

CITY WORKERS SWARM OUTDOORS TO PLAY ON SUNDAY

Hundreds of Thousands in Parks, Playgrounds and Open Country Engaged in All Sorts of Pastimes - From Bocce, Which Is Italian, the Games Range to Baseball, and Some Outing Parties Are Odd

YOU would hardly expect to find anybody but newspaper men, rosters and gang fighters abroad on a Sunday at sunrise - comes at about 4:30 these June mornings, but as a matter of fact many people are about then. Hundreds of eminently respectable orderly persons are out seeking recreation, or rather travelling toward the pleasure grounds.

In the subway you'll discover dozens of golfers, men and women, who have a day of leisure but Sunday, going to Van Cortlandt Park with their bags of clubs, intent on being at the first tee for

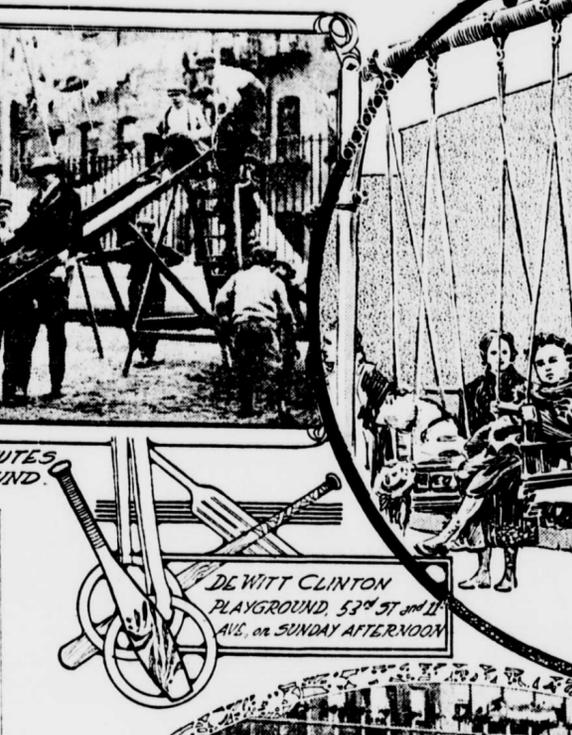
but fight over the hairbreadth difference in the line of two balls. In the open spaces about Gun Hill road and Jerome avenue of a Sunday, even on the grassy places of the roadside and in the streets that are not paved, the men who have been blasting rock for foundations, digging subways or manning dump cars all week give themselves over to bocce. It is played with wooden balls of varying sizes and is a little like bowling on the green.



SUNDAY CRICKET MATCH OF COLORED CLUBS AT VAN CORTLANDT PARK



MEN ON SLIDE CHUTES IN CITY PLAYGROUND



DE WITT CLINTON PLAYGROUND, 53rd ST and 11th AVE, ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON

a long drive of before the crowd comes. They and their caddies will be in time to see the sun rise over the high bluff that is almost a palisade beyond the meadow and for the matin chorus of birds in the thick woods at the head of the course.

On all lines of transportation you'll find men and women too, with fishing tackle, baskets and pails hurrying down to the sea, into the boats and away to the banks. It's their holiday. They want to make it as long as possible, and all the minutes from daylight till dark are not too many to be away from the scenes of every day.

In the avenues running north you'll see vehicles of every sort heading for the country. Here come four lumbering five-ton motor trucks that through the week carry building material for a contracting corporation. The bodies have been replaced with board seats. They are loaded with employees, joy riding, with the owner's permission to some open spot in the country where there'll be games and dinner and all that goes to make a happy outing.

Here's a string of delivery wagons from a department store loaded with the men who work with them through the week going out for baseball in the country. Maybe you think it hard on the horses, but the stable boys send his men along, and it is an outing with fresh grass, spring water and sunshine for horses too.

And so the procession goes till long after sunup. New York must have recreation. There are places where life is one long grind, half work, half play, so evenly mixed that even the worker is not quite sure which is being done. But here the pace that everybody goes, from the office boy to the captain of industry, makes play the only road around the sanitarium.

How do the millions whose weekly holiday begins when the shops close on Saturday night and ends at bedtime Sunday spend their precious leisure?

Thousands go to the beaches; but everybody has tried that at least once, so the story is no longer new. Fully as many or more spend Sunday at some sort of games or athletics. The Bronx Park Department estimates that a quarter of a million play in the parks and open spaces of that borough every bright Sunday.

