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Jugtown Boasts A Proud Tradition

Alice C. Margerum's family first settled in Jugtown in the early 1800's. Handed down from generation to generation, her stories paint a picture of the personalities, events, locations and humor of this once separate settlement. As many of these recollections were shared at January's TOWNSPEOPLE gathering, the further comments by other Jugtowners such as Helen Cherry, Anne Dennen, Mary Elise Cook, Esther Johnston and Jean Bush are also included in italicized form.

"I'll tell you all I can about Jugtown. Through the Margerums I'm fourth generation here. But when you go back to old Stephen Scales I'm sixth generation.

"The best place to start is to tell you where Jugtown was, because to the old-time Jugtowners it was a very limited area. There was Ewing — it was Ewing Street then not North Harrison — and Harrison, and of course Nassau Street, which crossed there.

"And to the old-time Jugtowners you had to live on one of those streets. If you lived on Patton Avenue in the first house off Harrison, you were not in Jugtown. You had to be on one of those streets.

"Now there's a little difference of opinion as to just how far Jugtown went. Most Jugtowners in automobile times would tell you, when you come up Nassau Street from Jugtown and you come to Princeton Avenue, that's the end of Jugtown. But I have heard old-timers say, 'Now wait a minute, "The House of the Seven Gables" is the end, and that's at the corner of Linden.'

"Now there's a little story connected with 'The House of the Seven Gables'. Mr. and Mrs. Mayer lived there and she always called herself Harriet Hawthorne Mayer. And they said she was related to Nathaniel Hawthorne, and that was the reason for 'The House of the Seven Gables.'"

The "Gingerbread House"

"When you went down Nassau Street and came to Snowden Lane, that Parker House was definitely in

— that's that big house on the hill in back. That was a dormitory for the Princeton Prep School; and that was in. But then, once again, some would say that that 'Gingerbread House' was in. That's on that corner. The reason that was called 'Gingerbread House' was that a woman living in there sold gingerbread. People in town who wanted gingerbread would go down, and it was specially done."

"My grandfather built part of that house; my father was raised there and he went to Princeton Prep School right across the street. My father's name is carved on a stone in the yard there."

"Now, to the north you went up Ewing Street until you came to the bend in the road. That would be about where Ewing cuts off now from what they call North Harrison. I'm not sure how far down Harrison it went. At Prospect Avenue the Sassman's had a farm — that was in. But there were some houses further down on the west side; Mr. Johnson lived in one, and Jack Warren lived in another, and I don't know if they considered them in Jugtown or not.

"But you see, that gave Jugtown a very limited area. Now later on, in more modern times, with more

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Menzies Remembers Wandering Pigs, Runaway Horses

To The Recollector:

Your inclusion of my childhood home, then known as 187 Prospect Avenue, in the article on Princeton ghosts printed in October, inspired me to visit the old place and subsequently, to reflect on my years there. While I never met the ghost of Mr. Seeger, its former owner, I recall many aspects of life there on the corner of Prospect and Harrison

between 1915 and 1920 and enclose a reminiscence.

The accompanying illustrations are photographs by my father, Alan W.C. Menzies, who was a Professor of Chemistry at the University, and liked to develop and print his own photographs in the spare bathroom at 187 Prospect.

You are doing a remarkable job in collecting information from all walks

of Princeton society. The material is invaluable. Congratulations on your initiative.

Elizabeth G.C. Menzies
Princeton, N.J.
December 1975

I was born in 1915 in the "Seeger house" on the corner of Prospect and Harrison. It was designated 187 Prospect Avenue in my parents' day, but was so far out of town that the mailbox had to be fixed to a post up Prospect near the service alley behind "White City," the new Broadmead houses (constructed shortly before 1909).

Moses Taylor Pyne had purchased the Seeger house and transferred it to the University. Before they moved in during 1914, my parents demanded more fireplaces, a sunroom and sleeping porch, and other improvements. The exterior appearance was altered at that time by the application of stucco over the clapboards to conform with the University houses on Broadmead and FitzRandolph Road. For many years my father paid what he considered an exorbitant rent for the house: sixty dollars per month.

Of a brisk morning, I used to awaken to the distant caw of the crows in the tall trees near the lake, and the chant of the rooster and chickens at the Sassman farm across Harrison Street. This farm had been old Mr. Seeger's father's, and before

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Sheltered by the trees which gave the place its name, "The Pines" was the home of Evelyn College from 1889 to 1897. Chartered as the first New Jersey experiment in women's higher education, Evelyn was intended as a counter part to Princeton College. A history of this Jugtown institution begins on page 17.

Courtesy of The University Archives

Understanding Pride and Prejudice

In a probing investigation of America's character as reflected in her traditions and the personalities of her people, *New York Times* correspondent Harrison E. Salisbury, writing in the current *Esquire* magazine, quotes Werner Thiers, a blacksmith in Mazomanie, Minnesota, who has developed a local museum to the common man, as saying: "When people know and preserve their history, they know and preserve their pride."

By so simple a turn of phrase, Werner Thiers has stated with economy and elegance, the most basic conviction behind *The Recollector*.

Already we have examined the role of this journal as a medium through which we may pass along the local traditions which make ours a unique community. In this we continue to seek the wealth of detail which personal reminiscence offers.



As a Rutgers football star Paul Robeson was twice voted All-American in 1917 and 1918.

Courtesy of Rutgers University

It is our hope that we may better understand our past through such elements as the Jugtown humor passed on in this issue by Alice C. Margerum, just as it was passed on to her through three or more generations of her family. In our laughter over such universally enjoyable situations, we can share in a direct fashion a very personal sympathy with the past.

But we must also realize that it is not only through amusement that we can profit from an understanding of our local traditions. In the feature on the short-lived Jugtown institution Evelyn College, New Jersey's first experiment in female higher education, we may feel a sense of the frustration of women in that day who, despite demonstrated competence when compared with their male counterparts, were finally denied the right to maintain a sister

college to Princeton University.

Similarly, it is only by understanding the conditions which existed in Princeton before 1916, when black children had to go elsewhere to find a high school education, that we can fully measure Paul Robeson, one of our great native sons, who died in January. In order to achieve the personal equality, which his nation promised but denied his race, he was forced to work twice as hard for his accomplishments, thus becoming twice the man.

It is perhaps doubly important that we know and preserve these aspects of our history, too, that by perceiving the short-comings of our past, we may together build our common pride for the future.

As Paul Robeson himself said in his Valedictory Address at Rutgers College in 1919: "We [must] realize that our future lies chiefly in our own hands. On ourselves alone will depend the preservation of our liberties, and the transmission of them in their integrity to those who will come after us."

Robeson's Voice Rang Out to All

One has to be both sad and glad in the death of Paul Robeson, to my mind one of the world's greatest men. One is sad because of the many injustices bestowed on him during his lifetime by his own country; glad because what he accomplished and tried to impart in the minds of people of all races can really never die, and that he did not suffer long from the stroke which finally took his life in January.

He was a giant not just in his physique, but in his love for the black race, as an actor, a powerful singer, a lawyer, and above all in his conviction for the right way of life. Unfortunately, he was twenty-five or thirty years ahead of his time in trying to carry out and prove some of his marvelous principles. Martin Luther King was struck down for some of the same convictions.

I'm proud to have had the privilege of knowing such a noble person. When I think of the Princeton where we both grew up as colored children, seventy-five years ago, and look around today, I say to myself that we have slowly seen some changes. But then, like Paul,

I'm forced to admit that in our town, as well as in other places, we who are black are still being kept back because of color. It is difficult not to become bitter, especially in the 200th year of our country, for through the lives and works of individuals like Paul Robeson, we have certainly had a large part in building America.

As an individual I remember Paul's warmth. Some years ago one of our mutual friends died. Our friend was a lady who was noted for providing meals for people in many walks of life. Paul was a friend of her brothers, and while he was a student at Rutgers he often used to come to her home.

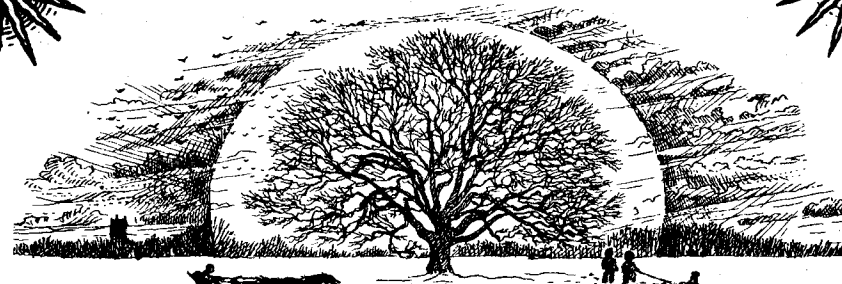
When she died Paul and his brother, the Rev. Benjamin Robeson, came over from New York to attend the funeral. The Dinky was late and consequently they missed the funeral. Instead, they rushed over to the cemetery and Paul asked to sing over her grave. His voice rang out and was heard all around the neighborhood. He never forgot Princeton. He loved people.

Emma Green Epps



It was in this house at the corner of Witherspoon Street and Green Street that Paul Robeson was born in 1898.

Courtesy Trenton Times



THE PRINCETON HISTORY PROJECT

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Although he aspired to an education at Princeton University, Paul Robeson distinguished himself at Rutgers, where he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa and served as Valedictorian of the Class of 1919.

Courtesy of Rutgers University

History Project Gains Tax-Exempt Status

Our generous friends who have done so much to help establish a financial foundation for the History Project during its first year, may be interested to know that after many months our Tax Exempt Status has been granted by the Internal Revenue Service, retroactive to the date of our incorporation on 22 April 1975. With the logic of a shopper at a sale, may we urge others within our readership to take advantage of this Federal incentive by joining the Project as supporting members.

TOWNSPEOPLE To See Film on Canal Days

As our readership grows, so does our ability to renew old friendships. Subsequent to her article on the origins of Princeton Hospital, Dr. Jeanette C. Munro was contacted through our office by Cena L. Skinner, the dedicated lab technician mentioned in her article, after a breach of several decades.

Similarly, Grace Brown Harris, whose picture accompanied her quilting descriptions in the January issue, received a letter from a friend Florence Hance who had not seen her for fifty years. They have since corresponded and arranged a rendezvous at the February TOWNSPEOPLE gathering.

TOWNSPEOPLE has long since become a monthly chance for old friends to renew their acquaintance as they review their reminiscence. Mrs. Helen Pierre Cherry, a native of Jugtown and a perennial participant in the meetings, writes in our Letters section of her pleasure in seeing and trading recollections with childhood Jugtown friends, Esther Johnston and Alice Margerum. In her words: "I enjoy the meetings so very much and wish that more of the old-time Princetonians would attend and share their memories. I know once they came they would enjoy them so much that they would return often."

We can only concur in Mrs. Cherry's sentiments. So often individuals who drop by out of curiosity or at the behest of a friend, to see what TOWNSPEOPLE is all about, become regular members. Joe Procaccino, for instance, who visited one first gatherings while still working at R.C.A.'s David Sarnoff Center, promised that upon retirement he'd be back, and true to his word, following that milestone at year's end, he has become an enthusiastic participant.

Is TOWNSPEOPLE for you? Why not give it a try? Rides are available by calling 921-6748 up to the day before each gathering. The centrally located Public Library boasts a fine meeting room equipped with projectors for old Princeton pictures and an elevator to ease the way. Every month, in addition to the old photographs, clippings maps, letters, recipes and the like brought in by long-term residents, homemade cookies and other confections make every gathering a party.

The next TOWNSPEOPLE gathering will be held on Thursday, 19 February at 3:15 p.m. in the Library's meeting room. A principal topic of discussion for the day, the Delaware and Raritan Canal, will be stimulated by a film of old and new views along its length. Valentine's Day and Leap Year customs will also be examined. Princetonians of all ages are invited to participate. Who knows, you just might meet a long-lost friend.

TOWNSPEOPLE Tribute

To The Recollector:

I so enjoyed the TOWNSPEOPLE meeting on Jugtown and learned such a lot about the area in which I lived for a few years. Alice Margerum's knowledge of the whole community is remarkable. I do hope you were able to record the information so that it may be in print in some future edition of The Recollector.

As you know, I was born in the

house which is now the Gourmet Shop, but my parents moved from there before I was old enough to remember the house. However, my grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. George Kraus, occupied the house next door until their deaths in the early 1930's. So I was a frequent visitor to Jugtown. I believe I knew and was friendly with all of the residents from Harrison Street down to about Markham Road. I especially knew well the Margerums and Esther Johnston and Esther and I have been very close friends all these many years.

I am planning to be away on a brief visit to Florida this month so shall miss the next TOWNSPEOPLE Meeting. I do enjoy them so very much and wish that more of the

old-time Princetonians would attend and share their memories. I know once they came they would enjoy them so much they would return often. You do such a splendid job of getting material together and making the gatherings so interesting. My memories of Princeton are so meager, the best I can do is to help Elmer Leigh with the typing of his interesting recollections.

By the way, I have a Christmas card sent to my mother during the Second World War from Bob Crawford, one of the gentlemen mentioned by Mr. Good in his article on The Triangle Show. Mr. Good might be interested in seeing it. It is rather an unusual card. In the center of the page is a picture of Mr. Crawford seated in the cockpit of an

aeroplane (he loved flying) and in the background of the picture are parts of the lines and words of The Army Air Corps song, which Mr. Crawford wrote. Bob Crawford was a very good friend of my mother and father. At the time of their friendship Bob was a student at Princeton University and was soloist in the First Presbyterian Church, of which my father was Sexton. Bob had many a Sunday dinner with us and my father tried to help in any way he could as Bob was earning his own way in college. He is not now living.

With much appreciation to you for making the TOWNSPEOPLE Meetings so enjoyable. Sorry to miss the February meeting.

Helen Pierre Cherry
Princeton, N.J.
1 February 1976

Princeton Fifty Years Ago

Moments of nostalgia come to us all, at one time or another. Looking back at the February, 1926 *Princeton Packet*, it seems that even then the paper was trying to "remember" days long gone. "Remember when. . .

— the Market House stood in the middle of Nassau Street near Mercer Hall?

— the little cannon on the corner of Witherspoon and Nassau, where the First National Bank presently is, and how one night the students took it and planted it on the back campus? Some Rutgers students stole it and took it to New Brunswick, but some Princeton students managed to fetch it back?

— Rowlands coal yard, near the station, had chestnut coal going for \$4.50 a ton?

— Jugtown was a thriving community with its jug factory, tanning yard, brick yard, hotel, hay press, carriage-making establishment, and distillery?

— streets which have long since disappeared such as Cottrell's Lane, Railroad Avenue, Brick Yard Street, Patton's Lane, Mosquito Avenue and Golden Gate Avenue?

— the Battle of Princeton was celebrated and sleds had to be used to cut down the snowdrifts so that a parade could be held?

— a whale was on exhibit at the Basin and for a dime you could walk in its mouth?

— Farr's Band gave weekly band concerts at the corner of Bayard Lane and Stockton Street?"

According to the newspaper, the official 1926 population of Princeton was 6,345 and the Borough budget was \$215,492.14. The Council was discussing a controversial ordinance which would make it mandatory for dogs to be inoculated against rabies before they could be given a license.

