THE BLIZZARD THEY NEVER FORGOT

The first breath of Spring had already stirred Princetonians by mid-March 1888, when a sudden plunge in the temperature and a relentless wind turned a heavy rain into the greatest blizzard in memory. A compilation of accounts of the grandaddy of Winter storm commences with the following letter from Isaac Coale (who was a sophomore at Princeton at the time) which has been kindly shared with us by Mr. and Mrs. Ansley Coale.

Princeton, N.J.
Mar. 14, 1888

Dear Momma:

I don't know when this letter will ever reach you but I will write it to night while I have time and send it whenever there is a train going that way. Such a storm! Nothing like it has been seen in 40 years in Princeton. Sunday night it rained hard, when I went to bed it was coming down in torrents and I expected to have to swim to recitations in the morning. Imagine my surprise on waking up near eight o'clock in the morning and finding my floor and windowwell covered with snow. Dressing myself hurriedly and drawing on my big rubber boots, which I am thankful for having, I hurried out to go to chapel for it was too late to get to breakfast before prayers. The whole way was one continuous drift of snow sometimes eight or ten feet deep and a strong wind almost blinding me by blowing snow in my face. When I got to chapel I found about a hundred others there who had so suddenly found themselves out in the snow that they concluded they might as well go on as turn back.

After chapel I tried my hand at braving the storm and wading more drifts on my way to breakfast. When that was over I came back to my room and devoted the next hour to

Cuyler Offers Campus Reflections

For more than two centuries, Princeton's Nassau Street has worn two distinctly different faces, town and gown, which seem to exchange cooperative but wary glances. John Cuyler, as a native alumnus, has seen both sides. Our last issue included his reflections on the bustle of the town's business core; below, he shares memories from the 'twenties of life behind the campus gates.

Let's have a look at the front campus as it was in the 'teens and 'twenties. Compared to the North side of Nassau Street, not much has changed here. The Old University Hotel, or Hall, on the corner of University Place, was torn down and replaced by the graceful University Commons buildings. Madison Hall was built in the Collegiate Gothic Style which transformed much of the campus in the early part of the century, producing Holder with its sky-scaping tower, Hamilton, Campbell, Blair, Little, and the other new dormitories to the South and East. The surge of new building did not succeed in obscuring two central-campus monstrosities, Alexander Hall and Witherspoon. Every University is entitled to at least one such, but Princeton has these two. Solid Alexander is of no one style, or rather it combines several styles, with rounded towers suggesting the Tudor, Romanesque arches, a classical frieze, and, inside, elaborate mosaics showing mythical scenes of various traditions. In my

Healing Powers Flow in Federal City

All but forgotten in an age of popular culture is the lexicon of vernacular wisdom which once gave such resilience to rural America. To Louis Lathrop Lathrop of Federal City, these simple beliefs are based on proven practice and precedent. Her remarkable story of otherwise inexplicable powers of healing may give us all cause to wonder.

"I was born in Trenton in 1896. We lived down on Second Street between Landing and Cliff."

"My people were from the old country. They were from the agricultural section of Germany, we, my mother and father both. My father was twenty years when he came over; they got married here. "My father was in the grocery business. He always bought everything fresh to buy off the farm; he had a farmer come in with fresh produce. And the milkman came in and brought the milk from Chesterfield on the truck, and he would talk to my father about that."

"Then my father got a milk route, and my mother was in that business too. I was taken out of school when I was twelve, because my mother especially was very aggressive, and instead of hiring the boys, she took..."
Negatives Exposed

Last Fall, while investigating Dutch barns around the area, we accidentally made the acquaintance of James Dunn. The meeting took place on Dunn’s farm near Middlebush, East of Princeton, where his whole life has been spent. In response to our queries after old views of the house, he said, “I got a bunch of old plates that my uncle took, but they’re mostly of Princeton.”

Born in 1875 on the same farm where his nephew resides, Garrett Nevius Polhemus was an early and avid photographer. After deafness afflicted him in adolescence, more and more of his time was devoted to the avocation. His remaining glass-plate negatives, more than one hundred of them, include views of the campus and Nassau Street in Princeton, Thompson’s Mill at Kingston, the meetinghouse at Six Mile Run, and a rare and revealing series on aspects of the country life he knew so well.

Through the gracious cooperation of Mr. and Mrs. Dunn, and the efforts of photographer Jeff Macechak, we were pleased to present the first of several samplings of Polhemus photographs—a campus series complementing John P. Cuyler’s University reflections.

The Polhemus Collection also serves to illustrate the role of the History Project’s Princeton Pictorial Archive in seeking otherwise unknown photographs in the collections of local individuals and institutions. By borrowing, copying, cataloging and returning these images, we are helping to ensure the existence of a vivid visual record of our region’s past.

Model Man

Vinton Duffield was the product of a world now gone. Born in Cedar Grove, he attended the one-room school in that settlement, and eventually married the girl across the aisle. His beloved teacher, Miss Creamer, appointed him librarian for the two hundred books in the school cabinet, which served as a rural lending library. Perhaps on the strength of this early interest, he got his first full-time job at fourteen as office boy for the University library. (He walked four miles each way to work.) After fifty-six years, he retired as head of Circulation and Shelving.

After attending a Cedar Grove school reunion sponsored by the History Project, he wrote, “I enjoyed seeing a selection of books from the old Cedar Grove library, where I was librarian. I did not know at that time that in a few years I would be responsible for the care and use of nearly two million volumes, supplying the needs of thousands of borrowers.”

While his career exemplified the potential for personal success in a time when application and dedication were valued as much as degrees, Mr. Duffield’s chief legacy to the town he loved came out of his leisure hours. He was always busy with his hands. Aside from the cabin he built for himself in Cedar Grove, working at night by lantern light, almost all his projects were for others. He built a crystal radio and invited his neighbors to hear it in the schoolhouse. He built a model of the University campus with every building and path for a war-blinded student. Finally, in retirement, he built models of Princeton landmarks as he had known them, and gave most of them away. This series included Bainbridge House when it was still the yellow, scroll-bracketed Public Library; the Pason farmhouse, which served as the town’s first permanent hospital; and the entire stretch of Nassau Street buildings which were torn down to make way for Palmer Square. Many Princetonians had a chance to savor the full rewards of this generous hobby when all the models were assembled for an exhibit marking Mr. Duffield’s eightieth birthday in 1972.

Vinton Duffield died in February, but through his wonderful recollections (recorded in our oral history archive), the drawings and maps he made to illustrate them, and his delightful models drawn from Princeton past, he left a legacy which will continue to endear his memory, and the memory of the world he represented, to Princeton children for many years to come.
Disappearing Arthur?

Regarding William Volk's inquiry concerning Harry's Brook in the recent Recollector: my wife has lived near the brook since 1919. We have lived together on the plot of land where one of the three branches originates since 1935. We have no documentary evidence, but we do feel that you might be interested in the following:

First, we have never referred to any branch of Harry's Brook as Harry's Brook other than the long one that crosses Snowden Lane between the Van Dorn and the Reuben farm places.

Second, the branch of the brook that flows through the Borough has never been referred to by us as Harry's Brook. So far as we know, we have never known that anyone called this branch Harry's Brook at all, but this is negative evidence.

Third, the third branch of Harry's Brook that rises almost totally on our property and now flows into our pond (Arthur's Pond) has never had a name. In fact, twenty to thirty years ago this tiny stream disappeared entirely in August. We're not sure why it has more water in it now except that there may have been more rain, but it surely does.

Jac Weller
Princeton, N.J.

