

The Miracle Mile Mirror



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The Miracle Mile Mirror

c/o The 60 Garden Street Association, Inc.
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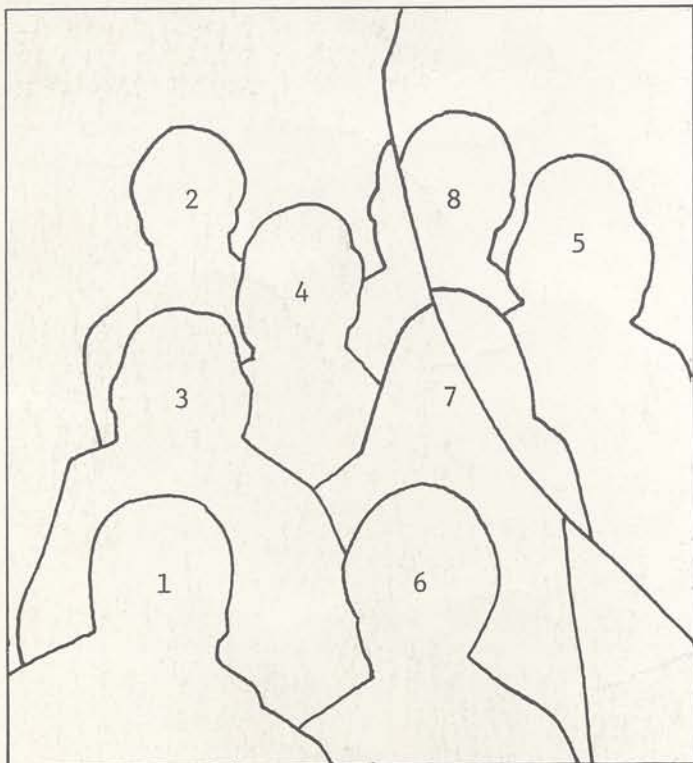
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EDITORIAL

Hoboken, "The Miracle Mile", a town of many people of different cultures. An industrial town where its largest industry is politics. "The Miracle Mile", noted for its past history, but plagued with present deteriorating conditions. Where housing is a decay, drugs are a cancer, and where dreams are shattered by realities. Yet despite these dilemmas, calamities, anxieties and social prejudices, there are people who can take time to express their inner soul in their talents. This perhaps is the only miracle which exists in Hoboken today. We salute you, people of "The Miracle Mile", for your cultures and conglomerations of cultures which make up Hoboken.

Edwin Duroy, age 20





Bob Martinovich, age 20

***"If I could change one thing in the Ghetto
I would attempt to change the whole community."***

Angel Melendez, age 16

Dear Operation Rainbow,

I live on Park Ave., The kids that live around here are all-right. The buildings are all-right to. Except for the street and the park, the park is all mest up. We have bumps, rocks sicking out of the ground, and little hills going up and down. I wish Model City would fix the park so it would look better. And at least paint our building so it would even look better. And I would like to complan about the sanatation men they can do a better job they wake us up in the morning, they take the garbage can and thow them around. My name is Howard Williams. I live on Park Avenue Hoboken N.J.

P.S. Age 13



WHEN THE POWER OF
LOVE OVERCOMES THE
LOVE OF POWER, THAT'S
WHEN WE'LL HAVE PEACE.

CHETTO

LIBERDAD

POWER TO THE PEOPLE.

If I could change something in the Ghetto, which I know is far from coming true. I would probably try to change the environment of the lower class people who are living on welfare and live in very poor houses. I wouldn't go straight to the head office of the city, because many people have tried that and never really succeeded in doing or rather never really reached his main goal. It's not really the government that makes people from the Ghetto live the way they do. Because as a group, together they could really do something for themselves if they wanted. But they just don't care. It would be interesting to find out the opinions of the people of the Ghetto and how they feel, the way they are surviving or if they just don't care. As long as I'm alive and breathing who cares, I DON'T.

OPEN YOUR EYES
SOONER THAN LATER
YOU'LL TELL.

Tiny

JULY 28, 1971

WHAT I WOULD LIKE TO CHANGE IN HOBOKEN

Here in Hoboken we need many recreational places. I would like, among other things, that they build a hospital for people of low income, it would be very helpful for all the residents of Hoboken. If they would build many recreational places, there wouldn't be so much delinquency. Another thing that we need is a park where there are animals. Then you can have fun during the summer, because in Hoboken there is no place where you can spend spare time. For this you have to visit other states, other places outside of Hoboken. I think that the government should intervene more in the problems that affect this town.

A movie theatre should be built because there are no places to visit in Hoboken. At the movies you can always have a little fun, and also educational movies could be shown. Also there should be built a theatre for shows, graduations and comedies, presenting different artists, among other things.

Juan Garcia, age 16

THE GHETTO

If I can change the ghetto's the first thing I'd change would be the living conditions. Because in the Ghetto's the buildings are old and all runed down. The apartments are all full of roaches, and rats but, the landlords don't care. All they care about is collecting and raising the rent. I'd make programs so people can come and get together and talk about their problems and we'd try to help them. And in the schools I'd treat the children better, not treat them any different just because of their color or race.

Hilda Garcia, age 15

PEACHES, PLUMS AND SLUMS

Peaches are Peaches
Plums are Plums
How in the Hell did
I get to live in the Slums

Cora Campbell, age 14



Norma Marrero, age 10

I want to be a police
be cause a police is nice
to children and grownups
he saves people from
kidnap.



Marcos Borjas
age 12

TROY Thomas
8 age

WHO AM I?

My name is Magdalena Ramos. I was born on August 22 at Magaret Hague. Right now I live at 210 Harrison St.

WHAT I WANT TO BECOME?

I would like to become so many thing. I would like to become a teacher, Detective or an actress. I would like being a teacher because I like teaching and giving homework. And I think teaching is good.

Magdalena Ramos, age 12

WHO AM I?

I Live on 60 12 St My name is Carmen I was Born in Hoboken my mothers name is Carmen Delia my fothers name is juan

I Love my mother-n-my fanmily too I have a lot of friends-n-I Love my friends to I allways have a good reportcard I like to eat a lot of candy

Carmen Figueroa, age 10

WHO AM I?

My name is Kelvin.
I was born in Hoboken.
I am Happy to be poor and rich.
My father work's day and night.
My mother work's morning and night.
My sister like to become a designer.
I am going to be a lawer.
My favorite subject is spelling and reading.

Kelvin Lao, age 13



Daisy Johnson, age 11

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is something precious. You're very lucky if you find a true friend. Someone you can confide in. A friend you can do something with and talk about all the exciting things that happen to you.

A friend is someone you can always turn to. Tell her what happens the night before if she wasn't with you. Like Maritza, we have a lot of fun together. We talk about boys, personal things, etc. We enjoy playing volleyball.

Marlene Lao, age 14

Dear Grandma

I love you very much I wish you could
come back to Hoboken AND I wish you could
have a nice day on your wedding day AND I love you because
you are getting old AND I love you to come back
to Hoboken because Hoboken is a good place to live
AND how is Puerto Rico AND come to live back to Hoboken
because I love you to live Hoboken with us is nice
to live Hoboken with my Grandma.

From, Sylvia
to my Grandma,

Sylvia Santiago, age 14



"Betty"

Butch Austin, age 13

great
 Betty the ~~first~~ one and
 the only one ~~one~~ who can
 beat Butch



"Butch"

Betty Ann Chapman, age 13



Edwin Duroy, age 20

WHAT IS DIANE?

Diane is a little girl, who looks Puerto Rican
Diane has Christ in her.

Diane has been a sister to her mother
a mother to her sister
a father to her brother
a brother to her father.

Diane is no Thomas Aquinas, but she can speak with wisdom.

Diane is a Francis of Assisi, for her heart is immense.

Diane is one who can say "I get so depressed"

when she sees a girl with more of one physical attribute than her.

Diane can cry when you cry.

Diane can laugh when you laugh.

Diane can laugh at Diane, which is more important.

Diane listens -- even when she really doesn't want to.

Especially to anyone.

Diane can talk on the phone past 12 midnite -- even though, for her,
tomorrow beings at 7 AM

Diane has suffered a broken heart -- but she always has a smile for you.

Diane loves life -- even though, at times, it seems life doesn't love her.

Diane gives all of Diane to everyone -- even "Scuffy" -- and still there is
some Diane left for you at 11 o'clock at nite.

Diane gives so much -- and takes so little

Diane is an inspiration to me.

Christ inspires Diane

Diane is a little girl, who looks Puerto Rican.

Gabe Costa, age 24

There is a remarkable person, an individual,
in this, my world.

He has touched my life.

He is individual, unique, one with himself.

I admire him, I respect him, and for what the words are worth,
I love him.

I feel drawn to him at times.

Sometimes I feel lost and helpless in his presence.

Sometimes the sound of his voice makes me feel needed and protected.

He is truly a magnificent soul.

He possesses warmth, sincerity, concern and love.

He is filled with peace and harmony -- which he
so willingly shares with others.

