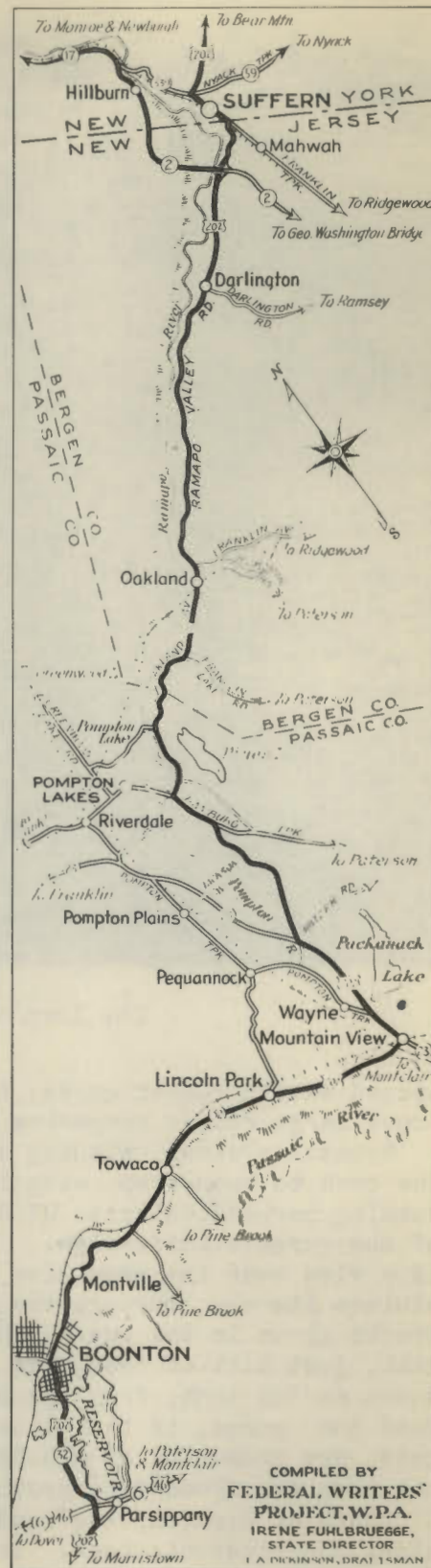
A red brick schoolhouse (L) identifies the community of LINCOLN PARK. At 21.2 m. the highway meets a Lackawanna RR. overpass (R). US 202 divides to run on both sides of the tracks here; the right hand route offers the better road. On the left road the handsome old WHITEHALL M. E. CHURCH rises in surprising contrast to the railroad cinder-bed almost at its foot.

TOWACO, 21.6 m. (200 alt., 416 pop.), appears as a small suburban center in real-estate-development stucco; its Lackawanna RR. station, with its dull red roof and stucco walls, sets the architectural tone of the town. The community was once known as Whitehall. The land out of Towaco is a rising plateau; high to the left the deep cuts of sand quarries can be seen in the hills.

MONTVILLE, 23.9 m. (350 alt., 900 pop.), is the seat of Montville Township of which Towaco is a part. A motorist can enter and leave Montville on one sharp right turn. It is a collection of brown and gray frame buildings in the middle of which, oddly enough, there is a three-story red brick apartment house. An old frame hotel operates only in summer. On Crooked Brook (R) are the remains of an old grist mill.

The right bend out of Montville is a long climb to the top of a high plateau. Broad peach acres (L) give way quickly to industry's smokestacks marking the entrance into Boonton.

BOONTON, 25.2 m. (400 alt., 6,866 pop.), built high into the ledge that overlooks precipitous ROCKAWAY GORGE, has the alert look of a New England commercial center. Gray factory yards at the town's outskirts recede before the steep hill into the business district; Main Street thrives. If cities can be placed in time, Boonton fits most perfectly into the bustling, driving years of the eighties. One of America's first iron works was established in Boonton, and for about 50 years in the middle of the nineteenth century, when iron rails were demolishing the West's frontiers, the town was one of the largest iron centers in the country. Today its industries comprise two nationally known hosiery mills, gunpowder, dynamite and torpedo plants, a radio factory, several garment concerns and two bakelite plants. Bakelite was first manufactured and commercialized in Boonton. A local man, Richard W. Seabury,



One of the maps to be used in New Jersey State Guide



The Town of Boonton, from the Rockaway River

opened an old rubber works to manufacture the new phenol product after numerous large rubber companies had turned the idea down as unfeasible.