During February work was finally begun on the University Chapel. When completed, it would be the world's second largest college chapel, only surpassed by King's Chapel in Cambridge, England. Pablo Casals gave his farewell American concert at Alexander Hall, and it was announced that Helen Keller would also appear there in several weeks.

Along Nassau Street Chadwicks had homemade fudge for 35 cents a pound, which you could take to the Garden Theatre and munch while watching Rudolf Valentino in *The Eagle*.

Irv Urken



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Early Age of Aeroplanes Recalled in Rocky Hill



In the weeks since we featured the photographs of the University Laundry in our Rotogravure Section, we have been rewarded with substantial response to our request for identifications. Grace Brown Harris delighted us with the information that the man and his dog, pictured in front of the Laundry's uptown office in Lower Pyne, was none other than Ed Branch, owner, and his fabled dog Neddie, featured in our June issue. As to the assembled employees pictured above, Mrs. Harris, Alice Schannel and Joe Procaccino have collaborated to produce the following identifications. The gent standing to the left is Pete Goeke. Below him in the top row are (left to

right): Henry Rosso, John Quinlan, Elizabeth Gray, Mary Rosso (Henry's wife) and Mrs. Giro Seninno. The next woman is unknown, but beside her stands Elizabeth Hopkins Murray whose mother, Lydia Hopkins, is the last woman to the right in the same row. Behind her, with the cap, a Mr. Wilbur is tentatively recognized. Morris Kemmerman, a driver, brings up the end. In the front row, the men reclining in the center are Mr. Moore and Ralph Cray. Further identifications are requested.

Readers who might enjoy a more intimate view of Jugtown as it appears today, should note in their calendars a Candlelight Walking Tour currently planned by the Historical Society. On April 11 from 2 to 6 p.m. "A Bicentennial Constitutional" will take place in the area, including several open houses. Further details will follow in later issues.

Carousel Luncheonette
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To The Recollector:

As a former Rocky Hillian and originator of Princeton Airport, needless to say I enjoyed your November '75 issue immensely, which a friend of my wife Dorothea (a former Princetonian) so kindly sent us.

I feel sure that my brother Aribest R. Newhouse of Princeton, and Percy T. Lee of Boca Raton, Florida, could supply many more interesting facts on the Terra Cotta and Rocky Hill history.

By the way, I forgot to mention that my Dad designed and built aeroplanes in Rocky Hill during the years from 1909 to 1912. I have a few photos of these and my "Jenny" (taken at Bolmer's Field in 1926) which I will loan if they may be returned.

Enclosed please find my check for a year's subscription.

Cdr. Werner A. Newhouse
Vero Beach, Florida
10 January 1976

"Another Death Knell"

To The Recollector:

Just a hasty note to tell you that we thought this last issue of The Princeton Recollector was the best yet — editorially, lay-outs, and so forth. My husband and I were, of course, particularly struck by your excellent editorial on the newest thing to hit Princeton, the "Hall of Mirrors," which seems to us like another death knell for Princeton, as well as the movie-going fans in town. Your column mirrored (if I dare use that word) our thoughts book, chapter and verse. I have written to Princeton Municipal Improvement



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long ago in protest, but thus far there seem to be no stirrings.

In any case, enclosed is a long-overdue check for our membership and congratulations for a job which continues to be so well done. (Kudos, too, to that certain copy editor.)

Lilian Grosz
Rivendell
Princeton, N.J.
28 January 1976

"Dyed in the Wool" Native

To The Recollector:

The enclosed subscription is a ninetieth birthday gift for my mother Margaret McConahy, who was born, raised and married in Princeton. She lived and worked there until her husband died, when she moved to Matawan to be near my sister. She is still a "dyed in the wool" Princetonian and I feel sure she will enjoy your unique paper. I hope she will receive her first copy by her birthday, February 2nd.

H. Lee McConahy
Lawrenceville, N.J.
20 January 1976

Happiest Days

To The Recollector:

One of our friends sent us a January copy of the Princeton Recollector. Upon reading it I felt I just had to write regarding the article about Princeton Hospital, as I knew it "way back when."

As you will note, I am living in Carlisle and have been here since 1952. Until 1972, when I retired, I worked at Carlisle Hospital. I have bought a home here with Genevieve Corrigan whom I have known since 1934, and whom many may remember as Chief Dietitian at Princeton Hospital. We are both retired and quite content.

We have been reminiscing about our years at Princeton. What happy days they were — difficult, but so rewarding! Dr. Munro was so kind in her remarks regarding my small contribution to the hospital in its early days. How well I remember Dr. Belford's tutelage and how well that served me in the years to follow. Our contacts and happy memories will always remain with us.

From the article we do not know if Lily Gaunt is still living. If so, she

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Miss Brown Remembered by Student, Neighbor

Continued from page four
must be quite old. Those were the days when personal consideration for the patients' well-being was the one real reason for working. Looking back I know they were among the happiest days of our lives.

We have very fond memories of Dr. Munro and her untiring and devoted consideration of her young patients. We will be interested to read the follow-up on her article about the hospital. We are so pleased that she is apparently happy and well. If among your readers there are any of the old hospital personnel or any of the doctors we knew, we should like to be remembered to them.

Again, many thanks for the thoughtful remembrances in my behalf.

Cena L. Skinner
Carlisle, Pennsylvania
23 January 1976

Reader Recognition

To The Recollector:

In reading your article on Miss Mary Brown of Jugtown I would like to say that you missed her trademark.

I had Miss Brown as one of my teachers about 1910. She was an excellent teacher and I think she had few, if any, pupils who did not respect her. She was very sober and a great disciplinarian, and her trademark was a black horsewhip.

She got the best use out of the part of the whip that is hard and held in the hand. If she caught you doodling behind a large geography book she gave you a crack across the knuckles and walked quickly by.

Her dress was another thing that never varied. She always wore a long, black, heavy serge skirt and a black silk shirtwaist with long sleeves and a high stand-up collar. Her hair was pulled straight back with a bun on top.

The teachers in that day were not fashion plates, but very neat and spotless. Those who came from Trenton were more stylish. I do not believe there was one teacher in the old school who smoked. Schoolteaching, I am sure, is no joke and the good ones, like Miss Mary Brown, are always remembered.

I enjoy your paper and wish you continued good luck.

Myrtle Honsel
Aiken, South Carolina
21 January 1976

"See the Cunning Bees!"

To The Recollector:

I just received The Recollector and read Miss Mary Brown's diary. I knew her and Miss Kate so well; the diary sounds so like her.

I also knew Dr. Bergen; he was our doctor. When I knew him he lived on Nassau Street next to the Nassau Hotel. He had three children who I played with as we lived across the street. Where the Dining Halls are now there were houses then.

Something happened one day — it was not dogs this time (see October issue) it was bees. Dr. Bergen's son, Stanley Bergen, and my nephew got curious about a yellow jacket nest. Stanley said to Will, my nephew, "Let's see the cunning little bees." And they poked a clothes pole into the nest. Well, I don't have to tell you what happened. Dr. Bergen had a couple of patients, and the lads didn't want to know anymore about bees.

Both Dr. Bergen and Miss Brown were fine people. People all loved them. Miss Brown was an aunt to George Brown, who was an official of Princeton not too long ago. He is dead now.

I read so many things in the paper I recall so well. I read in last month's paper about Tommy Lynch racing sleighs on Nassau Street. That made me think of coasting on bobsleds down Washington Road. My girl friend's brother had a large bobsled. One night we got all set to go down the hill. I remember the "starter" pushed us off and jumped for the sled but missed and grabbed the last one on the sled who happened to be me. He missed again and off I went, so as the rest went down the hill, we just sat in the middle of the road.

When I stop and think, I can hear the college boys singing on Old Nassau's steps, "Three Cheers for Old Nassau!" I can really say, "They were the good old days."

Forgive the writing as my eyes are very bad, but on my next birthday I will be 90 years old.

Laura Laurence Cadwallader
Titusville, N.J.
15 January 1976

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Dear Mr. Enderby!

I enjoyed reading your article on Calligraphy in your January Princeton Recollector.

The alphabet displayed is very beautiful and excellent for use on invitations, personal cards and formal announcements but a little too fancy for general use.

I enclose a sample of my alphabet of "commercial cursive" for business handwriting.

Cordially yours,
N. Ernest Buermeier

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Before Kurkville on Mt. Lucas Road

Since last month's issue the Recollector has uncovered the two photos above, relating part of the history of Kurkville at 237 Mt. Lucas Road, now the home of Frank Pietrinferno. Photo 1 is of Krikor Kurkjian's house with a cow stall in the rear — now a little red house dubbed "the stall." Photo 2 is an earlier shot of the same when it was the Brehmeyr farm circa 1880 or 1890. If you know anything about the Brehmeyr's, please give us a call at 924-2222. Or, if you have any other memories of early Mount Lucas Road, help us write its history by calling us.

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February Holidays Celebrated by Grace Harris

I think so often of the parties that were held many years ago. These did not mean a hired entertainer or catered refreshments. They were very simple parties with games such as "Upset the Fruit Basket", a "Trip to the Moon" and guessing games — these for the grown folks. For children there were "Tisket and Tasket", "Post Office" and such for active young ones or "Farmer in the Dell" — outdoors in summer or indoor fun in winter.

There was always a special story to fit the occasion such as "Elvira Amanda's Thanksgiving Ride" Elvira went to bed excited about the trip to Grandmother's next day. Before long she was riding in a pumpkin coach with a celery whip and the stones on the road were nuts on her way to Grandmother's for dinner. Then suddenly her Mother's voice came to her to say that she must "hurry to leave" and she found it all a dream. "The Headless Horseman" was a Hallowe'en story. On Valentine's Day the tale was of a little girl who was dressed in her fancy finery and sent to her grandmother as a Valentine. A few verses from The Bible were also read by my father to emphasize each occasion.

We always had special cakes and table decorations in keeping with each special day: a "Twelfth Night Cake", a "Lincoln Log", a "Valentine Heart", a "Swiss Cherry Cake" on February 22d, and so on through the year. Too, there was a "Leap Year Cake", my father's favorite cake, made every four years on February 29th after 1895 when Mother and Dad were married.



Few people would recognize in this old view the central building of the Chauncey Conference Center of the Educational Testing Service. Years before ETS bought this old farm on Rosedale Road it belonged to the Stony Brook Hunt, which maintained its kennels there under the supervision of Huntsman John Harris, whose widow here recalls children's parties held at the farm.

Birthday cakes were very special and there was always a party. The birthday cake of my choice had one chocolate layer in the middle, a pink layer on the bottom and a white layer on top and all covered with white boiled frosting with my age spelled out in candles. I recall one party when Mother piled rolls of crepe paper in all colors, bits of silk and velvet, and ribbons and lace on the dining table — these to be used by us to dress broomstick dolls with dried apple heads, the brooms, of course, were new and child size. It was such fun to design a lovely party frock for your very own doll, and then take it home with you when the party was over. What a time Mother must have had cleaning the paste and glue from our hands so we could eat our refreshments of chocolate mousse and cake. I think that year I was about eight years old.

Checkerboard and Watermelon Cakes

When one became older the cake might be a "Checkerboard" cake (chocolate and white squares), or a "Watermelon" cake — not made from a watermelon but made to look like one: the inside was pink with currants or raisins for seeds, this was covered with a white layer of batter, and a green frosting covered it all. It really looked like watermelon when it was sliced and served.

Our table was never left set after any meal was finished so our centerpiece for an occasion would be arranged on a large tray which could be removed intact when the linen cloth and table pads were taken off.

The arrangement could then be placed on the bare tabletop. This was true, for instance, on July 4th when our linen napkins were folded to form a pointed tent in the peak of which was placed a tiny silk American flag, and this placed in front of each person's place. The centerpiece was a camp of paper tents and stationed amongst them were my brother's little lead soldiers.

"Who Should Lick the Dasher?"

On Decoration Day we always made a freezer of ice cream (8 quarts) usually made from Mother's home-canned peaches. Often an argument would develop between my brother and me as to who would lick the dasher. It was fun to turn the crank to beat the ice cream, and we two youngsters would do the easy turning while the mixture was still thin. But when it began to stiffen and was freezing it needed to be turned rapidly to improve the texture, so the grown folks would take over.

In winter when we had day after day of freezing cold we would make ice cream, then put the freezer on the back porch, cover it with a piece of carpet, and it would keep for days with no further icing or salt. Of course we had a coal stove in the kitchen, and we would take a dish outside, get some of the ice cream, bring it into the kitchen where we would place a chair in front of the open oven door, put our feet on the hearth and toast our toes while we ate the ice cream.

Having been brought up in this tradition it was only natural that when my own daughter had a birthday it was a very special day, too. At one party all the children were dressed in crepe paper costumes made like a Crocus, Daffodil, Rose, etc. Another time I made bluebirds, cardinals and robins out of the crepe paper, all on muslin backing — the girls in dresses and hats, while the boys had hats.

Not a Dog but a Hound

I recall one occasion when I made four birthday cakes, three having refused to rise. It was a cake I had made times without number, a large cake from the recipe of a friend. It took many eggs, and as I had about three crocks of eggs in waterglass in the basement I decided to use these. After my first failure, a second, and then the *third*, I phoned my Mother to determine what was wrong. It was a chocolate Sunshine Cake (similar to a sponge cake) and in the course of our conversation I happened to mention I'd used duck eggs. This was all she needed to solve my problem: "One cannot use duck eggs, they are too heavy." Not being a farm girl I did not know this. Our kennelman and my husband liked them to eat though I didn't. At any rate, I made a fourth cake with our own chicken eggs and it was perfect.

The next day at the party, all the children had to go into the meadows,



On the occasion of her birthday in August 1927, Mrs. Harris' daughter Miriam, right, and her friends Bebe Turner and Ruth Wells, are festooned in colorful crepe paper to resemble flowers.