He knows his uncertainties and doubts
and yet they will be resolved and
he will be wiser for them.

These things I know are true.

Diane Enrico, age 20



SUMMER NIGHT

She walk gently as a flower in the summer night. I see her brilliant shinning in the moon light. For the lovely brilliant in her eyes. Causes my inner human passion to rise.

She look like an angel all dress in white. So glistening and shinning, and beautiful and bright. The thorn pierced my skin as I broke her a rose. The love I had for her would never grow old.

Her smile is sweet, her voice is merry. She gives off a glowing beauty almost eerie. Her motions are mild, almost meek, as she place a loving kiss upon my cheek.

I saw her only a moment as the dawn broke the sky. I knew that I would love till the day I die. She walk out of my life as she had came. I knew that I could never love anyone again.

Those last glimpse which I never forgot make me break into tear, so I weep till I cry. As I think to myself some lonely day, was she a dream and why didn't she stay.

The burden is hard and the pain is great, I have made so many mistake. Life will go on for we were born to suffer the heartache love has shown.

James Campbell, written at age 16

A GREAT BOY

There is a boy I know I like
a lot
And he's the one that could
get me hot
I know I'm no where in
his mind
But I try my best to be good
and kind
I love the way he talks and
most of all the way he walks
Every time I see him my
heart begins to pound
As he walks he just looks
around
Every night I hope and
pray
That I'll be with him
someday

I'll be satisfied with just
one date
But all he shows for me is
lots of hate
He makes me feel like a
fool
When he try to play it cool
His heart is like a ton of
gold
I love this boy and always
will
For him I'll even kill
So please God make him
see
That he'll try for once to
go with me.

Pamela Campbell, age 17



Arthur Turner, age 19



"Gwendolyn Atkin"

Arthur Turner, age 19

THE CLOCK

The clock on the wall says its time
to go,
A time for love, a time for play,
A time for pride and a time for
Praise; Just give me this and
I'll Capture Glory!

With this I would see justice done,
Criminal punished, and the innocent
Freed! The blind man would see,
See what he thought this glorious
World to be,
The unwanted child wanted and not
Scorned.

And with all this done the
Time set free.

HATRED

Hatred is antagonizing of the soul,
Whispering the sound of a witches woe;
Twisting, twirling, spinning, whining, and
Twirling still;

The "Good Book", says that hatred
Doesn't pay, and if you don't watch
Out, someone will end up in the clay.

SADNESS

Sadness is the falling of dew,
Falling gently upon the shrew.

When asked what's wrong you
Can't tell the truth.
It seems as if this Evil Goddess
Won't turn you loose;

It drowns my dreams with
Sorrowful woe,
Frets my soul into saying nevermore,
Caresses my conscience to guilt's
Content, and diligent's pride it
Prevents.

Sorrow, sorrow, is all I know
And sadness, sadness will continue
Being my unwanted goal.

Gwendolyn Atkin, age 18

RENAISSANCE

Slowly we'll pass through darkened doorways,
To find no light at either end.
Never doubt yourself, nor hesitate,
Plunge yourself deeper into the pit of lies...

The footsteps are growing fainter now,
For the pits of hell have no ears.

Henceforth we shall live in chains,
From sins committed yesterday by
Men whose motives were not in vain,
For they shall rise again.
Their heathen gods and golden images
Dominate the world today,
And no abortion of the truth
Can deny we're immersed in hypocrisy...

The footsteps grow fainter now,
For the pits of hell have no ears.

New tides flowing over the wharves of old,
To clear the crumbling lumber and soggy minds of all;
And show the harmless tar as the sacrilegious bind
Which covers up the good and negotiates the hate,
And pollutes our sacred waters with
Stagnant tears of pain.
And my mind is wracked by ambivalence;
By omnipresent intangibles,
And the inconsequential cull,
Which purges our ideals with costly egotism
And squanders rainbow colors on the dregs of ineptitude;
Words whose meanings are buried
In a serenade of simpleness
Deep and deeper in the archives of foolery.

The footsteps have grown fainter now,
For the pits of hell have no ears.

Andrew Douglas Borg, written at age 18 and
Nicholas Elliott Borg, written at age 20

A VISION IN THE NIGHT

This mystical dream I had a few twilight hours of yesterday, was very, I think interesting.

It started like this; for some reason or other I was being held prisoner by some people who wanted to throw me off a high place. The period, I felt was during ancient times, the place seemed like some sort of structure made of stone. I remember holding a Bible in my hand distinctively. I knew my life was being threatened. It seemed so through I was praying deeply to God, to save me or help me overcome my fear.

To be exact it was about three individuals who I was struggling with.

And just before my strength was gone an angel of the supreme Deity, came out of the heavens! He was a tall white bearded man, holding some scrolls of truth in his left hand.

The doctrines or documents seemed to be a light bright greenish in color.

The angel of God was dressed in long white and blue garments. When the angel who stood mounted on the clouds of heaven appeared, the individuals who were endangering me, now let me free. Thus remembering getting down on my knees giving thanks for his protection. Asking him to understand my inner self, the spiritual me, who wished

to love God with all my being. When I first started to pray I could not vision him, I think because I was trying to see him, through my physical eyes, instead of trying to see him through my spiritual eyes. But as I began to deeply pray, I visioned him on the clouds of heaven with all his magnificence and splendor. I had a feeling of spiritual awareness and strength.

After prayer with the Deity's messenger I seem to remember going down through a stone stairway. I finally appeared outside the stone structure. Then suddenly without any awareness, I met the three who were once my enemies. Somehow I felt that we were the best of friends, it was as though God lighted our consciousness, now we were one with the light and life of God or Supreme being Deity. I felt that God transformed the spiritual part of us, as well as the outside world.

The men who were once in anger and far from spiritual reality, seemed to see the light of truth. They were now in peace with their souls.

The hate, and darkness plus the fear unimagined that was once in the world, were only shadowy thoughts of the past.

"The reality of this dream I feel is some where in time and space. Its reality felt and was so revived."

Hector Figueroa, written at age 16



"Moses" by Julio Dones, age 19

I AM ALONE

I am,....alone..
empty,
intoxicated with the sick smell of
superficial paint
which keeps secret to all
the rain-streaked walls of my soul.

I am,....alone,
without a crutch to tightly embrace
or a gauze,
to bind my open wound of need
bleeding,....bleeding.

I search, I wander,
I tread endlessly in an eternal forest
of mirrors
and continuous circles.

If only to touch something
that gives my being substance,
If only to transfix a single point in space,
from which all can obtain orientation.

I need,
I want to feel
and feel more.....
I want to know you,
to taste your warm lips
moistened with understanding,
to eat excessively your food,
and take deep breaths from you
dependently,
as if an embryo.

I must grip something much more
than the infinite realm of imagination.

I want to drown all effort in your pursuit,
to go beyond,
to turn sweet momentary hallucinations
into a misty otherworld
of permanence
and ground.
Where are you, where?
If only a sound.
for I am,....alone.

Joe Carluccio, age 19



*ther ar onle twenesix leters in th
alfabet-but
GOD
alot of peple forget jus tree of them.*

Gerard Costa

JESUS

Mister, can you tell me, about a man named Jesus?
Did he walk upon the waters,
Like the Bible tells me so?

And mister, can you tell me, about a love named Mary?
Did she walk along with Jesus,
Like the Bible tells me so?

And mister, can you tell me, about a man named Judas?
Did he hang himself for Jesus?
Or did he lose his life for dust?

And mister, can you tell me, about my life forever?
Will it really last forever?
Or not even for a day,
When I pass away,
Not a day,
When I pass away.
Mister, can you tell me, about a man named,

Jesus.

Gerard Costa, age 19

Can God see me, does He know my name,
Or is He real only because of His fame.
Does He know what I do and where I go,
Or just a symbol people wear for show.
Why must I die to see His face,
Can't I live and catch a trace.
Hear me God, as I make this plea,
I need to believe, but I need to be me.
Travel with me to see my struggle,
There's just too many questions I try to juggle.
If I fail and cause them to fall,
Will You be there for me to call?
Hear me, hear me speak to no one listening,
But when You come to hear don't say You're just visiting.
For here is the lost lamb You speak of,
Help him to find what he thinks is love.

Neil Anthony, age 20

POEMS AND THOUGHTS BY GERARD COSTA

Poems are nothing more than my crystallized
thoughts, made for you to see,

They are nothing more than a part of me in words,
for you to accept or reject,

They are nothing more than my deepest thoughts,
made for you - to think about,

They are nothing more - than my most.



I have never liked to consider
a person an asset.
It reminds me too much of
dollars and cents,
And not enough of
body and soul.

I want my love to be like the beads of water
on a traveling windshield -
Constantly traveling -
Up -
And
Out.

Jesus was the type of man who painted
Shadows on the road.
Painted shadows....
On shadows....
On shadows....

