Leigh Remembers Farming in 1989

I was born here in old Cedar Grove in 1889 on the same land where I now live, so I have many memories of this area. We had only the necessities of life in those days — no luxuries like telephone, electric light or running water. There were mud roads in winter, dusty roads in summer.

Going back seventy-six years ago when I was a boy ten-years-old, I will endeavor to name farmers and their families who were living in the northwestern section of Princeton Township, known at that time as Cedar Grove. I have drawn a crude map of the roads showing the names of the families on the farms along them.

On Cherry Valley Road, from Province Line to Cherry Hill Roads, there were four families. Starting to the west there was a large farm operated by Mr. Kiefer, who came here from Newark. He was known as an expert on horses. Another large farm on the same side of the road was owned by Edward James.

**Continued on page six**

Summer Found Houses in the Street

Perhaps once due to the dour Scots who could not abide the demolition of any building as their Presbyterian campus outgrew its bounds, house-moving was for many years a summer tradition in Princeton's dusty streets. Through horsepower and camy engineering, dozens of houses rumbled from one site to another, including two from as far away as Northampton, Mass. and Alexandria, Va. More than thirty older Princetonians here share their memories of this local phenomenon. In our efforts to compile a full listing of transplanted Princeton buildings we ask the help of all our readers.

- "Years ago the town was much more oriented to the University as the one big institution here. You can't notice the difference between winter and summer anymore, and the traffic on Nassau Street, and in the stores, doesn't subside. It used to be that the day after Commencement you could be blindedfolded and know that something was different than it had been the day before, because the University had gone out of session. Houses used to start moving up and down Nassau Street just the day after Commencement, because it was a small town and you had to wait until after the big event before you could block up Nassau Street with moving houses."
- "Did you ever see houses moved down the street? In the summertime this was the thing; they were always moving houses up and down Nassau Street, all summer long."
- "There wasn't a year went by when at least two or three weren't moved. The streets would be blocked."

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Recollector to Take Vacation Next Issue Will be in October

Following the long-standing summer tradition, the editors and staff of The Recollector will be spending portions of July and August away from Princeton. Accordingly, there will not be another issue of The Princeton Recollector until October.

However, since we will be planning future issues, we hope our readers will continue to provide us with information on any and all topics of interest. In particular, we are eager to review articles that our readers may care to submit.

Keep those cards, letters and subscriptions coming, and for our part, we promise many new twists and surprises in the fall.

We wish you all a happy and relaxing summer.

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Thoughtfulness Urged In Bicentennial Year

This month we are pleased to present Elmer Leight's delightful account of farms in Cedar Grove at the turn of the century. Although the area remains one of the loveliest in Princeton, the working farms are gone. Near Rocky Hill, however, the Cortelyou Farm continues an unbroken family tradition of well over a century. In these pages, Mrs. Ruth Cortelyou reflects upon her more than forty years of farming experience, John and Anne Kamarek share some of their secrets for growing and canning vegetables, and John doNotan and Dante Finelli, who tell of the origins of Princeton Italian community, add pride in magnificently cared for gardens.

Despite the encroachments of suburbia, many Princetonians still produce much of their own food. We are pleased to make note of this, but saddened by a story that recently came our way, which tells of children who believe apples grow in supermarkets. A visit to Cortelyou Farm would surely dissorve that unhapp misconception. John Kamarek proposes that schools devote part of every day to working in a garden so that young people will have practical gardening experience in the event of a food shortage.

The times are complex, and the world is over-revealed, but many people refuse to surrender their vegetable gardens. We salute these farmers in hopes they long may prosper in this healthy work.

* * *

As the Bicentennial celebrations

**Letters and Response**

**Origin of Spader's Nickname**

To The Recollector:

Your approach to oral history as a source for local history is the best to have come to my attention. Thank you for telling us about it.

I was wrong in thinking there was a Serbury in the War of 1812. Joseph Serbury, father of Spader, served in the Civil War. So much for my rag-tag mind! I enclose a few photocopies which you might like to have for your files. Spader's death was indexed as a news item rather than an obituary.

Rebecca B. Moonie
Head, Reference Department
Free Public Library
Trenton, New Jersey
June 13, 1975

The photocopies contained the following bits of information that were new to us:

Spader was born August 5, 1877 and started selling peanuts at the age of eleven. He was a veteran of the Spanish-American War. In the June 1898 issue of the Princeton History Project, a newspaper devoted to the American Bicentennial, the following story appeared:

> Two more sales cries were: "Get the Waldorf peanuts," and, "You grab the peanuts at the same time."

It was said that Princeton students were responsible for Spader's nickname of Spader. Before the turn of the century, as a well dressed gentleman, named Conover Spader, sold wicker baskets in Princeton. When Serbury appeared selling peanuts, he was given the name of the old vendor.

**Towine Salutes Griffin**

While we were reminiscing about town baseball stories, John Servis treated us with a "townie"s reaction to the interview of Donald Griffin in the June Recollector. That was a terrific story. Donnie Griffin told us he touched all of the bases. The things he said about the university are just as we knew it. It was well told; it wasn't exaggerated. And when he touched on the town a bit he was right on top of it. When he said, "I'm that had you gone down Westminster Road, I would have pointed out the youngsters talking about their team," you bet your life they said it was "our team"; you go down Westminster Road, they'd say it was "our team" too. It was a wonderful story.

**Incoming Juniors Celebrate in High Style**

Responding to the "High Hat review" from the balcony of the old Nassau Inn, all five of our first issue, Warren H. Hastings '10, lends this photograph of his classmates (left to right): Johnny Giffin, Herb Townsend, Shell Potter, Tony Gerlach and Bob Miegs, with the present site of the English Shop to the rear. "This group presents the 'hautiness' of our Sophomore class which had just finished its journey into Juniors. As many as could find hats to put on a 'High Hat' show with a Frade on Nassau Street." These celebrations inevitably ended up in great toasting in the taproom of the "Old Nasa" to which only Juniors and Seniors were admitted.

* * *

As the Bicentennial celebrations

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For photocopies of the above story, contact the Princeton Historical Society.
Kasmarek's Offer Practical Gardening and Canning Tips

John Kasmarek came to this country from Poland as a small boy. It has been, for fifty years, a truck farmer and nurseryman. Here he shares with us a few basic tips on tending a family vegetable garden that he, himself, has relied upon during his fifty year's experience. Since he feels that books and the written word on gardening are insufficient, it is best to visit him at his beautifully cared for garden and nursery on Opposum Road in Skillman.

Gardening Tips:
“When you put plants out, you must give them the loving care. You must see that time to them is just as important as any other necessary things that you have to tend to. If the plant has to be taken care of that day, why it has to be taken care of. You can't postpone it the days later—those little things don't wait three days.

Cultivating:
“Cultivating is very important. The most important time to cultivate is within 24 hours after rain. By not cultivating, the ground is much warmer because the sun's rays penetrate into the ground which will harden up and the roots can't grow. You must cultivate, too, you have a soggy bottom as the moisture can't dry out. If you do cultivate, the same amount of moisture from the ground raises to the surface towards night. And you can destroy more weeds by cultivating more often when weeds are sprouting. You can hardly see the sprouts, but you have a turn the soil over, the sun and air will dry them up much quicker and safer than pulling them out by hand and you save yourself a lot of labor.