You'd think that a man who had laid bricks or hammered iron all week would want to sit at home and rest on Sunday, but he's the one who seeks the heaviest diversions.

Hard Work and Hard Play.

"Pat swings a sledge six days and puts the shot and throws the hammer on the seventh," said a blacksmith's wife in the office of the Park Commissioner while applying for a baseball permit for a club of which her boy is captain. "Hard work six days and hard play on Sunday is a great thing to keep a man fit," Pat says, an I say, but not to him. Fit to live with."

The Park Department and playground boards indicate that everybody in Manhattan and The Bronx plays in the open on Sundays. In Brooklyn they are getting the fever too. The parks and public places have been opened for Sunday play only this year and the City of Chicago has been a little slow to break away from its old Sunday habits.

Where do New Yorkers play on Sunday? Everywhere from the roughest block paved streets to the lawns of Central Park. Auditor Gaynor of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company says that his accounts show that from 150,000 to 200,000 people travel over his company's lines to the outskirts on sunny Sundays. In other words a bright baseball Sunday is worth \$10,000 more to his company than a stormy one.

What do New Yorkers play on Sunday? Everything from baseball to bocce; from hoops to hurley.

And what's bocce, you ask? Its New York home is about Washington Square South, where the backyards of old time mansions, now Italian tenements, are given over to courts for its indulgence. But on Sunday the Italian goes to the country and bocce is his favorite outdoor sport.

It is as hard for an American to get enthusiastic over bocce as over cricket, but it stirs a Roman's blood till he'll all

punches are worth while, whether bocce is or not. Half a gallon of red wine, a quart of ginger ale, half a dozen sliced oranges and lemons, a pineapple cut into slices, strawberries, maraschino cherries and other fruits and berries that may be had, with a chunk of ice and a tin dipper, are all the Italian punch brewer needs, but they are enough.

Hurley a Man's Game.

And hurley, you say. It's a man's game; a game for vigorous men; men with the spirit of war in their breasts. It's a fine old Irish game, somewhat like the shinty of our American forefathers, except that the sporting goods people have devised clothing, shoes, clubs and balls of standard pattern to make it expensive, and rules to make it more controversial, hence fascinating to spectators as well as players.

Since baseball has become a disease, or rather an epidemic, there are few young hurlers, but the Bronx Park Department has issued permits to six hurley clubs and they play every fair Sunday.

Hockey is a winter game among college boys and men who take their athletics by seasons as they take their opera, their sojourns in the mountains, at Palm Beach or on the Riviera, but the men who play in patent leather shoes and stiff bosomed white shirts with red flannel showing where neck and wristbands are loosened, go to hockey in summer too. Hot weather hockey isn't played in the parks by regularly organized clubs and no hockey grounds are set aside, but every Sunday you'll see a score of games in progress on vacant lots in The Bronx, and fine husky fellows the players are.

Before considering baseball and tennis and what the city has done to make outdoor Sunday play popular and to put it within the reach of every one who has a dime to spend for carfare let us make a trip up to and through Van Cortlandt Park.

It is any sunny Sunday afternoon. We'll stop at Maomb's Dam Park, a very pretty piece of ground made by filling in what was a few years ago a salt marsh of the Harlem River under and around the bridges and viaduct that carry 155th street and Eighth avenue over from Manhattan to The Bronx. Here is a quarter mile running track with maybe a field day of some athletic club in progress under a Sunday permit or if not a dozen or so of youngsters in very small clothes getting into condition for a Marathon or plugging hopefully for a chance to take part in future Olympic games. Inside the track are others putting the shot,

up to the bridge are four baseball diamonds, each with a game going and a crowd on the foul lines as noisy and partisan as the fans at a world series match.