Greenslands Legacy

In a recent issue of your publication correspondent William Volk asked if anyone had additional information. Continued on page four
Henry Greenland Left His Mark on Local Maps

Continued from page three

information on the naming of
Henry's Brook. I am sure that he
is correct in assuming that it is named
after Henry Greenland, earliest
settler in the area of the brook. A
request made in 1716 to the
Commissioners of Highways for the
counties of Somerset and Middlesex
for a certain two-road bordering
part, between ye sd counties was
approved. Its court took it to the "small brook known
by ye name of Henry Greenland[s] brook & so winding [?] as it is
now marked crossing Millstone...."
The record book can be seen in
Rutgers University Library.

I have been meaning, also, to
respond to your question in another
issue about the high mound of earth
on Bridgepoint Road, Montgomery
Township. Periodically it is claimed
that it is an Indian burial mound.
Some years ago, the township
engaged archeologist Richard Doyle
to make an investigation. Mr. Doyle
determined that it was not a burial
ground but a unique geological
formation similar to a butte. This
may deprive the site of a certain
romance, but it still has value for
what it represents. On the other
hand, Mr. Doyle has located the site
of two Indian camps along Bedens
Brook not far away. This is probably
not generally known.

A local resident has an extensive

collection of arrowheads found on
her farm along the Millstone River. I
dare say that the township has
enough traces of Indian occupation,
even if it loses one legend.

I enjoy your publication. Keep up
the good work.

Ursula C. Brecknell
Belle Mead, N.J.

After delivering my script to your
office, I discovered that I had
inadvertently stated December 2nd
as the date of the Redcoats' arrival
at Princeton in 1776. The actual
date was December 7th.

Unfortunately, the headline on
page nine states "Congress
Speaker..." which is incorrect. He
was the first Speaker of the New
Jersey legislature. The line should
have read "Assembly Speaker."

Although of no great importance,
you should probably be advised that
"Thoroughbred" is spelled with the
capital letter, as in my script, when it
refers to the breed — referring to
Hart's famous stallion on page 11.

I had not provided the 1895
photo (page ten) because I felt that
the 1875 drawing (page nine)
showed more detail; thus I was
surprised to find that you had taken
this from the book. No objection,
of course, but I do wish that you had
used the book caption as well instead
of adding "supposed." In my
opinion, "supposed" greatly
diminished my research and
conclusion on this score.

Susannah Hart Follietnu is the only
child of Signer John Hart whose
likeness has come down to us.

Courtesy of Cleon E. Hammond

Ill

Mirror, Mirror... I am pleased to see my piece on
John Hart in print! I think that The
Recollector has performed a great
service by helping to establish his
significant association with the
Princeton community — more than
my book will achieve on this score —
and I hope it is well accepted by
your readers. All in all, the piece
came off very well, but before
someone else calls them to your
attention, I had better mention a
couple of errors.

The traditionally accepted likeness
of John Hart has, in fact, painted
after the fact. A nineteenth-century
artist created the portrait many years
after the Signer's death.

Courtesy of Cleon E. Hammond

Mr. C. K. Greenlander, author of the
recent biography of John Hart,
commented on this likeness from
the portraits of several Hart
descendants and could not settle
merely on the fabricated "original" of Hart, you have now
contributed to its perpetuation
—something that I have gone to great
lengths to avert.

I am sorry that I have to mention
these things; but in any case, the
good far outweighs the bad, and I
don't imagine that Mr. Hart will
mind, one way or the other.

Cleon E. Hammond
School跨越式, N.J.

Editor's Note: We are always pleased
when errors are discovered and
corrected in The Recollector, particularly if we have been
responsible for their dispersal.

In the case of the caption for the
1895 photograph, architectural or
geological evidence to support the
photographer's assertion that the
group pictured stood on the
original foundation wall was lacking,
and we felt that some word of caution
was in order.

Regarding Hart's likeness, we felt
that another portrait after the fact
contributed little more than the
background for further speculation. The
composite portrait in question was
based upon family resemblances
among the Signer's grandchildren. In
fact, we were surprised to discover
how much the earlier conception of
John Hart resembled the portrait of
his daughter; by Col. Hammond's
own statement, her image had come
to light only as his book went to
press. It seems that, much as we all
might wish to know what John Hart
really looked like, no artist past or
present will ever be able to give us a
reliable portrait.

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Early Girl Scout Troop Cooked "Angels on Horseback"

In March, 1912, Juliette Low, just returned from a visit to England where she had been much impressed by the Girl Guides, organized a Girl Scout troop in her home town of Savannah, Georgia. American girls responded enthusiastically as their English sisters to this program. Soon Mrs. Low determined that Girl Scouting was something for all American girls, and for the rest of her life, she devoted her tireless energy and boundless enthusiasm to the nationwide development of the program. This March we celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of the Girl Scouts in the United States.

Girl Scouting didn’t reach my hometown in South Jersey in time for me to be a Scout. Instead I grew up a Camp Fire Girl. I came to Scouting as an adult. It was on an afternoon in late January, 1929, that I came into my sixth-grade homeroom in the Nassau Street School to find a note on my desk. It read, “We girls wish you would start something — Marguerite Guinn, Jean Jamison, Helen Warren.” My reply was a natural one probably, after some post-college summers as nature’s counselor at Rock Hill Camp, the camp of the Westchester County Girl Scouts at Lake Mahopac, New York, where I had been exposed to the highest ideals of Scouting. “Let’s make it a Scout troop,” I said.

So came into being Princeton Troop No. 4, the Clover Troop, with fifteen six-grade girls (that entire homeroom), and two high school girls as helpers or “second lieutenants.” There had been three earlier troops in Princeton, but they had faded from the scene by 1929. Clover Troop was a “true troop.” It was the one that persisted to see new troops formed and, in 1935, a Scout Council.

We held our first meeting on Wednesday, February 6, 1929, in our classroom. We took our first hike on Saturday, February 9, to Devil’s Cave. The next Saturday, cake sale to raise money! In spite of camp work, I was green at troop leading, and we followed the handbook religiously. We had two pets—the Brown Owls and the Bob-Whites. We saluted, we had inspection at each meeting, we sang the Scout songs. We learned the laws, we whipped ropes, we passed the flag test. We were registered at National in April and held our troop investiture ceremony in May inviting our mothers. In May, too, we gave a play, with printed programs and paid advertisements, clearing $120.70 which bought our uniforms and the handbook. (Nice green uniforms by this time, supplanting the khaki of Juliette Low’s days).

As I look back on Troop 4 activities (for I have been asked to reminisce in this article) what stands out? One activity of which I was very proud was our Troop Log, a big scrapbook. In it we recorded each meeting, taking turns acting as Scribe, and illustrating it with photographs and drawings.

First and foremost we were an outdoor troop, for that is the real fun of Scouting. We hiked all over Princeton to Devil’s Cave, to Carnegie Lake, to Stony Brook, to Guin’s Farm on Herrontown Road. We bicycled to Rocky Hill, car-hiked to Cradle Rock. When experienced first class Scouts, six girls took an overnight trip to the farm. In the spring of 1932, we all went camping, at a log cabin at Grover’s Mill, three weekends with different groups of girls, since the cabin wouldn’t hold us all at once. At the cabin we carried out a regular camp routine, complete with morning and evening color ceremony, Kaper chart, even Scout’s Own on Sunday.

Camp cooking was included on most of our hikes, winter as well as in warmer weather. If a tin cup of cocoa was so hot it burned the lips, it could always be set in the snow to cool. The names of the concoctions we found in our guide books — angels on horseback, galloping guinea pigs, spotted dog, poet and peasant, blushing bunny, squaw corn, corn pancakes, hunter’s and kamak stew, and many more. Flavored with wood smoke, food by any name was manna to those who gathered the wood and built the fires themselves. Occasionally it took longer than planned to bring fires to cooking heat, and I well remember one trip to the cave when it was dark by the time we had carefully extinguished every ember and left “nothing but our thanks.” There was that long and stony path from the cave to the road, to be traversed in darkness. There was but one flashlight in the group, and it wasn’t the captain’s! But the girl who had followed the motto “Be prepared” led the way, and holding hands in a chain we made our way out safely.

