

Fall, 2004



NEWSLETTER



IMAGINING NEW YORK FROM THE GROUND UP

BY FRED GOODMAN

I admit with some shame that it took me over 40 years to discover Woodlawn – despite being a Bronx native.

I used to speed past it twice a day on my commuter express train, yet all the Woodlawn station signified to me was a disheveled collection of auto body shops, track yards, and overgrown lots framing an old, gray cemetery tucked against the city's northern border. It wasn't until a few years ago when I began bicycling about the city, nosing into its nooks and crannies for the overlooked and forgotten, that I unearthed this extraordinary 400-acre jewel of city history.

continued on page 5...