Team of Destiny Sparked '22 Season

"The Greatest Football Game of All Time" was the description offered by the celebrated gridiron historian and analyst George Trevor. Few would disagree; certainly none of those 40,000 who packed Stagg Stadium in Chicago for that nerve-tingling contest between the Chicago Maroons and Princeton Tigers on their first juket west. Chicago was a three-to-one favorite in the betting that October afternoon in 1922.

Every football fan is entitled to his own opinion, but when Amos Alonzo Stagg and William W. Roper, Princeton '03, the rival coaches, representing a combined gridiron experience of more than a half century, united in picking that game as the most dramatic of their careers, one is inclined to string along with them.

After the game, Granitt Lane, Dean of sports writers, described the Tigers as "The Team of Destiny," adding "...a team that won't be beaten, can't be beaten."

And indeed following the Chicago game Princeton went on the defeat Harvard and Yale for a victorious 8 to 0 season, first in many years.

"It Looked Like a Rout"

I don't suppose that wonderful old gentleman, James Lucas DeLong, Princeton Class of 1892, my father, ever did get over the time he went to Chicago for that game. The day began when he met his erstwhile roommate Lawrence Young, and gabbed about the time Young pitched that 1 to 0 victory for the Tigers against Alonzo Stagg then at Yale. After much reminiscing, they left together for Stagg Field where they remained until only twelve minutes of the final quarter were left, with Princeton pinned against her goal posta, trailing 7 to 18.

Lawrence Young said he was getting cold, and they might as well bend the crowd, and anyway, it looked like a rout. So they went back to the club to reminisce about Snake Ames, Edgar Allen Poe, Shep Homan, Doc Cash and other contemporaries of the glorious golden nineties who, they agreed, wouldn't have taken any such drubbing as they had witnessed that day.

And then, after awhile, when the crowd began to dribble in, the Tiger adherents flushed and uproarious and pretty hoarse, they learned how Princeton had scored two galvanizing touchdowns and held John Thomas, the great Chicago back, on their one-yard line with seconds to play, and had kicked out of danger — all of which Lawrence Young and my old gentleman never got over for the rest of their days.

Griffin Recalls Year of the Tiger

In order to appreciate the drama of the 1922 football season and the emotional appeal generated by the team that was to become legend, it is essential to understand the background and circumstances of the period.

Football interest ran high on all college campuses following the end of World War I. At Princeton it was

Continued on page six.

Stadium Rose in Months

During the second week of April 1914 work was begun by the George A. Fuller Construction Company on the Palmer Memorial Stadium. Scarcely six months later the enormous project, built almost entirely by manpower, was complete. A remarkable sampling from the weekly photographic record originally commissioned by the contractors, appears on page 16.

Continued on page fourteen.

Biography Recalls

College Days of 1799

In the latter part of October, 1799, before daylight, I left my mother's house, about twenty miles west of Newburgh, and I did not reach Princeton until the next Saturday week, progressing as fast as the public conveyances would carry us. The easiest and most expeditious way was on board of a sloop, and two days and two nights in reaching New York was considered a good passage; and four or five days, and even more, as in my case, was not uncommon.

There was no landing at the dock in Newburgh and we had to be rowed out in a small boat before ascending the sloop, and then could find no convenient place to sit, or stand, or lie; perhaps it was raining; nothing to eat, and I was glad to be let off at New York, after paying three and a half dollars for the passage. From New York to Princeton the journey by stage was equally tedious.

It was not until the fall of 1807 that the first steamboat came up the river — the wheels unprotected, and exposed to public view, a form on crossbeams, like that of a saw mill, moving up and down, and the boat creeping along at the rate of three or four miles an hour. A real curiosity! the wonder of the country! People would come twenty or thirty miles, to see the boat on the day she was to make her trip. Then came an improved boat, such as would

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Mighty Myths from Tiny Rumors Grow

In the early 1850’s, during his last years, Rev. John Johnston, a prominent Presbyterian minister in Newburgh, N.Y., set about writing his personal recollections and memories of the town, his close family and friends. In 1858, shortly after his demise, a slender autobiography was published as edited by James Curnochan, Johnston, who in later life became a Trustee of both the College of New Jersey and Princeton Theological Seminary, was an “1801 Son of Nassau,” and at least two chapters of his life deal with his years in Princeton, commencing in 1799 (see page 14).

Among the more interesting descriptions from those years deals with the death of Washington and the patriotic feelings the event aroused in his countrymen. In this regard Johnston innocently offers an example of his devotions, which for modern Princeton strikes deep at one of our great local symbols—The Mercer Oak. He observes:

“I have frequently seated myself under the lower branches of this tree, down, on the stump, where General Mercer was reported to lie mortally wounded at the battle of Princeton.”

What is it possible that the true symbol of those heroic efforts we now commemorate, was pulled down during Johnston’s college days 175 years ago?

For old timers this revelation may come as no surprise. Dr. Henry E. Hale, who lived for many years in the Clark House where Mercer died, is said to have maintained that the present tree was a mere sapling in his own youth many years after the battle. Others citing the tree’s vast girth contend that, whether or not Mercer ever lay beneath it, the tree must surely have witnessed the events of that thrilling day.

There have been those who have cautioned us against publishing Johnston’s apparent refutation of so sacred a tradition. We are, however, assured that no matter how the evidence may be stacked, the mighty Mercer Oak, as before, will continue to symbolize throughout its remaining years, our pride in the part Princeton played in the struggle for Independence. Perhaps, though, we may gain by this new fly in the ointment, a greater understanding for the basis of local lore.

Firms Donate Hospital Subscriptions

We recently received a nice note from one of our most loyal readers, Benjamin E. Young, who described his difficulty in holding on to his copies of The Recollector in his new surroundings in the Foothill Acres Nursing Home. His new friends apparently enjoy the paper so much that Mr. Young’s issues have passed from one interested reader to the next.

With friends like Benny Young in mind, we have long desired to broaden our circulation within the nursing facilities in and around Princeton. This past summer, with the generous help of the area’s business community, we went a long way toward seeing our hopes realized.

Offering a special yearly subscription rate, we gained our initial support from E.R. Squibb and Sons, who generously contributed funds sufficient to place a fresh copy of each monthly issue in every room of the Merwick facility of the Princeton Medical Center. Subsequently, more than make the beds in the hospital and Princeton House have been similarly provided for through the help of other firms, including: U.S. Steel, R.C.A. Astro, Nassau Savings and Loan, and Princeton Savings and Loan. An interested friend has even seen fit to provide two house subscriptions for Mr. Young’s own Foothill Acres Home.

At present we are in touch with several other members of the business community in hopes of gaining further interest in placing complimentary Recollector subscriptions in other facilities. The rate is $3.50 for an annual subscription. May we ask that any of your readers, who might wish to help, get in touch at their earliest convenience? With your cooperation, we can assure friends like Benny Young that their copies of The Recollector don’t walk off on their own any more.

Woodrow Wilson Topic of Gathering

The TOWNSPEOPLE series will enter its third year with the first monthly gathering at the Public Library on Thursday, 21 October at 3:30 p.m. Cooperatively sponsored by The Princeton History Project and the Library, TOWNSPEOPLE has brought together dozens of Princetonians, young and old, to collect, present and preserve our local past.

What was it like sixty-four years ago when the attention of the nation focused on Princeton’s Presidential candidate, Woodrow Wilson? How did the town react to the elevation of a fellow citizen to the Oval Office? Older residents who remember Wilson’s years in Princeton are urged to come and share their memories. Younger neighbors are urged to come and lend an ear. As always old photographs, post cards, clippings, recipes, cookies and other refreshments will be welcome. Best of all though, are the recollections of Princeton past which are exchanged in abundance.

Won’t you join us and bring a friend? Rides are available to those desiring them by calling 291-6748.

A Lot of Work

On 3 January 1777 “Yankee Doodle” came to town and carried the day. With the anniversary of that occasion near at hand, we were reminded of the famous and familiar mural in the Nassau Inn’s Yankee Doodle Tap Room, which was executed in the late 1930’s by the late Mr. Tom Available, the most illustrative, Norman Rockwell.

During the summer we wrote the prolific artist and asked what he recalled about his mural, made for the inn forty years ago. His terse reply, in the best Yankee tradition, follows:

“All right to your letter, I am very sorry but I did the mural for the Nassau Inn such a long time ago that I am afraid I can’t recall any of the circumstances surrounding it. I know it was a lot of work.”

Norman Rockwell

Stockbridge, His. Nov. David was with him at this time.