Mulching:
“Mulching is important only in dry weather and not until the plant is half grown. Mulching too early can do you more harm than good. It would suffocate the plants which would also get no warmth from the sun. Rainwater holds longer, with mulching, and the ground raises its heat through the summer months.

Tomatoes:
“Protect young plants in the middle of the day from exposed sun and wind. Plants are delicate after their move from a sheltered place. Use 5-6" clay flower pots as protective covering to hold off frost at night for the first couple of days after planting.

Lettuce:
“You can grow lettuce between your flowers. Plants laid out bare-rooted should be protected against sun especially, and wind. They need more shade than potted plants.

Corn:
“Ground temperature must be about 75°. Plants then be protected from frost and strong wind regardless if started in pots or not.

Lima Beans:
“Food for limas cannot be strong in nitrogen and should be medium in potash. This is true for any beans for they'll either go right into foliage or heavy and be without much height and heavy liming is not required. When the limas have climbed 4 feet or so up the poles it's good to put a string from one pole to the other, about 5 feet off the ground. Tie one string continually, twisted once or twice around each pole—it's an extra support or trelise.
July 1925 was not the most newsworthy month in Princeton history. It seems that when the University closed its doors after Commencement, the town followed suit by rolling up its sidewalks. The pace of the town slowed down for the summer with only the merchants, farmers, and some of the winter residents staying for the perennial "dog-days." The social pages in town newspapers were filled with details of who was going where. An old saying goes that "the town emptied out so much, you could shoot a cannon down Nassau Street and not hit a soul!"

One noteworthy item of July 1925 came from Borough Hall. The Borough Council passed an ordinance to pave Witherspoon Street from the end of the asphalt block on Spring Street to the Township line. The Traction Company, which operated the Johnson Trolley down the center of this section of Witherspoon Street, agreed to pay one third of the cost for the improvement.

The Council also passed a resolution to keep the keys to fireboxes in the boxes themselves. Prior to this the keys were kept in private homes nearby. Countless blazes could have been brought under control sooner if the person who sounded the alarm had not had to waste time searching for the firebox keys.

Even though the summer papers weren't as lengthy or full of exciting headlines as the winter editions, they still contained many interesting advertisements. Bell Telephone was publicizing that "you could have a phone in your home for a little as $2.25 a month; with extension 'phones for only 75c more.' The Baltimore Bakery offered homemade bread at 10c a loaf. Hinkson's was pushing its fireworks for The Fourth, while Chandwick's Rexall Store urged people to save their holiday memories with a Kodak camera - $2.00 and up!

Tom Mix and Tony the Wonder Horse were back at The Arcade in "The Rainbow Trail," the sequel to "Riders of the Purple Sage."

John Di Donato remembers that his father came here with one of his cousins during the time construction of Carnegie Lake was underway. Men dug with shovels, filling horse-drawn wagons with earth, and horses hauled the earth away.

In those days, as is true even now, one heard of an old Italian saying, "word of mouth, from a friend or family member. Mr. Di Donato's father, too, returned to Isernia after the Lake job, went back to his farm where he kept vineyards, olive trees, fig trees, potato and corn fields, goats and sheep. Here, he could make just barely enough to feed his own family. As his children grew up, they moved to America, the girls because of marriage, the boys because of the possibility of finding work. As a young man put some money aside, he would send for a younger brother, or perhaps would return to his home town to find himself a bride.

Even today, the Italian-American community is close-knit. Ties of friendship are life-long in many, many cases, and there is the shared experience of settlement in a foreign country where one had to make one's own way, to go out and find something, not just because one liked to do it, but because one had to do it in order to earn a living.

Young men would take laborer's jobs at the quarry or the terra cotta factory in Rocky Hill, until those two places of employment closed in the twenties. Many worked for Matthews Construction Company which is responsible for construction of the University Chapel and a lot of the other University buildings. The University provided other jobs as well, notably with the gardening force which maintained the campus in its famously beautiful condition.

As men became settled here, and gained experience and recognition in Princeton, with whatever employer they had, they began to work independently as contractors or gardeners among other things. Women stayed very much at home, raising children, keeping immaculate houses, tending the family vegetable garden, which abounded with fruits and vegetables, hens and maybe a dozen cutting flowers. There is a strong sense of hard work and determination in Princeton's former immigrants which maintained the campesino, in so many cases, self-employed, independent and has kept them the distinct individuals that they are even today after generations of assimilation.

The Princeton History Project wishes to have a more detailed record of all aspects of the development of our Italian-American community. If anyone has any information, and stories to tell, any recollections whatsoever, please let us know.

Connie Sayen

Lake, Quarry Work Attracted Italians

John Di Donato and Dante Pinelli think of Princeton as a place where they have been able to "make a decent living." They remember their home town of Isernia, in the province of Abruzzi and Molise with great love, and each has made sure to return there with their families, long after their adoption of Princeton, and America, as home.

Both men arrived here in the early twenties, each having worked briefly elsewhere — one in Ohio, one near Pittsburgh. Each came at the suggestion of friends, already here, to find work in construction, gardening, or the terra cotta factory and quarry in Rocky Hill.

Even fifty years ago, Princeton had the unusual quality of being an oasis of healthy green, lying midway between the cities of New York and Philadelphia. But like these cities, Princeton has been literally built and landscaped with the labor of immigrant craftsmen.

The quarry in Rocky Hill attracted a lot of young Italians, who had farmed all their lives in their homeland, fifty miles to the northeast of Naples. Mrs. Dante Pinelli remembers that her father, as a young man in 1889, came to work at the quarry where he was given ninety cents a day, and was in constant danger of injury, since safety measures had not been provided. He returned soon after to Isernia, to raise a family, only to have his daughter return after the First World War to raise hers, in Princeton.

John Di Donato remembers that his father came here with one of his cousins during the time construction of Carnegie Lake was underway. Men dug with shovels, filling horse-drawn wagons with earth, and horses hauled the earth away.

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Connie Sayen
There was a timeless quality to the atmosphere. Mr. and Mrs. Cortelyou and I sat under the shade of an old apple tree and talked about country life in the 1930’s. Kittens scurried around the legs of the old-fashioned rocking chair near the porch swing, the sky on swings and built imaginary worlds in the sand pile, while their parents were off gathering the crops. Grandpa Cortelyou was full of bird stories. The roosters crowed and the only reminder of the present was the occasional plane overhead. It seemed to me a fine vantage point to discover the magic of times gone by.

At one time the Cortelyou’s owned more than 1000 acres in the area, and there were Cortelyou farmhouses up and down the road beginning on Route 27. The house in the photograph belonged to James Garrison Cortelyou and at one time it was a trading store. Not far from “Grampa Cortelyou’s” was the schoolhouse. Mrs. Cortelyou said it is no longer used as a school, but she told me that everyone in the neighborhood once attended school there.

“All Cliff’s family went to that schoolhouse. The teacher lived with T. E. Gibson, and if the school teacher got on with T. E. and his daughter, that’s why, tied the farmers all right. And if she didn’t get on with the daughter, who was odd, it wasn’t all right, and then she left. All Cliff’s family went to school in the little schoolhouse; it was called Upper Ten Mile Run. The kids went right from this little school to high school in Princeton.