Boonton's steep, winding streets seem to have been hewn hurriedly out of the rock to keep step with industry's swift progress. Main Street itself, running perpendicular to US 202 as it enters the city, winds up around the rim of the gorge's knife edge. From a LOG LOOKOUT next to the bank building (R) is a view over the precipice into the Rockaway cut; below, the twisting river sluices its way through the sharp rocks and on the far bank the Lackawanna tracks gleam in the sun. Sheer crags rise above ROCKAWAY FALLS (R). SHEEP HILL, just N.E. of town, has an elevation of 940 feet. Another summit is known as THE TORN, from the Dutch word toren, or tower. Over to the left, beyond the gorge, is the blue face of PARSIPPANY RESERVOIR. Once it was the good, dry community of Old Boonton, busy with forges and iron works; in 1898 the town was flooded to provide a water supply for Jersey City.

South of Boonton, the road crosses the Rockaway by a steel bridge and runs along the reservoir bank. The reservoir (L) is 2,150 feet long and has a maximum depth of 110 feet. A large island, often peopled with patient fishermen, pokes its head out of the still water; this is one of Old Boonton's promontories, rising to recall the days when men and women walked on land now soggy with a quarter century's inundation.



# Remember?

a story

ALBERT BOYD

Lowering himself wearily into the armchair at the table, John rested for a moment. But he was afraid to rest for long; he needed it too badly. He drew a deep breath, then took the handkerchief from his breast pocket and blotted his forehead. Then he dried his left hand carefully, studying the smears of blood on the damp cloth. He replaced the handkerchief in his breast pocket, pointing it with care.

John looked out the window. The dimly lit disk in the tower of the Jefferson Market Court House, told him that it was eleven-thirty. Drawing another slow, deep breath, he opened the drawer of the table and reached in with his right hand. He listened to an el train stopping at the station. Then the train pulled out. He looked in the mirror directly across the room, by the door. His face was pale, even in the shaded light, making his hazel eyes dark. His greying hair picked up dull reflections.

His body tensed with the closing of the street door. He listened to the footsteps on the stairs. They entered the rear room on the floor below. It was the fellow who played the violin. Thank God there would be no lessons tonight. The man was a fool to starve. He might love his violin, but he couldn't eat it.

But then, he had loved Martha, and what had it gotten him?

John looked out at the clock again. It gave him untold satisfaction to look at the dim old face on the tower of the court house. He

didn't notice the time because the blast of music from the next apartment brought fresh sweat to his forehead. Then the music died down. Nellie Thompson would be lying in bed playing the radio. If her head wasn't too bad she'd be up and dressing and out to the clubs in half an hour. The music stopped and he knew Nellie's head was very bad.

Looking around his own room, John reflected that it was a pleasant place. A few prints broke the monotony of the orange walls. He liked its warm simplicity. He liked its small hearth on which a fire was laid. It had been his home for a long time, but he thought it best not to go into that too deeply.

A muffled blast of laughter told him that the three law students who had the front apartment on the first floor were having a party. The laughter wasn't all masculine. They were raucous, lively kids, given to hell-raising Saturday night and heavy sleep all day Sunday, from dawn on.

He listened to a car pull up at the curb below. He closed his eyes, listening intently. He had been listening for so long. He had been living by his ears, if you could call it living. But the car drove off and the street door had not been opened. Perhaps it was the female artist ( batiks and weaving ) who lived in the basement. He wondered what she'd think of the red symphony on his handkerchief. Or it might have been anyone, though it hardly mattered. His old habit of keeping track of everyone in the house re-

fused to let him rest.

He mopped his forehead again, and looked around the room. It was home. The bed was the studio couch against the far wall. His mind began to feel the flood of the warm orange of the walls, and into this crept the sad voice of the violin. As if in answer to this, the voice of a man and woman came from directly beneath him. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Curley.

The Curleys were of uncertain age and attainments. They were usually very quiet, except when stirred to battle. These arguments were, as now, loud and short. At first John had thought that their sudden termination was brought about by a right to Mrs. Curley's jaw. But after he had seen the lady and gentleman, he gave them each an even break.