Scott Nearing

Social Science Institute

Harborlne, Maine

20 September 1976

Mexican Connection

A friend recently shared with us a copy of The Princeton Recollector for April 1976 and we were delighted to read the article “Butler Station Nine in Mexico” because Tzintzuntzan and Patzcuaro are nearby villages to our home in Morelia. It gave us a new perspective on this area. “We had never...Continued on page three

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THE PRINCETON RECOLLECTOR October 1976

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history of Mr. Allen’s life, and I wonder how the article was acquired as the story went back so far. Was it through some distant relative? I was sorry that it did not mention who his grandfather was on the Allen side (that is Samuel Allen’s father) and if he had brothers or sisters. Then the story ended without listing George Allen’s children, grandchildren and great-grand-children.

My father’s name was George Allen, and the way the author signed his name and the way my father signed his name were identical. Thank you for any information.

Ernest Allen Mercerville, N.J. 27 August 1976

Rings a Bell

Your presentation of your memories of the Liberty Bell in Princeton was just great. Thank you. Your introduction was very well worded and I am proud to have my contribution appear in The Princeton Recollector.

The Liberty Bell pictures were especially interesting to me, and you did well to find them. Of course, I didn’t recognize anyone, yet the guard with the helmet rings a bell in my memory.

Now my hope is that perhaps someone of bygone years will see my name and write me — especially from Princeton High School, 1918. Or perhaps someone else will remember the event itself.

Amy Titus Eells Delaware, Ohio 17 August 1976

Police Plotter

Some time ago my wife Madeline and I enjoyed a very pleasant meeting of TOWNSPEOPLE. It was very interesting to see all the old pictures and to meet old friends and acquaintances we had not seen in a long while.

Since then the thought occurred to me: has anyone ever looked back into the history of Princeton’s Police Department?

You see, I remember Princeton having just one cop, Chief Killof, and then along came Chilli Meyers and the first colored one, Phil Diego. Then there was Martin Clausen, who was the only one in Princeton Township, and he ruled the Township under several hats, too.

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Continued from page three

Now Princeton Borough and Township have a total force of about fifty-six policemen, and women, too. The two towns have grown that much, and unfortunately crime also has increased terribly.

I know three ex-chiefs living in our area, and one out of town, who could give you a wealth of material on this subject, and a lot of other terrific background on Princeton of “yesteryear.” The ex-chiefs are Peter McCrohan, Ray Mondone, who lives near him, and “Nip” Mahan living on Washington Road in Penn’s Neck. “Smitty” whose first name I forget, lives in Pennsylvania, I believe.

Good luck to you in your interesting work which you conduct so well.

Arnold Ryden, Sr.
Hightstown, N. J.

Remember Moran

For over four years I have been preparing a family genealogy, and

Moran was very friendly with, and may have been related to, Nathaniel Hawthorne, the author. We understand that the latter gave to the former an original volume of The Scarlet Letter and, perhaps, others.

Any help or clue that you provide will be very much appreciated.

Raymond M. Tierney
Oceanport, N. J.

3 August 1976

Conductor Named

In receiving response to the articles featured in The Recollector we have come to expect the unexpected. During the summer a number of crafts—persons were sent copies of back issues to introduce our new classified advertising department. By coincidence, Carol Ball was sent a copy of our April 1976 issue which included Susan Roberts’ account of the Johnson trolley with an accompanying photograph of an unknown conductor and motorman. Mrs. Ball took one look at the picture and recognized the conductor (in vest and bow tie) as her grandfather, Frank J. Koller, who, she recalls, not only shepherded Gov. Woodrow Wilson but on the Johnson trolley in a less pretentious day, but also met his future bride on one apparently eventful ride when the romance of the trolley carried the day.

Ideal Place

I can’t tell you how pleased and touched I am that you have continued sending us The Recollector, which I have always enjoyed so much.

Princeton will always be one of the happiest memories of my life. This fact is so hidden away I, of course, motivated by my son’s accident. He’s home now, after more than a year in hospitals and a rehabilitation center. He’s making a great effort, is cheerful, optimistic, and full of plans for days ahead.

He is urging us to open another shop like our Country Antiques in Princeton. I miss people, contacts, and especially the young people who were my friends and often dropped in, even though they weren’t thinking of buying. It was such a friendly, informal spot and I doubt I could duplicate anything anywhere nearly similar.

Thank you for remembering us and saying that we are missed. I wish it were all a dreadful dream and we were back in the happy, busier days of Nassau Street. I knew I liked Princeton, but I know now it is the ideal place to live and work.

Eleanor Waddell
Richmond, Virginia

15 September 1976

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My loveliest things always come from
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Eleanor Waddell
Richmond, Virginia

15 September 1976
**Jugtown Diary Describes Harvest**

In the interest of conserving space for other features, we will offer summaries only, for the 1870 Diary of Mary Brown of Jugtown. Many of her entries deal with weather conditions, and August was no exception with rain reported frequently, and one bad thunderstorm in which "several houses were struck over in Trenton." Near month's end she records the phenomenon of very smoky skies as "some parts of Canada [were] on fire."

On 24 August the "Colored" had a Harvest Home in Rocky Hill; the following week the Methodists held a picnic, and in early September a camp meeting is recorded. At the end of August Miss Brown "went through Dickinson Hall," the University lecture hall which was designed and built that year only to burn in 1920. On the seventh of September "candles begin." The Elementary School on Nassau Street, where Mary Brown taught for decades, opened on 29 August. "I had 32 present." A week later she writes, "42 present. Had trouble with Lizzie Clark." Other children apparently gave trouble, as well. On 16 September she reports, "Had a day of settlement with a great many scholars." By 17 October, possibly due to the addition of farm boys fresh from the labors of the fields, she notes, "55 on the rolls."

Meanwhile, the events in the **annual season are noted**, corresponding to the agricultural calendar of our own day. On 1 September Miss Brown’s brother, George, takes her to Cashel’s peach orchard where she “had as many as I could eat.” She thereupon ate "10 and ten pounds. Two weeks later finds her cooking pears and tomatoes. On 6 October she takes in two hives of bees only to discover “very little honey.” On the nineteenth brother George begins to husk, and on the twenty-fourth, with frost imminent, she takes in her geraniums, while Frank Sender is over hooping the cider barrels, completing three by day’s end. On other perennial entry: On 21 September members of her family go off on an excursion to the Fair in Trenton, only to find it "very poor."

---

**At the turn of the century everyone wanted a bicycle and the White Cycle Company had a model to ogle every eye at its State Fair exhibition.**

*Courtesy Historical Society of Princeton*
Anything that smells so good and looks so pretty should really be good to eat. But it isn’t. In fact, I know of no use for these large, apple green, highly decorative fruits, except to plant more Osage orange trees.

Using a butcher knife, I cut one open. The inside resembles somewhat that of a pineapple, with a hard white core surrounded by rays of spongy texture. But no pineapple ever pored forth the copious milky juice which exuded from this orange, sometimes called milk orange or mock orange. The milk was sticky to touch and hard to wash from the fingers. Embedded in the spongy cells were many seeds, about the size of orange seeds and somewhat like them, but flatter.

Osage orange fruits, like their close relatives the mulberries, (and also like pineapples which belong to a different family), are what the botanist calls multiple or collective fruits, which means that one orange is produced by a mass of fruits from many flowers, instead of from one blossom as is the apple or a true orange.

I photographed two of the green balls just where they had fallen, at the roadside in the grass on Cherry Hill Road. Here there are hedges of the thorny trees on both sides of the road. These hedges are probably remnants from the days when Princeton was a rural farming community, and the Osage orange hedges were widely planted as cattle fences. Because of ability to withstand heavy clipping, quick and vigorous growth, and stout thorns, the trees soon form an impenetrable tangle that will confine the stock the year around. Cherry Hill’s hedges show that they have been cut back, to stumps two to three feet high, but with tall and vigorous tops arising from these.

Best Bow in the East

Originally the Osage orange was restricted to the South, from southern Missouri to northern Texas. Here the Indians, especially the Osage tribe of the middle Mississippi Valley cherished the trees for the bright orange wood which they used for their bows, “the best bow-wood to be found east of the Rocky Mountains.” It is recorded that in Arkansas, in the early nineteenth century, a good Osage bow was worth a horse and blanket. The Indians also used the tree for fiber and for dye. A white flax-like fiber is obtained from the bark, a yellow dye from the wood.

Early settlers liked the sharp thorns which solved the fencing problem. Nurserymen produced trees by the thousands, from root and branch cuttings, and they were planted wherever hardy throughout the United States.

In the early days of wood, tough and elastic, hardest of our native woods, was also used for axes, woodenware, pulley blocks, paving blocks, and tool handles. Later, its major use was for fence posts, as it is exceptionally durable in the soil. It is also a good fuel. A pamphlet of the United States Department of Agriculture lists Osage orange among 165 selected important forest trees. The tree is also desirable as an ornamental. It has deeply ridged, dark orange-brown bark and bright green twigs that become orange brown. The leaves are a handsome bright green, thick and firm, and they turn into a mass of gold in the fall. You can even feed the leaves to livestock, as a substitute for mulberry leaves. During a school classroom project one year, we found these caterpillars would eat either species indiscriminately.

