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William Green—His Land, House and Family

Adjoining the lands of the Reeder Green farm and the Susan Titus farm and extending south to Green Lane was the William Green farm. It extended from Pennington Road (Route 31) east to Ewingville Road. The original tract probably extended west of Route 31 and south of Green Lane. This is most difficult to determine.

The Jewell Blackwells owned and farmed this land in later years and having lived in the old brick house for some fifty years, it became locally known as the Jewell Blackwell farm. By the early 1900s the original tract, some 350 acres, had been greatly reduced.

The Rev. Eli F. Cooley in his genealogy states that some 350 acres of land were deeded to William Green from Daniel Cox in 1712. Recently an architectural firm has lamely disputed this and have failed to document exactly just what happened in the first twenty years or so of the 1700s, but more about this later. Over the next one hundred years some of the original land was deeded to the sons or sold. In the time of my great-grandfather, Samuel P. Green, the farm was bounded as follows: the northwest corner was located in the center of Pennington Road some seventy-five yards south of Carlton Avenue. The line ran east just north of the Sanson house, through the big woods to the Shabakunk Creek. This line passed some one hundred yards north of Bliss Hall, and cuts diagonally through the middle of Green Hall. Until recently there was an enormous black oak which stood on the property line a few feet from the southeast corner of Green Hall. This landmark known as The Black Oak had a long history, not only as the most famous

squirrel tree in the entire area, but as a reference point in the middle of the woods from which everything was located, such as spring flowers, hollow trees where the flickers and little screech owls lived, and the wood thrush and oven birds nested. This was only the second oven bird's nest I ever saw. It was backed up under the south side of a decayed log and well hidden in a tangle of cat briars, some twenty-five yards northeast of the Black Oak. There was also a racoon tree east of the Black Oak about where the chapel is now located. From the Black Oak the line ran on straight through the woods, then through open fields to the brow of the knoll where it bore off to the northeast and ran straight to the Ewingville Road. This line ran close to the present roadway which separates the tennis courts and the girls' dormitories. Originally this line fence separated the brick yard field on the old Green farm and Susan Titus' apple orchard. The line passed just south of the power plant and the maintenance building. After crossing the creek the line ran west of the Antheil School and Armstrong field to Green Lane. From this corner it extended west the entire length of Green Lane to Pennington Road and then up Pennington Road to the point of beginning, just south of Carlton Avenue.

In later years the portion of the farm that lay east of the Shabakunk (between the creek and Ewingville Road) was owned by William A. Green, my grandfather's brother, and was deeded to Thomas Crozier about 1873 and contained some 130 acres. It thus became the Crozier farm for twenty years and then it was turned over to John Wesley Vernam, whose wife was Lillie Crozier, daughter of Thomas. This was about 1895. In recent years it became the Kundl farm and is now owned by Ewing Township.

The original Green Homestead stands some one hundred yards up a gravel lane, north of Green Lane. It can be most easily reached by entering the Trenton State College Green Lane entrance. There were two large fields separating the farm buildings from Pennington Road, yet the house and barns were plainly visible from Pennington Road. Dr. Cooley claims this old house was the first brick house in Ewing Township, being built in 1717. This may be difficult to prove, but is doubly hard to disprove. It is true that the brickwork in the east end of the house is Flemish bond, the same as the Trent House which was built in 1719. But more about the details later. The house is ideally located atop a small knoll, with the yard sloping down to the south and east with the lane and wagon yard to the north. To the north of the wagon yard was the wagon and machinery shed, with its overhead loft and east of this was the big cellar barn with the back lane separating the two buildings and running north some 200 yards to the north spring. The front lane was once lined with big trees and passed very close to the west end of the old smoke

William Green house as it looked in 1960. The smoke house stood just to the right in foreground and close beside the lane. The spring is to the right at the south east corner of the yard. The old wagon shed is in the background.

house before coming up the grade and curving around the west end of the old house to the wagon yard.

The first member of the Green family to come to this area was William Green. He came from England as a young man in the latter part of the 1600s, arriving in Philadelphia where he stayed a short time, then traveled to New York. There he met the Reeder family who had settled in the village of New Town, Long Island, and married Joanna Reeder, who was either the sister or daughter of John Reeder. John Reeder was living in New Town, Long Island in 1656 as his name appears on deeds from the Indians. (It would thus appear that Joanna was the daughter of John Reeder.) It was probably his son who moved to Ewing Township before 1700. This could be the reason William Green settled in Ewing at about the same time. The old Reeder homestead, now owned by the state and sometimes called the Jones farm, still stands on the Bear Tavern Road opposite the airport. This old farm known as "Rose-Hill" was in the Reeder family for over 200 years. My father's first cousin, Alfred Reeder, was the last of the family to be born in the old house.

William Green and Joanna Reeder came to Ewing about 1700 or a short time before. He purchased 350 acres of land and built the first portion of the old brick house. The beginnings of the house are very

The Green family, seated on front porch of the Amos Reeder Green farmhouse (Pennington Road and Carlton Avenue) L to R— Augustine Scudder, wife of William; William, Henry P. Green's oldest son; Mary Lee, wife of Fred; Fred, Henry P. Green's second oldest son; Louise Smith, wife of Harry; Henry P. Green, my grandfather; Virginia Reeder, my grandmother. On extreme right is my Dad, Amos Reeder Green, youngest of the Green family. Child seated on porch is unknown. To her left is Harry, Henry P. Green's third oldest son. Note three Irish setters in foreground.

dim as there are no records. The old Green and Reeder bible records do not go that far back. It is hard to say where Reverend Cooley obtained his information. It has always been family tradition that the first brick portion was constructed in 1717 and that there was a brick high up in the west wall dated 1717 in small numerals, probably only an inch high. My grandfather said this was true, but I cannot recall my father saying that he actually saw this brick. Today this brick may be abscured by an old roof line on the west wall of the old portion of the house.

But this we do know, that the first William Green came to Ewing about 1700, built a house, reared a family of seven sons and four daughters who were born in the house, and died in 1722. The sons can be traced down very well, but there are no records of the girls. James (Jimmy) and Alexander Green, whose houses still stand on the West Upper Ferry Road, were descendants of William and Joanna's oldest son, Richard. It was Alexander B. Green whose daughter Louisa married Harvey Fisk, and in the waiting room of Mercer

Medical Center there is a plaque to Louisa Green Fisk for donating the land to build the hospital. Armitage Green, whose red brick house still stands on Upper Ferry Road (the Russell Atchley farm later), was a descendant of the fourth son, Benjamin.

William Green (the second), the third son, was born in 1702 and died in 1786. He continued living on the farm where he raised his family. William Green (the first) was one of the first judges in Hunterdon County. The date on his little brown field stone tombstone indicates his death in 1722. The grave was originally close by the foundation of the old Ewing Church, and when the church was enlarged in 1867 the grave was moved a few yards. My Dad told me how he, as a boy, and his father (Henry) moved the stone and then carefully dug down through the turf and mouldering heap to where the casket had been placed some 160 years before. All that was left in the thin layer of ashy mould were some bone fragments, a metal buckle and some buttons. These were gathered up and placed in a small pine box and buried in a shallow grave further from the church. The stone stood in this location for some one hundred years. Recently it was moved to line up with other stones to make yard maintenance easier.

William Green (the second) lived in the old house for eighty-four years and had four children, Enoch, William III, Joanna and Mary. William had married Lydia, the daughter of Enoch Armitage. Their son, William III, served in the Revolution at the battles of Trenton and Monmouth. In 1929 the children of the William M. Lanning School placed a bronze plaque on the west end of the old house commemorating his serving in the War of Independence under George Washington.

William Green III, the grandson of William I, was my great-great-grandfather. He was born in 1743 and died in 1815 at the age of 72. He married Phebe, the daughter of Samuel Moore, and had seven children, all born in the old Green house. The sons were Dr. Enoch, Elijah and Samuel. Enoch died rather young, Elijah never married and Samuel continued on the farm. Of the daughters, Lydia married Israel Carl, Rebecca married John Welling, Sarah died young and Mary married John Jones.