The Curleys, John was sure, were very fortunate people. More fortunate than himself, for instance. Mr. Curley worked in a department store and his wife worked in a restaurant. Generally their life was at least quiet. But he couldn't understand what had held them together for the five years he had known of them. Perhaps it was simply that they loved each other. The monogamy of the parties concerned set a record for the house.

Again John looked at the tower clock as the brawl beneath him came to a sudden end. It was almost midnight. He wondered what was keeping Tony. He'd expected him before this. He couldn't be wrong. If Tony had told him that he'd drop in tonight, John couldn't have been more sure. Tony was never the kind to disappoint one. Though they hadn't spoken to each other in six years, John was sure Tony hadn't changed.

They'd both nursed a machine gun overseas. They'd both spent more than half the war in the same hospital. Machine guns were very unhealthy things to associate with.

The street door banged open and the lower hall was filled with loud profanity and a husky male voice calling for Dorothea. That would be Henry Harvey Armstrong calling on

Miss Dorothea Wade who had the first floor rear. Dorothea was a short, slight, dark school teacher who held some charm over Henry Harvey Armstrong, which John had never fathomed. John could more easily have reconciled Mr. Armstrong to Nellie Thompson, his immediate neighbor. But it seemed that the minute, dark Dorothea had something for which the soul of Henry Harvey Armstrong cried out, after half a dozen scotches.

Armstrong, John had discovered, was a feature sports writer and got around quite a little.

John closed his eyes tight, as Dorothea's door closed her black sheep into the fold. But above the muted life of the old house, Nellie Thompson's vocabulary asserted itself in favor of Henry Harvey Armstrong. John wondered if there wasn't just a touch of jealousy -- Not because the school teaching spinster had looped in a fun-loving male, but simply because H.H. Armstrong was on the up-stroke, while Nellie herself lay in alcoholic doldrums.

Then the street door opened and steps came up the stairs. Even on the first flight, John knew it was Tony. Many times in imagination, he had heard these halting steps coming up. Along the second floor hall, the limp was more pronounced. Up the next flight and they stopped outside Nellie Thompson's room, then came on.

Knuckles rapped the door and John said, "Come in."

Pushing open the door, Tony stood there looking at him, his face expressionless. As if it was a mannequin speaking, Tony said, "Anthony McGuire to see John Scott."

"Sit down."

Tony didn't take off his derby or coat. He didn't take his hands out of his pockets. He sat on the couch which was John's bed, saying, "It's getting colder. The rain is turning to snow."

John smiled. "It usually snows in the winter."

Tony nodded. "Remember the day of the big snow --"

John interrupted him: "I remem-

ber. The gun clogged."

Tony looked at John for a full minute, then around the room, slowly, taking in its details. "I often wondered what it would be like." Then: "It's been a long time, John."

John nodded slowly. "It has. Perhaps too long."

Smiling, Tony shook his head. "I've come to take you with me."

Without moving, John said, "How are you and Martha getting along -- unless I'm too inquisitive?"

"We're not."

"No?"

"No," said Tony, "she's dead."

"Oh --"

"Yes, Martha's no longer with us, so I thought I'd look you up."

A slight V deepened above John's nose. "I've been expecting you."

Tony nodded. "Don't think it was unwillingness on my part."

"I'm not," said John. "Haven't you some papers, or something?"

"I don't need any papers."

A gust of noise and laughter came up from the front apartment on the ground floor. Tony looked around, startled, then back to John, who smiled. "Three future lawyers, two floors down. Saturday night party. Take off your coat and make yourself comfortable, Tony."

"I'm not staying long," said Tony. "We have a date."

"Did you come alone?"

"Yes. Alone."

John nodded. "Was Martha sick for long?"

"No. She was shot." Tony's face didn't change. His eyes didn't move. He spoke as if he was speaking of someone he'd read about in the newspapers.

"You must run across a lot of such things," said John.

"I had only one wife."

"Yes," said John. "So did I."

Tony leaned forward about to get up. "Are you ready to go?"

"No," said John. "We haven't seen each other to talk to for six years. We've a lot to catch up on. After all, we were in college together. And we were in France together. We

were even in the same hospital together. By the way, how's your leg?"