Back in the 1930’s, James G. Cortelyou was the apple king in this area. The apples grown on the Cortelyou farm were grown in big barrels and delivered to New Brunswick markets on the canal. The barrels were loaded onto barges which were pulled along the edge of the canal by mules. Ruth and Clifford Cortelyou built their house during the depression. They paid their builder, Jim French, 50 cents an hour and he was pleased to get some work in such hard times. During the depression, folks lived very frugally. The Cortelyou’s raised hogs, chickens for eggs, and Mrs. Cortelyou taught school to supplement their income. Mrs. Cortelyou told me that they used a lot of pruning wood to heat the house one winter. This paid off financially but was very time consuming since someone had to keep stoking the furnace.

We discussed the difficulties of making a living farming. There are so many forces beyond the farmer’s control. For instance, the first year the peaches were mature the Cortelyou’s had a big crop of Hales which are at least four inches across. There was a hurricane that year which took down some of the apple trees and shook down all the peaches. So the Cortelyou’s allowed people to come in and pick baskets of peaches worth $1.50 for 50 cents. Mrs. Cortelyou told me about the Harold Cortelyou family who began by growing and selling grains and eventually went into raising bob calves. She explained that a bob calf is the calf used to make veal. “They are milk fed and Harold Cortelyou used to go up to the Flemington Auction and buy small calves and put them on his cows. He didn’t sell any cows for milk. He didn’t sell any

Standing in front of Grandpa Cortelyou’s house which was built about 1830, are from left: Sarah, James Garrison, William A. (seated in carriage), Dinah G., Abram, Charles, and William J. Any additional information on this photograph would be greatly appreciated. Courtesy Rayth Cortelyou

You’d have quilting bees…’round here there was an older lady who just died this past year, Mrs. Henry Wilson, Sr. And she used to have quilting bees in her home with a frame and she made a quilt for all her children, her grandchildren, and her great-grandchildren. She must have made twenty at least in different patterns. Towards the end she was doing it more or less on her own. They would have quilting bees down at Gramma Cortelyou’s. They had a big living room, everyone would come, and then you’d quilt.” Mrs. Cortelyou went on to say, “They used to have harvest homes which were great fun…you had a big dinner with all you could eat, then they’d have a band and the cocusnut throw and all those things, and everybody came, and every church had them, and now hardly any churches have them in the summer. We always had one on the 4th of July at our church. It took two or three days to cook the turkeys, and well you’d go to church and you stuff them, and then you took them home and put them in your oven, and then you’d bring them back and make the gravy and potatoes, and then they were carved.”

Mrs. Cortelyou has lived in this area for 47 years. When she and her parents moved from Princeton Road to West Germantown Road in 1928 there was no electricity or telephone. Mrs. Cortelyou’s mother fought hard for the telephone. When they first moved here there would they would go down to the Cortelyou to use the telephone. And as Mrs. Cortelyou explained, “That’s how I met my husband…that was the one big family that helped us out, and we got friendly, and Cliff and I got playing around and that was, that’s how I met him.”

When I left the Cortelyou farmyard that day and slowly recollected 1975 I understood these lines by Robinson Jeffers:

“…it is time for us to kiss the earth again,
It is time to let the leaves rain from the skies,
Let the rich life run to the roots again…”

Judy Hunt

S. SERGE RIZZO
LICENSED BROKER
NEW JERSEY
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Leigh Describes Farms in Cedar Grove

Continued from page one

Further along was a small farm run by Mr. Larkin, who also helped other farmers.

Mr. George H. Duffield owned a large farm with a considerable acreage in peaches. One of his c:Mrs. Duffield, who attended school with me, was connected with the University Library for 56 years.

Along the north side of Ridgeway Road there were three farms. From the west the first large farm was operated by William Bond, who raised cattle and planted a large acreage in peaches. The last farm, owned by Mr. Harkness, also produced fruit and vegetables, with many acres in timber.

A Former Vigilante

Between these farms, Isaac Leigh, my grandfather, lived in the first homestead going back many generations, and operated a small farm planted with fruit and vegetables, also a large acreage in timber. In his early years he had gone west, serving as a vigilante in California in the 1840's, before his father, a blacksmith, forced his return. My father was one of their three children.

My grandfather farmed for Paul Tulane and he told me about clearing rocks from the fields with the use of oxen and a drag. They used the stone to build stone fences and installed drains in the low places to carry the water away. There are parts of these fences along Cherry Valley Road and both sides of the Great Road as it approaches Cherry Valley Road.

There were five families on the north side of Drakes Corner Road. Jackson Hunt operated a farm, supervised by George Stout, who was Mr. Harkness's brother. The Cherry brothers, Emory and James, operated a painting business for refinishing wagons and buggies. They also planted vegetables for sale in Princeton.

B.C. Updike operated a farm with a large acreage in peaches, and sold cord wood for fireplaces. Living with Mr. Updike was his son-in-law, Furrington Stout, who was a carpenter. Mr. R. S. Leigh, a farmer, owned and operated another 35 acres.

Henry Stout and Andrew Duryee lived on the south side of the road. Mr. Stout worked for farmers. Mr. Duryee was also a carpenter. There was also a Mr. Turner who boarded orphans for the State of New Jersey. The Turner house burned down. Theodore Drake, for whom the road was named, owned a large farm near the corner. He had a large peach orchard and a big herd of cattle.

Horse-Powered Threshing

Beginning at Ridgeway Road and going south on the Cedar Grove Road - now known as the Great Road - Mary Anderson owned a large farm and also a large acreage in timber. Her son, Lewis Anderson, operated the farm.

He did his threshing and shellin corn by tread-power. This was powered by a horse, walking on an incline of heavy slats which revolved.

Since we first enjoyed his recollections five years ago Elmer H. Leigh has made major contributions to insure the lasting memory of this area as he knew it before 1900. A principal figure at the one-room school reunions and a perennial participant at TOWNSPEOPLE gatherings, in the past year Mr. Leigh has lent us his old photographs to copy, addressed the faculty of the Princeton Day School on the history of their campus properties, and prepared a history of the Cedar Grove Church, in addition to a complete description of every farm and family around Cedar Grove in his youth. The following article is drawn from that study.

The purveyor of “Doc” Maple’s Electric Linament and other patent-medicines, Morris Maple, Sr., and his family pose outside their home in Cedar Grove for photographer Charles Silvester.

B.C. Updike prepares for the plunge into Princeton’s first swimming pool at Edgerston's, the A.D. Russell estate.

Photo courtesy of Elmer H. Leigh.
Farm Days Recalled
Continued from page six

The old school has been remodeled into a residence, but I will remember the original outline. Two things are missing, the porch in front of the school and the flag pole which extended up from the roof. Also, there was a very large flat rock near the school where the boys and girls sat to eat their lunches, weather permitting.

“Help Yourself Boys”

Then at the bottom of the hill was our house owned by my father Sam Leigh. They called him “Uncle Sam.” He owned 22 acres, ten acres clear, and twelve acres of woodland. He grew fruit and vegetables, and operated a blacksmith shop and a large cider mill.

In fruit my father specialized in strawberries and in mid-April picked 500 quarts a day and delivered in Trenton to a grocer on State Street.

The old cider mill was a center of attraction when farmers came with loads of apples to be milled into cider. My father pressed cider for farmers who lived within a radius of four miles. The motor for the mill also cut the farmers’ wood with a circular saw.

I remember inviting the boys from school down to the cider mill at noon recess to treat them to a dipper of cider. My father never objected, and would say, “Help yourself, boys.” Cider was plentiful as we made barrels at a time.