As the troop took in new members we were given the privilege of holding our meetings in Guinn’s Showroom (now Prince Chevrolet).

Members of the Bob-White Patrol were, left to right, Alice Thompson, second lieutenant, Marjorie Hoffman, Lilian Fox, Eleanor McCarthy, Anna McHugh, Athillia Dukas, Marjorie Cook, Helen Warren and Margaret Powluck. Photo by Dorothy M. Compton.

Continued on page seven

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In the History Project’s collection of glass-plate negatives was found one of a country chapel which Jeff Macechak recognized as the old St. Barnabas Episcopal Church in South Brunswick Township. Investigation led him to Ruth Carroll, who shared these memories:

“I grew up near Rocky Hill so I never attended the Sand Hills Church very much. But, you see, we were connected; for many years there would be one minister who would handle services both in Sand Hills and Rocky Hill, along with Mommouth Junction. That went on into the thirties and forties.

“There was a Mrs. Conover who lived in Princeton in the Winter interim and South Amboy in Summer, and I believe she built the church at Sand Hills. There never was a village there, just a church, and I’ve often wondered why Mrs. Conover had it built there. The only reason I could see was that there was no other Episcopal church between New Brunswick and Princeton. And there was a good road through there, called the New Brunswick turnpike, so people could get there.

“The church was built sometime before the 1890’s when Father Conover was there. You see, Mrs. Conover’s son, Thomas, became an Episcopal minister and he had services in all three churches on Sunday. He had a circuit he followed and he walked most of the way. He held services in Rocky Hill, and then he would walk up here and have lunch with my family, and then go over to Sand Hills, and then eventually walk to Mommouth Junction unless somebody gave him a ride. And then he would get the train back to Princeton. In those days the late ‘nineties — people walked! All these churches were technically called assistant missions. They were missions in the beginning, and then as they were able, they paid part of the expenses themselves, and the Diocese provided the services of a minister. All three churches were on the same circuit. I think the Rocky Hill church was the first one.

“The Rocky Hill church was of vertical construction with board-and-batten siding, and I think the one at Sand Hills was too. If I recall, inside it had tongue-and-groove wainscotting, varnished, but very plain. As long as I remember there was a big old black stove up in front to one side that they used for heating. And then there was a stained-glass window in front, and that was a memorial to Mrs. Conover.

“Occasionally, when they had special services, we would go over. There was a time when we alternated with the midnight Christmas service. That was when Father Smythe was the circuit minister. The churches were served by St. Paul’s Society members, Episcopal students at the University. One of the fellows was there for a number of years — he started handling services when he was a student at Princeton, and then he continued when he was in the Seminary. And when he left they had a farewell service over at Sand Hills in the afternoon, and we all was Summertime and they had a picnic lunch or supper outdoors. This would have been in the thirties. That man became a Bishop in Idaho. He has since retired and I think he still lives in Boise.

“That picnic was held out under that big beautiful oak tree. There was a beautiful view from there. I think that’s about the highest point in Sand Hills. I have an idea that’s why they selected it. There was a cemetery there too. Then they started digging gravel there and that spoiled it. Then the church burned inside and they built a new church. But they removed the window to Mrs. Conover and put it in the new church.”
Ely Cemetery Tower Marks Where the Waters Divide

Ever since the childhood days when we recognized its remarkable tower as a landmark on our way to the shore, the old Ely Cemetery at Eiller’s Corner in the southwestern corner of East Windsor has intrigued us. Recollector correspondent Hazel Herman, who over many years has developed an encyclopedic knowledge of the area’s history, here unravels some of the mystery which surrounds the somewhat sinister old monument.

“That was always known as the Ely Cemetery. John Ely, who came to this country from England in 1729, owned all the land from present-day Roosevelt over to the York Road. And he set aside the land for the cemetery. He had four wives buried there before he died. Then one of his daughters or granddaughters married a Norton, and the Normans gave it additional ground. But old John Ely said that he wanted to be buried up there on that hill, because that’s where the waters divide. One side goes to the Raritan, and the other to the Delaware.

“There’s an interesting tree up there — a European linden. Most of the lindens in this country are American lindens, but that round-headed one up there is a European linden. About twenty years ago, a hurricane almost wrecked that tree, but it’s staged a comeback now.

“I’ve heard that stone tower there called a water tower, but it wasn’t; it was an observation tower. There was a stairway and you could go all the way up. There was a little porch of sorts on top there, and you could look out and see all around. The boys from Peddie School would drive their girlfriends out there in a horse and buggy. And then there was a hurricane that knocked the little porch off, and then the kids started going up there and vandalizing and that’s why they closed the whole thing up so you couldn’t go up in there.”

Showing in dramatic silhouette against the western sunset, the Norton monument in the old Ely Cemetery has long been a landmark in East Windsor Township.

A Snorting Horse Sounded Scouts’ Reveille

Continued from page five

There we practiced the indoor part of the program — knot tying, signalling, learning the Morse code, the other requirements for second class rank. Our troop committee of five mothers, with Mrs. Guinn as chairman, was a valuable asset.

The Nutley Girl Scout Council let us attend their camp, until the days when we started our own day camp program. So letters began coming home in the summers, from Camp Yountakah at Branchville, Camp We-Lu-Hi-Yi at Central Valley, as our Princeton girls enjoyed the priceless experience of living in tents, face to face with nature day and night, learning the self-reliance and resourcefulness that living in the open brings.

Have you ever had the honor of being selected to go on a “rain hike” after three days of downpour in camp? Of digging tinner out of the center of a rotting log and peeling standing dead wood to get dry centers to cook lunch? The satisfaction of securing a glorious fire under those circumstances!

Did you ever sleep under a mosquito net canopy on top of a hill, waking by alarm clock in two or three hours to watch the changing positions of the constellations? Or dropping off to sleep to the serenade of a grasshopper perched on top of your mosquito net? Or awake at midnight to find a wandering horse snorting at the strange objects in his pasture?

Have you sat breathless around a campfire, delaying Taps, while a camp handyman answered the quavering of a screech owl’s song, luring it closer and closer until it perched on a branch just overhead? These and a thousand and one other adventures are the never-to-be forgotten moments of discovery and appreciation and wonder that come to a Scout in camp.

In the fall of 1932, Troop 4 was turned over to Mrs. Lydia Niles, who did an excellent job of leadership. During the first five years of the Council, I served on the Badge and Awards Committee, and worked with many troops on the nature part of the program.

One of my choicest memories from this period is that of a small group of girls from Mrs. Herrling’s troop at the Township School, with whom I worked two Saturday mornings a month for about two years on cooking and various nature badges. One of our prize projects was a Wild Plant supper prepared one April evening. Our menu? Dandelion sandwiches, raspberry jam sandwiches (from wild berries, made the summer before), dandelion greens wilted with bacon, pokeweed with sour sauce, sasafra tea, sweet flag candy. Needless to say, the occasion was unforgettable.

