Growing Up At Guernsey Hall

A Personal Reminiscence by Mary Marquand Hochschild

On the afternoon that we met, Mary Marquand Hochschild modestly asked if she might read a personal reminiscence she had set down for the occasion. The typical essay which follows, full of the charm and humor which marked her character, was captured on the occasion in the flavor of another time. She gracefully agreed to let us brighten the first Recollector, by its inclusion, a few weeks before her death in February 1974. We trust that it may serve as a lasting tribute to her fond memory.

I was born in Princeton in 1900. When I was a child Princeton was a small town surrounded by farms and forests where one could picnic and pick flowers unhindered.

The center of life in the town, and the reason most of our friends lived here, was the University. Of my parents’ friends only a half dozen or so were not connected with the University and my parents did their best to keep them from feeling left out of things.

The sights, sounds and smells were all different than today. For smells, we, like some others in the Borough, had our own cows whose milk tasted of garlic every spring. There was a livery stable on John Street just off Nassau Street. In the fall everyone raised their leaves into the gutters and burned them, filling the town with pungent blue smoke.

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The Recollector Opens Windows on the Past

Something about a walk in the woods is timeless and, therefore, conducive to some thought on the nature of time and change upon this place, Princeton. Beside Stony Brook, under the giant tulip and buttonwood trees, one is placed in a setting little altered after nearly three centuries of settlement. This continuum is an important yardstick in measuring the past against the present.

All rhetoric and romance notwithstanding, when the sullen cold of a cheerless January morning sets our feet stamping and our breath streaming through cupped hands, we can perhaps understand better than any historian the feelings of the weary foot soldier in the apprehensive moments before battle on another January morning here, not really so very long ago.

Likewise, the daily march of the sun across the floorboards of old Princeton houses changes with the seasons, but not with the years. If such a shaft of sunlight happens to touch and warm us beside our winter windows, we may share in that moment some essence of humanity with others who have sat there long before us. It is only the view which has changed.

There are windows on Nassau Street which have looked out on several centuries of Princeton change, and yet glancing through them day by day we are hard pressed to believe it all happening. We must realize, nonetheless, that change is borne of the moment and it takes only a moment for the present to become the past.

Though we might wish otherwise, our windows are speechless, and if we are to seek of this that evolution of day-to-day reality we must look to the eyes of older Princetonians as our windows on the past. There are those in Princeton today who have personally observed more than half those chilly Januaries since the Battle of Princeton. For the past five years we have talked with more than 130 lifetime or long term residents about their memories of the moments which make up Princeton history.

In a town which so rapidly develops, it is only by passing along these memories from one generation to another that we may understand how we have come to be as we are. This is the principal pursuit of the Princeton Recollector. Through these pages we hope to affirm the dialogue between older and younger fellow Princetonians, so that together we may preserve our perspective on the elusive qualities which make Princeton a singular place despite the taming changes of time.

Parking was not yet a problem when this photograph was taken in a quieter day. In celebration of Princeton’s opening Bicentennial observance, “Nassau Street, A Living Museum,” a series of features on the town’s main thoroughfare appear on pages 14, 15, and 16.

Photo courtesy of The Historical Society of Princeton

The Princeton History Project

Local Residents of All Ages: Share Memories of the Past

The Princeton Recollector is the most recent venture of the Princeton History Project, a unique community program organized to collect, present, and preserve local history.

Many residents know the Project best through the “Princeton Yesteryear” series in the Packet, which shares the memories of older Princetonians with the town. Many persons have responded to the column through the Wednesday documentation sessions at Brainbridge House, and in letters from a dozen states.

As a visual counterpart, 15,000 glass-plate negatives have been catalogued and many have been identified by interested visitors. In addition, thousands of photographs from private albums have been borrowed, copied and returned.

In both public and private schools, classes have been initiated to conduct interviews, collect photos, write articles, and organize events such as one-room school reunions. This winter, gatherings of TOWNSPEOPLE have been offered to older Princetonians to share local memories.

The Recollector will serve as a clearing house of local lore for all Princetonians. Older residents will receive complimentary issues. We hope many others in the community will not only subscribe, but support the entire Project through their contributions. Together we can leave a rich record of our past, and ourselves, for the future.

Subscribe Today!

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Please make checks payable to:
The Princeton History Project
158 Nassau Street
Princeton, New Jersey 08540
The Recollector Thrives Because of Enthusiasm of Princeton Community

Before this century communications were greatly limited. In the tradition of the bard and minstrels of earlier times, local stories once based on fact, became legend. These tales were passed along by word of mouth on a winter’s evening, or in the leafy shade of a tree after a summer’s day of toil in the fields.

Today, when this pleasant ritual appears all but forgotten, the many memories shared by older residents with the Princeton History Project, reaffirm this bright tradition. It may seem that time has played some tricks on memories, and certain events are remembered quite differently by different persons, but this only adds a tinge of mystery to years now long past. For what stories may lack in factual accuracy may more than make up for in poetic flavor, capturing the spirit of the times far more faithfully than cold statistics.

In another time, small communities like Princeton banded together for strength to fight fires, raise back and houses, comfort the sick, and celebrate special occasions. Times change and we may well feel, as the past slips away, the loss of these simple virtues.

It has long been our hope that The Princeton Recollector might reaffirm that cooperative tradition, but it came as a splendid surprise to us, in its evolution from idea to reality, just how strong and generous this sense of community remains in Princeton. As we approached many of its citizens for advice, assistance and support, we found at every turn the most gratifying response and enthusiasm. We should like briefly to thank some of these special friends whose various gifts have made the Recollector possible.

When it was finally decided in late February that we would print our first issue the first week in May, we had no knowledge of newspaper procedures whatsoever. We were enormously fortunate in finding, as our mentor, Larry DuPraz, a native of Princeton, who for 29 years was the Daily Princetonian. A perfectionist, who demands the highest standards of performance from everyone, he allowed us to visit and observe his production room, patiently answered our questions, and volunteered advice on a wealth of subjects. It is safe to say that we never could have brought out this first issue without Larry DuPraz.

Similarly, as we began to realize the complexity of our undertaking, we turned to Archie Lumits of the First National Bank, who listened to our plans with interest and encouragement, and outlined in series, the steps necessary to our requirements. He has consistently made simple the most overwhelming financial perplexities.

Another long-time friend of community projects, Thomas Cook, immediately liked our idea, and gracefully accepted the task of executing for us the necessary legal procedures. Because of his efforts the Princeton History Project is now incorporated, and in the process of applying for tax-exempt status.

Returning to The Recollector, we sought out editors Ed Coleman of the Princeton Packet and Don Stuart of Town Topics, who posed some tough questions, to make certain we were proceeding realistically, and tendered valuable advice on many matters.

We have been fortunate to secure the services of Roy Harms of Hopewell as our typesetter. Fulfilling our desire to print The Recollector in a larger type, for those with failing eyesight, he allowed us to order a type font not already in use at his shop, along with headline type-faces, developed in 1902, which are intended to add to the historical flavor of The Recollector. Similarly, Robert Hutchinson who oversees the print shop at The Packet, agreed to run off the newspaper, allowing us the greatest flexibility in production deadlines.

The Historical Society of Princeton, which originally commissioned the oral history five years ago, generously consented to provide the History Project with office space, and their Administrator, Helen Hamilton, has been a particularly enthusiastic advocate of our plans.

It was our initial expectation to print an eight page issue with two pages of advertising. However, the astonishing response of local merchants has allowed us to double our offerings to our readers. Because more than seventy local firms were willing to make manifest their faith in an unknown venture, this new journal has become a reality.

The list of our friends who can run on and on, but we should especially like to thank the long-term Princetonians whose delightful memories will surely act as a source of pleasure and information to the entire community. We hope that both old and new friends will use these pages to reflect upon and respond to Princeton’s rich store of local history. With the contributions of older and younger Princetonians alike, our jobs here at The Recollector will be easy.

Together, by passing along the stories, places and faces of this town we hold in common, we hope The Recollector may be a continuing force in affirming the very nature of our community.