The mill could grind twenty bushels of apples in 15 minutes. The apples were shoveled into a hopper, then elevated by a conveyor to the mill. After they were ground up and the nearby farmers would congregate there to discuss the topic of the day.

Further down the road, R. Henderson, or Uncle Rod as he was called, did excavating work and operated a small store, selling candy and tobacco, and also kerosene. One of his sons, Isaac Henderson, who was a carpenter by trade, later was employed by the Matthews Construction Company as a superintendent on a number of large buildings, one of which was the University Chapel, and several large homes around Princeton. Mr. Henderson has passed on, but he will be remembered by the old timers.

Below this was a large farm of about 90 acres, planted mostly to corn, run by Arthur Campbell and another of about 85 acres in fields and woodland owned by Peter Yates and operated by Charles Sorter.

On Pretty Brook Road to the north, going west, there was a cemetery on the Campbell farm, and then a farm operated by Mr. Weigel and two sons, Frederick and Charles. This was large dairy farm and they had a delivery route in Princeton. Later they ran the Rockwood Dairy on Witherspoon Street.

The First Hay Fork

On the south side of Pretty Brook from Cedar Grove Road there was a house owned by Mr. Konietzko, who worked as a printer in Princeton. The next large farm in the valley going west belonged to my grandfather William Blackwell. The income was from raising cattle and a large acreage in peach orchards.

There was a very large barn and other buildings. In the barn was installed the first hay fork in Princeton Township used to unload hay carted in from the field. The fork was harpooned in the center of the barn, then the fork and hay would be raised to the track under the roof of the barn, where the pin on the top of the fork would trip a car which ran on a track. The man on the haywagon had a trip rope which was pulled when the car arrived over the hay storage. They used a team of horses at the end of the rope to pull the hay up to the track.

The people of Cedar Grove were of a clannish nature, in regards to helping a neighbor when help was really needed. In case a neighbor became ill, especially during harvest time, the nearby neighbors would volunteer to help harvest the crops, and other chores. I remember one farmer when a neighbor became ill during corn harvest. The neighbors arranged to huck his corn, and one neighbor supplied a team of horses and a wagon to haul the corn to storage. They also tied the stalks in bundles.

And if a doctor was needed a neighbor would volunteer to go to Princeton as there were no telephones in this section at that time.

Money was not plentiful in those days, but people paid their bills after some delay, or would work to pay a bill. My father, who operated the blacksmith shop, frequently was required to wait for a farmer to pay for shoeing horses or other work, and purchased corn or hay to close out an account, but he never refused credit.

We hear people talk about “the good old days.” I suppose I will have to tell people I think back and remember my old friends. There are not many left today, and I am the only one living who was in my class, but I still have these many memories of old Cedar Grove.

Elmer H. Leigh

E. BAHADURIAN & SON

Princeton, N.J.

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Gala TOWNSPEOPLE: Pets, Dolls and a Birthday Cake

Despite heavy rains, the June TOWNSPEOPLE gathering brought out the largest number of Princetonians, young old, since the series began last fall. Photographs and other articles of local interest collected at the meeting in May and the subsequent Mount Lucas reunion were on display in the meeting room of the Public Library. To these were added new photographs including early views of Valley Road School, the dedication by President Harding of the Battle Monument, and the Page Monument Co. beside the Princeton Cemetery, brought by such newcomers as George Gibbs and Leroy and Dorothy Page. Ting Taylor contributed another 19th century recipe book. Best of all, though, were the beautiful old dolls which accompanied Alice Schannel, Viola Geoke, Bessie Maxwell, Else Waag, Bernice White and Gretchen and Lisey Good. The next gathering will occur in October.

The TOWNSPEOPLE gathering on June 12, corresponded to Gretchen Good’s 12th birthday. Anna Henderson, Margaret Beers and sister Lisey Good lead a chorus of “Happy Birthday” as she blows out the candle on a surprise cake brought by Bessie Cherry Maxwell. The sisters Good, themselves, baked four dozen cup cakes. All photos by Judy Hunt

Assembled TOWNSPEOPLE enjoy a lighter moment as Grace Brown Harris, foreground, tells how uncle Bill Leggett’s dog “Brownie” carried his master’s bank book. For more on Brownie see the opposite page.

With the front row reserved for dolls only, TOWNSPEOPLE regulars, Margaret Stewart Beers, Lisey Good, and Alexander R. (Ting) Taylor, react to a discussion of summer evenings on Princeton’s front porches in a more romantic day.

Elmer Leigh, 86, and John Bergen, 84, engage in a spirited discussion of Princeton past before the June gathering of TOWNSPEOPLE. Mr. Leigh’s reminiscence of his boyhood in Cedar Grove appears on pages 6 and 7.

Despite the rain, when Alice Schannel saw the dolls which other ladies had brought in tow, she rushed home to bring hers, a German blonde which she bought in Trenton sixty years ago.

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The Colophon
Society
A Dog Fetched Water in a Bucket

In response to an earlier query in The Recollector, several TOWNSPEOPLE enlivened the June gathering with animal stories from their youth.

Mrs. Bessie Cherry Maxwell: “My brother found three puppies in an old abandoned house on Draken Corner Road. He brought them home and they were like puff balls. One of the dogs could climb a ladder, go up on the roof, go up in the tree house; he could do most anything. He could sit up in the swing.”

Mrs. Grace Brown Harris: “The Branches used to live next door to us. Their dog, Teddy, used to go everywhere with Mr. Branch. When Mr. Branch had to go to the bank Teddy would walk up the street with him and carry the bank book with the money in it. If Mr. Branch stopped to talk to someone, he would put one paw out, lay the bank book on the paw, and put the other paw over the top of it. That’s how he protected it.

‘They had a parrot which was a very interesting bird. This parrot was quite a talker. It was kept in the kitchen, and whenever a tradesman came to the door, and Mrs. Branch would have to have change given her, the old parrot would stick his head out and say, ’Is that right?’”

One of the famous tricks for which “Brownie” was renowned was his ability to fetch a pail of water on command. He was photographed in the act for the Outor’s Book Recreation Magazine in 1919. Courtesy Mrs. George McKag

“And Bill Leggett’s old Brownie...of course, at one time they thought they’d put him in the movies. When the people came and offered Bill the contract, he refused because he thought Brownie was a bit too old at that time. They lived up on Chestnut Street.

‘Brownie used to take a bucket many, many times and go down to the brook to fill it up and bring it back to Bill. And Bill would say to him, ‘Brownie, that isn’t full.’ So Brownie picked the bucket up and would go back again to the brook.

“He did all sorts of stunts that Bill would ask him to do. One time Bill went to the tram, and about halfway over to Witherspoon Street, with Brownie in tow. Bill always did, Bill said, ‘Oh, I forgot my gloves.’ Brownie disappeared, and when Bill got to the tram, there was Brownie with two gloves, but they were both for the same hand.” Viola Higgins Gooke: “We had a little pet pig we called Billy. My father took it away from the mother because she had so many babies that she couldn’t nurse them all. We kept it wrapped up in a bushel basket, with straw in it, behind the kitchen stove; and we nursed it and kept it alive with a bottle. We even used to get up in the night and feed it. It would follow you and never was with the rest of the pigs. And it grew up to be a 350-pound pig.”