All parts of the tree exude the milky sap when cut — leaves, twigs. This sap reveals a family relationship with the tropical rubber plants.

Not all the Osage orange trees bear the ornamental fruits with the wrinkled green exterior. The stamine and pistillate flowers grow on separate trees. Only the female trees, of course, produce oranges. The one I cut open has a squash or pumpliny odor. The uncut one has an elusive added fragrance — is it perhaps like pine needles?

* * * * *

In and around Princeton, the “setum” of the leaves is just beginning. Already there is a touch of yellow on Nassaue Street, elms, sugar maples and buttonwoods, and red and bronze in the pin oaks. A purple tinge is to be seen on the ash. A running flame of Virginia creeper, poison ivy, and sumac is evident in roadside thickets, contrasted with the deep purple of blackberry. The borders are colorful with dogwood and sassafras, and here and there a vivid wild cherry, red maple, sweet gum and sour gub, or yellow of hickory and tulip. For a short home tour for early autumn color I recommend a drive out Mount Lucas Road, stop over at the Compton, look at Dogwood Hill, already breath-taking. Return along the state highway with special attention to the beauty in the woods above Woodland Drive. Then take Cherry Hill Road, not missing the yellow of the osage orange hedges with crimson sumac below. Follow Ridgeview Road to the Great Road and home, catching the dreamy foliage of blackbirds in the dogwoods, feastings on the crimson berries.

Each kind of tree has its own fall color, but there is great variation in the same species and the same tree from year to year. Sassafras trees in different locations vary from scarlet to orange to yellow. Sometimes few skip the bright colors entirely and bear only curling brown leaves or a dry dingy yellow with brown spots. Soil, light, and weather all seem to affect the fall color pageant. Too dry or too wet prevents the best displays. A hard, too early frost may kill the leaves, and they turn brown and Chelsea-like. Acid soils produce more brilliant reds. Light is essential in bringing out the reds and purples. A sunny, dry autumn is usually the most brilliant.

Continued on page seven
Scientists explain the fall color as a ripening process, preceding the death of the leaf. The tree itself brings about the leaf’s end, by growing a layer of corky cells across the end of the leaf stem. This cuts off the circulation of sap and water. For a few days the leaf flares with triumphant beauty, until the barricade cells become hard and brittle enough for the wind to break it loose and float it to the ground.

Actually much of the brilliant coloring has been present in the leaf all the time, but masked by the rich green of the overlying chlorophyll. The yellow pigments which give the sassafras its “golden mittens” have been hidden in the interior leaf cells all summer. Now the chlorophyll is breaking up, its formation slowed up by the cooler nights of autumn. The hidden color has at last its chance to show. Food-making and life in the leaf is at an end and the tree is preparing to lie dormant all winter. Reds and purples in the autumn leaves are due to a sugar chemical dissolved in the cell sap. These are the colors which need the sun to bring them out, and vary the most with acidity and alkalinity of the sap. The orange of the sassafras is, of course, due to overpainting, the underlying yellow shining through overlying red.

What a miracle, the fall color. We may take it for granted and explain it as a chemical process, but it is still a mystery to the rest of us who live in the temperate zones. And it is a glorious, beautiful end to the life of the leaf. One by one, the leaves are let go, and its offspring, the scarlet one with the two side fingers, the yellow mitten with its thumb, and the plain oval orange one. The tree will be ready for its winter rest.

** ** ** **

Why does a woolly bear cross the road? Specifically, why were so many of them crossing Plainsboro Road on Monday morning, October 5, 1959? As I drove the stretch of road between Route 1 and Walker Gordon Pond, at about 10:30 a.m., I counted over fifty of them, streaking across the road ahead of my car. It was not a mass movement, but individual caterpillars, each on its own, running swiftly across like toy trains on a track. Some were traveling from left to right, others from right to left. In whichever direction, they were intent only upon reaching the shelter of the other side. No stopping to converse, even when passing a few inches of one moving the opposite way. Straight to the goal, with no changing of mind at the center white stripe.

Remembering Teale’s story of experimenting with the woolly bear’s sense of orientation, in “Autumn Across America,” I watched one spin around in the wind from a passing car, right itself and continue humping along in the same direction it had been moving. With a finger, three times I headed one in the opposite direction. Each time it hesitated, then made a semicircle and continued in its original line of march. Since individuals were going both ways, I wondered just what was the idea?

** Wooly Bear to Tiger Moth **

There is reason for this autumn wandering of the woolly bear. It is the start of a search to find a cozy place in which to hide away for the winter, a secluded spot under a fallen log or hit or rubbish, some cranny where it can curl up in its “fur coat” and hibernate during the cold months to come. Teale calls it a “feature of completed growth, in its way a definite migration.”

Next spring, the warmth of the sun will thaw the woolly bear, and after feeding a short time, it will spin a loose feasty cocoon of silk interwoven with its own hairs. From the cocoon emerges a small yellowish moth with a few black dots on its wings and three rows of black dots on its body. This is the Isabellas tiger moth, the adult woolly bear.

The autumn wanderlust is distinctly hazardous. The Plainsboro roadbed held many crushed bodies that morning. Not wishing to become a traffic casualty myself, I scooped up a few living specimens and carried them along to be photographed in a safer place. Each one curled into a little stiff ball as I touched it, polished black head and six shining “patent leather boots” tucked inside. Elastic as wiry-bristled brushes, they were hard to pick up more than one slipping out of my fingers. Small wonder they are little bothered by birds.

Closer examination showed that the bristly hairs are set in tufts or rosettes. The furry coat is “easily clipped,” black at the ends and reddish-brown in the middle. The extent of the black and brown bands varies much in different individuals. In these it seemed pretty evenly divided into thirds.

** Winter Predictions **

Farmers in Colonial days often claimed to be able to forecast the winter weather by the banding of the caterpillar, the blonde indicating mild weather, the black dark and cold weather. Thus a wide front band of black, narrow middle brown band, and long black end predicted a long spell of extreme cold, followed by a short comparatively mild period, then another long siege of cold!

Now it turned out that my photographs were not very clear. (Second attempts little better!) On October 15th, I again drove along Plainsboro Road looking for more. This was a gray, chilly morning, in contrast to the first sunny morning. Several black bands and humping over Aqueduct Pond, forming wedges and heading south. A few caterpillars were still traveling, but much more slowly, “stiff in the joints” from the cold. I picked up about a dozen. They were quite different in coloring from the previous group, with only a little black on the head, a long brown band, and very short or entirely lacking black tail tip! In superstitions lore, a mild winter indeed! Now which group shall we believe?

Regardless of coloring, these, too, were determined to cross the road. I followed one as it reached the grass on the other side, over weeds and earth clumps to the fence, still keeping to its pre-set direction. I wondered how far it will travel before it reaches a place to its liking for the long winter sleep?

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At the turn of this century greater amounts of time, effort, and cooperation were necessary to provide a family with food, shelter, heat and clothing. Fortunately, there were individuals whose energies and ingenuity were equal to the rigors of these daily and yearly tasks, as demonstrated here by Alice C. Margerum's memories of her parents, and the life they provided their large family.

When I was growing up there were eight of us children—six boys, my sister and myself. What with Dad and Mother and her brother, Charles Van Marter, who lived with us, that made eleven in our household. Today, whenever our family talks about the past, we always seem to get around to how hard our parents had to work. I don't know how they did it.

When I was very young my father, Stephen Margerum, was an insurance agent for the Prudential Insurance Company. He collected all over Princeton and also in the surrounding countryside. On the coldest days of winter and the hottest days of summer, he walked to cover his debt.

On a typical day he would take a trolley to Eddridge Park, and he would collect there. Then, walking, he would collect around Lawrence Road in Lawrenceville, and back to Princeton. Another day he would walk to Princeton Junction, Plainsboro, Dutch Neck and back home. One day he would collect in Kingston, Rocky Hill, Cranford, and Little Rocky Hill.

"I'm afraid I do not have a good group picture, but this is Mother's and Dad's wedding picture. It was taken on January 4, 1904. I also have no picture of the gardener's house, although it stood in the same one where my sister and I live today."  

**Courtesy of Alice C. Margerum,**

vegetables that Mother could curate our entire winter supply.  

We had peas, string beans, wax beans, lima beans, carrots, beets, corn, peppers, and tomatoes. Dad also grew some potatoes and sweet potatoes, but not enough for a year's supply, and we would have to buy some.

Every year Dad would raise a crop that was "different." One year it was jam, another year peanuts, and still another it was little yellow tomatoes that Mother used for preserves. At other times he would raise cauliflower or celery in order to show off.

