

The Playground Of The East

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I lay down on the beach and looked dreamily away to where the deep blue of the sky blended to meet the blue-green of the ocean. The sun shone brightly on the golden sand about me while the brightly colored sea shells came and went with the ocean waves. The whole shore seemed secluded, but by noon it would be jammed with people bathing or basking in the sun. The shore would be a mass of red, yellow, blue, orange, green, and purple umbrellas

The Million Dollar Pier was now quiet, and all I could hear was the swish of waves. One could hear the murmur of waves now instead of the music which the electric organ at the pier had provided the previous day. I remembered the odor of fresh popcorn and crackerjack and the roar of the lions in the circus. Although I could not see them, I knew the fishermen were still fishing from the end of the pier.

That same evening the Steel Pier had provided much excitement with its endless strings of electric lights, its swimming, boat racing, and horse diving. A daring

young girl had climbed to the top of a steel pole over the ocean. The pole had swayed to and fro in the heavens as she approached the top.

Next I imagined myself strolling down the ever-crowded Board Walk noticing the neatness and oriental look of the tiny shops. Some of the shops were clothing stores; however, most of the shops were stands selling ice cream and soft drinks.

It was quite fashionable for one to be pushed by a boy down the Board Walk in a Chinese cart. I had preferred walking so I could do as I pleased. Facing the Board Walk were the magnificent hotels with their large floral gardens and picturesque water fountains, which had different colored lights reflected on them at night to show all shades of the rainbow.

Where is this play ground of the East? It could be only one place. It is the beach at Atlantic City, New Jersey. Sixteen million visitors vacation here, and five hundred conventions are held in the city yearly.