It is amazing sometimes how I wait for a phone call,
When I really have no one to call me.
Or when I run to answer the doorbell, thinking:
"Perhaps it is for me." - It hardly ever is.
It is a terrible feeling to be lonely. I am lonely.
Even though I have people all around me. I am lonely.
I suppose it is my pride. I suppose I want people to
pay special attention to me.
I really don't know why I jump up whenever the telephone
rings,
Or run when the door bell buzzes. I shouldn't expect anyone.
Someday though, I'll answer the phone and it will be for me.
And I will open the door and see friends.
Why do I always have to look forward to a someday?
I suppose I'm not satisfied with the today.
Lord, make me satisfied with the today!
Somedays might never exist.
Never.

If I was to go outside today,
And If I was to kill myself today,
The newspaper would read:
This man did a nasty deed-
Then talk about Sam Snead,
Then turn away.

And If I was to go outside today,
And If I was to start a war today,
The newspaper would say,
Without undue delay:
This man should be dead-
And so I will.

And If I was to go outside today,
And prostrate to the IBMs and say,
That I loved all men, as one Man said,
They would click-clack an answer from their beds,
And turn away.

And If I died in the street today,
They'd build for me a plaque of paper mache,
And carve their initials and slowly turn away,
The deed was done,
My death, indeed.

You can learn a lot from a hamster in a cage,
Always searching for a way out - never finds it.

If I let him out, will he bite me?
If I let him loose, will he lose himself?
I suppose he can spend his life searching,
but not finding;
I suppose he can spend his life running on a wheel,
that never reaches someplace.
I have to reach someplace, but I can't run on a wheel.
And even if I don't find it, I have to search.

You can learn a lot from a hamster in a cage,
Always searching for a way out - never finds it.

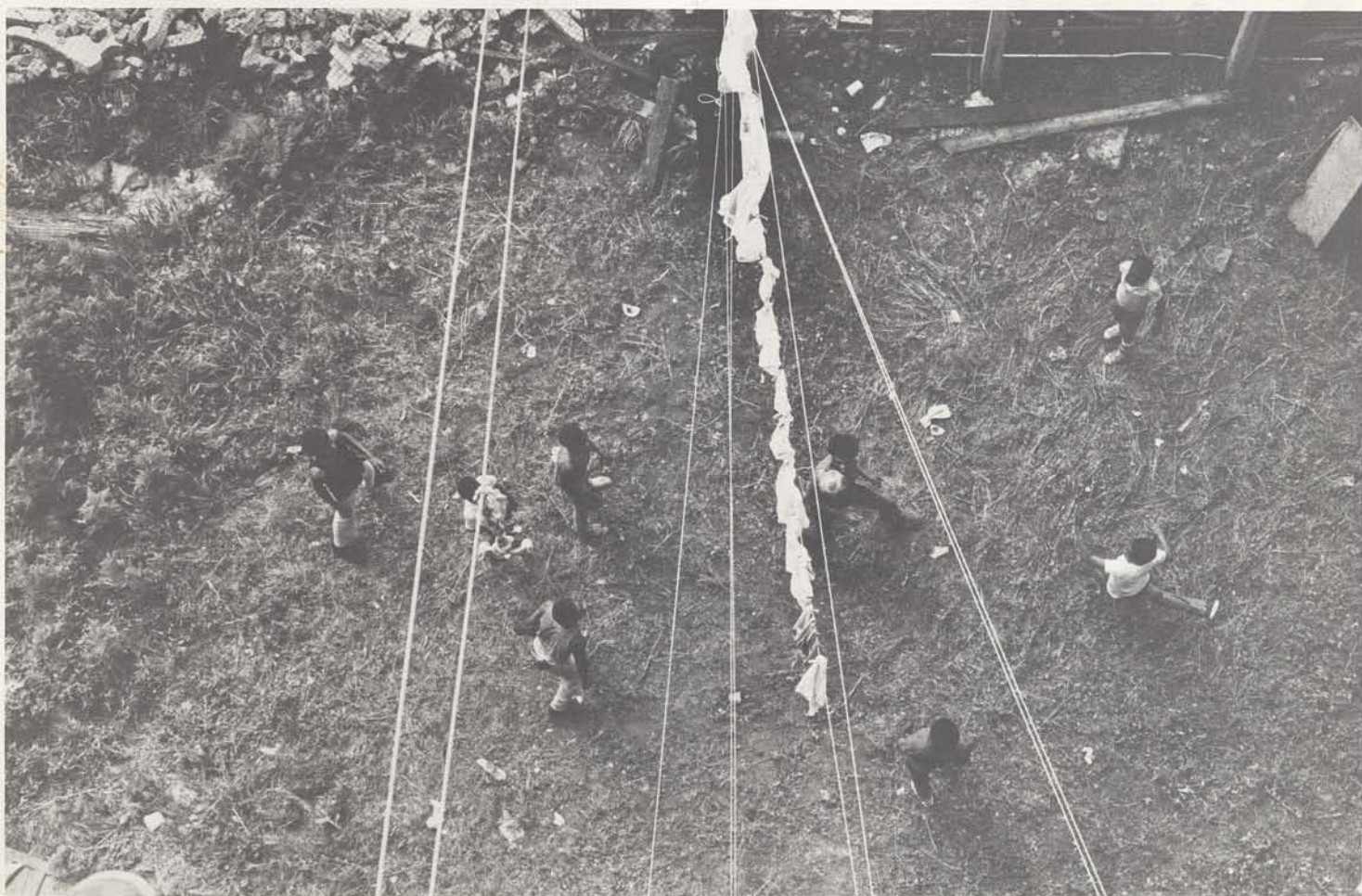
If I let him out, will he lose himself?
If I let me out, will I find myself -
running on a wheel?

You can learn a lot from a hamster in a cage,
Always searching for a way out - never finds it.

OOPS!
He found a way out - He ran away!
OH GOD, don't let me do that!

I wanted so much to let him out -
But will he make it on his own?

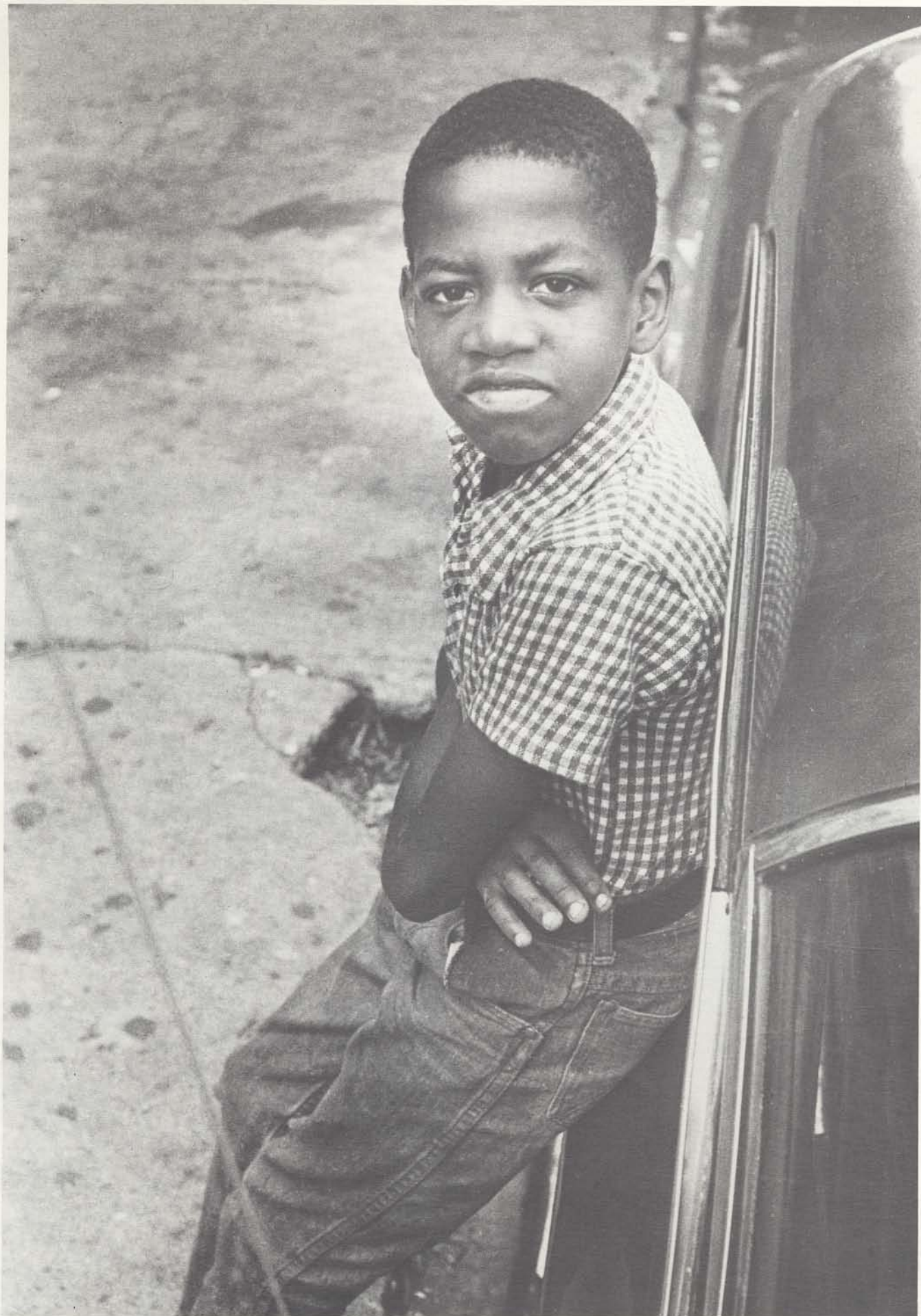
Oh God.