Samuel continued to live on the farm and raise a family of nine children, having married Mary Perrine. From this period on the history becomes more complete and interesting, since the stories and happenings of the past were carried down by word of mouth. My father often talked about Aunts Emily, Lyd, Hann and Uncles Will and Lewis and their tales and escapades and what troubles they had. Our problems today are tiny compared to those of yesterday. They not only had to keep warm in winter with drafty sooty fireplaces, but provide food from the nearest store, which was in Tren-

The field stone grave marker, dated 1722, is located close by the south east corner of Ewing Church (has been relocated twice).

ton. There was no cool place to keep it except the cellar floor or in the spring. There was not much cure for diphtheria, scarlet fever or tuberculosis and in those days these diseases took a sizeable toll. Samuel Green's family which grew up in the old brick house were: Emily, who married Henry Bilyeau; William A. who married Catherine Moore; Phebe, who married Francis Sneed; Henry (my grandfather), who married Virginia Reeder (going back into the Reeder family); Lydia; Sarah, who married David Jefferies and moved to Brooklyn; Hannah, who married Henry Lanning and died in her early twenties after having one daughter, Hannah, who married William Henry Reed. They had a daughter, Fanny, who married Ed Evans and lived on the farm on Federal City Road where new U.S. Route I-95 cuts across it. The old farm house still stands close by the new road. Next came Uncle Lewis Green who went to

Australia and raised a family there, and John Green who married Elizabeth Scudder and moved to Kansas. Their daughter, Sarah, married my cousin Robert Welling Green and in later years they bought and lived in the old Scudder house at Scudder Falls on the Delaware.

Samuel Green was always known to us as "Devil Sam" because he was a great teaser or trickster, always playing jokes on someone and one could never tell for sure whether he was serious or just kidding. Samuel lived in the homestead his entire life and operated the farm up until the Civil War period. He died April 1, 1859 and was buried in Ewing Church Cemetery, as were all his forebearers.

After the passing of Samuel, his two sons that remained at home continued to run the farm. Henry P. Green stayed in the old house and operated the farm and land west of the Shabakunk Creek, while William A. took the land east of the creek. This was sold later to Thomas Crozier about 1873.

Henry P. Green, my grandfather, was the last Green to raise a family in the old brick house. He married Virginia, daughter of the first Amos Reeder, who was a brother to Abner Reeder the silversmith. Henry and Virginia had four sons and two daughters. The girls died very young contracting scarlet fever. William, the oldest, married Augustine Scudder; Frederick married Mary Lee and lived in Trenton; Henry married Louisa Smith and operated a stall in the old Washington Market off South Broad Street in Trenton; and Amos Reeder, the youngest child, married Myra Hellings (my father and mother). Henry P. bought the farm at the east end of Carlton Avenue (a Hendrickson farm, which later became the Reeder Green farm), and placed his son William, and wife Augustine, on it to farm. After some years Uncle William, as he was known to us, was lured to the city and his father took over the farm and eventually moved there.

About this time a friend of Henry P. Green wanted to start in the nursery or fruit tree business. The scheme was to buy peach pits, plant them, and when the seedlings were two or three years old they would be dug and shipped to Georgia where they would be budded, replanted and then sold to peach growers all over the country. The pits were to be planted in rows in Web Lanning's twenty acre field. This was across from the Ewing Driving Park on Pennington Road, south of Ewingville. This seemed like a sound project and since farming was not too profitable in this period after the Civil War, Henry went on a note for several thousand dollars. This undertaking was headed up and directed by people by the name of Bilyeau. These folks may have been relations by marriage as Henry's sister Emily married a Henry Bilyeau. Anyway, the Bilyeaus needed money for their project and Henry furnished it, much to his sorrow

later on. The seedlings grew and were cultivated for two years, then dug and shipped to Georgia and the Bilyeaus followed. This was the last ever heard of the Bilyeaus or the trees and it was never known whether it was a trick or whether they really lost their shirt too. As a result of this note my grandfather lost the old farm. That was one thing my Dad would not do even for his closest friend—put up collateral on a loan, and he impressed this on me many times.

My Dad, Amos Reeder, was the very last Green to be born in the William Green house and that was on September 2, 1863. He and his older brother Harry were great pals. They hunted and fished together and knew the territory for miles around. They walked to the little school on Ewingville Road as did all the other Greens for generations past, across the fields and up the creek. This saved a mile of walking each way. They would go north up the back lane past the spring, skirt the edge of the woods, through Susan's farm yard and past her house. They followed the worm fence past the forebay to Wenzel's meadow and then followed the Shabakunk to the bridge on Ewingville Road. My Dad was not too interested in book learning and going to school as he liked to work on the farm and just be out of doors. He was sent home from school for fighting with an older boy for something that happened to his new straw hat before he graduated. (This is one of the many tales told by Ed Reed and Alf Lanning.) My Dad never went back to that school, as my grandfather sent him to Lasher's School in Pennington. The story is that Professor Lasher was very strict and used his cane to enforce order and in due time the cane was about to be used on my father,

Amos Reeder Green.

Myra Hellings Green (Mrs. Amos Reeder Green).

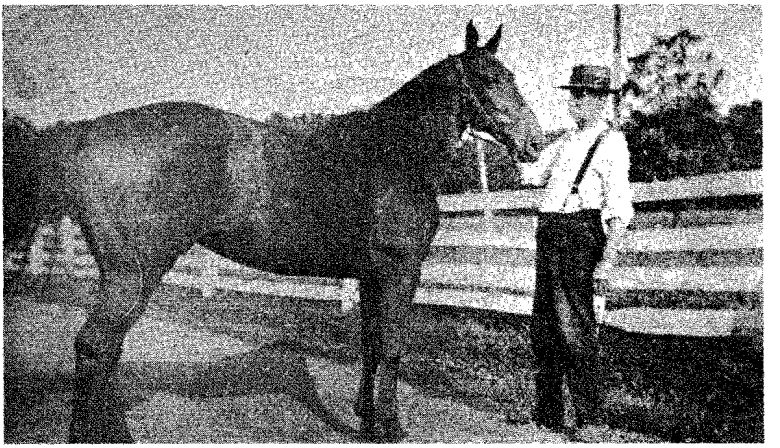
Lurena Carter Hellings (Mother of Mrs. A. Reeder Green) Mrs. Hellings lived with Mr. and Mrs. Green.

and probably rightly so. After the first belt my Dad said, "I grabbed the cane, give it a quick twist and tossed it out of the open window." For this he was expelled, never to go to school again. When he came home early that day his father said, "Well boy, if you won't go to school you had better get to work. There is an extra team in the stable and you can start plowing the upper end of the brick yard field." (Between the T.S.C. water tower which was removed in 1978 and the girls' dorms.) From that time on my Dad farmed and in those days farming was hard heavy work, so he got to be a very husky lad and as Alf Lanning said, "He and Ed Reed were just as strong as oxen." I remember Alf told me once that when they had parties, socials, picnics, etc. the boys from Trenton would crash in or fool around with the local girls, it was always the Green boys who straightened them out and when it was over these lads knew they had been straightened. This could very well be as he was just short of six feet and weighed over 200 pounds. In later years he got heavier, up to 230, when he was a constable in the township with Ed Reed.

My father married Myra Hellings, daughter of Edwin Hellings who moved from Taylorsville, Pa. about 1880 and bought a Hendrickson farm on Pennington Road, north of Charles Parker's farm. The red brick house still stands at Pennington Road and Central Avenue. I have two sisters, Virginia Mary Green Bainbridge and Edith Headley Green Orr—a third sister died in infancy.

My Uncle Harry Green had one son (now deceased) Henry Holmes Green whose children are Henry, Jr. and Mary Louise.

William E. Green and Augustine Scudder had seven children and they were: Holmes, Anna Louisa, Robert Welling (who later bought the John Scudder house opposite the falls), Matilda, Mary and Wil-



Edward Hellings (grandfather of the writer) with one of his prize horses, Mayday.

liam or "Little Bill" as he was always known to us, since he was the baby of the family. William had four children: Wilbur, Samuel, Robert and Eloise. Samuel married Evelyn Stead and they have one son, William.

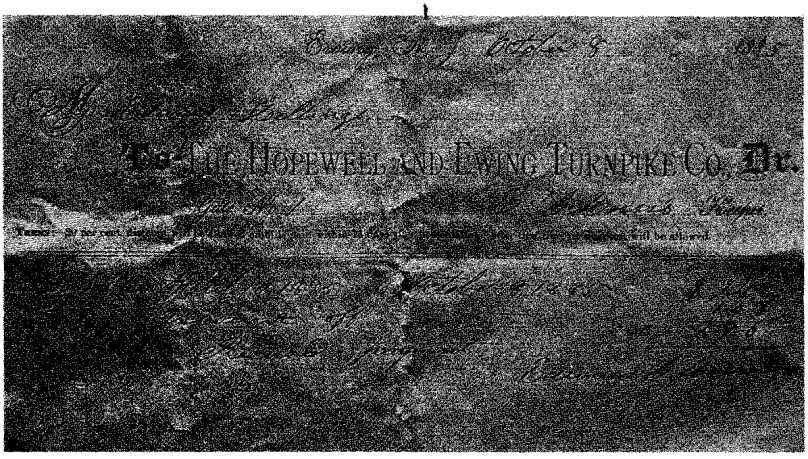
The story of the division of the first William Green's farm is long and complicated. Let us now try to trace how and when this land was divided. Some of his tract of land must have been south of Green Lane (the old Harrop farm) and possibly west of Pennington Road, in order to account for the 350 acres. There is little information on the original boundaries.