Courtesy of Grace Brown Harris

hunt the ducks' nests, and gather the eggs. As the children had been told not to wear party frocks, it was a glorious occasion for all of them for we had seventy-five English Hounds which were used for Fox Hunting, my husband being Huntsman with the Stony Brook Hunt. This number of hounds, all with names, was a real fascination for the children who were used to just one or two dogs. They were thrilled to watch them line up on each side of the feeding trough for their meal. Even the preparation of the vegetables and horsemeat, cooking in a large cauldron in the cookhouse, proved a sight not to be passed over. I am sure

Continued on page seven



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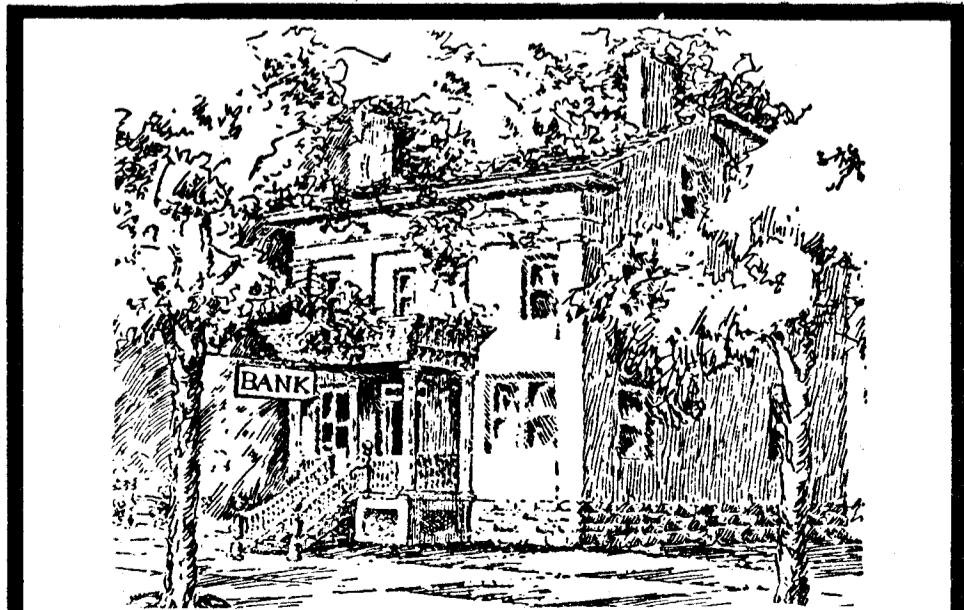


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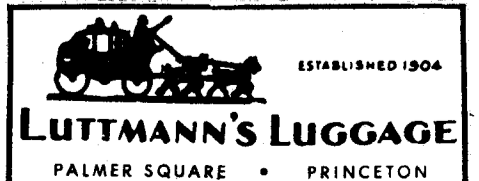


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The Leap Year Cake Was Dad's Favorite

Continued from page six

they went home a tired group, but happy in the knowledge that an English fox hound is not a dog but a hound!

Mother's Recipes from 1895

Among the cakes for special days during the month of February, which were once served in the home of Grace Harris' parents, Harry and Adelaide Brown, we have included the Swiss Cherry cake for Washington's Birthday and the Leap Year cake. The Valentine's cake was merely a heart-shaped layer cake decorated appropriately. The Lincoln Log was a jelly roll with the ends cut off at an angle and added as "limbs" on top, all decorated with chocolate icing for bark.

Swiss Cherry Cake for Washington's Birthday

- 1 cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 4 egg yolks
- 1 cup flour
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. ground cloves
- 2 tsps. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup ground almonds
- 1 quart canned bing cherries
- 4 egg whites
- 1 can candied cherries

Cream butter and sugar. Add 4 beaten egg yolks and mix well. Set aside. To the flour add cinnamon, cloves, baking powder, almonds; and add this to the above mixture by hand. Have one quart of canned, pitted bing cherries well drained.* Stir these into cake batter; then fold in 4 beaten egg whites. Bake in greased and floured tube tin or "turk's head" in a moderate oven (350°) for 1 1/4 hours or until cake is thoroughly done. When ready to use dust the cake with confectioner's sugar and decorate with candied, red cherries.

*Mrs. Harris' mother used her own cherries; today about 3-1 lb. store cans should approximate. It is important that the cherries be very well drained as they may otherwise make a soggy cake. The liquid drained from the cherries may be used to make gelatin.

Leap Year Cake

- 1 cup sugar
 - 1 cup butter
 - 1/2 cup milk
 - 1 1/2 cups flour
 - 2 tsps. baking powder
 - 1/2 tsp. vanilla
 - whites of 3 eggs
- Bake in a flat pan, 9" x13"

Icing:

Beat together 1 tsp. vanilla and 3 egg yolks. Add powdered sugar until icing is stiff enough to spread on cake. Then, with small, red cinnamon candies or small pieces of maraschino cherries one can print out: FEB. 29 - LEAP YEAR. This was "Dad's favorite cake for Leap Years."



A CALENDAR OF LOCAL EVENTS

WITH A FEW GENERAL ITEMS NOTED

IN THE PRINCETON PRESS DURING
1898



February 1898, with the same unsettling weather variations we know so well, ranged in temperature from -2° (with good sleighing) on the third, to 70° ten days later. Deaths included the mother of prominent citizen George Allison Armour; marriages involved at least one Jugtown girl, Caroline Margerum. A fire raged through one of the Alexander Street lumber yards, and fire damaged the house of Woodrow Wilson. Evelyn College girls were undoubtedly among those decorating the dance floor at the University's Junior Promenade. Against this background of gaiety came the electrifying headlines that the battleship Maine had been blown up in Havana with a severe loss of life. Remember the Maine!

Tuesday, 1 February 1898 — Adams Express and Western Union Telegraph Company move into the Lower Pyne building. Barbara Armour, widow of George, and mother of George Allison Armour, dies at Charleston, S.C. Princeton men in Philadelphia open a new Club room. Senator Voorhees becomes Governor, after Mr. Griggs' resignation.

Wednesday, 2 — Seventeenth birthday of Christian Endeavor Society.

Thursday, 3 — Rev. Dr. Franklin of Boston dies in Princeton of pneumonia, aged 42. Very cold weather, 2° below zero. Thomas H. Atkinson of Jersey City dies, aged 25 years. Interred in Princeton.

Friday, 4 — The heavy snow makes good sleighing. Fire at the old Lumber Company's property at the Basin. Gilbert W.M. Williams dies near Princeton, aged 75 years.

Saturday, 5 — Joseph Greenleaf, Seminary '63, dies at Washingtonville, N.Y., aged 59.

Sunday, 6 — Rev. Dr. Franklin buried from the Bright Hope Baptist Church. Rosa, widow of John C. Lake, dies at Trenton, aged 75. James Hanrahan dies at Rocky Hill, aged 80; interred in Princeton.

Monday, 7 — William J. Crossley succeeds Bayard Stockton as Prosecutor of the Pleas. Mrs. Bridget Kirk dies, aged 22. J.P. Frank Williams and Hattie Bowman married by Justice LaVake.

Tuesday, 8 — Annual dinner of the Princeton Alumni Association in Philadelphia. Bayard Stockton retires from the Prosecutorship, and William J. Crossley assumes the office.

Wednesday, 9 — Mrs. Maria R., wife of Dr. I.S. Schanck, dies aged 82. Herbert K. Adams and Emma Dorsey married. Harvey Hutchinson, of Cranbury, and Caroline Margerum, of Princeton,

married.

Thursday, 10 — Dr. William C. Cattell dies in Philadelphia, aged 71.

Friday, 11 — Junior Promenade. Organ recital in Marquand Chapel by Mr. Griggs. Gilbert Tennant Woodhull, Col. '52, Sem. '55, dies, aged 70.

Saturday, 12 — Lincoln's Birthday. Spring weather. Isaac Ferguson dies, aged 31.

Sunday, 13 — Thermometer in the sun reaches 70°.

Monday, 14 — Robert Eliot Speer begins a course of five lectures on Missions in connection with the Seminary. John W. Werts dies, aged 19 years.

Tuesday, 15 — Vandeventer property sold to close the estate. U.S. Senate confirms C.S. Robinson Postmaster at Princeton. The U.S. battleship *Maine* wrecked by explosion in Havana harbor, 266 of the officers and crew lose their lives.

Thursday, 17 — Illustrated lecture on Yokohama by Mr. Poole in Alexander Hall. I. Hervey Buchanan '93 and Lidea S. Collom married at Pemberton.

Friday, 18 — Explosion of purifier at the Gas House. Frances E. Willard, the well-known temperance advocate, dies in New York City, aged 59 years.

Saturday, 19 — Sixtieth annual report of Princeton Township issued. William Grover of Cranbury Neck hangs himself.

Sunday, 20 — H. K. Denlinger of Caldwell preaches in the First Church.

Monday, 21 — Musical clubs of the University give a concert at Lakewood. The Sodality of the B.V.M. of St. Paul's Church gives a white and gold tea and reception at Odd Fellows Hall.

Tuesday, 22 — Washington's Birthday. Usual exercises in connection with the University. Organ recital by William C. Carl of New York in the Second Church. New Jersey Society of the Cincinnati meet in Princeton. Professor Raymond delivers an address in Washington, D.C. before the Society of the Children of the Revolution.

Wednesday, 23 — Lent begins. John J. Yard of Clarksville and Susanna Macdonald of Penns Neck, married.

Thursday, 24 — 250th anniversary of the adoption of the Westminster Standards commemorated by the Presbytery of New Brunswick in Trenton. The Y.P.S.C.E. of the Second Church give a Social.

Friday, 25 — George Acock of Trenton, sewer builder, loses his life by an accident in Brooklyn. Rev. Samuel S. Shriver dies in Baltimore, aged 75 years.


Saturday, 26 — Rev. Gershom H. Nimmo, who died at Torresdale, Pennsylvania, Col. '50, Sem. '61, brought to Princeton for burial.

Sunday, 27 — Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Princeton decides to close its doors. Fire at Dr. Wilson's residence.

Monday, 28 — Mary T. Sullivan dies suddenly, aged 40 years.

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'Hans Brinker' Servis Took a Swim in the Lake

The extended cold spell in January eventually covered Carnegie Lake with over eleven inches of ice. After the recent warm winters, Princetonians of all ages again flocked by the hundreds to skate on the lake, just as they have been doing for the last seventy years. John Pittinger "Pip" Servis, one of Princeton's most gifted storytellers, here recalls for Jamie Sayen an occasion when both he and Carnegie Lake were much younger. As a fifteen-year-old apprentice boy, he and his future wife, Edith Cooper, joined some friends for a Sunday's skating that they never forgot.



John Servis and his friends were skating fearlessly down the Lake when the ice under their skates gave way and tilted up in front of them like a frozen wall.

"If you went down to the lake on a Sunday, all the townspeople were down there skating. What cars there were and horses and wagons were lined up on the side of the lake; a guy down there selling doggies, and

all the students, hundreds of them. If there were two or three hundred townspeople, there were three or four hundred students. So there could easily be five or six hundred people on the lake.

"On this Sunday, Edith and I met down at the lake with some other friends. She was dressed in a long velvet coat — her Sunday clothes. And I think her parents had warned her if she went down to the lake, not to go on it. Her father was quite strict. He had his own ideas about things. I guess he didn't think it was right to skate on Sundays.

'The Ice Just Rose Up'

"Well, she was with her girlfriend, Anna Agnew, who later married George Cahill. They were as close as Walter Mack and I were. I was with a fellow named Buck Tighe who was almost as big as me. At fourteen I was probably crowding six feet — they always called me a big kid then. And Buck would probably be five feet eleven inches or so. We had another fellow with us, Johnny Golden, who later was the nextdoor neighbor of Star Hogarty. Johnny was a little, short guy. There may have been another girl or another fellow, but I remember there was the five of us. And I doubt if any of us had hockey shoes. For skates I had

rockers — clamp 'em on. Your parents would raise the devil with you for that because they'd help tear your soles up. Fifty or seventy-five cent rockers — when your shoes got wet, they came off.

"It must have been a slushy afternoon for I remember it was thawing so much that around the edge of the lake there was water. So you had to kind of run and jump to get on the ice. But there were people out there, by the hundreds, skating. Skating up and down, down by the old boathouse that was between Washington Road and Harrison Street. It was an old wooden boathouse that later became the canoe house.

"We did go on and we were skating in a row across, not in a line, holding fast to each other, not cracking the whip or anything, just skating down. We got opposite the boathouse, and fortunately we were on the edge of the channel, when this ice just rose up in front of us and let us slide down just as nice as you please. Didn't abruptly fall in.

"If we hadn't all been together in a line, but skating singly or in pairs, probably nothing would have ever happened to us; but it was just too much weight. That ice just lifted — I can see it yet, and we just slid right down into the lake.

Students to the Rescue

"So we were all in Carnegie Lake, including those girls with heavy coats on. I may have had on a Mackinaw or a heavy sweater, but I wasn't dressed any too warm. And this little fellow, Johnny Golden — all we could see of him was his hat on the water. Fortunately, Buck Tighe and I could touch bottom.

"The students formed a human chain. This one student nearest us had a hockey stick, and he put the crooked end toward us. And another student had him by the ankles, and another student had that student by the ankles, so they were linked,

laying down on the ice. This first student was pretty big, as big as I am now, and he shoved a stick out. So Buck and I lifted Johnny Golden first because he was so short. He was under. He couldn't stand up. He grabbed the stick and we pushed him, and that student pulled him out on the ice, slid him back, and then the other students took care of him. Then we did the same with Anna and then Edith. Then Buck and I were the last two out. They got all five of us out of there.

"I never forgot that student. I used to see him go into the movies a lot of times and speak to him. I never forgot his face. But it shows you how concerned they were and how smart they were. Instead of them all coming up — oh, we'd have had twenty or thirty people in this big hole, because we made a big hole where we went down. If we had



In 1912 John Servis posed with other members of the Trinity Church choir baseball team. A winter or two later that mischievous grin took him for a swim amongst the ice floes of Carnegie Lake.

Courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. John Servis



Some time before her icy swim and subsequent marriage to John Servis, Edith Cooper poses by the Mather Sundial near McCosh Hall during the heatwave of 1915.

Courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. John Servis

been in the channel it probably would have been disastrous because some of them would have gotten lost. I don't know if Johnny Golden could swim or not, and I don't know if Buck Tighe could. I could. I was swimming by the trestles everytime I could get down there in the summertime. And I loved it.

Daisy Passed the Ford

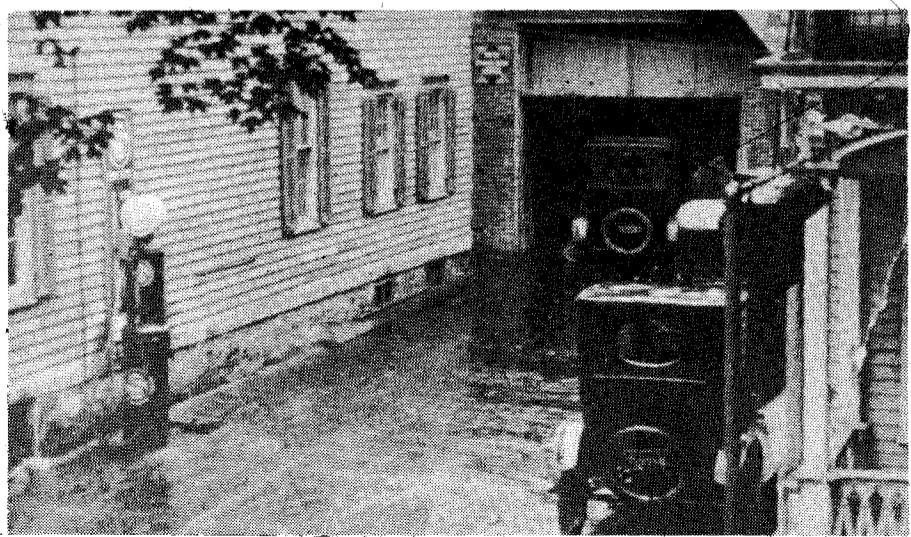
"Cars were just beginning to come in, and there was a fellow by the name of Leo Rodweller who became a policeman in later years, and he was working for the Princeton Water Company. He drove what they called a little pick-up Ford, a four-cylinder car. Must have been a 1913 or 1914 — one of the early Fords. They put Anna, Buck and Johnny in it.