Patricia Wheeler, age 12

← Melvina Hicks ← Jean Hicks ← Pamela White²³
Grew up to be a big Mouth.



The collage mural on the following page was done by children of The 60 Garden Street Association's summer program in Black history and culture.



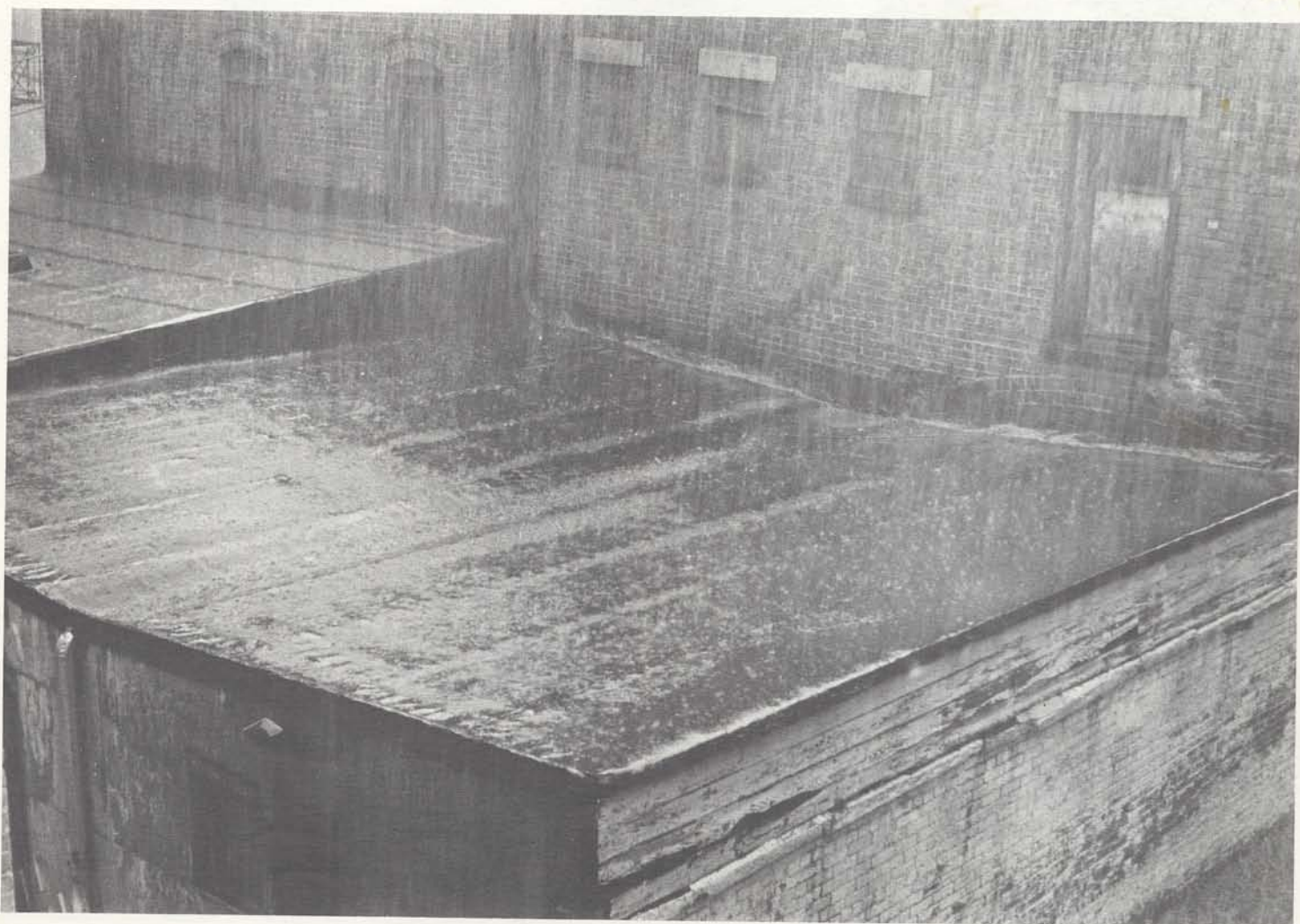
Angel Melendez, age 16







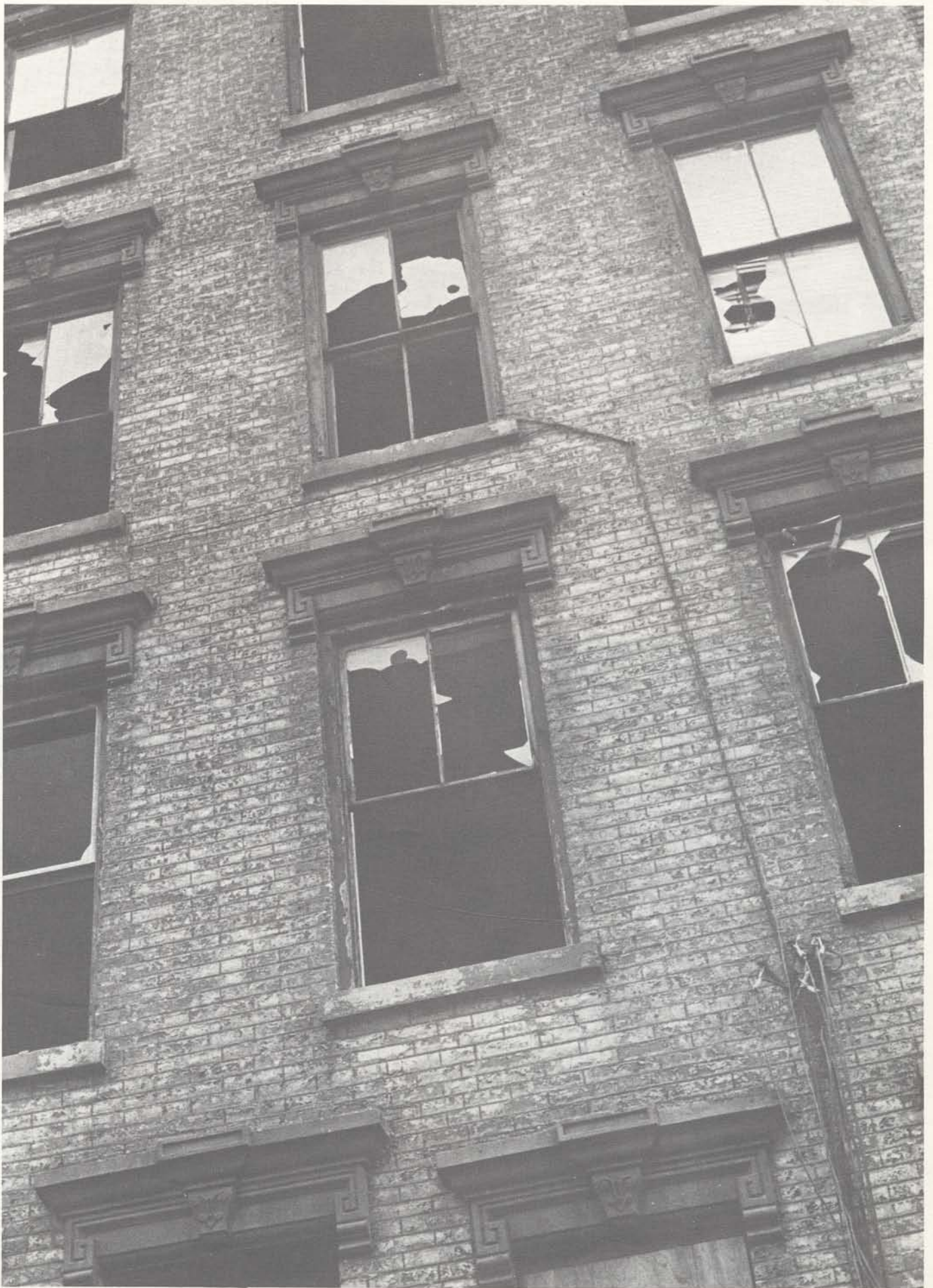
Patricia Wheeler, age 12



Mark Lewis, age 13



Bob Martinovich, age 20



Cora Campbell, age 14



Bob Martinovich, age 20



Linda Dennis, age 12

↑
Debbie Frazier

WITH THE WAVES OF TIME I AM GUIDED

In the last decade those who have been responsible for education have progressively ignored their responsibility to society and its needs for development. The colleges no longer want to understand the creative principle in the society in which we live. The present education, if it continues, is destined to destroy western civilization. What makes a good college or university?