From a Seat in a Far Corner

As plans for the fledgling Recollector began to take shape we called upon an old hand at recording Princeton life, Frederick Spring Osborne, retired editor of the Princeton Herald in hopes that he might consent to send regular contributions for our pages. We are pleased to report that Mr. Osborne, whose grace and good humor have been missed by so many townspeople since his departure for sunny Savannah, may again be enjoyed through The Recollector. In his own words, “Your invitation to contribute to the newspaper is flattering. It would be nice to propose regular contributions, but after I receive an issue or two and get the feel for it, I may surprise you from time to time. As a starter, your letter has moved me to compose the enclosed. It is not a recollection from personal experience, and thus may not fit your specifications, but I thought either Princetonians might be as interested and startled as I was to find that a celebrated family of the Princeton section was celebrated down here, too.”

By Frederick Spring Osborne

There is a well-substantial belief that it is difficult to go anywhere in the world without finding some association with Princeton; or, for that matter, outside the world. After all, a Princeton pen is as good as the moon. For example, there is a recollection of having been told that a Princetonian who had chosen a Miami Beach as a spot to spend the moon, found that the scions-wielder who was ministering to him had once worked for Christie Whiteman, and that another Princetonian, who was being shown through a monastery near Florence, Italy, came across sculpture by Margot Einstein. And so
After many fascinating months of searching for clues to the culinary habits of Princetonians in the past two centuries, I can share these unique prescriptions for good eating, good health, and simple cooking loaned to me by townspeople. All these recipes appearing here have been tested. However, some of those received in the last month including a recipe for 88 lbs of bread, I have found impossible to try. Anyone possessing troughs large enough to experiment, please contact me for details. In most cases the ingredients are simple, the food natural, herbs available, and only the formulas and the delicacies have changed. Please contact me, Jessica Myers, 44 Linden Lane, Princeton, (924-5816), with any new ideas. Many thanks to the almost 50 donors. Your recipes will be appearing in future columns.

This first recipe for bread comes from an old cookbook originally printed in London by W.J. Sears, 3 Ivy Lane, Newgate Street called "Maxwell's Housewife and Cookery of 1775," its description begins, "John Berrien of New Jersey came to the province of Georgia, where one of his ancestors, John Berrien (1759 - 1815), had settled. His father, John Berrien (1711 - 1772), was a judge of the supreme court of New Jersey and a member of the Princeton College, From the Berrien home at Rock (sic) Hill, N.J., General Washington issued his famous address to the army in 1783.

This grandson of a native Princetonian, at 16, the youngest commissioned officer in the Continental Army, seems to have been a real character. He is supposed to have been present at the battle of Saratoga. When the Revolution was over, he returned to Georgia with the female body of his aunt, Caroline Barnard, who lived at Drance's Corner Road. Written by a mother for her daughters, unwanted, turned out by her husband, her only daughter was Caroline's daughter, who later married John Berrien. This young son, John MacPherson Berrien, who was destined to become one of Georgia's most illustrious statesmen. Active in public life in Georgia, John Berrien was, for several years, Collector of Customs at Savannah, served as an alderman, and was State Senator (1766). He died at Savannah on November 6, 1815." Hard by the historical plaque are the tombs of John and four members of his family.

baking, will not exceed three tablespoonsful, and a half of exceeding good bread will be produced. If the rice should require more water, it must be added, as some rice swells more than others.

To serve with the bread, one might consider a seasonal pot of Asparagus Soup, taken from a delightful cookbook; Breakfast, Dinner and Supper, by Maud Cook published in 1896. Mr. Alexander R. Taylor a Princeton native since 1899, contributed the book at April TOWNSPEOPLE gathering. It belonged to his mother, whose sister was married to the legendary Princeton University peanut and caramel seller, Jimmy Johnson. Give it a try and taste a bit of Princeton past.

**ASPARAGUS SOUP**

Take 2 bunches of good asparagus and cut off the tips. Cook the stalks in boiling salted water until they are perfectly tender, then drain and rub through a collander. Then the stalks may not be used as garnish stalks have been boiled in and add to it 1 quart of fresh milk and set over the fire. Add 1 tsp butter and 2 teaspoons, sifted flour well blended, and set over the fire and 1-3/4 cups of milk until smooth. Then add the asparagus pulp and boil about 15 minutes stirring often. Boil tips separately in salted water until tender, drain put in tureen and pour it over tips and serve.

**Another tempting selection from Mr. Taylor's cookbook is the following recipe for Baked Stuffed Mackerel. It sounds so good that you might just use it as an excuse to go down to the shore.**

**BAKED MACKEREL, STUFFED**

Select a nice fat mackerel, wash, and soak over night. As this is best for lunch, change the water in the morning and keep it in a cold place. One hour before lunch, take it from the water and clean all salt from the skin. Chop fine two pieces of celery, sufficient parsley to make 2 T. mix this with 1/4 c. crumbs. Add 2 T. of butter, a dash of cayenne. Fill this in the thin part of the mackerel, fold it and sew. Place the whole before a clear fire. Baste often with the sauce in the pan, and add plenty of butter. When done add a sauce made of melted butter, walnut catsup. Many families have rich planks so that the fish may be served on them, without its removing to a platter.

Finally, to top off this festive meal, drawing from Princeton history, Mrs. Maxwell contends this recipe given her by her mother-in-law, Mary Jane Maxwell, in the 30's. The Maxwells have lived in Princeton since the early 1900's coming originally from Scotland. Mr. Maxwell remembers eating this as a child.

**APPLE CRISP**

Mix till flaky with your hands: 1/4 c. flour 1/2 c. sugar 3 T. very soft butter 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon. Bake in hot oven about 400 for 30 minutes. Turn oven off and let cake cool down on rack. Serve with either hot or cold, plain or with milk or ice cream.

**REMEDIAL FOODS**

Celery for any form of rheumatism and hay fever. Lettuce for insomnia. Watercress for scurvy. Onions are best nerve kine. Use for insomnia, asthma, colds, and a complexion curer.

Spinach for gravel. Asparagus to induce perspiration. Carrots for asthma. Turnips for nervous disorders and scurvy.

Raw broccoli gives great benefit to persons of frail constitution, and to those suffering from consumption, chopped fine with salt in hot water. With sugar and lemon juice the resulting mixture, when iced, is used to relieve hoarseness.

Cranberries for: erysipelas, tonic, yellow fever, typhoid fever, heart ache, insomnia. Carry some in the pocket every day.

Honey is wholesome, strengthening, cleansing, healing and nourishing.

Ripe fruits to purify blood and tone system. Sour oranges to help rheumatism. Watermelon for epilepsy and yellow fever. Tomatoes for indigestion.

Blackberries for diarrhea. Lemons for thirst in sickness, liver, and indigestion.

Tomatoes for indigestion. Figs are aperient. Used for cancer externally and internally. Peanuts for indigestion.
Artists Encouraged To Sketch Surroundings

For many years a sun-dappled landscape of the Stony Brook bridge at Mercer Road, by Princeton’s prolific painter Howard Russell Butler, has hung in the Nassau Club. Several years ago Helen Hunt Van Cleve, who grew up on the old Hunt Farm beside the bridge, pointed out a stylish lady with a bonnet and a basket of flowers included in the canvas:

“I don’t know how many pictures he had of the bridge at different angles. We children used to like to go out and see him paint. And then one day he said, ‘I’d like to put someone in the picture.’ And he went over with me -- we crossed the bridge -- and he fixed me there. Of course, I was just a little girl in an old dress, but he painted a long skirt on me and a basket of flowers on my arm. So, you’d never know it, but that’s me.”

There are any number of pleasant spots like the banks of Stony Brook, beside the Kingston Mill, or under the Battlefield Oak, where a fine spring or summer day might be spent with a camp stool, a sketch pad, and a picnic lunch. Now, through the gracious offer of Mrs. Mary Gibbs the chance to spend just such a day is open to all.

Mrs. Gibbs whose mother, Margery Wintringer, has been a source of many tales for the oral history, has been capturing Princeton scenes in pencil and water color for many years. Recently, she has been sharing these talents with older residents at Lloyd Terrace.

“Now, what I’d like to do is gather an interested group every week or so to sketch some of the pretty places around town. Experience is unnecessary. ‘We’ll be drawing just for the fun of it.’ Materials will be as simple as you please. Transportation will be provided. There will be no charge.