All of us children were supposed to help with the garden. We helped with the weeding, and I can remember going down there with a can of kerosene and knocking the bugs off the vines into the kerosene.

**Entirely Without**

Canning the vegetables was a family project. We would have a regular assembly line going. For instance, when the peas were ripe, Dad and the older boys would pick them, the younger ones would shell them, and Mother would can them. This was the way we handled all of the vegetables except the corn. In that case, the younger ones would husk the corn while the older ones had to help cut it off of the cob.

I remember various things about canning: for one thing, in those days, before washing machines, most households had a large boiler with a lid that was used to hold some of the clothes in order to get them clean. This boiler doubled as a canner. As I recall, the boiler was large enough to hold about twenty quart jars. You had to sterilize the jars, lids, and rubber rings in boiling water before you used them. Different canning jars were used for various fruits and vegetables.

You had to blanch some vegetables, like beans, before you canned them. After preparing these vegetables, Mother would pour boiling water on them and let them boil for a few minutes before putting them in jars.

In making jelly, apples and some other fruits would jell naturally; others would not. In those days you couldn't go to the store and buy a bottle of pectin. So when we made jelly from those fruits, we would cut up little green apples and cook them with the fruit. The pectin in the apples would make them jell.

Of course, Mother also canned tomatoes, but beyond that she would make chill sauce and catsup. We also had cabbage, and every year we would make a couple of crocks of sauerkraut.

Acid foods like tomatoes and peaches would only have to cook for about half an hour. Others, like beans and corn, would have to cook for at least two hours to be sure they kept safely.

When we made sauerkraut or pickles, they had a tendency to get soft and mushy, so we put grape leaves in the crocks to help them keep firm and solid.

**Cranes of Strawberries**

In addition to the vegetables that Mother canned, there was the fruit. When strawberries were in season, Dad would buy a crate of cranberries and all the family would pick wild ones. From these Mother would can and make jam. In season we would also pick blackberries and black caps for canning and jam, and elderberries for jelly.

This is a nice picture taken in 1911 of my four oldest brothers: William, Stephen, Edward, and Eugene (the baby). Mother made all our clothes including those that the boys are wearing in the picture.

*Courtesy of Alice C. Margerum.*

In our backyard we had rhubarb and gooseberries, and Mother would can them, too. We also had currents for jelly. There was also a sour cherry tree in the yard, and all of the children (including me) would climb up in the tree and pick cherries for canning.

Once a year we would go to the Sand Hills on a picnic and pick huckleberries. Also in summer Dad would buy peaches for canning and jam, and a few pears. We children knew where there were some green apple trees and crabapples, and Dad got permission for us to pick them so...
Continued from page eight

Mother could make apple and mint jelly.

In the fall, Dad and some of the boys would go out to the Bear Swamp to pick wild grapes for jelly and grape butter. The boys would also go out to Dad's Uncle Jim's farm and pick white cherries for canning. When winter finally came along we had enough canned vegetables, fruit, jam and jelly to keep us all winter long.

We would also do our own redecorating. Every year we would do a couple of rooms. The children had the job of scraping off the old wallpaper, and Mother and Dad did the paper hanging and painting.

Dad did all of the repair work to our house. When our central heating was put in, Dad and Mother's brother Henry Van Marter, installed it. Dad also mended our shoes. He would half-sole them and put on heels.

Mother made most of our clothes. She made all of her own clothes along with mine and my sister's. She also made the shirts for the six boys.

25 Children Around the House

We didn't have electricity, so we didn't have a washing machine or electric iron. On Monday, if it was clear, Mother would get out the tubs and the washboard, and wash our personal clothes — dresses, shirts, underwear, and so forth. With six sons and two men in the household, it wasn't unusual for Mother to have thirty-five shirts to launder.

On Tuesday she would wash the sheets, pillow cases, towels, dish towels and other linens. When it came to ironing, the flat irons had to be heated on the stove, which meant that even on the hottest days of summer the stove had to be kept going.

Of course, every week the house had to be cleaned, and in those days that meant a mop, a broom, and a rag as a dustcloth, and she got down on her knees to scrub the floors.

Even though every day Mother had to cook for eleven people, she did all her own baking. She made the bread and hardly a day passed when we didn't have homemade pie or cake in the house.

As if Mother didn't have enough to do, with all of this work and eight children to care for, she would tell us: "I don't want you running the streets and hanging around the street corners. Bring your friends here to play!" So my older brothers would have a few of their friends down. The MacDonals lived up the street, and four of them practically lived at our house. There were four of the Sweeney's, five of the Martins, Budy Ehart, and two of the McCrohan's who were regulars. And other children would be there occasionally.

This was one thing when the weather was nice, but in bad weather the whole crowd was in our house. Even if we had three or four rainy days in a row, Mother would never send them away; she always made them welcome. Believe it or not, sometimes there would be twenty or twenty-five children in the house.

Later on, when we got a 'Model T' Ford, Dad built the garage. Then when my brother Stephen was learning to be a carpenter, he built a car and wanted to make the garage larger. That was the year the grandstands at the University ball field burned down. The university said the neighbors could have any of the lumber they wanted, if they would cart it away. Dad and my brothers sorted out some of the large upright supports that had been charred but not badly burned, and Steve used them for the studs in the new garage. That old charred lumber is still in my garage today.

When I think back over all that they did when we were growing up, I believe I can say without fear of contradiction, that my parents were exceptional people.

Alice C. Margerum

Princeton Recipes

As far as recipes were concerned, Mother did not usually use them. She did so much cooking that she knew the recipes "by heart." Nevertheless, I did find her recipe for catsup, which follows:

To one gal. of strained tomatoes add:
1/4 tbl. red pepper
3 tbls. salt
Boil. When it starts to thicken add:
2 tbls. whole allspice
3 oz. ginger sticks
2 whole large onions
1 tbl. cloves
2 tbls. celery seeds
4 tbls. whole mustard seeds
Cook until thick. Add:
1 tbl. vinegar
3 tbls. sugar

The recipe does not say so, but you had to strain the catsup through cheesecloth after you finished cooking it to remove the cloves, ginger, mustard seeds, etc. Then you brought it to a good boil before bottling it.

*******

Although it is not a canning recipe, I can tell you about one of our favorites at this time of the year. We used to pick wild mushrooms, and sometimes Mother made a mushroom pie.

You can use either stew beef or lamb, cooking the most as you would for a stew. Thicken the gravy. Line a casserole with pie crust. Put in a layer of meat with the gravy, a layer of mushrooms, a layer of meat and gravy, a layer of mushrooms, etc., ending up with a layer of mushrooms, piled high because they cook down. Put on a top crust cutting 3 slits in it. Bake in the oven until the crust is brown.

She always served it with mashed potatoes so we could use the delicious mushroom gravy on them.

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28 November 1978
Lenni Lenape’s World Described by

What was Princeton like fifty years ago? Many people living today remember how it was then and can describe their lives to us, their eagerly listening younger audience. “Artifacts” of that time are readily found in the most common places—the bottom of a bureau drawer, packed away in a trunk, in a pile of old letters. All in all, these relics create a world that is very much like the one that we live in today.

Yet that period of time, though it seems rather far away from us now, is really just a sneeze in the life of a world that is billions of years old. What then of the Princeton of a thousand years ago? The world that nobody today lives in? The people of that time are long gone and we can only suppose what it was like then.

Nassau Street may already have been a path in a fertile woods of virgin timber a thousand years ago. Wildlife certainly abounded, each species checked only by natural predators. Stony Brook ran clear over the rough stones, reflecting a profusion of seasonal wildflowers. This was the world of a thousand years ago, and it was the world of the Lenni Lenape Indian.

Indian Blood

Tom Brian, of Kingston, is a man whose knowledge and love of American Indian culture go back a long way. His mother’s family intermarried with the Lenni Lenapes before the Revolutionary War, and Indian blood is evident in his high cheekbones and long nose.

Mr. Brian’s enormous collection of Indian relics, compiled since 1927, has qualified him to be included in the Who’s Who in Indian Relics. One of his artifacts, a rare paint pot with red ochre coloring still evident within, has been used in Exploring the Little Rivers of New Jersey, by James and Margaret Cawley. He was also featured as an artifact hunter in a New York Times article of Sunday, December 27, 1978. A long-time Boy Scout leader (and in his time an Eagle Scout when only one in a thousand received the honor), he has explored Indian lore with many troops through the years. To hear him talk about the Lenni Lenape Indians it is easy to understand why.

