Flames Above The Riker

Vignettes of Old Livingston

by

Freeman Harrison

Freeman Harrison

Flames Above The Riker

Vignettes of Old Livingston

To My Family

Preface

Some later rearrangements and minor changes in the text excepted, these reminiscenses first appeared in the *West Essex Tribune.* Some sentiment has been expressed that they be published in book form, and this collection is the result. The year of its appearance is shown with each story.

In presenting these vignettes it is my hope that they give pleasure and a glimpse of the quiet, picturesque town of earlier days. Although the writing is mainly of the Livingston I knew as a boy, I am indebted to others for information. Sincere credit is due Lillias Collins Cook, eminent authority on Livingston's past; Ruth Rockwood, our Librarian; Mirian V. Studley of the Newark Public Library; the Hoch sisters, Louis Diecks, Gilbert Squier and Ernest Tompkins. Ella Diecks, Mrs. Ernest Tompkins and Pell T. Collins, Senior, all now passed on, also were of great help. Thanks are due, too, to William Klaber, Editor of the *West Essex Tribune.* Edwin A. Ely's diverting and informative "Personal Memoirs" was of much assistance.

FREEMAN HARRISON

Livingston, New Jersey
July 23, 1965

The First Meetin' *1951*

ONCE AGAIN the sweet miracle of springtime was working its spell upon the countryside. The fine new warmth was drying the narrow dirt roads, lately almost impassable due to the seasonal thaw, and stirring buds to burst on maple, oak and chestnut. Along the wayside, in wood and meadow, timid daubs of yellow, white or blue blossomed in their age-old fashion. It was the morning of April 12th, 1813.

To organize their new government the voters of the Township of Livingston were on their way to Samo's tavern where, according to the charter granted by the State Legislature on February 5th, the first town meeting was to be held. The inn stood in the center of Tidtown, a section so called because of the many Teeds—or Tids, as they were sometimes colloquially termed —who lived in the district.

The infant township, neatly carved out of Springfield and Caldwell and having a population of about one thousand people, had been named in honor of William Livingston, a former governor of New Jersey. The Kean family of Livingston is descended from this worthy man. When it was created, Livingston was larger in area than it is now, for Roseland was included and the easterly line was on the Orange side of the Second Mountain.

By phaeton, buckboard, farm wagon, on horseback and on foot the voters were converging on Samo's tavern. From Northfield, which had been part of Springfield, came members of such families as the Meekers, Baldwins, Collinses, Burnets and Edwardses.

From Cheapside, Squiretown, Washington Place and Morehousetown, sections comprising roughly what is now the western part of Livingston, came Dickinsons and Townleys, Hardys,

Morehouses, Farnhams, Kitchells, Wards, Tompkinses, Beaches, Smiths, Camps and Squiers.

The Squiers represented the oldest family, with the possible exception of the Meeker family of Northfield, in the new township. Jonathan Squier bought from the East Jersey Proprietors extensive lands near the Passaic as long ago as 1744. Today Gilbert Squier of Walnut Street lives in an ancient Squier home that has housed eight consecutive generations of his family.

From Centerville, now Roseland, there came to the first meeting Williamses, DeCamps, Wades, Harrisons, Cooks, Cobbs, Kents, Whiteheads and Steels. Tidtown and its vicinity were represented by Forces, Littels, Elys, Courters, Cooks, Wrights and, of course, many Teeds young and old. Most of the Teeds lived along what is now East Mt. Pleasant Avenue.

What kind of place was this "house of Isaac Samo," designated in Livingston's charter as the scene of the first meeting? The old building, showing alarming signs of its antiquity, was torn down in 1906 and many local residents recall it. Built by William Ely, Jr. around 1765, it was large and of genuine character, an authentic Colonial beyond question. It was long, high and substantial and doubtless had great charm in its day. It faced easterly along the road to Northfield and the north end lay along what is now West Mount Pleasant Avenue. On the right, as one faced the building, there was a long projecting porch with railings, two windows and a doorway; on the left was another and more artistic porch. It was recessed, with a picturesque bluestone floor, two windows, a like number of columns supporting the floor above, and a wide, inviting door which in the old days led to the taproom.

The taproom was long and wide with great oak boards for flooring, and a big, comfortable fireplace in the south wall. To

the rear was a spacious reception hall; above these two rooms was an immense ballroom, scene of frequent dances when the inn was busy and in its heyday. In the part of the building toward the highway was a central hall, with Colonial staircase, and several large rooms on each floor.

In Isaac Samo's time the music for dancing must have been excellent as Mr. Samo was a professional musician. That was his true vocation, and he ran the hostelry in Livingston for only a few years, returning to New York and his former position as orchestra leader in the Park Theater, Park Row.

After the old building ceased to be a tavern, it was the home at various times of many Livingston families, such as the Gerows, Collinses, Maxfields, Cranes, Pringles, Williamses, Teeds. There were others almost beyond counting. The final occupant and doubtless one of the most interesting of all was the sturdy old sailor, Theodore Berry. In warm weather he would sit in a comfortable armchair on the bluestone porch, often thinking, it is likely, of long ago days when he had served in the Union Navy during the Civil War or sailed the South Pacific on old-time whalers, high-masted, the great sails full blown above the blue sea. A sentimental man, he made his main living quarters in what had been the ancient taproom.

In 1813 there were two other large buildings at the center. One was the general store, a two-story frame structure dating before the Revolution. Facing Mount Pleasant turnpike, it ran deep along the Northfield road, across from the tavern. It was for years the Tidtown store. Also, for a time it housed the post office and since it is described in an old deed as "the hotel warehouse" space was probably rented to the tavern proprietors when their own room for supplies was exhausted.

The other building was the combined barn and stable that

was a necessary part of the tavern set-up. A long frame structure, it lay close to the street, in the area in front of what is now Panek's garage and the *Tribune* office. It was a busy place, particularly as some of the old-time stage lines running between the Morristown district and Newark changed horses at the tavern. There was a stage line over what is now, roughly, Mount Pleasant Avenue even before the Revolution and by 1807, when the Newark and Mount Pleasant Turnpike, a toll road privately owned, was built on or near the old right-of-way, transportation by stagecoach was a flourishing business.

Over the years there were several lines at various times—Cooper's, Merry's, Drake's, Cook's, Colbath's and others. Some of the stage-line companies were in existence at the same period, providing lively competition. The coaches were large, painted in bright colors, and many of them were drawn by four horses. These lines were Colonial by tradition and so doubtless modeled after the ancient stage-coach lines of England as to equipment and mode of operation.

The tavern at Tidtown was a natural stopping place as it was about half way between Morristown and Newark. The Morris and Essex Railroad at length caused the end of the old stage lines, and the bright coaches, seen for so many years speeding over the highway, passed into oblivion. Before the building of the new turnpike, certain of the stage lines had run through Northfield over what is now Northfield Avenue.

The voters who came to Samo's tavern that April day nearly 138 years ago were men, because, of course, woman suffrage was undreamed of. However, they found at least one bright example of femininity—Emma Samo, the innkeeper's daughter. She had come with her father to Tidtown the year before and was beautiful, 14, vivacious. With her fine New York clothes, pretty dimples

and dark sparkling eyes, she was the sensation of the village almost from the moment she stepped off the stage, and on that first election day doubtless some of the younger voters found occasion to pat her dark curls.

One of the youthful citizens present, Abraham Halsey Ely, certainly looked on Emma with admiration, for three years later he married her. They went to live in their home on Hillside Avenue. The house was on the east side of the street and later became the William Mosher homestead. It no longer stands. Emma Samo became a well-loved member of the famous Ely family. Edwin Ely, in his "Personal Memoirs," wrote that she was "a woman of culture, more than ordinarily attractive both in appearance and manner."

It is probable that the meeting was held outside of the tavern. The tradition is that when a vote was so close that a decision by show of hands might not be accurate the vote was determined by those voting one way standing on one side of the street and those voting the other way standing on the opposite side.

The crowd became silent at the words, "The meeting is called to order!" Joseph Tenrub Hardy, a stalwart from Squiretown, was chosen moderator. "I call for nominations for township clerk" . . . "I call for nominations for members of the township committee." Other positions to be filled were brought forward by the moderator. The meeting was tense, orderly, for these men knew they had serious business on hand. Names zipped through the air as the nominations were made and seconded . . . "Joseph Ward" . . . "William Reynolds" . . . "Jonathan Wade" . . . "Benjamin DeCamp" . . . "Caleb Tichenor." There were many other names such as Cook, Burnet, Teed, Collins, Townley, Squier, Ball.

When the voting ended, the results were announced by the venerable Joseph Harrison of Centerville, the judge of election.

The founding fathers there on that long-ago Monday had put thought and fairness into their voting. If any section tried to get more than its share of representation in the new government it is not shown in the results of the balloting. No section was overlooked. Many of the voters who went to Tidtown that day were unacquainted with each other, since, considering the transportation of the period, many lived far apart. It is all the more to their credit that they chose so fairly.

Naturally the leaders in the movement to found a new municipality had known each other for some time, since a great deal of work was necessary to lay the plans and to have the charter passed in Trenton; but during the grim war winter of 1812-1813 the sturdy creators of Livingston never relaxed in their efforts.

What of some of the men chosen that day? A member of the Squier family became the first township clerk. He was Samuel Squier, Jr. Joseph Tenrub Hardy was elected to the township committee, with Joseph Green, Peter Cook, Josiah Steel and Abner Ball, who also became assessor. Two were school teachers. One of them was Mr. Ball, who came from Northfield. He was a veteran of the Revolution, having enlisted at 16, and a long-time clerk of the historic Baptist Church Society of Northfield. The other teacher was Josiah Steel of Centerville. "Master" Steel, as he was known, was a native of Hartford, Connecticut, a descendent of Governor Bradford of Massachusetts and a relative of Noah Webster of dictionary fame. He was 16 years old and a student at Yale when the Revolutionary War broke out. He left college, enlisted in the Continental Army and served throughout the war. Afterward he came to Centerville to teach in the local school. Eventually "Master" Steel bought a house with many acres on the south side of the Orange Road, now Eagle Rock Avenue. This house, which for nearly a century was the home of the Condit

family, still is in existence. Peter Cook, another of the committeemen, lvied on Mount Pleasant Turnpike and belonged to an old family many of whose members lived across the Passaic in Hanover. Cook's Bridge, as the bridge at Hanover was long known, derived its name from this family.

It was decided to hold the next town meeting at Samo's tavern. Farewells were made, and these farmers, shoemakers and teachers, these church deacons and old soldiers of the Revolution, started homeward along the highway and the narrow tree-lined roads.

They drank deep of the clean air, heady with the smell of flowers and the damp soil of springtime. They had done well that day there at Tidtown, at Isaac Samo's tavern. With the new spring they had established their new town.

The Great Blizzard *1956*

"Good gracious, Caleb, what's going on outside?" asked a startled Livingston housewife as she looked out of a bedroom window on that long-ago Monday morning. "I've never seen anything like it before. Get up, lazy, and look outside."

Her husband took a look and was equally startled. Certainly there was plenty going on, for the date was March 12th, 1888 and Livingston Township from the heights of Force Hill on the east to the Passaic on the west, from Choctaw Hill in Roseland on the north to the flats of Cheapside on the south, was in the grip of the Great Blizzard ravaging this part of the nation.

It was not like any other snowstorm. In fact one might have thought at first that it was not snow at all but some cruel compound of ice particles and glass ground into minute fragments. Mrs. Lillias Cook says it was like a sandstorm. The weather was bitter cold, with high, howling winds sweeping over the open fields. One could grope his way through the blinding density of the snow only by holding onto clotheslines or fences or by recognizing the shadowy forms of familiar buildings. In all the years that have gone by since that memorable March day the Great Blizzard stands alone in weather annals.

No wonder the good housewife expressed amazement, for the storm was as unheralded as it was terrific. Saturday had been springlike—there was an outdoor party not far from Livingston at which some of the men wore straw boaters—and Sunday morning was mild and rainy. It was in the afternoon that the weather turned. The rain became torrential, and after a few hours it was followed by sudden arctic cold and angry winds. By Monday morning the blizzard raged in all its fury.

In those days, Livingston people were used to snow and the

cheerful music of sleighbells, now almost forgotten, was often to be heard. What a loss when those sleighbells disappeared! Snow was not plowed off the streets as it is now in this automobile age, for the average snowfall in no way impeded traffic. A horse could pull a sleigh through snowbanks that would stop short a modern car. So on the morning of the blizzard as people arose early, as was their custom, the men of the households had not thought of staying indoors and letting the elements rage. Clearly this storm was different from all others, but there was work to be done. Livestock had to be looked after, stores opened, mail taken to Orange, milk delivered to waiting customers beyond the mountains.

Many Livingstonians were in the milk business. Some had their own dairies, others bought the milk from dairies and sold it retail. Through the almost impenetrable snow the milkmen started on the long trip over the Orange Mountains. The milk must be delivered. A few of the many who went that morning were Merrick Baldwin, Albert Crane, Henry Becker, William H. Harrison, Samuel Burnet of Burnet Hill, father of the present Samuel. Mr. Crane, who lived in West Livingston, was the only one to get back to Livingston that day and he did not reach his home.

After leaving his sleigh in Orange, he rode one horse and led the other back over the mountains. He got as far as Northfield and there endurance ended for himself and for his horses. He had reached what is now the corner of South Livingston and West Hobart Gap Road and across the intersection and in a field where "Ma" Pitcher's now stands there was a tremendous drift. Mr. Crane could get the horses no farther. However, he did manage to struggle through the storm to the home of the William Diecks family. There he was hospitably welcomed and

there he stayed overnight. Louis Diecks, a son of William, recalls how Mr. Crane, a harassed figure in the terrible snow, came knocking at the door. Miss Ella Diecks, Louis's sister, recalls the horses of necessity left out in the storm. "I never knew till then," she says, "what it was to hear horses cry in agony. I never have forgotten it since."

Sam Burnet got back as far as the top of the First Mountain, in West Orange. There he could make headway no longer. Nearly frozen to death, he was obliged to leave his horse, caught in a colossal drift, and seek shelter in a home on Northfield Avenue. There he stayed till the following morning. He found that his horse had perished. Mr. Crane's horses recovered.

What of the mail? At the general store and post office at Livingston Center on the morning of the blizzard there was early activity despite the storm. My father, Amos W. Harrison, who ran the store and was postmaster, and John Crane, his faithful assistant, were busy postmarking letters in the yellow light from oil lamps on the wall. They were readying the mail for Benjamin DeCamp, stage-line proprietor, to take to the Orange post office on the morning trip. Snow pelted the wide windows, yellow in the lamplight; the building trembled in the furious wind, freezing cold permeated the place despite the blazing wood fire John Crane had built in the iron stove, and the two men worked on until the mail was ready. It had occurred to neither of them that the sturdy Ben DeCamp would fail to appear.

Probably John Crane's cheeks became redder than ever in the excitement. Usually known as "Johnny," he was a picturesque, wiry little man, always full of hustle. He wore old-fashioned spectacles with steel frames and his eyes were twinkling and blue.

Mr. DeCamp drew up with his sleigh, the two long side seats running parallel from front to back. He had his best team of

horses and was ready for the trip over the winding mountain roads. What if he could see only a few feet in front of him? His duty was clear. He must take the mail.

The leather mail bag was clamped and locked. John Crane quickly handed it to Mr. DeCamp on the driver's seat, the stage-line proprietor already a shadowy, snow-covered specter. It was seven-fifteen, time to move on. "Giddap!" The horses strained on the traces, there was a crunching sound as the runners gripped into the snow, and the sleigh started on its way, disappearing almost at once in the gray density of the storm. Mr. DeCamp, with the help of his gallant horses, got the mail through to Orange. However, nature can take about so much and there was no return trip that day.

Not many reached the store for the customary round of talk. "Dave" Flynn and William VanZee, both of whom lived near by on Mount Pleasant Avenue; the Maxfields, who lived in the big old house on the corner, in which John Crane also dwelt; "Uncle Billy" Smith, whose home was back of the store, on the road to Northfield—these were about all. Perhaps Mr. Bastian, pastor of the Baptist Church, made his way over from the parsonage. Other stores—Johnson's and Farley's at Northfield, Wilbur DeCamp's and William Ball's at Roseland—were similarly quiet.

Louis Diecks recalls the interesting fact that despite the great fall of snow there were occasional bare spots. The same winds which caused the high drifts had also in places blown away the snow.

The blizzard was over by Tuesday, and for the first time people could realize the full magnitude of the storm. Never before had such drifts been seen. Many reached the second floors of homes and in some cases houses were almost buried. Three sons of Jeptha Baldwin of Northfield decided to make a friendly

call on "Aunt Abbey" Johnson, an elderly lady greatly respected in the neighborhood. She was the widow of Joseph Johnson and lived in the old Johnson homestead on what is now South Livingston Avenue. After some effort the three brothers reached the location of the house. The home of "Aunt Abbey" was there no longer. At least it seemed that way on first sight, for the habitation was almost covered by an immense drift. The brothers estimated where the front door should be and set to work digging a tunnel from the street. It was well that they were young and strong. It took hours of shoveling, but at length they completed the tunnel. They found Mrs. Johnson well, though naturally disturbed by her experience with the storm, and paid her a nice visit. Needless to say, she was glad to see them. This good lady was the grandmother of Mrs. Lillias Cook, who has done so much to keep alive the history of our old Township.

This Tuesday was spring election. In an article in this paper I wrote that Will Parker Teed and some others brought the necessary ballot box from Roseland to the hall in the store at Livingston Center. Here the Township elections were held. I was in error, as Mrs. Lillias Cook was good enough to explain in this paper. No ballot box arrived that day, no election was held. The lively Will Parker and the other Roselanders reached Livingston Center, walking on improvised snowshoes, but the ballot box was resting quietly at Farley's store in Northfield.

This partly came about on account of that same gigantic drift which had stopped Bert Crane's horses the day before. William Diecks was a candidate for freeholder and his home was a busy one that morning. To it came Charles Baldwin, one of the election inspectors, and Willie Burnet who was the township clerk as well as a teacher in the Northfield school. They had the ballot box with them. However, the Diecks family knew only too well,

especially from what Mr. Crane had told them about the great mound of snow blocking progress toward Livingston Center that delivery of the box would be almost impossible.

There was one chance, it was decided, of getting a sleigh through the drift. That would be to use Mr. Diecks' team of oxen. They might succeed where even the horses, so used to snow, had failed. So with all speed the great animals were got out of the barn and hitched up.

Disappointment followed as the team approached the drift. The oxen simply weren't playing that morning. It was no use. The ballot box would have to be carried by hand. Inspector Baldwin, Willie Burnet and members of the Diecks family managed to get it just past the Northfield schoolhouse on the road to Livingston Center. There, utterly exhausted, they could go no farther. After a rest they lugged it to Farley's store for safekeeping. If only they had got in touch with the three Baldwin brothers digging the tunnel not far away the election might have been held. As it turned out, there was no election until late in August. It was held under the provisions of an emergency measure passed by the New Jersey Legislature and the stalwart Republican, William Diecks, was elected freeholder after the long wait.

At one time there was a maiden lady in Livingston whom mention of the Great Blizzard unduly disturbed. Although certainly she had been a full-grown girl at the time of the storm, when asked any questions about it she would quickly reply; "I don't know anything of it except what I recall hearing my grandmother tell."

March 12th, 1888. "Where are the snows of yesteryear?" asked Villon, the French poet, and with the exception of dull explanations from scientists who would not know what Villon meant anyway, the query has met the silence of the ages. We do

know, though, that those colossal drifts of the Great Blizzard have gone long since, gone with the howling winds, gone with the old town of that time, gone with the good wife who was so astounded that morning when she first looked upon the unbelievable storm, gone with her husband and many other people and many other things. "We are such stuff as dreams are made on."

Not long after the heavy snowstorm of December, 1947, the writer was one of a group passing away the time by talking of various snowfalls the members had known or heard of. One person remarked that probably the late storm was just as bad as the '88 blizzard but was less celebrated because it was recent. His words conveyed the sly hint that the Great Blizzard had been growing worse and worse every year since 1888.

Pell T. Collins, that fine, interesting man, who had been for so long an ornament to this Township, was among the group and in no mind to listen to such nonsense from a mere whippersnapper of fifty who had not seen the one and only Blizzard.

"Good heavens, man," Mr. Collins spoke up, "there is no comparison! That December storm was a snow flurry, a treat for children. Eighty-eight! That was the real thing. Why, I was walking with some others the day after the storm and one man stepped too close to an air hole in the crust of the snow. All of a sudden there was a crash and the fellow disappeared entirely. It took four men a good hour to dig him out. He was not injured but he was considerably ruffled."

It must have been quite a storm.

"No Greater Love" *1953*

A FAR CRY IT IS from this present time to the late Eighties and Nineties of the preceding century. The inevitable changes have come to this Township of Livingston, some suddenly, almost cruelly, in the destruction of an old-time house or the opening through green woodland made by an unfeeling bulldozer, others slowly and in subtle ways. In those years Livingston was a peaceful, generally well-kept town populated by a sturdy self-reliant people. Most of them had lived here since birth.

This story, however, concerns one who, although she lived here a long while ago, did not belong to one of the old Livingston families. She was a newcomer. It is about a young girl, Clara Maass, who walked among us for a few years, attending the school in Northfield, then left this place for other endeavors. She was a valiant girl, and it may be well briefly to consider her time and her history.

Clara Maass—she was Clara Louise, but the second Christian name was not often used—was born in East Orange on June 26th, 1876, the daughter of Robert E. and Hedwig Maass. In 1888 the family moved to Sycamore Avenue, Livingston. There, on the bend of the road and near the brook, she lived with her parents and brothers and sisters. Picture Sycamore Avenue in those days when she walked along it on her way to or from school—a very cowpath of a road but what blessed quiet and what unspoiled beauty! A sheen of idyllic loveliness filled the district. There were the wistful flowers of early spring, the deep, cool green of summer, the incredibly beautiful colors of autumn, the winter snow glistening white and undisturbed.

Besides the Maass home, which stood in what was known as Round Hollow, there was on the whole stretch of the road, from

Cedar Street to Northfield Avenue, only one house, the home of the Baum family. George B. Schulte, of Northfield, bought the Maass farm in 1892, the year the Maasses moved back to East Orange. Mr. Schulte says: "I had a brother, a teacher like myself, who often came from the city to visit us and he insisted that whenever he turned from Northfield Avenue into the old lane every trouble and care in the world disappeared at once." That was the kind of a street Sycamore Avenue was in those tranquil days.

The schoolhouse at Northfield stood on the same corner as today's Roosevelt School. It faced Northfield Avenue and was a small, frame building somewhat deeper than wide. Of one story only, it nevertheless gave some appearance of height with its broad, high windows and cupola. In the days of Clara Maass there was only one classroom—an additional room was built later —and the building was painted a neutral cream. It never became, I believe, a "little red schoolhouse." In front there were a well and pump, to the rear, along what is now South Livingston Avenue, was a playground with a baseball field.

Into the one classroom were crowded the numerous boys and girls of the district—Johnsons, Dieckes, McChesneys, Wards, Sprigges, Crosbys, Baums, Collinses, Meekers, Hochs, Ochses, Cranes, Reinhardts and many others. Over this lively assemblage presided Francis Morey as teaching principal. He must have been a remarkable man to control and teach such a roomful of pupils. He taught all the eight grades, with his pupils ranging from five to sixteen years in age.

The Hoch sisters of East Northfield Avenue, who knew Clara Maass well, have a photograph taken in front of the schoolhouse in the spring of 1892. How the years fall away as one looks at the picture! There, grouped in long rows, are the children of Northfield of that day, bright-faced and neatly dressed. Clara Maass

is there, as a visitor, for she had left the Northfield school sometime before. Very small, probably a first-grader, one sees William Ernest Collins, destined to become one of the finest men this Township ever knew. Others, too, in this group were to bring great honor to their town. A little apart from his pupils stands Principal Morey, a sturdy man. He wears a conservative suit and a formidable derby hat. Near him is Horace Ward. Probably the president of the senior class, Horace was dressed for the picture-taking in his best Sunday clothes and stood proudly between the grouped pupils and Mr. Morey.

With the young hopefuls of Northfield, Clara Maass studied and played. She was rather tall, attractive, with long honey-colored hair. Mrs. George Schulte, who went to school with Clara, remembers the hair particularly. Clara was a happy, pleasant girl, full of good nature. She spoke often of her resolution to become a nurse. The Maasses were a family of nurses. Of Clara's five sisters, two of them, Misses Margaret and Sophie, took up that profession.