Interested older and younger Princetonians are urged to contact Mrs. Gibbs at 924-4653 for further information. If you’re hesitant, remember that America’s best-loved primitive artist, Grandma Moses, began her 30 year career at the comfortable age of 70. For that matter you are welcome to just come and share in the beauty of the landscape. But don’t be surprised if you leave with a sketch and a flower basket in your hand.

Is Your Album Filled With Hidden Treasure?

On Monday morning April 4, 1904 Frederick William Luttmann opened his harness-making shop at 132 Nassau Street. Seventy years later Princeton’s veteran shopkeeper told us that he had not a single photograph of Luttmann’s Luggage in all its years on Nassau Street before the move to Palmer Square five years ago. “Funny,” he mused, “but I guess I never seemed to find the time.”

We have since checked the substantial glass-plate negative collections at the Historical Society and made requests through The Packet’s “Yesteryear” column, and at TOWNSPEOPLE gatherings, but no faded snapshot, P-rade view, or panorama including 132 Nassau has as yet been found.

All over town thousands of Princeton photographs, sketches, plans and post cards are set aside in albums, scrapbooks, shoeboxes and dresser drawers. Over the past few years we have borrowed several hundred of these pictures from cooperative individuals and institutions, then copied, catalogued and returned them. Together with the glass-plate collections at the Historical Society and Firestone Library, these shared glimpses of the places and faces from Princeton past will form the core of the Princeton Pictorial Archive.

If there are Princeton pictures from your past which have somehow survived pen-and-ink spring-cleaning, would you share them with us long enough to give us a more complete visual record for the future? We will copy each relevant view on film without damage or removal from album pages or frames and return them to you within a month. No subject is too trivial for our consideration. So check your shoeboxes and pigeonholes and write us or drop by Bainbridge House, 158 Nassau Street, Wednesday after 1 p.m. Who knows, maybe you can even find that glimpse of Nassau Street that can light up Mr. Luttmann’s eyes.

Hill’s Market

31 WITHERSPOON STREET PRINCETON
For Daily Free Delivery Call 924-4070, 924-4071

French dining is alive, well, and living in Princeton

Step into an old French world of elegant dining, right in Princeton! Lahire’s features delectable French cuisine highlighted by superb vintage wines! Lahire’s is intimately French, never overdone, just discriminatingly French flavored! Flavored to delight and enhance your good taste...from the mellow clear wines, through finely seasoned appetizers, specialty salads, carefully prepared entrees and savory desserts. Meow! I’ll walk away from Lahire’s tempting plans to return to the world of taste-ful French dining...right in Princeton!
Princeton Fifty Years Ago
by Irv Urken

Leaving through the Princeton newspapers for fifty years ago this month one discovers that the principle event of May 1925 was the dedication of the War Memorial on the corner of Mercer and Nassau Streets. Post World War nationalism was still running high, and Princetonians desired that this tribute might commemorate all those townspeople who had given their lives for their country. Work on the memorial was completed in time for the dedication on Decoration Day.

On that Saturday morning all the merchants in town closed their shops by 10 o’clock, the starting time of the festivities. Bands and throngs of marchers formed a parade with Major Van Deusen of the ROTC leading the ranks as Grand Marshal. Speeches were delivered by William C. Vandewater and Rear Admiral Goodrich.

The formal dedication ceremony was held at 11:30 with the Rev. Charles R. Edman of the First Presbyterian Church presiding. Later in the afternoon a baseball game took place at the University Field between the Princeton and Bound Brook clubs.

No earth-shattering headlines emblazoned the town newspapers in May 1925. Times were seemingly easy and carefree. Among the features at the local theatres – the Garden and Arcade – were: Norma Talmadge in “The Only Woman,” Reginald Denny in “I’ll Show the World,” Ronald Colman and Blanche Sweet in “His Supreme Moment,” Colleen Moore and Leon Errol in “Sally,” Hoot Gibson in “The Taming of the West,” Tom Mix in “Riders of the Purple Sage,” Gloria Swanson in “Madame Sans Cere,” and Charlie Chaplin’s “A Woman of Paris.” And if the marquees wouldn’t tempt you, the prices might. Matinee tickets sold for 20 and 30 cents while evening seats at 30 and 50 cents assured a real night on the town.

The advertisements were no less appealing. The Public Service was promoting a Kelvinator refrigerator for $260.00, completely installed, proclaiming it to be “cooler than an ice-cooled refrigerator.” Frank Kane’s Sporting Goods Store in Upper Pyne advertised Scotch grain oxfords for a mere $10.00 and a choice of Foulards for $1.00 a piece. For that matter Frank’s Men’s Shop offered a whole suit for $1.19.

The classified ads included an offer of a 1924 Chevrolet coupe, with only 6,000 miles, for $375.00. A cord of wood could be had for $16.00. Then again, a local firm was seeking a lively salesman (“must be energetic!”) with possibilities of a salary in the range of $35 - $50 a week!
Mary Marquand’s Princeton Childhood

Continued from page one

For sounds, there were the clomp of horses on the dirt or madadam streets or the jingle of bicycle bells - or in winter of sleigh bells - or the mooing of cows, the squawk of pheasants in Mrs. Pyne’s zoo and the crowing of chickens in Frog Hollow as lower Mercer Street was then called, and the chug chug of the steam locomotive pulling the cars up University Place to the station then situated at the foot of Blair Arch, or the clanging of one of the two trolleys that ran to Lawrenceville and Trenton.

I believe Mr. George Armour, as a director of the Pennsylvania Railroad, arranged for one through train to New York in the morning and back in the late afternoon so that he and his friends need not change at Princeton Junction.

Another familiar sound of this period was the hand lawnower, much kinder to one’s ears than the present motor mowers. Horses pulled mowers for large areas and sometimes wore leather boots so their shoes would not cut up the lawn. Haying and ploughing on the adjacent farms was also done with the assistance of horses.

In June, as soon as Commencement was over the town

A view from the expansive lawn of the turreted Guernsey Hall before extensive renovations were effected in 1912.

Eleanor Marquand Delaney

free them of dust and moths before they were wrapped in real camphor and newspapers for the summer. Of course, the muslin was always removed when the package was delivered.

After the chestnut blight one could hear the chrop of the axe and the rasp of the two-man crosscut saw as these giants came down to be cut into firewood, which often was dangerous, as from the chestnut logs in the fireplace huge sparkles shot forth.

In summer the streets looked different as they were largely emptied but for the delivery wagons carrying food, huge cakes of ice or coal for working stoves or for those fortunate who had furnaces. In winter deliveries were often made by sleighs. Weather permitting, sleigh races took place on Nassau Street; the slight traffic was stopped, someone fired a pistol and three or four cutters would race from University Place to Witherspoon Street. I imagine they were drawn by the same horses that ran in the trotting races in summer at the race track at the foot of Bayard Lane.

Sometimes a wagon would drive down the street with trunks for weekend guests whose hambose sleeves and flounced dresses would never have fitted into a modern suitcase; these usually followed horse cars from the station or private carriages drawn by glistening horses driven by coachmen in top hats and plum colored livery with silver buttons.

My father rode his bicycle twice a day to and from the campus and my sisters and I rode ours to Miss Fine’s School, then between Trinity Church and Thompson Hall. Most people walked or rode bicycles, perhaps down Mercer Street for a dip in Stangy Brook, or a school picnic in the Quaker woods.

Ladies always put on hats and
gloves to walk down town to do errands, and in hot weather carried parasols. All stores delivered.

My father, like many of his friends, walked to chapel on Sundays wearing a frock coat, also called a Prince Albert, and a silk hat, and carrying an ivory handled cane.

Despite all these dignified older people, boys, then as now, were boys and I can remember two who threw snowballs at all the gas lights on Hodge Road. Both grew up to be mayors of Princeton - Mac Sturges and Carl Edman.

In June when the holidays had emptied the streets, houses were sometimes moved as some people found it cheaper to move a house than to build one. The house would be jacked up onto dollies and pulled by a winch with horses going around and around; as the house advanced on the road the winch was moved ahead. Sometimes the houses had to be cut in two or three pieces to get through the narrow streets and this gave the effect of an open doll’s house with various rooms exposed. On arrival at the new site, the pieces of house would be fastened together again.