Mr. George Gibbs: “Mr. Priest was very interested in pacing, and this one horse had gotten the heaves and was windbroken and so was no good for pacing any more. Therefore, he sold it to my father, and it was the Brownie horse we had on the farm. He really wasn’t a farm horse, but my father had to make out with it. When you hooked it up to a buggy and came in town and went back again, just as it is today, somebody always wanted to go by you because you weren’t going fast enough. But the minute they pulled alongside to go by this horse, he would go. He never forgot his racing instinct. He would really step out for at least a half mile. Nobody ever went by him.”

Landau’s Hosts Picnic in July

The next gathering of TOWNSPEOPLE will take place in October. The October issue of The Recollector will announce the date. In the meantime we urge our readers over 62 in Princeton Borough and Township to join us at the Senior Gathering to be held in the gardens at Prospect on the University campus, Thursday July 17 from two to seven. A picnic lunch, beer and iced tea will be served. Reservations and further information may be obtained by calling Landau’s at 924-3494 before July 11. Entertainment is still sought, but we are pleased to note that Matt Maxwell will be playing his ukulele!
Nothing Spilled When Rogers Moved

Benjamin Franklin Rogers, III, was born in Allentown, N.J., July 12, 1920. Although his father was already an established builder, by 1900 he joined an uncle in the specialty of moving buildings, one of them in Princeton. Three years ago his daughter, Edna Rogers Woodston, visited Bainbridge House for more of his life’s work, and his death on May 2, 1916. We are pleased to share her memories of the photographs her son now proudly preserves.

“My father was Benjamin F. Rogers, the house-mover. It’s almost a lost art now but, oh, there was a lot then in 1912 or ‘13, that time. The Rogers had been in building — his father before him — but he went more into the moving of houses. They had a shop where I lived in Allentown, where they turned out building materials and balustrades and all like that. But it was my father’s idea, I guess, to move houses.

“We lived in Allentown; and then I lived in Trenton. But there was something going on in Princeton. The University would buy a house, you know, and they wanted the land but not the house. But in one case they didn’t try to tell us like today; they moved it to another location. And they were well-built houses.

“I remember once he told me that there was a house... and they said if he could move it he could have it. And it was a pretty big house, and they used to show me that house once in a while. I think it’s down Nassau this way, but I’m not sure because that was told to me as a child. But, of course, he would have had to buy a piece of land, and we were well established in Allentown, so he didn’t take it. But he could have had the house for moving it.

“Sometimes people stayed right in their homes, if they wanted to, while they were moved. When they moved Priet’s Pharmacy my father guaranteed that the clock wouldn’t stop, or it wouldn’t spill a drop of water from a full glass. I was still a little girl at that time, but I remember him telling about it. And he had to cut some of the houses in three parts here in Princeton because they wouldn’t have any of the limbs broken on the trees.

“But it was all done with horses, you know. You had to get them to jack it up and then these horses went round something like a winch. And then the timbers were greased and they would slip. Then they would have to change them again and go a little bit further. It was a slow process — ‘course, it became mechanized.

“You know, he was an engineer although not college trained for it. He went to Peddie but never further than that. But he must have just sort of picked it up.

“My father kept his horses in Allentown and then they brought them up here in a big wagon, and timbers, and so on. Then he owned houses and lots over on William Street and he kept several properties there, so some of the timbers would just be stored there. And then during the time of graduation he had to put a roof on there. They’d take any of those timbers and burn them for the bonfire over here, you know. It didn’t matter to them that it was timbers that he needed for moving. So he was careful not to lose some of his timbers.

“But he had men working here most of the time. He had a lot of black men working for him. One, Kenny Lamb — Kenneth Lamb — went on for a while and tried to do a few jobs. It’s vague in my mind, but I think after my father’s death he carried on quite a little.

“My father met with his death at one of these places down at Wall Ropeworks — Beverly. Beverly had the Wall Ropeworks and they made rope, so they had a building a mile long. And he was taking buildings up, over, and down the other side, rather than going all the way ‘round.

So that meant a lot of blocking, you know. These buildings had to go up and up and up, and then across, and then down. And he stopped at the job just toward evening. Well, I suppose the men hadn’t put the timbers just properly and he climbed up to have a look and something slipped — a sixteen by fifteen inch tremendous beam just fell on him. And it was only two days until he died, Gangrene, in today’s world... I’ve often thought if he’d gotten penicillin... oh I could have helped him. I could have done things for him if he only could have lived, but that’s how it all happened. I was fifteen when he died — that was in 1916. His life ended and he was only 45. He probably would have gone on to do a lot more but then that ended everything. So this all happened here from 1900 on up to 1916.

Benj. F. Rogers: House-Mover

Fifteen years’ experience in the moving business: I am now equipped for handling all kinds of buildings — bricks, stone or frame. All jobs handled with care and promptness.

Just phone 15, Allentown, N.J., or send a postal.

The above cut shows the Priest Drug Store of Princeton being moved back 60 feet to make room for the new park. This building was moved by me last October. Size front, 45x60, with rear addition 1x4x1, making it altogether 81 feet long. This building is the heaviest building that has ever been moved in this section of New Jersey.

Answers to Quiz on Page Nine

Buildings Raised in Princeton

Other businesses which occupy raised buildings include: Helen Van Cleve, real estate, 9 Mercer Street; Harry’s Luncheonette, 16 1/2 Witherspoon Street; Charles Drake, real estate, 166 Nassau Street; and Thorne Pharmacy, 168 Nassau Street. Information on other vertical alterations is greatly desired.

The Thorne Pharmacy

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Rusty Scupper
and the house was moved twice."

"Well, we had to stop traffic. A man named Tim from Topwell used to move all the houses.

"A man named Frank Johnson used to move those houses. He was a builder and a blacksmith. He built you a house or move one. Either one.

"They had a colored man. He lived in Allentown, N.J., and he was used to work for Johnson. But this here colored man, he was a big boss 'n Mr. Johnson was payin' him ninety dollars a week. He built you a house or move one. Either one.

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Early School Transportation Questionnaire

The Recollector is pleased to pass along the following appeal from a researcher in the Midwest. Her interest in horse-drawn school vehicles should prompt memories of Smalley’s Stage from Rocky Hill.

To The Recollector:
I am researching the use of horse-drawn, tax-supported vehicles for schools. I believe that such public transportation was used in Mercer County.
I would like to hear from as many as possible of those who rode or drove or just remember these horse-drawn conveyances for schools. I am interested in all kinds of facts, anecdotes and memories of their use, even tall stories and tales about the horses.

The accompanying questionnaire indicates some things I’d like to learn. Others may think of additional items. I am also anxious to locate pictures of the vehicles.

Sincerely,
Rey. Laara Bradbury
Friendly Acres
Newton, Kansas

When the Township opened the new school at Valley Road in 1920, horse-drawn busses brought students from Mount Lucas and other surrounding settlements. As identified at the recent reunion, this picture includes, top row: George H. Gibbs, driver, Martin (? Tindall, Bill Tindall, Mildred Gibbs, Mary Davidson, Helen Higgins, and Viola Higgins; second row; John Golden, Walter Golden, Ed Bastedo, an unknown boy, Joe Davidson, Alberta Gibbs, Harri Gibbs, and John Golden; front row: May Gibbs, Margaret Waag, and Sarah Tindall. Further identifications and memories of horse-drawn school vehicles are requested.

courtesy of Mildred Gibbs Williams

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courtesy of Mildred Gibbs Williams

Need Someone to Finish Seventy Year Old Quilt

One of the more pleasant cooperative projects that once characterized the country communities surrounding Princeton was the quilting bee. For example, Eiler Leigh has told us about three quilts of his grandmother’s, made by the ladies of Cedar Grove – one of which he himself helped to stitch on a quilting frame, and promises to bring them to the October TownSPEOPLE gathering.