"My brother Walt, who must have been seventeen, was there watching us skate. He was there with a little horse called Daisy, and a runabout that he owned. And this horse could fly! She was a polo pony. She wasn't a pacer but she could run under a gallop. Sometimes he would pull up

Continued on page nine

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Jugtown Life Reflected in 1870 Diary

In her February 1870 entries in her diary, Miss Mary Brown painted a winter landscape, familiar still, of Jugtown where she lived, and Princeton where she taught in the Elementary school. The snow (including the winter's deepest fall yet) and freezing rain (with lightning on the 18th) which she describes, should remind us of our own.

As to her daily life, Mary Brown recounts her frequent attendance at Prayer Meetings, many of them in Jugtown's Presbyterian Church described in our featured Jugtown memories. A temperance lecture and the deaths of three neighbors give a sober note to the month's span, but there are also entries which relate a sociable and a sleighride with young Jim Murray.

In our Letters pages Miss Mary is described by at least two who knew her, including the surprising detail that at least in later years she gained the upper hand over her elementary "scholars" with a black horsewhip. On a lighter note, let us begin with her purchase of a new hat:

Tuesday, 1 February 1870 — Very little snow fell, ended before noon. Paid Mrs. Thompson for my hat. \$3.38.

Wednesday, 2 — Clear, not very cold. Kate at home — washed.

Thursday, 3 — Clear. Began to get very cold towards night.

Friday, 4 — Very cold. Snowed several times during day. Froze all day. Went to prayer meeting. Mr. Whiting spoke. . .went out.

Saturday, 5 — Very cold. Went to Sunday School at Jugtown. Very few there. Did not stay to prayer meeting.

Sunday, 6 — Very pleasant, much warmer than Saturday. Mr. Benton preached about sailors. Mr. Finney supplying another Pulpit. Did not go out at night.

Monday, 7 — Clear and warm in morning. Began to get cold towards night.

Tuesday, 8 — Dreadfully snowy. Went to school. Got wet before I reached Uncles. Had to wear my boots all the way. The deepest

snow this winter. Just four years today since Father died.

Wednesday, 9 — Wind very high. Snow drifted all day, had to walk part of the way in the road. Lizzie Rowland's body taken to Virginia. Dr. Armstrong's body taken to Pennsylvania.

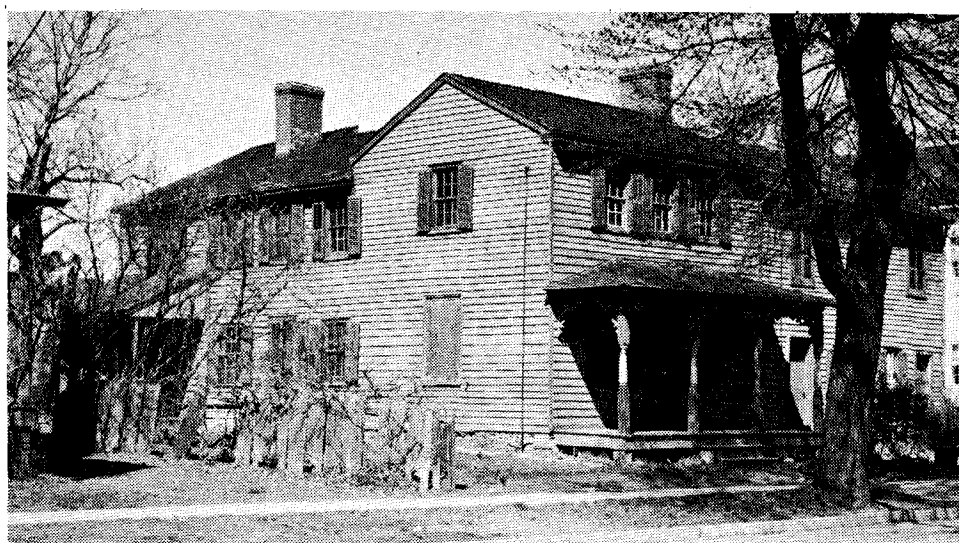
Thursday, 10 — Clear. Snow very deep. Did not come home at night. Kate and I went to the Sociable at Dr. Duffield's. Liked it very much.

Friday, 11 — Clear. Not very cold. Went out with Jim Murphy sleighing at night; found it very poor.

Saturday, 12 — Clear. Warm. Snow almost gone. Went to Preparatory Lecture. Subject: "Let us therefore fear lest a promise being left us GC. Stayed at Uncle's and went to prayer meeting.

Sunday, 13 — Clear — a great many to church. Went to First Church at night; heard a Temperance lecture by Gosman from Lawrenceville.

Monday, 14 — A very damp



The writer of our 1870 diary, Miss Mary Brown, and her sister Miss Kate, lived in this clapboard house for many years. This view was shot in 1938 before it was demolished and replaced by the Bond Cleaners building at 354 Nassau Street.

Courtesy of Jake Lutz

morning. Began to rain about two o'clock.

Tuesday, 15 — Began to rain at noon. Stayed at Uncle's all night.

Wednesday, 16 — Clear. Went to concert at First Church for the benefit of Q.S. Stayed all night at Uncle's. Bill Brown came up from Mount Holly.

Thursday, 17 — In morning clear. Towards night it began to look rainy.

Friday, 18 — Rained all day. At night it lightened and thundered. First that we have heard this year.

Saturday, 19 — Clear, not very warm. A bed nearly all day.

Sunday, 20 — Clear in morning. Had our Anniversary in afternoon in First Church. Began to rain before we reached Uncle's. Had to stay there all night.

Monday, 21 — Clear. The coldest day this winter. My room was very warm. Very few scholars out.

Tuesday, 22 — Washington's Birthday. No school. Spent the day at home. Kate went over to Murphys in afternoon to keep home. Emily Krauskoph died.

Wednesday, 23 — Clear. Not as cold as Monday and Tuesday.

Thursday, 24 — Kate, Liz and I went to Second Church to hear J. Kuyler. The subject: "And what then?" Bill Brown came back to work.

Friday, 25 — Went to our Meeting in Jugtown. Mr. Emmis was the only gentleman; very few there. Our

lesson: Noah.

Saturday, 26 — Went to Sunday School. Miss Dix and brother and sister with Joe Hendrickson called at Uncle's. Mani L. and Laura called too, but I had just started home. Went to Meeting at Pierson's.

Sunday, 27 — A very windy, cold and disagreeable day. It began to rain about two o'clock. Had to stay at Uncle's all night. John Cox died.

Monday, 28 — Not clear. Snowed some Sunday night. It was nearly three inches thick. Mr. Lawrence took me to school.

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"Daisy" Dashed Past Pick-up Ford!

Continued from page eight

on some of the fellows with trotting horses, and when they started to get ahead trotting, he would break his horse into a run, and that would make them mad because that encouraged their horses to run. A person with a trotter or a pacer doesn't want their horse running because that's not permitted. But that's the only thing Walt's horse could do because it was a polo pony. The average running horse will go right by a pacer or a trotter — they're too fast for them.

"Walt said, 'C'mon, John, I'll take you home.' Everybody laughed and told us to take the Ford. But I remember Walt saying to me, 'We'll be home before they are.'

"We were in between Washington Road and Harrison, and so we went up the Lake Road and turned on Washington Road. He was racing Daisy and we passed that Ford truck on the Washington Road hill, where you go into the Stadium today. Cars didn't do it so well then.

No One Caught Cold

"We were soaked and I said, 'Take us right to our house on Quarry Street because Mom will be home', it being Sunday. And then Edith could change. I guess we weren't over ten or fifteen minutes getting from the lake to Quarry Street because Walter ran his horse under a dead run, right up Washington hill, 'cross Nassau Street, down Vandeventer, up Wiggins to Witherspoon. and right up in front of our house, and that horse in a dead run.

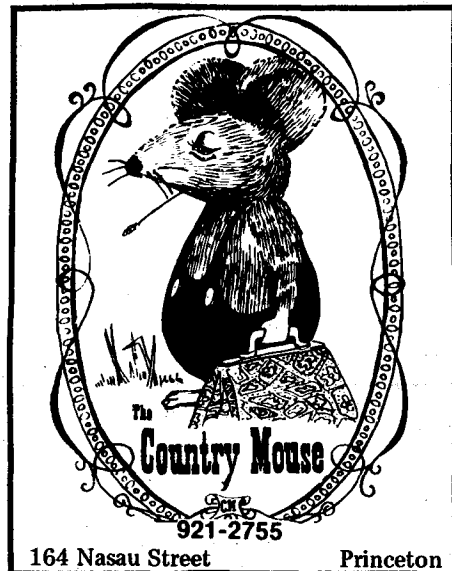
"Edith's parents found it out, in

the meantime. By the time she had changed and got into drier clothes, they were right at the door to take her home. I guess that was the end of the lake for Edith. I guess the next time she saw it they were in her company. My mother said nothing to me except, 'That was a foolish thing to do' and 'You should have known better.'

"And not one of us took a cold ever. On Monday morning I went into the shop and no more than I was inside and Mr. Harry Brown — he was a nice man, said: 'John, I hear you were in the lake yesterday.' I said I was. And he said, 'Oh, are you all right to come in? You didn't take cold or anything?' I said, 'No' and then I told him about it.

"It shows you how people looked after each other. Those students who rescued us just didn't hesitate. They were right there to do what they could. There must have been six or eight of them. It shows how concerned they got.

"I suppose that thing was talked about for days because life was so calm then and nothing happened — just like Mr. Brown knew about it before I got there."



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Given into our Keeping,
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wasn't all spent
sleeping!

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H.P. Clayton
Palmer Square, Princeton, N.J.

Runaway Horses Galloped Down Harrison Street

Continued from page one

that a Mrs. Deruelle's. In the 1920's it was left empty and burned.

The Sassman's ell-shaped farmhouse with its long front porch faced Harrison, and had its big barn, wagon houses and stables in a great semi-circle to the north, centered on a huge black walnut tree. I can remember the Sassman boy washing the black-enameled buggy there, and shining up its bright red wheel spokes. Its roof folded back like a touring car's.

Pigs in the Garden

Since the traffic was negligible, the cow, pigs and chickens could easily cross the dusty pebbles of Harrison Street and, untrammelled by the picket fence, which only protected the sides of the garden, could saunter in across the front lawn and roost in the shade of the two large spruce trees which flank the front walk. The trees seemed as sizeable then as they do now, and must certainly have reached the century mark, and so must the horse chestnut on the Harrison Street side.

My father did not care to have the



The author and her mother, Mrs. Alan W. C. Menzies, at 187 Prospect Avenue about 1919. The houses on the west side of Harrison Street are in the background, left, behind the horse chestnut tree. Note Prospect's road metal, brick gutters, and curb stones.

Photo by Alan W. C. Menzies
Courtesy of Elizabeth G. C. Menzies

garden used as an annex to the farmyard, and paused in his professorial thought to evict the visitors, who were inclined to grub in his flower and vegetable beds, and make hoof and trotter marks in the lawn.

Harrison Street Stampedes

Fields extended east to the Howe farm, north to about Sergeant Street, and south to the Gray farm and the lake, but the west side of Harrison had a row of houses, which are still there, south of the Western Way.

North, on the west side of Harrison, the Bayles's was the nearest house (built in 1909). Of most interest to me, at an early age, was the smithy further up the street. The white clapboard building had once been a Presbyterian Chapel, and later, with progress, the steep ramp to the gable-end smithy door was widened and led to Mr. Gwinn's garage for automotive repairs.

The dust of Harrison Street was occasionally raised in whirling clouds, accompanied by a roar that could be heard approaching along the Western Way. Through the thunderous turmoil, the thump of the galloping horses' hoofs came out over the general din. The next thing we would see was a cluster of wild-eyed runaway horses from the R.O.T.C. Artillery, stampeding north full tilt. I have been told that, after the army learned their regular route, they would be stopped by the railway road-bar at Belle Mead with a phone call (no bridge then). In a few minutes the stampede was followed by two or three army boys riding like mad. Can you imagine a herd of wild horses galloping up Harrison Street and Route 206 to Belle Mead? That it happened often, or even ever,

seems unbelievable today!

Another familiar sound, quite unrelated to the animal noises, was the toot-toot of the canal boats as they approached the Harrison Street bridge. There was still a little freight going through in the late 'teens: some aboard barges hauled by mules, and some aboard barges drawn by steam and diesel tugs. Sometimes my mother, who believed in a healthful walk every day, escorted me down Harrison Street, its deep, westside ditch flanked by a pavement as far as Hartley Avenue where, I was told, Mr. Devlin the policeman lived. After that, the road narrowed to a small track often washed out by rain. We crossed the bridge over the lake by the concrete walk at the edge, and turned right along the poplar-lined towpath, where I hoped to see a boat go through the opened swing bridge. We turned left on the towpath less frequently after a frightening incident when our enthusiastic dog, Scot, while frisking with a stick, knocked me against a wooden post of the aqueduct. The bridge-like crossing, where the Millstone River pours under the canal, had a handrail supported by posts every four to six feet, and nothing more to prevent a fall into the whirlpools below.

A Dipper on the Branch

The back garden at 187 Prospect ended at a board fence with a gate into an idle field grown high in weeds. To the southwest a more productive field grew alternately corn and wheat. Springs seemed to abound in the area near the fence, and on the far side of it, opposite our tireless white *poeticus*, a well with built sides and green algae harbored a bullfrog. (In the twenties

Continued on page eleven



The aqueduct with its somewhat inadequate wooden railing has ever been a fishing center. The fisherman has politely left his pole and retired to the background of the picture, which shows the author and "Scot" in about 1919.

Photo by Alan W. C. Menzies
Courtesy of Elizabeth G. C. Menzies

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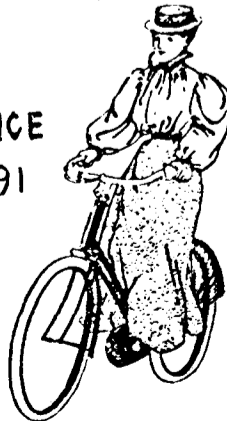
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WALTZ	COMPOSER	WALTZ	COMPOSER
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Count of Luxembourg	Lehar	Secret Attractions	Strauss, Josef
Die Schonbrunner	Lanner	Tales from the Vienna Woods	Strauss
Danube Waves	Ivanovici	Thousand and One Nights	Strauss
Doctrines	Edward Strauss	Vienna Blood	Strauss
Die Fledermaus	Strauss	Voices of Spring	Strauss
Donauwellen	Ivanovici	Viennese Girls	Ziehrer
Eva Waltzes	Lehar	Waltz from:	
Emperor Waltz	Strauss	Sleeping Beauty	Tchaikovsky
Estudiantina Waltz	Waldteufel	Gaite Parisienne (Red Lady)	Offenbach
Faust Waltz	Gounod	Nutcracker - Act II	Tchaikovsky
Freut euch des Lebens	Strauss	Gaite Parisienne (Baron and Gloveseller)	Offenbach
Gold and Silver Waltz	Lehar	Nutcracker (Waltz of the Flowers)	Tchaikovsky
Grande Valse Brillante	Chopin	Les Sylphides (Waltz in C Sharp Minor)	Chopin
Gypsy Love Waltz	Lehar	Gaite Parisienne (Entrance of the Baron)	Offenbach
Invitation to the Dance	Weber	Waltz	Volkman
Merry Widow Waltz	Lehar	Eugene Onegin (Waltz)	Tchaikovsky
Music of the Spheres	Strauss, Josef	Wine Woman and Song	Strauss
Morning Papers	Strauss	Wild Roses	Lehar
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Horse-drawn Plows Cleared Only Sidewalks

Continued from page ten

someone killed the bullfrog and cleaned the well.) A dipper then hung from a branch and workmen, on their way home, beat a path to the cool water at the end of the hot summer's day.