Certain storekeepers were favorites of children. We were particularly fond of Mr. Clayton, who first worked for and later bought out Waite’s Dry Goods Store on Nassau Street, next to the then tiny stores of LaVake and Hinkson’s, who were in the Upper Pyne Building at what is now the entrance to Palmer Square. Mr. Clayton must have loved children as we considered him a special friend, in spite of his prejudice in favor of curts. My sister Sarnia had a head full of golden curls and before she could read, I remember going Christmas shopping with her at Mr. Clayton’s. She picked up something from the counter and

Continued on page seven
Can You Find Princeton's Oldest Trees?

According to the list of New Jersey's biggest trees published by the Cook College Cooperative Extension Service of the 1970's trees accounted for, 53 can be found in Mercer County and 42 of these in Princeton alone. Twelve of the 42 in Princeton were added to the list since the original survey.

The Extension Service's records are determined by measurement of the circumference four and a half feet above the main stem. Since the biggest trees of each species can be generally assumed to be the oldest, the oldest known Princeton trees are:

Front of 145 North Harrison. Also on North Harrison is the largest Black Willow (Salix nigra), 10'/2' in circumference, beside Harry's Brook at the intersection with Hamilton Avenue. The largest Yellow Willow (Salix vitellina), with a girth of 9'/2' is at the foot of the hill on Broadmead.

The largest Eastern White Pine (Pinus strobus), 12'/2' in circumference, can be found next to 229 Mercer Street on the property of Dewitt Boire. The largest magnolia of any kind in New Jersey, Cucumbertree Magnolia (Magnolia acuminata), 15'/2' around, is in the rear of Eugene Gillespie's property, 51 Loves Lane on the grounds of the former Pyne estate.

This huge Purple Beech is just one of the many remarkable old trees residing in Marquand Park who have been witness to centuries of Princeton history. Photo courtesy of Marquand Park Foundation.

maybe some nature recollectioners of the community recognize some of the oldsters of the local tree world or know stories about their growth and development.

The largest English Elm (Ulmus procera) in New Jersey measures 19'/2' around and can be seen easily near the finish line for Princeton crew races. It is in the front yard of Dr. David Mayer, 940 Princeton-Kingston Road.

Three of the New Jersey champion willow trees are found in Princeton. No one who goes to the Shopping Center from Nassau Street can miss the gigantic White Willow (Salix alba), 15' in circumference, in conspicuous" he replied as his gray side whiskers blew in the breeze.

My younger sister drove a little Shetland pony who pulled us in a two-wheeled basket cart. The coachman in his livery, wearing a high hat, came with us in case we met an automobile and the pony got out of control. When he climbed the back step into the cart we all wondered whether his weight would lift the pony off its feet. I felt very grown up and sported when I was allowed to drive a full grown horse in an open basketwork trap. The coachman sat behind me facing backwards with his arms crossed smugly on his chest. When we stopped he would alight and hold the horse, turning him so that the wheels would not soil my skirt as I jumped down into the mud. It was during those days that we thought the Princetonian had come when we heard that Nassau Street, from University Place to Washington Road would be paved with wooden paving blocks set in tar and end the mud forever.

Country Antiques

Country furniture, primitives, pottery, old paintings and etchings, lovely old costumes and fabrics, silver, with special emphasis on New Jersey, whenever possible.

173 Nassau Street
Princeton, N.J.

The Waddells
921-2045

The Princeton Recollector
May 1976

Board of Health required houses containing scarlet fever, measles and other contagious diseases to hang a sign at the front door. Despite these precautions I was one of several persons in town to develop typhoid fever this spring.

We adored Dr. Carnochan and it was easy to see why, as with one glance at him one could tell whether there was anyone seriously ill in town or not so concerned.

Meals were usually large at this period, much longer than today, perhaps because people walked more and exercised more. We grew our own vegetables, some of which were put up in glass jars for the winter as canned and frozen foods did not exist. Carrots, potatoes and celery were buried in sand and kept in the root cellar which still stands in the center of Marquand Park. Pruit was also put up in jars and ice cream was homemade, of pure cream, very rich and delicious. Chopped ice and rock salt were put in a sort of bucket with a cover of cream in the center of that held the disher which was turned constantly to prevent it from freezing solid. Fortune was the child allowed to lick the disher when it was removed.

Before electricity we had a huge icebox to which the strong iceman carried enormous cakes of ice on his back to keep it filled. These had probably been cut out from what was called the ice pond at the foot of Bayard Lane.

Life in Princeton in those days was so intimate that one could usually recognize every passerby in the street.

But life had its dangers too; there was burglary in town who stole only strawberries and cream from the various houses he entered and, as no one locked up, he could enter them all. There were also rumors of "Jack the Hugger" who hid behind trees and jumped out suddenly to hug ladies he found attractive.

Though I never heard of their having anyone in Princeton, Mother frequently warned us against tramps and hobos - poor men without jobs who walked through town on Stockton Street or on the two-wheeled looking for work or a handout; without social security, unemployment relief and medicare, starvation must have haunted them all.

Many barges travelled through the canal and once an uncle of mine sent us word he would be passing through Princeton by the inland waterway on his way to Florida in a small yacht. We drove down Washington Road and waited while he brought him home to lunch with us. Driving up Nassau Street he removed his yachting cap.

"Why do you take off your hat?" I asked. "One must not be

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Last fall the Princeton History Project initiated perhaps our most gratifying program, the monthly TOWNSPEOPLE gatherings at the Public Library. Drawing upon names collected by high school students comparing 1924 and 1974 local directories, more than 600 long-term Princetonians have been invited to share their memories and photographs the second Thursday of each month.

To date more than 100 older residents have joined us to discuss and recall topics as varied as Princeton’s trolleys (the “Green Dragon” and the “Yellow Pearl”), sleigh-racing on Nassau Street, Christmas, by-gone sounds, livery stables, outdated professions, and shops on Nassau Street. Slides made from the glass plates at the Historical Society have illustrated each subject. Similarly, shots of previously unknown local people and places have been presented, and in several cases such participants as Anna Henderson and Alice Schannel have recognized and identified family members and friends.

In response to our request for refreshments each month, some of Princeton’s best established cooks have provided delicious confections, many from old family recipes, for all to share. Particularly gratifying is the fact that a number of high school students and other younger Princetonians have come to listen and share the memories, thereby allowing the stories and traditions of the community to be passed along into the future.

Another bright feature of the TOWNSPEOPLE gatherings has been the steadily forthcoming stream of photos. This sidewalk snapshot of Chadwick’s Pharmacy, 98 Nassau Street, was among the photographs shared and copied at the April TOWNSPEOPLE gathering.

This month, Marjorie Peabody Baker, whose husband Matthew Maxwell was Princeton’s last car dealer and whose family business once occupied the building that now houses the Information Center at the Princeton Public Library, has shared a photo of a 1915 publicity shot of the family business. The photo shows a model of the store’s first automobile.

In like vein, Mrs. Cherry discovered and brought along a postcard of the old Nassau Inn, long the center of Princeton’s social scene. Mrs. Cherry also sent along an old postcard from Albert Street, across the street from her home, showing the car storage area where Princetonians stopped by to pick up their vehicles.

In May, we will be featuring photographs of the early years of the Princeton Public Library, and in June, we will be featuring photographs of the town’s schools.

Continued on page nine
A Time to Reminisce With Old Friends

Continued from page eight

medicine bottle proudly imprinted with Marsh and Bond, Druggists. Elmer Leigh, in response to the current Packet series on hack drivers, donated a driver's medallion he was issued for the lucrative taxiing of Princeton visitors during the 1920 Commencement and Reunion weekend. Another find was a faded country sun bonnet which was worn for many years by Mrs. Maxwell's mother up in Cedar Grove.

Clippings were forthcoming from Mr. Taylor, including the obituary of President Patton's widow, whom he once served as a butler, and an article on Negro students at the University under President Witherspoon in the eighteenth century. A wonderful 1850 map of Princeton and vicinity, one of two given by Helen Hunt Van Cleve, decorated one wall of the Library's meeting room, and served as a popular conversation piece.