At the recent Mount Lucas reunion, Mr. George McK. Gibbs told us of two quilts which were stitched by his wife’s grandmother, a Mrs. Bertha Nick, who emigrated to Buffalo, N.Y. from Germany about 1860 in her eleventh year. Mr. Gibbs, who received the middle name of his birth occurred two hours after the death of the assassinated president, explained that both of the quilts commemorate the Pan-American Exhibition of 1901 and that the president who was shot there.

Each of the two quilts, made about 1904, include the Exposition buildings, a portrait of President McKinley, and in one case, his wife. All the designs are embroidered in red on a white background. One is fully quilted, but the other was piece and embroidered, but never stuffed and backed.

Mr. Gibbs asked if we knew of any individuals in the Princeton area with quilting skills learned long ago, or quite recently, who might undertake to complete the task begun seventy years ago. With the thought that in this project might lie the opportunity to renew the old cooperative pleasures of country quilting bees, we pass along his query. Interested townpeople may contact Mr. Gibbs at 921-8090, or the History Project at Bainbridge House, 158 Nassau Street.

HULIT’S SHOES Inc.

Sperry Top sider
249-1952
140 Nassau Street
Princeton, New Jersey

A House Ran Wild

Continued from page eleven

McManiman on the corner of Charlton and Nassau Street who sold his house to the telephone company. They wanted to give me that house, and my father wanted it on his property, but it was just too expensive to move it. So Mr. Matthews bought it and had it moved to the property next to Dr. Rampono’s house. They had an awful time moving that because of all the bricks.

• “And some were moved down from Prospect... and along Nassau Street there’s one or two down there from Prospect.

• “You know those two big houses that are apartments on the corners of Prospect and Nassau Street? Those were both club houses that were moved there from Prospect Avenue when they put up new club houses. And then on Moon Street there are two houses — one is called Staff-N Nonsense and the other has the tree painted on it. Those two houses were originally one house right on the corner of Nassau and Moore. The building that’s there now Mr. Warren moved up from the corner of Alexander Street. Mr. Slayback had it originally as a grocery store, and then Mr. Lenning took it over.

The big house in the First Presbyterian Church today was the old counter in Slayback’s store. It was the original altar in the church and then they enlarged it, and they put on the old rid of it and Mr. Slayback took it down to his store. But all he ever sold over it was candy, because he never wanted to get rid of it. And many years later they built a new church, and they fixed it all up, and they have it back in there again.

The House That Got Away

• “That puts me in mind of the time I moved this building on the corner of Nassau and Moore Streets right down Nassau Street because it was paved. The building had been on the corner of Dickinson and Alexander. And they wanted to get it; put new foundations, put the houses in apartments in there. So I went over to see Anderson at the Seminary, and decided on payin’ him $800 for it. We had a mover, a regular mover, who came from Allentown, when I moved to Princeton. And he had a lot of men with him that knew all about moving. First you had to build the new foundation, part of it, and you couldn’t build it very high; and at the same time you had to take away part of the old foundation. Then the long job was putting up the two three parts — I remember there were three parts to it. It was quite a job. We moved it up Alexander to Mercer Street and up to Nassau. And then it came all the way down Nassau Street, as high as it is, you know, three stories and more! This was before you had as much electricity as you do today, but you had to disconnect the wires. When they got it down beyond Witherup, the street sloped and he had to carry anything to hold it back and keep it from going too fast. Well, the old thing got rocking, you know, and his son was up on top of the building a ‘hollerin’ and I thought it was going to go — and everybody else thought so, too. It tore down Nassau Street so they had to get the time bombs out of 6x6s, and they finally got it stopped. But there was a lot that made a run for it!”
Mount Lucas School Reunion Rekindles Old Friendships, Revives Memories

From the widely scattered points where they have since made their lives, fourteen former neighbors and schoolmates of Bazzel and Lucas gathered in their one-room school, which was attended by twenty-six and thirty-six students. At the old schoolhouse, the reunion was held in 1928.

While the reunion was in progress, one of the reunion participants, George Goeke, who was a student in the old school, shared his memories of his school days. "I was a student in the old school in 1928. The school was a small one-room building with a few benches and a blackboard. The teacher was Miss Johnson.

The school was located at the corner of Main Street and Washington Avenue. The school was surrounded by a large field where the students played during recess and other breaks.

The schoolhouse had a large tree nearby, and the students often played under it. The tree was known as the 'Beech Tree' and was a favorite gathering place for the students.

One of the most memorable events at the school was the time when the students went on a field trip to the forest. They packed their lunches and went on a hike to the forest. It was a hot day, and they all got sunburned.

The old schoolhouse was closed in 1930, and it was later used as a community center. The old schoolhouse is still standing and is used as a community center by the town.

The reunion was a great success, and many of the former students attended. They reminisced about their school days and shared stories about their experiences.

The reunion was organized by the Mount Lucas School Reunion Committee, and it was a great success. The committee plans to organize another reunion in 2028 to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the old schoolhouse.

The former students shared their memories of their school days, and many of them spoke about the fun they had at the old schoolhouse. They shared stories about their teachers, classmates, and the fun activities they engaged in during recess.

The reunion was a great success, and it was a wonderful opportunity for the former students to reunite and reminisce about their school days.
Dick Swann, the crash mechanic at Kopp's Cycle Shop, is well-known by local cycling enthusiasts. He is also responsible for the delightful artwork which graces the Kopp's advertisements in The Recollector.

Bike-racing in Princeton is almost 100 years old, the very first race being run off at the Fall Sports Meeting in the College on November 5, 1879. The club was formed October 1, 1879, named the "Princeton College Bicycle Club" and had 26 founder-members. W. P. Field was elected Captain, and T. S. Clark was elected Secretary. The club's name remained unchanged until 1889 when it was renamed "Princeton Bicycle Association."

In 1880 began the Inter-collegiate series which were held at Mott Haven, New York Polo Grounds, Manhattan Athletic Club grounds, and Woodside Park, Philadelphia. The most celebrated of the Inter-collegiate meets were held at the famous wooden-surfaced banked racing track, the Berkeley Oval. Princeton cyclists were nearly always the "top dogs," beating Harvard, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Yale, Amherst, Swarthmore, Georgetown, and Cornell with equal facility.

Many famous cycle-racing names got their introduction to the sport via the College. Perhaps the most famous of all was George Banker who remains the sole World Champion that the University has ever produced in any sport. Banker took the World Professional Sprint title at Vienna in Austria in 1898.

Dick Swann

Another famous sprinter who never took to the cash ranks was Princeton's Bert Ripley. Ripley was a fabulous character. Elected Captain of the PBA in 1897, he promptly went off to the New Jersey State Cycling Championships at Waverley, N.J., on September 18, 1897 and collected three out of the four championships. In the fourth final he suffered a deflation in his rear tire - or he might have taken all four! Bert Ripley continued to be the fastest man at Princeton University for a few more years. In 1898 he won the Inter-collegiate five miles title; in 1899 he collected the Inter-collegiate quarter-mile and mile titles; in 1900 the half-mile and mile, and in 1901 (his last year at Princeton) he won the five miles again.