Dorothy M. Compton

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Coale Struggled Through to Stranded Train

Continued from page one

Shoveling out the snow which had drifted in at the open window and in trying to make the room habitable. I attended the ten o'clock recitation where to my surprise I found Dr. Orris waiting for us. It blew and snowed all day and all night until yesterday we went down to the Junction where I was told that a passenger train was snow bound. Four of us made the trip afoot, for the train had gone down about an hour before and was not expected back till night. It passed us as it came back when we were scarcely a mile from town but as we had started out to walk we did not get on and ride back but kept right on toward the objective point. At last after floundering through drifts innumerable and once or twice nearly sticking fast we reached the beseiged train about 3/4 of a mile below Princeton Junction. It consisted of two engines, a baggage car and three coaches, had left Philadelphia at nine o'clock Monday morning and came to this unwished for halt at three o'clock in the afternoon. The cars which were full of snow in the inside, for the windows could not keep it out, were cold and almost entirely deserted by the passengers. The supply of coal in the cars had given out and the stoves were kept going by coal which the brakeman brought back in a mail pouch from the engine. The passengers realizing that they could not get away from there possibly on Monday began to look about for something to eat and a place to sleep. Many of them found board and lodging at neighboring farms for which they paid highly for with many of them money had been dethroned and food and shelter became king. One mean farmer when he found out that the passengers were helplessly imprisoned, with his largeness of heart took some sandwiches without meat in them down to the train and offered them for sale at the modest price of fifty cents each. The passengers came near mobbing him though I believe he escaped with no bones broken. Some people had to pay $3.50 for supper, lodging and breakfast at neighboring houses. All the women in the train were provided for and so were many of the men though some of them had to spend the night in the cars and pace the floor to keep from freezing. The next morning when the train came down from Princeton and several of the students came down to see the wreck, many of the passengers went up with them. When I was leaving the blocked train to walk up to the junction, one of the passengers asked me to take him with me for he had not been there yet. Another man joined us and I took those men up. I hustled them along at a lively rate for it was bitter cold and the wind was blowing against our faces and we made yesterday I went a mile in about ten minutes. I saw the cold was affecting them and I made them hurry right along for I was afraid of them freezing their ears as some of the other passengers had done. I noticed the ear of one of the men was frostiing a little and when we reached the Junction station his ear was frozen stiff and his left hand was numb. The other man had frozen his ear slightly. As soon as I got them to the station a lot of the students took the men in hand and by a vigorous rubbing with snow succeeded in getting the frost out of the injured parts of both men but I think one of them will have a sore ear for some time to come. As they had good quarters at a farm house they did not come up to Princeton with us though, I suppose, fifty at least did. A relief train was expected to come up from Trenton and take the blocked train back and about six o'clock or later yesterday evening three engines and one car succeeded in reaching the wreck. They succeeded in putting the wrecked train on a side track and about three o'clock this morning they started back reaching Trenton about five, being two hours in traveling seven miles.

It was reported about college to day that three engines were at work at the Junction pushing a snow plow clearing the track. I got on the train at two o'clock which was full of students going to view the wreck and of passengers who were utilizing every shadow of a hope of getting away. When we arrived we saw no snow plow and learned that there was no prospect of a train getting there for a long time.

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For those hearty students like Isaac Coale who ventured so far, the stranded locomotives at Princeton Junction must have left a lasting memory of the famous Blizzard of '88.

Courtesy of Nancy Baldwin Smith

Travelers and sightseers alike huddled in impatient clutches beside the stranded passenger coaches near the Junction depot.

Courtesy of the Princeton Pictorial Archive

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Continued on page nine
Princeton Cut Off from News of Outside World

Continued from page eight

away from there for several hours yet. So we students as well as the detained passengers came back again.

Some time this afternoon mail arrived from Philadelphia but the train could not have gone much beyond Princeton Junction. Later this afternoon a train of four engines and one car came from some point east of this propelling a snow plow. A lineman came down from New Brunswick setting up one telegraph wire (for they were all broken down) and reported passing engines imbedded in snow up to the tops of their boilers.

A Rutgers professor, one of the detained passengers, and stopping at the Nassau Hotel told me that he had telephonic communication with his wife who said that no trains were running between New Brunswick and New York and that Rutgers College and Seminary were both closed because many of the professors and students had gone away to spend Sabbath and were unable to get back. Just think of no trains running between Phila. and New York on this Penna. Railroad for three days! I have not seen a newspaper since Saturday and can not find out whether the storm is general throughout the country or not. My reason for thinking that it is confined largely to the Atlantic coast lies in the fact that a letter which came in the mail from Phila. to day was mailed in Chicago on Monday.

The utter futility of attempting to penetrate further the impassable drifts on the main line tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad seems evident in the reigation of these stranded passengers. Local farmers made a killing on the sale of sandwiches.

Winds of Change

Funniest how old incidents and scenes come back. I was talking to a certain elderly resident the other day and he spoke about that famous blizzard of March 38. He said he’d never forget it. On the 14th when the snow was at its highest, the town was holding its annual Spring election and the Borough and Township voted together. The election was held in the old Carpenter building opposite the Second Church and but thirty-five or forty turned out to vote, mostly Democrats. The Democrats won by a big majority and it was the only time they have ever carried Princeton. The Republicans were evidently out shoveling snow!

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JAY’S CYCLE

Inside our door March arrives wearing all the flowers of Spring.
The Trenton Times-Advertiser carried an article on the big storm of '88 in 1947. The following paragraphs are excerpted from that report:

Next Wednesday, March 12, will be the 59th anniversary of the great blizzard of 1888, a storm which has not been duplicated in Weather Bureau annals.

* * * *

The weekly State Gazette of March 15, 1888, reported the storm as follows:

"At about 1 o'clock Monday morning the snow began to fall and the wind began to blow and in an hour a furious, blinding snow storm was sweeping over the city, piling snow up in large drifts five feet deep, breaking the telephone wires, blowing down trees, stopping the town clock.

"The wind, carrying the snow before it, swept through the streets with fearful velocity, it being hardly possible for either man or beast to make headway against it. At corners, the crosswinds took belated pedestrians off their feet.... Sparrows had a bad time of it. Half frozen with the biting winds and freezing snow, they dropped from their snug quarters in the house corners into the streets where they floundered in the pitiless snow and perished.

"When day policemen arrived at the police station each had one or more half dead sparrows which soon recovered....

"Spires presented a peculiar appearance.... The surroundings seemed like those of a strange town. Several half frozen, half intoxicated people were picked up on the street in snowbanks."

The only storm which could compare to the blizzard, the Gazette reported, was that in January 1857, when a terrific snowfall delayed Governor Newell's inaugural for three days. The Governor himself was stranded by the storm and finally reached Trenton afoot.

* * * *

The Trenton Times of March 13, 1888, carries these interesting sidelights on the storm:

"Two funerals from St. Mary's Church started for the cemetery on Labor's Road yesterday morning but got fast in the snow before arriving there. The horses attached to the hearse were stuck fast in a snowdrift and when they were released the hearse was found to be frozen fast. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon before they could get free. The bodies had to be temporarily placed in the receiving vault of Riverview Cemetery."

"Six horses were seen taking a ton of coal somewhere this morning in the snow."

"Many Trentonians went to the Church Street depot this morning to view the snow-blocked trains. Passengers are making the best of their time visiting the city."

"The whole of yesterday's (March 12) edition of the Times was largely purchased by those anxious to know what had been going on since Saturday. Many of the regular subscribers were unable to get their papers."

The Times of March 13 also reported the "No Mail" sign still hanging in the Post Office. The New York mail or newspapers had reached town since Saturday. Trenton was completely isolated from the outside world except by the railroad trains. But three members of the Assembly and one Senator were in town, forcing the Legislature to adjourn. The City Railway Company had 40 men clearing snow off the tracks but made little headway. The Trenton Horse Railroad put a couple of sleighs on to accommodate passengers.

Pedestrians were warned to keep their eyes open but they might find themselves embedded in a snowbank. Everywhere, broken down wagons and sleighs were to be seen.