Beyond the garden's westerly picket fence, a little wood of young swamp maples grew amidst the honeysuckle. Except in the heat of summer, it had a small, shallow pond upon which I tried my first pair of



This view of the northeast bedroom on the second floor of 187 Prospect shows the fireplace to the right and comfortable furnishings of the period. The lighting from the gas-electric sconce on the far wall has been "improved" by the use of an extension cord looped over a cross wire to hold an electric light, shielded by a silk basket shade.

*Photo by Alan W. C. Menzies
Courtesy of Elizabeth G. C. Menzies*

skates. Its excavation may have occurred when the University wanted topsoil to improve our garden. The pond was not as deep as the Jugtown pottery's clay pit across Prospect's traprock road metal, and between us and the Bayles's. Boys sometimes skated there in a limited way until the University built the present row of faculty houses in 1925.

A Horse Pulled the Plow

A year or so before that, the sizeable road stones (suitable for throwing) of Prospect's lower end were replaced with bitumin, a new experiment in smoothness, pressed flat by a chugging steam roller with a tall funnel. The lady with the electric car liked it, but it was only laid as far as our mailbox at the Broadmead alley, and did not extend in width over the yellow brick gutters, as today's blacktop does. The street still has the old traprock curbs, which have been straightened and lowered by the addition of blacktop to the street. They used to lean into the road and were a good ten inches high, a menace to running boards, especially in snow when they were hidden.

Snowplows are a recent invention. The early cars did the plowing themselves, buzzing out great ruts which froze into channels that guided the cars along their predecessors' route in an undeviating course. This could be awkward if an oncoming vehicle hove in sight; one of the two had to force its way out of the ruts and, with spinning wheels and swaying rear, break its way through the thick, hard snow. The sidewalks were a different matter. The University sent an orange-painted, prow-shaped plow pulled by a horse to clear the way for pedestrians.

Horses were as common as cars. Pairs of horses pulled the ice wagon in summer and the coal wagon in autumn. The coal for the furnace was shoveled into a metal shoot, and with a hissing roar it slid down into the coal cellar through the basement window, while the horses stood patiently chomping at their bits. The sanitation and disposal people of that day were just the garbage men in an open wagon with an umbrella over the bench-like seat to shelter them from sun and rain. The horses would struggle to pull their full load off across the fields east of Harrison Street. In time the wagon came back empty.

Gunpowder in the Playroom

Ghost or no ghost, 187 Prospect was a rather gloomy house with its honey-colored oak doors and mantels on the ground floor. The gas sconces, with added electric sockets, were not enough for my father, who festooned the rooms with looping green extensions hung with light bulbs, masked in silk basket shades. The stair, too, was oak with machine-carved newel posts, but had a good length of banister for quick descent.

The stair made its way by landings to the third floor, where I had a playroom. I remember my friend Ian Bowman thought there might be secret passages under the floor. He



"Pete" Menzies, bundled in leggings and a sailor's outfit, fishes in the fishless pond to the west of 187 Prospect Avenue, which appears through the trees to the left. Sometime in the early thirties, the Lou Turners enclosed the pond into their cellar.

*Photo by Alan W. C. Menzies
Courtesy of Elizabeth G. C. Menzies*

suggested that we should pry it up and look, but I had misgivings about this. In the end, we decided that his house at 138 FitzRandolph Road might be almost as likely to have such secret passages, and the thing to do was to take a big screw driver and pry up the boards, not in his room but in his sister's room. But as it turned out, the passages were only a few inches deep and we couldn't get through them.

The floor in my playroom took the brunt of our efforts to produce gunpowder, however. We never quite

learned how to make it explode, as we had hoped, but it fizzed in a most interesting manner. The University painters were oddly disapproving on a rare occasion when they were about to revarnish the floor, and insisted upon calling the carpenters.

I suppose that I could recall as many episodes as the wooden blocks that once paved Nassau Street, but let there be a pause here and space for some one else's recollections.

Elizabeth G. C. Menzies



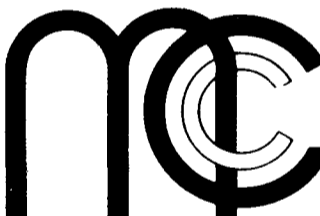
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Early Jug Factory Gave Crossroads Its Name

Continued from page one

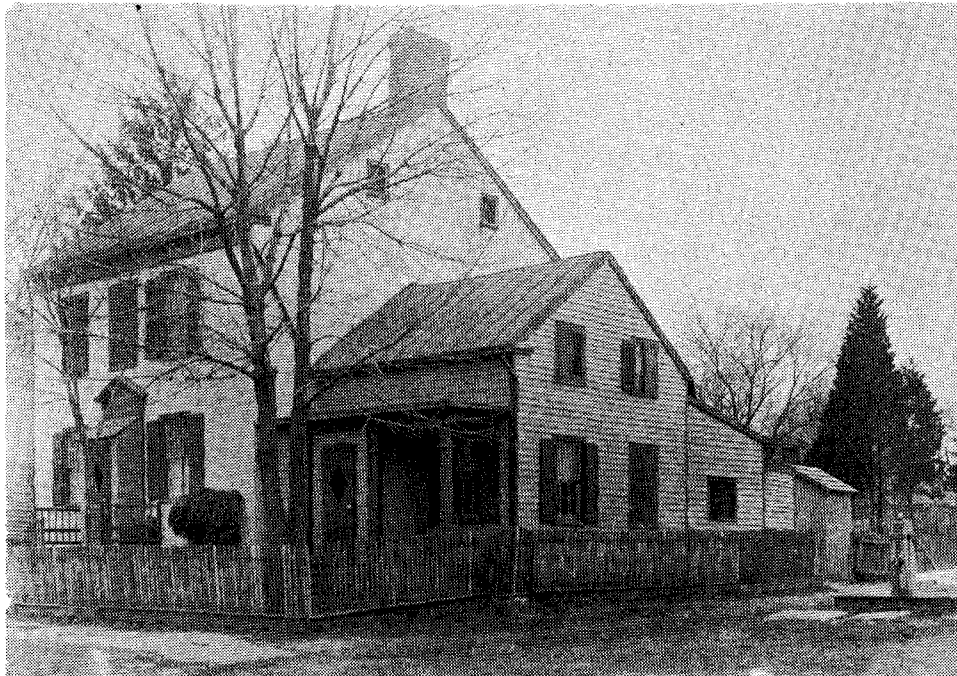
liberal views, some people called Markham and Sergeant and those streets in there Jugtown, too. But to the old-timers it was just those main roads."

"Of course, Jugtown wasn't really the right name. It would be Queenston on the maps; Jugtown was just a nickname. There was Kingston, Queenston, Princeton, and then there was Princessville.

Site of Pottery Debated

"The name Jugtown came from the original jug factory that was built there. Now as to where the jug factory was, there are two traditions on that and I don't know which one is right. Most people will say it was on Nassau about where Markham is today.

"But in our family the tradition has come down from Stephen Scales — he was my great, great, great-grandfather — that it was on Harrison Street about where Sergeant is now. Now Stephen Scales lived there in the early 1800's, so if the jug factory was built in say 1700 and if it was there even fifty years,



This early photograph of 342 Nassau shows its wing in its original position before it was moved to the opposite side to make way for the widening of North Harrison Street. The well which once stood in the middle of that farm lane is shown along with a privy whose proximity seemingly gave no cause for concern.

then the factory or its ruins should have been there still when Stephen Scales lived there. And that's where he said it was."

"I have a plate that was made at that Pottery. It's orange."

"I have some of those jugs and pieces. Some of the pieces were found in 361 Nassau which my grandfather and grandmother, and my parents, renovated in the '30's."

Blackberries in the Pits

"The Jug factory was supposed to have been started by the original

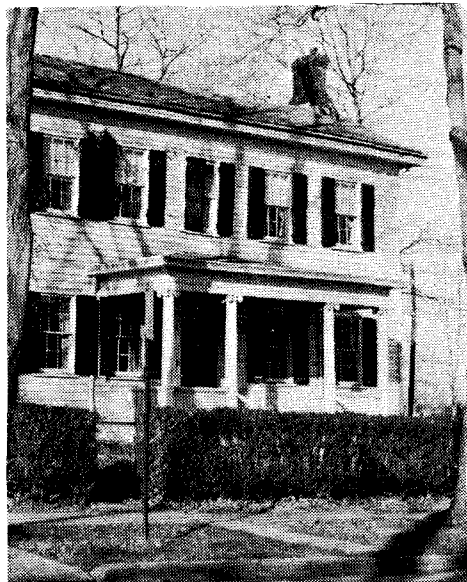
and, as far as I know, my great-grandfather squatted on one piece of property and that's where the bank is today.

"Now at the main intersection of Jugtown, all four of those buildings on the corners are pre-Revolutionary. On the northwest corner, that whitewashed house, I can't tell you too much about."

"Washington was supposed to have hidden soldiers in there. Mollie Updike told me that in the basement there's a fireplace and on the mantel are the carvings and the dates from when that was a stagecoach stop."

"The only thing I ever heard about that house was, Dad said there was a woman lived in there for years who used one part of the house for a little store. That would be before Mr. Leming lived in there. And, of course, there was a wing on that house by the corner and when Ewing Street, which is now North Harrison, was widened that was moved over to the other side of the house.

"Now Dr. Chase lived in that next house up toward town, and he was a dentist. He had his office in that house, and when we were growing up we used to go there to get our teeth



This Jugtown house at 338 Nassau Street was for many years the office of Dr. William G. Chase, one of Princeton's few dentists at the turn of the century. Earlier it alternately sheltered both British and American troops during the Revolution.

Photo by Jim Cawley

fixed; Doc Chase. And there was a Dr. Perkins who lived in a little house in here, but I don't know what Dr. Perkins was.

Evelyn College Recalled

"Professor Dahlgren lived where Evelyn College had been. Up still further was Professor Loomis's — there are two houses that are set back. Professor Loomis lived in one, and Professor Jewell lived in the other with the three porches in front."

"My older sister remembered Evelyn College very well. She was seventeen and a half years older than I, and she used to say that all Princeton University circled around

Continued on page thirteen

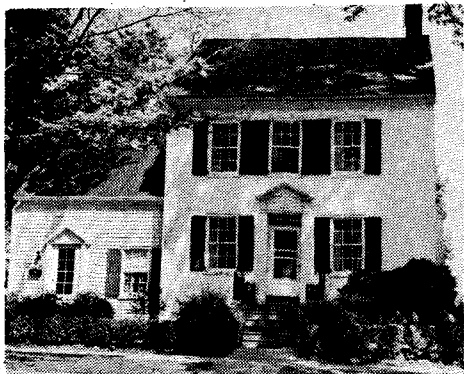
Courtesy of the Historical Society

settler named Horner. As I understand it Horner, when he came to this country in the 1690's, had a land grant that ran from Vandeventer Avenue all the way to Kingston. He had a family but his children all moved away; some of them moved to Pennsylvania, and some of them moved farther west. When he died there were no children here, so perhaps the factory closed at that time.

"Years ago there was a clay pit down on the west side of Harrison, just below Patton Avenue. Those holes were still there when we were children. I remember we used to go over there to pick blackberries and we had to look out for those holes. In my father's time there was a brickyard on that property, and that's near where the Bayles's live today.

Revolutionary Corner

"During his lifetime Horner sold off a lot of his land but when he died his children, who had moved on, weren't interested in owning land in Princeton so they just let it go. After four or five generations passed, people went in and started squatting. The Browns squatted on some of it



This recent picture of 342 Nassau Street shows the relocation of its wing. A beam in the basement is inscribed with the date 1730, the probable date of its construction.

Photo by Jim Cawley

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Stephen Scales Opened Pipe and Pump Factory

Continued from page twelve

down there. Sometime after that they had to close the school; the boys were annoying the girls. The girls invited them in and then they wouldn't leave."

"They had a diphtheria epidemic which started at that school, and I have three sisters buried at the time from the epidemic. It went right through the town. All families lost children; all Princeton suffered from it."

"The building they call 'Queenscourt', where Bowers is located, on the southwest corner of Nassau and Harrison, was also used by Evelyn College."

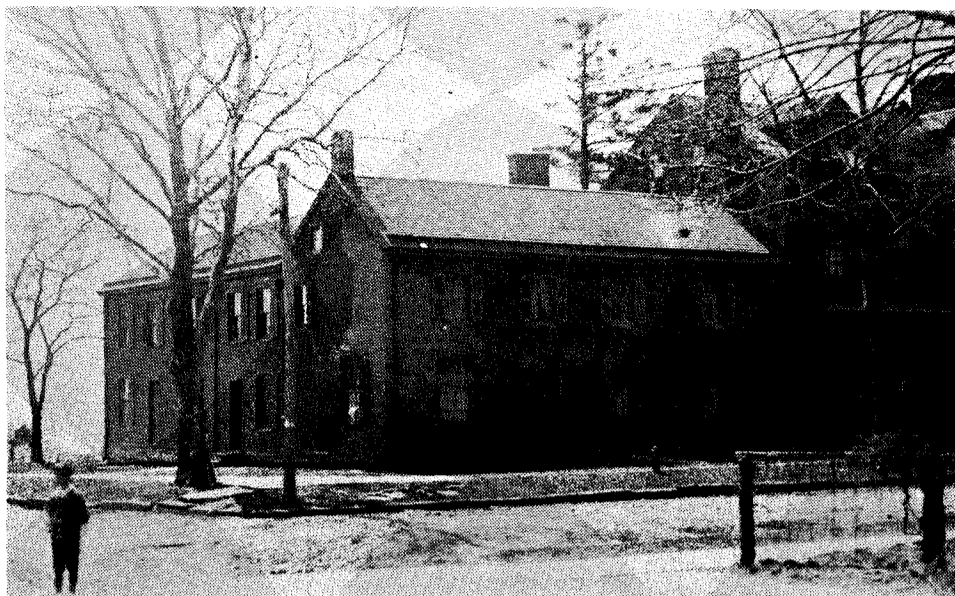
"Well before that my father, Harry Brown, lived there in Queenscourt. His parents never owned it, and his grandfather and grandmother never owned it. Father was born in 1870, and I think he was born there. And he lived there until he and my mother were married."

"Later that was Mrs. Hotter's house. She was a very wealthy woman. She had beautiful antiques, glass and china, and when she died she had no children so she left it to the University."

Wooden Pipes and Pumps

"Just below that, on Harrison Street in the first house down, is where Stephen Scales lived. He was the first of our family in there. Now I don't know exactly when he lived there, but I do know that he moved into Jugtown in the early 1800's. All I know is that in 1850 he was between seventy and seventy-five years old, and one of the reasons we don't pick up much about him is because they said his mother was an Indian.

"In back of his place — that's where the playground is now — he had the pipe and pump factory . . . wooden pipes and wooden pumps. Stephen Scales was granted the first franchise for waterworks in the city of Trenton. That was about 1802, and he made the water pipes down there. In the 1930's, along Broad



The lower and older section of the house commonly known as "Queenscourt," on the southwest corner of Nassau and Harrison Streets, shows extensive renovations in this turn of the century view.