The only team that ever beat Princeton in a fair-and-square Inter-collegiate match was the California team of 1895; and to gain first place Mike Dozier of California had to beat the Inter-collegiate record for two miles, stacking 5 mins. 46 secs., with Joe Leland of Princeton second. This was the deciding race of the match.

Modern Princeton is unlikely ever to see such an intense period of bike-racing activity -- although, to be sure, the University has won the Inter-collegiate title as recently as the late 1950's and gained second and third in the 1960's and 1970's. The reigning All-America road-race champion is an ex-Princeton University bike-racer, John Allis.

Did your mother bring you to Brokaw Field in a baby carriage to watch the likes of Polly Stryker, Buff Skillman and Bill Gillis? John Servis and Jim 'Star' Hogarty recall the days when Princeton's amateur baseball team played and beat semi-pro teams from all around this area. The Recollector takes pleasure in presenting this fine team of fifty years ago. In particular, we salute two great ball players, 'Star' and 'Serv'.

In the summertime, when the University closed, Princeton was a very quiet place, except on Saturdays on the old Brokaw Field, the present site of the University tennis courts, where the town baseball team carved a remarkable reputation in the early decades of this century.

"At Brokaw there were three terraced banks, and the people used to sit on these banks. The University gave us permission to use it all summer, and they really took care of it. The women used to bring the kids to the games in baby carriages. For admission we used to pass a hat. I suppose it would average maybe $50 or $75. People would throw in a quarter, half a dollar, a dime."

"And we had a game there practically every Saturday, and a great many times on Wednesday -- twilight ball, because all those fellows who played on the town team were working men.""Where's the Ball Go?"

The town boys were weaned on the University ball club coached by baseball. Inter-collegiate games were held around University Field every afternoon and that's where we learned our baseball. The University and the University athletes were a big thing to us -- we had nothing else.

"At 9:30 or 10:00 on Saturday morning we'd climb underneath the scoreboard and hang around University Field every afternoon and that's where we learned our baseball. The University and the University athletes were a big thing to us -- we had nothing else."

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LUTTMANN'S LUGGAGE
PALMER SQUARE - PRINCETON
Polly waved to us and said, 'Come on in.' We all came in and walked off. Did not finish the game. The man was out by a city block. He couldn’t touch the plate unless it was up in the air.

The line-up for a game varied according to who showed up, but in the early twenties the line-up generally consisted of: Polly Stryker, catching; John Servis, first base; Eddie Kopp, second base; Chas Muth, probably short stop; Jimmy Hogarty, third base; Jerry Regan, left field; Roger O’Kane, who attended the University, center field; and sometimes Ray Watson in right field. Frank Hogarty, Art Bremen, and Bill Gillis usually handled the pitching.

‘We had a big rivalry with Hopewell. They would beat us once in a while, but we usually beat them best out of three. We would also play Pennington, Freehold, Hightstown, Long Branch, Point Pleasant and Bradley Beach. We’d probably go down on a weekend and stay at Point Pleasant, and maybe play them on a Saturday and Bradley Beach on Sunday. Maybe there’d be a party down there Saturday night.

Star Hogarty

According to John Servis: ‘They probably have to rate Jim Hogarty the best all-around ball player in Princeton in the past 75 years. We always referred to him as Star Hogarty. He could play any position. Most of the time Jimmy would play third base or shortstop. He could go in and pitch for a stint. He was quite a hitter and an excellent base runner. I think he would have been a greater baseball player had he played one position because, like any thing, the more you do of one thing the better you become.’

Jim Hogarty was always in the midst of the excitement in those days. He recalls one weekend in particular: ‘Against Pennington our pitcher didn’t show up. They said, ‘Star, you got to pitch.’ I said, ‘Are you crazy? I’m no pitcher.’ I went in and beat Johnny Coffee 2-1 in sixteen innings.

The next day we got a $140 guarantee playing Freehold, a semi-pro team. They had 1500 to 2000 at a game. Our pitcher never showed up. There was $700 to $800 bet on this game. They said, ‘Star, you got to pitch.’ I said, ‘I can’t raise my arm.’ Coke Tash had a gallon of apple whiskey in his car — he was a bootlegger. So Sam Davison and I went under the stands about fifteen minutes before the game, and he took this apple whiskey, and he rubbed my shoulder. In between every inning, unless I had to bat, I went under the stands. We beat Freehold 3-2 in sixteen innings. This baseball team represented Number Three Fire Company about 1910. In the back row, from left: Harry Bennett, Charles Lawrence, William B. Macnamee, Kenneth Hickman, Joseph Flynn and George Rule who walked a tightrope wearing skates. Front row: Polly Stryker, J. Reed Whyte, William Young, Ed Dennen and Ed Struve. Edward C. Kopp, Jr. is the bat-boy.

‘So I pitched twenty-nine innings on Saturday and Sunday, and I’m not a pitcher. That was murder. I couldn’t raise my arm. I was throwing off-speed pitches, and they were teeing up trying to hit them out of the park, and they’d pop them up.’

He Hollered ‘Hit it!’

In a championship game with Hopewell, John Servis recalls: ‘Jim was on third base and I was at the bat. He took a lead off third and came running in so fast without stopping and let out a yell, ‘Hit it!’ I couldn’t take a real swing at it. I chopped it and it just went over the base. I was scared to swing around because to me it almost sounded as if he was hollering in my ear. He came in and that was the ball game, and we won the championship from Hopewell.

‘Another time down on Brokaw Field, Jim was a base-runner on third base, and he called to the pitcher very quick-like — ‘Let me see that ball.’ The pitcher took the ball and, unthinkingly, threw it because Jimmy did it so quick, and Bum [hand-slap] he just went on in because nobody called time out. That’s how Jimmy did those things. He was always thinking.

‘I saw Jim in an argument and nobody called time out. He was on the mound. ‘I’ve just won the game,’ he was saying. ‘I’m just going to win the game.’ He just went over to the umpire. ‘Mr. John, I’ve just won the game.’ ‘No, you haven’t. You’ve got to let them bat.’ And he just walked away. ‘I’ve just won the game.’ And I thought, ‘That’s the way you win them.’”

A knee injury ruined Star Hogarty’s major league prospects. He spoke of another occasion when he stole four bases in Cranbury: “The next time I came up the catcher said, ‘Put Hogarty on, I’m gonna get him.’ He knew I’d steal on the first pitch. I had a brand new pair of spikes, they got caught, and I broke my ankle.

‘The guy that played right field for Cranbury was a doctor. He got his value out of his car, and he set on a plaster cast. That night it started to swell, and I thought I was going out of my mind. They had to call in another doctor and give me a new cast. But that doctor set that cast right on the ball field.’

‘He’s Got Peas!’

Big John Servis would bat fifth in the line-up, following Star. He often tried to get information on what the pitcher was throwing: “I followed him, and he’d give a lot of information. He’d come back to the bench, maybe he’d flied out, and I’d ask, ‘What’s the pitcher got, Star?’ And he’d say, ‘He ain’t got nothin’ but a glove.’ That’s the kind of information he’d give me.

‘There was a kid, Ryan, from Pennington. He’d throw the ball through a brick wall. I’d say, ‘What’s he got?’ He’d say, ‘He’s got peas.’”

Continued on page sixteen

Talented Local Ball Team Was a Summer Treat

Continued from page fourteen

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ON PALMER SQUARE • PRINCETON N.J.
A Million-Dollar Arm
But a Ten-Cent Head

continued from page fifteen

When Ryan threw, the ball looked like peas.