We do know the boundaries of the old farm when his great-grandson, Samuel Green divided it between his sons, William A. Green and Henry P. Green. This was described earlier in this chapter.

William A. Green's portion, east of the Shabakunk, saw little change except for ownership. After William A., the farm became the Crozier farm, then the Vernam farm, and lastly the Kundl farm, before Ewing Township bought it and built the Antheil School and Armstrong field.

Henry P. Green's portion, west of the Shabakunk to Pennington Road, saw enormous changes. After he left the farm and old house, it became the Lydia Ann Moore farm, and at her death contained some 125 acres.

In 1910 some twenty acres of the Pennington Road frontage of the farm were sold to F.C. Leaming by the Moore family. This was the start of the Green Curve Realty Co., which divided the land into lots 75 to 100 feet wide, and varying in depth to 430 feet. This frontage



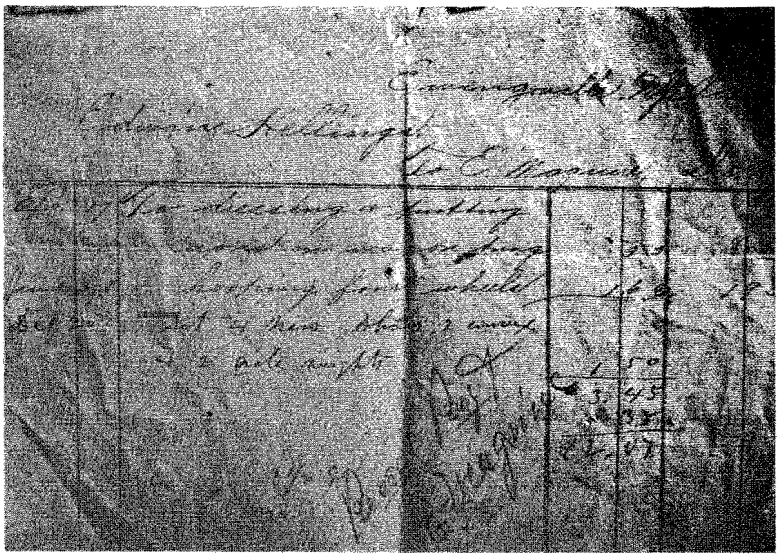
Bill to Edwin Hellings (grandfather of writer) for toll on old Pennington Turnpike.

extended from the northwest corner of the farm (at A. Reeder Green's farm lane) south to Green Lane. Over a period of thirty years the present houses were constructed.

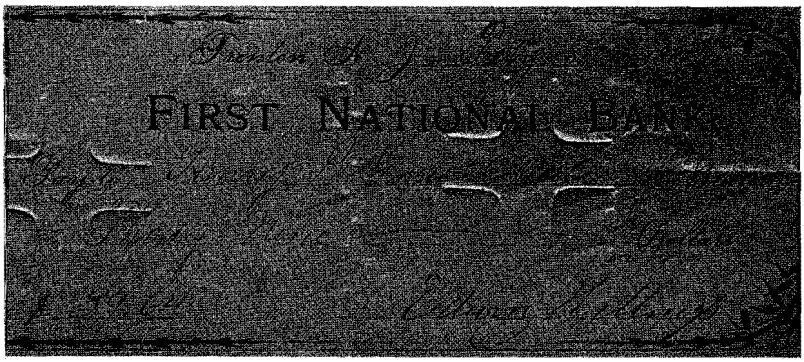
Eckford Moore and others, heirs of Lydia Ann Moore, sold the farm to Willis P. Bainbridge in 1910. Mr. Bainbridge was a lawyer and had tenants live in the old house and farm the land. At one time Alf Lanning and his brother, Wallace, lived in the house. Other farmers who farmed it were Wesley VanNoy, William Wyckoff and Ira Bainbridge.

In 1912, Mr. Bainbridge sold the property to George A. Andrews, who came to this area from Maryland. Mr. Andrews lived in the house, along with William Paxton and his wife, who was Bessie Morris, the daughter of John (Dad) Morris, who farmed on what is now Carlton Avenue at VanDuyn Drive. William Paxton had a large herd of cows and Mr. Andrews ran a milk route in Trenton. After the death of Mr. Andrews, the farm was left to his son Charles and his four daughters, Annie, Emma, Leonora and Lillian. In June of 1915 Charles Andrews and his sisters sold the 125 acres to A. Jewell Blackwell, Sr.

When the Jewell Blackwells took over the Green farm it was in a rather run-down condition. The land needed lime and fertilizer, the fences required rebuilding, the buildings had to be repaired. All this the Blackwells soon accomplished. Their large herd of cows soon had the meadows pastured off until they looked like a golf course. The only trees in either meadow were a few water willows and a dozen or so very large pin oaks. Some of these still stand by the creek. The big fields were soon growing excellent crops of corn,



Bill for blacksmith work from Ed Maguire to Edwin Hellings, (grandfather of writer).



Check for payment of taxes from Edwin Hellings (grandfather of writer) to Henry P. Green (grandfather of writer) Tax Collector.

wheat, oats and clover hay, thanks to the stable manure which was spread each year. The Blackwells set out fruit orchards north of the barn where they also had a large garden. The Blackwells were wonderful farmers and soon the farm became one of the best in the neighborhood and in the years to come it became known as the Blackwell farm. After the passing of Jewell, Sr., Jewell, Jr. continued on, but in time he required help. This is when Clarence Jones came to live in half of the old house and work the land.

The Blackwells modernized the house, bringing in electric

power, modern heat and water. Cliff Tilton drilled a well, making the windmill and its elevated tank obsolete. With the passing of the windmill also went the smokehouse. I believe the old bricks were taken across Green Lane and reused in a house being built there.

A. Jewell Blackwell, son of A. Jewell and his wife, Emma, married Florence Stryker, and had two daughters, Sarah and Malvina who grew up on the old farm. Both girls are married. Mrs. Blackwell Jr. lives next door to Sarah near Solebury, Pa. and Malvina lives in the midwest.

After 1920 the Blackwells sold off several lots on the north side of Green Lane and houses gradually sprang up along the road.

With the development of Hillwood, Mr. C. V. Hill purchased some thirty-five acres of land from the Blackwells on the north side of the farm in November 1922. This is the land on which was built Bliss Hall, Packer Gymnasium and parts of Green and Kendall Halls.

After the death of Jewell Blackwell, Sr., his widow Emma, and his son and wife sold eighty acres to the State of New Jersey in August 1940. This increased the size of the college campus greatly. This eighty acres took all of the old Green farm except the brick homestead and some eight acres around it.

The Jewell Blackwells lived in the homestead until he sold it and the remaining land around it to the State in July 1960.

Thus ended the farm that William Green first farmed 260 years earlier.

After the Blackwells moved the Salois family moved in. Mr. Robert Salois was a professor and football coach at T.S.C. They lived there for a time and after they moved the house stood vacant for a period until Mr. Sheldon Cubberley moved in. At about this time there was much talk of fixing up the house and adding large wings to the east and west ends of it, making it into a large home for the college president, Dr. Huessler. However, because of the prohibitive cost, this was not done. This enormous change would have destroyed the character of the old colonial house. After Sheldon Cubberley moved, the house was vacant again. Over the past twenty years lack of repairs and poor maintenance has taken its toll.

Through the efforts of Miss Gail Kuser, the house was placed on the State and National Register of Historic Places. Miss Kuser is President of the Ewing Township Historic Preservation Society.

Dr. Clayton Brower, President of Trenton State College, and Mrs. Brower are very much interested in the restoration of the house. Dr. Ray Wheeler is busy seeking funds and financial assistance toward the restoration. To date two grants have been received from the New Jersey Historic Sites Department for site analysis and architectural restoration drawings.

Let me now describe the house itself. The south elevation is brick

construction, but of two different types of coursing. The easterly half of the south elevation and on the east end of the house, the bricks are laid in Flemish bond fashion. That is, every other brick in every course is placed with its short dimension or end parallel to the face of the wall, making every other brick a header. The William Trent House in Trenton is this type construction. The westerly half of the south elevation, the westerly half of the north elevation and on the west end and bricks are laid up in common bond. In this construction several courses are laid up with their long side parallel to the face of the wall and then a header course is placed in which every brick is placed with its short side or end parallel to the face of the wall. The header bricks tie the inside and outside faces of the wall together. This common bond type of construction is generally used today. Thus, it would seem that the east portion was built first.