Courtesy of the Historical Society.

Street, they dug up some of that old water pipe. It was about six inches around and there was a hole in the center. I don't know how they put the hole through, but they laid them end to end. My father got a piece of that pipe and gave it to the Historical Society, but they don't know where it is.

"Also, on the west side of Harrison Street was a building that was a Presbyterian Chapel and Sunday school. Later on that was a blacksmith shop, and I don't know if it was the same man or not, but they also repaired Model T Fords.

Mrs. Pierson Sold Yeast

"Over where the Gourmet Shop is today, that was known for many years as Mrs. Montie's; but she was a comparative newcomer and was also a little odd. She had been born a wealthy woman, but in the end she was very poor. She was brought up in that big house, Heathcote Farm, on the Kingston Road — it's Mrs. Cook's house now. And she used to ride into town with her mother in a horse and buggy. But before that it was the Pierre's house and they lived

Brown. One of them is Jean Bush today. And before the Donahues, the Piersons lived in there. She was the one who sold yeast."

"When I was a child about seven and a half years old, there was a lady who lived in the small part with her two little children. She just had the one room with a small room in the back. To get to the upstairs you had to use a ladder. After Mrs. Montie came she made that into a stairway."

Underground Railroad Station

"Mr. Oscar Gellin rented the lower section of that house when we lived there, and he bought leather from somebody and had a shoe repair shop there. My parents rented it to him. His daughter-in-law is in her nineties and still lives here."

"My grandfather had a store there in 1850. His name was Jacob VanDyke Bergen."

"Now there's a little wing on that house by the corner, and I must tell you a story about that wing. There was a room in there that was used as a station on the underground railroad for runaway slaves. There

Continued on page fourteen

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in there at one time. Helen Cherry and Anne Dennen were their daughters."

"I wasn't born in Jugtown; we moved to Jugtown shortly after that. My sister, Mrs. Cherry, was born there, and we lived in that house which at that time was owned by a Mr. Leming who had a store on Alexander Street. We could have bought that house for two thousand dollars, but my people didn't have two dollars, so they said, 'No.' It was a beautiful place and we loved it there. But Mrs. Montie wanted the house so we had to move."

"Before the Pierres, the Donahues lived there. They had two step-daughters whose name was



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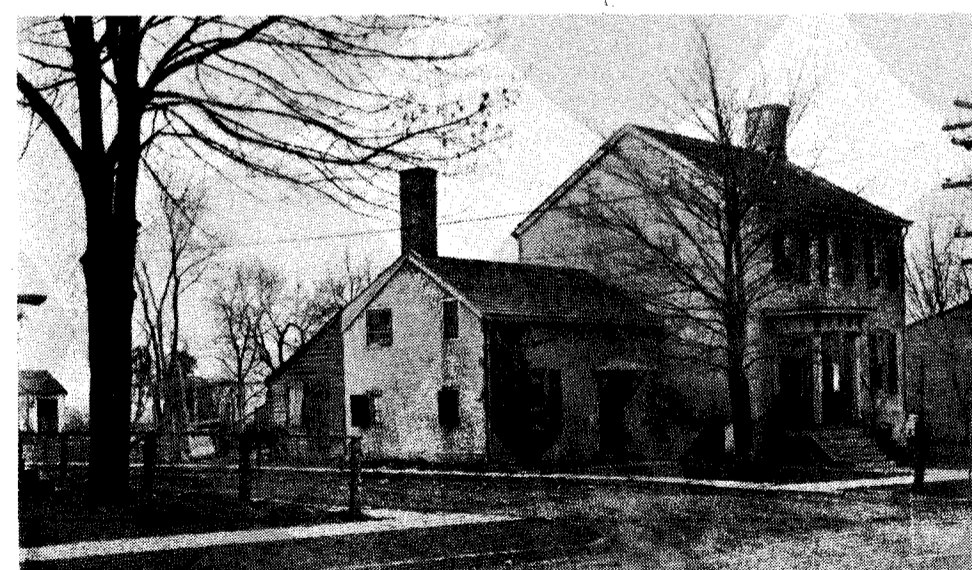
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The original one-story wing of the present Gourmet Shop at 344 Nassau Street, was built and occupied by the Horner family, to whom the land was granted, from the early 1700's until 1840. The larger wing was probably built before 1800 and sheltered a station on the underground railroad.

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The nearer half of Miss Mary Brown's Jugtown home at 354 Nassau Street, was rented out before its last years of decay documented in this 1938 view.

Continued from page thirteen

Courtesy of Jake Lutz

was a tunnel that went under Nassau Street to the triple house where Esther Johnston lived. At that time that house was a hay press."

"I lived in the triple house and at the back of the cellar there was a tunnel where they used to hide the slaves and transport them. This tunnel went under the road and over to the Montieth house, and could still be under Nassau Street. It was there twenty years ago. Ours was the third house down from Harrison Street. The number was 353 but it went down to 357, too. That's where Henderson's Real Estate is today.

"Where Judy's Flower Shop is today, that's where the carriage shop was. Dad told us they did such beautiful work there. The carriages were all made by hand, and they would sand them down 'til they were like glass. They would put a coat of varnish on and sand it down; another coat of varnish and sand it down; and finally they put the third coat of varnish on. But he always talked about what beautiful work they did.

Then later on, at the same location, Mr. Guinn had a garage. Also, in back of the carriage shop, near the firehouse today, there was a tannery."

Margerum Had a Midas Touch

"And then, of course, the quarry was down there, too. When my mother was little, over seventy years ago, they would always blast at twelve noon and four-thirty. Since it was a dirt road then, the kids could never play outside at blast time because the rocks and stones would always land on the houses and in Nassau Street, so the children were always called inside — and it went off like clockwork."

"The stone from that quarry was used to build University buildings. A lot of it went into Joline dormitory, Pyne Hall, Foulke and Henry."

"And that was developed by Steven Margerum, my great-grandfather. They used to say about him: 'Stephen Margerum

married with fifty cents in his pocket and everything he touched turned to money.' He was in the ice and coal business. The ice pond was down on Mountain Avenue, and he also used the Howe pond. He was a mason contractor, too, and laid many of the sidewalks in town. And then where the delicatessen store is now in Jugtown that was where my great-grandfather had his businesses, and he ran all that from that building."

"The Margerum quarry continued until about 1906 when Steven Margerum died. When I lived in Jugtown we used to play in there and my brother fell in one time. Then when they built the University library they took all the rubble from that cellar and dumped it in Margerum's quarry to fill it up."

On the last Jugtown corner, to the southeast, was the building we

they had to put in steel beams in order to carry the weight over the store, and when they tore out the ceiling there were 6x6 oak beams which were so hard to get out that they decided they didn't need steel after all.

"And in the back there was a bake shop that originally was part of the tavern. But in more modern times both Mr. Kraus and Mr. Jacob Lutz had a bakery in there."

"Now the original owner was Thompson, before Leonard Kraus owned it, and then Mr. Lutz baked for him and later baked for himself. And my mother, Helen Margerum Roediger, remembers going in there to buy bread for five cents a loaf; and it was warm when she bought it. Now that's a good seventy years ago."

The first building down below the bakery on Harrison Street was once



This winter view of Fred Gwinn's garage on Nassau Street, almost opposite Markham Road, was taken in 1932 when gas cost 18 cents a gallon. Since demolished, the garage was replaced by the present branch of the First National Bank.

Courtesy of Jake Lutz

owned. At first that was a tavern, and then later on it was a two-family house with a saloon in it. When my great-grandfather bought it about 1880 he rented out what had been the saloon to a Mr. Leming as a country store, and that was Leming's Store. Later he moved it to Alexander Street and so my grandfather took over the Jugtown country store, and that was the kind where people would come in and sit around the pot-bellied stove and talk.

Jugtown's Country Store

"That was built in 1772 because my father had it remodeled to make the store twice as big and they found that it was put together with wooden pegs. And one of the wooden pegs they pulled out to remove a partition had the date 1772 carved on it. And there's another thing they found out about that building. They figured

run by a cooper. Then after the cooper there was a shoemaker in there. A tinsmith used that, too, at one time. Mrs. Lutz lives in there today, and she's over ninety because she's of my father's generation.

Jugtown's Fire Compnay

"Now going east from that corner store on Nassau Street, the next house down was originally a feed and grain place and my great-grandfather bought that and made it into a house. Then the next building down was the triple house. Earlier that had been a hay press which my great-grandfather bought and made into a house.

"And then at the corner of Markham and Nassau there used to be a firehouse. Jugtown had the first firehouse in Princeton and that was the old Engine Company No. 1. And when the firehouse moved up to Chestnut Street, my grandfather bought that house and moved it across the street, and that's the house on the east side of the Bank."

"My great-grandfather, our grandfather and his two brothers all belonged to that firehouse."

Continued on page fifteen

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Jugtown Quicksteps Challenged Pine St. Gang



The general store in Jugtown had taken on some spiffy gold lettering and advertising by the time this photo was snapped in 1937 by Jake Lutz, owner of the shiny automobile to the right.

Continued from page fourteen

"Now I can tell you some stories about the people down there. For instance, there was a large family of Browns.

"They used to say that that ought to be called 'Brown's Corner' because there were so many Browns. There was my grandfather and grandmother Brown on the corner; there was Olive Brown's father and mother next door to Queenscourt. Then there was another Brown in the next house which was a little place where the Krespachs once lived.

"And then over there next to where Mrs. Montieth lived Miss Mary Brown who was a schoolteacher lived with her sister Kate. The Peters lived in the other half of her house, and that was torn down when the dairy was put in there.

"Then down back of my grandparents' place, at the end of the yard on Harrison, the first two places were owned by Browns who were my relatives. And farther down the street, the house next to the Chapel, belonged to 'Hat' Brown and her husband. So they used to say it should be called 'Brown's Corner.'"

"We all had chickens and pigs and I don't know what else in those days, which reminds me of the Regans who lived in several houses down there. When Mother and Dad first got married there was a triple house down there on the other side of the quarry. Mother and Dad lived in one part of that, and the Regans lived in one part, and the Coxes lived in one part.

"There was a story about Mrs. Regan and Mrs. Cox. Mrs. Cox said one day, 'Oh dear, I meant to tell my husband to kill one of the chickens so we could have it for dinner — now what will I have for dinner?' And Mrs. Regan said, 'Don't worry, I'll kill it for you.' So Mrs. Regan got the ax and Mrs. Cox held the chicken, and just when the ax started coming down she got nervous and pulled back, and Mrs. Regan cut the chicken in half."

"We hear so much about integration today, but Jugtown was more integrated then than now

Courtesy of Jake Lutz

because when my father was a boy there was a family by the name of Moore that lived where Mrs. Lutz lives today. Mrs. Moore used to come visit us an awful lot. She belonged to one of the churches up here, and whenever they were having a benefit she would come and let us buy tickets from her.

The Jugtown Quicksteps

"There was another Black woman connected with Jugtown, and her married name was Annie Maize. She used to visit my Aut Anna all the time because they were friends when they were children growing up. And there was a Royster family down there, too. Then there was a Williams family that lived on Harrison Street. Dad talked about how he played with Bruce and 'Socks' Williams, and they all belonged to the 'Jugtown Quicksteps.'

"When my father was a boy, the boys got themselves together into this group they called the 'Jugtown Quicksteps', and they used to challenge the 'Pine Street Gang' to games. I don't know who all belonged to the 'Jugtown Quicksteps' though I do know my father and Uncle Frank, and Frank

Pierson, and Socks and Bruce Williams belonged to it. And Dad taught us their cheer when we were kids. It was:

'Chew tobacco, chew tobacco
Spit, spit, spit.
Jugtown Quicksteps
Quick, quick, quick!
And we all had to learn that cheer."

The Jugtown Band

"Well now, my father was a great story-teller. I never remember Dad reading to us, but in the evening we would sit around the table and he would tell us stories about the past. Of course, when you're talking to children you tell them mainly jokes.

"For one thing there was a Jugtown band. My grandfather's brother, Jim, ran it. They had about fifteen men that could play their instruments, but if someone wanted a twenty-five piece band, that didn't bother them. They had extra instruments. They'd stuff them so they wouldn't play, and some extra men would walk down the street 'playing' them.

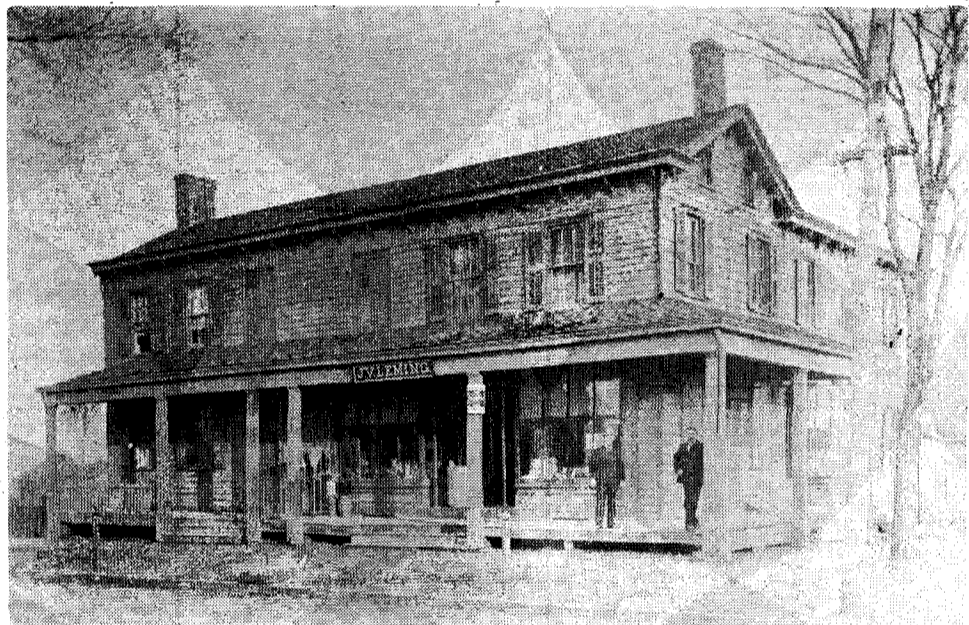
"They were great practical jokers,

and I have another couple of stories about the old band. One night they were down practicing in front of my grandfather's store which had a wooden awning. Somebody noticed that the bass horn stuck out from under the edge of it, so he went up on that awning with a pail of water and poured it down the horn.

"Another story about this band is not exactly a Jugtown story, but it bears on Jugtown. The National Guard used to have a unit in Princeton. They met once a month up on the corner of Nassau and Witherspoon ... and they would march down Nassau Street preceded by somebody banging on a bass drum. Boom, boom, boom! And then they'd get to Harrison Street and in one of the fields they'd have what they called field practice. When it was over they'd march up again preceded by the bass drummer.

"So one day somebody decided to play a trick on the bass drummer and he got all the men to say they would do it. After drill practice was over they marched up Harrison Street and the bass drummer started up Nassau

Continued on page sixteen



The general store on the southeast corner of Nassau and Harrison Street is shown during the proprietorship of J. V. Leming in the early 1870's. Hitching posts and a mounting block flank the curbside.