"Wet weather bothers it," said Tony. "But we have to go now."

Strains of a gypsy dance came up from the apartment of the hungry violinist. John listened for a moment. He tried to follow the melancholy melody, but he couldn't. Then he said, "We have a lot to talk about."

"I'll be seeing more of you now," said Tony. "We'll have plenty of chance to talk."

John shook his head. "I don't think so."

"I'm going to take you in."

John shook his head.

"Take your hand out of that table drawer," said Tony. "I'm going to take you in, dead or alive."

"I don't think so," said John. He closed his eyes for a fraction of a second. Then he smiled. "Remember the trouble we had with our first gun? Remember we damned near got killed that time it jammed? Well, they're making them better now. Look --" And the nose of a machine gun slid out from under the scarf on the far side of the table.

Without moving, Tony looked into the cold steel muzzle of the gun.

"Pretty, eh?" said John. "It's so easy to handle. And it operates from this drawer. I have my hand on the trigger and almost any shock would be enough to start the belt running through." He smiled. "You know what happens then."

"I know," said Tony. "But I'm going to take you in."

"Impossible," said John.

Shaking his head, Tony said, "You've gotten away with plenty, John. For a long time you had us fooled. But you were careless tonight. When you shot Martha, you pointed right at yourself."

John smiled wearily. "You're not forgetting that she was my wife first?"

"I've never forgotten that."

But John, seeing Martha lying on the living room floor, was listening to the soft, sad moaning of the vio-

lin from downstairs. No doubt the fellow got some sort of pleasure out of that dirge.

"I opened the door and went in," he said slowly. "Their voices were so loud they didn't hear me. I got one look into the room. The man was giving Martha hell because she was giving him the air --"

"What man?" Tony interrupted.

John raised his shoulders, then lowered them slowly. He could hear Henry Harvey Armstrong singing at the top of his voice down in the little school teacher's apartment on the first floor. "What difference does it make? Just like I found you present one evening six years ago -- Any man. That's the only way I can figure it."

When John stopped to breath deeply, slowly, several times, Tony said, "And?"

"Martha was telling him off. She was all through with him; just like she'd been all through with me -- Remember?"

"I'm still listening." said Tony.

"Well, the man had a gun in his hand, but he let Martha finish. She was in good voice, I can tell you. Then he shot her down. I yelled and he turned and plugged me. But I got him. He's in the clothes closet. It was a nice shot, if I do say so. You'll find him."

Tony took his hands out of his coat pockets. Then he stood up. "I guess I'll take a look," he said.

John nodded. "Come back if you're not satisfied."

"I feel cheated," said Tony.

"So do I," said John.

He went out. John listened to him going downstairs. The closing of the street door was lost in a riot of laughter from the young lawyers. His forehead was covered with sweat. He tried to raise his hand to his breast pocket, but he couldn't. His hand just wouldn't come up. He had a hard time understanding that. He pitched forward on the table. The room was filled with the roar of explosions and from the wall above the couch, plaster rained.

## CITY STREET

Earl Lawson Sydnor

Is there no beauty in a city street,  
No rhythmic fantasy in rushing feet?

Is there no thrill in seeing pigeons fly  
Across a narrow patch of broken sky?

And when tall buildings cut the dawn in two, --  
A jagged free verse poem trimmed in blue;

Is not that gasping breath of ecstasy  
As pleasant as to know who made a tree?

# Streamlining the Law

Paterson Acts to Codify and Renovate Its Ordinances

LOU SAPPERSTEIN

Times change, and if the ordinances of a big city still provide penalties for carelessness in hitching horses, filling water troughs, and raising whips to buggy drivers in the rear, something had better be done about it. So, at any rate, thought the city of Paterson, which is sponsor to WPA Project No. 1010 "to codify all city ordinances and to install a system of filing city records."

It's not so hard to appreciate the value of a new disposal plant, a smooth macadam highway, or a much needed school building; but even the satisfaction of acquiring these substantial benefits through WPA aid should not hide from anyone the dollars and cents significance of straightening out in time existing discrepancies in the law. Otherwise, the collective taxpayers of a community might find themselves out a nice piece of change if one of these defective ordinances was questioned in court.