The house has some thirteen rooms, six on the first floor and seven bedrooms and a storage space on the second floor. Two large parlors take up the south side of the first floor. For each of these rooms there is a door which opens onto a long porch that looks out over the yard and garden. The big spring is on the left and the smoke house on the right. There are three rooms and a shed kitchen on the north side of the first floor. This kitchen was added when the Blackwells lived there. There are two entrances to the house from the north or wagon yard side. The door near the center of the houseopens into a center hall from which a stair starts to the second floor.

From the hall there is a door to the small room in the north east corner of the house. This small room has a large corner fireplace in it and was known as the maternity room. For three or four generations all the Greens living in the old house, over a period of some hundred years or more, were born in the corner room and many of them left this world years later from the same room.

As stated earlier, my Dad was the very last Green to be born in this room in 1863, and very probably the last person ever to be born in this room.

From the west end of the west parlor there is a concealed stair to the second floor. It sharply winds its way up along the fireplace and chimney.

The second floor bedrooms are not all accessable to the stairways. Some rooms have to be entered through an adjoining bedroom. Many of the bedrooms had no fireplace. The three chimneys provided for several fireplaces throughout the house. All the water for the house had to be carried from the spring in the front yard.

The out-house stood beside the chicken house and was screened from view by the grape arbor. The good old days may have been all right, but it made for much work and inconvenience.

The old brick homestead of William Green clearly shows three

periods of construction. First, the easterly portion with the bricks laid up in Flemish bond fashion. Second, the westerly portion with the bricks laid up in common bond fashion. This westerly portion is wider than the easterly half, creating an L shaped structure. Third, squaring out the house is a frame portion in the northeast corner. Thus today the house is rectangular in shape with a common roof covering all three sections.

From the attic in the west portion an old roof line can be seen on the west wall of the east section. This clearly indicates that a previous structure stood where the west portion is today.

My theory is that this was the first house where William and Joanna lived and started raising a family. Whether it was built by William Green or one John Severns, no one knows. This house could have been built about 1700 and as William's family grew and he became more affluent, he constructed the east end of the present brick house and finished it in 1717, seven years before his death. Then many years later the old frame or log house was replaced by the present west portion. Still later the frame northeast corner was added, squaring the house out and roofing the entire house with a simple pitched roof.

Today with money from gifts, grants and matching funds, this old brick house is about to be preserved. Architects are preparing plans to restore it to its exact original period.

This is the very last old house to exist in the area covered by this book. Many of the 50 year old houses on the campus are gone and it is wonderful that this old farm house is going to be spared the bulldozer.

It is hoped that this old landmark that predates the Revolution by two generations may stand for many more and shall have a useful and historic purpose.

17

Green – Blackwell Farm

I shall try to recall the old William Green farm as I remember it back at the time of the first World War as a ten-year-old boy.

Friday was market day and when I was small my Dad would take me along to Trenton in the market wagon. After the farm produce was sold and the staple food items were purchased, we would start for home. On the way several stops might have to be made. First, the Trenton library, then Bill Fell or Joe Miller's barber shop where my Dad had his hair cut (he always cut mine), then maybe to Hiram Delp to get hand pump parts or leather washers. The next stop was James Hesters where he bought feed, binder twine or tarred string. By this time it would be approaching noon. It was a long ride up Pennington Road. The road was then crushed stone, rolled with a steam roller and covered with tar. Pot holes were beginning to develop with the increased use of the auto. This was a great improvement over years before when my Dad remembered wagons getting stuck in quagmires in the middle of the road on Harper's hill. If we had any items such as plow shares, mowing machine blades, pump parts, etc. for Will Wyckoff who lived on the old Green farm, then my Dad would drive up the alley (Green Lane) after crossing the trolley tracks. The only houses on the alley then were Wes Vannoy's (now moved across the street and owned by Lt. Masterson of the Ewing police force), the Morefelt house and the Van Fleet house where Joe Van Fleet lived. There were no houses on the south side until one got to Allens (the old Harrop house). Just before turning in the lane to Wyckoff's we would pass the gravel pit on the left. This was located between Van Fleet's house and the lane and in those days

was quite a depression with a fairly steep hill up the west side. This was the coasting spot in the area, having a one hundred yard run. The pit had been created years before by taking out the gravel to build the Alley and Green farm yard and lanes. It was not so long ago when the alley was a narrow, hard, smooth gravel road. The gravel pit and the area around it was a treeless cultivated field and known as the gravel pit field. This field extended from the lane west to a fence located near the east side of the township parking lot. This fence ran north (through the parking lots at Trenton State College) to the southwest corner of the big woods (the east end of Bliss Hall). It was intersected by two or three east-west cross fences and at one of the intersections was the well and a small clump of trees.

After passing the gravel pit we turned left down the gravel lane which had a low spot in the center where a drainage culvert crossed. The lane at this time had rows of silver maple trees on either side, planted by Henry P. Green. These trees not only extended along the lane but along the alley to Pennington Road and along Pennington Road to the Reeder Green house opposite Carlton Avenue. This row of big maples planted some fifty or sixty feet apart were a landmark for years. They built the trolley track just west of them and Mr. Leaming laid his new concrete sidewalk just to the east of them. When these trees were taken down years later it changed the appearance of the neighborhood a great deal.

As we start up the grade in the old lane we reach the front yard where stood several large old pine and hemlock trees, two or three of which still stand. In the southwest corner of the yard and close by the lane stood the brick smoke house with its weathered shingle roof. The red bricks had been whitewashed years before, but had weathered off in spots showing the red brick beneath. I suppose the house was twelve or fourteen feet square and seven or eight feet to the eaves. The door in the east end opened to a gravel path which lay diagonally across the yard to the house. At the eaves of the structure rested timber beams on the top of the brick walls. These beams were spaced some sixteen inches on centers with very sharp rusty meat hooks attached every foot. The brick chimney, with its heavy iron damper was built over a very crude open fireplace on the west end. Everything inside the house was jet black and covered with soot and with the damper closed and the door shut it was very black inside. This smoke house had not been used in years, but at one time it was a very important part of the farm and the way of life. The hams, shoulders, side meat, strips of bacon were hung from the sharp hooks in the beams and then a smoldering hickory wood fire would be built and the chimney damper closed. The dense smoke would be retained in the house for days. In my grandfather's time my Dad could remember them going to the Delaware River and bringing

home three or four big sturgeon, six or seven feet long that would completely fill the bottom of the farm wagon. These fish would be divided among the neighbors, enough being kept to cut into long slabs and smoked in the smokehouse. Years later the sturgeon became scarce and my grandfather would go to White's fishery at Scudder Falls and get shad and herring to smoke.

Upon passing the smoke house and rounding the grade, my Dad would pull up to the big stepping stone at the back door, where some of the women folks would come out to greet us and take the store items they had asked us to get. In those days there was not a store in the area. Trenton was the nearest place. Any farm items or repairs were taken to the wagon shed. This was the last building to be demolished and was done so very recently—in 1973 I believe.

The men would be coming in from the fields for dinner and if they had been tedding or raking hay I was delighted. This might mean coming back in the afternoon and hauling hay. In those days two or three farmers would get together at harvest time and help each other. What we called changing work. Mr. Wyckoff might say, "Reeder, I have six or eight loads of hay fit to come in, could you give me a hand this afternoon?" I was much too little to even help clean up behind the pitchers, so I had a chance to roam all over the farm. There were so many places and things to investigate I never had time for it all. I had to explore the wagon house chamber where all the tools were hanging in their places, as this was the repair shop. Also the big cellar barn where the tread power and the machines it drove intrigued me, as well as the windmill with its wooden water tank. I always got soot on me from snooping inside the smokehouse. The springs, too, were of great interest and to have wet feet was a must.