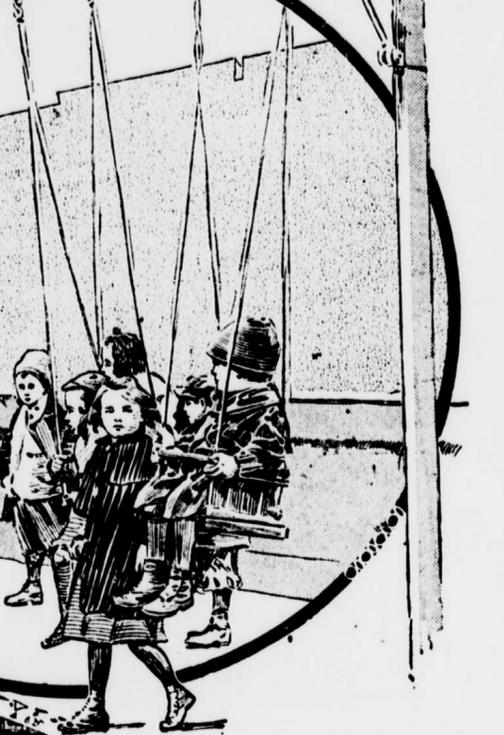
If we had time to go over to Pelham Bay Park, the biggest, but the most inaccessible of New York's outing grounds, we should find all that we see in Maomb's Dam Park duplicated and an eighteen hole golf course in addition. We should also find at Orieland Beach on the Sound, but still in the park, a camp city of 300 families. The city of New York lays the beach off into camp sites, thirty by sixty feet each, with streets, drainage and running water. The camp opens on June 15 and the city maintains its police activity till September 15. Sites are allotted in the order of application and all it costs a camping family is the usual rate for city water. Yes, there are always more applications than sites.

Now on a Jerome avenue car to Gun Hill road, passing on the way scores of baseball games on vacant lots and tennis matches on private courts and in the little parks, to say nothing of the bocce and

club. They wear leggins and helmets and carry stout sticks. The club is one of many that take a hike of from five to fifteen miles every fair Sunday the year round. Most of them are men past 40, tanned and hard. Strange that walking, except strutting with the one girl, doesn't appeal to younger men.



SENIOR CHAMPIONS BOYS' PARK LEAGUE



CROWD WATCHING SUNDAY BASEBALL IN MULBERRY BEND PARK



SUNDAY BASKETBALL IN SEWARD PARK

Behind the knoll is a huge coffee pot steaming over a fire and there are baskets covered with rackets. The audience calls for another speech and the big blond man is replaced by a little, black haired, bespectacled, sharp faced fellow who talks no less forcefully. The big blond man explains in book learned English that it is a picnic of socialists, that they have had their games and will soon dine. They are not discussing Taft and Roosevelt, but the politics of the fatherland.

From over near the bluff that overlooks the meadow holes of the golf course comes the sound of steel striking steel. So thick is the shrubbery that nothing can be seen. In a cleared space not larger than an apartment house parlor you see through the leaves when you get almost upon them two men in shirt sleeves and collared energetically fencing. Is it a duel? Looks like it till you part the bushes and find that the fencers are naked and are using foils. Seated on the ground are a dozen others, resting from their bouts or waiting their turns. All are young Frenchmen and the only one in the party who speaks English explains that fencing is their Sunday sport,

They found this secluded spot and stick to it because fencing is unusual outdoor play in America and to practice it in a public place would draw an annoying crowd.

Van Cortlandt's 100,000

Beyond the woods a dozen boys, none of them Australians or Africans, are throwing javelins and boomerangs. And they handle the weapons with skill, one of them barely missing a bird at which he had thrown a javelin and another bringing a boomerang back to his feet on a long throw.

After a look in on a few card and crap games in the grass we make our way across the south end of the golf course to the high knoll that stands at the east of the inn. Spread out below is a panorama of life and activity that probably is not equalled in the world.

Secretary Fitzgerald of the Bronx Park board said last week that on the previous Sunday afternoon more than 100,000 people were in Van Cortlandt park at one time. A liberal allowance would put not more than 10,000 upon the knoll, the golf course and in the woods. That would leave 90,000 people in the open valley that includes about 300 of the park's 1,133 acres.

Looking at this throng from a point 200 feet up and 1,000 yards away, not one of them seems to be still and few of them are. The colors of the women's dresses, hats and parasols, the bright spots that are men's bowlers, the white of summer gowns and players' shirts, all in motion, give the effect of a 300 acre flower garden, and every flower dancing a maze with its fellows. And as if to add a contrasting and stately color to a riot of tints stands the acre or so of Italian garden, all aglow at the south of the mansion.

But we are to learn how New York plays on Sunday, so we go down into this multitude to see the details of the picture so lovely in the distance. On the golf course at the first tee at 3 o'clock there are still half a hundred waiting to drive off, although the waiting benches have been crowded since daylight. At the west of the old Van Cortlandt mansion are twenty tennis courts all in full play. There are not so many waiting now, for it is late afternoon and the tennis players have been busy from early morning.

To the north of the mansion a series of baseball diamonds, with portable w-e backstops, stretches away across the parade ground to the hills. They are in use on Sunday only, and on each diamond at least three games are played. One pair of clubs holds a permit for the morning, another from noon until 2:30 and the third from 2:30 till evening. Each club has its rooters and the crowds along the foul lines are always noisy.