Some who were Clara's classmates in Northfield say that she was an average girl, seemingly not precocious or unusually ambitious. It would seem, however, that somehow they overlooked something in Clara. Her career after she had finished with the little one-room schoolhouse—think of the far places she later went in pursuit of her calling; what she did when the great crisis in her life came—shows that within her was some hidden fire, some vital urge which, though concealed, drove her relentlessly on her way.

When Clara was sixteen the Maass family returned to East Orange. Already she had been working in the Newark Orphan Asylum, caring for the children there, and soon, in accordance with her ambition, she became a student nurse in the old German

Hospital—the Lutheran Memorial Hospital—on Twelfth Avenue in Newark. She was following her chosen course, doing the work she loved. In 1895 she was graduated from the nursing school of the hospital, which institution is now named for her, the Clara Maass Memorial Hospital. The honor was well earned. She is the hospital's most famous nurse. The institution, moved from its former location, is in Franklin Avenue, Belleville, across from Branch Brook Park.

Three pleasant, duty-filled years followed Clara's graduation from the nursing school. No one could be happier than she as she went about helping others. Then, in 1898, there came the opportunity for greater service. She welcomed it avidly.

The Spanish American War was raging and the army needed nurses. She volunteered at once, becoming a nurse in the field hospital of the Seventh U .S. Army Corps at Jacksonville, Florida. Later she was in Savannah, and in the autumn of 1898 she went to the army hospital at Santiago, Cuba. As ever, her work was outstanding as she cared for the sick and wounded service men.

Early in 1899, with peace restored, she was honorably discharged and returned home. Eagerly she took up her tasks as a private nurse, but this routine life, agreeable as it was, could not long endure, it seemed, for one so fervent as Clara. American soldiers were in the Philippines helping to quell the insurrection of Aquinaldo, the native leader. Tropical diseases—yellow fever, typhoid, smallpox and other scourges—were rampant among the troops. Nurses were never more badly needed, and of course Clara responded to the call. It was a trouble spot, a deadly place, with appalling sanitary conditions, but the young nurse was not daunted. If what Robert Louis Stevenson called "the bright eyes of danger" held any fascination for Clara it was because in peril she found means to an end, and the end being service.

"I have the honor to respectfully request," she wrote to the authorities, "that my name be placed on the list of nurses sailing to Manila, Philippine Islands, from New York and that I be sent on the first transport leaving." Clara could brook no delay in this opportunity to serve. It must be the first transport. "I am in excellent health," she added, "and have a good constitution, and am accustomed to the hardships of field service."

The response was quick in coming. Word arrived for her to leave for Manila only two hours before the ship was due to leave New York, and the eager girl, after a hasty packing, was on board as the transport sailed down the harbor and to the sea.

In the Philippines she was attached to the nursing staff of the First Reserve Hospital at Manila. There she worked courageously in caring for the sick and wounded. Yellow fever was taking its grim toll and, recognizing its deadly power, Clara learned to hate it above all other diseases. Heart and soul in her work, she gave of her strength without stint until that "good constitution" of which she had written broke down under the terrific strain of work and the agony of the climate.

What was known as "breakbone fever" seized her weakened body. She herself became a hospital patient with her life hanging by the merest thread. At length she showed signs of improvement and she was ordered by the government to return home. This she did in the summer of 1900.

At this period Havana, Cuba, was the scene of intense activity. Major General Leonard Wood, Theodore Roosevelt's close friend, was Governor General of Cuba, which country had been taken by the United States from Spain as a result of the Spanish-American War. Assisted by Major William Crawford Gorgas and other doctors, the energetic, competent Leonard Wood had given Havana, left in terrible health conditions by the Spaniards, a cleans-

ing and deodorizing such as no other city had experienced in so brief a time—a veritable Operation Cleanup as it probably would be termed in the phraseology of the present day. Never has the good will of this country shone more brightly than in Cuba at the turn of the century under William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt. Leonard Wood was their man on the spot.

To the dismay of the authorities, the signal change in sanitary conditions did not result in removing or even diminishing the scourge of yellow fever, which had ravaged Cuba for generations and had spread to near-by parts of the United States. Major Gorgas was particularly puzzled as he had felt certain that bad sanitary conditions caused yellow fever.

In June of 1900 the United States Government had sent to Havana a commission of four army surgeons to study the problem. The commission was headed by the brilliant Walter Reed and the three other members were Doctors Agramonte, Carroll and Lazear. The search for the cause of yellow fever became more dramatic and more intense than ever. Clara Maass, slowly regaining her health in her home at East Orange, learned of this activity and she set her heart on going to Havana just as soon as she possibly could find the strength to do so. Inaction palled upon her restless spirit. They were fighting yellow fever and she was not there.

It was an old Havana physician, Carlos Finlay, who, doubted at first because he had more faith than facts, eventually showed the way in the momentous fight against yellow fever. He insisted to the American doctors that mosquitos carried the germ and that of the seven hundred species only one was a carrier. It was the Stegomyia, and the female of the species only was guilty. Doctor Finlay asserted that he was certain of all this from long research; but some experiments he made in the effort to prove his theory to the doctors were not conclusive. However, the doctors

from the United States were beginning to feel that there might be truth in what the Cuban said. They surmised that he had not been sufficiently exact as to the time element in making his experiments. So, working on the assumption that he was right, they began experiments of their own.

After countless trials the doctors proved that mosquitos were not infected by biting a yellow-fever patient during the first three days of illness and that at least twelve days must be added before the germ rendered the insect capable of transmitting the disease.

Using their new knowledge, the doctors went to work. However, the results, though of great scientific value, were tragic. Doctor Lazear died of yellow fever in September. Doctor Carroll fell a victim and his life was doomed. Death was rampant, but the remaining doctors, certain they were now on the right track, worked on undaunted.

In October Doctor Gorgas sent a telegram to East Orange. It was to Clara and read simply; "Come at once." Gorgas knew that Clara would respond and of course she did.

In Havana she joined the staff of Las Animas Hospital. Her health quite regained, important work to be done, with her handmaiden, danger, ever at her side, she was herself again, happy, eager, in her beloved profession. Las Animas was the yellow-fever hospital of Havana's sanitary department.

On New Year's Eve, 1901, Walter Reed wrote to his wife back home in the States. In reference to yellow fever, his words were: "It has been permitted to me and my assistants to lift the impenetrable veil that has surrounded the causation of this most dreadful pest of humanity and to put it on a rational and scientific basis. I thank God that this has been accomplished in the latter days of the old century. May its cure be wrought in the early

days of the new! The prayer that has been mine for twenty years, that I might be permitted in some way or at some time to do something to alleviate human suffering, has been granted."

The grim, odious business of experimentation went on, and in the spring Clara was writing reassuringly to her mother in East Orange: "Do not worry if you hear that I have yellow fever. Now is a good time to catch it if one has to."

She wrote in this way because she had determined to submit to the bite of an infected mosquito as her part in the great experiments. She was strongly advised against doing so, but Clara, her mind made up, was not to be deterred. Early in June she allowed herself to be bitten by a virulent mosquito. A mild case of the fever ensued.

It would seem that the girl had suffered enough, but she was determined to continue on her heroic course. Mid-summer came and the good time to have yellow fever of which Clara had written to her mother, was months past. Havana seethed in the pitiless tropical heat.

On August 14th, in the Las Animas Hospital, she submitted for the second time to the bite of an infected mosquito, and that was the end of Clara's brave adventure in life.

More than sixty years have gone by since Clara's gallant sacrifice and yet her brief life still stands out clear-cut and shining. No one was ever driven onward by a nobler singleness of purpose than this dauntless girl who long ago went to school here as a child. Of all those who gave their life in Cuba in the yellow-fever experiments, she was the only female. Her loyalty to her great purpose—to relieve human suffering—was strong, and she was faithful to it unto the end. Not often is it given to anyone to make a course so straight in this faltering world. She was twenty-five years old at the time of her death.

It is entirely fitting that the hospital in Newark, where she was a nurse, is now named in her honor, that Upsala College has named a dormitory for her, that many public institutions in Havana are dedicated to her memory and that on the fiftieth anniversary of her sacrifice Cuba issued a special postage stamp bearing her name. It is to be hoped that sometime this town where Clara Maass once lived may in some manner do her honor.

Over her last resting place in Fairmount Cemetery, Newark, are engraved, most appropriately, the words, "No greater love . . ."

The Old Store

1954

THE DOG DAYS were over and another September had come, as Septembers do in their eternal fashion. It was midway in the Golden Nineties. At Livingston Center's corner store there had gathered the usual assortment of citizens, inside or on the long wooden stoop without. It was a sunshiny morning, with the keen zest of early autumn in the air, and John Crane, store clerk, gave thought to lighting some kindling wood in the iron potstove in the center of the room. He did not do so, however, thinking of the long months of real cold that lay ahead. Mr. Crane was a small man of sixty or so, with pink cheeks and short-cut gray hair. He was always as lively as a cricket.

In conformity with the buoyancy of the morning the talk was brisk, then suddenly, with the arrival of Daniel Grannis of North Midway, it became turbulent. Mr. Grannis, a respected citizen, was hopping-mad. No one who heard his story could blame him, for the good man's watermelon patch had been ravaged during the night and the best of the crop carried away or enjoyed on the spot. That some had been eaten in the garden was evident from rinds lying on the ground. Mr. Grannis, proud of his skill in raising watermelons, was telling of the catastrophe in a loud, excited tone. His hearers were attentive.

"I'd like to get my hands on the scoundrel!" cried the aggrieved man.

At that moment his turbulence abated with the arrival of Edward Moran. Large of frame and intellect, the great philosopher inspired unusual awe; but something strange happened that September morning. Andy Weimer, who had been listening quietly as he stood with Charley Roesing and John Gerow, yielded, it seemed, to a mad impulse.

"There's your man, Mr. Grannis!" Andy exclaimed as Mr. Moran entered in volume. "He stole your melons. He lives just across the street."

A great hush fell over the assemblage. Edward Moran had a sense of humor but with it was the best-developed temper in all the town and he found nothing funny in Andy's reckless statement. Turning to Pell T. Collins, he said, "I think this contemptible brat mentioned my name. What did he say?"

Mr. Moran knew very well what Andy had said, but he had the habit of pretending not to hear in such circumstances so that he might gain time to select the most devastating words to hurl at his opponent. Being a whole dictionary in himself, the delay was brief.

Mr. Collins, itching for action, kept a straight face. "Why, Andy says," he answered in his slow, inimitable falsetto, "that you practically ruined his watermelon patch last night."

Poor Andy! The hurricane roared. Such a flood of nouns and adjectives, such withering scorn! Mr. Moran was never in better form as he visited fire and brimstone upon his tormentor. When it was all over, Andy and his two cronies stood by themselves well out of earshot.

"Why did you ever say that about Moran stealing the melons?" asked Charley Roesing in his wheezing voice. "You might have known it would drive him wild."

"I had to say something," Andy replied, "or I would have busted listening to Dan moaning about his melons. If I had thought he was going to yell that hard I would have helped you fellows clean out the whole batch."

"We got enough," said John Gerow judiciously.

Thus it was in the old store. The men enjoyed bantering one another, although for good and sufficient reasons Edward Moran

was usually exempt, and the prank in the matter of the melons showed the tendency to have some fun. The good Mr. Grannis was not greatly injured—North Jersey watermelons seldom win prizes—and even Mr. Moran when he had cooled off thought little of Andy's audacity. At the period Andy Weimer and Charley Roesing were in their twenties. John Gerow, who lived in the big house across South Midway, was older, but he shared his friends' fondness for pranks and watermelons.

It is not known how long a general store existed on the southeast corner at the Center. What is here referred to as "the old store" was built in 1876 by my father, Amos W. Harrison; but it replaced another store on the same site which my father had operated since 1869 and which his father, Rufus Freeman Harrison, had run for twenty years before that. The frame structure must have dated back almost to the time of the Indians, certainly long before the Revolution. When it was built what is now Livingston was known as Canoe Brook. Later this building, somewhat larger than its successor, housed the ancient store of Tidtown. In 1873 my father became postmaster and the post office was moved to the store.

Assisted by faithful clerks—over the years "Uncle Billy" Smith of an old Center family, James Collins, William Ball, Harry Price and Johnny Crane—my father ran the store until 1897. In that year he sold the business to his brother, William H. Harrison of Roseland. He was the proprietor until 1915, when Edward and John Stierle became the owners of the business. They were followed in 1923 by John Panek. After his death the store was run by the widow, Mrs. Josephine Panek, assisted by her children. At length in 1932, after heaven knows how many years of continuous operation, the corner store came to an end. What memories still remain!

In 1927 the building had been altered to provide the first home of the Livingston National Bank. On January 28th, 1928, the bank began operations, occupying the portion of the first floor nearest the corner. Mrs. Panek generously had consented to use the easterly part of the floor for her store. Robert Winthrop Kean was the president of the new bank and William H. Conover the cashier. D. Lloyd Baker was the teller and the directors, besides Mr. Kean, were Willis R. Baldwin, George H. Becker, Raymond Connolly, Richard D. Connor, Ralph D. De Camp, Michael De Vita, August W. Fund, Freeman Harrison, Russell F. Newick, William Rathbun, Arthur T. Vanderbilt, Charles G. Zahn. In 1942 the institution, after buying the building and making further changes in it, took occupancy of the entire first floor.

In the old days, before a bank in Livingston was even thought of, the store was not only a place of trade but also a community center, a forum for debate, a recreation hall, a pleasant club. The post office added to the activity. Waiting for the mail, brought up from Orange in one of Ben De Camp's stages, was always a delightful occasion. In the morning the mail came in at eleven o'clock and in the afternoon at five-thirty. One could set his watch by it and be sure to have perfect time.

To the store, where they relaxed on the long bench on the right as one entered or on chairs, soap boxes or nail kegs strategically placed, came a multitude of sojourners from far and near. Farmers, school teachers, summer residents, shoemakers, lawyers, carpenters, house-painters, preachers, broommakers, sailors home from the sea—the old store welcomed them all, took them to its heart. It was never snobbish, never aloof.

The main room was rectangular, taking up about two-thirds of the first floor. It was painted a bluish gray except at those times when the restless Johnny Crane felt that a couple of coats of

brown or green would enliven the general decor. The other portion of the first floor was known as the "feed room." There were three sturdy oak counters in the main room, and the floor, also of oak, was full of knots. The counter on the east side extended toward the front to a high desk on which account books lay. Most of the surface of the desk was covered with green oilcloth, which at times showed ink spots. Between the desk and the window was the post office with its tiers of numbered boxes. On this counter, toward the rear, was a showcase containing candy and near by under the counter was the money drawer. On long shelves back of the counter were cigars, chewing tobacco, pipe tobacco, cheroots, clay and wooden pipes. There were cigarettes (mostly "Sweet Caps"), quite novelties in the Nineties and considered dangerous to health. The genial Doctor Peck of Caldwell, who had no objection to cigars for grownups—he was fond of them himself—advised strongly against the use of cigarettes, which he called "coffin nails." However some people were undeterred. Without benefit of television commercials with what blandishments the manufacturers sold their coffin nails! Each pack contained a prize, a rich memento. There were colored cards portraying ships of the United States Navy, famous baseball players of the day, race horses, famous actresses, including Lillian Russell, pinup girl of the Gay Nineties, in all her silken finery. There is little wonder that such young blades of the Center district as Walt Van Zee, Ralph De Camp and Norman Flynn took chances on their health by smoking the "weeds" as they were termed. Their use was largely on the sly, at times in unexpected places.

On these same shelves were items of wearing apparel, including blue-jeans (plain overhalls then), shoes, shirts and buttons of all sizes and colors. There were rolls of calico, linen, braid, ribbon, muslin, gingham and like materials.

In the rear portion of the store proper were large bins with lids. These bins held items such as sugar, flour, soda crackers and gingersnaps. There was a general understanding that the gingersnaps, taken in moderation, were free to all comers. Also on the shelves and counters to the rear were large cans of coffee and tea. In tin boxes were cookies, spices and bulk tobacco.

On the west side, near the rear, on a high shelf stood rows of bottles containing patent medicines—remedies for rheumatism, head colds, bronchitis and other ills that flesh is heir to. Near the side window were a pair of shiny brass bars on which pointers showed the weight of loads of hay or other produce drawn up outside on planks over the iron mechanism of the scales. Farmers sold much produce in the cities, and so the scales were kept busy. After receiving a slip indicating the weight of his load, the driver would proceed over the mountains.

Across the west aisle and on the floor was a large wooden bucket holding twenty-five pounds of chocolate creams, apart from the other candies because there was more room for the bucket at that place. Near the front window on the same side was a showcase full of glamorous articles. Among them were rings, watch fobs, penknives, stickpins and neckties, perhaps an Ingersoll watch, for sale for one dollar. Along the wall was men's footwear, and horsewhips and lanterns hung from the ceiling.

In the "feed room," separated by a partition from the main room, one could buy for his livestock about everything but hay. Barrels of oats, bran, cracked corn and other such refreshments lined the wall. There was also a large can of John D's kerosene oil, which was in lively demand in the period of illumination by oil. Old-fashioned oil heaters added to the demand. Along the east wall was an enclosure, cooled with ice in warm weather, in which were kept butter, cheese and soft drinks. In the feed room,

too, was a supply of brooms—probably from "Sile" Genung's broom factory on Mount Pleasant Avenue—a second money drawer, well hidden, and an immense steel safe belonging to the Township of Livingston. In it were kept town records and postal receipts. The safe, which reached to the ceiling, looked tempting, and one night some cracksmen broke into the building, chloroformed a watchdog, which recovered, and blew the safe to smithereens. They were so lavish with their explosive that a section of the building's rear wall went with the safe. The marauders were never caught, but their rewards were insignificant—just some postage stamps and small change. If they only had found John Crane's money drawer hidden behind the butter tubs in the cold room! Not being interested in Livingston's history, at the time anyhow, the nocturnal visitors left the town records undisturbed.

There was a cellar. In its semidarkness there loomed big barrels of molasses and vinegar. Here also were kindling wood and coal for the glowing fires. On the second floor of the building were a large room and one small one. The big room was a general meeting place. In it were held elections, political meetings, church suppers, lodge meetings and dances. In its early days the Livingston Grange used this hall.

For many years it was the seat of township government—the town hall. The meetings of the township committee were held in the afternoon, generally without an audience. In the late Nineties William H. Harrison was the chairman, and as he ran the store he was always on hand for a meeting. When on the designated day George Parkhurst had arrived after an early departure from his office in New York and the other town fathers had come in, the chairman would say: "Well, we might as well go upstairs and start the meeting." There might be an appointment to make, some weighty question to be taken up with the County,

but usually the agenda was of a routine nature—a section of Dark Lane had deteriorated to a dangerous degree or a roving dog had bitten some farmer's cow. The sessions, conducted in as much formality as was consistent with the felicity of the place, were not apt to be lengthy. The cigar smoke was dense, and when the weather called for it Johnny Crane would build a lively fire in the pot-bellied stove. With its bare white-plaster walls, the room could not be called cozy, but there was a comfortable effect hard to recapture. If one wished, he could look out of a west window and see, across the street, the old building, considerably the worse for wear, in which the township government had been organized. It had been "the house of Isaac Samo," as the Charter termed it.

Revisiting the first floor, on a wooden post in the middle of the main room there was a slate facing the doorway, such a slate as the youngsters of the time used in school. On it were written the names of families Doctor Peck was asked to visit. There were no telephones, and someone in a family needing a doctor would go to the store and with a piece of chalk tied to a string write the name on the slate. Daily Doctor Peck would come in, whistling always the same unrecognizable tune, scan the names, exchange a few pleasant words with the assemblage, then leave by horse and buggy on his appointed rounds. He was a short, stout man with a twinkle in his eye. His hearty manner was almost as effective as his prescriptions. He was at home in Livingston as he had lived here as a boy.

The comfortable odor of tobacco smoke ever gave the old store a homey atmosphere. Then there was the fragrance of cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg and allspice, of coffee and tea, of plug tobacco, gingersnaps and candy. The smell of coffee as it was being ground!

Contrary to what one might think, there was little profanity.

Strong words were used in political or other arguments, but seldom were they swear words. Mr. Moran, for instance, never swore, for with his wide vocabulary he knew stronger words by the dozen. The story about the father of the neighborhood rushing into the store and saying to his son, "Johnny, Johnny, come home and get away from all this damn swearing!" was only a story and a stale one at that even sixty years ago.

On the site of the present Lions Park bonfires were lighted on election nights and other important occasions. Barrels and boxes were piled high and the whole Center glowed in the red light. The town was strongly Republican, but when the Democrats won the fire was started anyway because of good sportsmanship and, perhaps, with the thought that the best way to get rid of all the lumber, piled up in advance, would be to burn it. At one July Fourth celebration when the bonfire was at its peak, John Hatfield, a whimsical fellow of the district, stood near the blaze proudly displaying a new straw hat. His delight in the splendid headpiece was so great that it seemed, almost, that he felt the celebration was in its honor. "Let me have your new straw cady, John," said William Watson, of the wealthy Watson family. Mr. Hatfield handed it over. It looked very bright in the glow. Then Mr. Watson tossed it into the raging fire. When the hat had been consumed—it did not take long—and the loud moaning and lamenting of its owner had somewhat subsided, Mr. Watson produced his wallet and gave the aggrieved man a banknote good for a half dozen new hats.

The old store was a veritable forum for historical discussion, especially concerning the Civil War. There were many veterans of that conflict living here, and frequently they were to be found congregated at the store. Among them in part were: Silas Genung, John Henry Parkhurst, Stephen Edwards of the old

Northfield family, Frederick Hoffman, Major De Camp, Jonathan Force (the third Jonathan), Albert Sprigg, Henry Haven, "Wall" Squier, James Collins, Wellington Ward, George Morehouse, Reuben Cobb, "Uncle Jack" Hopkins, all former soldiers, and those doughty old sailors Theodore Berry and Edward Moran. The Civil War monument at the Roosevelt School bears the names of fifty-one men who went from this township in the storm-tossed Sixties. However, as this memorial was erected after Roseland became a municipality in itself the names of its participants were not included. Roseland has a Civil War monument of its own, on the Common, and it shows forty-eight names. So Livingston Township as it existed a century ago sent ninety-nine men into the Northern forces. Around the old stove what talk of Gettysburg, the Wilderness and Cold Harbor. What argument, what reminiscence!

Of course there were other stores. Very early there was one on Burnet Hill. Later the Farleys ran a store in a building still standing in Northfield, and for years William Johnson conducted a general store on Northfield Avenue by the side of Canoe Brook. This was the forerunner of the present Johnson's Store, now a landmark in the community. William R. Johnson, the owner, is a son of the proprietor of the first Johnson's store. Over in Roseland, a part of the Township until 1908, Wilbur De Camp conducted a store at the center of town—it later was operated by A. W. Osborn—and William Ball ran one on Harrison Avenue. All these old businesses have been discontinued except the one conducted by Mr. Johnson. When my father, Amos W. Harrison, relinquished his store business in the Nineties he remained postmaster, a position he held for forty-four years. He had been Livingston's tax collector. He was a member of the New Jersey House of Assembly, and he served for twenty years on the Essex

County Board of Freeholders, at one period being its director. He was a member of the Livingston Board of Education, serving as its president for several terms.

Pass backward over the receding, mystic years to 1879 and learn from an old account book the identities of some people who visited the store, what they bought and what they paid for their purchases. In that year the Livingston Grange, today our oldest secular organization, was founded. Let us consider briefly Saturday, February 1st, 1879.

Early in the morning Alonzo Blue bought twelve and a half pounds of flour for 45 cents. William D. Smith paid 13 cents for a quart of molasses, probably for buckwheat cakes the next morning. Moses Ely Halsey of Mount Pleasant Avenue purchased seven pounds of sugar at ten cents a pound and a pound of cheese for 15 cents. Ebenezer Teed laid in a good supply of flour and sugar. It may be inferred that the large amount of flour sold at the time resulted from the fact that the housewives did their own baking. However, as an exception to the rule, soon after Alonzo Blue and "Uncle Eb" Teed got their flour Mrs. James B. Cook of Hanover bought a loaf of bread. The price was seven cents. Perhaps Mrs. Cook felt that she had done enough baking for the week. On this same day Michael Merdinegr in a way reversed the procedure. He turned up at the store with fifteen eggs and a pound and a half of butter. For these he received a box of carpet tacks, three and a half pounds of sugar and thirty-six cents in cash. At that period bartering was not uncommon.