In a domestic vein, both Mr. Taylor and Mrs. Cherry submitted cookbooks used in Princeton during the last century. Appropriate to the nation's Bicentennial, Grace Brown Harrison brought a recipe for her mother's great-aunt's Centennial Cake. And Eleanor Marquand Delany shared a fascinating alphabetized listing of foods and household needs, prepared and given by her mother at the time of her marriage in 1927. The book includes not only where in town each item might be purchased, but also the price of the times. As Mrs. Delany aptly commented, "Read it and weep!"

While these and other bits and pieces of Princeton History were presented and described, Therese Critchlow of the Public Library helped pass tempting treats like Bernice White's orange cake and Lemma Endersby's brownsies, served with coffee and soft drinks, provided by Ann Lanahan. Meanwhile the TOWNSPEOPLE mascot, Pat Endersby's dog, Mollie, took full advantage of the generous offerings of a dozen grandmothers.

The topic of the day was Nassau Street, its shops and shopkeepers, and the outpouring of recollections was so manifest that after an hour and a half the gathering had discussed only the stretch from Mercer Street to Witherspoon. Starting at the Vanderwater/Farr Hardware Store at the Mercer Street corner, Vinton Duffield recalled old Mr. Farley who drove the first motorized delivery wagon in town, a Model T Ford with buggy wheels which cut right through even deep snow. A photograph of Salliez's Shoe Store brought new identifications of the Salliez family seated outside. Likewise, several ladies pointed out the location of a hat shop run by Madame Mae in an early photo of Carpenter's Hall, long since demolished for Holder Tower.

Further down the street, Mrs. Harris described what the camera could not show in the interior of "Tiffany" LaVake's tiny jewelry store, beside and above the old arch into Baker's Alley. Her father, Harry Brown, one of Princeton's first electricians, was apprenticed there as a jeweler. Next door was Waite's Dry Goods Store where Henry P. Clayson started as a clerk before taking over the business upon Mr. Waite's death. Mrs. Delany recalled his particular penchant for supplying unusual buttons for his customers.

Finally, next door to Waite's, in the same eighteenth century building since destroyed for "Colonial" Palmer Square, was Skirm's. As Mr. Leigh recalled, in those days Skirm's provided not only tobacco but liquor as well. As a boy he was allowed to take in a note from his father and an empty bottle to be filled from one of the several vats inside. Mr. Bergen laughed, "I taught Mr. Skirm's grandson in Sunday School, and every month when the temperance lesson was scheduled, he wouldn't come!"

All of these memories, photos, clippings, maps, recipes and the like are the raw materials that are salted away in one form or another to become part of Princeton's permanent record. Yet it is the pleasure of sharing in the experience of the remembered past with old friends and new ones, too, which makes TOWNSPEOPLE gatherings so special.

But don't take our word for it. Join us for the next gathering when we will continue to recall memories of Nassau Street, the old Branch train to the Junction, and other topics of fond recollection. The place is the Public Library meeting room; the time is 3:15 p.m. Thursday, the 8th of May. Bring along your memories and pictures. Bring a friend, too. Rides are available by calling 921-6748 on Wednesday afternoon. See you there!
Students Research Dinky, Build Model

In the summer of 1973 we began the rough construction of a model railroad layout of the Dinky with only small historical knowledge, but during the following year we started to look into what this train actually was. We started by studying old maps, books, documents, and pictures from the Public Library, Firestone, and the Historical Society. We also visited the old tracks, finding sidings and the remains of businesses that once used the line exclusively for freight deliveries. A major construction on the “Branch” line, for instance, is the fantastically engineered bridge over the canal. It was manually operated by a series of gears to swing the bridge sideways for passing canal boats.

Built as early as 1870 as an extension of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Dinky has been an affectionate part of Princeton society for more than a century. At one time this stretch of track had enough dignity to be called the “Branch Line”, which was gradually demoted to the “Shuttle”. Eventually, it is thought, University students christened it the “P.J. and W.” (Penn Jackson and W밖에), but, as its equipment, like its dignity, has fallen apart, piece by piece, most people prefer to call it the “Dinky”.

Before the Dinky’s construction, the Camden and Amboy Railroad ran along the south bank of the Delaware and Raritan Canal, and stopped at the Princeton train beside the Railroad Hotel on Alexander Street (then Canal Street). By 1868 several businesses had sprung up, including an ironclad roofing company and a lumber yard, but they disappeared when the Camden and Amboy and seven other lines merged to form the Pennsylvania Railroad. The tracks were then straightened off the line from Trenton to New Brunswick, thus eliminating the present route through Princeton Junction, and the need for a branch line into Princeton.

One rainy Wednesday in March two high school students, Andy Longman and Bill Ogilvie dropped into Baughman House in search of material on the Dinky. Impressed by the diligence of their investigation into this now threatened Princeton fixture, we encouraged them to share their findings through The Recollector, in hopes that our readers might reward them with further information.

Before 1920, the Princeton Branch line ran deep into the University campus. Between the old depot facing Railroad Avenue and the towers of Witherspoon Hall, foundations rise for Blair Hall.

Originally the Princeton Station was in the present courtyard behind the University Store. The archway of Blair Hall was built as the ceremonial entrance to the University, since most of the students and many famous visitors came into town by train. In fact, it was once a tradition to put graduating University students in their new garb for the first time on the way out of Princeton and into the world.

Then in 1916 plans were made to relocate the Princeton Station to its present site. Until the late 1950’s three large railroad yards lay in the fields just south of the new station, and every big football and Commencement weekend saw these yards full of private cars and special excursion trains. A second track also ran the distance to Princeton Junction until recently, and oil, lumber, and coal companies boomed.

At the turn of the century several of the directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad, including George Allison Armour and Moses Taylor Pyne lived in Princeton. They were involved in instance, they decorated the P.J. and B. cars every Christmas on their own time and out of their own pockets.

Then one year, the Penn Central switched cars on the line without warning, and the car and its season trappings rolled off to the yards in New York.

Most of the problems associated with the Dinky and the Branch Line can be attributed to the lack of funds and sympathetic management of the Penn-Central, Amtrak, and Conrail. Over the years, the Dinky has not only become a service to the most commuters, but a way of life and a happy memory to many Princetonians, which now is faced with extinction.

It seems to us that the Dinky is unique and that the bureaucracy and management of present day government and railroads cannot handle the needs of such a small, but essential, line. Unlike a larger railroad, the Dinky requires personal attention.

We have developed the following proposal which we present for consideration and discussion. As it is the community which uses the Dinky, we feel it is the community which should buy the rights to the line and see its needs. Then it should be converted to a steam line in its own bright tradition. This would continue to provide daily travel and commercial needs, while promoting weekend excursions, as well. This would not merely be a commercial line, but, rather, an historically accurate addition to the town. Volunteers could renovate the derelapted station as a museum, prune those wild roses, and beautify the land around the area.

This idea has already been used in the purchase of the flourishing Cass Scenic Railroad by the state of West Virginia. Closer to Princeton, the Delaware, Black River and Western Railroad, which runs as a steam line for both

A thorough renovation of this old house at 74 Spruce Street has uncovered such interesting items as brick-filled walls, mortar and tenon construction, and wide plank floors. We believe the house was moved here from elsewhere in town. If you can share anything of its history, please call 924-2222.

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Left to right, Al Margerum, breather, Joe Cooper, conductor, and Ben Gray, breather, all seem to be enjoying the Princeton Branch shuttle at the turn of the century.

Photo courtesy of Anne Rorer Smith, enthusiasts and freight hauling alike. It is also the only railroad that is turning a profit in New Jersey.

It is most important that if something comes of this or any other plans to save the Dinky, Princeton will continue to be concerned and involved as a community. We can no longer allow this historic and happy fixture of Princeton life to be abandoned out of apathy. Together, we can secure a bright history for the Dinky in the years to come.

And Longman and Bill Ogilvie
Conductors Recall Holdup, Snowstorm

We were on the Princeton Branch Line. To accommodate of commutators these Princeton regulars are better known as “Buster” and the “Dinky.”