Over on the polo field - they don't play polo on Sunday - are the football fields. Despite the heat there are always men to play soccer. They are mostly English-

the hill at the north, where the ground is not suited to the white man's sports. No more is it suited to lacrosse, but the Indians know they will not be disturbed there so they toss the ball back and forth and make the best of Sunday.

On a small grassy spot at the hilltop are six young men and women with a medicine ball, and near them are women playing clock golf.

The boys' amateur aviation club meets at Van Cortlandt Park every bright Sunday to sail aeroplanes. All models are followed in building these tiny air craft, for the club rules provide only that from tip to tail they shall not measure more than two feet and that the spread of wing shall not exceed eighteen inches. Some are monoplanes, some biplanes and others are built on the box kite plan. They are provided with springs that carry them with the wind as far as 200 yards and a flock of a dozen sailing fifty feet from the ground always draws a crowd of watchers.

Some of the boys are remarkably expert and can set the planes and rudders so as to send the machine very close to the target, which is a ring twenty feet across marked out in white on the grass. Thus far this summer there have been no contests for prizes, but a tournament is planned for the late season.

As we leave the park at Broadway to take the downtown train a string of thirty young men on bicycles, wearing club colors on their sweaters, sprint past, which calls to mind that there are still many bicycles in New York and not a few clubs. Sunday runs of fifty miles are popular, but the old time century has about passed out. Most of the bicycle riders are foreigners who come from countries where the wheel has not lost its popularity with people who cannot afford automobiles.

On Public Playgrounds.

A Sunday tour of the public playgrounds of Manhattan, of which there are thirty-two, will show every one of them teeming with youngsters and lined at the edges with older people looking on. They play baseball with balls that won't break windows or heads. They swing, run on the cinder paths, put the featherweight shots that are regulated by the public masters of play, slide on the board chutes the city supplies and whack the other ball with rackets lent by the playgrounds department.

These playgrounds are filled with children every day in the week, but the directors discriminate on Sunday and make room for the little folk who are in offices, shops and factories through the week. Over in West street and in every vacant lot in Manhattan and in the easily accessible parts of The Bronx the park goes on from early morning until dark, and when the street lights make it possible a few brave the night.

In the larger parks not to Sunday passes without from ten to twenty May or June parties. May and June parties are the same, the name varying only with the month. Much attention is given to costumes and decorations for these affairs, but in the essence they are merely big romps for the little ones, who play for hours on green grass that is not open to them at other times.

The rowing clubs are a strong feature of New York's athletics. There are at least fifty of them, with houses along at Harlem, Hudson and East rivers and the Sound. They average about 100 members to the club, and Sunday is their big day on the water. Some members devote the day to training, but more of them seek pleasure.

A favorite stunt is to man the club barges with from sixteen to twenty men each, row to College Point, Clason's Point or another shore picnic ground, play a game of baseball, have a swim, get dinner and row back in time for the Sunday night dance at the clubhouse. These dances are in great vogue, and many men who seldom row belong to the clubs for the dances.

Perhaps none of the lesser sports takes as many people from the city on Sundays as fishing. Four big steamers, each capable of giving fishing room to 500 people, go out from the Battery to the banks every Sunday morning in summer, and they are always filled. Besides these steamers there are rowboats, launches and sailing craft for fishing to be had on Gravesend, Sheepshead and Jamaica bays and over on the Rockaway coast. An army of fishermen save even the cost of a boat by casting their lines from docks and piers on Staten Island and from South Brooklyn around to Long Beach.

But after all is said baseball is the kingpin of Sunday sports. There are not fewer than 300 diamonds in Manhattan and The Bronx, and an average of three games are played on each diamond every Sunday. At least twenty players take part in each game, which engages 18,000 men and boys who get two or three hours of the national sport each week.

These 300 diamonds include only the regularly laid out grounds used by organized clubs. Many boys play in West street, and hundreds go to the suburbs and invade every vacant space.

No other city in the world does as much as New York to encourage Sunday play among its people. In The Bronx there are 3,910 acres of parks, and all are open for sport except Bronx Park, which is divided between the Zoological Park and the Botanical Garden. Even Bronx Park has some tennis courts. In Manhattan besides Central Park there are thirty-three playgrounds, each supplied with all that children require for their games. These are open on Sundays and each has a director under William J. Lee, supervisor of Recreation, and his assistant, Miss Mary E. McKenna, who directs the girls' play.