On that same winter day in 1879 the overseer of the poor bought a pair of drawers for 30 cents and a shirt for the same amount. Moses Ely Halsey, appearing for the second time, bought two and a half yards of muslin for 23 cents, and Rufus Freeman Harrison of Roseland, an Essex County judge, purchased a pair

of arctics and a pair of gaiters for $1.25 and $1.50 respectively. He was the writer's grandfather. Archibald Parkhurst, a neighbor of Mr. Halsey, bought twenty paper towels for 12 cents and a pair of overshoes for half a dollar. Then there came in the sturdy old Andrew Teed. He was known as "Sheriff" Teed, for the very good reason that he had been the sheriff of Essex County. Also he had served as postmaster and was a manager of the Orange Savings Bank, which he had helped to found in 1854. He lived on Mt. Pleasant Avenue in what is now the Vincent home and there he conducted the post office until he was succeeded as postmaster by my father. The Sheriff bought a quarter of a pound of tea, a length of braid, and, like a good politician, a half dozen cigars.

George Gamble bought a can of corn for 15 cents, a can of tomatoes for 12 cents, and one hundred pounds of meal. Mrs. Selina McCreery of McClellan Avenue bought two pounds of coffee and two boxes of soda. The Rev. A. C. Knowlton, pastor of the Baptist Churches of Livingston and Northfield, purchased a gallon of kerosene and a bottle of liniment. Parker Teed—there was no dearth of Teeds—bought fifty pounds of flour for $1.65. Henry McBrair got a supply of liniment. Possibly he and the good Baptist parson had some rheumatic pains that winter and had found a way to get relief without writing their names on Doctor Peck's slate. Mrs. Charles Squier bought a can of corn and a paper of pins, other buyers came and went, and at length the cold February day of so long ago came to an end.

Some other entries for the winter of 1879—how easy it is to leap back across the years, how different was the time—show these old names: William Gamble, William B. Winans, Daniel Baker, Benjamin Pickett, Samuel Edwards, Jeremiah O'Keefe, Mrs. Mary F. Price, Frederick Parkhurst, Sidney Winans, Andrew Nealy, William Van Zee, Mrs. Joseph Maxfield, Edward Van

Riper, David Flynn, George J. Force, William Emmons, Frederick Hoffman, Jonathan Force, George Courter, John H. Force, Lewis Rathbun, William Ashby, Moses Meeker, Stephen Edwards, Nathaniel Brown, William T. Ward, Henry Beach, Ira Kent, Nelson Smith, Samuel H. Burnet, Joseph Bedell, Anthony Reinhardt, Louis Weimer, Charles Berry.

Perhaps the old store was at its best on a cold winter morning, with biting cold without, the wind roaring across snow-covered fields sparkling in the sunlight, and the old stove dispensing comfort and cheer beyond reckoning. The long bench would be filled, the place blue and fragrant with tobacco smoke, the talk as brisk as the weather without. "Cap" DeCamp would be along soon with his stage, bringing the mail and a newspaper. Every now and then the lively little John Crane, his cheeks as red as the sides of the stove, would scamper to the cellar like a boy of ten and reappear with a scuttle of coal to keep the fire at a high peak of efficiency. It was this same store which Will Parker Teed celebrated in his well-known poem, "The Old Pot Stove." It seems almost unbelievable that a scene so bucolic, so utterly picturesque in its settings, could have existed within twenty-five miles of Wall Street or Broadway.

From this account it might appear that the men of those long-ago days did not bother to do any work, but of course such was not the case. For most it was an age of strenuous toil. Many who frequented the store were old and retired and enjoyed getting together for a chat about earlier times. In warm weather they sat on the long, wooden stoop, in cold weather around the comfortable fire inside. Naturally there were more sojourners at the store in winter than in the summer when farmer and mechanic were busy elsewhere.

William H. Harrison provided a contrast with most of his

customers—he did not care for talk. He had been running country stores for years and possibly he had heard enough. As he sat at his high desk busy with his accounts, he paid no attention whatever to what was being said by the discussion group, nor could he be drawn into argument. As a precaution his invariable and instant response to any question leading thereto was, "Yes, you're right." Of course this inevitable answer on the part of the good-natured, quiet man left him subject to many startling personal confessions as a result of queries by Theodore Berry and other wags.

The changes that time has wrought! The writer has a dim recollection of old-time peddlers, relics of frontier days, with their packs of merchandise on their backs. The recollection is distinct of seeing the "store on wheels," the panel-top conveyance of Isaac Meyers of Caldwell. Drawn by one horse, the old wagon was packed with all kinds of clothing for men, women and children. There were also assorted novelties. Mr. Meyers, owner of a drygoods store in Caldwell, did a thriving business in the store and on the road. He was known to the countryside as "Ike" Meyers.

In his poem "The Old Pot Stove," Will Parker Teed alludes to an aspect of life in the old store of which the writer has no knowledge. According to the poet, after the shutters had been put up for the night some cronies of Tidtown would linger on. There would be a "pitcher," the contents of which Mr. Teed doesn't define, and some merry goings-on. The proceedings would begin when "Bill Maxfield, on a flour barrel head, and on his accordion the sound of music shed." There would follow a momentary "trance." Although the account may be more poetic than factual—Will Parker was an enthusiastic man—it does catch, delightfully, the spirit of the old place. He does not state that the revels took place every night. Mrs. Lillias Cook, who in the 1880's lived in

the house across the street, heard of them, probably even heard them. She states that they took place on Saturday nights and calls them "social hours." It would seem that they were.

Thus the old store, gone into eternity.

Christmas Mail

1957

OF ALL THINGS, the post office was open on Christmas Day. The reason was that in this year near the daybreak of the century, all of the Christmas mail arrived, logically enough, on Christmas morning. In that restful time there had been no appeal by frantic post office officials—in mid-summer or early autumn—to send your Yuletide greetings early. The Christmas mail was largely made up of unenclosed cards, with Poor Richard sere and frugal on the penny stamp.

In those quaint days when everyone knew everyone else, the Livingston post office was in the general store on the southeast corner at the Center. It would be pleasant to write that on this particular morning the place had been decorated with holly, red ribbons and other embellishments. Such was not the case, but the cheery faces and laughter of those crowding the room, the hearty greetings, the blazing fire in the iron stove, the white snow gleaming on the nearby fields, the jingle of sleighbells atoned for the lack of holiday decoration. One just knew that it was Christmas. It could be no other day.

On chairs or the long bench along the west side of the room sat those men who were fond of the place, enjoyed talking and passing away the time. There were many of them—George Geiger, "Uncle Jack" Hopkins, Ed Stephens, Halsey Bishop, "Sile" Genung, to mention a few. In contrast with these older persons present on this Christmas morning, there were Mary and Joe, teen-agers or perhaps in their early twenties. Let us call them just the boy and the girl. Mary was the daughter of a farmer in the Cedar Street section. Joe lived with his parents on Mount Pleasant Avenue. That they were talking together was not strange, for people knew that they were fond of each other's company. She was bright-faced and blond, with dimples in her pink cheeks;

he, of course, was strong and handsome. Neither was often seen in the store, but there they were waiting for the mail. They stood side by side.

Keep the curtain raised and see through the mists of some sixty years some others of the younger element there on that Christmas morning. There were Gertie Flynn, Addie VanZee, Rachel Grannis and many other girls. As for the boys, some, like the girls, still in school, there were such representatives as Chauncey McCreery, Lou Berry, "Sunny Jim" Pringle, the Rathbuns, Forces in droves, including Walter and Jonathan; Harry Smith, Hugh and Louie Kent, Fred Meeker from Ely's Hill. Also present on that Christmas morning was Harry Maxfield, who, naturally somewhat older now, lives in his home on South Livingston Avenue. In the store too, was "Bingo" Skillman, lately returned from the war with Spain.

Ben DeCamp had brought in his stage from Orange—on runners due to deep snow—promptly at eleven o'clock. There was the Christmas mail! Usually there was only one bag, but this was no ordinary day. There were two bulging bagsful ready for sorting. Those in charge began working at once, but it would be quite a task. So the older men settled back in ease. All being philosophers, they hoped that someone would bring up a matter for careful analysis.

They did not have long to wait. Almost at once the salty old Theodore Berry, who had appropriated the morning paper, gave a whoop of delight. "Holy smoke," he exclaimed, "listen to this! Here's a man in Syracuse who wishes to sell his wife. The price is fifty cents. What do you think of that?"

There plainly was something for consideration. No one could be so ungracious as to defend the husband in Syracuse—many thought the item a hoax—but the unusual offer easily led to a

general discussion of women and marriage and that provided the very kind of material the regular sitters liked to take apart and examine. It would give room for good-natured banter, josh-ing and mock seriousness. There would be just about time for expert study.

It came as no surprise that the garrulous, slightly cynical Will Parker Teed was the first to talk. There was a mischievous gleam in the eyes of the lively Roselander. A poet himself, later writer of verses celebrating this very room, he turned to a poet no other than Rudyard Kipling. The quotations were apt if pungent. One was something about the female of the species being deadlier than the male; another contained the thought that while a woman was only a woman a good cigar was a smoke. As the room was blue and fragrant with cigar smoke, the second refer-ence was well appreciated.

"Did Kipling really say those things?" a doubting Thomas asked.

"Yep; you bet he did," the Roselander assured him, "and he said a darn sight more, too." Will Parker was always a card.

John L. Hunt, the pink-cheeked young principal of the Liv-ingston High School, had dropped in for his mail. As the discussion continued, he observed, laughing quietly, "You men have picked a good time for your remarks. You know that your wives are safe at home getting your Christmas dinners ready for you." Everyone liked the principal with his agreeable manner and good looks.

Although the crowd enjoyed his comment, one crusty old benchwarmer asked, "Ain't they getting their own dinners, too?"

There was a commotion on the steps, with a few snowballs flying hither and yon; then Walter Van Zee, Ralph De Camp

and Norm Flynn came a bit noisily into the room. In their twenties, they were a lively trio and lived at the Center. Walter wished to buy a pack of "Sweet Caps," which for the time drew John Crane from his task in helping to sort the mail. While making the purchase, Walter, ever a cutup, in a friendly scuffle nearly pulled the little old clerk over the counter. "Don't break my glasses!" cried Johnny, who despite his gray hair liked to play, too. "And look out for the candy case!"

It was high time for Edward Moran to say something. He was a learned man and like Will Parker he was inclined to skepticism and loved to talk. Riled, he was a veritable volcano, but this was Christmas and if possible, he would control his temper. The old man was a striking figure as he sat on the long bench. His usual bluejeans and calico scarf discarded for the holiday, he wore a dark-blue suit, with well-starched white shirt and collar and becoming tie. He was a large man, his great dome of a head fringed with gray. He looked so distinguished this holiday morning that there was no doubt if the President could have seen him he would have bundled him right off as Ambassador to the Court of St. James. "The question which the article suggests," the old man began, "is interesting and I have my opinion upon it. But this is Christmas morning, so first let me quote a few words from Shakespeare which have been ringing through my mind for the last hour. They refer to Christmas." He quoted:

" 'The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad.
The nights are wholesome, then no planet strikes,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm
So hallowed and so gracious is the time'."

It is possible some may have been a little resentful of Mr.

Moran's acting like a lecturer, but so fervent was his manner, so eloquent his diction, so beautiful and timely the words that momentary silence settled over the room.

A Shakespearian scholar, he did not dismiss his beloved Bard of Avon. " 'To think'!" he quoted, " 'that man will his free hours languish for assured bondage'." Perhaps William had had troubles of his own.

Mr. Moran then spoke of Shakespeare's will in which he had left his wife only his second-best bedstead. The quotation had been a bit erudite, but the matter of the bedstead caused great merriment.

"Maybe it was all he had," one citizen piped up.

If there was one thing the members of the old store's discussion and research panel could not endure it was loose thinking. Pure reason reigned supreme. So the man who had made the comment was promptly put on the right track.

"Don't you see, Ed," asked George Morehouse of Morehousetown, "that if the man had a second-best bedstead he must have had a first best? Don't make yourself ridiculous!"

The question of furniture disposed of, Mr. Moran, never inclined to stop talking since he had started, threw in for good measure some various unflattering remarks relative to women from Schopenhauer, Spinosa and Voltaire. Also, in cryptic phrases he expressed his own severe disapprobation.

More persons crowded into the bulging room. Mingled with the tobacco smoke were wisps of steam caused by the combination of the hot fire and snow tracked in by many feet. Who minded? Certainly not Mary and Joe, the girl and the boy. At one point, while they waited, they were seen to be holding hands. Good

gracious but ah, well! Although such a sign of affection was a bit indecorous in those prim days, a touch of romance did not seem amiss on this happy morning.

Thomas Denman, who lived on the road between Northfield and Morehousetown, was the next to be heard from as the discussions proceeded. Like Will Parker, he was a poet. Author of "The Bright Side," he was a quiet, gentlemanly figure and his thoughts were romantic and kind. In defense of marriage and women, he quoted from Edmund Spenser and added some kindly thoughts of his own.

"Just words!" commented Will Parker, who could use more words in a minute than anyone else in the room.

The door was pushed open and it seemed for a moment that a great bear was entering the place. The bear proved to be the genial, faithful Doctor Peck of Caldwell wearing an immense fur coat reaching almost to the floor. There were no telephones in Livingston and those people wishing the doctor wrote their names on a slate in the store.

"That's great!" he said, finding a blank slate. "Everyone's well for Christmas, as it should be. But wait till tomorrow, after those holiday dinners of yours!"

"Doc," asked Dave Flynn in a serious voice, "what do you think of a husband who sells his wife for fifty cents?"

Promptly and without fee the good doctor gave a professional opinion. "It all depends on the wife," he said. Then he went out to his horse and sleigh.

"I've been thinking that all along," murmured John Gerow, half rising to change his position on the hard wooden bench.

Curiously enough these sly men could carry on their arguments with such finesse that a listener not accustomed to them

would consider them dead in earnest. However, probably one man, although he took part in the discussion with Yuletide spirit, spoke from inclination. That was the cynical Edward Moran. He lived alone in his house on North Midway—alone as he chose to live. The old man, his face roughened and tanned from years at sea, as he sat reading his beloved books never was disturbed by a representative of Kipling's more deadly of the species.

The smoke and debate and heat from the old stove grew more intense with the passing minutes. Then suddenly, just as one man was explaining that the trouble with women was that they talked too much, there was a sound of wood scraping on wood. John Crane had opened the shutter in the little window through which the mail would be dispensed.

"Forget your jabbering," he called, "and come get your mail! I want to get home to my wife—she's the best friend I've ever had."

Anyhow, the discussion was about over. Despite the gallant remarks of many, including John Crane's fast shot, women and marriage had taken a terrible beating. The concensus of opinion seemed to be that woman was a dubious article, to be avoided if at all possible. Even the great Rudyard of Old England could not have been more scornful.

And marriage! It was necessary, of course, but if one had any sense he would let the other fellow try it. It was a thing to be dreaded, entered into with fear and without hope. No course for a man could be more lamentable. "It's the last step before you die," one man summed it up unpleasantly.

As the long discussion had so far been carried on by men only, it seemed a bit strange that the girl, Mary, had the last word. Perhaps she regarded it as the prerogative of her sex. Standing by Joe's side, which she had never left, she flashed those young blue eyes of hers straight at Edward Moran, Will Parker Teed and

the others who had spoken so discouragingly of her sex and marriage. It was plain that the girl had something to say and a hush fell on the assemblage.

"I have heard," she began in a voice clear as sleighbells, "all the horrid things you have said about women, as if you never had any mothers, and about marriage. You should be ashamed of yourselves, deprived of your dinners this noon. Marriage is terrible, you say. It is something to be dreaded and avoided. Well, you didn't frighten Joe and me one bit. We are not afraid. We forgive you all and wish you a Merry Christmas. It will surprise you—you see, Joe and I were married last night."

Officials Aforetime

1957

AT HAND, AMONG OTHER MEMORABILIA, is a Republican ticket for a spring election in Livingston. The ballot, neatly printed but browned with age, bears the date of April 12th, 1892. It was at the spring election that local offices were filled. Doubtless the Democrats had a ballot also—just as neatly printed —but in 1892 they had little hope for victory in this township.

It might be interesting, so many decades later, to know who these candidates were and to read something of their deeds. In the first place it may be said that they were all elected.

The first name on the ballot hit a high standard of excellence. It was that of A. Ross Force, candidate for township clerk. He lived in the section named for his family—at one time there were at least seven Force homes on the Hill—and was one of the most respected and faithful men ever to hold office in this town. Thoughtful, unpretentious, sincere, he was the township clerk for many years and later the recorder, succeeding George Squier. Like all the Forces, he was a Baptist and attended the Livingston Baptist Church. He was long a deacon of the Church, of which he wrote a history.

There were five candidates for the township committee, the number of members of that august body. A few years later the number was unfortunately changed to three, to remain so until 1930 when the number became five again. There were five members of the committee when the township government was formed in 1813. It seems that the Republicans of 1892 were bound that Force Hill should be well represented in the local government. The first name of the aspirants to serve on the township committee was that of Jonathan Force, the third successive Jonathan in his family. He lived in the big white house across the

street from his cousin Ross. He was a Civil War veteran. Mr. Force was an able executive and a fervent Republican.

The next name was that of Peter S. Meeker, who was a Roseland wheelwright, a vocation almost disappeared in this automobile age. His home was on Eagle Rock Avenue and his shop was behind it. He was a tall, thin man, with a strong personality. One of his daughters, Miss Grace Meeker, was a Livingston teacher for a great many years.

George L .Smith was the next candidate. Mr. Smith lived in the house on West Mt. Pleasant Avenue now owned by Albert Mocksfield. He was a quiet, gentlemanly man, a carpenter by trade. There were many Smiths, all related, on the west slope of Mine Hill.

The names of these men have a way of tying in with the present time. The fourth candidate for the township committee was William Diecks, Jr. A member of the well-known Northfield family, he was a son of William Diecks and a brother of Louis, who is still active in Livingston affairs. The candidate had previously served as township clerk. The father had been a member of the township committee and an Essex County Freeholder. The Diecks family has a tradition of service.

The next name was that of a man who, like Mr. Diecks, belonged to an old local family. This man was Bern W. Dickinson, a sturdy citizen of the time. The Dickinsons had settled in the southwestern part of the township long before 1892; in fact, they had come to this section even before the township was created. The district in which they lived is now known as West Livingston. In the early days it was Cheapside or Washington Place. The old schoolhouse in the section was called the Washington Place School. To the north was Squiertown, a very beehave of Squiers.

The candidate for overseer of the poor hailed from Cedar Street, an old gravel road often referred to at the time as Scrap Alley. The candidate was William S. Ashby, a prominent citizen of the period. His son, John Ashby, played an active part in forming the Volunteer Fire Department in the early Twenties and was its first chief. He also served on the township committee. His brother William was our first policeman, riding about on a motorcycle. After the police force was organized, also in the Twenties, he became the first chief.

The roads in that period were township roads. Dirt roads, topped with gravel, for most of the year they served their purpose well. In early spring, when the thaws came, they gave trouble. For instance, on what is now North Livingston Avenue—Dark Lane then—in the section inhabited by members of the Kent family there were often miry spots in which carriage wheels would sink to the axle. To look after the roads two surveyors of the highways were elected each year. The first candidate on our ballot was Daniel D. Grannis, who lived on Dark Lane itself. He was a farmer and a public-spirited man. Later he was president of the school board, succeeding Benjamin De Camp. The Granniss homestead, in which Daniel's parents had lived before him, was about a half mile north of Livingston Center and in 1892 was the first house on the left for one going toward Caldwell. Edward Moran lived across the street and his home was the first on the right. (Mr. Moran, incidentally, never held public office. His learning and ability were of a high order, but he was too irascible to get along with his fellow-men.)

The other candidate for the job of supervising the roads was George W. Morehouse. He was a genial, good-looking man and a veteran of the Civil War. His home was on the northwest corner of Mt. Pleasant Avenue and Featherbed Lane, now Beau-

fort Avenue. (Whoever thought up the name of Beaufort Avenue for that old winding road along which were the farmhouses of many German families somehow got on the wrong track.) George Morehouse came of a family which had been in the township for a long while. In the Nineties the section around what is now the Traffic Circle was called Morehousetown due to the prominence of the old family of that name.

For Constable—William P. Teed. There could have been no other, and it is doubtful if the Democrats were so brash as to oppose him even with a token candidate. The lively man from Roseland, a detective on the Essex County prosecutor's staff, was a natural for the position. Who could surpass Will Parker as the Sherlock Holmes of the day? No one, of course, and the tall, energetic man no doubt would come through the election with flying colors. In a time of individualists, Will Parker stood in the forefront, vivid as a flash of lightning on a dark night. He was one of the family after which the Center district had been dubbed Teedtown, or Tidtown, as Mrs. Cook insists it was. He was born in one of the many Teed homes in the section and moved to Roseland after marrying into the De Camp family there. However, he often was seen at the Center, because he liked to go to the corner store and, sitting on the long bench, talk with his old friends. No doubt on one of these occasions he was inspired to write "The Old Pot Stove." After he retired he built a bungalow on what had been his father's farm on Mt. Pleasant Avenue and in it he entertained his friends on many festive occasions. Never at those times did he fail to recite his famous verses about the old store.

The next candidates were for the positions of commissioners of appeals. The first name was Lewis T. Rathbun, who lived on Hillside Avenue. He was a prominent citizen of the day, a mem-

ber of the Livingston Grange and a conscientious public official. His son William Rathbun followed in his father's path. "Bill," as he was generally known, was a prime mover in the formation of the Livingston Water Company in 1921. He was an officer of the company, which was sold to the Township six years later. He then became water superintendent. Also Bill helped to organize the Volunteer Fire Department and for many years was tax assessor. He served, too, as a member of the board of education.

Another Meeker turns up on the old ballot. Frank Meeker, who lived on South Orange Avenue, was the second candidate named for the tax department position. He was a respected man of the period, a worthy member of one of our oldest families. It was one of his ancestors, Timothy Meeker who, according to legend, entertained General George Washington at dinner in the Meeker farmhouse. It was during the Revolution when the Continental Army was at Morristown. Timothy Meeker, too, lived on South Orange Avenue, in a house nearer the crest of the Second Mountain than was the home of Frank Meeker, staunch Republican of 1892.

For the third candidate for the job of considering tax appeals the Republican, fair to all sections, jumped from Butter Milk Valley to Roseland and selected Henry F. Harrison. Mr. Harrison lived on what is now Orton Road. He was a tall, quiet man, a Civil War veteran. He was deeply religious and an elder in his church. If any one felt aggrieved as to his taxes he could be certain of fair treatment from such men as Lewis T. Rathbun, Frank Meeker and Henry F. Harrison.

These men represented a Livingston far different from the town of today. Even its area has changed—Roseland is a separate municipality and the house in which Frank Harrison lived is now in the Borough of West Caldwell. Livingston was a country

town then, quiet and neighborly. There were no electric lights nor electric kitchen appliances; there were no telephones, no municipal water supply. Automobiles were unheard of, the horse and buggy, bless them, were a part of life. There was a charm never to be forgotten and, alas, never to be recaptured. The simplicity of life then, the neighborliness, the blessed tranquility, the lack of urgency, the contentment—all these throw a beam of light, soft and ineffable, across the vanished years.

These candidates were individualists. It would be difficult, for instance, to find two men more unlike each other than were Ross Force and Will Parker Teed. Some were farmers and lived close to the soil, their hands calloused from spade and hoe and rake, tanned with winter winds or the torrid summer sunlight beating down on field and meadow. All of them were citizens interested in the welfare of their town.

On this same ballot the voters were asked to consider two resolutions. One appropriated $2,000 for roads, the other $700 for township purposes. Probably the Democrats of 1892 loudly deprecated such extravagance on the part of the Republicans. There must have been cries such as "What in thunder! Seven hundred dollars to run the town for only one year!" "The Republicans are spendthrifts. They will bankrupt the treasury. For the sake of our future these men must not be elected."

The Republicans were forthright as to announcements. At the end of the ballot there was this sentence: "Next spring election to be held at Harrison's Hall." Doubtless as the men of Livingston voted that April day the spring of 1893 seemed a long way in the future, almost as if it would never come.

The School That Was *1949*

ALL THOSE WHO ATTENDED the former Livingston High School, which was in existence from 1898 to 1920, must feel elation at the opening of the Junior High School. They must be proud, too, of the splendid new building at the Civic Center. What a contrast with the second floor of what is now the library on Mt. Pleasant Avenue! On that second floor, which had been planned not for school purposes at all but for a community auditorium, the old high school had its heyday. By the time it was moved to the Central School, in September, 1914, it unfortunately had passed its peak.

When the high school was started, Roseland formed part of Livingston Township and so sent all its high school pupils to the new institution. Hanover likewise patronized the new school. Later, Roseland was separated from Livingston and sent its high school pupils to Caldwell, and at about the same time Hanover decided to enroll its pupils elsewhere.