Business in the city was likewise paralyzed. The largest store in town took in but $8 on Monday, the day of the storm, and a ladies' goods store took in a nickel for the entire day.

* * * *

"We have a right," the Times remarked editorially, "to expect March to go out like a lamb."

The following day, on March 14, "the snow in the Post Office had been cleared," the paper said. "The man who would send Spring poetry into a newspaper office just at this crisis would deserve a most horrible death."

It took a long time for the city to dig out of the snow. On Thursday, March 15, three days after the storm ended, those living on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad was still blocked and passengers were camping out at every station. Five hundred passengers, the Times of March 15 reported, were still snowbound at the Clinton Street Depot. Some were sleeping in parlor cars, others in the smoking and regular carriages. Hot coffee in large milk cans and washboilers, dipped out with tin mugs, is being dealt out to the stormbound passengers. Sandwiches are being distributed through the cars.

"Everybody knows every body else. We all feel good spirits and are making the best of the situation. There are no objections to drinking out of the same mug. Nearly all have procured autograph albums in which they have written facetious references to the occasion. No trains have yet arrived from or left for New York."

The Weekly Gazette of March 15 declared that "nothing approaching the blizzard has been known in this section of the country in probably half a century. The New York Stock Exchange was closed for the first time in history.... The blizzard will take its place among the historic storms of the country."

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Checks should be made payable to The Historical Society of Princeton and mailed to: Preservation Conference, Historical Society of Princeton, 158 Nassau Street, Princeton, New Jersey 08540.
Hale Ducked Under Telegraph Wires on Stockton Street

This remarkable view by local photographer Carlton Rose documents the extent of drifting in downtown Princeton. To the left, with snow up to its wooden awning, is a predecessor of Cox’s store, while the structures comprising the Randall, Cook building appear behind the youngsters, who no doubt recalled the day for the rest of their lives.

Courtesy of the Princeton Pictorial Archive

My story of the great blizzard of 1888 will be out of the ordinary run of such experiences.

I was a senior day pupil in the Princeton, New Jersey Preparatory School. My home was then and is now about three miles away on the Battlefield Farm.

My then best girl was visiting in town and I had an appointment to meet her at the Junction, so in order to arrive on Sunday the 11th of March. That night there was a northeast gale driving a drenching rain. Not to be deterred by the weather, I donned rubber coat and boots and walked to my grandmother’s home in town, there changed to more conventional church attire, called for the young lady and we carried out our plan. On the way home, again in rain proof attire, it was evidently getting colder.

The next morning the temperature was down to nearly zero, the wind a super gale, the fine snow blinding, and already high drifts had formed. Never before having been kept from school by the weather, I fought my way to the stable about 200 feet from the house, saddled a bay mare and with books in a bag on my back I mounted and started out in the teeth of the wind. In less than 100 feet from the barn we floundered in an impassable drift. With difficulty the mare turned and with the wind behind returned to the stable. For a minute or two the beast was white with snow driven into her coat. This was a new experience for me.

We were storm bound until Thursday morning. That day the wind died down, the sun broke through and getting about on foot was possible and by sleighs through fields where roads were drifted high.

From Princeton I walked to the Junction to see the Pennsylvania Railroad train stalled in the cut a little West of that station. It was a sight. Two coaches and three locomotives composed it. The latter were a solid block of ice below the boilers. Rods, wheels and every thing were in ice at fruit in a dish of gelatin. The Princeton branch was the only railroad in the state that kept going through the storm, so I was then told.

From Princeton I walked West on Stockton Street. The drifts held persons perfectly and filled the street from the Paul Tulane place (now Mr. Armstrong’s) almost continuously to Lawrenceville.

They were so high that one would have to duck to get under the telegraph wires.

The last I saw of this snow was on April 26th, in a quarry hole just West of the Stony Brook wheelwright shop, long since only a memory to us older folks.

Dr. Henry E. Hale
20 February 1936

Reed’s Dairy Delivered Despite Storm

Stewart L. Reed’s Dairy, which had been serving this community for sixty years, has discontinued the delivery of milk, according to an announcement made this week.

The dairy was established in 1885 by Liscomb Blackwell Reed, all of whose sons served on the route.

President Woodrow Wilson was among Mr. Reed’s patrons, as was Dean Christian Gauss and also, in years gone by, Dr. James H. Wicoff, Dr. James S. Schenck and Dr. George Purves.

In the early days, milk was delivered loose from 40-quart cans and dipped up by long-handle dippers. Many of the customers came to the wagon on the calls of a bell rung by the delivery man, carrying a pitcher or kettle. Deliveries were made twice a day in the summer and once in winter. The average charge per quart in summer and seven cents during the winter months. There was little refrigeration at that time.

During the great blizzard of 1888 the roads were blocked for several days. At that time the dairy was located near the depot at Princeton Junction. When the customers the milk cans were placed in a sleigh which was pushed by hand across the fields and a half miles to the Junction, then transported by train to the depot at Princeton. It was then carried around town by hand in 16-quart kestrels from the station. Many houses had tunnels through the snow banks to their front or rear entrances, so that deliveries could be made.

Many of the horses learned to know the old routes and if the regular deliveryman was taken ill and not able to deliver the milk, the substitute would have to depend upon the horses’ knowledge of the location of the customers. Many of them knew just where to make a stop, always winding up at the Post Office for the mail.

The last three members of the Reed family to serve on the route were L. Beaumont Reed and his brother, the late Elmer E. Reed, and finally Stewart L. Reed, present owner of the dairy which will continue the business, selling milk to other distributors.

The Princeton Herald, 14 December 1945
Federal City School Children Took Matters into Their Own Hands

There used to be more than one old well on land in the southeastern part of Hopewell Township. The area was called Federal City, because after the Revolution it had been picked to be the site of the new country's capital. (Southern delegates eventually forced the selection of a site on the Potomac.) Of all the abandoned wells in Federal City, only one succeeded in getting special attention, and this only in its old age when the wall was partly broken down, the cramp missing, and no oak bucket was to be seen.

One day we kids of the Federal City School went out for an Autumn walk. The milkweed was showing its dried pods and the seeds within the cotton-like filling were letting loose and flying through the air to find new spots to grow again the next Summer. Of course, we knew the old well was there, in the center of a sizeable field, but we went to look at it again anyway. This time as we looked down we were surprised to see a dead rabbit floating on top of the water. So we had a discussion. It was agreed that the well had become a trap for rabbits and other small creatures that might roam around the field, and we all decided it shouldn't be left that way. The next Spring we resolved to fill it up, if we could find something to do it with.

Spring arrived at last, and with it came workmen with their heavy horse-drawn wagons. They carried quantities of new boards, all of the same size, which were to replace worn cross-arms on the heavy Western Electric telegraph poles that lined the side of the road. We saw these men working each morning and late afternoon as we went to and from school. They left the old cross-arms on the ground by the poles and also threw away the glass insulators. All of us were delighted to gather these beautiful glass pieces and take them home every night, carrying them in our lunch pails. We just used them for play.

We decided that the discarded cross-arms would be just right to help fill the old well, and it wasn't long before work started on that project. It took two kids to carry one bar. We would walk to school, lay our lunch pails and books on the porch, and immediately take those boards over to the well and watch them go down into the water.

Soon some bigger boys decided that large stones were needed to help fill the bottom. So the boys carried the stones. Many times they were so heavy that two boys were needed to bear the weight of one stone. We had to look diligently around the school-yard and the edge of the field, because it was better not to have to be so burdened for any great distance. Finally some of the boards extended out of the top of the well, so we decided our work was about done. But still we threw in stones and other heavy objects when anything of the sort was available.