It would be noon by now and the horse and I would be very impatient because we were both hungry. Finally my Dad would let the horse go after many anxious and false starts. At a spirited gait we would turn out of the alley and up Pennington Road. The trolley track was close by the road and we always hoped that no trolley cars had to pass us on the way home, since most horses did not appreciate them very much. We passed no houses on Pennington Road until we got to Elwood Hendricksons. This house, long since gone, stood just south of Lanning Avenue which was then the lane into the Gendek farm (formerly the Waterman farm). The Lanning School had not been built yet and the area was all open fields. This school was built in 1914. About this time John Howard was building the pinkish brick house at the bend in the road north of Lanning School and Bill Smith was building the house that stood where the Methodist Church now stands and where the Leaming family grew up. Opposite this house about where Dr. Kniffin later built the

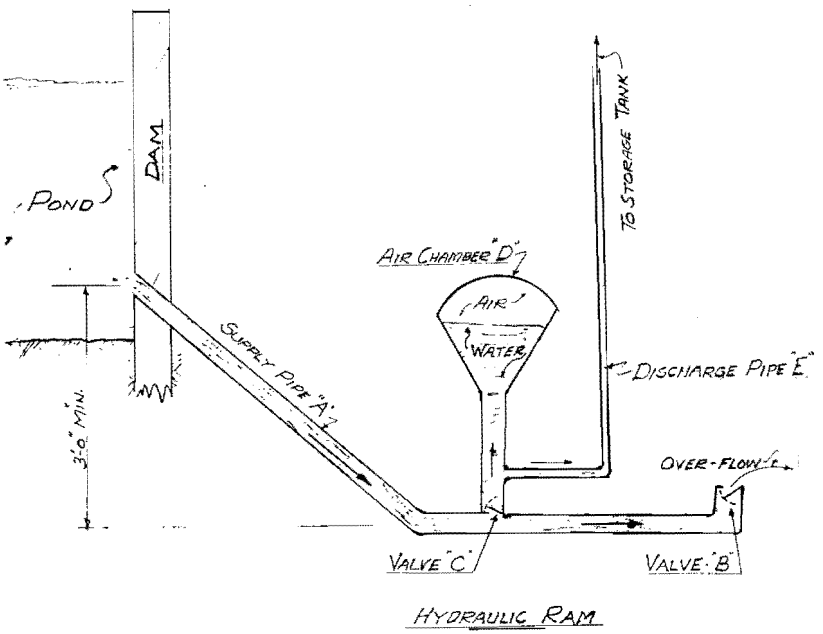
Calvin Keppler getting back on trolley after turning signal light at switch located near the Kniffin house.

square white stucco house, was the trolley switch where trolley cars could pass each other. The tracks curved away from the main track close by the big elm tree. This was a huge tall tree with its high up branches reaching skyward; but it finally fell before the Dutch elm disease and was taken down some years ago. The big stump was taken out recently. At the switch was a signal switch and light which the motorman had to operate manually. Cal Keppler would get off the car and turn off the light behind him and turn on the one ahead. If he were going north he would turn off the light at Parker's switch and turn the one on at Cornell's.

Our lane turned in over the tracks just north of the switch into the wagon yard. Here the groceries were unloaded and after feeding the horses we had dinner—not lunch—which was always ready by the time we had washed up. We had a real meal at noon, as did all farmers, meat, potatoes, sweet corn, pole limas, tomatoes and probably fresh made pie: two pieces for the men folks. The word calorie was unheard of in those days and we really lived to eat.

After dinner the horses were watered and the heavy farm harness put on. Of course, kid like, I watched all the details of these operations and it was not long before I could throw a set of harness over a horse's back by the hames, buckle the hame string, place the crup-

per strap under the tail and slip the belly band through the breast strap and buckle it. The horses were hitched to the rack wagon and after making sure the pitch forks and corner stakes were aboard, my Dad and hired man, Aaron Lawyer, and I would start out the back gate across the field to the woods. Corner stakes were very stout hickory or dogwood poles some ten feet long, sharpened slightly at the butt end to engage a ring on the wagon body. These stakes formed the four corners of the load of hay. At the edge of the woods was a barway. This consisted of three chestnut rails which engaged in posts with slotted holes. The top rail was sometimes wedged in the hole with a short rail, this being done to prevent the rail being loosened by cows scratching their necks or rubbing along it. It was my job to run and take the bars down and put them up behind the wagon. The big shagbark hickory stood close by this barway as did the white oak and a huge sassafras tree. These three landmarks all were uprooted by the bulldozer some fifteen years ago and at present this area is just open space. We would then skirt the west end of the woods to the corner, then east along the south border to the fence which ran from about where the gym is to the north end of the back line. The upper spring was located here in the end of a depression or ravine several feet deep and partially covered with black alder or elderberry bushes. The wagon would turn off and head for the hay field where the rake had left neatly lined up windrows. Most always there would be two wagons; one loading in the field while the other was being unloaded at the barn. Loading hay was not as easy as it looked. There would be a man on each side of the wagon pitching on while the man on the load had to place each fork full in a precise manner, or half the hay might fall off on the way to the barn as it jolted over the rough hard ground. A big fork full of hay would be placed at each of the four corners, hard up against the stakes, then edges or outside course would be filled in with the center area placed last in order to bind in the outside course. Even pitching was quite an art. With a three tine long handled fork the pitcher would carefully fold over the rake full of hay and raise it over his head, keeping the fork handle on the ground to help carry most of the weight. At this instant if the folding and placing of the fork had not been done properly the fork full of hay one had been balancing over head would just come apart and cascade all over. Hay seeds and dust would be not only in the eyes, but down the shirt and finally lodged at the waistline where the seeds would scratch and itch. The stray loose hay that the pitcher did not get the first time had to be gathered up and when I got two or three years older that was one of my first jobs. My Dad made me short handled forks out of a fork with a cracked handle. That was my fork forever after and I would scurry from one side of the load to the other and clean up behind both



Water rushes down pipe "A", building up a pressure that closes valve "B". This creates a back pressure in "A", that causes valve "C" to open and allows a small quantity of water to enter air chamber "D". The pressure in "D" builds up causing valve "C" to close. The pressure in "D" being greater than the pressure in the discharge pipe "E", a tiny amount of water is forced up "E" to an elevated storage tank. This cycle is continuous and is repeated every few seconds.

pitchers, which saved them a lot of time. Being too small yet to do this clean up job, I would wander off to the upper spring which was most interesting to a boy.

The spring was located just east of the end of the back lane and was a fifty gallon wooden barrel with the heads knocked out and submerged until it was nearly flush with the depressed area adjacent to the spring. There was a notch cut in the side of the barrel for the overflow. There was always a two or three inch stream which never dried up. This is all changed now. The paved areas and storm

sewers have starved the spring of its water supply and it is now only a quagmire that is being filled in with trash and tree stumps. The water in this spring was crystal clear and very cold. One could look down through three feet of water and see the white sand bubbling up all over the bottom two or three inches and the grains of sand were magnified by the water. In the bottom of the spring lived small crawfish and tiny salamanders and maybe a few penny bugs scurrying about on the surface. A discolored drinking cup was turned down over a broken sapling near by, but we had our private drinking cup—a half coconut shell hidden in the leaves of a wild grape vine.

It was in this spring that my Dad and Uncle Harry, as boys, had a big tame rainbow trout as a pet, which they fed worms, grasshoppers or bits of meat. I believe this was one of the fish that was recaptured after the dam of the fish ponds broke and the trout all went down into the Shabakunk. Eventually the eighteen inch trout disappeared and I believe my Dad knew the folks who had a nice fish dinner. In the level area around the spring grew dense grass. It was here that my Dad said his father raised their cucumbers. Plenty of moisture and partial shade made it ideal for vigorous growth and a long season. The cucumbers grew up the clumps of elderberry and black alder, and the fruit would hang down over one's head like bunches of grapes.

The overflow from the spring flowed south through a shallow ravine just east of the back lane for one hundred yards or so before turning east through the upper meadow and eventually to the lower meadow where it joined the Shabakunk. The spring overflowed into and through many flat rocks for a short distance. Under these rocks lived many small strange creatures—crawfish, hellgramites, leaches and several kinds of lizards or salamanders. The leaches, when swimming, looked like a piece of jet black ribbon a quarter inch wide by three or four inches long and swam rapidly with a fast undulating or wave motion. They would suck blood out of one's foot or ankle without the slightest mark of irritation. They would fill up with blood and be all bloated up before one knew it. When one pulled their little suction mouth loose not the slightest drop of blood or mark would show.

Further on down the stream widened into a rather marshy area some twenty feet wide where the water cress grew. The banks of the stream were free of trees and bushes and there was just grass, hand mowed with a scythe. Today this area is dense jungle of trees, briars, and trash. The upper end of the nice gravel back lane is a paved street. This wide marshy area had at some time in the past been a small pond, formed by a two or three foot high dam and it was at this dam that a hydraulic ram had been placed to pump water up to the barn. The hydraulic ram is a very ingenious pump

that operates by gravity. It consists of an inlet pipe, two brass stop valves, a pressure chamber to which is connected a small discharge pipe. As the water rushes down the three of four foot long inlet pipe it closes one valve, causing a sort of back lash or back pressure which opens the second valve, and forces a small amount of water into the pressure chamber. This build up of pressure causes water to flow up the discharge pipe to a height of many feet. The flow from the discharge is very slow, but it is continuous, day and night, forcing water up hill to a tank in the barn, and then it fed down by gravity to the watering troughs.

As soon as the load of hay was on I was ready to follow it up the hill to the barn where it was pulled up a slight incline and into the barn. The big double sliding doors on the north side would accommodate a big load of hay. This was a cellar type barn with stone masonry foundation. The grade on the south side was several feet lower than the north side. The horse and cow stables opened onto the barnyard on the south side of the barn and over the stables was the heavy timbered barn floor, flush with the grade on the north side. The hay wagons were drawn in on this floor. The tread power and various machines it operated stood here. The hay and straw mows were several feet above this barn floor and this is where the hay had to be hand pitched from the wagon. Soon after this a hay fork was installed, and horses pulled the hay up and along the mows by ropes. This saved much hand work and was much faster.