The presence of Nobel prize winners and famous professors in its graduate schools. Why is a college founded in 1849 considered better than one founded in 1969. What does "better" mean?

Better for who in society. Why is it important to go to a prestige college? The controlling of the minds of youth by training them for success in college entrance examinations is heavy in cultural bias and prejudices, which are tough on black and minority groups.

The U.S. is finding that the controlling of minds is no way to produce strong, healthy independent minds and spirits in today's youth. Education is supposed to make man free.

Those who come out of today's so-called great colleges are the ones who have determined the formation of the minds of today's youth and education of modern man.

They cannot evade their responsibility by just talking and philosophizing on modern man's crimes. The so-called educated politicians, businessmen, lawyers, labor leaders, generals; they have educated these people.

Sure we have fine buildings and great graduate schools, but if the results are bad, which they are unquestionably, then who is at fault? Those who run this educational system must themselves take a deep inner search of this philosophy and re-examine their consciousness. Modern education has conceived the world as a place where the child, when he grows up, must compete with other individuals in a struggle for existence. The colleges and universities seem not to have the capacity to understand and look upon society as a brotherhood of humanity, with respect to man, is made in a common image.

The colleges are mere training grounds for personal careerists and not designed to form a fully civilized human consciousness. More and more education has moved away from the creative spiritual values in knowledge and increasingly have they leaned on education becoming egotistical and specialistic. This type of education only appeals to those with domineering and possessive instincts and this leads to the accumulation of power over people in pursuit of possession. So when educators ask whether education is useful in life, what they actually mean by useful is that which equips the student for a career which in turn brings him money, a social position, and power. This is where the prejudices are seen, when dealing with minority groups. It is this specialized and fundamentally disordered development of knowledge that has turned so much of man's science into the means of his own destruction. Science is a product of the intelligence, but if the function of the intellect is to be the instrument of the possessive and the domineering impulses of man, then man is doomed.

This is why man is the most destructive animal on the face of the earth. He can think up creative ways to dominate the weak and he forms ideas to use oppression and cruelty on people, that no evil spirit could ever have thought of.

What the people of the world need in this present state of development -- is peace. But, however, it is not just the question of peace alone, but the profound question of world survival. But can this reality come about for man, with all his fears, suspicions, prejudices and hatreds with himself? The only one man must truly fear is himself. In his ignorance, fears, and his false sense of self-righteousness, he cannot possibly gain understanding for world peace.

The only road to peace is to be accomplished by basic human understanding. Man is to fear his attitudes and not human nature. Why can't men live harmoniously with each other?

Hatred, bigotry and racism are, I feel, not a natural state for man, but are lessons taught in society.

Why this shocking contradiction in this so-called free and equal society, where discrimination and segregation and prejudice exist?

I stand in a world of silence and I wander through the deserts of deep contemplation. When I am aware of myself I'm also aware of the world around me. Nature, the mother of true justice and forgiveness; she is the purpose of all existence. I sometimes realize melancholy within myself, because the world is changing at a forever faster rate. I sense a feeling of no direction. Yes! "An age of ashes and the eternal fire" has passed, and the age has demanded of civilization all that it has of character and culture, with its virtues and worthlessness.

Society is in a state of uncertainty. This is an age of the unknown. Civilization is getting ready to die, and hopefully from this death, life will come anew, with aspects of universal freedom and truth. Humanity is contemplating on the silent unseen laws that all pay homage to, in all worlds of existence.

"With the waves of time I am guided."

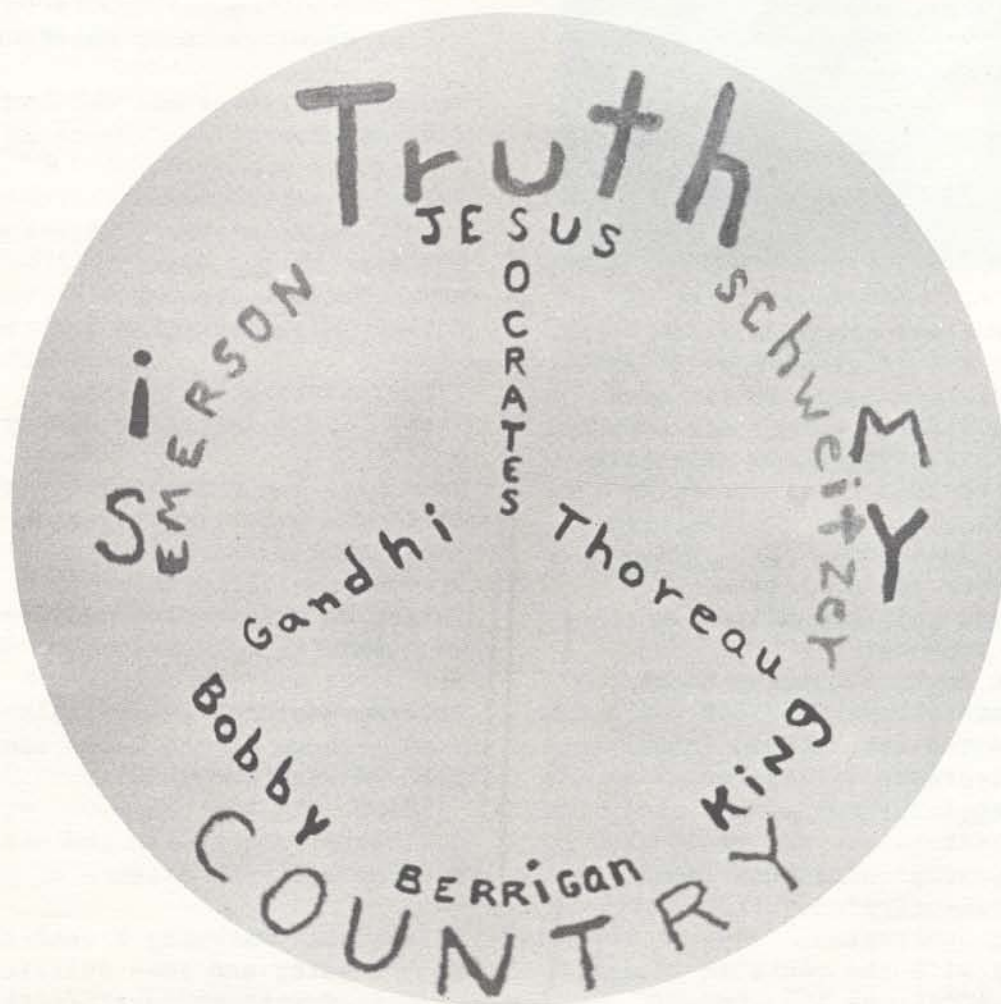
Hector Figueroa, age 19

PEACE

Peace was here,
But now it's gone,
It left it's name
To carry on.
Those who know it
Know it well.
Those who don't can
go to Hell.

Peace?

Cora Campbell, age 14



Mural by Dennis Bowe, age 25

Mrs. Natalicchio was born in Italy, and has lived in Hoboken for the past 41 years. She has four children and eight grandchildren, and has worked in her family's jewelry store on Washington Street, Hoboken for 21 years. Besides writing, she loves cooking, embroidery and crocheting, and has made 162 afghans.



Sam Camporeale, age 16

COMPENSATION

There is a compensation
For everything that happens
Or so we have been told
By mealy mouthed
Smug, complacent dullards.
No matter what your lot in life
In spite of grief, pain or affliction
They tell us to remember
That it could be darker than the night.
Are not morticians always busy
Preparing candidates for
Overcrowded boneyards?
Why fume and fret
You aren't dead yet
Or slowly decomposing.
If you're unhappy, crippled,
Disillusioned or bankrupt
Console yourself with the ecstatic thought
That maggots haven't gone
To work on you as yet.

SOME OF MY BOYS' NOBLE EXPERIMENTS

Sprinkling salt and corn flakes over my carpet so that walking becomes a great pleasure.

Drilling little holes through a loaf of bread with a screw driver.

Using a search light to look for something when the sun is shining.

Removing a dozen ties which had just been pressed from the rack, rumpling them up and then stuffing them into a bag just to keep busy.

Hanging eye glasses on a little hook on top of the broom.

Hiding old, rusty, and bent nails, hooks, nuts, screws and other junk under my sofa pillows.

Erasing paper as well as mistakes from their notebooks.

Using a big hammer for a little thumbtack.

Making drawings on my sheets with crayon.

Reducing a new pencil to about an inch in five minutes.

Swapping pencil boxes for water pistols, an old bunch of rusty keys for a lock that has seen better days.

Using their sleeves as hankies.

Fingerprinting everything so that my home looks like a detective agency.

Twitching and fumbling with their ties 'till the knot gravitates to the back of their necks.

Taking an overdose of medicine because it is sweet.

Drawing pictures on my walls just to kill time -- some of the landscapes would make even an elephant shiver.

Giving the dog a bath and then heavily dousing him with essence of petunia.