Studies and classes went on within the little schoolhouse as usual. The well was about forgotten. Then it happened! A heavy knock on the school door brought everyone to attention. As we turned our heads in that direction, the door opened and a strange man stepped inside. He was carrying a formidable-looking pitch-fork. I doubt if anyone thought the Devil was after us, but we were frightened. He didn't wait for the teacher to greet him. He spoke loudly and seemed disturbed. He said his name was Mr. Gardner and he was the owner of the field across the way in the direction of Lawrenceville; said he lived down the road further. He had just stopped by to see if everything in his field was all right, and to his great surprise he found that the well was filled, and he just knew that it was the work of kids. He just looked at the boys, who continued to pass the boards.
Miss Cover, the One-Room School Teacher, Organized the Class

Continued from page twelve

saw on the West side of the room.

I guess we were all trembling when Miss Cover (our teacher) asked, “Who did it?” I know I was speechless.

Then one of the boys was smart enough to say, “Why, Teddy and Johnny did it.” They were twin brothers, the sons of Polish immigrants who had settled in the district a couple of years before.

They were absent from school that day and it seemed like a good answer.

Mr. Gardner proceeded and said that the parents of those who had done it would have to clean out that well. It would require a certain kind of pump to get at the water and then all the debris could be removed more easily. It was a lengthy lecture that Mr. Gardner delivered and he ended by saying that he would have to use that well if we had a dry summer. I thought of the dead rabbit. But we were all relieved when he went on his way.

The next morning Teddy and Johnny were in school. When we were all present Miss Cover asked the twins why they had filled up the well. They immediately told the truth and said they had helped with it a little, but every kid in school had done his or her part. Miss Cover had to think fast. She knew that the well had to be cleaned out, but she did not wish our parents to know about this. She finally said, “I will help and we will all clean it out.” She volunteered to bring plenty of rope; my brother, Cornell, offered to bring a pail; and another boy said he would bring a shovel.

Starting the next day we had long recesses and lunch hours and every child in that school was out at the well. Miss Cover told cornell that, as he was the biggest boy there, he could help her and the two of them would do most of the work. A few of the wooden cross-bars were pulled out from the top, as they could be reached by standing on the ground. Several boys helped as they came slowly up. Then it was time to use the pail. They fixed a slipknot on the handle, and a weight was tied on one side to make the pail tip a bit and collect water more easily. Failing, if the water was pulled up and thrown on one side to give the appearance that a good pump was being used. Then the rope had to be lowered to catch onto each cross-bar, and this wasn’t always easy. Sometimes the timber just slipped off, and only extreme care and patience would bring it up.

After the last bars were up the large stones came into plain sight. Bringing them up proved to be the most difficult task. Miss Cover found that the rope was long enough to use both ends at once. Using both ends they would get a slipknot fastened on two sides of a stone and slowly lift it out. Days passed, but the work continued. Finally the water covered everything that was left on the bottom. It was decided that if the boys could find a few more stones to lay on the ground around the well it would look better. Finally, when this task was also completed, the day arrived when we got back to our normal school schedule.

When the last day of school was over, everyone breathed a sigh of relief, for Mr. Gardner had not appeared again and we knew that he thought the work had been correctly done.

I attended the Federal City School for three years. During that time, it seemed that many unusual things happened. The well project occurred during the last year that the school functioned; it was closed in June, 1910. The next year we had a school wagon to transport us to the Pennington Public School.

Alice Blackwell Lewis

Federal City school teacher, Miss Cover, and her pupil and chief assistant, Cornell Blackwell, were the principal movers in the project to reopen the old well near the one-room schoolhouse during the Spring of 1910.

Drawing by Alice Blackwell Lewis
Louisa and the Good Lord Selected the House Paint

Continued from page one

me out. So I learned the business. But my father got so tired he had to go leave with the milk route at two o’clock in the morning, see, and he’d come home at seven. Then he would put everything in the milk house and go work in the store.

“Then Dad wasn’t satisfied with the grocery business. He got talking with these farmers, and he got tired of being cooped up. He got so hungry for to go farming. So Mother said, ‘all right’ — cause the business was her own, the house, too — ‘all right, we’ll sell out the business, and we’ll buy a farm. But,’ she said, ‘I will not sell this house and property — just in case my father got tired of the country, so we could move back.’

“In 1917 we moved from there out to between Edinburgh and Hamilton Square, way back in the sticks, on Hutchinson’s Mill Road. Hutchenson’s Mill was still there; the creamery still stood there, but it wasn’t in operation any more. And the lake was still there.

“Then the Jewish pickers used to come from there from the neighbor Levine. He had the Jews from town come to board. And they’d sleep right outside in the orchard, and if it started to rain, or anything like that, they’d move into the barn.

“When a person comes from the city where you have all conveniences — hardwood floors, say, like we had when we lived in back of the store and upstairs — and everything nice, and then go in the country, it’s hard, see. My mother took me out to see the place. We had to go through a farmer’s cow pasture first to get back to the place, because we were surrounded by woods all the way around; we had no road frontage at all.

“There was a big gate, and my mother and I drove through. And when we come up to the house I said, ‘which is the barn, and which is the house?’ — ‘cause none of them had paint on.

“‘This is the house, here by the trees,’ she said.

“I said, ‘my God, it looks as bad as the barn.’ When you went inside, you could stand in the kitchen and look through the kitchen floor. And you could look right through the roof. ‘Oh, brother,’ I thought to myself. ‘Ma,’ I said, ‘for God’s sake, look! There isn’t a heater in the house.’

“Look, Louise,’ she said, ‘cream don’t come easy. You have to work for it. Pains won’t stay in the country, he’ll change his mind. Then we’ll go back to Trenton.’

“All right, so we fixed the place up. My grandfather helped me with the paint. We had a big fifty-gallon lime barrel, and we saved that in half, and mixed some lime in it, see, for paint — a heavy whitewash for the barn and all. ‘But,’ I said, ‘the house can’t be white, too; there has to be a set-off somewhere to make it inviting for to sell.’

“What are you going to do?”

“Mother said, ‘Oh, leave it to me, I’ll get something. I don’t know yet, what.’

“So all right, I went to the old wood store, and I took the pipe off we had no fire in it — and took all the soot out. Then over the top of the oven, there’s soot there, too. I cleared it all out, and scraped that all together, and put it in the bucket.

“So I took a sample of the soot, and a sample of the whitewash, and I mixed them to see what color I’d get. And it was grey, but it was too grey; I didn’t like that color of grey. ‘So,’ I thought, ‘there’s got to be something else mixed in there to make it more lively’ — ‘cause this was so dead-looking, you know. ‘All right,’ I thought, ‘I’ll just keep walking around, and the good Lord will show me in time.’ So I walked around and walked around, and I searched the shelves and everything. When I got to my mother’s bluing bottle, the good Lord stopped me, and my eyes just kept glued to that bluing bottle. I thought to myself, ‘could that be it?’ I took a little bit in a teaspoon, mixed it with that grey stuff, and it was the most beautiful bluish-grey steel — the most beautiful color you’d want.

“Then I took all right, now we’ve got to have something more to set-off the trim. It’s all right if we make the windows white around those little square panes, but I can’t make the sash white, too. I’m an artist that way, you know. So I thought to myself, now what? What will I put there? I didn’t know what color to blend in with that, so I started walking around again outside, and in the wagon house we had parsnip green that we sprayed over cabbage for the worms, and that was grey, a beautiful apple-green. Again, my eyes stayed glued right on that. So I thought to myself, I’ll take a little bit of that powder, mix it in with the white, and see what comes up. Beautiful green! So the house was the bluish-grey, the sash was this green, and the white windows. It was beautiful. We had a lot of trees around, an orchard and everything, and my grandfather whitewashed the trees up so far from the ground, even the orchards. Then we whitewashed the fences; everything was done with whitewash. It was the most beautiful-looking place when we was finished with it.

