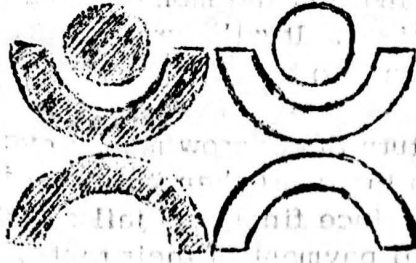


UNDERSTANDING



THE COMMUNICATION MEDIA FOR OPERATION UNDERSTANDING

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On Sunday, March 28, 1971 five hundred people attended the Day of Judgement in Newark. After a brief background meeting which included a slide presentation facetiously called "Stella Wright in Living Color", the suburbanites went with their tenant guides for a real look inside Stella Wright.

The conclusion drawn by most visitors I think was that you can read about it, see pictures of it, and listen to the people themselves tell about it, but until you are there, you can't really appreciate the conditions.

As we walked up the steps of 260 Prince Street we were told they had just been washed, by the up to now invisible janitor, in preparation for our coming. If you've ever spilled Ajax cleanser and tried to mop it you have some idea of the appearance of the stairs...it was as if a grey cloud had descended and stuck. Once inside the glassless "fire door" the story was different however, for here some of the tenants do their own scrubbing and waxing and an immaculately proud job was evident. Their cleaning of course is almost immediately negated by the smoke which is constant in the corridors...sticking to every surface as it escapes in sparks when garbage is dumped into the incinerator.

One of our guides showed us her bathroom...with the cold water running constantly and the hot water pipe leading to the faucet shut off because it leaks. There was a large pan under the pipe to catch the water when it was used. Can you imagine reaching down to your emergency valve every time you wanted to use the hot water... or listening to water running constantly...for two years? This is how long it has been that way. She calls and calls the tenant manager's office but there is only one plumber and she is told that she will have to wait.

In our second apartment on the 11th floor our guide told us of having come home from the hospital a few months ago after an operation to find the elevator out of order. She walked up the eleven flights and collapsed.

On the eighth floor our hostess had two boys. When my son asked why there were two bicycles in the apartment he was told there are no storage facilities for them at ground level to prevent the bicycles from being stolen so when used her sons must carry them down the stairs and back up again because for the most part the elevator doesn't work. (I couldn't help but think of the moans we sometimes hear from our children about moving their bicycles from the driveway to their allotted space in the garage.)

I'm sure there are many, many other incidents which would bring into focus the hardships of city living at Stella Wright. These are just a sampling.