The old two horse tread power had not been used in years. It stood at the edge of the barn floor. This was a very ingenious way of getting power to turn various machines, such as threshers, fodder cutters, corn shellers, etc. and consisted of an inclined heavy slatted revolving platform (same as an escalator today) and as the horses walked up hill, gravity pulled them down so they had to keep walking or they would slide down backwards. The revolving platform or floor was geared to a large pulley wheel from which extended heavy leather belts back to the other equipment. In my grandfather's time the wheat, rye or oats were stored in the barn and the threshing was done a little at a time as required in the winter. The fodder cutter cut dry corn stalks into short pieces and this was fed to the cows and sheep as roughage, the same as ensilage from the silo is today. The hay and chopped corn stalks were thrown down a hatch in the barn floor to the entryway in the stables below. The entry way was the feeding area for the horses on one side and the cows on the other. This type barn was very convenient especially in the winter or bad weather—the hay and straw being stored on the mow floor, the work and storage area on the barn floor and the feeding done on the stable floor. I do not know how old the barn was, but many of the heavy timbers had been squared up with an adz

and the joints were fastened with oak pins. The barn has long since gone, but parts of the stone foundation walls mark its location. The back lane entered the wagon yard between the barn and the wagon shed. The barn being on the east and the shed on the west side and the windmill stood between the lane and the barn atop a small knoll.

The wagon shed was a two story building and stored wagons and farm machinery and had corn cribs on the east and west sides. The second floor was reached by a stair and was the repair or work shop for the farm. It had all sorts of old fashioned tools, work benches and long tables on which to clean, repair and oil the farm harness. The bore holer was one of the things that intrigued me most. This was a portable wooden frame drill press that was used to bore holes in structural members in bygone days for oak pins when building frames were pegged at the joints. The drill was placed on a heavy member and by turning two handles, one with each hand, while sitting on the base, holes could be bored straight and true and at right angles to the axis of the member. Holes through ten and twelve inch members could be drilled very rapidly and accurately. This was very necessary because pegged buildings were all laid out on the ground and at the barn raising, when the neighbors all gathered to help, every member had to fit, and the holes line up to receive the oak pins. Thus the building frame was in place in two or three hours, the same fashion that steel workers erect their buildings today.

High up on the shelf was a wooden box that contained shot gun shell loading equipment. My Dad, as a boy, had to reload his own shells. This box held great interest for me and I would get it down and open the hinged lid that contained dust of many years, and examine the old powder horns, canvas shot bags, wad cutters, crimping machine, cap extractor, powder and shot measure, etc. The red tin powder cannister still had some old black powder in the bottom, of which I was most careful. The twelve gauge shells in this box were made of brass. In order to reload a shell the cap had to be knocked out, a new one pressed into place, the powder, powder wad and shot added, and a tight fitting wad placed on last, as these brass shells could not be crimped as the paper ones were later. The measure for powder and shot was adjustable, so one could measure say three drams of powder on one side and an ounce of shot on the other. The wads were cut from cardboard or heavy felt with the wad cutter. Many years later when the Blackwells lived there this old box was still perched high up on this shelf.

The wagon shed was also used in butchering time. The pork, lamb or beef would be hung in there over night to cool.

The steel frame windmill stood atop the small knoll on the east side of the back lane close to the northwest corner of the barn. Its

wooden tank was supported between the four corner posts and was fifteen or twenty feet above the ground. The windwheel with its silver blades (galvanized steel) operated a vertical shaft down to the pump cylinder and pumped water from the hand dug well up to the tank. The pipe up to the tank was enclosed in a wooden box filled with sawdust or straw for winter protection against freezing. It did freeze at times and then it was very difficult to thaw out. If the tank leaked or if it should overflow in cold weather, I can remember great sheets of ice nearly inclosing the structure and big icicles many feet long hanging to the ground. There was a small ladder at one corner of the tower up to the bottom of the tank and when no one was looking I would climb to the tank level. To me this seemed high, fifteen or twenty feet. When I saw Merritt Paxton climb to the very top one day to lubricate the wheel it really interested me. He tied an oil can to his belt and climbed up the cross bracing to the wheel support as easily as a monkey. The wheel bearing, crank shaft and connecting rod had to be oiled occasionally to keep it from moaning and squealing. All this mechanism was required to transform the circular motion of the wheel into vertical motion of the pump shaft. The top of the tower and wheel looked very high to me. I believe it was only just above the peak of the barn roof in order to catch the wind from all directions. The old windmill has been gone many years, but at that time it served its purpose well—pumping water up to the tank and then gravity distributing it to the various farm buildings. There were not many windmills in this area and I believe this one was one of the last to bow to the electric pump.

Another place that held great fascination for me was the big spring in the southeast corner of the front yard. I am sure that is why the first William Green built the house where it is, so it was accessible to an ample supply of water. This spring was never known to even run low in times of drought. A diagonal gravel path led down grade across the yard to the stoned in spring. Three or four large flat stone steps led down to a flat stone landing at the edge of the spring which was like a shallow hand dug well some three or four feet deep and five or six feet across. Covering the spring was a huge flat stone, the top of which was flush with the surface of the yard. When one approached the spring it had the appearance of a cave entrance. About the time one was about to step on the bottom step and peer down under the flat rock roof of the spring a frightening splash would occur and very likely water would fly all over you. In the dim light the big old green bullfrog was hard to see before he made his plunge. On occasion if I approached very slowly I could spot his mossy green form perched in a crevasse between the moss covered stones and the spring. His bulgy big yellow and black eyes never winked as we tried to out stare each other, but at the slightest

movement he would do his ungraceful swan dive, with hind legs spread wide apart and go straight to the bottom and be lost in the shadows.

Below the spring to the south was a stoned up widened place in the stream that ran from the spring some two feet deep. This was where the cans of milk were placed to cool. This stream then flowed northeast to the marsh in the upper meadow where it joined the stream from the upper spring along the back lane. This marsh area was just south of the Travers-Wolf dorm in the parking lot. More about this later, since this was a very interesting area long ago. This spring was the only source of water for the house in bygone days, and my Dad, as a boy, had to help carry water from the spring to the kitchen in large wooden buckets. There was no inside plumbing at that time so the tiny frame house that stood beside the chicken house was most important.

I was too small to travel far from the farm buildings and my Dad would not let me venture far down the meadow or to the Shabakunk Creek alone, but in a year or so I roamed the entire area spending the best days I ever had along the banks of the Shabakunk.

After talking to the big old frog and watching his good-by leap, the last load of hay was pitched off and we would rattle and bump home across the fields and I am quite sure my Dad must have been bored to death answering all the foolish questions that I asked. Back home the team was unhitched and my Dad and Aaron started to do the night work (evening chores) while I ran to the house and told my mother about all the things I saw and did.

In a year or so I had to go to school, which I detested, as it took the best part right out of the day. But by this time I was old enough to venture back to the Shabakunk and travel up and down its banks for two or three miles. This was about 1912 and from then on until the coming of the teacher's college about 1930, I grew up on the banks and meadows along the creek. After school and on Saturdays and Sundays I would wander back to the Shabakunk, usually by one of two routes. The first was down through Walsh's meadow through Susan's back meadow, past Joshua's lot along the worm fence to the forebay. Thence along the tailrace of the mill and on down the brook to Wes Vernam's meadow. My course home could be up the hill past the quarry, along Susan's orchard to the woods (where the Allen House is located). From there up through Susan's woods (just wagon tracks) to the corner (about in front of Green Hall), then home.

The second route to the Shabakunk would be through the Green woods using the wagon road that extended through the middle of the timber for its entire length, some four or five hundred yards. Coming out at the southeast corner I would take a path south to the upper

spring, then follow the stream down past the dams of the old trout ponds, past the marshy area to the lower meadow where this small stream joins the Shabakunk, some fifty or sixty yards north of the Green Lane bridge. After spending some time around the old steel beam bridge, I would start up the Green meadow (later called Blackwell's meadow) along the creek. At this time it was a green pasture with an occasional pin oak or water willow. Now it is a jungle and trees twelve inches in diameter have grown here in the last thirty to forty years. From the upper end of the lower meadow I would turn west up the grade of the brick yard field (about where the water tower is today) to the same southeast corner of the wood, thus crossing my earlier trail. Now following the southerly edge of the woods west to the southwest corner (Bliss Hall now stands near this corner) I would go home through our back field. This was a very interesting nature hike and I shall attempt to describe it as I remember it back about World War I.