However, what most hurt the high school was the gradual cutting down of the number of school years by state and county authorities. It is idle to speculate now whether this was wise. Benjamin De Camp, long the president of the board of education; Pell T. Collins and Marcus W. De Camp, both also board members; Sidney Winans, the district clerk, and others advocated and brought into being the Livingston High School; but it was a complete four-year school which they had in mind and helped to establish. When later the number of years was decreased the prestige of the school naturally was lessened.

Back to the old second floor! It is a wonder that some of the students did not become actors, for the classes were held either on the stage or in front of it. In the main room, iron bars at the height of about eight feet stretched from wall to wall and

strongly suggested a gymnasium. In those carefree days they could not have suggested a jail. I was a pupil from 1902 to 1906, and as I think of the old school in that happy, interesting period, I somehow think first of the two teachers who were there when I entered: John L. Hunt and Lena Haven. They made the school and what a school it was!

No one could ask for better instruction. Mr. Hunt was the principal and teacher, and Miss Haven his assistant. Mr. Hunt, a Yale graduate in 1895, began his teaching career when the high school started. His influence on the pupils was profound, happy and lasting. No one better than he could size up the traits of each student and know how to bring out the best of her or him. Of a kind, genial personality, slightly rotund, with pink cheeks, brown hair and a shy, sincere smile, he at once won the respect and affection of all the pupils. He inspired them to study and learn. Discipline with him was almost unnecessary, for it was a rare pupil who would disturb so good and gentle a man. The very way he spoke your name was disarming.

Lena Haven was the perfect assistant. Of a teaching family—her father and her sister, Maidie, had taught in the Livingston schools before her—she was keenly interested in her pupils. Gracious, of a fine personality, well prepared in her subjects, she was the kind of teacher no one ever forgets.

There was great enthusiasm in those years. Shakespeare tells of "the schoolboy with shining morning face creeping like snail unwillingly to school." The bright morning faces were there but no creeping, willingly or unwillingly. The pupils went to school gladly and in many ways. Most walked, some for at least three miles. Tillie and Sophie Hoch usually walked, as I remember, and the Hoch home is on East Northfield Avenue near Cedar Street. Sophie always enlivened the school with a bright ribbon

(usually a pink one) in her hair and an unforgettable giggle which amused Principal Hunt and everyone else no end. Polly Collins, Florence Fund and Leah Burnet frequently came to school on horseback. Edith and Will Squier, Mabel and Blair Howell came on bicyces, as from Hanover did Olive Field, Nellie Babcock, Thornton Webb and Ross Sanders.

From Roseland, Percy Williams drove a pony and runabout, usually bringing with him Bertha Sigler and Sadie Harrison. Ethel Hamilton, Belle Love, Florence Patton, Harold Godfrey, Morris Meeker, Harry Sigler and others of the Roseland contingent came either on bicycles or in horse-drawn vehicles.

The main room was used both for study and classes. Mr. Hunt's desk was up front, just beneath the footlights, which consisted of candles. There, at times, he sat listening to William Ernest Collins as he translated Latin and Greek classics. William, a born student, was headed for Yale and a brilliant career as a lawyer. Mr. Hunt did not have to listen carefully to the translating, as he knew well enough that Will had it all correct. Eager, highly intelligent, here was a pupil to delight the heart of any teacher. William Collins became one of the finest of men, vividly aware of all that is best in life.

Back in the room at their desks sat other pupils more or less occupied with their work—Arthur Van Zee, always studious, kind and neatly dressed; Jonathan Force, Arthur's friend and classmate, who later graduated from Columbia and became a recognized authority in the field of electric lighting; Edna Force and Luella Haven, two close frends who later were teachers. Edna was Jonathan's sister. Others who sat in the old room during my time were the Meeker sisters, Sadie and Grace, who came all the way from Buttermilk Valley; Gertrude Fund and her cousins, Bertha and Charles; Lola Brokaw, Mortimer and Louise McChes-

ney, Edith Schultz, Ruth Rathbun, Fannie Berry, Edward Smith, Edna Dickinson, Elizabeth Collins, Arthur Burrell, Clarence Force, Hetty MacQuaide, Halsey Teed and his sister Lillian. From North Livingston Avenue, then known as North Midway or Dark Lane, came two cousins, Hugh and Louis Kent, who did much to add to the excitement and gayety of school life. Louis was at once the Beau Brummel and Romeo of the school. He wore natty suits, smoked a briar pipe and called on girls after church on Sunday evenings.

At the noon hour many, in groups, walked down to the corner store. There they could buy candy and cakes, and sometimes they were able to further their education by listening to discussions of life in general by such sage and robust commentators as Edward Moran and Theodore Berry. That discussions should go on in the old store at noontime was entirely possible, for when talk started there, meals were of secondary importance.

Considering the small number of pupils, our baseball and football teams were exceptional. The material, though small, fortunately was good. The Vogel brothers, Harry and Jimmy; Phil Lynch, Fred Meeker, Ernest Hoffman, Otterson Baldwin, Thornton Webb, Witsel De Camp, Ray Winans, Blair Howell, the Mac Quaide brothers, Henry and Bob; Fred Hauck and others were capable athletes. Harry Vogel, as pitcher, was outstanding. Another pitcher was Blair Howell, who could throw an outcurve fast enough to jar a barn.

The first baseball game was in March, 1903, and it was played on the old field at the northeast corner of Mt. Pleasant Avenue and what is now North Livingston Avenue. In that first game we defeated West Orange High School. After that, for several seasons, we won many more games than we lost. In addition to West Orange, we defeated, among others, Bloomfield, Caldwell

and Orange. In 1906 the manager of baseball at Barringer High School, Newark, felt that his second team would be quite strong enough to play the nine of a school so small as ours. The game was one-sided in our favor—we ended with some twenty runs, I recall—and so perhaps we could have done quite well with Barringer's varsity.

In football, playing from 1903 through the 1906 season, we were not so successful; but our record, considering that none of the boys knew anything about the game till they began to play it, was creditable. Any team which had Harry Vogel as fullback was certain to make things interesting.

The drama—yes, we even took up dramatics. Coached by Miss Lena Haven and Mr. Nelson, who had succeeded Mr. Hunt in 1903, we played the casket scene from "The Merchant of Venice," as part of the 1904 commencement. It was in the Livingston Baptist Church, where our commencements always were held. The exuberant Fred Hauck played "Bassanio," Irene Bedell "Portia" and Bessie Kent, "Nerissa."

I have written about the school of my time. Some names are omitted, not because they were forgotten but because of space limits; but in connection with the old school I must mention Ella McChesney and Mary E. Collins, who honored it so greatly by their fine careers of teaching in the Livingston system; Thomas Wesley, a minister as well as a teacher, who was principal in 1904-1905, and Homer House who followed him. Then there were the high school teachers Miss Horn and Mary E. Bedell. Miss Bedell, like Miss Haven a resident of Livingston, was a teacher respected by everyone. It scarcely need be added that the good-natured Christopher Harkey was the janitor of the old school. He was beloved by all.

Faces as those seen when one walks in the mist at twilight.

As these old days recede even further into the past perhaps they assume a nostalgic glamour not entirely deserved, and so I may have written too fondly; but to me as a student the Livingston High School looked pretty good indeed and it does yet after all the years. For quite a time it was very much alive, and if the pupils in the new school have as interesting a time and study as well and have as good teachers as we did on the old second floor, they will do all right. And we must not forget those men of Livingston who had the courage so long ago to start a high school in a town so small in population. Their school, so bravely begun, flourished for a while; then came twilight and darkness and now there is light again.

"Nor Rain Nor Heat" *1950*

AS PEPPER IS TO SALT or heat to cold, the name De Camp is to transportation. It has been so for a long time in this section, and so the word that the De Camp Bus Lines has sold its 143 and 144 routes is more than an item in the day's news, to be glanced at, perhaps soon forgotten. Eighty years represent something like an eternity, and these routes included that of the original line founded by Benjamin De Camp and his brother-in-law, William Ward, eighty years ago. It is an ancient and honorable institution which has been transferred. It has been a vital part of Livingston's history. In the days when the old stages were running up and down Mt. Pleasant Avenue it was also a picturesque one.

As a young man, Mr. De Camp came to Livingston Center from Roseland, then a part of the township. He built his home on the south side of Mt. Pleasant Avenue—the house still stands —and he had as next-door neighbors David Flynn and William Van Zee, two fine, kindly men who became his friends for life. Mr. Van Zee, a wheelwright, built the first stage in 1870 and all subsequent stages through the years. Mr. Flynn, the village blacksmith, shod the horses.

The first stage ran between the general store and post office at Livingston Center and the Orange post office, and until the death of Mr. De Camp in 1905 the route so remained. Passengers and mail were carried. The long canvas-topped stages, usually painted a cream, had two lengthy parallel seats, one on either side. There were the driver's seat and at the rear an entrance with steps. On regular runs there was nearly always a team of horses. So that patrons would know the stage was coming, there were, at one period of the line's existence, bells on the horses. The sound of the bells was pleasing, with none of the harshness of our

present automobile horns—just a musical jingle in no way disturbing the peace and quiet of those early days. The horses—they were faithful animals—and all of the equipment, which in cold weather included blankets for man and beast, were kept in barns in the rear of the De Camp home.

There is a tendency these days to refer to the old vehicles as stagecoaches. In a broad sense of the word they were, but, as I remember, that term was never used in the days of Benjamin De Camp and William Van Zee to refer to the old conveyances. They were just stages. Perhaps our present terminology is caused by the Western movies in which those formidable vehicles, which the term stagecoach seems more aptly to fit, are seen, the gold and heroine within, being pulled by dashing horses along the bandit-infested mountain pass between Red Gulch and Poker Flats. If the De Camp stages had any antecedents they were the covered wagons, not the stagecoaches of frontier history. At any rate, people always said, "Here comes the stage," and that was that.

Mr. De Camp, always called "Cap" by those who knew him well, was a large, sturdy man with a black mustache and rather dark-features. For years he was the president of the Livingston Board of Education and at one time he served on the Essex County Board of Freeholders, as did his son, Ralph, long afterward. In politics Benjamin De Camp was a Democrat, which is no way prevented him from being elected to public office by Livingston voters. He was a kindly man, but one who wasted few words in saying something.

The fare between Livingston and Orange was twenty-five cents; that is, if one hailed the stage en route or got on at the post office. There were, however, a few persons who Mr. De Camp knew could not afford to pay. By some mysterious conincidence these people would start walking a few minutes before the stage

was due. When it did come, they would keep walking, looking straight ahead and knowing full well what would happen. Mr. De Camp would pull up his horses. The wheels would grind to a stop and the inevitable question "Want to ride?" would be asked. The response was inevitable, too, as was the free ride for the weary wayfarers.

In summer heat, in the cold and snow of winter, the stage, driven by Mr. De Camp himself, by Ira King or some other expert, was on time. There was, however, one exception. On Monday morning, March 12th, 1888, Mr. De Camp found it snowing harder than he had ever seen it snow before. The flakes were small and hail-like, packed so closely together that visability was almost absent. The wind was galelike, the temperature near zero; but the day before there had been rain, and anyhow wasn't it nearly spring? So dutifully Mr. De Camp started on his way through the blinding storm. He managed to reach Orange and deliver the mail, but he did not return for two days, for that Monday was the day of the Great Blizzard.

The arrival of the stage at eleven o'clock mornings was an event the year around. When it drew up in front of the store, a lively reception committee was on hand to greet it. Silas Genung, the broommaker of Mt. Pleasant Avenue, for years subscribed to the New York *Sun,* which came in the morning mail. If he was present he might possibly get the first look at his own paper; but if he was not there, it was oblingly passed out by Johnny Crane, assistant postmaster, to the waiting throng. Theodore Berry, a picturesque old sailor with the tang of the sea about him, would be likely to get it first. With shrewd comments he would read aloud such headlines caught his fancy.

It was a vigorous and interesting assemblage. Among others who probably would be present for the mail and the latest news

as presented by "Sile" Genung's *Sun,* were such regulars as William Van Zee, Daniel Grannis, William Ashby, Halsey Bishop, John Gerow, George Morehouse, Pell Collins, Joseph Bedell, John Watson, Harry Maxfield and Edward Stephens.

After the death of Benjamin De Camp, in 1905, his son Robert took over the stage line. He added a service to Caldwell, which later was abandoned. Then, in 1909, he took a revolutionary step, created a sensation. He acquired a motor bus. Built on the lines of an open-air trolley car—it almost might have been one—it was large and unwieldly and had a strong aversion from the slopes of the First Mountain. At times on that rugged mountain it became necessary for the passengers to walk, if not push. This cumbersome vehicle was important in the fact that it was an omen of great changes to come. It was used only as a supplement to the trusty old stages, which in that period were driven by Robert De Camp himself and by Ira and Walter King.

It was not until 1913, when two up-to-the minute buses had been obtained, that the picturesque old conveyances made their final trips. The stages and horses were seen no more. The stage line as Benjamin De Camp had known it had come to an end. Progress? Well—some kind of change. Unfortunately much of the color of the line went out with the horse-drawn vehicles, superceded by the unromantic buses of a mechanical and less pleasant age. An era had ended.

With the passing of Robert De Camp, in 1917 his brother Ralph became the owner and operator of the line. Ralph De Camp, who was an assemblyman and freeholder, expanded the business immeasurably, adding route after route until by the time of his death he had developed it to practically its present-day size. Now his widow and his two sons carry on the business.

Backward for a moment into a past which in contrast to the

present seems unreal, almost impossible. But it was there and it was good. It has been more than fifty years since the last stage ran, but many a resident can still see in his mind's eye a long yellow stage, driven by Cap De Camp or Ira King, creeping at a snail's pace westerly up the long slope of the First Mountain on a hot summer morning or see it, later, arriving at the store, with the leaves green and beautiful in the sunlight, and on the stoop John Crane, pink-cheeked and in his shirtsleeves, arms aloft to receive the morning mail.

A Day In June

1952

A CHARMING PART OF LIVINGSTON'S LIFE in former days was represented in the various picnics at Tuttles Grove on the banks of the Passaic at Swinefield Bridge. There were the public-school picnics in June, at the end of the school year; later in the summer Sunday-school picnics and the great get-together of the Grangers.

Tuttles Grove, in Hanover Neck, on the Morris County side of the river, was an idyllic place in those old days. The Passaic was crystal pure in contrast to its present condition, and tall trees gave pleasant shade. There was a frame boathouse, painted white, at which the two Tuttle brothers, Will and George, kept busy during picincs letting out their gondolas at so much an hour. The boats were old and leaky, but no one minded very much. Under the trees were long wooden tables on which picnic lunches were spread at midday on the occasion of a school picnic.

The public-school picnics on those long-past June days were friendly, neighborly affairs. Livingston people then as now took great pride in their children and their schools, of which there were five—those at Northfield, Roseland, Livingston, Squiertown and West Livingston. On the day of a school picnic the community was almost deserted, as everyone who possibly could was in attendance; bright and early, too, for a good time lay ahead.

The Grangers' Picnic, conducted each August by the various Pomona Grange organizations of North Jersey, was in contrast a stupendous event. Fortune tellers—Heaven knows where they came from—ice cream stands, baseball games on a field now sadly reclaimed by marshland; the genial Walter Baldwin of Roseland selling frankfurters and great slices of red and perfect watermelon; grinning youths of African descent with shining eyes dodging

baseballs through holes in canvas; the Merry brothers, Ross and John, arriving in a farm wagon and, perched on a cross seat, playing their fiddles to the applause of hundreds; George De Camp, Joseph Cook, William Van Zee, Alexander Webb and other Grange leaders hustling about in their shirtsleeves to see that everything was under control; on the bandstand the famous Northfield Band, composed of Crosbys, Reinhardts and other musicians of the neighborhood, discoursing sweet music; suave city politicians on the speakers' stand telling of their deep interest in everything agricultural, including the good farmers themselves; the piercing cries of sideshow barkers on high stands in front of tents containing the Wild Man of the Jungle or the Three-Legged Woman—all these and more helped to make the old grove fairly throb with excitement on those hot August days of the long-ago. A Grange Picnic was indeed a wonderful affair.

But these school picnics on a day in June! There was true bliss. The picnics were composed entirely of Livingston Township people come to spend a pleasant day with their neighbors; no band, however pleasing, no sideshows, no political speeches. Down the river a bit, by a big rock just past the boathouse, John Elmer Teed, of Cedar Street, who was not normally a quiet man, would fish all day, sitting peacefully on the bankside. With him to the picnic had come Mrs. Teed and the three children, Halsey, Lillian and Marion. John Elmer, as he was known, knew the exact spot best for fishing and he was quite certain to return home with a full basket. Of course there were Collinses. Those two estimable Livingstonians, Pell and Matthew Collins, would arrive in a large farmwagon, with extra seats fastened in for the great occasion. The wagon was filled with three generations of Collinses, any neighbors who needed a ride, and many bulging lunch baskets. There were the Rathbuns from Hillside Avenue—the gentle Mrs. Rath-

bun and her two daughters Ethel and Ruth, the sons Albert, Edward and William.

To the school picnics from Force Hill there came such a multitude of Forces that it seemed a schoolhouse on the Hill would soon have to be built. Mrs. Jonathan Force, a member of the Baker family before her marriage and a smiling, untiring worker in the Livingston Baptist Church, would be there with her children, Walter, Edna, and Jonathan, Junior. Then there would be their cousins Maude, Julia, Sam, Herbert, Jud, Clarence, Kenneth and others of the Force family, one of the oldest in Livingston. All members of the family did not live on Force Hill. There was, for instance, Deacon Thomas Force, who in the eighteenth century lived in the home on what is now South Livingston Avenue, across from a sawmill and Canoe Brook.

Through the years these picnics were attended by many principals and teachers. There were the kindly, soft-spoken John L. Hunt, the high school's first principal; the strict disciplanarian E. J. Nelson who came here from Manasquan in 1903, finding a difficult pair of shoes to wear because he was succeeding Mr. Hunt; Thomas Wesley of Pluckemin, a later principal who taught school for five days and preached on Sundays; Homer House, the Haven sisters, Miss Mary Bedell, Miss Horn, Miss Torrey and Miss Bailey. There was also Miss Bertha Loftus, who had a strong personality and no advanced ideas about discipline. She dealt in direct fashion with such exuberant youths as "Chance" McCreery and Hugh Kent. If matters ever went too far, Miss Loftus could wield a Frey's geography book with excellent effect. There were eight grades on the first floor of the building, which was partitioned into two large rooms. Miss Loftus taught four of the grades and Miss Lena Haven, later a teacher in the high school, had charge of the other four.

Consider the picnic of June, 1904. It was a beautiful day, warm and clear, the tall trees of the grove luscious in the green of early summer. It was a typical school picnic. Tuttles' Grove was crowded. A few nights before, on June 16th, the high school commencement had been held in the Livingston Baptist Church and Benjamin De Camp, president of the board of education, had awarded diplomas to Sadie Meeker, Sophie Hoch, Elizabeth Collins, Harold Godfrey, Charles Fund, Ray Winans, Harry Vogel, and Percy Williams. That the high school of those days, in the capable hand of Principal Nelson and Miss Haven, was modern if not downright precocious is seen in the subject of the debate in which Percy Williams and Harry Vogel had taken opposite sides at the commencement exercises. The question was "Whether trade unions as conducted during the past twenty years are a detriment to the country." Despite their cogent arguments the bright young graduates did not quite settle the matter that night. The class history had been presented by Ray Winans and the class prophecy by Sophie Hoch. The Orange Y.M.C.A. Orchestra, transported in one of Mr. De Camp's stages and led by "Billy" Redpath of the Orange National Bank, had regaled the large audience with sweet melody, and the casket scene from "The Merchant of Venice" had been acted by high school students under Lena Haven's able direction.

It was a representative group at Tuttles Grove on that June day of 1904. Among many others were the Cranes of West Livingston, Vogels, De Camps, Howells, including Mabel and Blair; Morehouses of Morehousetown; Baldwins, with Willis R. wearing a gay straw hat; Williamses, Kents, Smiths, Funds, Van Zees, Parkhursts, Meekers, Hoffmans, Maxfields, Van Nesses, Harrisons, Winanses. There was Daniel Grannis of North Midway, who seldom missed a high school baseball game and certainly would not miss a school picnic. There was

probably another Daniel present, "Uncle Dan" Hopkins, our own Isaac Walton. He may have been fishing up around the Big Bend, to the north of the grove, and have found time to drop around to have a chat with his neighbors. There were, of course, members of the Squier family, including Anderson P. Squier, who was for many years a valuable member of the township committee, at one time its chairman.

Besides teachers and principals there were many ministers at the picnic. One of them was William R. Burrell, pastor of both Baptist Churches, author of the novel, "Out of the Flame," and a genial leader in all worthwhile local enterprises. One of his favorite pastimes was keeping score at all of the games played by the high school baseball team.

To the chagrin of all—possibly most to the younger generation—the school picnics ended rather early, as many of the men present were farmers who had chores to attend to on their return home. It is not probable that after the hearty picnic lunches the wives had too much to do about supper. Sometime around five o'clock John Elmer Teed reluctantly would haul in his fishing lines for the day, parents would anxiously round up their children—not always easily, as certain of the older boys, such as Louis Kent and Fred Hauck, never hurried back to port when they were rowing on the placid river with their favorite girls—and the picnickers would gradually begin to leave the grove. It had been a good day.

Sixty years have gone by, and yet oddly enough Swinefield is farther distant, by passable road, from Livingston Center than it was when Tuttles Grove was in its ascendency. Locust Avenue, now scarcely a street at all, was then a well-kept gravel road, skirting the sharp north end of the Riker and affording a short cut

between Eagle Rock Avenue and what is now North Livingston Avenue.

What a charming road it was! Whoever named it an "avenue" was in unforgivable error. It was a byway sweet with wild flowers and the green of trees. There were several small picture-book farmhouses along the way, and green fields and barns and well-attended gardens. Of all the dear, quiet places of the countryside the Locust Avenue section was perhaps the most idyllic. Over the tree-bordered street, blessed in tranquility, wound the long line of buggies, runabouts, farm wagons and other conveyances bearing the picnickers on their homeward way.

Past Jake Roush's they went; then, turning to the left and up a little knoll, they came to the Klem homestead. The tiny farmhouse stood close to the street and, like the picket fence and gate, was painted white. The well curb was overgrown with roses in full bloom on this June day. Behind the house, toward the west, were a brook and cedars and lush, green pasture land leading toward the Riker as a backdrop. It was by the roadside gate that for me and perhaps for others these school picnics seemed to end. There, standing in a group, were the members of the Klem family come to bid the picnickers godspeed.

They had not been to the picnic, but out of the simple goodness of their hearts they always came to the gate to wave pleasantly to those who had enjoyed the event—the very essence of kindness, human nature at its best. There by the wayside were the old folks and Kate and Mary and Joe and John, forming a picture of "the common unrhymed poetry of simple life and country ways" of which Whittier wrote in "Snowbound." And so in this place of quiet contentment and a peacefulness which never again will come to this part of the country we bid a fond farewell to the old school picnics at Tuttles Grove.

Circled With Concrete *1959*

AS LIVINGSTON APPROACHES its one hundred and fiftieth birthday—doubtless the springtly lady will be given a party —it may be well to recall some past acenes now dim and almost forgotten. One may stand at Livingston Center and in his mind's eye, if he remembers, see the big house occupied as a tavern long before this country was born. One may glimpse the well curb by the side of the road and the interesting people who lived in the building after its use as a public house had ended. "It seems," says Lillias Cook, "that about everyone in Livingston lived in the old house at one time or another."

In the glow of memory one may see the robust Theodore Beyy in his shirtsleeves standing in front of what had been the hotel's taproom, bring into vision another one-time occupant, no other than "Sunny Jim" Pringle himself, a famous baseball pitcher sixty years ago. He was a big, vivid fellow with flaming-red hair and he put plenty of speed on the ball. "Look out for that one!" he would shout to an already shaking batsman. "Sunny Jim," bless his memory, eventually graduated from local baseball circles, became a pro and did well.

Look across Route 10, let the Plaza and all its buildings fade away, see instead an open field, an apple orchard to the east. Perhaps it is a hot summer night in the Gay Nineties. Chinese lanterns, hundreds of them, are strung on rope or wire across the field, giving a carnival effect. Carnival indeed, for an old-time traveling medicine show is in progress. Strange, leather-lunged men, shouting loudly, stand on platforms in front of canvas tents. These vociferous men are the barkers extolling their sure, guaranteed cures for every ailment flesh is heir to. "One drink of this and your rheumatism will disappear overnight." "Try this, my good lady, and you will have a dozen red-headed children"—such are

the brash cries of the barkers. Men, women and children crowd the midways. Also there are myriads of mosquitos, attracted by the lights. This scene, despite all the gaudy lanterns, is a bit hazy as the last medicine show came to Livingston so long ago that it seems like a dream. Maybe this is just as well for the health of the town. Then, too, in these days the druggists might complain.