Across the Land Bridge

“To speak of the Lenni Lenape Indian, you’ve got to go back first into history. Lenni Lenape means ‘Original Man.’ Some archeologists
and anthropologists believe that at least 50,000 years ago the people that we know as Indians today were a prehistoric, Mongoloid-type people that came from Mongolia and crossed what was then a land bridge from Asia into what is now Alaska. The reason that they could walk across was that the great glaciers had water all held up. Then later these glaciers melted, which raised the seas maybe a hundred or so feet and covered the area that was the land bridge.

“Then they think the Indians came down through Canada into what is now the United States. One book I read said that they stopped at the ‘Great Waters,’ which was the Mississippi, and some of the Indians got across and traveled as far as Ohio. And they stayed there in that area for quite a number of years.

The Serpent Mound

“In fact, I traveled out there and saw the Serpent Mound which was built by those Indians. It’s a mound of dirt that looks like a serpent. I think it’s nearly a quarter mile long, and it zigzags like a snake’s body. Actually, it was a ceremonial thing. Archeologists dig it into it, but they didn’t find much. But in the round mounds nearby they did find many bodies and artifacts.

“Anyway, other Indians kept moving east until we had what was called the Lenni Lenape. These people lived in all of New Jersey, the lower part of New York state, part of Pennsylvania, and I believe as far south as Maryland and Delaware.

Dugout Canoes

“Most of the Lenni Lenapes, of course, lived along the rivers or streams because that was their way of transportation. The Indians on the Delaware did not have these nice birch bark canoes that are legendary with the northern Indians, because they did not have birch trees around of sufficient size to get enough bark. So they used dugouts. They would lay wood along the sides of a large log so that the outside wouldn’t burn, and then they built these fires in the center, and kept chopping out the charred wood with adzes — in those days they had stone adzes, for the American Indian had no metal. Some of them had the use of copper, but copper wasn’t hardened well enough for tools.

Very Clean Indians

“In those days the Delaware River had an Indian name, but when the English came over and started to take over the country, they named it after Lord Delwar, which has come down as Delaware. And then the Leni Lenapes lost their identity and were just called the Delaware Indians because they lived on the Delaware River. The Indians themselves held no written history and Indians told it was done by word of mouth. They told what were called ‘storytellers’ — the great-grandfather would tell his son

This photograph of Tom Brian should give some notion as to the extent of his interest in New Jersey Indian lore and the collection of arrowheads and other relics it has caused him to assemble.

Courtesy of Tom Brian

The Serpent Mound in Adams County, Ohio, is one of the finest effigy mounds in North America. It is thought that Indians in New Jersey were part of a general migration from the west.

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As the inscription bears witness, Indian Ann was one of the last to carry on the proud legacy of the Leni-Lenape or Delaware Indians in New Jersey.

"So, many Indians were swindled out of their land. If you remember the walking purchase of Pennsylvania — the Indians up there sold some land to some white people and they thought, you and I don't understand because we know what ownership is, and we know what a deed for property is. But they never understood it; never knew what that meant. They said, 'Who can own land? It all belongs to the Great Spirit.'"

"Swindled!"

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Nursery School Founded on Progressive Care

The home of the Princeton Nursery School on Leigh Avenue since 1929 was in serious need of repair before the recent rejuvenation dedicated to Evangeline Miller.

The Princeton Nursery School was opened in 1929 at 78 Leigh Avenue where it operates today. Peggy Matthews, debutante daughter of Bishop Matthews, was very much interested in social service work and she persuaded her mother to put up money to start the school, which was a real innovation in those days. It was a "Head Start" of the thirties. The school was planned to give all day care to thirty-five pre-school children of working mothers.

It was more than a custodial center, not just a Montessori school or a kindergarten either. It may sound pompous—something the nursery school never has been—but its aim was to care for and help develop the whole child, to enrich his or her physical well being, mental development and cultural opportunities during the child’s most formative years. As a by-product the school helped train the children’s parents and the young trustees, who presided over the early years. It did a lot, as well, for one young pediatrician who had had considerable training in the hospital.

Many children, like these shown with Eve Miller in the ’fifties have grown up and sent their own offspring to enjoy the experience of The Princeton Nursery School.

Photo by Maria Williams
Courtesy of Princeton Nursery School

The young nursery school of the thirties was lucky that it was under the management of a group of enthusiastic and dedicated young women trustees who somehow managed to find two marvelous head teachers to start the school in the right direction. When I was asked in 1934 to be the school’s doctor, the head teacher was Miss Hoar, a warm, lovely girl who looked like a saint and was adored by everyone who knew her. When Miss Hoar left to be married I was oh so sorry for anyone who aspired to take her place. But the one who followed her was Evangeline Miller and no one ever had to be sorry for her. She made her own unique place and grew in stature every year until the time she retired in 1973 she was probably the best known, most liked and loved person who ever worked in the Princeton social field.

Two other members of the early staff at the school will be warmly remembered by all old-timers. (Isn’t that so, little Jeanne Douglas?) Etta Henderson was the first cook and housekeeper, and could she cook! Then, even more important, there was Mommy Moss who for years presided over the youngest group. An experienced and successful mother in her own right, also a trained nurse, she mothered, guided and loved two generations of children. I learned a lot from her.

Spoons at Noon

I can see Mommy Moss today presiding over the noon meal for the youngest group. There would be one or two small tables of hungry, lively little ones shovelling it in with gusto while one new arrival—a great big baby of twenty months, or so—would be sitting back complaisantly waiting to have his own meal shoved in by a worried slave. This was likely to be a baby described by his mother as not “eating enough to keep a bird alive,” unless he was forced and coaxed with every mouthful. That type was usually fat, serene and loved attention. Mommy Moss would put a spoon into his hand, help him fill it with food and direct it to his mouth saying “good” quietly waiting to be fed. Oh no! The three and four year olds took obvious pride in taking turns at setting the tables and pouring the milk. And each child carried his or her own plate up to be filled by Eve. Most plates were generously piled with one of Ma Etta’s luscious stews or some other attractive-looking concoction. I noticed, however, that some fussy eaters were served mini portions. Those were the children who would just sit and look at a full plate, but they usually came back for seconds after they had tried the tiny helpings. Manners were not stressed but the children were encouraged to use spoons and they themselves wiped up spills which were treated as accidents rather than misdemeanors. The handling of the afternoon nap was another procedure worth watching. Most of the children coming newly to the school had not had a nap since they were old enough to stand up in a crib and protest. After lunch at 78 Leigh Avenue the whole atmosphere was muted as rest time approached. The children tip-toeing about, spread their own blankets on their cots. Any guidance by the staff was given in a low voice—no one told anyone to lie down and go to sleep. It was merely suggested that since some children were tired it would be a good thing to be quiet and help them rest. Almost one hundred percent of the children not only rested but slept and the staff rested with them.

Cuddling and Cod Liver Oil

The giving of the daily teaspoon of Cod Liver Oil, a must in that dark age and the only vitamin combination known, was something I observed with awe. Miss Miller was always the door greeter and the children enthusiastically as they poured in in the morning. There is a much circulated picture we have all seen of Eve Miller in cuddling a weeny...

Continued on page thirteen
Evangeline Miller Had a Method All Her Own

Evangeline Miller, in company of two old friends, is shown upon the dedication last Spring of the renovated facilities of The Princeton Nursery School as a lasting tribute to her years of community service. Photo by Stuart Crump

Three Cheers!

The children in the Princeton Nursery School were both black and white drom low income and middle-class homes. A few problem cases were always taken in - generally emotionally disturbed children. One little blind girl spent two years with us and did so well that we persuaded Mr. Stroup, then principal of the grammar school, to try her out in first grade among the sighted children. She adjusted beautifully and went through the Princeton grades and High School and later college. She was among the gifted members of the High School Choir who won a singing contest, and subsequently represented the U.S.A. on a concert tour all over Europe. Mr. Stroup once said that the decision to take our little girl into the regular school was one of the happiest he ever made.

The Princeton Nursery School was indeed a trail blazer. We now have many day nurseries and day care centers in and about Princeton which have been influenced more or less by our ideas and example.

I like to think that many blind girl and many, many more of the children who noured so eagerly through the school doors and took their Co Soil Liver so gaily in the 'thirties grew up to be finer and better adjusted adults and more useful citizens because of the happy and enriching experiences of those important preschool years. I know that everyone who was connected with the school in any capacity gained from the experience more than he or she ever contributed.

And now I want to propose a Toast to the one person who has given more to the school than any one else, and who deserves to have a deep sense of satisfaction and pride in her accomplishment, as well as a harvest of grateful affection from everyone who knows her.

Here's to EVE MILLER.
College Student, Johnston, Arrived by Stage in 1799

Continued from page one

accommodate passengers, but it was a very different thing from the floating palaces in which we may now go at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour, with lodging and fare equal to the best city hotels.

A trip to Princeton may now be made in half the number of hours that I was days on the way in my first visit, at less than the half the expense!