Courtesy of Alice C. Margerum

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Jugtown Band Expanded on Demand

Street, but one by one everybody dropped out of line and went into the saloon for a drink and let the bass drummer go up Nassau Street all by himself."

Night of the Nightstick

"And the other story about the Jugtown band that Dad told us . . . did you ever hear about Grant's Funeral? When Grant died every veteran in the country wanted to go to that funeral in New York. That procession lasted two or three days!

"Well, the Princeton veterans wanted to go, too, but they wanted a band. So they got the Jugtown band to go up to lead them in the procession. My grandfather was bass drummer in the band. When they got to New York they were stationed at such-and-such an intersection and told to wait on the side street until the procession passed them, and then to fall in.

"They waited hours and hours and hours and unfortunately there was a saloon on the corner. Pretty soon everybody started going to the saloon. Well, there was another group in there at the same time. The next thing you know a couple from the Princeton unit and some from the other unit got into a fist-fight that became a free-for-all.

"So they sent for the cops, and the cops came around swinging their nightsticks at everybody's head in sight. Somebody grabbed one of the nightsticks from a cop, and when the cop tried to grab it, he threw it across the room. Somebody caught it and when the cop went over to get it that fellow threw it back across the room. Well, my grandfather got it and somehow, in the free-for-all that was going on, someone kicked a hole in his bass drum and he stuck the nightstick in it.

"Shortly after that the fighting stopped and the cop wanted his nightstick. Well, my grandfather was afraid that if they thought he stole it he might get locked up, so he wasn't about to tell anybody he had it.

"With that the paddy wagon arrived and they hauled them off to the Police Station. They kept them there all night trying to figure out where the nightstick was. Finally they said, 'Get out of town!' and they chased them out. Of course they never got to the funeral and we had that nightstick for an awful long time, but I don't know now what's happened to it."

Grandfather's Recipe

"I guess they were awful practical jokers in those days down at Jugtown. Dad would tell us about the jokes that they would play. But then there was another type of humor that came out of Jugtown. It was a wry type of humor and I think today you would call them 'one-liners.' And my grandfather told them, and my father, and my uncles. I can tell you a few of those one-liners.

"One was my grandfather's recipe for carp. Grandfather hated carp. He said it wasn't fit for human consumption. 'There's only one way



Is this the Jugtown Band? This photograph of a local enactment of the traditional Election Day bet was featured in our November issue. The four uniformed band members to the right have subsequently been identified by John Servis and Wilbur Buchanan as (left to right) Jack Warren, John Tilton, Ed. S. Voorhees and Harry Stryker. Warren, at least, is known to have been a member of the Jugtown Band.

Courtesy of the Historical Society

you can cook a carp. You take a fresh carp and you set it overnight in salt water. The next day you take a white pine board — now it has to be white pine, that's important. You put the carp on the white pine board, sprinkle some lemon juice on it. Put on a little butter; salt and pepper to taste. Take strips of bacon and lay them across the carp. Then you put it in the oven and bake it for about an hour. You take it out of the oven, throw away the carp, and eat the white pine board."

belonged to your family. Everybody was there to help, and it was just wonderful. So different from today. You'd hear footsteps going down the street but you didn't have to look out front — you knew who it was. We were just like one big family. It was great."

Like One Big Family

"I'll tell you a story to show you how willing the neighbors were to pitch in. And they would do things you wouldn't believe were possible. My father was some years older than his sister, and when she was born she weighed two pounds. Now there was no hospital in Princeton; she was born at home. Father said they lined a box with a blanket and put her in it, laid a quilt across it and placed it near the kitchen stove so she was warm. And they fed her with an eye-dropper. You know, without any medical help at all they raised that baby. She died a few years ago and she was ninety-one years old.

"There's another story about Jugtowners, too. At one time the baker, Mr. Kraus, bought a house. He had the title searched and when it proved to be all right he got a loan to help pay for it. And then along came somebody with a title which went way back before his and the man foreclosed on Mr. Kraus' mortgage. To pay for it Mr. Kraus had to sell everything out of his bake shop.

"And the day the sheriff came up to sell its contents, all the Jugtown people went because they thought Mr. Kraus had gotten a raw deal. So the sheriff would say, 'I have [so many] hundreds of pounds of flour; what am I bid?' Somebody would say, 'I bid one dollar.' And nobody else would bid. 'I have [so many] hundred pounds of sugar; what am I bid?' 'One dollar,' said someone else. 'I have [so many] bread pans.' Somebody would bid one dollar. And after the sale was over the Jugtowners walked out and left all those things behind so that Mr. Kraus could go into business again."

A Bear in Jugtown?

"There was a family by the name of Packer that lived in half of Miss Mary Brown's house. His name was Aught Packer and his wife had a little store or restaurant; and the boys from Princeton Prep used to go in there. Aught Packer wasn't too ambitious but people used to gather around the stove in that store and listen to the tales that Aught could tell. One of them my father told us was about the time when Aught was out picking blackberries way down beyond the Howe property. All of a sudden he looked around and saw this great big black bear. One of the men listening said, 'What did you do, Aught? Did you pick up your pail and run?' He said, 'How the heck could I run with six foot of snow on the ground?'

"One thing that I remember: things were so different when we were kids growing up in Jugtown. If anyone was sick or had any trouble or anything, it was just like everyone

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Evelyn College Was State's First for Women

"Princeton's Picture Game" from a 1966 issue of the *Princeton Packet* reads: "Clue: You will have to look a few hundred feet in from the north side of Nassau Street to find this building. Now private residences, it once symbolized the often sad fate of the nineteenth century woman who dared storm the masculine world of higher education."

The answer? Evelyn College, the short-lived woman's college that has always been something of a mystery. In an article in *Harper's Bazaar* in 1897, Evelyn is described as "a college which has attracted so little notice that its very existence is unknown to a large part of the state..." In fact, there is no mention of Evelyn in any of the histories of New Jersey Education and in few of the Princeton records that I consulted. It has recently been called a "missing link in the history of higher education in New Jersey."

Evelyn's history, although unknown to many, is quite interesting and it symbolizes an important step in the history of higher education for women.

"Direful Results Foretold"

Evelyn College was started by a group of men, most of whom were Princeton graduates, with the idea that it would eventually become affiliated with Princeton. As *Harper's* tells us, "The idea of a college for women in a town devoted to the education of men was set down at the outset as a dangerous experiment, and all sorts of direful results were foretold." It was also noted in *Harper's* that among the college faculty were found those who doubted whether "a woman's mind could grasp learning heretofore supposed to be masculine property." In spite of these dreadful predictions, the Princeton College Trustees were petitioned, and by a formal vote, granted permission to all Princeton professors to give their

instructions at Evelyn. Princeton also opened its Library, museum, scientific laboratories, and classrooms to the "co-ed." In 1889 Evelyn College was legally incorporated under its Board of Trustees and authorized to grant degrees, becoming the first woman's college in the state of New Jersey, and on its way to becoming "Princeton's Radcliffe."

The institution took its name from Sir John Evelyn (pronounced Eev-lyn), English court favorite, lawyer, writer, scientist and gentleman whose seventeenth century characteristics of learning and modesty were made the "cardinal principles of the college."

"Queenscourt" and "The Pines"

The new institution was run by Dr. Joshua Hall McIlvaine, former Professor of Belles Lettres at Princeton, his wife, and their two daughters, Anne and Elizabeth, who later graduated from Evelyn. It was situated in a red shingle house that still stands today on Evelyn Place, near the Nassau and Harrison Street intersection. In the catalogue of 1891-92 it is described as: "a low rambling Queen Anne house handsomely finished in Modern style with hard wood and artistic decorations. The entire first floor, one hundred and twenty-five feet in length, can be thrown open *en suite* for lectures and concerts, or shut off by folding doors into pleasant parlors for the informal family life of the Evelyn students."

This building used to be called "The Pines" because of the enormous trees that surround it. On the opposite side of Nassau Street is the building that held the classrooms where the professors of Princeton compared "the relative merits of the masculine and feminine mind." It was affectionately named "Queenscourt" by the Princeton students. When enrollment was at its



QUEENSCOURT

"Queenscourt" (originally one word) was described by *Harper's Weekly* in 1896 as "holding within its revolutionary walls the classrooms where professors... compare the relative merits of the masculine and feminine mind."

Courtesy of the University Archives

peak, Queenscourt was also used to house many of the young ladies in attendance. In addition to these functions, Queenscourt was a preparatory school for younger girls, also run by the McIlvaines. The teachers were the same for both the college and the school, and it was hoped that the younger girls at Queenscourt would eventually enroll at Evelyn.

educational interests and intellectual pursuits."

But, what was life really like there? It is often suggested that it resembled the life of a home, and this is easily imagined because of the small student body. (They usually had between 14 and 35 students.) Tea was served every afternoon at 5:00 and often in the evenings, after the books had been put down, they sang college songs accompanied by the banjo or guitar. There was an active Glee Club and Mandolin Club, and various concerts were given throughout the year. Tennis and softball were also offered for the more athletic women.

1500 Men Down the Street

According to the catalogue, Evelyn was a place where the students "receive that instruction in social customs which is so necessary a part of the education of every young lady." Disregarding the fact that there were 1500 men down the street, it listed the advantages of the Princeton location; "Situated midway between New York and Philadelphia, with easy access to both cities, yet at a considerable distance from great thoroughfares, it is a retired and quiet place, noted for its entire freedom from malaria, and for its otherwise healthful climate, and is devoted almost exclusively to

Each student was required to "take exercise in the open air for at least one hour every day unless excused by the teacher in charge." One man remembered all the Evelyn students walking along Nassau Street

Continued on page eighteen



The house which became the home of Evelyn College was named "The Pines" for the huge trees which still shade it. Built by a Miss Prevost, added to and divided by a Mr. Tohannor, it became a divided house again after Evelyn's short tenure.

Courtesy of the University Archives

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In preparing this study of Evelyn College, special acknowledgment is due to Mrs. Jane Welles Parsons and Mrs. Edgar Gibby for personal reminiscences; Mr. and Mrs. Mark Brunswick and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Sigmond for the chance to compare the interiors of "The Pines" first hand; the Alumni Council for names of possible former suitors, and Mr. Harmon H. Ashley and The Princeton University Archives for photographs and other documents. This project has been pursued under the cooperation of the Princeton History Project and the Kirkland College January Term for Independent Study.

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Evelyn Sought to Become Princeton's Radcliffe

Continued from page seventeen

followed by a "tottering" old chaperone who didn't notice them slipping notes to the Princeton boys in front of the drugstore.

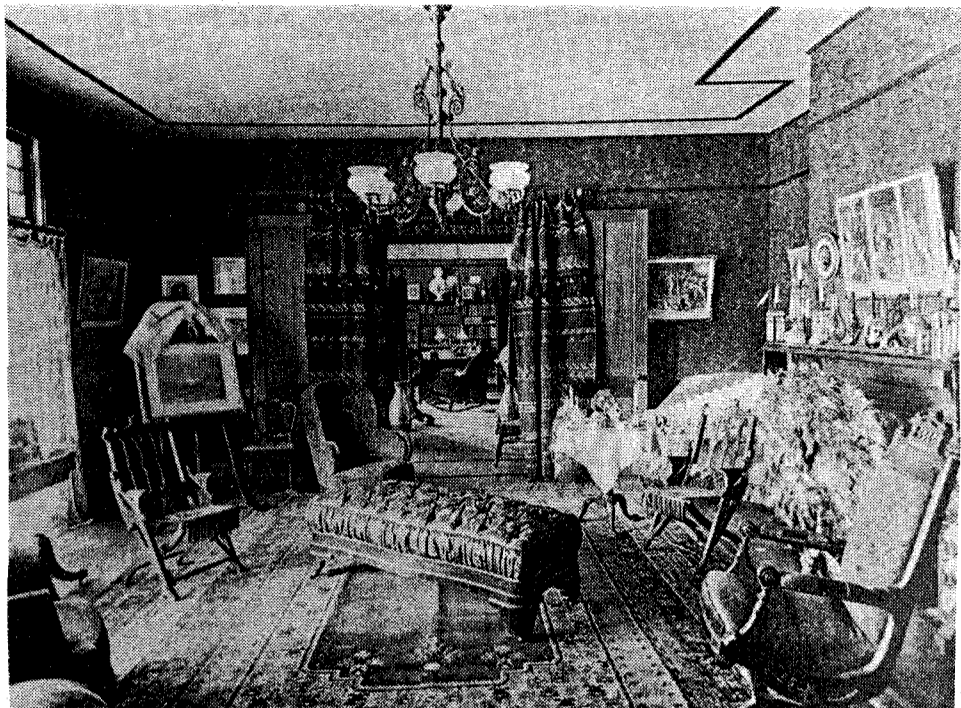
The catalogue states that "Evelyn College has no sectarian character. The students choose their own church connections. Nor is anything of the nature of coeducation represented in it. . . ." Although the girls were not required to go to church, there were morning prayers every day at the college. Mrs. Jane Welles Parsons, who went to the preparatory school at Queenscourt, remembers this ritual at The Pines: "They used to have morning prayers, kneeling prayers, and old Dr. McIlvaine would sit and read the Bible. . . . As I remember it, it was quite a big room where we had prayers in the morning, but I never went through the rest of the house." In the flyleaf of a hymnal at the First Presbyterian Church, Mrs. Parsons found this poem, written by an Evelyn student:

"The Evelyn girls say,
As at vespers they pray,
Help us good maids to be.
Give us patience to wait
'Til some subsequent date.
World without men, Ah me!"

Although the catalogue claims that "even a delicate girl can be carried safely through her college course," the academic courses at Evelyn were not merely Home Economics and weaving! The girls took Classical languages, Astronomy, Ethics, Psychology and Metaphysics.

Metaphysics Is for Men!

When professors reported to the Evelyn Trustees, they had to certify to three things: 1) that the amount of work done in all classes was the same as in the corresponding classes in Princeton College, 2) that the methods of teaching were the same, and 3) that the average standing of the students was fully equal to the average standing of the Princeton students. According to the report from one year, the girls did as well as, if not better than, the Princeton students in all of their courses of study. Academically, Harper's reported that Evelyn's "standard of scholarship and quality of work entitle it to rank with Barnard and Radcliffe." As for the attitude of the Princeton students, it was reported that they were often jealous of their female competitors and used to ask professors, "Do you mean to say that you give those Evelyn girls the



This Drawing Room (eclectic with such ornaments as the peacock, right) and the Library behind it were singled out in the Evelyn catalogue for their "home-like atmosphere."

same course in metaphysics that you give us men?"

Aside from slight jealousy, the Princeton students reacted positively to the girls at "Old Evelyn." Apparently, more than one undergraduate's mother was grateful for the "refining" influence that visits to a woman's college had brought into her son's college career. Harper's said that Evelyn "has demonstrated that the advent of women students in a college town of men raises the moral and social tone of the place. . . ." Otherwise, the opinions of the Princeton undergraduates went unrecorded.

"Dim Religious Light" Preferred

The Evelyn girls certainly had a favorable male-female ratio, and they seemed to have no trouble luring the men down the street. In the margin of a catalogue one of the girls wrote, "In fact, the [Princeton] students are so devoted to Evelyn that a police force is employed night and day to keep them off the place." She also remarked, "In case the callers don't go before 11 p.m., turn off the gas meter in the cellar."