Attentively watching a cake of soap melting in hot water and then stirring it and stirring it for hours just for the sheer joy of stirring.

Using a whole box of scouring powder for two forks.

Spreading mercurochrome over a large area.

Stuffing peppers with buttons and cutting their own hair.

Eating a whole box of cough drops in three minutes.

VIVID DESCRIPTION OF A COUNTRY OUTHUSE

You come out of a warm house on a cold February morning and you walk, shivering and still sleepy, half a block away, till you come to a clump of bushes. If your eyesight is good you will notice a little wooden shack behind the bushes, completely dilapidated and run-down. You enter at your own risk and, having no other alternative, you take your choice between the wind whistling through the chinks on your bare back or an unfriendly wasp who represents your intrusion into her domain, but being at mercy of circumstances and the elements what else can you do?

By the time nature has run its course, your posterior will be so full of icicles that if you can walk back to the house it will be just another evidence of your superior strength in the face of overwhelming odds.

P.S. Wasps always die in cold weather but the kind we raise on our farm are not weak-kneed.

PET AVERSIONS

People who give you a complete, minute, unabridged, vivid description of some ache, moan, or groan. They tell you how the pain arrives, the manner in which it travels around the body and how it reaches its final destination after a lot of detours.

Men who tell you that the trouble with them is, "They're too good" and the trouble with everybody else is, "They ain't good enough."

Baby songs dedicated to grownups.

Singers who flaunt little wisps of chiffon in your teeth while, publicly, exercising

their vocal chords.

People who insist on giving you medicine which cured Auntie Petunia of insanity, so it ought to be just as good for your rheumatism.

The irony of it - you spend \$3.00 for fancy rattles and by the simple process of rejection your baby decides she likes a penny clothespin better.

Little boys who put big straight pins in soap.

The same little boys who were found playing ball with raw eggs.

Girls who slit their milk white throats with their own lily white hands by always "making up" in the presence of their boy-friends. During a display a man always begins to wonder if the light of his life isn't concealing her truer self behind a wig, half a yard of synthetic eyelashes, a shiny set of porcelain teeth and a plastic nose (not to mention other equipment to beguile and fool him).

Folks who apologize, not knowing that an apology is worse than the original offense because it's a vivid reminder.

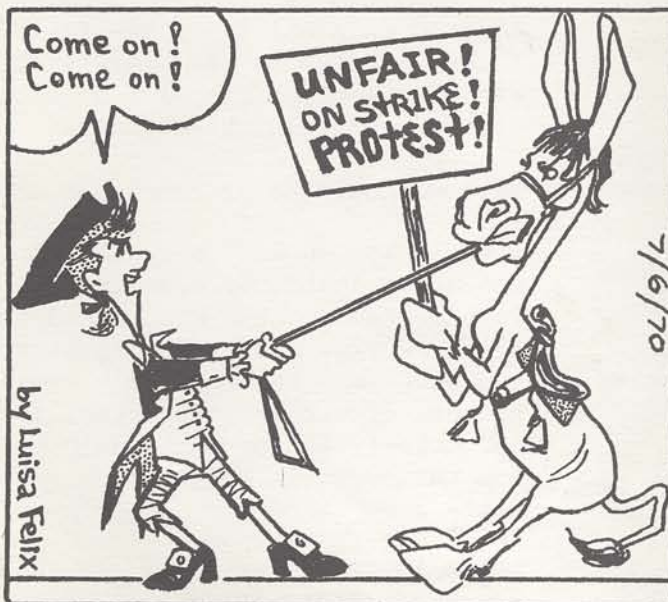
People who insist and persist in telling you how right they are when you are keenly aware of just how right they are.

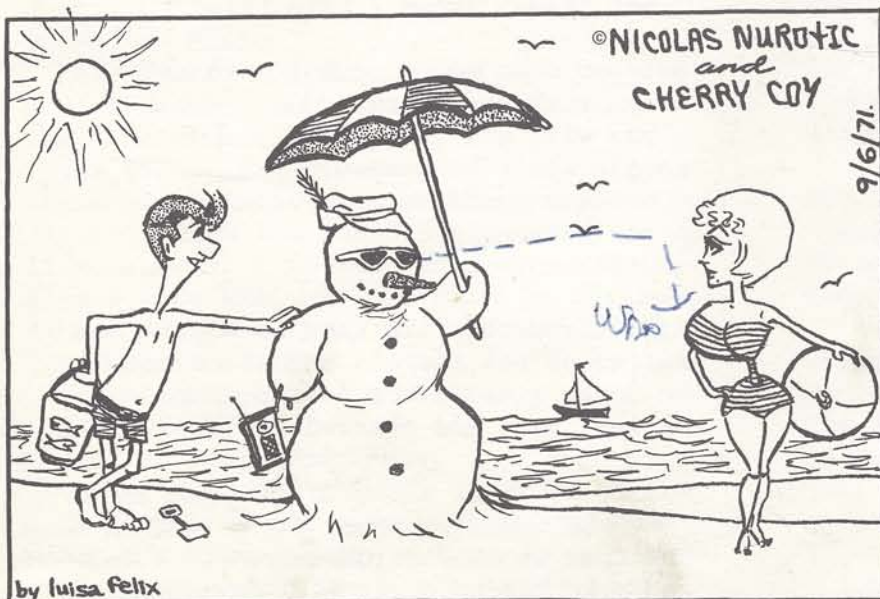
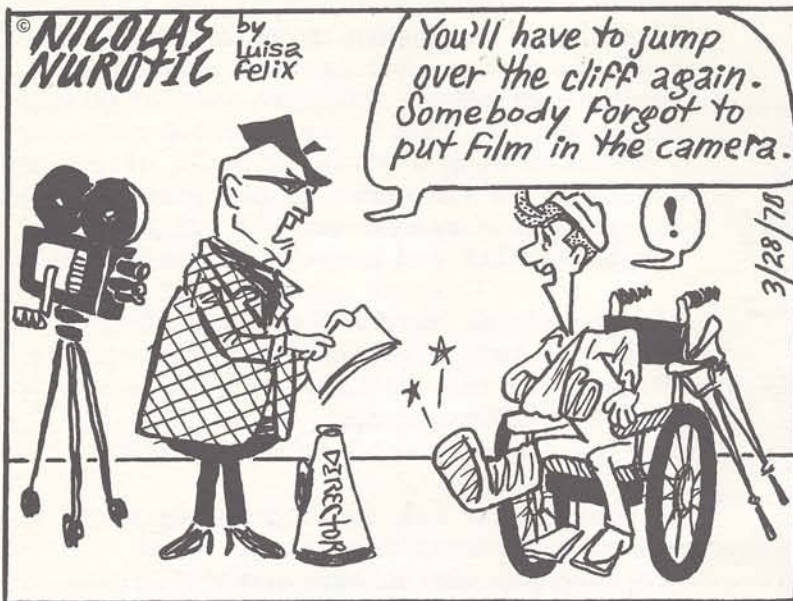
Ladies who brag about their virtue and the virtue of their parents and the nobility of character of other members running up and down the family tree down to the last blasted twig until you are filled with an intense desire to associate with a dashing Bluebeard, a gay Al Capone or a couple or irrepressible cut-throats.

Virtue should be gracious not obvious.

I've looked on many a rogue and reprobate, who after death, by some unknown, mysterious mental process was wafted to the pearly throne surrounded by an almost visible halo and wings and so completely wrapped around an aura of virtue, respectability, charm and talent, you couldn't help but wonder how the peculiar metamorphosis had taken place.

WOMEN WHO HAVE THE BAD TASTE TO WRITE ABOUT THEIR PET AVERSIONS !!!





Mrs. Turner, housewife and mother of five children, is a member of St. Matthews Baptist Church where she is President of the Bus Committee and sings in the chorus. She enjoys dress making, painting, writing songs, poems, and books, and working with children. She is a student at Essex County Community College in Newark, N.J. where she hopes to become a Registered Nurse and a Counselor.



"Mary Turner"

Arthur Turner, age 19

DR. KING'S LIFE

The light was shining in King's life
shining with all its might
he done his very best to show
that Jesus way is right.

King fed the hungry that needed bread
he visit the one, that were sick in bed
he done the things that he thought was right
so the ones in sin could see the light.

It meant so much because he did care
his very last he were willing to share
I take this little you take that part
all I really want is a home with God.

I am down here working trying to show love
like Christ done when he came from above
sometime he were burden with a heavy load
but he continue to fight to reach his goal.

I remember King's words he would often say
I will do no violence for peace is the way
an eye for an eye to some it might seem
but it's faith and prayer that are in my dream.

King loved his wife and every child
but he wanted to see other families smile
so he would take his Bible
along with his grip
and leave his home on so many trips.

He would never ask about color or creed
his only interest were you in need
his only pay was a happy smile
then he knew his suffering
had been worthwhile.

He went up on the mountain
to see what journey were like
if you continue in prayer you'll be all right
your children will play
as God has planned to do
and your poverty God will bring you through.