Photogrphy courtesy of E. Jan Kounsitz woman that worked in the offices there. Then when you went over to Penn Station in New York, there was some, but they were away from the road. And, between the road and the railroad, the language was pretty free and easy. Oh, listen, I don’t know about John, he’s probably the same as me, but I tell you it was unusual for me to say hell or damn until I came on the railroad. But, I’ll tell you, I can cuss with the best of them today, myself. It’s nothing to be proud of, because every once in a while a little bit quick with your tongue and you put yourself in one hell of an embarrassing position.

Snow Specials

JB We went out of here one morning, John and I, in the snow, and got down to the bridge, and the train came to an abrupt stop. We went up to the front end to see what the hell was going on, and there the students had this great big heap of snow up in the middle of the street, and in the middle of the snow was this tree branch, and in the corctch was a yield traffic sign. We laughed the bell. So anyway, the engine man and I got out. And I said: "We couldn’t even see the track.” So nothing ran. I think at the most five or six trains ran on the main line that day. And I got two or three or four Pullman cars going out of here in the snowstorm.

Equipment

GD Since we’ve been here, its always been M.U. equipment. But in the early days of the Branch, you had a wood-burner steam engine. And then you had the coal, they went to a gas car with rubber wheels. They started to electrify in the thirties, and they built this kind of equipment up here, and it’s been here ever since. Of course, they never sent anything too decent up here.

Bandits on the tracks

GD Then about 10, 12 years ago there was a big weekend at the University, and the bandits took something. And the girls were coming in from the four o’clock train out of New York, and they got on the train and the train was on — each had a small bag — and I kind of thought something was wrong, because I asked them to step inside after we’d gotten underway leaving the station, and they said, no, they’d rather stand out in the vestibule.

And when we got near the crossing there were two boys in a convertible on the tracks. I don’t know whether it was a Connecticut or a Maryland licence plate, but we didn’t get the number, anyway. That was the only bad feature of the
Student Researches Jutgton Quaries

At the turn of the century a small community known as Jutgton existed to the east of Princeton. Deriving its name from the Jugs and other pottery made from the clay found in the area, Jutgton essentially consisted of a few houses and a general store on the southeast corner of Harrison and Nassau Streets. The rest of Jutgton was farm land. On the map Jutgton was known as Queenston, lying between Princeton and Kingston.

Jutgton also had two quarries which produced the famous “Princeton Stone” of the University quadrangles. Traveling north on Harrison, then part of Ewing Street, McCarthy’s Quarry lay to the left, and Margerum’s Quarry to the right.

Much of the stone found in old houses in this area came from these two quarries. The old Elementary School at 185 Nassau Street is a good example.

Edmund Regan, who grew up in Princeton, was a resident in the 1920s when the community was still thriving. He has published an article called “If the Dinky Left on Time, She’d Be Empty” which continues from page eleven out and interviewed me—I don’t know if it was the New York Times or who the hell it was, and I remember saying, “It was the damndest thing I ever saw.” And it was.

GD: We’ve handled a hell of a lot of notables up here down through the years.

One of the nicest guys, I think, was Ed Sullivan. And Spencer Tracy was real nice. And Myra Loy.

Jimmy Stewart’s father

GD: We used to have a lot of fun with Jimmy Stewart’s father. He was a graduate of the Seminary, and every once in a while he’d come into town. He was not a young man then, I’d say a man of 75 or more, and he’d have a good-sized suitcase, and the fellow that used to work with me, Jack Lackey, whenever he’d see him, he’d always go down to the bottom of the steps when he was coming through the tunnel. He wanted to help get the suitcase. But he was perfectly all right. And if any gal had a bag, he’d grab a hold of it. He was just one real sweetheart of a man. And I often wanted to talk to Jimmy, himself, about his dad, but he never comes in by train. So I’ve never got the chance to tell him what a wonderful man his father was.

The late 7:40

GD: If we ever left on time we’d go out with a half empty train on that 7:40.

JB: They raise hell with me. George does too, because I always leave late.

GD: That’s the only time he and I differ. We’ve worked together many, many years, and never have we once had any sharp exchange. But I get a little annoyed with this damned waiting for these people three or four times in a row. Of course I, orally I told him, ‘Leave ‘em for three or four mornings in a row. When he’s on his vacation these people are here. They know damned well when he’s not here, they’re here.’

JB: There’s one nice thing about it up here, ninety-eight per cent of these people up here are pretty regular.

Local Notables

One of the nicest men we carried from around our times was Dean Mathey.

GD: Down through the years, we had Harold Graw of McGraw Publishing Company, and Bernie Kilgore, the publisher of the Wall Street Journal, he commuted with us.

And Bertram Woodward, the sports writer, used to commute with us.

GD: Jack Williams, the president of Hommers. And, of course, Payner, who was chairman of New York Life. We have fun with them all.

And then we had shoeshine day, Thursday, I think it was. And John checked their shoes. The reason it ran out was that after John got after them the better part of six months, he got them broken in, in other words.

JB: Some of them still, when they come on say, ‘They shined enough?’ It hasn’t gotten away from them.

GD: The oldest commuter we’ve got right now, is Karl Petit. He’s around 83 or 84.

JB: He still commutes about three or four times a week. He has an anniversary not long ago. Maybe it was sixty years, I think it was more than that, but, anyhow, we had a four-day time. We did the job.

GD: John Regan, who was with us, said this was ‘Happy Anniversary’ to him. He loved it; he really enjoyed it. We had everybody singing with us.

Passing the Past

JB: One time there was a lady who was a regular commuter, and she was in the hospital, and I took off my hat. I think we got sixty, sixty-five dollars.

GD: Right. We sent a ten dollar spray, and then we kept another five dollars. He got home, or something. But then we sent her something like fifty dollars in cash.

JB: We used to decorate the car at Christmas time. We had a small white, and green balls, hanging from the fans. Then we went out, we cut greens, and put icicles hanging off them. Of course, I mean, the icicles was the thing that took the time, because we didn’t just throw it up there, we hung every one, you know, and that takes a while.

GD: Yeah, we did that for a long time.

Remember Family Pets

Have you ever owned a cat, a dog or a rabbit? That is, in the early years of this century? If you did you remember if they enjoyed special privileges in your family? Did you fear the dog-catcher, if one existed, or could you let them loose? I was interested in the world of Princeton during the first forty years of the 20th century. I love animals and I know that owning a pet was a treat when you were many years ago. If you did keep a small animal then, or if you know some stories about animals in Princeton. I would be happy to talk with you. Please call me at 924-3333 or write The Recollector at 158 Nassau Street. Thank you.

Susan Abes

Time

The reason we stopped doing it was because the cars weren’t holding up. We were having trouble with the equipment. Christ, we only just had it in, and then one day, it all blew up and we had to lose it.

GD Twice, two consecutive years, it happened, and that got us so uptight, it cost us a lot of the decorations, plus many hours.

JB: Then they took the train out to New York one evening.

And the next day, during the hours they took the train back to the train cleaners and they raised hell because they had to clean everything down. So, it cost a lot of unpleasantness over there with the bosses, and so we said, ‘To hell with it.’ We were the ones paying the money, so it was our own fault. And that’s all. We just don’t do it anymore. We enjoyed doing it, the people loved having it done. But that was a nice time.

The future of the Dinky

JB: I don’t think railroading’s going to get any better right away, with Amtrak, and Penn Central, and Septa, and Conrail... Our opinion is that they’re going to have to nationalize the railroad to get anything done.

Now that they’re talking about discontinuing the Dinky, the more political your issue becomes, I think, the chances are that much better that we’ll retain it. Because, I think this area possesses a sufficient number of influential people, that can make their weight felt if they want to. With the consolidated effort, that’s been exercised recently, you’ve got knowledgeable people, and they’re not just brushing them aside. What they want is answered, and they’re just not getting any. They’ve been gnawing and gnawing and now their persisitancy is paying off.

JB: I got this here, and I’m not sorry I’ve been on the railroad. I mean, I’ve had a pretty good life of it; I got 33 years here. I don’t say that I’d do the same thing again, but under the circumstances of the way it was then, I would do it again. I think George would too, as far as that goes.
Country Children Also Did School Work

During the early years of this century farmwork was more important to country children than schoolwork. Families often had six to eight children who were all needed to work the land. When there was farmwork to do, it just had to be done, and only when all the chores were finished could the children go to school. Elijah Allen, who had six brothers and one sister, would usually begin school in November because the children had to alternate between going to school and working at home.