In the past this has actually been the experience of Paterson, where the codification work has been in progress since April 1936. Since then numerous other cities of New Jersey and neighboring states have set up their own codification projects, and to the historic efforts in this direction, which have immortalized the name of the Roman Emperor Justinian and the great Napoleon, there now promises to be added the codifying accomplishments of the Works Progress Administration.

Advocated by the legal department of Paterson as a means of providing employment for lawyers, clerks and typists, and at the same time performing a necessary work, Project No. 1010 had had under scrutiny every ordinance enacted since the incorporation of the city. At its height the project included thirty people under the direction of George Diamond, secretary to the Paterson legal department, who is supervisor without salary of the codification project.

Thus far one of the outstanding achievements of the project workers has been the discovery of many city ordinances whose penalty clauses are in direct conflict with the provisions of the Home Rule Act. This is a discrepancy which has at times cost Paterson dearly.

For example, just before the codification project was launched, a hatter, found guilty of hawking his wares on the sidewalk, was fined \$250 as demanded in the city ordinance. The case was appealed to a higher court, and the first decision was reversed on the ground that the Home Rule Act does not permit the police recorder to levy fines greater than \$200.

In another case the owner of a junk yard in Paterson was subjected to a mandatory fine of \$150 for operating without a license. This decision was also invalidated when lawyers for the defendant proved that the fixed fine was illegal under the terms of the Home Rule Act, and that the ordinance should have

allowed the recorder discretionary powers in assessing his fine. If the recommendations of the project are adopted, and all city ordinances brought up to date, there will be no need for such reversals in the future.

The project has also been of great value in another respect. Like other large cities, Paterson still has on its books a considerable number of obsolete ordinances, which could easily cause embarrassment if invoked. This situation has attracted the attention of the WPA codifiers.

Thus, the lawyers of the project have discovered one measure, enacted in a more leisurely era than ours, which provides "that no vehicle having pneumatic or rubber tires shall be run at a faster rate of speed than as follows, namely: in the crowded streets of this city, six miles an hour; in streets less crowded, but within the fire limit, eight miles an hour; outside the fire limit, ten miles an hour."

Conjuring up the days when the congested streets of Paterson were wooded country inhabited by many species of game, one city ordinance, unearthed by the codifiers, still specifies "that no person shall at any time, within the corporate limits of the city of Paterson, catch, kill, trap, or expose for sale, or have in his or her possession after the game has been caught, killed, or trapped, any night hawk, whippoorwill, sparrow, thrush, meadow lark, skylark, finch, martin, swallow, woodpecker, robin, oriole, red or cardinal bird, cedar bird, tanager, cat bird, bluebird, snow bird, or other insectivorous bird."

Another old ordinance includes a section forbidding the removal of water from any of the public drink-

ing fountains in the city, under penalty of five dollars for each offence. In the case of every such obsolete ordinance, the codification project will recommend revocation.

But perhaps the most valuable portion of the project is the compilation, according to topic, of the thousands of ordinances ever enacted by the various departments of the Paterson city government. These have in the past been filed merely in the order of their passage, with no effort being made to arrange them according to the subject they dealt with. Consequently, to discover the various amendments, and amendments to amendments of any given ordinance today requires the reading of every measure which has ever been enacted. This is often a herculean task, and will be eliminated by the new filing system, which indicates at a moment's notice all amendments and cancellations.

Still another result of the codification work has been the discovery that different departments of the city have sometimes passed ordinances which were outside their authority. Moreover, many of these ordinances were inconsistent with each other. This condition will also be eliminated.

Finally, the WPA codifiers are also at work on a compendium of cases relating to local ordinances which have been adjudicated in the Supreme Court and the Court of Errors and Appeals. This is a work of enormous value, when it is considered that the members of the city legal department often spend days "running down" precedents which have bearing on some present cases. This achievement of condensing data ordinarily found by reading a multitude of books is something which even laymen can appreciate.

Plays Now Being Presented  
by the Federal Theatre  
Project of New Jersey

The Campbells Are Coming

The Last Warning

The Patsy

Broken Dishes

Night Cap

The Barker

Her Majesty The Widow

It Can't Happen Here

Brother Mose (*all Negro cast*)

Laff That Off

Na Santarella (*Italian*)

Come Seven

*Marionette Plays*    *Vaudeville Units*

*In rehearsal*

The Trial of Doctor Beck