Voluminous Syllabus

After arriving at Princeton I was admitted to the Junior Class. The Faculty consisted of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Stanhope Smith, Dr. John McLean—father of the Rev. Dr. John Maclean—Henry Kollock and Frederic Beasley. The whole number of students was not more than seventy-five or eighty, and even all these were not in full standing.

Text books at that time were not so easily obtained as they are now. Dr. Smith’s lectures on Moral Philosophy, which were voluminous, had to be copied; and also a syllabus of Dr. Maclean’s Lectures on Chemistry. Neither my room-mate nor myself could obtain in New York or Philadelphia a copy of Simpson’s Algebra, the text book used. We adopted the plan of borrowing a book the day before that study was required, and when the day for algebra came, we were prepared. The consequence was that we were offered books by the lazy part of the class, who, in return for the use of their books, received from us instruction without the labor of study. Teaching others, made us so familiar with the subject, that at the close of the term, or year, we had the honor of being named among the best scholars in the class, so far as algebra was concerned.

Zealous Whig

Among my class-mates were several individuals who became distinguished and useful men in after life, such as Nicholas Biddle of Philadelphia, Dr. John E. Cook of Virginia, since Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania; the Rev. Dr. John McDowell, now of Philadelphia, Henry E. Watkins, Edward D. Watts, and John G. Gamble of Virginia. I became a member of the American Whig Society in the College, and I felt an interest and zeal in its honor and prosperity, which the lapse of half a century has not extinguished.

Having been accustomed all my previous life to mingle freely with the society of male and female, and to enjoy the society of the domestic circle, I found it rather tough, especially during the first term of nearly six months, to be excluded from those I loved, and to confine my attention to angles and triangles, and algebraic surds and equations. We had monthly holidays, and I found some relief from the monotony of college life, in visiting on these occasions the family of Andrew McDowell, a relative of my room-mate, who resided about nine miles from the college. The sociability of that agreeable and hospitable family restored in some measure the elasticity of my spirits, and caused me to anticipate the pleasure I should enjoy on returning in the approaching vacation to the social circle of my early days.

John Johnston

The state of religion was lamentably low in the college. Among the students there were only two or three who made any pretensions to piety. The only means of grace enjoyed was the first session was morning and evening prayers in the chapel, a sermon in the forenoon on the Sabbath, and in the evening of the same day, at which time the services, and occasionally a recess. I remember Dr. Smith, who was the principal, and we were able to sing. The following summer term or session of the college, Mr. H. Klock, who still remains a tutor, was licensed to preach, and he usually occupied the pulpit in the village church on the Sabbath afternoons. Such eloquent and popular was his preaching, that the students voluntarily attended, and many persons from neighboring congregations came, and the house was crowded with attentive hearers.

Stocked in the Mud

At the close of my first college term, in company with three other students, I hastened to the public-house to wait the arrival of the mail stage for New York. When it arrived, there were in it four sailors, just landed from a distant voyage. The ride that we took on the little passengers could have a seat within the stage unless with the consent of those already in. Two of the students immediately jumped to the stage, I was one of two without a seat. We begged to be admitted; the driver said “No!” except with the

On another occasion, returning home, we took sloop at New Brunswick, and when we reached Amboy, the tide and wind were so unfavorable, and it was proposed to have a supper of oysters. And although I had often tried, I had heretofore failed to eat oysters; but thinking it was necessary to have an oyster supper, I concluded to go with them. I ordered what I thought to be sufficient for myself to be prepared. They brought forward first, and in a minute or two they were all gone. Then came the roasted; and as I saw my shipmates eating heartily, I thought it was too bad to pay fifty cents for a single cup of coffee: “I’ll try and eat two or three little ones.” I did so, and I continued until I could at large a pile of shells any one of the table. Thus commenced my fondness for oysters, and it has continued to the present time.

Death of Washington

Shortly after I entered college, the public learned the melancholy fact, that on the 14th day of December, 1799, General Washington died, at Mount Vernon, the residence of Mr. Potomac. At the request of citizens of Trenton, Dr. Smith, president of the college, consented to deliver, on the 15th of January, 1800, in the city of Trenton, an oration, commemorative of the virtues and services of that great and good man. On the evening of the 14th of January, Dr. Smith and many others had to start ten miles. After the eulogy, which Dr. Smith delivered in his most elegant

“I have frequently seated myself under the tree, and, after it was cut down, on the stump, where General Mercer was reported to lie mortally wounded at the battle of Princeton.”

unanimous consent of those occupying the seat. At last Jack cried out to me, “Come in, my hammock will hold us both.” The other student took a seat with the coachman on the box, and we were soon on our way. The roads were in a sad state. The stage was often so sunk in the mud, that four horses could not extricate it, and we were under the necessity, as Jack said of going on shore. The craft had grounded. It appeared to me that every season there was a scarcity of sail throughout the length and breadth of the land and ocean was in constant use. One of the sailors lost his hat, and when the coach arrived at Newark, he landed, and pounded at the door of a hatter, until he was supplied.

and impressive manner, the military proceeded to inter a coffin, according to the honors of war; Governor Howell, who had been with Washington in the battle of Monmouth, followed the bier as a chief mourner. When the ceremonies were closed, we made our way back to the college. To walk ten miles going as we had been returning, and to stand on our feet nearly three hours, was not a small day’s labor. It will be believed, that when we reached the college, we were sound and hungry, for we had no opportunity to get anything to eat during the day.

I had frequently seated myself under the tree, and, after it was cut down, on the stump, where General Mercer was reported to lie mortally wounded, at the battle of Princeton. We had also gazed, with wet eyes, at the painting suspended in the college chapel, which represents a surgeon bending over Mercer’s expired, and Washington, full size, standing near,

 Continued on page fifteen
Johnston Autobiography Fells Mercer Oak Tradition

Continued from page fourteen

with drawn sword.

When I told my father that I wished to have an education, I had no particular occupation or profession in view; but near to the close of my college course I became extremely anxious about the future direction of my energies. I could not endure the idea of law or medicine. I felt that I had not the piety which I deemed indispensable in a minister of the gospel. I had serious reflections; but the gaieties and follies of the world soon caused them to pass away. As the time of commencement drew near my serious thoughts became far more deep and lasting. On my way home I felt miserable, as the time had now come when I must decide as to my future course. When I thought of myself the ministry I was wretched. When I thought of that calm state of mind created.

When I returned home I asked the advice of the Rev. Andrew King. And, after several interviews, I was admitted a member of the church. I was called Goodwill, in the fall of 1801, a few weeks after I had received the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

Nassau Hall in Flames

My mind became settled, and I returned to Princeton with a view to the study of divinity, under Dr. Smith. He prescribed a course of study; but I do not recollect that I ever recited to the senior branch of study. The 6th of March following (1802) the college building was burned, the library destroyed, and the theological students scattered.

It was not until the spring of 1805, after several years of study in western Pennsylvania, that I returned to Princeton and commenced my theological studies. The class consisted of Williams, Chapman, Campbell, — and myself. We ate our common meals in the refectory. In the fall, at the request of the trustees of the college at commencement, I was appointed tutor of the Sophomore class in the college. The other tutor was Mr. Isaac V. Brown. We together had charge of the interior of the college, and morning worship in the chapel, and presided at the table in the refectory. One part of our duty was to visit every room twice a day, viz., at two o'clock p.m., and at nine o'clock p.m.

Very Few Exceptions

The compensation was a room, fuel, and light, and two hundred dollars a year. And although we were required to remain three hours each day in the recitation room with the Freshman and Sophomore classes, yet we found full as much time for the serious studies as if we had had no duties to perform in the college. When the bell rang it was a signal for company to depart, or for us to say, "excuse our absence, we are waiting." The faculty consisted of Dr. S.S. Smith, President; John Maclean, M.D., Professor of Natural

Philosophy and Chemistry; Dr. H. Kollock, Professor of Theology; William Thompson, Professor of Latin and Greek languages; the Rev. Andrew Hauser, Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy; John Johnston, and Isaac V. Brown, Tutors: The faculty were harmonious, with very few exceptions.

"Not One Word"

In general the students were orderly and attentive to their studies. Occasionally there were proceedings such as are common among lads thus abtain from all such conduct in coming time the matter should end. They gave me their word, and I gave each one of them my hand, in token of satisfaction and confidence. The result was far better than if I had reported them to the faculty, and subjected them to the discipline of the college.

"Mother Knox"

We often took walks for recreation and health, and on our way we often spent a pleasant hour with Mrs. Dr. Vanclive and her sister, Miss Houston, who afterwards became the wife of my colleague, Mr. Brown. We were also in the habit of calling to see a pious aged lady, whom we familiarly called "Mother Knox," who said she had heard every one who had been president of the college preach. While she spoke in high terms of all the presidents, the Rev. Samuel Davies was her favorite preacher. Her eyes would brighten on the mention of the name of Davies. Her house was the resort of pious students in the college, and there they would frequently have prayer-meetings, and hear something respecting the interests of religion. There are many still living (1852) that love to remind each other of what they saw and heard in the humble abode of Mother Knox.