Mr. Allen spoke of his older brother Edgar, who was the only member of the large family to get a chance to work at his studies and develop an interest in school. "Edgar helped my mother in the house quite a lot; he wasn't really outside very much like the rest of us. When there was a member of the family who wished to pursue his or her education, the others had to contribute to make up that person's share of the work. And the others, they would get their books and try to keep up somewhat with the rest of the class. Edgar really put a lot of effort into school; he had to. If we wanted help from him, we couldn't get it, nor would we help each other; why everyone was on his own. We couldn't get mad at Edgar from not helping with the chores, we had to respect him for going to school."

Today we may fail to appreciate the difficulties country people had in getting to school. Many children had to rise before dawn to finish their chores and walk three to five miles to school in all types of weather. There were no cars, only horse and buggy, and the home rarely could be spared from the farm. People who lived on farms near Princeton in the early part of this century had to maintain a strong enough interest in school that they could tolerate the hardships which they identified with school. Mr. Allen concluded: "Why today high school doesn't mean anything; you go right on through high school into college, whereas back at that time, although there was a lot of people that went to high school, well then, you might say there was an awful lot that didn't go!"

Mount Lucas School To Hold Reunion in May

Mount Lucas rises a couple of miles north of Nassau Street. This quiet, wooded section of Princeton Township has long played a substantial part in Princeton's history.

The trees there are young, for at one time all of this "mountain" was farmland that continued westward to Blawenburg. From atop this high land one could view all of the valley north to the Sourland Mountains.

But this area has had more to offer Princeton than just beauty. As many Princeton residents remember, Mount Lucas used to be the home of a one-room school and the site of the County Poor Farm for which Poor Farm Road is named.

The Poor Farm, started in 1842, was the first Orphan Asylum established in New Jersey. When the orphanage went out of business it was bought by the state and became the County Poor Farm and a home of many indigent Princeton area residents.

In an effort to gather more information on the Mount Lucas area, the Poor Farm and the school, we will hold a Mount Lucas one-room school reunion on May twenty-second. If you can remember any stories, or if you or your friends and relatives went to the school, or lived on the farm, we would very much like to hear from you. Please call Hannah Bauman, 924-6927 for further information or drop by Bainbridge House, 158 Nassau Street on Wednesday afternoons.

Hannah Bauman

Whisper Down the Lane

It may surprise us to see a rhyme as familiar as "One, Two, Buckle my Shoe" reproduced in an edition as old as the one pictured here. Mrs. Anne Rohrer Smith recently lent us this little book which apparently dates to about 1800.

Many of the best known children's games and rhymes have been chanted at playtime for centuries. But, like the rules to "Hide and Go Seek" which dates to at least Elizabethan days, few have ever been committed to print.

Appropriate to the season, when children's voices at play fill the air, we would like to hear from those who remember jump-ropes rhymes, jack rhymes, nursery rhymes, and other childhood diversions of another day. By comparing them to the similar sing-song chants of the present we may even find ourselves playing "Whisper down the Lane."

One, Two,—Buckle my Shoe;
That, good Sir, I'll readily do.
Do it; but mind, don't hurt my toe,
Or I shall scold you well, I trow.
I've done it, Sir, and very neat.
With shoe and buckle look both feet.

Susan Ables

Rusty Scupper

Cocktails and Supper

Lunch served
Monday - Friday 11:30 - 2:30
Bar opens at 4:30 p.m.
Dinner served from 5:30 p.m.
5:00 p.m. Saturday
4:30 on Sunday

On Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, a dance will be held at the town hall. Music will be furnished by the local orchestra. The admission will be twenty-five cents. There will be a committee appointed to take care of the arrangements.

Historical Society of Princeton

The Gallop Poll

Photo courtesy of The Historical Society of Princeton

1935

Photo courtesy of E. Jan Kountz

1975
"I've been making models since I retired. It's been sort of a God-send to me. I've always liked to work with my hands and I found that when I retired I had to have something to occupy my time. Dropping out of an active job after so many years of having people on my heels all the time, I couldn't just go home and sit down -- it just wouldn't work. I had planned to spend a lot of time with gardening -- I'm very fond of gardening -- but when I retired I had a slight stroke and I was unable to do it.

"So I took on this model-making, and it's been a wonderful thing. I've enjoyed it. I used to have the whole third floor as a shop but that was too much of a climb, so I moved down next to the furnace in the basement and set up a little shop there. And I've been turning out about one a year, not working on it steadily. I go down there for a few hours. When I get a little tired I call it off.

"I've made twenty, or at least I've made twenty buildings. The first one I made was of Nassau Street, the section of Nassau Street that was torn down to put in Palmer Square. And that had eleven buildings in it. I thought about that Nassau Street model even before I left my job. And so I started off right away.

"Palmer Square was built in 1937. The buildings I made the model of were torn down in '37, but I tried to base my replicas on twenty-five years before that. -- the older buildings like the Pyne buildings and, of course, the Nassau Inn. That was the great gathering point of the early days. I recall very clearly going over to hear Theodore Roosevelt when he made a campaign speech from the balcony of that Inn.

"I spent, I guess, six months getting the dimensions and getting them to fit into the scene. There was nothing to go from except photographs and post cards -- some large and some small, taken at all angles. And they had to be matched up with the floor plan for each. I did that separately and then ran them together and made up the street. And it really looks pretty natural as it appeared along Nassau Street in those days when I was a boy.

"And then I went on from that to a model of the first bank of the Princeton Bank and Trust Company. I made two models for George Cook at the Princeton Bank and Trust. First, I did the old one -- the very first one they occupied from 1834 to 1876. And that came out quite well. And then I built the one that they occupied from '97 to 1964 when they moved to their present headquarters. That was a challenge, a really difficult one to do with so much gingerbread onto it. But I know that Mr. Cook is very proud of those two that I made for him.

"And then the Nassau Club spent them in the bank and they wanted one of their building. And it just kept snowballing. Next I did one of the old Van Rensselaer House for Dean Bryan. He didn't know anything about it. I went up and took a photograph one day and made it up. And then I called him and I told him, 'I want you to come down and see me for a minute or two.' So he came down here and I brought this downstairs and it took his breath away from him.

"And then I made a model of the first Princeton Hospital -- the old Piers farmhouse that they occupied when they first started in business in 1917. That's down in the hospital today. And then I made Bainbridge House; and another one of Rockingham, the Washington's Headquarters at Rocky Hill. Most of these are shadow-box affairs, but Rockingham is not -- it's three dimensional and rather attractive. It has a deck onto it along the front. And I laid out all the gardens -- that's what I was making it for.

"The Public Library has the Nassau Street and the Bainbridge House and Washington's Headquarters. I've given most of them away among a couple of them were bought. I did one of Morven which is at the Historical Society now. I sold that one to Mrs. Edge. She seemed to be very anxious for it so I put a price on it.

"And then the last one I did -- they'd been after me to make Nassau Hall. Well, I couldn't get very enthusiastic about it because the building's there. You can see it in post cards and every other way of reproducing it. But I went back to a Dawkins print which was the very earliest of Nassau Hall, and made it as it was, or supposed to have been, in 1766. That's in the Faculty Room of Nassau Hall now. I gave it to the University and Colson got a hold of it and said it was to go in the Faculty Room, so I went over to see it and they've got a little brass plaque onto it, and it's all fixed up over there.

"Many other people have been asking me to do something for them, but I haven't felt like it. I may a little later. I sort of ran out of buildings. I don't know of another building in Princeton that I would tackle. But it was a lot of fun and I feel that it was just what I wanted. Of course, I haven't any of them here in the house. When I've finished them they've been called for and taken off and that's the last of it.

"It's surprising how many people have seen them. I meet strangers and they say, 'I feel I know you because I've seen your models around.' So I think it's been worthwhile, and if they are preserved, probably fifty years from now they'll be the only record. Some one sent me a photograph of one of them taken up at the Public Library with youngsters looking at it, which pleases me.
Duffield Model Stirs Happy Memories

"In the summer people used to promenade up and down Nassau Street. And at the corner of John Street there was a brick house, if I'm not mistaken, and it had a big stove out in front of it, and that was where Mr. and Mrs. Briner lived. And on warm summer nights Mrs. Briner used to bring out the most beautiful oriental rugs, and pillows, and she would sit out there with a fan and greet passersby. It was really lovely.