It may be a summer afternoon of the same period, and on the same lot one sees the old Livingston Baseball Team, the Orientals, managed by Gene Van Zee and powered by such local players as Joe Collins, Frank Hoffman and Horace McBrair. They are winning, no doubt, for the team was a good one; the game is with Caldwell. Perhaps one sees this same field a little later, in the early days of this century and he glimpses boys in blue-and-white jerseys playing baseball or football. These are the youthful athletes of the old Livingston High School. Seen through the mists of so many years these boys, as in the case of Gene Van Zee's Orientals, are a little vague and wraithlike, but there they are beyond all doubt—the Vogel brothers, Harry with his blond, curly hair and Jimmy who despite his small size is fast developing into a fine athlete; Blair Howell, Fred Meeker, Thornton Webb, Wit De Camp, Ray Winans and many others. They all look so young.

If one walks a few steps eastwardly from the Northfield Baptist Church he may see another vision if he is in tune with the long-ago. There on a steep little incline leading from the street—the knoll is paved with black ashes from the fire—stands the blacksmith shop of Adam Reinhardt. Shoeing a restless horse, there is the village smith himself, right out of Longfellow's "The Village Blacksmith." He is big in frame, has the "large and sinewy hands," the dark hair, the deep complexion. As he goes about his task, leather-aproned, he has hammer and nails in hand. The big leather bellows fans the fire, red sparks fly wildly. The shoe fitted, the smith drives in the nails.

The scene shifts to a dark, cold night in early November. The ground is frozen to the hardness of steel, for winter weather came earlier years ago. It is election night, the polls have closed, the ballots are being counted. The scene is the hall over the general store at the Center. Men in heavy winter overcoats and carrying lanterns are walking across the street from the Baptist Church. The Tuesday night prayer meeting is over and such faithful Baptists—and Republicans—as Ross and John J. Force, Crowell Baker, John H. and George Parkhurst are on their way to the voting place to see whether William McKinley or William J. Bryan will be the next president of the United States. It is all going to be settled right here in Livingston this very night, for had not Will Parker Teed, the great man from Roseland, proclaimed time and time again that as Livingston goes so goes the nation?

Through the years and a haze of tobacco smoke one sees the kindly William Van Zee, perennial judge of elections, standing by the glass-and-wood ballot box on the long table. In seconds after he has taken a ballot from the box, onlookers know the choice of the voter. The judge takes a fast look at the ballot before reading it to his colleagues on the election board. If he does not care for what he sees, he instantly looks glum, reads in a perfunctory way. He reaches hopefully for another ballot. As he glances at it his face brightens. This is better! He reads in a clear, pleased voice—it is a Republican ballot from first to last, not a sticker on it! Most of the ballots are of the same kind. All is well. The good William McKinley will be the next president. Ross Force, John Henry Parkhurst and the others, all smiles, go out into the dark, cold night, carrying their lanterns. Except for a change of candidates, this routine continued year after year.

On a winter day one may ride in an automobile down Force Hill, the road cleared by plows of the recently fallen snow, uncherished except by children in this mechanical age. What a waste of snow! If one remembers, he may conjure up a far different scene. It is the same road. The big white house on the crest of the hill—the home of Jonathan and George J. Force—has not changed. There is not, however, a car in sight and the road, sparkling with snow, is alive with cheerful youths coasting on single sleds or toboggans. Among them he may glimpse Edna and Walter and young Jonathan—Jonathan the Fourth—who live in the white house glistening above. There are many others enjoying the sport. The bright winter sun gleams upon the snow, the shiny houses, the colorful coats and stocking caps.

If the snow is packed closely or there is a coating of ice, one can clear the flat below, darting by Cannon's, Kent's, and Thompson's, and reach the second, longer slope, going well past the Vincent home at the foot. That is a glorious ride, almost a half mile.

Ely's Hill, much farther west, provided the same kind of coasting. On the west side one could start above the Moses Meeker and Henry McBriar homes and swoosh down the long grade smack into old Morehousetown. That is where we planned to be in the first place, but other memories caused delay.

How different old Morehousetown once looked! There was no Traffic Circle. With all those tons and tons of concrete it seems to have been there for ages, yet it is not old, having been constructed in the early Thirties. Mt. Pleasant Avenue ran straight across what is now the Circle. Northfield and Beaufort Avenues came into it at and near right angles respectively, with Old Road to the left of Olivet Chapel.

The section was well named, for there had been Morehouses

galore and they had built most of the homes in the immediate vicinity. Other early settlers were Beaches, Westlys, Youngs, Williamses and Wards. At the turn of the century George Morehouse was the only one of his family still living there. He was a respected, genial man and served on the township committee. His home was on Mt. Pleasant Avenue a few steps west of Beaufort Avenue. In some of the houses on either side of Mt. Pleasant Avenue—later most of them were demolished to make room for the Traffic Circle—new families had come over the years. The Schneiders lived on the south side of the road, near Northfield Avenue, in a quaint home no longer standing. There were two sons, Peter and Henry, usually known as "Pete" and "Hen."

There were other Schneiders, too, people from Brooklyn, who often visited at the Eberle home. These visitors were fond of music—Andrew Schneider was a concert singer—and on summer nights, when the windows were open, sounds of music reminded of the Rhienland floated in the air which is now refreshed with the honking of automobile horns and generous doses of carbon monoxide gas. One of this family was August Schneider, who eventually settled in Morehousetown, building a home across the street from English's. Mr. Schneider's dwelling, now belonging to the Motchans, was built on the site of one of the Morehouse homes.

The Haucks lived in the large house now occupied by the Cannon family. Once the home of Alfred Morehouse, it stood farther east than it does now, having been moved when the Circle was constructed. Fred, one of the sons, appeared at the Livingston High School in September of 1903 and at once became popular due to his good looks, wit and athletic ability. A football team, was formed, the first, and Fred was on it. When spring came he played on the baseball team. Having poetic talent, Fred thought up the school "yells."

Near where Russell's store now stands was the home of Amos and Frank Williams. On the north side of the street George Windler had a shoeshop in his home. Henry Schottman lived on one side of the road, his brother George on the other. Vogels and Lindemans also lived in the heart of Morehousetown.

In Old Road—we cannot go too far or we shall be in Squiertown—under tall walnut trees stood the Woodruff home. In it a daughter, Miss Mary Ella, conducted a private school with herself as the teacher. Gilbert Squier, a boy then in short pants, was one of her favorite pupils. Other young hopefuls under Mary Ella's charge were Ernest Tompkins, Harry Jewell, Wilfred and "Bob" McBrair and George Parkhurst. "We were the elite," Mr. Squier says, a twinkle in his eyes. It was a school for the very young, and most of those named eventually attended the Squiertown School.

In a time when patterns were not closely drawn there were many individualists. For example there was "Uncle Duane" Beach. This member of one of our oldest families lived in what is now Beaufort Avenue, in the home later owned by August Baer. "Uncle Duane" had a unique way of eating, and children of the period—it was long ago—often coaxed their parents to ask him for dinner so that they could see him eat. Of course, being polite children, they pretended they were not looking when the visitor sat down to a meal.

He would first cut his meat into very small pieces, then mix it thoroughly with vegetables similarly cut. He then added soup, gravy and tea, all the while slowly stirring. Then the old boy would say, "Please pass the sugar." He would spread the sugar carefully over the concoction and his meal was ready. The sugar was the desert. This is a Morehousetown legend and there is a chance that it has become a bit exaggerated over the years. Then,

too, Mr. Beach, knowing all the time that the children were watching him, may have been putting on an act to amuse them. If that is so, however, the old-timer from Featherbed Lane took rather drastic steps to entertain.

Whether the Circle was worth what it destroyed may be debatable, but certainly something full of charm was lost forever. Well before that time, however, George Morehouse, last of the honorable family for which the section was named, had died and some of the oldest homes had disappeared. Most of the remaining houses had stood for ages, some were very small, others run down; certain of the old barns, remnants of another age, were perhaps unsightly, and so it is possible if the little section were here today there would be a suggestion of a renewal project from experts who want everything new and shiny. Yet old Morehousetown had a quaintness and beauty all its own. Its location was fatal. When the State was ready to construct the Traffic Circle, engineers referring to their blueprints saw at a glance that the little cluster of homes stood smack in the way of progress, a grievous position indeed for any home in this day and age. So the sledges, bulldozers and steam shovels, triple harbingers of progress, moved in and went to work. The poor little houses did not offer much resistance.

Week-end excursionists and people on their way to and from work now ride in their automobiles over the sites of the old homes in which folks of another generation were born, lived and died. They see a grass-grown plot circled with concrete—that is all. No one ever could have lived there. It seems so natural, so real, that one would think the Circle had been there forever. Only those who remember may glimpse as in a dream the old Morehousetown that used to be.

Collins Hall *1951*

THE OLD JUNIOR ORDER HALL at Livingston Center was demolished in 1950 and as its deprepitude had become profound, perhaps there was no tragedy in its disappearance. As one looked at the foundation after the building had been torn down he realized how really small the old place must have been; but when it was built by George R. Collins fifty years before it seemed to rival an armory in size. For many years it was a pleasant, interesting part of local life, a community institution.

As Mr. Collins owned the building until his death in 1912, it was known during his time as Collins Hall. On the ground floor were a shop in which Mr. Collins' son Alfred painted carriages; a small confectionery store, and in the rear, behind sliding doors, was a pool room which no one ever thought to call a pocket billiards academy. On the second floor was an auditorium. George Collins ran the store and the pool room, which, as did the auditorium, became a fine recreational center. Many pool experts frequented Mr. Collins' establishment. Among them were, to name a few, Norman Flynn, Burt Grannis, Fred Meeker, Ernest Hoffman, Fred Miller, who married the owner's daughter, Edna; Tom Neary and John Weimer.

The local Junior Order Council used the auditorium from the early days and, not long after Mr. Collins' death, it bought the property. Eventually the ground floor saw many changes. It was a barber shop, an ice-cream parlor, for a while the Livingston Post Office, with Mrs. Anne Cowen the postmistress.

The second floor was the most interesting part of the building despite the activities below. The auditorium, which had a small entrance room in front, was lighted by oil lamps on brackets and heated by a large old-fashioned coal stove. This

stove was decorative, with much well-polished nickel, and on top was a lid which on the occasion of dances and other festive occasions was removed late at night when Mr. Collins or some helper placed a huge coffee pot on the stove. It was time for refreshments, a romantic chat with one's best girl. The aroma of that coffee as it slowly reached perfection, and how good it tasted late on a cold winter's night! The adverb "late" is used advisedly, for, in the case of dances at least, the time for refreshments was around two o'clock.

In its early days the auditorium was the scene of exciting political meetings, invariably, I believe, Republican. It was long before woman suffrage, and the meetings usually were attended by men only. The cigar smoke was blue, dense and fragrant. It was an age of oratory, really good speaking—not long after the period of election bonfires and torchlight parades—when the speakers appealed strongly to the emotions. The learned, eloquent R. Wayne Parker of Newark, congressman of this district, often spoke in the hall. He could make a thing of beauty out of a speech extolling a high protective tariff and he was a great favorite of Livingston voters. Among other speakers were the silver-tongued George Russell, successful candidate for surrogate in 1904, who made the hall fairly vibrate with his eloquence; Freeholder John Clark of Nutley; the vigorous Judge William P. Martin and Sheriff Frank H. Sommer. There was, too, the suave, gentlemanly Everitt Colby of West Orange, who started the New Idea movement in the Republican party around 1905 and became a state senator. Mr. Colby was years ahead of Woodrow Wilson and Franklin D. Roosevelt in using the adjective "new" in the name of a political movement.

Large numbers of Livingston citizens took part in or attended the political meetings. There were such men as August Fund, tax

collector for many years; Isaac Crane, Samuel Burnet, George J. Force, a tall, lively man who had served as sergeant-at-arms in the State House at Trenton away back in the Nineties. There were those two old soldiers Frederick Hoffman and Silas Genung, both of whom had been Essex County freeholders. Mr. Hoffman held one or another local office from around the time he returned from the Civil War to the end of his long and active life. Benjamin De Camp, of the opposite party, would drop in at the meetings to see how his Republican friends were conducting themselves. Then there was another De Camp, George E. of Roseland, who was registrar of Essex County and the first mayor of Roseland after it separated from Livingston. There was Pell T. Collins, at one time chairman of the township committee. Kindly, with a good sense of humor, he ever was held in high esteem as the best type of citizen. Another Northfielder, serving later than Mr. Collins, was Samuel H. MacQuaide, with a notable career both on the school board and the township committee.

Collins Hall was used by students of the old Livingston High School for entertainments to raise money for baseball teams. As spring approached, the pupils looked forward eagerly to the coming season. The playing field would have to be put in good shape; all necessary supplies, such as balls, bats and gloves, would have to be bought and paid for. All funds for the sport, aside from collections at games, were paid for by the sale of tickets to these events in Collins Hall.

They were charming affairs. Miss Lena Haven, a teacher in the high school, would read selections from Tennyson or Browning in her soft, expressive way; the Misses Margaret Webb, Bertha Sigler, Gertrude Fund and Minnie Collins would render musical selections. Pete Schneider of Roseland would go into a lively song and dance, his favorite vehicle being the song "Under the Banana

Tree." High school principal Nelson, a fine elocutionist, would recite and other good friends of the school would help to fill in the program.

Then there were dances in the old hall, festive occasions never to be forgotten. For music there was usually a small orchestra, in which Alfred Collins played the violin and John Mosler, the blind musician of Northfield, played the harp. Rock 'n' roll was fortunately undreamed of; two steps, waltzes, Virginia Reels prevailed on the program. There were, too, the old-fashioned square dances, which were not such floor-pounding affairs as they are represented to be at present.

I recall going to a dance in Collins Hall one February night in the bitter cold winter of 1904. Being but a schoolboy I managed to attend such a gay party only because I went in the company of Miss Mary Volk, a lady somewhat older than myself. Most of the guests were from that street now drably called Beaufort Avenue but which was then known by a better name. Not without reason it was called Featherbed Lane. Some of those present were Dora Hoffman, the Morton sisters, Effie and Edna; George Roush, Matt Bader, Wilbur Matthews, Lou Roush and his wife. Those are the people I remember as being there that night, but there were others no doubt. As the dance apparently was sponsored by a Featherbed Lane group, there must have been Roesings and other representatives of the district, such as Baers, Buhlers, Van Idistines and Rolls.

The dance is almost over. There had been an intermission, with the serving of plenteous delacacies, consisting of sandwiches and cake, brought by the ladies. Despite the coal fire which had reddened the iron sides of the stove, ice had crept over the windowpanes, coating them in lacy magic but in no way lessening the pleasant warmth within the room. At three o'clock the music

ceased and Mr. Collins began turning out the oil lamps. Through the blue night the revelers started homeward by carriage or on foot. There were no street lights, but who would have wanted them on this magic night with the winter stars bright and glistening in the vast canopy of heaven?

Most of the guests at the party now ended made their way over Ely's Hill, down by George Morehouse's turning into that meandering roadway—Featherbed Lane, alias Beaufort Avenue. Along the tranquil street were their homes, close to the road or nestled high, among trees, under the jagged slope of the Riker. Here and there a weary oil lamp, left burning by indulgent parents, yellowed a farmhouse window. Through the crystal air the stars shone down on the quiet countryside as it awaited the coming of another day.

The Great Debate *1952*

IN THIS STEAM-SHOVEL and bulldozer era of Livingston's history, whatever its delights and benefits, it may be pleasant to turn back in our thoughts the relentless clock of time, turn it back from the present distractions to the quiet, peaceful town of the Golden Nineties. There was bliss indeed. It was 1896, and the gentle William McKinley, beloved of all Republicans, was opposing William Jennings Bryan, then known as the "Boy Wonder of the Platte," in an election for the Presidency of the United States. Mr. Bryan, one of the great orators of all time, was not so gentle.

One night in the early autumn, Livingston Republicans were packed into the auditorium of the schoolhouse on Mt. Pleasant Avenue, up on Sugar Hill, as the little knoll used to be known, near "Paddy" Cowan's hat-making establishment and Dave Flynn's blacksmith shop. The campaign was in full swing and the crowd was enthusiastic. Before the meeting there had been a colorful torch-light procession on Mt. Pleasant Avenue, which calvacade had formed in "The" Smith's backyard at the Center—gallant Livingston Republicans on horseback, wearing glistening white capes made of oilcloth or some like material and imposing helmets and carrying blazing torches. Perhaps, after all, Livingston was not so quiet that night in 1896, but election times were likely to provide exceptions to the general reign of tranquility.

The eloquent congressman, Charles Fowler of Elizabeth, roused his hearers to cheers as he spoke at length on the timely question of sound money. The Republicans were strongly for it. Bryan, sworn foe of Wall Street, vested interests and the gold standard, had challenged sound money by advocating the "free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one." Congressman Fowler flayed Bryan and his alleged financial heresy to the approval of the assembled Livingstonians.

Then, at the end of the congressman's speech, a strange thing happened, something entirely unexpected. A suave stranger, hitherto unnoticed, suddenly arose. In the name of the Democratic Party, he challenged Mr. Fowler to debate the money question with Judge Wille, a well-known debater of the time. The judge was a financial expert and was connected with the Bryan campaign as a trouble-shooter to be called upon to confound the Republicans when their pleas for sound money became too fervid. The speaker said that the debate could be held in Livingston or any other place Mr. Fowler might name.

The congressman courteously replied that he would be only too glad to debate with Judge Wille, but that due to his many speaking engagements he would be unable to find time for such a meeting. Mr. Pell T. Collins, of Livingston Avenue, was present on this long-ago occasion and he said later: "Fowler was a smart man, but somehow I got the impression that he was a little shy of Judge Wille."

However the Republican cause, challenged in the midst of so many faithful followers, soon found a champion. A tall, gray-haired man in bluejeans, a calico bandanna about his neck, arose and said: "I will be glad to debate the question with Judge Wille at any time and any place."

The visitor was embarrassed. Certainly at first glance this strangely clad countryman, though impressive, did not seem the kind of man who could stand up in debate with the mighty Judge Wille, especially on the subject of finance. He did not look as if he were familiar with money either as to possession or theory. Lost for words, the emissary hesitated.

But there was at least one more Democrat present and he quickly came to the rescue of the embarrassed stranger. The man was Benjamin De Camp, proprietor of the stage line to Orange. Mr. De Camp, a likeable man, was on friendly terms with the

Republicans of Livingston, who liked him so well that on one occasion they had put aside their political preferences and elected him an Essex County Freeholder. "Mr. Moran will make a worthy opponent for Judge Wille," he assured the nonplussed out-of-towner.

The debate was arranged. It would be held in this same hall on a certain evening.

There was so much the Democrat bearing the challenge did not know about the sturdy man who had answered it. He was Edward Moran of North Midway, or Dark Lane as it was often called appropriately enough. He lived in the house later owned by the Richard Davis family and, though nearly a half mile distant, in those days it was the first dwelling to be met by one going from the Center toward Roseland. Mr. Moran resembled a woodcut out of Plutarch, with the massive, well-formed brow of a Roman statesman. He was a quick-tempered man, one with whom most people found it difficult to get along yet often he could be kind and tender. He was outstanding in a period when the individualist, the vivid personality, was more prevalent than today. More than sixty years have gone by since he walked our streets—he never kept a horse—but anyone now living who knew him has not forgotten him and never will forget him.

He was a whole reservoir of knowledge. No one ever divined how he had learned so much. It was not in schools, certainly, for he was largely self-taught. By calling he was a naval engineer. "He once told me," says Mr. Collins, who furnished the writer much of the information about the great debate, "that his sons built the largest drydock on the West Coast of this country and all of their knowledge had been acquired in his shop."

So he knew much of science, but there was no narrowness about him. He knew ancient and modern languages; he was fa-

miliar with all history and philosophy; he had an intense love for knowledge of the beautiful in art. Many college professors will know well serveral Shakespearean plays. He knew them all and could quote at length from them and from the Shakespearean Sonnets. He had read Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot and others of the great novelists. "*Bleak House* is the best of Dickens," he told me when I was a schoolboy. Scott Fitzgerald is reported as using almost the same words decades later.

He was brave and strong. As a sailor in the United States Navy during the Civil War he on one occasion swam alone for miles under enemy fire to deliver a vital message. It was off the Virginia Capes. He was successful in his perilous mission and was cited for his bravery.

He was known as "Old Moran," but no one ever had the temerity so to address him. A too strong deterent was the thought of the annihilation by rhetoric which would have followed. Yet it is doubtful that the term was used disrespectfully.

Such in part was the remarkable man of North Midway—he named the street himself—who as champion of sound money had agreed to meet the famous Judge Wille in debate. It was almost like taking on the great William Jennings himself. It must be added that Mr. Moran was not a Republican in the sense that most of the men of Livingston were. He was a non-conformist, often a dissenter, and many of his political ideas were then considered radical. However, in the autumn of 1896 he was firmly with the Republicans on one issue—he had little respect for Bryan's monetary theories.

Vibrant with excitement was Livingston when the great night came. On foot, in buggies and two-seated carriages, on lumbering farmwagons, the men of the township made their way to the schoolhouse. Republicans and Democrats, they came from all

sections—from Roseland and Morehousetown, from Squiertown and Cheapside, and Northfield, from Livingston Center and the charming pinnacle of Force Hill. "We were all there," says Mr. Collins. "I went with Uncle Horace Burnet, his son Sam and others from Northfield. Although we arrived early—Uncle Horace was always spry in going to places—we found the hall packed. Many of those present weren't on speaking terms with Moran, due to various encounters with him, but he was our man that night, the defender of sound money. I believe even the Democrats were for him or at least admired his courage."

Judge Wille arrived ahead of his opponent. The judge was an imposing, personable man, much younger than his opponent of the evening, and wore a cutaway and pin-point trousers. As he took his seat his manner was pleasant, urbane, with just the merest tinge of condescension about him. He had with him a large leather briefcase, which he placed on a table near by.

As the night was dark, Mr. Moran's progress on foot to the hall was slow, despite the lantern which he carried. Once arrived, he formed a strange contrast to the dressy judge. There were the usual bluejeans and the colorful bandanna. He carried a two-quart tin pail. "I suspect he had hard cider in that," Mr. Collins said.

Calmly enough the great debate began, after the two antagonists had shaken hands, the judge concealing any bewilderment he may have harbored. The statistics relative to the production of gold and silver since the Civil War, the costs of living and population changes during the same years were brought up and discussed, with Mr. Moran, who was to speak without notes the whole evening, proving just as conversant as his opponent with these figures and their implications. As the argument developed, the listeners sensed that the judge was not as much at ease as he had

been at the start. As "Cap" De Camp, the good Democrat, had predicted, the old man of North Midway was proving a worthy antagonist.

Suddenly Mr. Moran asked the precise meaning of the famous Bryan slogan of Sixteen to One, with the "free and unlimited" provision. The question, put in a quiet and innocent manner, was charged with all kinds of trouble for the judge. It is said that years after the 1896 campaign, Mr. Bryan admitted that he himself had not been entirely sure of the meaning of his slogan. In other words, it may have been in part something picked out of the air by a master phrasemaker and orator. With his resonant, persuasive voice, William J. Bryan could make almost anything sound good.

Edward Moran sensed the vulnerability of the slogan and he was ready to press his advantage. The question sent the eminent judge to his briefcase. The tense crowd noticed that his hands trembled as he opened the bag and got out his papers. The pressure was building up toward a dynamic climax.

His answers to the question and other questions growing out of it were adroit but lacking conviction, and from then on Judge Wille was plainly on the defensive .At length Mr. Moran asked him what money was. As an expert on finance and a wise man, the judge's definition of money was competent and to the point. Then he fell headlong into the trap which Mr. Moran had laid for him.

"And what do you think money is, Mr. Moran?" he asked.

"It was then," Mr. Collins recalls, "that the roof fell in on the great Judge Wille. Oh, what a history of money Moran gave us that night! I never heard anything like it before or since. He went away back to ancient times, to Greece and Rome and Carthage; he went to the prehistoric ages. His avid mind roamed through the centuries as he told us of those commodities which had served

as mediums of exchange at various times and places—of beads and fishhooks, pieces of flint, skins and furs of cattle and sheep and oxen, and useful instruments such as axes, hoes and spears. He went into the coinage of gold and silver and to the satisfaction of the enthusiastic crowd he disposed of Bryan's monetary theories. When he had finished, the debate was over. Why, there was no doubt about that."