He continued to predict what the future hold
if you continue to fight,
you will reach your goal
no bombs or guns, that ain't Gods way
but with work and faith
you'll get home someday.

I might not reach the promised land with you
my sick brother's threats
might be carried through
but it don't matter now, I am satisfied
I might not have done much,
but heaven knows I have tried.

But you must go on, don't turn around
only after your work,
you will get the crown
people won't be denied
because their skin is brown
peace between the black and white
will be in every town.

King lived the life that he would preach
suffer or not there's a goal to reach
he never grumble nor did he groan
he were beat and starved but he did work on.

Now if there is a person that you know
that ain't done a favor for a year or more
ask them to do just one more
and some needed heart will overflow.

It might seem needless if you ain't got much
but out of one little deed
they'll get a great touch
the touch that kept King going on and on
when the journey were hard and seem so long.

So many times King suffered
and his heart were made to bleed
all King wanted to know,
did it help someone in need
if they had told him of his death
without a chance to plead
all he would have said
will it help the ones in need.

HOW RUTGERS HELPED ME

I went to Rutgers, along with a crew
with plans to sit in, on a lesson or two
when I got on the bus, I sat in the back
I sat there wondering what the place was like.

The bus stop at the door, the very first time
and a look in the place would change your mind
we were greeted with a smile, beyond compare
then I know I could feel at home down there.

Put your bags away, for a minute or two
we will serve the food,
that were cooked for you
supper was served, shortly after then
and the one I talked to, felt like my friend.

1. you made me feel bad,
after talking with you
2. for the problem you have, I now share too
3. I search out the records,
and see what I can find
4. we will work things out,
it might take a little time.

It was on Friday,
they served the nicest of fish
and no greater waitress, your heart could wish
they are always around,
you don't have to call
the service down there is really on the ball.

It were never a frown, but always a smile
then I knew that my trip would be worthwhile
it would take a book, to tell how I feel
I only take a minute,
to note a few of the thrills.

We sit to the round table,
comfortable and relax
it was time to get down to brass tacks
Hoboken's history were a slide presentation
a blind man could see Hoboken situation.

Health service, and planning too
are one of the things, we discussed through
more could have been said, I must agree
but our visits we limited, to only three.

We discussed dope, with a greater hope
the films got the point over to you
along with all the discussion
we went through
now I can see work, work, more work to do.

Now we can work without a doubt
the communities' program,
will be carried out
Rutgers gave us one thing, to ease our mind
if you need our help, just call any time.

We are never too busy,
we will be glad you called
we want to help you, if we can help at all
we want to see, all the hooked free
the job must be done, by you and me.

Think not it's strange,
when you notice Hoboken change
with the lessons we had, we can do our thing
a world of miseries, addicts now stranded in
since our 9 lessons, we can be their friend.

The world's tragedy, seem to be drugs
after getting hitch, it's just like a mug
it takes a man, right off his toes
how their family suffer, nobody knows.

Yet I got a better understanding,
and that I need
the condition of Hoboken, I can now plead
the problem that exists, I do now care
and the burden it carry,
I am willing to share.

Now the sessions is over, there were only nine
but no better program, you will ever find
the whole program seem, like an hour or so
the more they discussed,
the more I wanted to know.

So with joy in our heart,
and work on our mind
we left Rutgers, for the last time
deep below this joy,
there were a feeling of woe
we won't be back, to Rutgers anymore.

The last minute, was kind of bad
to tell your friends bye, is always sad
just think of how happy,
the world would be
if everybody were treated,
like Rutgers' staff treated me.

PRAYER WORK

When the one your love prove untrue
the nicer you be to him
the worser he be to you
don't feel bad I know that it's hard
but that poor sinner just don't know God.

He will find a fight on every hand
forgetting you is the woman and he is the man
the burden he gives he expects you to bear
but any little thing get in his hair.

He say the cloth you iron don't look neat
the cake you bake ain't fit to eat
just stay in prayer and never weep
there is peace and joy at Jesus feet.

When you meet him at the door
in a friendly way
he say leave me alone I am too tired to play
a hard day's work just for a price
but won't say a kind word to his wife.

You get his bedroom shoes out the rack
he say set them there I'll be right back
and then he going the boys, he call his crew
and come loafing back about one or two.

He will come back smelling
like a bottle of gin
lipstick on his shirt
tell you who is his friends
talking in his sleep,
tell you what on his mind
to buy food for the kids, he ain't got a dime.

When he wake up he will stand and swear
I only spent 50¢ for cab fare
my car won't start like it should
and the short cut home I didn't know good.

I lost all my money and I had a good pay
can you borrow enough bread
to feed the children today
six more days before I get another check
but we make out somehow I bet.

I am going to try hard my very best
to get a couple of dollars to last the rest
a couple of dollars just won't feed ten
but out of that money he buy a shot of gin.

Now if you start slipping
and think you might fall
tell the Savior your trouble
he knows it all
his grace is sufficient and his power is too
and a touch of the Father
will strengthen you.

Then just trust God for a brighter day
when his game is over,
you can have your way
then tell him the words that you have read
that it's joy in Jesus as the Bible said.

One day his little game will end
his lipstick boys will find new friends
when all the money is gone
his friends will leave too
there will be room in his life
for the children and you.

Think not it's strange
when you notice his change
the burden on his heart
is just giving him pain
a world of misery he is now stranded in
it's the interest he received,
from the boys his friends.

But his secret he may always keep
just how his poor heart were made to weep
but when his lipstick finally fade away
he will come back home to you and stay.

He will never buy another bottle of gin
he will never join another crew of friends
he will make himself a brand new rule
and take his family to Sunday school.

Mary E. Turner



Linda Dennis, age 12

MY HOUSE

My house is bright pink and yellow and green and white and black. I like it much it is so beautiful. If we live in it we will be happy.

My house is pink and yellow and white and blue and red. It is very pretty.

I like it because the color is pink and yellow and green and black and white and the boat is brown and black and the boy that is stand has on a yellow hat and a white blue shirt and white pant and yellow sock and the boy that siting down has a pink shirt.

Marilyn Colston, age 9



HELICOPTER

The first time I went up in a helicopter was on July Forth. It was in Delware.

It was a ride, it cost \$2.50 to go up. Chris, Gerald went up. We went over the river and over the mountains, it was quite a ride for \$2.50. This ride was at a carnival. And at the Age & Weight game I won a statue. And we even saw fireworks.

DOWN BY THE RIVER

I had come back from Delware yesterday. We had went there for the Forth of July. We left on the second day of July. The people who went with us were Gerald, Chris, Bruce, Tom, Lue and I.

We went conoeing, fishing, and swimming. We slepted in a trailer, and on the last day in the bridge, and put up a tire, and swunged off of it, We let go, And fell in to the water. And after that we started home.

Howard Williams, age 13

TODAY

Today is my day,
Today should be your day,
If it's your day and my day
It's everybody's day.
In your way is my day
Because you made a day that comes all the way.
And two days of a way equal today.
That will never fade away.
In our own way let's find ways
To make great exciting things happen.
In your ways, make my days,
You made a day that comes all the way,
And two days that are made up of your ways,
Those kind of day will never fade away.

Howard Williams



Betty Ann Chapman, age 13

AN INTERVIEW WITH BISHOP MAHURTER

Q. What is your name?

A. Padre Jose (Father Joseph) is the name I took in religion because St. Joseph was the one who cared for the Blessed Virgin Mary and her expected Child - Christ Jesus. I am now also known as Bishop Mahurter.



Q. How long are you working in Hoboken?

A. I have worked among the poor and uneducated here for a little over 15 years at The Mission of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Q. Do you like working in Hoboken?

A. Fifteen or more years ago I started training men for the trades and trying to place them in union jobs in the area. The shipyards and its unions were very helpful in placing and further training men.

I have made every effort to encourage people to return or to stay in school because education is a light burden. Next to the care for the body and its future, I have been active in preparing people for the sacraments and bringing them closer to Christ through the sacraments.

I have begged and borrowed from all sorts of people that as St. Francis said, all may be treated equally through furniture, food, books, clothing, faith and a better home-life. I have worked at increasing and developing cultural values by trips out of town to cultural, educational, and recreational areas where Hobokenites could mix with peoples from other areas and other social and cultural backgrounds.

Addiction to alcohol and other narcotics has proven a hard task to try to overcome among so many people who see little in the form of promise for a bright future.

God has blessed the work, and I have enjoyed the work. I have no intention of asking to be transferred away from the work.

Q. How do you like Hoboken?

A. Like the pagan cities of old, Hoboken offers a challenge to anyone who would try to bring it a Christian culture, to rout out corruption and replace it with honesty.

Q. Do you like the conditions the people have to live under?

A. The conditions are bad and going from bad to worse because little or nothing is being done to effect necessary changes. Many, even, who have good intentions have a tendency to procrastinate. Many of the clergymen here in town with an eye on the collection basket will make no effort to rock the boat. "Let status quo alone", they say to the detriment of the people they were ordained to serve.