The William Green woods was a piece of heavy timber some 100 yards wide and 450 yards long, just a trifle over a quarter mile. Along the north side was a barbed wire line fence that divided it from Susan's woods. The wagon road ran through the center of the timber in a east west direction that was the long way. Near the east end the road curved south to the corner of the woods. This southeast corner can still be located by a large black oak near the tennis courts. Near the center of the woods a road also curved south and emerged about where the gymnasium is located. From here there was a wire fence that extended south to the upper spring area. This was the way the cut timber and fire wood were hauled to the house. Much of this timbering was done in the winter with snow on the ground and a heavy bobsled was used, drawn by a team of horses. The trees were felled by two man crosscut saws and cut into four foot lengths. These were split, if too large, and laid against a tree. Then eight feet away a stake was driven into the ground and braced. When the pile was four foot high a cord of wood had been cut (4 x 4 x 8—128 cubic feet). There were not many chestnut trees here as there were in Susan's woods and after the blight the dead trees were cut and split into fence posts. Chestnut posts were considered next to locust for resisting decay when placed in the ground. The large trees in this woods were white, black and red oak, hickory, tulip poplar and swamp maple. Under the tall trees grew many, many dogwoods and under these grew acres of May apples, especially at the west end of the woods. The woods road entered the west end of the woods in the center and passed through these May apples. The big hickory still stands to the south in the southwest corner. This is in back of Bliss Hall. This is a pig nut hickory with small fruit and was always a prolific bearer. Blood root, spring beauties and

hepatica grew here in the spring mixed in among the May apples. The road was fairly straight, but very narrow with deep wheel tracks or ruts, as it passed by the big black oak. This enormous tree stood near the line fence in the middle of the woods. It was just off the southeast corner of Green Hall and cut down about twenty years ago, but the big stump was removed only a few years ago, thus obliterating all traces of the line fence between the two farms. Further to the east down the road was a white oak with a large oblong hole high up where racoons lived and on occasion one could be seen taking a sun bath in the early spring. The road curved to the edge of the woods and across the field to the upper or back lane. To the east of this lay the upper meadow with the small creek running through its middle. This and the lower meadow were the very choice spots in my travels. This area has been completely changed and not the slightest trace of landmarks are left.

Upon entering the upper meadow east of the back lane there were several areas of rich green pasture where the horses and cows grazed. It was here the meadow mushrooms grew. In August after a rain the mushrooms grew profusely in crooked little white rows. It was very easy to gather a twelve quart pail full. The best time for this was early in the morning when the dew was still on the short green grass. On occasion one might come across a land turtle having his breakfast on a plump white mushroom, with its pink gills underneath. In this green area and just before one got to the bog area were the remains of three or four earthen dams that had formed the fish ponds of long ago. These were long mounds of earth two or three feet high and up to one hundred feet long. The ponds were located about where the parking lot is south of Travers-Wolf dormitory. The Travers-Wolf building sets in the mushroom patch at the westerly end of the upper meadow. My Dad remembered these ponds where my grandfather raised rainbow trout for market, and he described them as three ponds possibly one hundred feet across and three or four feet deep. They were fed from the upper spring and were arranged down stream from one another so that the spring water flowed from the first to the second to the third and thence into the bog area. The old dams were still there at the time the parking lots were created. The trout were fed meat scraps, hauled by wagon from the slaughter houses in Trenton. I suppose these large rainbow trout were sold in Trenton and I guess it was a paying sideline of the farm. When my Dad was small he remembered when the dams gave way after a big storm. The muskrats had made burrows and tunnels in the dams and as the water rose the upper dam failed and this took the two dams with it. The trout went down the brook to the Shabakunk and I suppose to the Delaware. One of these trout was captured and placed in the upper spring as previously mentioned.

There was never any attempt made to rebuild these dams. I suppose stocking with small trout and waiting three or four years was not worth the effort.

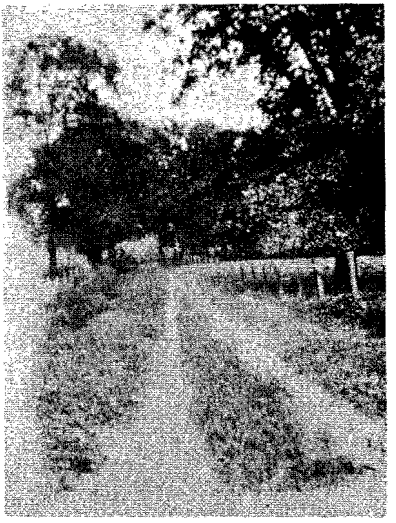
When the parking lots were made in 1972-73 the creek was relocated to the south. It originally followed a course through the middle of the parking area. At the place where the course of the brook was altered there is a fair sized white oak close by the brook. This is the only landmark left in the entire upper meadow. The fish ponds were just north of this tree.

To the east where the streams from the two springs joined (about in the center of the parking lot) was the bog. This was a very wet swampy area of two or three acres in which grew bogs or hassocks. These were a foot high and some eight to ten inches in diameter and two to three feet on centers. Between these hassocks was water, muck, and black mud over shoe top deep. The only way to cross this area was to step from bog to bog and the tops being roundish and slippery, we got many a wet foot. Around the edges of the bogs in the drier ground grew bullrushes. These were clumps of round leaf rush growing two to three feet tall which were pointed and sharp on the ends. Many swamp plants and flowers, including masses of skunk cabbage grew here. It was a haven for all sorts of wild life, such as toads, frogs, turtles and a few big old black snakes. These fellows would drape themselves from one hassock to another in the sun and it was next to impossible even to see one let alone get close. They could travel through thick grass and briars just as fast as a rabbit can run. I suppose that is why they got their nickname—black racers. They are really one of the farmer's best friends as they mostly live on mice, rats, moles, etc., but they will take birds and little rabbits too. I remember my Dad and Uncle Harry on their way to school saw a black snake slipping down a small tree with something in his jaws. There was a nest with two young robins in it several feet from the ground. On the way home they found the nest empty. Years later my wife and I were blackberrying when she came across a snake in the process of swallowing a little rabbit. She screamed and I ran to where she was, picking up a rotten stick on the way. After one belt the stick broke—the snake regurgitated the squealing rabbit and both took off in opposite directions. In a second or two they had vanished and it was dead calm again.

Whenever we found a land turtle we looked to see whose initials were carved on the under side of his shell. It was the custom to scratch one's initials on the shell. On occasion I have found my initials on a turtle, and once or twice I would find A. R. G., my father's initials, carved many years before and almost obliterated from wear. If they were not cut deeply enough they would soon be gone.

Once in a while there might be a great blue heron standing motionless for long periods of time. It seemed like hours I would sit and watch him before his long beak would dart down with lightening swiftness to spear a frog or lizard. The old timers called the great blue a crane. Then by the edges of the bog at certain times of the year, a Wilson snipe would flush. His protective coloring, like the woodcock, made it next to impossible to see one before he took off with erratic zigs and zags. He would invariably make a large semicricle over the brick yard field and come back and light at the other end of the bog. Then there would be several killdeers and a spotted sandpiper come to the swampy area to feed. In my Dad's day he said there were many plovers in this area but they were gone by my time. There was not a shrub or tree in this meadow except for the white oak mentioned above and three or four maples that grew along the banks of the stream further to the east. Now this area lies under the parking lots south of Travers-Wolf and Cromwell dorms covered with six feet of earth fill. From the bog area, the stream wandered through the lower meadow past some old pin oaks, some of which still stand, and joined the Shabakunk through a rather deep gulch or ravine just north of the bridge on Green Lane.

This bridge was a steel beam structure with a timber plank roadway. Many of these planks were loose and when an occasional car would go over it, one would think the bridge was falling down and the rattle bang could be heard up and down the creek for half a mile. Under the bridge were several large rocks that protruded above the



Green Lane (Bull Alley) in 1910 where it crosses the Shabakunk. William Green's meadow on left—Allen's meadow (Harrop) on right.

water and in crevasses between them would lie large suckers. In the spring these fish would rest here on their way up to spawn. If one moved slowly and quietly and peered down into the two foot deep water, one could see them nestled up beside a big rock. Their backs and bodies blended in the bottom perfectly, but their give away was their white eye ring and white around the mouth. In the spring when suckers were running I kept my Dad's homemade gig hidden close by the bridge and often I would bring home an eighteen inch sucker or two, hanging from a crotched willow branch. This old four pronged gig was fashioned from an old rasp. I still have this gig and some of the teeth marks of the file are still visible. Either my Dad or Granddad heated and flattened the rasp, then cut out the metal between the prongs and even filed barbs on them. This was about the time giging at night with kerosene torch was made illegal, so I reasoned this did not apply in daytime. Of course, it did, but that made the thrill of catching a big fish much more exciting.