The judge knew it full well. "Give me your hand, Mr. Moran," he said, admiration in his voice. "I have met my master."

"Well, we grabbed Moran," Mr. Collins narrates proudly and as if still thrilled over the events of that long-ago night, "and we put him on our backs and paraded him around the hall. We clapped him and roughed up his classic brow. We shouted, 'Three cheers for Edward Moran!' We gave them, then repeated them until we could not hear anymore in all the din. Oh, what a great night it was for Livingston, for the Republicans and, most of all, for Edward Moran! He was our hero, and it's no wonder the Republicans won the election after that debate." Mr. Collins' eyes twinkled.

After so many years it is not certain whether Mr. Moran's two-quart tin pail survived the great celebration. The chances are that some prankster of a Republican like Will Parker Teed or George Morehouse threw it out of a window during the revelry.

At length the pandemonium came to an end, and the victor of the evening made his way down Mt. Pleasant Avenue to the four corners, then turned into North Midway, *his* street, the road he had named and on which he lived. The autumnal darkness was profound, the air frosty, the graveled street rough and uncertain; but these were mere externals of life and meant little to the stalwart veteran. He was glad that he had fulfilled "Cap" De Camp's prediction that he would make a worthy opponent for the re-

nowned judge. He had made good. Triumphantly he had defended the cause of sound money. So there was satisfaction in his heart as he approached his home where he lived alone with his books and his memories.

Strange Visitors *1953*

THE NARROW COUNTRY ROAD WAS UNEVEN, but the clean-cut, attractive youth as he walked along it was sure of his step, oblivious of minor annoyances. Rare determination shone in his gray eyes. Erect in posture, he was walking southerly and rather rapidly on the narrow street leading from the Newark and Mount Pleasant Turnpike to Chatham. It was very early on a bright summer morning and an eager sun sprayed with gold the lush meadows and the wayside flowers. The hurrying lad was Daniel Sickles, eighteen, and the year was 1838.

There were but few houses, and he had hoped that he would meet no one, at least until he was well across the Passaic to the south. He went by the low-built Raymond home, which stood near the road, and so far as he could see there was no one stirring. However his good fortune was not to continue long, for in front of a large farmhouse on his left, just before a bend in the road, he came face to face with the stalwart John Squier, owner of the premises. Even in that long-ago time the house was already old.

Wishing to show no anxiety, the boy paused. "Good morning, Mr. Squier," he said.

"The same to you, Dan. You're quite a way from home for so early in the morning, aren't you? I'd think you were going fishing, but you have no rod and, besides, those Sunday clothes are not right for the sport."

"No fishing for me," the young traveler said. "Waiting for fish to bite is slow business and not in my nature. I'm just going for a walk. It's a beautiful morning. Good day, sir."

Dan had been evasive with the kindly Mr. Squier. The fact was that, after a quarrel with his father, George Sickles, in which neither had shown any restraint, he was running away from the

Sickles' home, which stood on what is now Beaufort Avenue. His father had wanted him to stay on the land and become a gentleman farmer, but Dan had set his heart on a college education, and he was on his way to Princeton in the hope that he could be enrolled in the college. He felt certain that he was prepared scholastically, for he had attended a private secondary school.

It was a long walk, but there could be no turning back for the ambitious, headstrong boy. However, intelligent and mature as he was, in his enthusiasm for an education he had underestimated his need for money. At the college offices, open as September was approaching, he found the costs were too high for his limited amount of shillings. Grievously disappointed, he decided to remain in the little college town, in which the spirit of learning appealed to him. For subsistence, he obtained work as a typesetter with a local newspaper. Later he went on to Philadelphia, where he continued in the same kind of work in a magazine office.

So far as is known, fate failed to arrange a meeting between Dan and a kindred spirit who was in Princeton, as a student, at about the same time. A born adventurer like the runaway, the strong-willed, colorful Leonard Jerome, destined to become the grandfather of Winston Churchill, would have made a choice companion for the young runaway. Daniel Sickles and Leonard Jerome—what a pair they would have made!

In due time Dan was reconciled with his father, but he did not return to Livingston. Instead he went to live with some interesting friends, the Da Pontes, in Spring Street, New York City. With his father's blessing, he entered New York University. Later he became a lawyer, as was his father, and he was on his way to success. Great days lay ahead, a lifetime of honors. He was elected congressman from a New York City district. He became a major general in the Civil War, afterward United States Ambassador to

Spain. He had lost a leg at Gettysburg, where he commanded the Third Corps in gallant fashion. Ever original, he ran the American Embassy at Madrid from his home in Paris.

During the Sickles' residence in Livingston—city people at heart, the family in time returned to New York—some alien faces, strange visitors, were seen in the old road destined to become Beaufort Avenue. The members of the Sickles family were ever mixed up with all kinds of people, artistic, colorful, exotic. Musicians and poets abounded among them. There was, for example, the Da Ponte family. The elder Lorenzo Da Ponte, though a very old man, doubtless journeyed out from New York to visit his friends in Livingston. Vivid, with a brilliant if lurid past, years before in Prague he had been a close friend of Mozart and had written the lyrics for the composer's famous operas, "The Marriage of Figaro" and "Don Giovanni." In the old days Da Ponte had been a boon companion of Casanova, a Great Lover long before John Barrymore. Da Ponte's son, Charles, was a professor at Columbia and New York Universities and became an intimate friend of the young Dan Sickles. It was into this Bohemian family that the future general eventually married. His bride was Teresa Bagioli, daughter of a ward of the elder Da Ponte.

It was probably due to the Da Pontes that the Sickles family came to Livingston to live. Isaac Samo, who was running the inn at Livingston Center when it was the place of the township's first town meeting, did not remain here long. A well-known musician, having been the orchestra leader in the Park Theater in Park Row, New York, he eventually returned to the life he loved. He moved in professional circles, and it is entirely likely that he knew the Da Pontes and often spoke to them of his sojourn in the pleasant little town in New Jersey. The Da Pontes in turn mentioned Livingston to their friends the Sickles.

General Sickles died in New York in 1914, aged ninety-five. A year before his death, the sturdy old man came to my parents' home in Livingston—I believe in a carriage drawn by a team of horses—and asked my father to go with him to the house on Beaufort Avenue. He was not quite sure of the way, he said—it had all been so long ago. Of course my father went, and the old general had his last look at the home in which he had lived as a boy. Seventy-six years had gone by since the bright summer morning when the determined youth had walked away on the path of adventure.

They Shine Upon Us *1960*

DESPITE THE SADDENING RAVAGES OF TIME, some of our early houses remain. Certain of these have been remodeled or restored, often to disadvantage, others are as they were built, perhaps with additions made as the size of families increased or the owners found more money at their disposal. Some of these old homes, like the Force House on South Livingston Avenue, date back to a time before there was any Livingston. All are interesting in their antiquity.

This is an old community. In 1850, for example, when Livingston had become a demure lady of thirty-seven, many of our neighboring towns as they are named today did not exist. Roseland was the northern section of the township. There were no Essex Fells, Montclair, Nutley, Glen Ridge. Neither Maplewood nor Millburn were on the map. The present Caldwells comprised Caldwell Township and the Oranges of today formed one municipality, Orange Township.

An example of a fine early home undisturbed by the passage of time is the Gilbert Squier residence on Walnut Street. This gracious old house is especially remarkable for the fact that it was built by a Squier well before the Revolution and has been owned and occupied by Squiers ever since, even to the eighth generation. Gilbert Squier, over ninety years old, lives in the ancient home of his ancestors. He is a worthy descendant of his honorable family, one of the first to settle in what became Livingston.

A house of historic interest stands on the northwest corner of Beaufort and Dorsa Avenues. Now considerably altered, it was built by a member of the Beach family, and years later, at the turn of the last century, it belonged to Herman Hoffman, who

was a farmer. Back of the house were large barns and many acres. Long before Mr. Hoffman's time, in the 1830's, the property was owned and occupied by George Sickles, a wealthy lawyer who had come out from New York City to try his hand as a gentleman farmer. The Sickles family was an interesting one, with many bizarre connections, and the precocious son, Daniel, more than held his own in brilliance. He went on to be one of the famous Northern generals in the Civil War.

Not far from the Sickles home lived John Tompkins, preacher, farmer, basket weaver. The Tompkins property is now owned and occupied by the Charles M. Corbins, who appreciate its charm and antiquity. The house, nestled at the foot of the Riker, was built at a right angle to the street and to face the south. There is a small room on the far end in which Mr. Tompkins made his baskets and which also may have been used for slaves. He was born in this house in 1806, and even in that year it was very old. Coming down from the tree-clad heights, a tiny brook winds lazily across the lawn.

A wiry, rather small man, Mr. Tompkins possessed tremendous energy—he lived to be ninety-three—and he had little need for horses except for farming purposes. He was a great walker, and even old age did not deter him. One day on a little jaunt to Montclair he overtook two other pedestrians. They were young men.

"You are walking briskly," one of them said to him.

"Yes," Mr. Tompkins agreed, "but I don't do as well as I did eighty years ago."

"Eighty years!" the other exclaimed. "How old are you?"

"Over ninety," came the reply.

John Tompkins was Livingston's most famous walker. His

grandson, Ernest Tompkins of West Mt. Pleasant Avenue, was the most assiduous bicycle-rider. Of course that was at a time when he was somewhat younger than he is today.

In design most of the old houses were Colonial or Early American. At least one, however, was of French architecture. It had a mansard roof. The home still stands, at 236 West Mt. Pleasant Avenue. With the exception of the handsome Watson residence, long ago demolished, this was the only house with such a roof ever built in Livingston. The building, something over a hundred years old, is large and square, affording comfortable rooms. There is nothing "cut up" about this home which Nelson Smith built.

He was a carpenter and he constructed his house out of timber which had grown on his own lands and which, with the aid of horses, he had hauled to the building site. Nelson's father, Allen Smith, had married Susan Beach of that old Beaufort Avenue family. How the names of the primeval families flash before him as one considers that stalwart building on the hillside! Betsy, a sister of Nelson Smith, became the wife of William B. Winans, a long-ago township committeeman and Essex County freeholder. The son, Sidney B. Winans, was for years actively connected with the public affairs of Livingston. Another sister of Nelson Smith married Lewis Rathbun of Hillside Avenue. The McBrairs, a fine family of the old days, were connected with the Smiths and Winanses.

Horace Ward, a spry man in his eighties who recently got up on the roof and did a repair job, lives in the old house at 425 South Livingston Avenue. The Ward family has owned it since 1892, when Horace's father, Wellington B. Ward, Livingston-born and a Civil War veteran, bought the property. The house stands on a terrace, but it was quite level with the street before

South Livingston Avenue, then South Midway, was macadamized in the late Nineties. There is a spacious living-room, with a large fireplace in which are the crane and other utensils incident to cooking. There is dignity in the plainess of the Colonial mantle. The barn, well to the rear, still stands. Horace Ward says that his family built an addition to the barn fairly lately—1905.

This old home has many associations with Northfield. Before Wellington B. Ward bought the property, it had been for years the homestead of the Johnson family. According to Mrs. Lillias Cook, the house was built about 1830. Her grandfather, Joseph Johnson, was the first owner. Mrs. Cook was born here, in the same room in which her mother, Melissa Johnson, had been born in 1857. Joseph Johnson was a shoemaker and during the Civil War he formed a partnership with Samuel H. Burnet of Northfield. They made thousands of shoes for the army. Here also lived the celebrated "Aunt Abby" Johnson. The wife of Joseph Johnson, she was for years an interesting, helpful member of the Northfield community. Many old residents of the section still recall "Aunt Abby." A son, William Johnson, founded the Johnson grocery-store business.

The old itinerant preacher, John Tompkins, wore out much shoe leather, but there were others who followed his example. In more rugged days than ours many people walked to and from Orange. For one walking down what is now South Livingston Avenue and wishing to go to Orange there was a well-worn path leading across the Johnson property and on through woods and fields to the Orange road, now East Northfield Avenue. This was an excellent short cut, but there was one serious drawback—the path ran directly into Canoe Brook. The problem had been solved, according to Mrs. Cook, by what was called a "swing pole." It was a large old log swung across the brook not far above the

water. On one side it was securely fastened to a tree-trunk, on the other side it simply rested on the bank. Mrs. Cook is not sure who placed the "swing pole" there, but she believes it was a project of very early settlers.

Why not the Indians? The odd device suggests them. They were ingenious, they enjoyed cutting notches in trees. In early times Canoe Borok may have had more water in it than it does now, and the Lenni-Lenapes, Delawares, Choctaws or whatever they were may have delighted in speeding over it in their sleek canoes. Does not the very name of the stream confirm this? The struggling white settlers, conquering a forest, had no time for canoes, the Indians had more leisure and loved them. Probably Mrs. Cook, who knows our history so well, is correct in thinking that the white men contrived and installed the "swing pole", but what a pity! It should have been a relic of the Red Men, and there is some logic in thinking that it was. At any rate, there was once a "swing pole" spanning Canoe Brook.

One old house in the Livingston Center district goes back for well more than a hundred and fifty years, back to the time when Tidtown flourished and when in the vicinity of the home there were few other families except Teeds, Parkhursts and Wrights. The house referred to is the present Vincent home on East Mt. Plasant Avenue, at the foot of a long hill. Vincents have lived in it for more than sixty years, and long before their time it was the home of Sheriff Andrew Teed. He was a rugged, picturesque old citizen and a busy one. Besides being Essex County sheriff, he was a manager of the Orange Savings Bank, a farmer and an insurance agent. Also, he was the Livingston postmaster, and it was to the office, which was in the basement of his home, that the people of Tidtown went for their mail until 1875. The delivery of mail was unknown.

The house, in which Mrs. Amy Hamilton and her brother Fletcher Vincent now live, is of interesting design. Painted white it is gabled and many of the windows have the small quaint panes of the early days. The ceilings are low. There are three fireplaces on the first floor and in the basement there are a Dutch oven and a fireplace. Perhaps on frigid winter days of long ago Andrew Teed, postmaster, served hot coffee to those calling for their mail or to see about their insurance. Most of the callers were of course Teeds, right in the family.

Shielded by pines, maples, a pear tree ninety years old, masses of rhododendrons and the largest magnolia tree in Livingston, the Hoch homestead stands high above a walled terrace on the north side of East Northfield Avenue, a short distance below Cedar Street. Here Hochs have lived for more than a century. John Hoch, grandfather of the present owners, bought the property in January of 1861 and moved into the house with his family. Hochs have lived there continuously ever since. Previously the place had belonged to a member of the Townley family, who were among our earliest settlers.

The house was rebuilt in 1904, but it stands over the original foundation and some of the early timbers remain. The cellar walls, two feet in thickness, are of fieldstone. The old dwelling and grounds receive the tender care of the Misses Margaret, Bertha, Anna and Matilda Hoch, who now occupy the premises. Three of the sisters—Margaret, Anna and Emma, the last-named now deceased—were registered nurses and close friends of Clara Maass, the heroic army nurse. Matilda, always known to her friends as "Tillie," was a member of the first graduating class of the old Livingston High School. Later she was a teacher for many years, as was her classmate Minnie Collins. The youngest sister, Sophia, now lives out of town. The "Sophia" sounds wrong, too dignified.

Known as "Sophie" or just "Soph," she attended the high school when John L. Hunt was principal. Sophie, with an inimitable giggle and happy smile, did her share in making the school proceedings pleasant.

Few of the old houses have been so fortunate as to be occupied by one family since they were built. That is a great deal to expect. Some of the early homes unfortunately are out of place and so do not show to advantage. The old homes were built for a different time, a much different kind of life. They needed large lawns and barns in the rear. They needed cool, graveled carriage drives, bordered with flowers and shrubs, the gravel of the drives out of pits, not crushed bluestone. If the old houses have souls, which is not difficult to imagine, how they must yearn for green grass, flowers, tall elms and maples!

However in this age of rapid change, in confusion, often, as to what progress is, we must be grateful that so many of the early homes, like Gilbert Squire's, still remain—homes whose sturdy roofs bore the snow of the Great Blizzard, homes which have survived other storms beyond remembrance. They must have been well built. As if through the mists of time they shine wistfully upon us, bringing quietude and fond recollections.

"There was nothing here in those days," say some well-meaning persons who did not know the Livingston of the past, who did not know these homes when they were in their heyday. Nothing? What flagrant misuse of the word! There were the splendid old homes. There were some twelve or thirteen hundred pepole living here, and that in itself was very much. Supermarkets, factories and real-estate developments, desirable as these may be, do not make a community. It is the people who make it. Livingston is old, one of the oldest municipalities in Essex County, and has an honorable, interesting history. Always it has been a good town.

Probably due to the small population in the past, when generally everyone knew everyone else, the neighborliness, the togetherness, of the place stood out more than at present. When serious illness came to a family, it was not unusual for a neighbor's wife to spend all her time in the stricken home helping with the care of the sick and the household chores.

All this was a long while ago, and there is no return. Perhaps if one could see Edward Moran, for instance, walking our streets today—that energetic old man would be walking—in his wide-brimmed straw hat and bluejeans faded and in need of repairs, he would not seem quite so glamorous as he does when one goes back in memory and thinks of him as he was seen through the eyes of youth; but no one can deny his courage, his intellect or his knowledge. Shine on, bright start of memory, over these old scenes which so easily fade away! Ever receding, they go into the dimming shadows, and with them go the old actors, the fine men and women who made the Livingston of the past. Only in our dreams or in our memories do the great majority live again.

The same Edward Moran, in his youth then, swimming alone under fire on a perilous mission; Dan Sickles winning immortal fame at Gettysburg; that garish old man, with the stamp of Central Europe upon him, visiting his friends the Sickles, none other than Lorenzo Da Ponte once Mozart's librettist; Benjamin De Camp driving his stage in the face of the Great Blizzard; the young Clara Maass, fighting yellow fever in the Philippines and and Cuba, at length giving her life for humanity; old-time school picnics at Tuttles Grove; political meetings in smoke-filled halls; school commencements in the churches, with June bugs fluttering about the oil lamps and proud parents fluttering, too, as their boys and girls spoke hopefully of the future; old-time pastors and teachers; church fairs and suppers; dances in Collins Hall; base-

ball games on Saturday afternoon, with Harry Vogel. Fred Miller or some other hero making sensational home runs; the pride shown in 1898 when the old high school was founded; the simple, comfortable old homes the glow of which endures after all the vanished years — these in part, and the gallant participation of so many Livingstonians in all our wars make up the Livingston of the past. Our heritage is good.

The Northfield Band *1962*

AS A PART OF THE big birthday celebration in 1963—as you know, our Township will be a hundred and fifty years old that year—it has been proposed that a "name band" be obtained for a gala ball. That would be well, no doubt, for a name band is a glamorous thing, especially at such a ball as this one should be. But "What's in a name?" asked Shakespeare, and there is a chance that to a few listeners to the grand importation — a very few, alas — there will come thoughts of a band of another day, the Northfield Band. Another day? Looking back across the years, it seems like another world.

The Northfield Band was a glorious fixture of local life in the Eighties and Nineties, with Northfield a picture-book community, idyllic, full of rare charm. Were it here now the old band would warm the heart of Doctor Justus Schifferes, take a deserved place in Music under the Stars; but the wish is vain. The Northfield musicians gave their last concert many years ago. It must have been a sad event, for the band had become a beloved institution.

According to Mrs. Lillias Cook, who due to her deep knowledge of local affairs ought to know, there were two bands. The first one was formed by James Cooke and her father, Benjamin Collins. It was organized in the early Eighties. Mrs. Cook refers to the second band as the "Crosby Band." Generally known as the Northfield Band, it was a source of great pleasure, as the first had been, to the whole section. It was a good band. Wearing dashing blue caps, on which lights were fashioned for night concerts in the open, the musicians played at festivals, Fourth of July celebrations, picnics, and various other events. It was always in demand.

Edward Crosby was the leader. Practice was held in the old frame schoolhouse where the Roosevelt School now stands. The

building had only one room at that time, and the high windows used to tremble with the mighty reverberations. Adam Reinhardt, the village blacksmith, was expert with the bass drum and cymbals. Two of the smith's son played in the band, George and Tony. In fact Tony was the youngest member. Wearing kneepants, he banged away on a drum almost as large as himself. Louis Diecks played the trombone and cornet.

Another member was Henry Van Ness, a neighbor of the Reinhardts. His specialty on the band was the alto horn. Although a Democrat, — in Livingston quite a political liability at the time — he was elected to the township committee. Some years later his son Edward held a like office. Other members of the band were August Fund, George Hoffman, Joseph Rimback, William Crosby, Frank Hoch, Albert Diecks, Edwin Menzel and Henry Farley. All of these were members of old Northfield families. Henry Farley lived in the house on which are the numerals 1772. For a time his mother ran a store in the ancient building.

James Cooke, the leader of the first band, was all music. He was an eager young man, with brown hair, gray eyes and a ready smile. In addition to his efforts with the local musicians, he was a member of the Marquis Band of Orange and, also, with a cello accompanyist — James played a fiddle — he furnished the music for many a dance in this section. Often he played for dances in the second-floor hall of the store building at Livingston Center. That was in the Eighties, and these dances were well patronized by the families of German extraction who had settled here, many of them on what is now Beaufort Avenue, a few decades before. Like James Cooke, they were music-lovers. Also they were fond of dancing, waltzing in particular.

On nights in warm weather, when the windows were open and a dance in progress, the sound of music was so compelling

that other people of the neighborhood would gather to listen on the wide comfortable porch of the big house across the street, the very building in which our government had been formed years before. James Cooke, who could not understand anyone's not dancing when the opportunity was at hand, during the intermissions would rush across the little street and urge the porch-sitters to come on over to the hall and enjoy the dancing. "How can you sit there?" he would asked incredulously. "Come join the dancers, my friends! You will be most welcome. The next number will be a waltz — we shall play "The Blue Danube."

Although this inspired musician lived over the border in West Orange, he was no outsider. In lineage he was a true Northfielder, for his mother was the fondly-remembered Hannah Collins of Northfield. She was the daughter of Pell T. Collins and Locha his wife. Locha was of the celebrated Edwards family, which was the very warp and woof of early Northfield. So if James Cooke did not represent the early settlers of the community it is difficult to think of anyone who did. The Pell T. Collins mentioned, should not be confused with the esteemed citizen of the same name who lived on South Livingston Avenue and passed away in 1953. He was a grandson of the original Pell T. The Collins family ever has been an honored one in our town, one of the bulwarks of its existence.

The Northfield Band was a sensation at Grange picnics. These annual events were for country people and for city people, too, the great get-togethers of the summer season. As was proper, the Grangers saw to it that an impressive grandstand was erected for the musicians. It was a proud if strenuous day for them. In his mind's eye one can see them yet. It is a hot, steaming August afternoon, with Tuttles Grove teeming with people. Moist and limp with the heat are the suits and blue caps of the valiant bandsmen.

Sure enough, there's Edward Crosby directing with his baton and the assured touch of a Sousa or Arthur Pryor. There's the robust village smithy, Adam Reinhardt, his anvil forgotten, busy with the bass drum and cymbals. Little Tony plays as valiantly as his father.

Like today's circus band in Madison Square Garden, the members of the Northfield Band at these picnics had to extend themselves to be heard above the general din; but they were eminently successful in so doing. In contrast to the noise and clatter of the present time, life was then full of tranquility, though there was nothing tranquil about a Grange picnic. Can it be that the uproarous old gatherings at Tuttles Grove furnished an omen, happily unreconized, of things to come? Perhaps the Northfield Band reached its peak of excellence at a Grangers' picnic.

It was the original band which played at an unforgettable affair in Nutley. They performed with enthusiasm that long-ago night, for their good friend August Fund was being married. The bride was Mary Reinhardt. After the ceremony they played for dancing and everybody was having such fun that the guests simply would not let them stop the music. In fact it was somewhat after three when the party ended. When one considers that driving from Nutley in that horse-and-buggy period was something like an auto ride from Philadelphis now he may imagine at what hour the tired musicians reached their homes. Anyway, they had played at the wedding of their good friend Gus Fund, they had helped in the celebration. He and his wife would live in Northfield, and be credits to the community, for years to come.

What pieces did the band play in those days before Irving Berlin and Oscar Hammerstein? Some of the Sousa marches had been composed and there were many other marches and serenades available. There were such sentimental melodies as, "After The

Ball Is Over" and Love's Old Sweet Song." When even more wistful selections were in order, there were "Annie Laurie" and "Ben Bolt." The Nineties no doubt deserved to be call gay, but at times they could be mighty tearful. Can it be that despite various labels applied to certain decades, human nature changes but slightly? "The Old Oaken Bucket" was another favorite of the time and doubtless the band used it. Also, this old song was splendidly rendered by the Collins Brothers Quartet, another musical group of the period.