Jim Hogarty tells us that Johnny Servis was a powerful hitter. "He hit
that skating rink from the first diamond.
He could have walked around the base.s If the rink door
had been open, it might have rolled in."

John Servis remembers one he hit in New Brunswick. "Jim was playing
left field for the Landings against us,
when I hit one over the cars parked around
the outside of the outfield.
Jim came in and said to one of the fellows,
'You know, I could have knocked Servy off if I'd wanted to.'
And they said, 'Jim, you were out of sight
when Serv was turning third base.
If you'd had a gun, you couldn't have
knocked him off."

Where Shall I Hit It?
The coach of the team was a gentleman named Gene Hawks who
had been a fine player in his youth.
"One game Gene played with us
when he was washed up. He was a man
in his forties. He coached at Mercersberg;
and coached Princeton Freshmen,
and after that he became head
groundman of the stadium.
"This day he played right field
with us. And we said on the bench,
'Gene, you can't tell us where you're
going to hit the ball.' And he said,
'Oh, sure, where do you want me to
hit it?' And we told him, 'Put one over
third, out in left field.' He said,
'Just push one over there?' As God is
my Judge: right over shortstop,
single. Had to be a good long single
for him because he couldn't run fast.

"The next time he went up we
said, 'Let's see you hit one out in
right field.' 'Oh,' he said, 'That's
possible.' And he did it. I don't
know whether he did three or not,
but I'll swear on two. I thought it
was an amazing feat, to hit it where
you want to hit it.

"Gene taught me an awful lot.
I never had much coaching outside
of him. He'd say, 'It's easy to hit a ball,
hit a ball almost any time. But don't
look out in left field. Look here for
it. You can't hit a bad pitch.'"

Frank Hogarty was the star
pitcher for many years. The old
University coach Bill Clark, and
said he could throw the ball through
the grandstand. He would try to
strike out twenty-seven men a game.
Sometimes he nearly would.

If Jim Hogarty caught his brother,
chances are they would end up
disagreeing. 'Frank would say, 'I
wanted to throw a curve.' And Jim
would say, 'My girl's got more curve
than you got."

"A fine pitcher was Art Bremen.
He probably didn't have a curve two
inches wide, but there was a peculiar
thing about him: he could throw the
ball wherever he wanted to throw
it. excellent control. He threw what
the pitching guide called 'a screwball.'
Not a screwball but artificially,
but it was heavy. When you hit
it, it was a dead ball.

Quite a Team

"And this ball team was quite a
team. If it could be classed almost
semi-pro, I suppose. I would say
that we won better than three-fourths
of our games. And I know when we
played Freehold, we brought hundreds
of dollars to put their team
on the field. It didn't cost us a dime.

"In the early twenties when we
went away to play ball at Freehold
or Hopewell, there'd be quite a
crowd there. They'd come in Model
T's and everything else. I guess the
reason a lot of teams liked to play us
was that we brought quite a
following with us.

"There was a fellow, Bill Bowles,
who lived here. He was somewhat
of a fellow. He was a fine
pitcher. I remember him going
to Hopewell one year, and he kept
blowing shoes on the way up with
this old car. By the time he got to
Hopewell he had nothing much
but the four rims; and as he came in,
he came right through center field, over
second base, into home plate. He
stopped the car and jumped out.
There was quite a time over there.
Cut the diamond up. Everybody said,
'Here comes Bill Bowles.'"

Stuck in his Pocket

"Vandewater, who didn't play too
much, was catching for us one day
in Hopewell. It was the ninth inning
and there was one out. This was our
big game and we were one run ahead.
Our pitcher stuck out the batter
and Vandewater took that ball and
stuck it in his pocket. He thought that
was the third out, and he was going to
take that ball. The guy on third was
coming in and we had him down on
the plate trying to get this ball out of
his pocket. It was stuck and the
tying run scored. . . That ball
was going to be his. He was so thrilled . . ."

Playing with this team was a
good old-fashioned pitcher named Bill Gillis.
He had a wealth of natural talent,
but he seemed to do everything
badly.

"When Bill Gillis was pitching,
he could throw to first base without
looking, without any motion. When I
played against him I looked at my
eyes off the ball. When another guy
played first base, I told him, 'Be
careful with a man on first because
he'll get all ball over to you so
fast.' So a guy gets on and takes his
lead -- Bill Gillis throws that ball
to over him and he never lifted his
glove. The ball went right over his
shoulder. Right in the hand. If the
ball had hit him it would have
ruined him.

"If you were on the opposing
team and you got on Gillis' nerves,
he'd throw the ball right over
the grandstand.

'A Ten Cent Head

"We were playing in Bradley
Beach. I was catching. There was
a foul ball and I threw my mask
off, but I didn't go after it because it
went out of reach. So I went and
my mask and put it back on. And
here he was, winding up and
throwing the g- . . .ball in and I
ain't even behind the plate. He did
unbelievable things like that.

"He hit a ball so hard that it
went over second base on the number
two diamond on Brokaw. He could
have gone home and had a soda and
still have had a home run. But he
missed second base by fifteen feet
and came in and sat down on the bench.
Gene Hawks said to him, 'Go back and
get on second.' But he wouldn't do it
So they threw to second base
and the umpire called him out.

"He picked up his glove, and
the last we saw of him, he was walking
over that third bank towards Nassau
Street. Gene Hands said, 'What kind
of a guy is he? He's got a ten cent
head.' We had to put up a bucket
pitcher to finish the game. He had a
home run -- he could have come in,
sit down and read a newspaper,
but he missed second base by a mile.

Trinity Choir Had a Good Kid Team

John Servis played on the Trinity Episcopal Choir baseball team over
60 years ago. Recently he was shown this team photograph for the first
time. Here is what he told us: "Terrific! I know every one of them. I loved
every one of those kids. In the front row there's Jack Spence. He lived
on Dickinson Street and he's a graduate of Princeton University, Class of
1923. This is Louis Finck. That's Robert Newman, son of our coach
Harry Newman. He was our mascot. The dog's name is Bobby -- he was Dr. Reed's
dog. He was the choirmaster. And that's Chet Lloyd on the end.

"In the back is George Willis; he's living today. This is Walter Mack; he
was an excellent catcher. Harry Newman was the coach. I think he was
the best painter at the University. For years he was the crucifer at Trinity
Church. He was quite active with the younger kids. Later he went on up to
the town ball team. He did more for Princeton baseball, and he never got
credit for it.

"This is George Pierre; he's living. That's Leonard Krauss, 'Beany' Krauss.
We called him. He was a good kid athlete. I'm next to 'Beany.' Then Russ
Skillman. This is Stockton Leigh. His father was a clothier. The reason he
doesn't have a suit on: if you look at his face, he's got the mumps. Harry
Renwick, whose family had the restaurant, is on the end there.

"This picture goes back over 60 years to about 1912. I was about thirteen.
Trinity Church is in the background. We played eighteen, twenty games a
season. I don't remember ever being beaten. I swear I don't. Beany and I
would pitch and play first base; we would change. Walter Mack usually
catched. Jack Spence usually played second base. Russ Skillman probably
played shortstop. George Willis was the third baseman. Louie Finck, Chet
Lloyd, Harry Renwick, and Stock Leigh played outfield.

"That was a good kid team...."