In connexion with my duties as tutor I acted as assistant librarian. Dr. Kollock and I exchanged the works of the learned Chillingworth for a copy of Guyse's "Paraphrase on the New Testament," of which there were duplicates in the college library. I also added to my little library King on "The Creed," and Stackhouse's the table in the refectory, I received

"History of the Bible," purchased from a farmer in the neighborhood.

One evening, while at the head of a note from Dr. Smith, saying, that two stage loads of Indians had just arrived, and he would introduce them to the students, provided we would keep our seats. In a few minutes they came following the president. They were taken to the library and chapel, and Dr. Maclean showed them drawings of Indians in Cook's "Voyages Round the World," and it was amusing to see them run to each other, and then point to the drawings which had some resemblance to one of their own names.

The chief of the Little Osage tribe was the most perfect specimen of the human form that I ever saw. He was above six feet high, and in every respect of such proportion as filled the eye with pleasure.

After a short conversation between the president and one of the chiefs, they proceeded through the Campus towards the public house. It was dark, and there were few lights in the windows on the street. Suddenly they raised a warwhoop, and instantly disappeared. Some lay flat on the ground, some concealed themselves behind trees, others at the corners of the buildings. After a few minutes they returned to their former station, and commenced a war song as they proceeded to their classes. It was the most awful and soul-thrilling sound I ever heard. It rang in my ears almost constantly for months, and even now, as I write, I feel the optical animation. Day after day many of the old and young, black and white, inhabitants of Princeton were endeavoring to act over again the transactions of that evening. The Indians returned to the tavern to sleep, not on a bed but on the floor.

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PRINCETON
Team of Destiny: Something Vital about Squad

With the first days of Fall practice, Coach Bill Roper has a heart-to-heart with the seasoned veterans and rookies with which he was to build another Tiger team.

Continued from page one

at fever heat. Returning veterans, older and more seasoned than normal undergraduates, were determined to secure for Princeton the Big Three championship, absent from the New Jersey 'jungle land' since 1911. Bill Roper '22 returned that fall of 1919 to light the way. The elusive championship escaped when Harvard earned a tie in 1920. In 1921, when prospects for the championship were considered even better than the year before, hopes faded when Harvard again tied the Tiger. But spirit was unimpaired, and purpose remained intact with campus enthusiasm undiminished. 1921 was to be the year of the Tiger.

The 1921 team, led by Stan Keck, regarded as the one best tackle in college ranks, and with All-American Don Lourie '22 in the backfield, was rated by the prophets of assured success as the strongest, that Princeton had ever put on the field to do battle with Harvard and Yale. The team's power was displayed for all to see in the victory over Harvard in Palmer Stadium. The eleven men who started the game played sixty minutes. But the great team suffered injuries and was below full strength for the Yale game at New Haven. Keck was lame, Al Wittmer badly

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The Princeton Recollector

October 1922

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Coach Bill Roper strikes a jaunty pose as if to warn the Ivy League of the self-assurance with which the 1922 Princeton football squad approached that championship season

Courtesy Princeton University Archives
Game Pitted Effete East with Rugged Midwest

Chicago punted. Gorman made a fair catch on Princeton’s 45 yard line; Princeton, Crum with the ball, ran the play and on the next play the Princeton pass was intercepted by Chicago giving Chicago a first down on their own 20 yard line. Chicago continued to move the ball. Beattie ran four times and Cleaves once to put Princeton on Chicago’s 28 yard line. A pass from Gorman to Cleaves, was good for 8 yards. Beattie gained four, then fumbled, and Chicago recovered on its 17. Chicago however, failed to gain and punted to Princeton at midfield for the last play of the first half. Score: Princeton 12 - Chicago 7.

Second Quarter

On the third Princeton play of the second quarter Crum scored the touchdown and Smith drop-kicked the extra point. Score: Princeton 7 - Chicago 6.

King kicked off for Chicago and Cleaves returned to Princeton’s 25 yard line. A Princeton forward pass was intercepted on its 30 yard line. Then Chicago, in six power plays, scored a second touchdown but again the kick was blocked. Score: Chicago 12 - Princeton 7.

Princeton selected to kick off. Lined up for the kick-off, a Chicago substitute, rushing onto the field, communicated with one of his own men before his first play in the game had been completed. This violation of the “no coaching from the side lines” rule cost Chicago 15 yards and presented Princeton with the opportunity to kick off from the Chicago 45. Princeton’s short kick was recovered by Cleaves on the Chicago 32 yard line. From here Gorman gained 5, Cleaves 2, and a completed pass, Cleaves to Smith gave Princeton a first down on the Chicago 10 yard line.

Disaster struck Princeton at this moment. On the next three plays Princeton lost 7 yards. On the fourth play, Gorman was penalized 15 yards and now was in serious trouble. A Princeton punt was short and put Chicago on the Princeton 29 yard line. In five plays, one by Zorn and four by John Thomas, Chicago had a third touchdown but a try for the extra point was blocked. Baker kicked off for Princeton to Pyott on the Chicago 12, who returned 22 yards. End of third quarter and the score: Chicago 18 - Princeton 7.

Fourth Quarter

The last quarter opened with Chicago having the ball on its 34 yard line. Several line plays and one completed forward pass to the Princeton 43 yard line; then from there Chicago punted to Princeton for the last time. The punt was blocked and recovered by Chicago in the end zone. Chicago scored the touchdown and Smith drop-kicked the extra point. Score: Princeton 7 - Chicago 21.

From this spot, in three plays, Princeton gained a total of 4 yards. Chicago took the ball on downs and immediately punted, though short, and Cleaves made a fair catch on Chicago’s 38. On the first down he gained 3 yards; next an incomplete pass; and on third down Chicago intercepted and had the ball on its 25 yard line. In two plays Chicago advanced to its 38 yard line than punted to Princeton’s 24. Princeton was penalized 15 yards and now was in serious trouble. A Princeton punt was short and put Chicago on the Princeton 29 yard line. In five plays, one by Zorn and four by John Thomas, Chicago had a third touchdown but a try for the extra point was blocked. Baker kicked off for Princeton to Pyott on the Chicago 12, who returned 22 yards. End of third quarter and the score: Chicago 18 - Princeton 7.

The winning touchdown scored by Harry Crum was captured for posterity by a dauntless newspaper photographer on 28 October 1922. Courtesy Princeton Alumni Weekly

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Amos Alonzo Stagg
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Although the Yale and Harvard games were the objectives of the season, The Chicago game came to be looked upon not only as a test for the team but as a critical show-down between the so-called effete East and the rugged Mid-west. Princeton invaded Big Ten territory carrying the prestige of the East. The team trekked west aboard the famous luxury train of the Broadway Limited, leaving home on Thursday afternoon. The train, with special cars, was crowded with alumni enroute to Chicago for the national meeting of the alumni association. The team was quarantined, but a number of stowaways escaped detection.

Chicago University officials, including Amos Alonzo Stagg, with an electric runabout, personally greeted Coach Roger and the team. The players were whisked by taxi directly to the field for morning practice. A light work-out followed in the afternoon with walk-through signal practice after dinner. Everyone was treated as a prince, but without much watching. Short walks were legal but “stay off your feet” was the command — no pool playing at the hotel — and no eating except what Keene had personally ordered.

The Way It Was!

Stagg Field, Chicago, III. — October 28, 1922
Baker kicked off for Princeton to start the game; touchdown, Chicago’s ball on the Chicago 20 yard line.

Our continued support of Princeton athletics—one more service to our community

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Continued from page seventeen

Princeton's 10. Gorman threw a long and well-directed lateral pass to Cleaves who ran down the side lines to midfield before being tackled. However, this brilliant lateral play was ruled an illegal forward pass; Princeton was penalized and set back to the 2 yard line. On the first play from scrimmage, Cleaves from well behind his own goal line passed to Gorman who carried to the Princeton 40 yard line before being tackled so hard that he had to leave the game.

Princeton could not advance the ball and Cleaves punted. It was a poor kick giving Chicago the ball on their own 42 yard line. The stage was now set for the denouement of the Steag Field Drama.

Just before this moment King, the able Chicago center who had anchored the Maroon line all afternoon, left the game because of injury. King's injury was the turning point of the game. With the ball practically at midfield, King's substitution marked a bad pass. The ball struck the Chicago right halfback on his shoulder. The misdirected ball took the perfect Princeton bounce. Gray at left end scooped up the ball, and without missing stride, ran unchallenged to the goal line 42 yards away. Smith again scored the extra point and Princeton was back in the game with perhaps ten to eleven minutes remaining. Score: Chicago 18 - Princeton 14.