"And that was the same house where the old Dr. Van Sickler had his dentist's office for many years. But in the end he was quite a terror. He had a foot-pedaled drill which was pretty crude, the way, but then he developed Parkinson's Disease and his foot hit the pedal in fits and starts, and so did his hand with the drill.

"Right next door was Briner's Drug Store, which Mr. Thorne bought before he came downtown."

"And in the Palmer Room, I used to have all the tickets for the athletics at the University. They handled the tickets regularly. Mr. Briner was a very nice man.

"And then there was Bob Morris, a real old man. Who had a house in there.

"He used to have penny candy and kids used to go in after school.

"I don't remember anything into it except root beer and these black licorice drops. And as youngsters we used to go in there. I think he had the root beer into a sort of jar of some sort. He kept a glass there, one glass. It was a nickel a glass of root beer.

"The original Princeton Savings Bank was in there, too. So was the Water Company.

"And then just across the alleyway that led to the stables was the old Nassau Inn. I lived there for eight years. They used to call it the 'Squeakshak.' It squeaked when you walked on those old floors, and it was possible to get liquor at any time there during Prohibition. And the old soda fountain had the best food and the cheapest. Imagine a roast-beef dinner - superb - a dollar and a quarter. The Inn was very narrow, the Dining Room was just wide in the back. But the old hotel ran out over those shops on both sides. If you crossed the 'Bridge of Sighs' you were over the Princeton Savings Bank. And my room was right over that.

"The balcony on the old Inn was the social center of Princeton.

"Teddy Roosevelt was giving a speech from the balcony of the old Nassau Hotel, and he wanted a child of about three or four years old to have up there in his arms, and I was the child."

"And then there was Elijah Leigh right next door. He had the big grocery store.

"Elijah Leigh was an old bachelor -- he was of the firm of Leigh and Cook.

\[\text{There was three big merchants in Princeton when I was a kid, and they were all Leigs. They were three brothers. One had a meat market; one a grocery store; and one a clothing store.}\]

"And then there was Renwick's where we always got a soda with two straws -- nobody ever spent all the money on a soda alone.

"You went in the door in the middle and to the right was the cashier's cage where Uncle Wesley Leggett worked. They had white tablecloths on all the tables and everything -- and a fountain, and all.

"And then you went back through the Renwick's dining room, through a door, and that was where the bake shop was. And they baled all sorts of lovely cakes and cookies. And then you went on through the bake shop and went all the way back, and there was old Ben, and he made all the ice cream. He made the most delicious ice cream -- it was just lovely. And he used to make watermelon ice, and people would come down from Newark to get Ben's watermelon ice; it was so unusual. They'd never had it before and it was very good.

"And then came George Murray's Real Estate and Insurance office. He was quite a character. He always wore a pork-pie hat and every time the students got a chance they'd duel it from him. But he'd come right back with another one. Right above Murray's -- you'd go up on the same step -- was Koppe's Bicycle Shop.

"There were four generations of Koppe's, I guess. George, Ed, Ed, Jr., and Ed the third.

"Mr. Koppe was a fine fellow. He ran a bicycle shop here in town. There was a lot of business in bicycles in those days. And the people like Brooks Brothers and J. Press and some of the big clothing stores would send their parents tourists and display their things in his bicycle shop. He also took pictures. He was interested in photography. And he had a small jewelry store in there at one time, up in the front part of the store.

"And Dohm's had a bake shop next door and they sold bread and cakes and things.

"Nill was a baker for Dohm's before he went into business for himself -- had his bakery and store right down there in Baker Street.

"Then there was Orren Jack Turner's photographic studio. And in those days he had a store with big double windows on each side. And there was a girl named Mae Jackson, who was a class ahead of me at the High School. She was the glamorous girl. And every week or so Orren Jack Turner took a picture of Mae Jackson and it was in the window.

"And then there was William Leigh who had the clothing store."

"I don't know if Leigh had suits custom-made or not. We used to mostly use ready-made suits, but occasionally I would blow myself to a suit at Leigh's. The first post that I had in the diplomatic service was with the Embassy in Russia, and they had the Ambassador to the New Year's reception that the Emperor had. And Janus Morgan used to say the Emperor came up to me and said, 'Isn't that a Leigh suit you've got on?'


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Continued from page fifteen.

put a cork in, and that's the way they sold liquor. My father wasn't a drinking man, but he always had whiskey in the house, and he'd give me a note, and the money, and I'd go up. That was in those days; you didn't have to be of age or anything. I went up there when I was ten years old and bought a quart of liquor. The liquor barrels were in the back, and in the front they had cigar counters. And they had a table in the middle of the room, and the men who went in there and play cards.

"And then you went up the steps and that was a bookshop up there. I think they called it the Brick Row Bookshop."

"Then there was Waite's. There was a second generation of Waite there after Waite succeeded his father, and then they were succeeded by Mr. Henry C. Clayton."

"And Waite's Store had all the drygoods things. And in those days most men made their own clothes, so you'd buy your materials there.

"You couldn't buy a dress here. Waite's, which is now Clayton's, was the only place to buy anything. You could buy all your children's underwear there.

"And they had a milliner in there who would make your hats.

"I remember when I got to be around eighteen years old I used to buy all my hats from Mr. Clayton. They did hat work -- they made all the hats from scratch. They made wire frames and covered them and did everything. And we went to the back of the store to buy your hats.

"Mr. Clayton didn't have a very good bookkeeper system. His charges were written in pencil and ink on little blocks of cardboard.

"Mr. Clayton was famous for having a strange assortment of buttons. When you wanted to match a button or get a set of buttons, you went in Mr. Clayton's. Some of them were really odd, and I forget what it was, but a guest who came from the South, and she stopped off in Washington. When she got here, she said to her husband, 'I'm so unhappy. While I was in Washington I lost a button on my coat, and it was a very special button. I've only got one left and I don't know what to do.' So this friend said: 'Well, Mr. Clayton is very good on buttons.' When they showed Mr. Clayton the surviving button, he sorted of smiled, and went back to his button place and came back with the matching button. And so she said: 'Oh, Mr. Clayton, how did you do this, it's a rare button?' And he said: 'To tell you the truth, I was in Washington last week, and going up the steps of the Capital this button caught my eye lying on the step.'"

"Then came LaVake's Jewelry Store. There used to be a lane there called Baker's Alley, and that was over that -- with a big clock outside.

"Myron LaVake's father and my father learned the jewelry trade up above Baker's Alley where they did all the watch repairing and everything. You went the full length of the store and down at the very end of the store there was a winding stair that went up there. On the first floor there was a big showcase down the side and Mrs. LaVake -- I can see her today -- standing behind that counter selling watches and rings.

"Among them, Edward C. Kopp, Charlie Silvester and generations of Ross left a rich pictorial record of Princeton past which now forms the photograph collections at Firestone Library and the Historical Society of Princeton. Unfortunately, Princeton's photographers left few records to accompany their pictures. Here, for instance, are two excellent shots of Princeton drug store-soda fountains, whose names are lost. If you know any information about either of the establishments, or the group of attendants shown in one of them, we would welcome your response.

"Beyond that we are interested in the experience of confectionaries like these many years ago. Do you remember the neatly labeled bottles of medicinal herbs and compounds, or the banded cigs, or poted palms, or penny candy? How much did a malted cost, or a soda, or a sundae?

"Then Duffield tells us he remembers a drink called a McAlpin at Doc Clayton's drug store, that tasted of raspberry. "It was named for Dave McAlpin's father who originated it, and only Doc knew the formula in town." Do you remember it, too? In an age when every soda fountain made its own ice cream, what were the flavors and who had the best ice cream in town?

"What's in a picture? How can old faces and places come alive again? Only through your help. Please contact us with any information, or drop by Bainbridge House Wednesday afternoons for a look through our collections. Bring your own photographs along and share your memories with us.