There were numerous social events scheduled each year for the young people, including concerts, sports events, teas and dances. One of the girls reported: ". . . before Christmas comes the Junior Promenade, the social event of the Evelyn year, when the long house is thrown open and the dancers have full possession for the time being, unless we make exception of those who prefer the 'dim religious light' of the conservatory. Later in the year, the Senior Dance rivals this enjoyment. . . ." The dances went on and on!

Mrs. Parsons remembered that her first big social event was at the college. "You know, the first big party I went to wasn't a dance. I was 16 years old, and as one of the presents of the college every year, the president would give an evening — sort of like a tea for the freshman class and, of course, they were young. Well, my friends wanted me to come, and they invited me and, of course, my mother thought I was too young, but they prevailed upon her to let me go, and that was my first big party." Although they could get all the boys they wanted in Princeton, the Evelyn girls often

Courtesy of the University Archives ventured on to the Yale, Trinity and Harvard campuses.

To get an even closer look at life at Evelyn, we can follow the career of one student, Ethel Wood, class of 1895, whose scrapbook has been lent to me for this project. She was from Hartford, Connecticut, and later married and moved to Ottawa, Ontario. She kept this scrapbook

ORDER OF DANCES.		
1. TWO-STEP.	ANNIVERSARY.	ROBEY.
	Woodward	
2. TWO-STEP.	ALUMNI.	DE BAAR
	Ellis	
3. WALTZ.	EL CAPITAN.	SOUBA
	McIlvaine	
4. TWO-STEP.	{ARRAH GO ON, YOU'RE ONLY FOOLING.	DE WITT
	{RING-TAILED COLORED BAND.	ENGLE
	Littell	
5. TWO-STEP.	IN GAY NEW YORK.	KERHER
	Waterman	
6. WALTZ.	ESPAÑITA.	ROBEY
	Sutton	
7. TWO-STEP.	HAPPY DAYS IN DIXIE.	KERRY MILLS
	Lord	
8. TWO-STEP.	EL CAPITAN.	SOUBA
	Rich	
9. WALTZ.	FAIR LADY MINE.	HERMANN
	Wood	
10. TWO-STEP.	{RATTUS ON PARADE.	KERRY MILLS
	Carter	
11. TWO-STEP.	{THE HANDICAP.	ROBEY
	{THE GEISHA.	SYDNEY JONES
	Quinn	
12. WALTZ.	BLUE DANUBE.	STRAUSS
	Conroy	
13. TWO-STEP.	THE JESTERS.	ELLIS, '98
	Reynolds	
14. TWO-STEP.	{I'LL MAKE DAT BLACK GAL MINE.	DE WITT
	{BLACK AMERICA.	ZIEGLE
	Woodward	
	INTERMISSION.	
15. WALTZ.	PRINCESS BONNIE.	SPENCER
	Parsons	

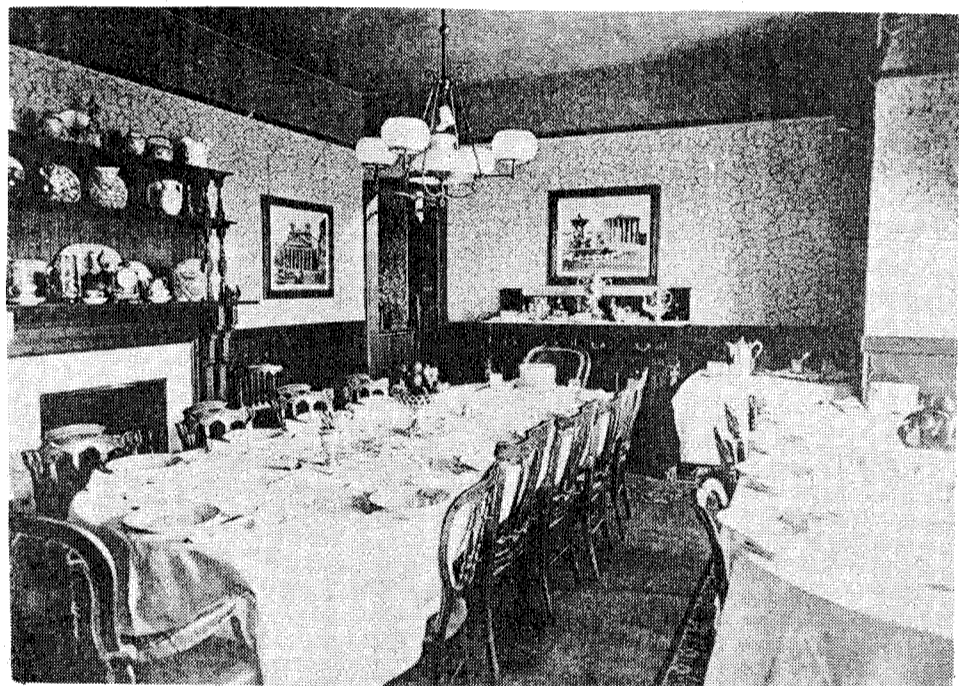
According to the dance program for a prom at Trinity College in 1897 Ethel wood danced the night away.

Courtesy of Harmon H. Ashley

from her freshman year at Evelyn until a few years after she graduated. Collected in its pages are letters, dance cards, programs, invitations, pictures of all her friends, sketches, poems, newspaper articles and other sentimental odds and ends.

Ethel was popular. She had many friends at both Evelyn and Princeton which is evident through the numerous invitations and affectionate letters she received. Her best friend was Emilie Comstock Peckam who was in the same class. During Ethel's college career she went abroad twice, and had a large house party at her summer house at Black Point off the coast of Connecticut. She went to many weddings, dances and concerts. Her suitors were many although she did

Continued on page nineteen



"Abundant, varied and wholesome food" was served in the Evelyn Dining Room where students were advised "not to wear tea gowns for breakfast."

Courtesy of the University Archives

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Ethel Wood's Scrapbook Reveals Life at Evelyn

Continued from page eighteen

not know her husband while she was at Evelyn. Ethel was president of her senior class and an active member of the softball team (short stop and substitute pitcher).

Tragedy Strikes

During Ethel's senior year tragedy struck the college — a diphtheria epidemic that involved three girls and took the lives of two. The college closed for two months while the buildings were aired out and sanitized. Instead of breaking apart the college, it brought the Evelyn students and the faculty closer together. Ethel said in her graduation speech: "This year, in the mysterious providence of God, a dark shadow has come over the institution in the death of two students. . . and no one can tell the consolation that came to our bereaved hearts in the words of a sorrowing mother who wrote to us, 'If my darling was to die away from home and away from me, there is no place in the world where I should have been so willing she should die as in her college home that she loved so well.'"

So much of the warmth that Evelyn stood for comes across in this letter that it seems tragic that such an institution should be gone just two years later. Evelyn closed its doors for a number of reasons most of which involved financial difficulties. Princeton had been supporting Evelyn with its professors (including Woodrow Wilson and President Patton), and with its facilities, but financially the donations they received were allocated for specific uses none of which included the funding of a woman's college. Harper's relates: "The endowments of Evelyn are absolutely none; it has struggled through the eight initial years of its existence upheld by the strenuous exertions of its president Dr. McIlvaine, and a few friends, who have raised what funds they could by personal solicitation. Princeton is favorably disposed toward the sister college, but Princeton has no funds to spare; it distinctly declines to bestow its own degree upon Evelyn graduates or to assume any responsibility until, it is whispered, Evelyn's foundation is sure."

Princeton refused her degree because of the opposition of a few Trustees and, of course, Evelyn was upset because the initial plan had been to become affiliated with Princeton. Unfortunately, it was at this time that Dr. McIlvaine died, leaving his two daughters in charge of the institution he had led for almost ten years. By then the enrollment was down to fourteen students. There were several articles in Princeton and other New Jersey newspapers appealing to the women of the state for financial support. Harper's pleaded, "It is a duty which men and women owe to those who are hungering and thirsting for intellectual food and drink. . ." The State Gazette reported, "...we believe [the women] will take a lively interest in the building up of a lasting testimonial to their devotion to the welfare of womankind."

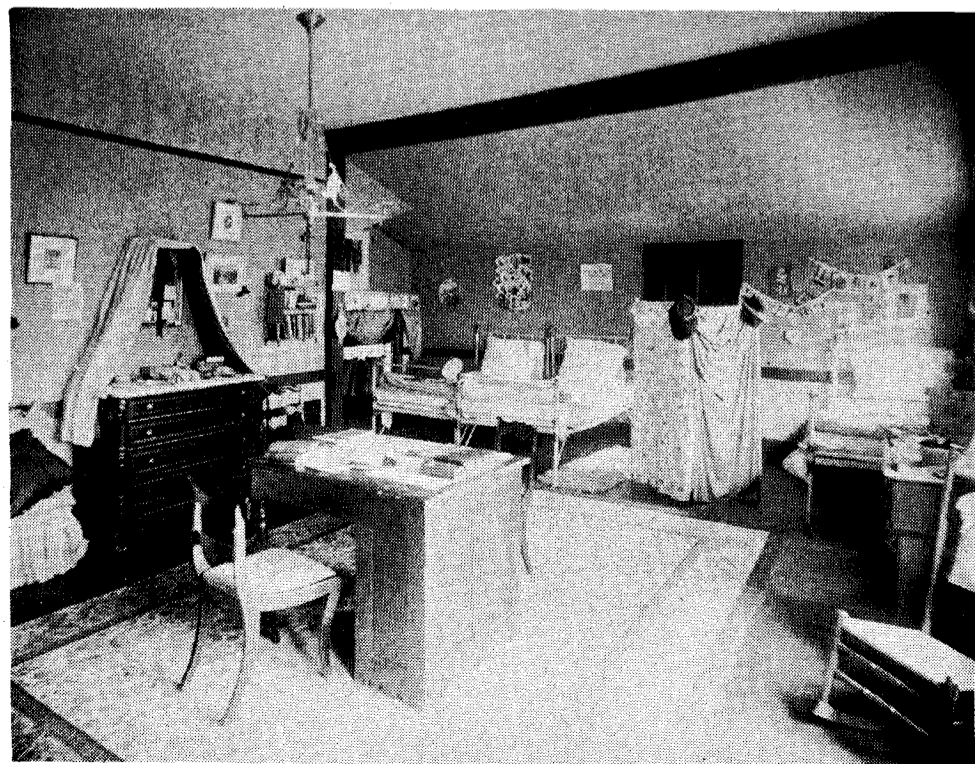
A Little Too Friendly

According to most official sources, the reasons for the closing down of Evelyn seem to be mostly financial. However, in talking to people who remember the year 1897, there is a definite feeling that several scandals also led to its downfall. Apparently the Evelyn girls became a little too friendly and set up overnight rendezvous with the Princeton students. According to one published account, there were rumors that nearby boarding houses were being used for these nocturnal "trysts." Another investigation claimed that they were meeting in deserted Ewing Street houses. The college conducted several "raids" and the reputation of "Old Evelyn" foundered. Perhaps when the parents got word of these goings on, their gifts became less generous. This could also account for the decline in enrollment.

Evelyn closed forever in 1897. The words of the class song of 1894 bring us to the sad ending:

"We linger today in the soft summer sunlight,
Each word of farewell is a rift in the lute.
Too soon in the halls where our echoes still linger,
The sound of our voices will hush and be mute."

Molly Murdoch



Many of the articles which decorated Ethel Wood's shared room at Evelyn were preserved in her scrapbook including the program for the first Princeton Triangle production, "Julius Caesar."

Courtesy of Harmon H. Ashley

HOUSEHOLD REGULATIONS

7488.15

BREAKFAST, - - - - - 7:45 A. M.
LUNCHEON, - - - - - 1
DRESSING BELL FOR DINNER, - - - - - 5.30 P. M.
DINNER, - - - - - 6 P. M.

Beds must be opened for airing and ~~masses~~ turned before breakfast. All ~~beds~~ must be made and ~~put~~ put in order ^{out} by the bell ^{ring} for ~~prayers~~ prayers.

Students must not appear at breakfast in wrappers or Tea-gowns except on Sunday morning.

MORNING PRAYERS 9 A. M.

STUDY HOURS.

FROM 9 A. M.—1 P. M.

FROM 2 P. M.—3 P. M.

FROM 7.30 P. M.—9 P. M.

No ~~going~~ going from one room to another, for any purpose whatsoever, is allowed during study hours, except by special permission.

Every student is required to take exercise in the open air for at least one hour every day, unless ~~excused~~ excused by the teacher in charge.

Gymnastic exercises required of all students not ~~excused~~ excused by order of a Physician.

Students must not go from one house to the other, after dusk, ~~unaccompanied~~ unaccompanied by a teacher.

Students are required to go to their rooms at the ringing of the dressing bell.

TIRING BELL, 9.30 P. M.

ALL LIGHTS MUST BE OUT AT 10 P. M. ^{Students}

Laundry bags are collected at 10 A. M., Sunday morning. ^{may} All garments not ready at that time must be ^{undone} preserved for the following week.

All garments sent to the Laundry must be marked with the full name. The laundress will not be responsible for ~~unmarked~~ unmarked ⁱⁿ clothing. ^{the}

A charge will be made for any mutilation or defacement of room or furniture and such charge divided among the occupants of the room. A fine of five cents will be ~~exact~~ exacted for every nail, ^{dark} tack, or pin driven into the wall or wood-work without permission.



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A group of Evelyn College girls and their escorts pause in an afternoon of pleasure for a sober moment before a friend's box camera.

Courtesy of the University Archives



The ghostly dog, who is disregarding the time-exposure requirements of the photographer, appears in other Evelyn pictures and may have served as a mascot.

Courtesy of the University Archives



Two members of the Evelyn softball team, including Ethel Wood, to the right, pose in their spiffy uniforms emblazoned with the Evelyn "E."

Courtesy of Harmon H. Ashley



EVELYN COLLEGE

—FOR—

YOUNG WOMEN

PRINCETON NEW JERSEY



Miss Ethel Wood, not content with nearby Princeton men, is shown enjoying a Regatta weekend at Yale in June 1894. One of the wooden oars, with which she decorated her hat, is included with this tintype in her scrapbook.

Courtesy of Harmon H. Ashley



This unidentified Evelyn girl seems posed in a ballgown for the Junior Promenade, when the doors were thrown open transforming the 125-foot-long string of rooms at "The Pines" into a world of romance.

Courtesy of Harmon H. Ashley



Festooned in flowers, five American beauties in the Evelyn bouquet (including Miss Ethel Wood, center) pose for a lucky local photographer.

Courtesy of Harmon H. Ashley



With one-hundred-to-one odds, Evelyn girls attracted many suitors including Mr. Alonzo de Funiak of Louisville, Kentucky, who eventually married Miss Florence Quinby.

Courtesy of Harmon H. Ashley



The identifications of this bevy of Evelyn beauties and the location of their formal pose (behind Green Hall Annex?) are unknown. Help us bring this place and these faces to life again.

Courtesy of the University Archives



Dr. Joshua Hall McIlvanine strikes a pose with a costumed group of Evelyn students (including his daughters) apparently dressed as "Merry Maids."

Courtesy of the University Archives