Baker kicked off for Princeton. Zorn took the ball on his 6 yard line and returned to his 25. Chicago missed a first down and punted to Cleaves who made a fair catch on Princeton's 42. A pass, Cleaves to Smith, gained 20-plus yards. Chicago was penalized giving Princeton a first down on the 15 yard line. Princeton gained five. On the line-up for the next play the Chicago right tackle shot off side. Cleaves saw him move and called for the ball. The off-side penalty was for five yards and first down. It was Princeton's ball on the 5 yard line. First down - gained 3 yards; second down - no gain; third down - gained 1 yard; 4th down - Crum scored.

It was close. The Chicago line-men hopped around demonstrating an Indian war dance, yelling "It's not over!" But it was. Smith kicked the extra point. Score Princeton 21 - Chicago 18.

Still the clock showed that maybe five minutes remained. Baker kicked off to the Chicago 15 where it was returned 18 yards. From the 33 yard line Chicago made several short gains rushing, then completed a pass to the Princeton 42. The next play was an incompleted pass. Chicago passed again and on this play Princeton was penalized for interference with a down field receiver giving Chicago a first down on the Princeton 25 yard line. Chicago failed to gain a line back; then Pyott completed a pass to Strohmeyer to give Chicago a first down on the 7 yard line with maybe two minutes to play.

The tense situation disrupted the normal operation of the "hop, step and jump shift" used by Chicago. The Princeton team remained calm, confident and collected. With the excitement of the situation, plus the obvious pressure from the running clock, the Chicago team lost poise. It was Chicago's ball, first down, on Princeton's 7 yard line. First down - John Thomas gained 3 yards; second down - Thomas gained 1 yard; third down - Thomas gained 1 plus. Fourth down - Thomas gained 20 but was tackled out of 3 yards. On the final two plays the Chicago line failed to function properly. One or more men were out of place and a gap opened in the line. The Chicago quarterback on the last play called signals off and shifted his line a second time, but the gap reappeared. The final play was run with this mistake in the line-up. This made it possible for Princeton to throw Thomas for a loss — the only time in the game, Cleaves punted for the final play of the game.

A Team of Heroes

As a footnote on King it could be said that had he been in the game, Gray's scoring opportunity would never have occurred; Crum's final score through center would never have gone over, under or through King; and if King had been in coming down the line, Thomas would surely have scored. But no one thought or cared about what might have happened.

Princeton was written off the field a team of heroes — while the Tigers in the stand relieved the pent-up emotions of the afternoon by pouring onto the playing field in a delirium of extravagant exuberance.

At least one old Tiger collected from the last-seat stand a handful of soaked soil that he was to cherish for a lifetime. The excitement refused to die down. It invaded the dressing room and carried over to the Chicago Beach Hotel where the team was carefully guarded. But the alumni, holding their national association meeting in town, brought their Cabaret entertainers scheduled for the Alumni Headquarters, to the team. A noisy escort followed the departing team to the train, and on board the team section again had to be quietened.

Celebrations were not limited to Chicago and those who saw the game.

Princeton was exultant. The bell in Old North was still ringing when the team reached Princeton on Sunday evening when everybody, including

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Will Rogers Toasted Team at Waldorf Banquet

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the bus driver, was carried or hauled to their campus rooms.

Big Three Bonfire

When the Yale game was fought and won, the Big Three championship was gloriously celebrated with the Bonfire on the Cannon Green. The freshmen of 1920 commandeered every stick of wood — old fences and the last of local "Chic Sales" to stack the rapidly accumulated material higher than the roof of Nassau Hall. After the Band-led parade that brought every inhabitant of the campus to the Cannon Green, there were cheers, songs and, of course, speeches. By demand, every member of the team had to appear and be cheered and, of course, pay tribute to Bill Roper, Keene Fitzpatrick, Mel Dickerson and the great spirit of the campus.

The Princeton community and Old Gals of all vintages daimned the team as their own, and showered the players with honors. There was a vast reservoir of credit which was generously distributed. The groundskeepers and the water boys gained distinction.

The alumni entertained non-stop. The official banquet was held at the original Waldorf on 34th Street with the one and only Will Rogers as special guest. After a few jokes about having two Ropers present at the party, Will Roper told of what happened to him when he took his wife to New York for the first time. He had promised her an evening at the opera and thoughtfully made their reservations at a hotel an easy step from the old Opera House. Dressed for the special event Will was ready to escort his wife across the street. "No, indeed," said Mrs. Rogers. "Walk to the opera? — no, indeed! I have been invited by a party to go to the opera, and we go in style in a fine carriage — or we stay right here." The Rogers attended the performance.

End of the Glory Days

The Princeton Club of New York royally entertained the team and coaches. The Athletic Association had awarded gold footballs for the then universally worn chains of varsity letter holders, and silver footballs to the squad. So the Princeton Club, not to be outdone by the AA, presented a set of cuff links of split gold footballs to the players. The indicated lacing on one was orange, the other black. Scores were engraved on them. Later in the year another notable dinner was given for the members of the Harvard-Yale-Princeton teams. It was almost the end of the Glory Days for the Big Three which were fading fast, but this fact of football life was cheerfully ignored in 1922.

Of the twenty varsity letter holders of that special fall, six remain alive, with three living right here in Princeton. Pink Baker, Johnnie Gorman and Don Griffin. A number of others identified with the squad live here now, or did at one time have a home here. These include Ken Twitchell, Manager; Stockton Gains, Ollie Alford, Harrison Thompson and Harvey Emery.

No one has ever doubted that a history-making team was born that October afternoon on Stagg Field, and the subsequent victories over Harvard and Yale were achieved in the spirit, stamina and unadulterated guts unveiled in Chicago. "The Team of Destiny" was born, and after all these fifty-four years the memory still lingers.

Edmund S. DeLong '22
Donald W. Griffin '23

The 1922 "Team of Destiny." As Walter Trumbull of The New York Herald wrote of the men who snatched victory out of defeat at Stagg Field. "So long as the elms of Old Nassau shade its lovely campus and its towers stretch toward the New Jersey sky will the Princeton players who ably represented it today be among those heroes who at all universities go down in song and legend to future generations. In all the history of Princeton football, there were never men who accomplished more than these men upon a foreign field."

Photo by Orren Jack Turner, Sr.
Courtesy Princeton University Archives

TEAM OF DESTINY


Coaching Staff
Paul G. Bigler '17, Donald B. Lourie '22, Joseph D. Scheerer '21.

IN MEMORIAM

Team of Destiny


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PLAYS GAMES

Three Princeton tacklers: Caldwell, Alford and Baker assured a Princeton victory when they held Chicago's Thomas at the goal line.

Courtesy Princeton Alumnus Weekly
Weekly Photographs Recorded Rising Stadium

On 1 May 1914, two weeks after the start of construction, men and horses had set to the labor of removing thousands of cubic feet of earth and rock on the site.

Carpenters in overalls and caps consumed thousands of board feet of lumber in construction of the massive forms necessary to mold the poured concrete. By 17 June the job was well along.

Forms and footings for the supporting concrete pillars had already been laid by 19 May “White City” appears in the background.

By 27 July the two sides of the stadium had begun to take shape as the wooden forms were removed from those areas where the concrete had set.

By 1 June, two separate teams of workmen, beginning at opposite sides, launched the race for the horseshoe end of the Stadium. Concrete was poured into the wooden forms from 100 foot towers.

By 22 September, in order to test the strength of the concrete sandbags were piled on specific sample areas. Here 56,000 pounds of sand have been placed on the “promenade.”

In 1914, when Edgar Palmer ’03 gave his Alma Mater a football stadium, Princeton became only the second American college or university to boast such a structure. Built as a memorial to the donor’s father, Stephen Palmer (who had himself given the University the Palmer Physical Laboratories), the construction of so massive an endeavor was almost entirely undertaken by men and horses. These selections from the weekly photographs, commissioned by the George A. Fuller Construction Company, bear witness to the monumental labors of the local workmen, employed on the job. When completed, some six months after the commencement of construction, the portfolio of pictures was presented to Mr. Palmer. Years later, when they were discovered in the Palmer’s attic, the donor’s window gave them to Paul I. Conover.

By 12 October the last of the wooden forms was being removed from the completed horseshoe. The first game was played in the stadium before the end of November 1914.

By 28 September as concrete was poured from the towers in the supporting columns.

Some of the rock cleared from the site was used to lay out a base for the field itself and the new road to the stadium from Prospect Avenue. This shot was taken on 9 June.

The horseshoe end of the stadium was well advanced by 28 September as concrete was poured from the towers in the supporting columns.