More than sixty years have gone by since the Northfield Band ended its honorable and melodious existence — it never played in the present century — and for Benjamin Collins and for James Cooke, the eager young violinist who was so fond of music, for the others of the earlier group, the pall has long since fallen. James Cooke, dying young, never played in the second band.

Of this group, of those who played so well under the oaks and maples of Tuttles Grove beside the Passaic, only one remains. He is the beloved Louis Diecks. If only the band could be here in 1963 to play in honor of Livingston's birthday! How proud they would be, how well they would play! And in their reunion they could talk over old times together, rejoice in their town's progress, evaluate the political situation domestic and foreign. They might even give Guy, or Sammy or Lawrence some pointers on running a band.

Flames Above the Riker *1960*

IN 1797 THE GROUND on which Olivet Church now stands was bought by Captain William Ely, who had come from Connecticut to this part of the country. There was no Livingston then —this section was a part of Newark—and the old Colonial Highway from Newark to Morristown and points farther west lay at the summit of this hill somewhat to the north of what is now Mt. Pleasant Avenue. At other places it was to the south, as shown by our well-named Old Road which is laid approximately on the ancient roadbed.

William Ely was probably the first landowner to live near the road on the crest of what was called Canoe Hill. Later the name was dropped and the portion to the south of the road became Mine Hill and that to the North the Riker. That is, of course, their names today.

Mine Hill was so named because years ago it was thought that valuable minerals were in the soil. John Ely, of that early family, had some excavations made. Iron ore was found and also an abundance of shiny quartz but unfortunately there were no diamonds or gold. The writer recalls that years ago he picked pieces of quartz out of the old shaft, which was not deep.

Edwin Ely in his "Personal Memoirs" writes: "The residents of Livingston in former days affirmed that on dark nights phosphorescent flames could be seen playing about the summit of Mine Hill and leaping into the air upon the crest of the Riker. Though I doubt there is anyone now living in the community who has seen these flames himself, I have conversed with many who in their childhood were assured that the phenomenon had been observed by their elders whose veracity was beyond question. The late John Tompkins, a local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal

Church, who used to live near the Beaufort station of the Morristown and Erie Railroad on the east side of Beaufort Avenue at the foot of the Riker Hill, assured me that he himself had seen the flames in his boyhood; and he told me of a certain spot upon the crest of the ridge not far from his house, where a stone if dropped on the ground would produce a reverberation as though the mountain was hollow, in which place the rocks and soil had a scorched or blasted appearance. The late Sidney Winans was told by his father that many years ago when the latter was young a sort of explosion resembling a miniature volcanic eruption occurred one night on the Riker, when a large ball of fire was projected into the air."

Mr. Ely writes that Frank M. Budd of Chatham informed him of a tradition in his family that in the days of the earliest settlers Indians held religious ceremonies on Mine Hill. From this it was inferred that the Indians had seen the mysterious flames and looked upon them with superstitious awe. Perhaps the fires had been set upon the hilltop by the ghosts of Indians dead and gone to signify that a chief was about to die?

According to Mr. Ely the minerals in Mine Hill which caused these flames — the supernatural theory as to the cause is more stirring — made difficult the work of surveyors. He states that the deed conveying a tract of land to the Ely family merely approximated the eastern boundary because the surveyor had found that his needle quivered wildly. The tract referred to was just west of where this Church now stands and on it was the home of Moses Courter. Later it became the home of the Moses Meeker family.

The craggy Riker was named for Peter Riker, who lived in a cabin in the woods during Revolutionary days, perhaps before. His crude habitation was well toward what is now the Roseland

line. The chances are that he was a squatter on the rugged hill that was named for him..

A long while ago, in the 1700's, there stood on the Riker a log cabin known as the "Witch's Hut." During the French and Indian War the hut was occupied by an old woman who was a squatter on the property and was known as a witch. She had a son who was more or less a menace in the section, and Captain Ely, who was recruiting troops for the Colonial forces fighting with the British, enrolled the witch's son in the army. His thought was to rid the neighborhood of a questionable character. He was sent on his way to Canada.

The witch, greatly angered at Capatin Ely, was not reticent in proclaiming that she would have revenge. It was not long afterward when one of the Captain's cows was found dead in the woods near the Witch's Hut." It was said that when the body was skinned the print of a human foot was found on the inside of the hide. Many people felt that this was the witch's revenge, that she was responsible for the death of the cow and the strange imprint. There was unusual excitement throughout the countryside. The story of the Riker Hill witch is told by Edwin Ely in his "Personal Memoirs." It would seem that the Riker and Mine Hill have witnessed some strange events aside from the gaudy pyrotechnics of Indian times.

On the west slope, below the Ely home, lived many old families, such as the Meekers, Genungs, Tomkinsons, Beatties, Mc Brairs, Winanses, Smiths, Bitsells and Maucks, many of which old names have now vanished from the neighborhood. At the foot of the hill there lived, among others, George Morehouse, the worthy citizen for whose family the section was named. In Morehousetown was your first place of worship.

Silas Genung had a broom factory to the rear of his home.

There, although too late to do business with the witch on the hill, Mr. Genung kept busy making brooms. They helped the housewives of the day, who had no vacuum cleaners, to keep their homes free of dust. The Genung house stood well in from M. Pleasant Avenue because when it was built it was on the Colonial Highway which in that section ran to the north of the present road.

Sidney Winans was a well-known man of his day. He served on the township committee and board of education and later was for many years the clerk of the school board. His son, Benjamin Winans, was the township treasurer, and in a long line of service to the community Benjamin's son, William Burtis Winans, is a captain in Livingston's police department.

Nelson Smith, born in Livingston in 1820, was another prominent man living on the west slope of Ely's Hill. He was one of the original members of the Republican Party when it was formed, mainly out of the old Whig following, in 1852. Mr. Smith served on the township committee, as afterward did his son Lambert, who also lived along Mt. Pleasant Avenue.

Ambrose and William Ely commuted summers to New York City, where they carried on their leather business. They were wealthy men and always dressed in the formal attire of an elegant and meticulous age. They wore dark-gray suits and high brown hats. To the minute mornings and afternoons they would ride past the Center on their way to or from the Lackawanna Station in Orange. They rode in a surrey, with William, who was rather large and wore a mustache and sideburns, driving the horse. Even on the hottest day William Ely wore driving gloves. Above the heads of the two brothers was a parasol or unbrella just as gray, precisely correct and splendid as the clothes of the men. Ambrose, in contrast with his brother, was, as I remember him, a thin man and clean shaven. There were two other brothers — Smith Ely,

who became Mayor of New York, and Edwin, who wrote the "Personal Memoirs," which admirable book I have used in preparing this brief address. The Elys gave generously to Olivet Chapel, which they helped found, and to the Livingston Baptist Church. Edwin Ely donated to the Free Public Library the property on East Mt. Pleasant Avenue which it used for an extended period. This building formerly had been the Livingston Center schoolhouse.

Hillside Avenue, running along the east side of Mine Hill, may be considered to be in the Olivet Church section. Long ago the Elys built two houses along it, in which houses at the turn of the century lived the Michael Cannon and William Mosher families. Farther south from Mount Pleasant Avenue stood the old Littell house, at one time the only dwelling on the whole length of Hillside Avenue. This street for years was little more than a mere lane, with, according to Edwin Ely, a gate at what is now West Northfield Avenue. No traffic light was needed.

The Littell home, built almost against the crest of Mine Hill, was one of the quaintest and most charming of our early places. A dooryard, enclosed by a low white fence, came out nearly to the street and in it was a profusion of hollyhocks and other highly colored and homey flowers, Anne Hathaway's garden on this side of the Atlantic. On a summer day a passerby would be quite sure to see the Littell sisters, Lizzie and Emma, in their big sunbonnets busy in giving tender care to their beloved flowers. The house is now occupied by the Frank F. Ransomes who show a keen interest in their picturesque and ancient habitation.

On this same street, where Mine Hill falls toward West Northfield Avenue, there lived Thomas Denman, another good neighbor of the section. He was, of all things, a poet. A descendant of a famous English family of the same name, Mr. Denman was a valuable citizen, serving the community in many ways. Devoted to

literature, he wrote poetry and prose for magazines and newspapers. In 1887 his poem "The Bright Side" appeared. The ending is typical of his style and his philosophy of life:

"Aye; life with time seems running a race
And things of today take yesterday's place.
Still the catbird's note and the cricket's churr
The robin's plumes and the songs of her,
The violet's bloom and the woodland flowers
Make a beautiful place of this world of ours."

After telling of the flames and the breaking fireball over the hills, it may be well to close this brief chronicle of some oldtime neighbors and Mine Hill and the Riker in the dulcet mood of Thomas Denman, the Livingston poet, who saw so well the luscious beauty all about him and listened to the robin's song and the music of the stars.

From an address at Olivet Congregational Church, October 16th, 1960. Printed in the *West Essex Tribune* at the suggestion of George Freyer of the Church.

The First Game · *1964*

It was eight-thirty when the stage left. "Giddap, you lazy bones!" Theodore Berry, the stalwart driver admonished the sorrel horse pulling the vehicle up the gentle slope of Sugar Hill. Mr. Berry was smoking his trusty corncob pipe. "You had too many oats for breakfast."

It was a morning in early October, with a scarlet sun and a crisp, nippy air. Already there had been frost that autumn, and the trees shone with rare splendor. Some leaves had fallen and lay red and yellow by the wayside. The year was 1903.

The cream-colored vehicle was one of Benjamin De Camp's smaller stages, and the trip was a chartered one from the post office and store at Livingston Center to a playing field at Valley Road and Park Avenue, in West Orange. Up Vincent's Hill, then Force Hill — populated then by more Forces than one could easily count — lumbered the stage. Later it was proceeding over the very perimeter of the Second Orange Mountain, through the top of which there was no cut at that time. Occasionally the stage would meet a carriage or farm wagon. There was not an automobile on the road.

Along the parallel, cloth-covered seats of the stage was huddled a band of youthful adventurers, the first football team of the old Livingston High School on their way to play their first game. It would be with West Orange High School. The squad was intrepid if inexperienced. Many of the players were of the old local families. The boys hailed from all parts of the Township, which then included Roseland, and from Hanover, whose high-school students came to Livingston. We were quite a regional high school in those days.

Not long before, a delegation of the players had gone down to

Koenig's sporting goods store in Newark and ordered the uniforms and accessories. The suits du jour were formidable, with gray moleskin jackets and heavily padded canvas pants, tan in color. The woolen sweaters were blue and white, the school colors. Also purchased was an ample supply of helmets, noseguards and iron-cleated shoes. The team's own playing field was on Mt. Pleasant Avenue, back of the present day Plaza.

The players were Wit De Camp, Fred Hauck, Otto Heinemann, Ernest Hoffman, Blair Howell, Phil Lynch, Henry Mac Quaide, Fred Meeker, Fred Miller, Aaron Mosher, Tom Neary, Vic Simpson, Thornton Webb, Ray Winans and the writer. There were also Harry Vogel, the captain and the Don McKay of the team, and Harry's brother, Jimmy. Jimmy was to become a fine football and baseball player, but at the time his effectiveness was somewhat lessened by the fact that he was so small he would nearly have fitted into a pocket of Theodore Berry's great brown ulster.

We should not have forgotten Gilbert Jayne, another player. He was happy as the stage rolled along, for he did not know that he was destined to play a strange part in the coming game, a sad role in a little drama. "Gilly," as he was of course known, lived away over in Cheapside, out somewhere near the meadows bordering the Passaic, and although he was small he could run like a frightened altelope. It may be that walking a total of eight miles to and from school each day had done no harm to his leg muscles or to his general constitution.

He was a romantic youth, perhaps too romantic for his own peace of mind, and he was moonstruck over Phebe Denning, a classmate. (Of course it seems odd that in those unsophisticated days, long before the movies, juke boxes and television, there could have been even the slightest of romances between high school students, but, strangely enough, such things did happen).

To make the morning more thrilling for Gilbert, Phebe was going to the game. Only the afternoon before, she had confided to him that she was to spend Friday night with an aunt in West Orange. "You will see me at the game," she had promised. Phebe was a smiling blond girl with blue eyes who in these days no doubt would be a cheerleader at football games, but, alas, there were no cheerleaders at the time of this first game.

The stage rumbled along. Mr. Berry, the driver, had now discarded his pipe and was chewing tobacco quietly. There were singing and the giving of school cheers. These "yells" had been composed, perhaps even pirated, by Fred Hauck, a lively youth from Morehousetown. He played end on the team. Down the long descent of the First Mountain, past the Hutton Park entrance; the acrid smell of burning leaves.

"Look ahead and you'll see the place of execution," the robust Mr. Berry comforted his charges after the stage had turned northerly into Valley Road, now Main Street.

Sure enough there was the field. Within seconds Gilly was waving to the smiling Phebe, radiant in the morning sunshine; if such a thing were possible, looking more beautiful than ever. Then suddenly his spirits fell. He saw that Phebe was in the escort of a good looking, smartly dressed young man, who seemed too self-satisfied for Gilly's comfort. The truth was that Gilly, no doubt to his discredit, at once felt a little jealous of Phebe's companion. In fact he was sure that he did not like him. Not yet having studied psychology, he could not understand the sudden aversion. The morning was not quite so bright.

It was time for the pregame warming-up, and Gilly ran onto the field. Fortunately the exercise in the brisk autumn air somewhat diverted his thoughts from the unknown youth at Phebe's side. A trolley car rattled along Valley Road, close to the field.

A bit startingly sounded the shrill whistle of the referee. The game began. The football rules were different in those uncomplicated days. A forward pass was illegal and a first down was gained by making five yards in three plays. There were two halves of forty minutes each. The field was larger.

West Orange had played football for several seasons, and before the contest had long progressed it became evident that their well-trained backs were usually able to gain the required distance in three rushes — at times one or two were sufficient — while the visitors despite the skill of Harry Vogel, Vic Simpson and Blair Howell, were not so consistent. The result was that West Orange soon made a touchdown. Then later, still in the first half, they made another. This was dire disaster for Livingston.

It was in the second half, when the teams seemed more evenly matched, that the boys from back of the mountains made the most sensational play of the game. They knew that the lateral pass, though seldom used due to the danger of losing the ball, recently had been legalized. Why not try it? Harry Vogel carried the ball on an end run and when he was about to be tackled he passed the ball laterally to Blair Howell. Blair, who could run almost as fast as Gilbert Jayne, took the ball and was off with abandon. The run was a long one and he almost scored.

It is sad to write that the gallant run went for nothing. The referee had blown his whistle and ruled that such a play was illegal. No rule book was on hand with which to enlighten him, and, after vehement argument on Livingston's part, the ball was returned to the spot where the play began.

Thus far Gilbert Jayne had not been in the contest. Then almost as a shock, his big moment came. West Orange had been held and would have to kick. "Get in there as safety man!" Captain Vogel told him. Eagerly he ran into position.

Now he would win the acclaim of the fair Phebe, who had come to see him play — at least he had thought so — and also he would show her escort a thing or two in the bargain. "How supercilious the fellow looks!" Gilly thought.

Zoom! went the ball off the capable foot of Armand Brundage. The punt was high and long, the ball glistening in the morning sun. Gilly looked at it hopefully, with rare relish, and at the same time he noticed that the West Orange players were not alert in getting down the field to cover the kick. What good luck! What a chance was his for a stirring run-back! Yards and yards of open space yawned before him.

The pigskin was falling in a graceful arc. At times it seemed to hang prettily in the air, a friendly balloon. It would be a cinch to catch, and what a run would follow! Yes, there was time — he took a fleeting look in Phebe's direction. Then his heart sank within him. Phebe was not looking. Instead she was in earnest conversation with her escort. She seemed to be telling him something very interesting.

The descending ball grew hazy, uncertain, wavering in its downward path. No longer did it look easy to catch. Gilly misjudged it, frantically reached for it. Momentarily he had it in his grasp, then he dropped it. A West Orange player fell on the ball.

Before the game ended, West Orange made a third touchdown the final score being seventeen to nothing. As the Livingston youths were used to baseball scores and not those of football, they felt quite humiliated. The ride home was dismal, with no songs, no cheers. Blair Howell was thinking bitterly of his run which had come to naught. The most disconsolate of all was Gilly, who of course could not explain why he had dropped the ball. Ah, Phebe, Phebe!

When the old high school was formed it occupied the second

floor of the school building on the north side of Mt. Pleasant Avenue east of the Center. Previously the second floor had been an auditorium, with a stage on the street side. For the purpose of the high school this stage was partitioned into two classrooms, with steps on either side for entry from the main room, the study hall in which the students had their desks. Classes were also held in the front part of the room. It would seem that the students concentrated quite well on their courses, for no one ever gave thought to the fact that the wooden partitions on the stage never had been painted. There was, perhaps, less formality then than now and, although school began at nine, students could enter the school as early as they wished, provided the genial Chris Harkey, the building superintendent, had had time to open the doors.

On the Monday morning after the game Gilbert Jayne entered the study hall and sat down wearily at his desk. He was still the picture of dejection. It was fairly early, but by some coincidence there sat Phebe at her desk, which was near Gilly's. She had taken the belt from her collection of books and was peering into Cicero's orations.

Then she looked up to see Gilly. His low spirits must have been evident, for, after a cheery greeting, she asked: "What is the trouble, gloomy one?"

"Nothing," he said. Then, seeing by her expression that she knew better, he added: "You did not pay much attention to the game Saturday, Phebe."

It was 1903 and so she did not ask: 'How come?" Instead she said: "I do not understand what you mean, Gilly. I was watching the game all the time."

"You weren't watching when I was about to catch that punt. You made me drop the ball — really you did, Phebe. I — I

thought you did not care. At the same time you were talking to that—that fellow with you."

Enlightenment flashed into the blue eyes of the girl. Her little laugh almost disturbed Principal Nelson and his assistant, Miss Lena Haven, who were holding a presession conference at a desk in the front of the room. "You foolish boy!" Phebe exclaimed. "You silly, silly boy! I was watching you all the time, just as I promised you I would. I do remember, though, that at the moment you speak of I had turned to my cousin to tell him what a fine player you are. But I was watching."

"Gee whiz," Gilly said in the quaint vocabulary of the day, "if I had known that I would have caught the ball and ran for a touchdown. There would have been no doubt about that." For the first time since the game he smiled.

Why go back to what seems another kind of existence to write of some boys who on an October morning sixty-one years ago journeyed to West Orange to play a football game? Though it seemed momentous to them, it was not very important even if it was their first game. Yet the telling of it represents a slice of life out of a distant and more agreeable time. It was a bright morning and it was fortunate that none of the players had the gift of prophecy — so few of them are still with us in this year of grace 1964. No one who took part in it ever forgot Livingston High School's first football game.

Scrap Alley *1963*

IN ONE OF HIS ESSAYS William Hazlett speaks of "the folding doors of the imagination" through which, if opened, "we could still hail the vista of the past or present and see the gay and gorgeous visions floating at a distance." Well, let us open the door, if ever so slightly, and from memory have a peep at Livingston's old Cedar Street in the Golden Nineties. In that tranquil time it was a narrow graveled road known as "Scrap Alley." The appellation did not refer to its appearance—nature so favored it that it deserved Hazlett's adjective "gorgeous"—but to the alleged fact, let us hope only a legend, that some of its strong-willed residents were at times at loggerheads with one another. It could have been, but the little street was so drowsy, so charming in its rusticity, that local quarrels if they really took place at all must have been negligible.

Going into Cedar Street from South Livingston Avenue—South Midway then, named by Edward Moran—the first structure one met was not a dwelling but a bridge. Spanning Canoe Brook, it was wooden, a country bridge, quaint and pretty in its white paint. The railings and decorative superstructrue well harmonized with the surroundings. The waterway was apt to be quite full, for in those days Canoe Brook, in that section at least, was a considerable stream.

I well remember the bridge as it was in the Nineties as on a Sunday morning in the warm months my father would take me to it on a leisurely ramble from the Center, where we lived. From the upper side of the bridge we would throw small pieces of wood into the swirling water, then hurry to the other side to see whose stick would win the race under the bridge. This was not a lively diversion even for a Sunday morning in the Nineties, but I have played many a game since with less delight.

Under the blue sky the walk to the bridge had been a pleasant one. There were no automobiles to dodge, and the chances are that not one person had been met along the way. We had passed three houses. There was the large building at the Center which once had been Samo's tavern. In the Nineties it was occupied by Cranes, Gerows and Maxfields. The second house, that of "Uncle Billy" Smith, stood on the site of the present A&P store. The third house was on the east side of the road, and it is not surprising that it was occupied by a Teed, for there were still many of that old family in the Center district. "Uncle Eb" Teed lived here with his family. He was a robust, good-natured man, who for a time had tried farming in Nebraska, then returned to his native Tidtown. His old house still stands. It is occupied by the Samuelson family, and Mrs. Samuelson, Grace Teed before her marriage, is a grand-daughter of "Uncle Eb." According to Stanley Paton, who has made a study of the section, the street once ran in front of the south side of the house, which faces in that direction.

Across the road from "Uncle Eb's" was the Claypit. This was an idyllic little pond, known to every child of the neighborhood, which derived its name from the fact that it stood on the site of an ancient kiln. Perhaps brick making was one of our earliest industries. This one must have flourished, for in the Nineties bricks in abundance were still lying in the mud surrounding the pond. The old Claypit, admirable for fishing and skating, was a village landmark.

Before South Midway was macadamized around the turn of the century, in places the gutter along the westerly side was deep and water lay in it the year around. On nights in late March, when the weather was warming after the long, cold winter, the traveler was regaled by the cheerful peeping of frogs as they welcomed the coming of spring.

The first house on Cedar Street was a little past the brook and on the north side of the road. In it lived Daniel Hopkins, Livingston's foremost fisherman and hunter, a rare combination of Isaac Walton and Daniel Boone. A member of an old family in the neighborhood, "Uncle Dan" knew more about the Passaic River, the meadows and woodlands than any other man of his time. He was a tall and lanky man with reddish brown hair and an agreeable smile. He never condescended to fish for "sunnies" and catfish in the Claypit—that was a pastime for children, too easy for "Uncle Dan"—but the Passaic, then a clean, picturesque stream, was dear to his heart. He always knew just where and when the fish would bite. As a hunter he was in a class by himself.

John Elmer Teed lived in the next house. Set well in, it stood on the north side of the street. Like his brother Will Parker of Roseland, John Elmer was not a quiet man. He was aggressive, direct in manner. When he spoke it was with authority. He was tall and muscular, with reddish hair, and for a time he was Livingston's poormaster. His guests lived in comfortable quarters on the second floor of the carriage house. Certainly if there was any "scrapping" to be done on Cedar Street Mr. Teed was well equipped to do his share. Yet he was a kindly man at heart. Interested in the schools, which his children attended, he was always present at the annual picnics at which if he was not trying his luck at fishing he could be found in vehement conversation—vehement on his part at least—with such old friends as Benjamin De Camp, Pell Collins and William Van Zee. In most respects John Elmer was a typical Teed. The male Teeds of his generation and before were generally tall, rugged men, articulate and with strong personalities. The Teeds were sometimes known as "The Royal Family."

Then came the Willis Bell house, on the same side of the

road. Mr. Bell was a farmer. His two daughters, Mary and Minnie were pupils of Miss Lena Haven in the school on Mt. Pleasant Avenue.

Charley Rich, a dairy farmer of German origin, lived in the next house, which, too, was on the northerly side of the street. It stood close to the road. He was small in stature and always hard at work with some task or another about his farm. In the old-time custom, his farm buildings were across the street from the home, the barn a little west of what is now Dougal Avenue. Like John Elmer Teed, Charley Rich had the personal qualifications to take his part in any local argument.

The next house on the same side of the street as Charley Rich's, but set far back at the end of a lane, was the home of George Geiger. He was a farmer and, not being as restless as Mr. Rich, he had a hobby. It was checker-playing and he was so expert that he was the champion player not only of Scrap Alley but of the entire section. He was a contemplative man, as a checker player should be.

In winter, with the lull in farming, he liked to visit the store at the Center. There by the cheerful fire he would sit peacefully, listening to the talk of more voluble citizens such as Edward Moran and Theodore Berry. Much knowledge and wisdom were dispensed in the old store, and Mr. Geiger did well to listen to the conversation. Edward Moran would discuss history from the fall of Babylon to Grant's advance upon Richmond, and Mr. Berry, was full of quips and saws beyond counting. "A wife," he would explain, "should not worry when she sees her husband enter a tavern. What counts is how soon he will come out." Old Theodore, bless his memory, was always a card. Vivid and loquacious, at one time he lived in what had been Samo's tavern. On a Sunday morning, as if to bring the old taproom back to life,

he would prepare for himself a pitcherful of what he called "Nelson's Blood." It was a gin and milk concoction, buttered and drunk hot, one sip of which would have floored the average man, but the doughty old sailor would help himself to several bumpers without blinking an eye.