“My mother had to take a large...
The Doctor's Wife Warned Ma to Move to the Hills

Continued from page fourteen

mortgage and a second mortgage, all from one man. She didn't know he was a crook, but she was very careful, and she beat him to the punch. He had foreclosed on four different people before us that had that place, but my mother was determined. 'You're not going to get us,' she said, 'this time you're stumped.' And she stuck to her word. No matter if we had anything to eat or not, the bill had to be paid, so he couldn't put his hands on it.

"Then the first year there my father was sunstruck, see. You see, there was woods all the way around us, and this one day my father was right in there plowing where no breeze could hit him at all. And that day it was 104°, and it was so awful hot...

"Well, my mother was in town with my sister, and my grandmother said, 'Louise,' she said, 'there's something wrong. Look at those horses. They've been there for over half an hour. I wonder what's wrong?'

"'A half-hour?' I said.

"She said, 'yes.'

"'I had no shoes on, I was barefooted, but I ran out. Sure enough, there was my father lying there. He had had sense enough to get to the fence post to wrap the lines around so the horses couldn't get away, see. But he was laying there; he was red as a beet, 'cause the blood was all going to his head.

"So, I ran home all I could, and I kept on hollering, telling my grandmother what to do. 'Get a wheelbarrow ready, put the planks on it, and get a blanket and bed pillow.' So we took that out, and we put my father on it, and we wheeled him home. I held him so he wouldn't roll off. And then after we got my father home, we put him under a tree.

"Now from little on I was always the type to know exactly what to do. I don't know whether you could say that the good Lord was working with me, but it seems as if I always got intuitions, and I always knew on the minute what to do. That 'still, small voice' that the Bible teaches about, that is the instinct that you get or that idea that comes like a flash, you know.

"So, all right, I knew to get the sweet spirits of niter. Not very many people use it anymore, but oh what power there is in that medication! If people only knew, they wouldn't be running to the doctor so much. So I used that because he was awful red. And we had very cold water in our well, so I told my grandmother, 'get a bucket of water and a towel.' And went after the sweet spirits of niter.

"Now if you've ever seen a baby when it's young, across the top of the head, there's an opening that closes, see. Well, I put sweet spirits of niter all across there, and all around across the back of his head, and the temples where the nerve center is, and where the pulse was, and bottoms of his feet. Now that sweet spirit of niter, that draws right in, quicker even than alcohol.

"That was instinct, that's all, just instinct; nobody told me. I was only fifteen years, so naturally I hadn't been experienced in none of that kind of stuff."

"Then we took wet towels and kept soaking him. My grandmother kept putting towels around his hands on the pulse, to get that cold. I put towels on his forehead, and a towel on the back of his neck, you know, so we'd bring the fever down.

"After we had that more or less drawn off, my grandmother stayed there, and I run to the neighbor to the telephone, because we didn't have no telephone. And I called the doctor.

"Well, he finally come up and he broke my father's fever, but he broke it too fast, and he crippled him. His fingers were tight closed, and his arms were all turned around, and his head was tilted to the side. His knees were all up under his chin, and his toes were nearly back where his heels should be. And that's the way the poor man layed for three years!

"My father was so skinny, he was only a skeleton. When you touched him, you were so afraid that maybe a joint might fall off. And he was alive! To think that the good Lord could be so good. You know, he spared him for a reason; there was a purpose.

"Well, one day when my mother went to the doctor's to get some medication, the doctor's wife called her out of the office. And she said, 'Mrs. Luthie, you don't know me, but I'm the doctor's wife, and I seen last night on your husband's chart, if you don't get him out of this neighborhood here -- out of this altitude here -- he's got only six months to live. No more!'

"The doctor's wife went to the University of Chicago. She went there for training; she was a nurse. That's medical training; that's not spiritual. But she said, 'if you will take him to the highest point here in New Jersey, there a healing current, and he will be healed without a drop of medicine.' She said, 'that's God's

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**Continued on page sixteen**
Federal City Healing Currents Restored Pa's Health

Continued from page fifteen country.

"So my mother came home, and naturally since I was the oldest at the time, she says to me, 'Louise, this is what Mr. Arthur said.' And I was a little shocked at first, and I says to her, 'Is she a drinking woman, Ma?'"

"I don’t think so," she said.

"Did you smell any liquor on her?"

"No," she said, 'and I was close enough, 'cause she was whispering to me.' Then she said, 'but I can hardly believe it.'"

"So I did a lot of thinking. I said, 'let’s look at this way, what has the woman got to gain or lose, whether Pop lives or dies? That doesn’t mean anything to the woman. She wouldn’t have told you that if it wasn’t out of the goodness of her heart. She has nothing to gain," I said, 'she doesn’t even know us.'"

"That’s true, too," Ma said.

"So,” I said, “all right, let’s not take any chances. You go to town tomorrow, and let’s get started. Get a-hold of a real estate man that can take you to the highest spot here in New Jersey.”

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Page sixteen

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day in college, Alexander was used as an assembly hall; it housed everything from football rallies to philharmonic concerts to Chapel services (later Marquand Chapel burned down). Alexander is massively ugly, with no possibility of ever burning down.

The same goes for neighboring Witherspoon, as well as and the explosive chemicals which kept firefighters at bay when the School of Science went up in flames in the late twenties. That event was one of Princeton's series of fortunate conflagrations. On the theoretical Science site has been erected the handsome Firestone Library, as much of an improvement over the outmoded Science building as the nearby new Chapel, with its gorgeous stained glass, is over hallowed burning Marquand Chapel. The students welcomed these fires (if they did not set them) with enthusiasm. When the Casino, center for the Triangle Club shows or lower University Place, burned, undergraduates chanted "Let it go! Let it go!" and locked arms to prevent the firemen from operating their hoses.

The old buildings of the central campus, Stanhope and West College, Chancellor Green Library and McLean House, remain intact. They are dominated, of course, by Old North, Nassau Hall itself, with its clock of four-faces and bell-tower, sitting serene and a little aloof in its spacious park of elms and tulip-poplars. The building was the entire college for the first century of its existence, and remains as its center more than two hundred years after its construction. Old North, permanence and heavy with history, is "the best old place of all," as every son and daughter of the University comes to realize. It is slightly embarrassed when referred to in these exaggerated terms. Nassau Hall is modest. When you actually

are the best, you don't have to call attention to the fact.

My father thought the University would have done better to do all its buildings over the years in the style of Old North. He admired the charm of Collegiate Gothic, so much more interesting than staid old New Jersey brownstone colonial, but he was for authenticity and homogeneity. The same principle made him admire many New England villages, whose houses were nearly all painted white with green shutters. "The occasional brick or stone houses give them enough variety," he said. Architecturally, he thought the campus dangerously close to a hodge-podge. But he learned to live with the new as well as the old, sketching both with deft appreciation.

On the steps of Old North, in the evenings during May and June, the seniors gathered in their white canvas "beer suits" to raise their voices in songs of lyrics humorous and some sentimental. There was the "Faculty Song," celebrating various professors, with such verses as:

"He was Christian Gauss,
We like his wit, like his spouse,
But most of all, his claim to fame,
Two daughters on the daisy-chain
(Referring to the lovely twin girls
Who divided their time between
Vassar and Princeton).

When the bell chimed nine o'clock, the men sang, quietly:

Oh, hear them bells,
Don't you hear them bells,
They are ringing out the glory
Of Nassau, of Nassau,
Oh, hear them bells,
Don't you hear them bells?
They are ringing out the glory
Of Nassau.