AN INTERVIEW WITH "RAILROAD MURPHY"



Q. How long have you been working in Hoboken?

A. Thirty years of the sixty that I have lived here.

Q. How do you like working in Hoboken?

A. Many changes have taken place even at the Railroad Terminal where I have worked for the past thirty years. Some were for the better and some for the worse. The changes afford a challenge, and I am glad that I am up to them.

Q. How do you like Hoboken?

A. Hoboken itself is O.K. but could be a lot better if only some of the people would make an effort to comply to the normal ways of life.

Q. Do you like the conditions the people have to live under?

A. Some of the conditions the people have to live under are unbearable. Some of the streets after dark are anything but inviting. The housing in many cases is worse than out-houses and chicken coops.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MIKE TURNER

Mike Turner tends the hot dog cart owned by "Mike's A.C." and uses all the profits from this to support part of his town-wide athletic program. He supports his wife and three children by working nights.

Q. What is your name?

A. My name is Michael (Mike) Turner, Standard Bearer of "Mike's A.C., Inc.".

Q. How long have you worked in Hoboken?

A. I've been working among the boys and girls in Hoboken for the past 6½ years. I do this work voluntarily because there is very little recreation programs. So what the city is supposed to be giving to our youth, I'm giving it without any kind of salary, only the satisfaction of seeing our youth being occupied with something other than drinking wine, sniffing glue, taking dope, and standing on dark corners waiting for an old lady or man or some old drunk so they can get some money to feed their family or clothe them. The children trust me here in Hoboken. Why? Because they know that I am faithful to them, particularly the Spanish, because I am married to one of their people.

Q. Do you like working in Hoboken?

A. Hoboken is a challenge to any man. It offers opportunity, but if only the administration would open their eyes and see what



they are doing to destroy one of the best mile square cities in the country, by mis-using our city funds and taxes and the hundreds of thousands of the federal funds which are being poured into Hoboken to put the city back on its feet, but instead the funds are being used for political purposes and no-show jobs, and until these acts stop, our once fair city is going to go from bad to worse, and I make this statement in sincere fairness for our poor of Hoboken.

Q. Do you like the conditions the people have to live under?

A. No because as long as there's prejudices in this city the living conditions will never change. The rich do not want to educate the poor. Right now I'm sitting in a house on Garden Street, and I am listening to the water running in the cellar where there are several pipes broken. As I walk through the streets I see children going through the garbage cans so they can eat. I see girls wearing old boys' clothes and boys wearing old girls' clothes, and children with no shoes or socks walking through the glass filled streets begging for pennies so that they can get a small piece of bread to eat. These are the people I enjoy working with, and I'll continue to until the poor comes to the level of the rich.

Interviews and photographs by
Roberto Montanez, age 13

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE PUERTO RICAN COALITION
 Connie Flores, Juan Garcia, Jose Gonzales,
 Willie Rolan



Q. What is the Puerto Rican Coalition, and what is it doing for the community?

A. The Puerto Rican Coalition came into existence in Hoboken during last summer. We work with and are located next to Self-Help, Inc., a voluntary tenant and welfare rights agency. The Coalition is an organization involved in the Puerto Rican community which tries to assist the community in any problem which exists and is

not being taken care of. We deal with housing, welfare and political aspects in the Puerto Rican community. Our political involvement deals with the advocating of independence of Puerto Rico.

The Coalition believes that we have been received well by the Puerto Rican community. However, the Coalition also has not been well received by the city fathers. We have in some cases been harassed and in other cases threatened of bodily harm to some of our members from other parts of the Hoboken community. This the Coalition believes to be the response of the white collar worker being exposed to the ever deteriorating conditions which exist in the city.

The Coalition is also involved in legal cases, and we are assisted by three lawyers from Newark and also Hudson County Legal Services. In some cases the Coalition does a better job than some of the government agencies which are in the same lines. The Puerto Rican Coalition is not limited to working in the Hoboken community only, we deal also in other cities in Hudson County.

LA ISLA DE PUERTO RICO



ROBERTO MONTANEZ AGE 13



During the summer the Puerto Rican Coalition and Self-Help, Inc. distributed free lunches to neighborhood children. (Photo at left)

The mural below was painted by art students of The 60 Garden Street Association's summer program in Puerto Rican history and culture.





AN INTERVIEW WITH MICHAEL COLEMAN,
DIRECTOR OF HOBOKEN MODEL CITIES

Q. Why was Hoboken chosen as a Model City?

A. In 1965 the Mayor of Hoboken hired a couple of consultants to put together an application for Hoboken as a possible Model City candidate. Perhaps the main reasons for Hoboken being chosen were because of its well-written application, the lobbying in Washington by the Mayor, and Hoboken being a unique and interesting city to launch this innovative program.

Q. How did you become involved in Hoboken Model Cities?

A. I had been working in Washington, D.C. for 3 years, and then I accepted a job working for a New York Congressman. During that time I applied for the Directorship and was accepted. I assumed the job in April, 1968.

Q. Is the Model Cities staff from the Hoboken Model Cities neighborhood?

A. The staff is from all over. All but two of the heads of the different programs are from Hoboken, however our planners mostly have come from elsewhere. I first recruited in Hoboken and then outside. Out of 135 persons employed totally, 110 are Hoboken residents.

Q. What do you feel is the most significant area of success that Model Cities has had?

A. Within two years residents will see several new housing and other physical developments begin. As a result of almost three years of careful planning the city is poised on the verge of a major rebuilding

program which will take place in all sections of Hoboken and meet the housing needs of all the families. This will include the rehabilitation of many blocks of existing housing; renovation of nearly all the existing vacant buildings; new high rise apartments; new garden type housing and apartments. And, in support of this we also see other important improvements such as increased urban beautification; new parking space facilities; reconstruction of the water system; and less certain yet, but equally needed is new sewer construction and at least one new school.

We have successfully convinced major public and private funding sources that investment in rebuilding Hoboken is a good investment. And, now the work is about to begin.

Model Cities is a reflection of the needs of the cities and the jobs that must be done. We are not here primarily to create jobs for people. We are here to create services, build and rehabilitate housing, make new physical improvements and meet community needs. We must get the programs off the ground. Once the programs have been planned and approved, we must get them started. One of our objectives is to make Model Cities a city-wide program. I would like to do this by June, 1972.

AN INTERVIEW WITH FRANK DUROY



Q. What is your opinion of Hoboken Model Cities?

A. The Model Cities program in Hoboken basically deals with housing, education,

social services, welfare and health. The technocrats of Model Cities are strong on plans, but weak on implementation. Their philosophy of the program is, "The end justifies the means." Their only concern is the success of a program, despite their methods which include playing politics with the administration.

The mistake in Model Cities is that it allows the local municipality to control and run the program. The salaries are paid by the federal government, but the city administers the program. The federal government just made the assumption that the local governments had the people in mind, and not so much themselves.

Q. What do you think of the educational system in Hoboken?

A. Education in this city is characterized by the archaic selection of the Board of Education, which is controlled by the Mayor. The teachers in Hoboken are many times selected not because of their qualifications, but because of their political connections.

Because of this selection, often people who are better qualified for working with inner-city children are rejected. The educational system in Hoboken, specifically the supervisory personnel (teachers who have been in the system 20 to 30 years) has lost touch with the latest methods of teaching. They use the authoritarian approach to teaching. I would like to see a semi-authoritarian or so-called Montessori approach to education; humanize the teacher and bring rapport between the teacher and the students.

Q. What is Model Cities trying to do in this area?

A. Project NOW, part of Model Cities' educational program, is perhaps the best project which they are implementing.

Despite the Director of Model Cities' good intentions, he holds a great deal of responsibility for what Model Cities is today. If the program were to be terminated in failure, it would be unfortunate that the failure would reflect on the Director and not so much on the local government.

Hoboken is one of the most historic cities in the State of New Jersey. It has been to many a stepping stone to success; to others a trap of no escape. Hoboken has served the rich and the poor. Different waves of nationalities have started their lives in Hoboken, and today many of these people have moved on to live in the suburbs. However, to many of the people who live here now, Hoboken is like a suburbia for the poor.



Edwin Duroy

The Miracle Mile Mirror has grown out of The 60 Garden Street Association's summer program in which young people worked together on photography, art, creative writing, and Black and Puerto Rican history and culture.

WE WISH TO THANK:

■The New Jersey State Council on the Arts for its grant for our summer photography workshop, which made it possible for all our young photographers to acquire their initial training.

■The staff of The Fourth Street i, "Operation Rainbow" on the Lower East Side of New York City who helped us get our start. They have given us continued good advice and support.

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Hoboken - North Hudson YMCA
Maxwell House Division of General Foods Corporation, Hoboken
New Jersey State Council on the Arts
Retouching, Inc., New York City
Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken

To continue our magazine we will need your help. Your contribution will be greatly appreciated. Please send it to:

The Miracle Mile Mirror
c/o The 60 Garden Street Association, Inc.
310 Hudson Street
Hoboken, New Jersey 07030



Deborah Frazier, age 12