Back to Scrap Alley. (It is strange how Theodore Berry and Mr. Moran keep intruding.) Past George Geiger's, across the street, stood another Hopkins home. The Hopkinses were a large family and a respected one. At first, after coming from South Jersey, they lived on what is now South Livingston Avenue. The Civil War monument has the names of four of the family—Andrew J., Samuel, Lloyd and Howard. The frist-named, known as "Uncle Jack," was a familiar figure in the 1890's. He was a bearded, compact man of medium size, ever with a smile and a humorous story to tell. Mrs. Lillias Cook recalls that most of the Hopkinses had curly hair.

Brazilla Hopkins, a brother of "Uncle Jack," was born here in 1831. He married the daughter of Pell T. Collins of Cedar Street. He was a large man and his vocation was basket-making, the same as that of John Tompkins. He made the baskets out of white oak, cutting the strips to the desired sizes.

Brazilla, who also did some farming, held a strange notion about stones. Many a farmer who has cleared a field of stones one year only to find it covered with stones the next, has quite naturally reached the conclusion that stones, in some way defying the law of gravitation, rise to the surface. Mr. Hopkins, after due experience and observation, had a different answer. He believed that stones actually grow in size. No one could convince him to the contrary. "Stones grow!" he would insist. "I know they do! Just look at my field this spring!" No doubt the good old-timer took quite a bit of bantering about his theory—it would be hard,

for instance, to think of the pragmatic John Elmer Teed taking stock in it—but who knows? After all the wonders that have been disclosed since the time of Brazilla Hopkins, who now would say for certain that he was wrong?

A map of 1850 shows only two houses on the old street. One belonged to Pell T. Collins and was on the north side of the road near where it turns southerly toward Northfield Avenue. The other was a Mulford home. The first-named was a homestead of the Collins family. Here many of that family were born, including Pett T. Collins, grandson of the first Pell. Later the Ashbys bought the property, and they were living there in the Nineties. William Ashby, a useful citizen, held many positions in the local government, one of which was overseer of the poor, sometime before John Elmer Teed held that office. In this old house near the road a second generation of Ashbys was born. Two of that generation, John and William, were to have much to do with the future development of our town.

When Cedar Street was established, in 1754, it ran over the Second Orange Mountain from a point near where the old Collins homestead stands. Later the section of the road over the mountain was abandoned and the part to Northfield Avenue built. That was a long while ago, but traces of the former road may still be found. In the late Nineties there were two houses between the bend and Northfield Avenue. One, near Bear Brook, was occupied by the Fowell family, the other, nearer the avenue, by Harvey Ashby.

Scrap Alley—what was the scrapping about among these good people of another day? Certainly they were individualists, far from being cut to a pattern. Even in dress they differed. John Elmer Teed, for example, during most of the year wore a red-flannel shirt instead of coat and vest, much as one might wear

a sport shirt now. Some of these people had strong personalities, were quick-tempered, and so minor differences may have become serious. Mrs. George Ochs, who as a girl lived near by on Sycamore Avenue, says that the term Scrap Alley was used only as a joke but that "the Ashby and the Rich boys may have done some fighting," either among themselves or with others. That sounds plausible and is a clue.

On the old street there lives one descendent of these families who lived there long ago. He is Milton J. Vogel—Jimmy to the writer who attended the first high school with him—and he is a grandson of Brazilla Hopkins. He has the old "board" and other tools his grandfather used in making wooden baskets. Jimmy suggests that perhaps the nickname of the street may have been due to rather incessant quarreling between Charley Rich and, of all persons, George Geiger, who has been described herein as an inoffensive, mild-mannered man fond of playing checkers. It may not be inconsistent. The Rich and Geiger farms lay side by side, and it seems there was no end of disputes about the boundary lines. The cows and horses, probably even the chickens, always preferred to wander onto the wrong property, where of course the grass was greener. They caused great trouble and remonstrance. It is good to know, however, that there never was any dispute between the two neighbors over a game of checkers. Charley Rich, the hustling little farmer, could never find time to play games.

The Noontime Guest *1953*

THIS IS A STORY of the old Squiertown School. The time was in the late Eighties and the place of learning fairly bulged with vociferous youth. There were Winanses, Bedfords, Tomkinses, Schneiders, Smiths, Baldwins, McBrairs, Squiers and other representatives of families indigenous to the section. The schoolhouse at that time and long before was on the west side of Walnut Street, about opposite Old Road.

The little, one-story building, usually painted white, was a landmark in Squiertown. In the township there were several school districts, with each having a board of education of its own. The buildings were far from being elaborate. The Roseland school, built in 1860, had cost $519.64, which expense had been partly defrayed by selling the old schoolhouse—it was moved to Caldwell—for $75.00 and a desk for three dollars. The Squiertown School, also built in an age when labor was cheap and lumber plentiful, probably did not exceed the Roseland school in cost.

In the period with which this narrative deals James Hogan was the principal and only teacher. As there were eight grades many of the pupils had reached physical maturity. The older boys generally were a high-spirited lot, and it was from their ranks that came the inspiration for a startling escapade.

In that distint, more leisurely time the lunch period was one full hour. Those pupils living near by went home for their midday meal, as did Mr. Hogan, who lived down Old Road in a house by the side of the brook. Trimly built, confident in manner, he was a strict disciplinarian. Considering his roomful of pupils, he really had to be strict.

The prank originated one noon hour when Everett Smith and other pupils were returning to the school. It was a beautiful day

in late April, spring was in their hearts, and they were rambling rather unwillingly toward their place of study. It would seem dull, like a prison, with the April sunshine on field and meadow. Why hurry? How they would like to have some kind of an exciting adventure!

Fate was on their side. As they were passing the George Morehouse home, on Mount Pleasant Avenue, they came almost face to face with a horse. "It was an old nag," says Ernest Tompkins, who was a pupil of the Squiertown School at the time but unfortunately was absent on this memorable day. "It was a black horse, affected with spring halts." Mr. Morehouse, a good-natured farmer, had left the decrepit animal tied to a stake near the side of the road. As the boys approached, it was munching new grass in a desultory fashion. The owner was absent.

"Let's take him with us to school," an inspired youth suggested. "Maybe he will kick the place down for us."

"He's half dead," another spoke up, "but he'll surely give us some fun."

The daring enterprise was acclaimed by all. Quickly the rope was detached from the stake, and, with the weary horse in tow, the jubilant group made its way up the hill to Walnut street, then turned into it. Soon they arrived at the temple of education. Fortunately Mr. Hogan had not as yet returned.

There was only one classroom, and of course it was quite full of desks. In front of this room and back of the street entrance there was a little hallway, in which coats were hung.

With the expert help of fellow-students Augie Baer and Charley Roesing the boys who had brought the horse got it through the front door. Strenuous shoving, pulling and exhortation had been necessary. Once inside, the horse, perhaps aroused by its

treatment, seemed to forget all about its age and spring halts. With the abandon of the veriest colt, it began to lunge and kick. Urged toward the classroom, it cleared the way by knocking down a part of the partition.

"Oh look!" suddenly cried an alarmed little girl who a few minutes before had been quietly enjoying her lunch. "There's a horse by my desk!"

"He's our noontime guest," a boy exclaimed. "Give him a piece of cake. Nice old Joe!"

The horse became thoroughly frightened by the screams and squeals of the girls and the smaller fry among the boys. After the visitor had begun to devastate a long stovepipe—"It became quite a wreck," Mr. Tompkins observes—and had damaged some of the desks, even the boys responsible for the prank began to feel alarm. The unprecedented visit had lasted long enough. Mr. Hogan was due at any minute—perhaps even then he was walking briskly up Old Road toward the school.

With all due alarcrity Everett Smith and his helpers got the horse out of the school and returned it to pasture by the quiet roadside.

All this was a fearfully long while ago—one shudders when he thinks of all the years that have passed, the changes that have been wrought, since that April noon—and so Mr. Tompkins is understandably not quite sure as to the aftermath of the affair: Even though he was not there, his face brightens as he tells of the incident. He knows that no one was injured, that the ringleaders became school heroes, that the escapade of the horse in the schoolhouse became a favorite Squiertown tale.

But there is one thing that Ernest Tompkins, our only authority, does not recall and that is what the strict John Hogan

did when he reached the schoolhouse and saw the carnage. The explosion must have been momentous. Doubtless the perpetrators of the stunt were properly punished; but any punishment they endured was more than compensated for by the feeling that it had been quite a thing to introduce a horse into the Squiertown School.

Our Own Thoreau *1955*

EVER HEAR OF JOE BRIGGS? No? Well, it isn't surprising, for he lived here long ago and he kept quite to himself. He spoke seldom and then briefly, but always on meeting people he had for them a quiet smile and a polite nod. He was a hermit, a recluse, our own Thoreau. Like the good man of Concord, he built his home at almost no expense. The cost was probably less than the $28.00 Thoreau spent in building his home at Walden Pond. Today Joe Briggs would be a worry to those enforcing zoning requirements. He was not interested in houses. He just wished to live his own life unmolested and he cared little for the domestic surroundings. Being a hermit, he was of course unmarried.

This tranquil man of the long ago deserves a place in our history. Even in an age of individualists, he stood alone. He was not particularly civic-minded. He never ran for office. He did not join the Northfield Band, the Pomona Grange or any improvement association; but on a Sunday he would attend the Northfield Baptist Church to listen to a sermon by the Reverend A. S. Bastian. On such an occasion he would be well-dressed and urbane. This was but to be expected as he came of a family noted in professional circles.

Hermits of one kind or another always seem to be lovable people, and they have pinpricked history and literature for centuries. Rousseau and Voltaire, the jolly "Friar Tuck" in "Ivanhoe" come to mind. There is the pensive Duke in "As You Like It" who found "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." Of course the Duke was not a genuine hermit, being banished from his country, but he did seem to enjoy the Forest of Arden. As a matter of fact, who wouldn't?

Mr. Briggs kept close to his way of life. With the allurements

of the world he never compromised. Thoreau deplored the manner of existence, saying that "most men lead lives of quiet desperation;" but now and then he would slip into town to stay for a while in the comfortable home of his Harvard classmate, Ralph W. Emerson.

A story is told of these two friends. It seems that a tax was levied for a purpose which Thoreau considered unjust, and he felt that all good citizens should feel the same about it. It was a moral issue with him, and the quiet, inoffensive man refused to pay the tax. He was arrested, then confined in the jail at Concord.

Learning what had happened, Emerson hastened to the prison. Speaking to his friend thorugh the cell bars, he asked: "What are you doing in there?"

"What are you doing *out there?*" Thoreau countered accusingly.

A hundred and fifty years or so before the time of Joe Briggs, in the very daybreak of our history, an old squatter named Peter Riker lived in a hut well to the north of the Colonial Highway. The hovel was on a jutting hill later to become the Riker, and this denizen of the woods was undoubtedly our first hermit.

Then there was a contemporary of Joe Briggs, the turbulent philosopher of North Midway known as Edward Moran. If wishing to live alone makes a hermit, then this old man was one, but the difference between day and night separated him from the Northfielder. There was no asceticism in the intractible Mr. Moran. If he was a hermit at all he was a loquacious one. He was intensely interested in life. The other was silent and detached.

They lived far apart and it is unlikely that they often met. When they did, Mr. Moran surely paid little attention to the offish fellow, doubtless ignoring him as a weakling and nonenity. Joe Briggs was not Mr. Moran's kind of man at all. At least he was one person with whom he could not argue. If a man would

not talk, Mr. Moran had no use for him, despised him. Even their very clothes differed. Joe was dressed quite well most of the time, in genteel if somewhat worn clothes. The other consistently wore bluejeans, except on Sunday.

Why did Joe Briggs come from a great city to live with the folks of the Northfield community? What a fish out of water he was! These people were friendly and unreserved, he was indifferent and taciturn. They took pains to make their homes neat and attractive, he cared little about his. There was a rumor that he had retired from a different kind of life due to what is termed an unfortunate love affair. It may be true; but probably all that the good people of Northfield knew was that he came to live among them and in good time he went away.

He was of average size, nicely built, with heavy reddish-brown hair and beard. Mrs. Lillias Cook, that estimable authority on Northfield, recalls his pleasant eyes. "He was a very unusual character," she says, "and a thoroughly good man. Although different from other folks, he was never offensive to any one." She believes that in his younger days he studied for the ministry. She says that he was a charitable man, always ready to help any one in need. When the aid was financial he saw to it that if possible he remained anonymous. Mrs. Cook remembers one thing about Mr. Briggs that is not a credit to his reputation as a hermit—he did have a horse. However, as this is the only lapse apparent, an excuse is deserved.

The blessed quietude of the countryside appealed to Joe Briggs. Perhaps in his day, when houses were few, this section was more picturesque than it is now. Certainly it was quainter. Life was slow-going. As one looks back to that time, the economy, for one thing, seems almost ideal. It is not likely that any war on poverty was needed in the Livingston of that period. There must have been

exceptions to the general well-being—Joe Briggs, as Mrs. Cook notes, found certain people in need—but on the surface at least there was none of that "quiet desperation" Thoreau sensed in Concord. The stress and strain of life, the complexities and worries of the present time, were largely absent. There was not money in abundance, but most people lived comfortably and if they were comfortable they did not desire more. When winter came, bringing a slack season for farmer or artisan, if one needed extra funds to tide him over to spring he would go to one of the Orange banks and borrow what he needed. This had a secondary advantage. "There's nothing to make the spring come quickly," said a local sage of the time, "like a note due April first."

For Joe Briggs the years went by in their eternal fashion. In a quiet age he was the epitome of quietness. He became old, his strength waned, and at length he found it wise to move from his cherished hermitage, which did not long survive his leaving. Somehow he was greatly missed. In his negation of the world he had become vivid. All about him had been men probably of more benefit to the community, but, after all, Joe Briggs in his way was a part of the life of that time. With the others of his generation, he helped to make up the pleasant country town that was Livingston.

Auction at Christmas *1961*

TURN BACK THE CLOCK—it will take quite a bit of turning—to a night in a Christmas season soon after the start of this century. The temperature hovers only a few degrees above zero and the indistinguishable forms approaching the new hall of the Livingston Baptist Church are warmly muffled. It is very dark, with no street lights to alleviate the pitchlike quality of the winter night. These people are coming to attend a Christmas party. Most have walked, even from the very top of Force Hill, but some have arrived by horse and buggy—this is the horse-and-buggy age, with as yet scarcely a whiff of carbon monoxide gas in the air—and they have left them for a while in the church sheds built at right angles to the Roseland road. Unfortunately there is no snow to add to the holiday cheer, but just the same a spirit of gayety pervades the scene. One can just feel that it is Christmas time.

But look! As the dark figures, singly or together, come close to the anteroom at the northeast corner of the main church building, from which room a doorway opens into the new hall, there is a half light from the windows and the frequent opening of the outside door. There the bundled forms assume a clearer semblance. Their faces, reddened from the cold, radiant with the joy of Christmas, are indeed familiar. Who could fail to know them? There, entering the doorway, are Addie Van Zee and her brother Arthur. There go Emma Johnson, Rose Daum, the Havens, Teeds, Hoffmans and Berrys. Chauncey McCrerry, from McClellan Avenue, and Fred Hauck, followed by many Rathbuns, come out of the darkness, enter the doorway. There are Ella Harkey, the Bedells and Annie Geiger. There comes Bert Grannis from North Midway. Bert is a rising young lawyer in Newark. The Goslings emerge into the light. They are a new family, from

England by way of Brooklyn, and there is a daughter Dollie, twenty or so years of age, who in a few months has captivated the heart of many a local swain. Dollie looks very pretty as she walks to the doorway. This praise of the pink-cheeked Miss Gosling is no slight on the good looks of the other young women going to the Christmas party on this long-ago night, for in this year 1905 of course all the local maidens are beautiful. Another newcomer to Livingston walks briskly toward the door. He is Arthur Burrell, who lives in the near-by parsonage with his brother, the pastor. Arthur is a student in the local high school. There is Edna Collins, accompanied by Fred Miller, a redoubtable young athlete from Caldwell. It was not surprising to see the two together. Many others follow. A trifle late, possibly because they live so near the church, Gertie Flynn and Norman hurry toward the doorway.

It is cheerful within. Holly wreaths and strands of red ribbon decorate the walls and everything glows from the comfortable light of oil lamps in a chandelier. The kitchen, to the rear, can be a frantic place during a church dinner, but it is fairly quiet tonight as this is a box-supper affair.

Around three sides of the room the smiling, kindly William Van Zee has erected booths at which faithful church workers will soon be stationed. The place quickly fills with young and old. As a part of the program the Reverend William R. Burrell, the pastor, makes some well-chosen remarks. Pastor Burrell is a genial, fun-loving man and his brown eyes sparkle as he talks. There is singing of Christmas hymns, interspersed with a quartet consisting of Crowell Baker and three Forces. Mrs. Frederick Parkhurst, one of the finest women ever to live in this town, eloquently reads selections from Dickens' Christmas stories. It is all delightful. The room is cozy and warm, in contrast to the wintry cold without.

Now and then glances are made toward the kitchen where on a table near the wide doorway pasteboard boxes, prettily decorated, are piled high, ready for the coming auction.

The program ends and there follows a sociable moving about of the people. Mrs. Benjamin De Camp, whose husband founded the Livingston-Orange stage line, is in a booth selling tickets for the purchase of ice cream. In another booth Emma Baker sells novelties. Miss Baker teaches in Orange and is a passenger each school day on the De Camp line. Mrs. Oscar Carter has charge of the grab bag, which is full of marvelous surprises—five cents a grab. Mrs. George Bohnenburger sells candy.

At another booth, of which John J. Force has charge, a bottle filled with beans rests on the counter. This is the innocent medium of the bean-guessing contest, definitely one of skill, in which a handsome prize will go to the ticket-holder whose carefully considered estimate as to the number of beans comes closest to the actual number. The tickets are ten cents each and Mr. Force is doing a lively business. There are hundreds of the white pellets, so one may wonder as to who had had the patience to count them. Perhaps it had been some elderly deacon troubled with insomnia or maybe the task had been assigned to the first-grade pupils, taught by Miss Mary Collins, in the Livingston school.

At length Lawyer Grannis, the auctioneer, walks toward the table piled high with boxes. The auction is about to begin, and, strangely enough, it is destined to assume importance, even affect people's lives, on this Yuletide night. Romance is in the air.

Certainly Harry Kent will in some way contrive to bid successfully for the delicacies brought by Edna Force, who with her classmate Louella Haven, has returned from Trenton this very evening. They are students in the State Normal School there. Chauncey McGreery will endeavor to partake of the refreshments prepared

by the dark-tressed Evelyn Gillespie, who lives in the big house on the O'Riley Stock Farm. Perhaps neither of these young men will have much trouble, for at these box suppers young ladies have been known to nod slightly or give a significant wink at appropriate times. Then, too, tell-tale marks could be put on the boxes. So it will go.

There is another couple, Phil and Jane and a second boy, John, none of whom we have mentioned thus far. As destiny has planned this to be a crucial night in their lives—for two of them at least—it may be well to omit their family names. Jane is eighteen, with sparkling eyes and a vivacious, friendly nature. Phil, three or four years older, cannot take his eyes from the girl as she sits beside him in the hall this night. However, sad to say, he is not always rewarded with a smile, for there is doubt in Jane's heart. For a year or more now she has delayed giving him an answer to his proposal of marriage. Perhaps it is because he is older. Perhaps she feels that Phil is too wrapped up in himself, too conscious of his good looks and fine clothes. Maybe he talks a little too much of his success in his work in the city. Beyond doubt he is a splendid fellow—but somehow Jane cannot make up her mind. A certain reservation as to Phil persists. The doubt remains.

Jane is a senior in the Livingston High School, on Mount Avenue, and two desks in front of her sits an admirer of a far different stamp from Phil. He is the boy John, Jane's classmate. He is of course much younger than Phil and his thoughts of marriage are vague, but he does have great affection for the girl in his row of seats. Perhaps one reason can be found in the fact that she is always so kind to him, so understanding.

John's face is replete with freckles, his shock of reddish brown hair unruly and in need of trimming. No; his appearance is not as attractive as Phil's. He is the best student in his class—Phil

never had taken his studies seriously—and it may be that some of John's classmates are irked with his eagerness to excel. It may be that they are inclined to think of him as a "grind," as ever having his nose in a book, but the faculty members—Principal Homer House, Miss Mary Bedell and Miss Horn—admire his zeal as a student. What is even more important, Jane likes him. That helps a great deal. There is another difference between him and Phil—John doesn't dress as well. If only the oil lamps in the church hall were a little brighter, one might see patches sewn on the knees of his trousers, no doubt by a thoughtful and thrifty mother.

It must be plain by now that these two so divergent native sons have only one point in common—they both adore Jane. Both are here in the church hall. In fact, the girl has left Phil's side and, across the room, is talking earnestly with the boy John. At first he seems surprised, then suddenly happy.

By the time Jane has resumed her seat by Phil's side, Bert Grannis is receiving bids on the first box. It is gorgeously wrapped in white paper in which red roses are imprinted. Jonathan Force, usually known as "Jont," scores a triumph—there may have been collusion—in buying this contribution, for it turns out to be Dollie Gosling's. Jont smiles in happiness as he escorts the fair Dollie to a cozy nook in a far corner of the room. This fourth Jonathan in direct descent is a freshman at Columbia University and has all kinds of city manners. Look out, Dollie, or he will be holding your hand! A cold wind rattles the windows. How pleasant it is to be in this festive room!

The sale goes on. To no one's surprise Harry Kent bids successfully for the box brought by Edna Force. Likewise others are generally adroit in the matter of their preferences.

A box, appropriately tied with an abundance of red ribbons, is

now up for sale. From the alacrity with which Phil makes the first bid, it is plain who the owner is.

Quickly sounds a second bid. The voice rings out with authority, and it is the voice of the boy John. Several persons turn to look in his direction. They are surprised. Phil reddens, smiles and bids again. John raises the bid. More heads turn in his direction.

"Let him have it," Jane whispers to her suitor.

"Why should I?"

"Oh, can't you understand? It's Christmas time and Johnnie looks so lonely. I shouldn't say it, but he is longing to eat with me. It would make him happy. Do not bid again, Phil. Please don't! Get some other girl's box, and don't look so crestfallen—I'm not going to run away."

Jane and John soon are sitting side by side, partaking of the dainty food the girl had prepared. Alas, so far as John is concerned all her efforts have been in vain—how delicious, for instance, the homemade chocolate layer cake should have tasted to him!—for the boy, in a seventh heaven of ecstacy, knows not what he is eating. A great change has come over him. His bliss is complete, he is unbelievably happy, as Jane beams upon him. She calls him "Johnnie"—not everyone is so friendly as to pay him the tribute of a nickname—teases him smilingly and in other ways, too, draws him out from his serious self and makes him the happiest person in the room, which is saying a great deal considering how happy everyone is on this joyous night. In his rare elation he almost becomes handsome. He buys tickets for two plates of ice cream, then brings back four platefuls from the kitchen, where the ice cream is dispensed. Too full of joy to be embarrased, he laughs with Jane at his mistake. Later he is to start for home in a wrong overcoat.

Now and then Jane glances across the room to the place where Phil sits with his partner, an elderly spinster. He is being agreeably pleasant, talking with her in his friendly way. If Jane thinks that he is being too pleasant in the circumstances she does not show it, for a gay smile never leaves her face.

Too soon it is all over. Slowly people are leaving. Mr. Van Zee is about to put out the lights in the hall, anteroom and the empty sanctuary itself in which the good sexton has left all evening a light properly dim and religious.

Outside Phil walks with Jane toward the street. "I still do not understand," he tells her.

"Well, perhaps it is a part of Christmas, Phil. Anyhow, as I listened to Mrs. Parkhurst reading from Dickens I decided to find out something for myself tonight, to have a little Yuletide story of my own and at the same time give pleasure to Johnnie. He looked so sad and it's Christmas. People have been telling me that you are vain, that you are always thinking of yourself, always wanting your own way. I still think they may be right, just a little; but when I saw how you put up with my behavior tonight, how good-natured you were, how you smiled through it all, I knew that if ever again you should ask me to be your wife my answer would be yes."

Just then, as if by some blessed magic of the Christmas season, the frost-covered fields, the church and parsonage, Collins Hall across the street and near it, on the corner, the old house in which our town had been born all shine in the light of a risen moon.