The dark was punctuated only by the glowing ends of cigarettes of the step-singers, except when Japanese lanterns were strung up between the maple trees at Commencement time. Next would come "The Ocean Waves May Roll," and "Australian Girls" and "That's When My Money Goes." Somewhere along the line, there would be a solo: "My love she sits on

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Front Campus Echoed to Student Step-Singing in Spring

Among the many notable nineteenth century buildings on campus were Marquand Chapel, shown here apropos backwards, by Josiah Cleveland Cadby; Alexander Hull, above, by William A. Potter; and the John C. Green School of Science. Only Alexander survives.

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the campus, look, look!” with its lilting yodel, “O-lay-ee, li-lay-ee, li-lay-ee, o-lay-ee, li-lay-ee, li-lay-ee.” I don’t think they sing those songs any more, though no doubt they end the evening with “Old Nassau” as we used to do.

When college was in session, all the central campus seethed with life. If there was a “riot,” it was usually over some underdetermined or inconsequential issue. Students turned out to march and yell more because of “spring madness” than because they were seriously concerned about some social wrong. We got excited over compulsory chapel, protested the rule against cars on the campus and, in a more mature effort, tried to do something about the “slave markets” which were the most glaring excesses of the Prospect Street clubs. But there was little serious crusading. The undergraduate body did take sides, mostly against, the small group of evangelical Christians who adopted Frank Buchman’s and Sam Shoemaker’s interpretation of the Gospel. I stood on the periphery of that controversy, half critical, half thinking that if these people aroused such opposition, they must have something to them, never realizing until years after graduating that their ideas would profoundly influence my own life and later ministry.

Once in college, most of my generation settled down to the liberal education which is still the raison d’être of the place. We were not really thinking about preparing for careers or even about getting equipped to make a living. We didn’t know what we were going to do in life, but we did know what we were going to be. What we were going to be was cultured gentlemen. Duncan Sparr defined the matter when he stated that Princeton was educating us for leisure, not for business or the professions. So we took in his booming renditions of Shakespeare and Bobby Root’s marvellously precise lectures on the eighteenth-century writers, and E.Y. Robbins’ Plato, and all the others of fond memory. Maybe we learned something about thinking and analyzing and discriminating and taste and expression, but not many of us came out of Princeton prepared for a specific career. St. Augustine defined a cultivated man as one who could understand everything he heard or read, and express everything he thought, in three languages (presumably, Hebrew, Latin and Greek). Princeton did not quite do all that for us, but it made a pretty good try.

A lot of us took Latin, for no other reason than that we “liked it,” as did the student in Robert Frost’s “Death of the Hired Man. Fewer liked Greek, but the Greek Department was so happy to have anybody enrolled in its classes, it was said, that no student ever received a grade lower than a Second Group (B). When Harry Collins actually got a Third Group, or C, one semester when he did no work at all in the course, Reed Stuart said he must certainly have flunked. Nevertheless, we got a lot out of Professor Robbins and his colleagues. Twenty years later, Colmore was attending a High School graduation listening to an erudite scholar make the speech of the day. In some connection, the speaker quoted a Greek line: ἐν δὲ ἀγωγήν ἀπεθάνει τὸν Θεόν, καὶ ἀπεθάνει ἡνίας τὸν Θεόν, καὶ ἀπεθάνει ἡνίας ἡνίας. Colmore sat up. He recognized the sentence as the opening verse of the Gospel of St. John. After that experience, Colmore stated that he now considered his entire Princeton education worthwhile. He had had to go to Columbia to learn the medicine that made of him a distinguished physician, but he claimed that nothing satisfied so much as did that
Admission Policies Under Rad Heermance Were Relaxed

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inner glow when he realized that he was perhaps the only person, among the five hundred or so present, who understood what the man was talking about. Princeton had done that for him.

Intellectual snobbery? Maybe. A touch. But there is something to be said for the well-stocked mind which draws on the wisdom of the ages and discerns in it what is pertinent to the modern predicament. For one thing, it often produces a discriminating and exact use of the King's English. A recent lead editorial in the newspaper of a Virginia seat of culture had in it three grammatical errors and two misuses of common words. A Princeton graduate, noting them, commented sadly. "There is simply no education south of the Mason-Dixon Line." This seems a little extreme. After all, our class (1927) had Joe Bryan, from Richmond, than whom there are few more cultivated gentlemen.

Most of the professors fifty years ago at Princeton were imbued with the idea that the mind of the student was to be plowed and watered and challenged and stretched as it was exposed to the great thinkers of the ages. Where are they now? Bert Friend and Bobby Scoon, "Livy" Westcott and Ayers Taylor and Larry Levengood? There were Howard McLenanah and Maurice Croll and Paddy Chapman and Baldy Smith. Many were characters: Frank MacDonald; Larry Lowe, the human fly; fierce Critchlow pushing his baby-carriage; Murch of the low-keyed creative writing course, and "Garbaldy" Buzzer Hall. One recalls the Stuarts, Duane and Donald Ogden, Tom Parrott, Kelly Prentice, Jack Wainwright, Henry Norris Russell, George Harper — one could go on indefinitely. All were not so outstanding as these, we had some duds, too, but enough of them were sufficiently distinguished scholars and teachers to leave a memorable deposit of sound learning in the generations of students they taught.

But it was still a small college, Princeton in the 'twenties, as the town was still small-town. Take the Administration's admissions procedures, for example. In the twenties, Radcliffe Heermance was the whole Admissions Department. Perhaps he had a secretary. We took "College Board Exams" and, if we accumulated fifteen points, we got in. Period. Some were admitted with thirteen or fourteen points and a "condition" in a subject which they had failed, to be made up at some point during their college years. I myself had accumulated fourteen points by the end of my junior year in prep school and gone back to Kent for my senior year in the fall of 1922, to relax and pick up that fifteenth point. One day in mid-October my father received a phone call from the Admissions Office.

"You'd better get after that son of yours," said the voice of Rad Heermance, "he's missing all his classes. What's the matter with him? Is he sick?"

"Which one? Dick or Buzz?" asked Dad, perplexed.

"No, they're all right. It's John. Where is he?"

"John — he's back at Kent for his last year."

"He is? Why, we admitted him long ago, with a condition in Math. Didn't you get the notice?"

But this was news to my father, as it was to me when I heard about it later. I was probably too young (sixteen) to be in college anyway.

Can you imagine anything like that taking place in the admissions procedures of 1978? John P. Cuyler

Although much maligned, Witherspoon Hall ("Spoo to those who live there"), left, was for many years the most sought-after of dormitories. The Tudor arches of Pye Library, above, set the tone for the University's collegiate Gothic quadrangles. The Brokaw Memorial Arch, right, also housed athletic facilities.

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Garrett Nevius Polhemus must have obtained permission to take his camera up to the tower of Stuart Hall at the Seminary, the vantage point of this view. Buildings, from left, include University Hall, Halsted Observatory, Brokaw Gymnasium, and Blair Hall, Witherspoon, Edwards, Dod, the Casino, and Brown Hall. The photo is dated by the presence of Blair Hall (1897) and the absence of Little Hall (1899). Dickinson Hall appears below, left; Whig, Clio, West College and Reunion Halls are included, right.

All courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. James Dunn

The identity of the solitary figure must forever remain unknown. From left, this Polhemus view includes Dod Hall, 1890; Edwards, 1880; Witherspoon, 1877; and Clio, 1893. McCosh Walk appears in the oval.

Looking up the hill from Brokaw Memorial Arch, toward Dod and Edwards, right, this shot shows the Casino, left, before its subsequent move across the tracks to the site of its replacement, McCarter Theatre.