Under this bridge were barn swallows and phoebe's nests that would be plastered on top of the bottom flanges of the beams, out in the center of the span where they were safe. These birds were not afraid if one sat perfectly still a short distance away. The old birds would bring flies and insects to the nest and when they did three or four heads with wide open mouths would pop up and these tiny morsels would be rammed down their throats vigorously enough to choke them to death.

Up stream from the bridge stretched the Green meadow on the left or west, and the Wes Vernam meadow on the right. The center of the Shabakunk was the dividing line. These extended up to Susan Titus' meadow a distance of several hundred yards. The wire fence was placed on Vernam's side for the first half, then after crossing the creek ran up the Green side to Susan's meadow. This was done to give each meadow access to the water for the live stock. Where the fence crossed the creek there was a swinging trash gate that would pass sticks, branches and leaves when the water was high, and still contain the cattle at normal water levels. It consisted of vertical wood slats six or eight feet long fastened to a frame that was suspended by a steel cable stretched taut between two trees on opposite sides of the stream. As the water rose and any debris collected the build up in pressure would cause the slats and wooden frame to just swing out with the current and drop back to vertical when the water receeded. The creek at this point was about one foot deep and twenty or thirty feet wide and the cows would wade out of their meadow if the fence did not extend across the brook. Just a few yards down stream from this the creek made an abrupt ninety degree turn to the east and the water swirled around and undermined a big pin oak four or five feet in diameter. This was one of the best fishing

The old coon tree (pin oak) that once grew in William Green's meadow.

The Shabakunk and William Green's meadow about 1910. Today it is a forest of large trees.

holes along the creek. It was one of the last places one could catch eels and catfish after Lake Sylva swallowed up the forebay and gumberry hole. As time passed the undermined oak fell across the creek and lay there many years. The big log rotted away, even the stump has now disappeared and the creek no longer makes the sharp turn, it just angles off the other side of where the huge stump used to be. It is hard to believe that in fifty years decay and erosion could make such changes. Just up stream from the oak tree where the water changed direction there was a six foot high, absolutely vertical bank that had eroded in a concave fashion. In this concave clay bank four feet above the water and two feet down from the meadow surface were two or three round horizontal holes making them very inaccessible. These holes were just as round as a four inch pipe and about that size. For a long time I did not know what made them until one day I saw a kingfisher dart out and fly down the creek. These were kingfisher nests and they were foxy enough to never go near this area if a person was in sight. Out in the meadow to the west grew two or three butternut trees and on further there was a marshy area where stood several old decaying water willows with much of their top broken away. The old stubs were just full of holes where little screech owls, flickers and red headed woodpeckers had their nests. Many times a little owl would be perched in the doorway and completely fill the hole in the tree. His feathers were the same color as the bark on the tree and one could pass very close and never see him. There were several pairs of red headed woodpeckers here with their heads and necks as red as blood. These woodpeckers were very scarce even then and now I doubt if there are any in the area at all. These willow trees were the only place I ever saw them nesting. Many of the holes were close to the ground and one could see little heads pop up with mouths wide open. Further up the creek nearing Susan's meadow, I could count on flushing a little green heron (locally called shitepoke) and probably see several white crowned night heron (locally called "quoks") perched far up in the tops of trees. These herons often flew to the river just at dusk and when one would hear their hoarse quok, two or three birds one behind the other, would be flying high above the tree tops heading into the western sky. Another bird that lived along the creek was the spotted sandpiper. They could be seen nodding their heads and teetering on their long thin legs while standing on the mud flats or darting up and down the creek close to the water on wings that always seemed bowed downward. If one walked very quietly along the creek on a sunny summer day one could see many water turtles basking in the sun on old logs or stones. In the deeper holes there might be a snapping turtle floating submerged with just the tip of his nose above water and at the slightest movement he could submerge and

not leave the faintest trace of ripples or rings. On rare occasions we would catch a snapper on a fishing line and if one were not careful he would break the line. By holding the line as loose as possible and walking him to shallow water and then grabbing his hind leg, he could be caught. With a tight line they were smart enough to break the line by pawing with their front feet. A snapping turtle is a real rough customer. He has no teeth, just hard jaw bones, but his jaws have the grip of a steel vice and when he clamps on the end of a stout branch he can be carried all the way home, and he does not know enough to let go. Further up the creek where it made turns and had partially eroded under the bushes there were piles of driftwood and debris lodged in flat layers, and on these the water snakes would sun themselves. These fellows were most wary and it was hard for me even to get a glimpse of them as they could slide into the water almost without motion. They were much the same color as the driftwood and it was most amazing how three of four big snakes could unravel themselves and disappear before one's eyes without any apparent motion. It was now you see them, now you don't. If it were dusk I might walk west across the meadow through the marshy area to the big pin oaks and inspect the raccoon holes high up, hoping to see one peering out to be sure it was safe for him to come out and start his nightly prowl. Upon crossing the wet spot I might flush more Wilson snipe or killdeers that nested in the brickyard field or an occasional woodcock, if it were migration time in April or October. The meadow was only seventy-five yards wide here and the wire fence that separated it from the brickyard field was located at about the center of the loop drive east of Decker hall. One of the big five foot diameter pin oak coon trees still stands close to the east side of the loop drive. Many big limbs are gone, the top has broken out and it needs much repair work done or it too will soon vanish. It is hard to realize that the timber area around this old tree, east to the creek and down to Green Lane was a green cow pasture some twenty-five years ago and that the big woods is now eighty percent gone to make way for the building complex. Further up the creek at Susan's meadow I would turn west and up the hill to the old quarry as it was called. Actually this was a test pit, excavated many years ago. Probably they were hunting for gravel, clay, or maybe coal. It was a hole in the side hill, shaped like an inverted pyramid some thirty feet square at the ground surface and twenty or twenty-five feet deep and much deeper at one time, as it was filling in slowly all the time. On the steep sides of the pit the briars grew so thick that a rabbit could hardly get through. My Dad never knew who did the excavation or why it was done.

After passing the quarry on my way home I would walk up hill through the brickyard field. This was another mystery. Why was it

always called the brickyard field? Here again my Dad or his father never knew why it was so named many years ago. It is doubtful that they found clay there because it was sandy with some gravel. It is quite possible there was a small kiln there and the clay was taken from the upper meadow in the fish pond area. The water tower now stands in the middle of this twenty acre field. It extended from Susan's line fence south to the upper meadow and from the lower meadow west to the big woods. This field was one of the best on the entire farm, being on a knoll it was well drained and made for plowing early in the spring. I remember my Father saying that he learned to cradle wheat in this field. Before McCormack's reaper, all the grain had to be cut with a cradle and the hay cut by hand with a scythe. I still have my grandfather's old cradle with its very long blade and hickory fingers which caught the long straw and laid it in little piles making it easier to bind into sheaves. This was done by taking a handful of long straw by the heads, dividing the butts in half, wrapping one half around the heads then bringing the two butt ends around the sheaf, twisting them around each other and tucking one end under the band. This was slow, back breaking hot work on a July day. Harvesting a twenty acre field of grain in those days was quite a task. There might be four or five cradlers, one behind the other, each taking a five foot swath and moving around a large field. The art of swinging a scythe or cradle is not as easy as it looks and to keep it up from sunup to sundown requires a lot of know how. The blade must never be lifted from the ground, just slid along it. As the right foot steps forward the cradle is slid to the right and when it returns on the power or cutting stroke the left foot is moving forward. This is done with the body erect, as it is tiring work in a stooped position or to lift the blade from the ground even the slightest amount. I can hear my Dad saying, "Keep the heel of the blade on the ground and slip it through the grass, don't fight it." After the grain was cut and bound into sheaves, it was shocked and allowed to cure for three or four days before hauling to the barn where it was stored and threshed as required, using power supplied by the tread power. Before this the sheaves were placed on the barn floor and beat with a flail (long and short hickory poles tied together with rawhide or eel skin). The straw was then raked off and the grain swept up and placed in bags to be used as feed for the poultry or taken to the mill to be ground, or bartered for materials or labor. Travers-Wolf, Cromwell and Decker dorms now stand along the south and east edges of the brickyard field.

Upon leaving the brickyard field and following the path south of the woods I could look across several slightly rolling fields that extended south to Green Lane and west to Pennington Road with hardly a single house visible, this being about the time Lanning

View looking south with the Green farm buildings in the distance. The upper spring is close by the trees on the left, with its small pond and hydraulic ram just down the stream. The trout ponds were behind the trees and on extreme left of picture. This photograph taken about 1910 from about where Bray Hall is today on the T.S.C. campus. The back lane is barely discernible as it climbs the grade from the spring up past the old cellar barn and windmill. North field is in foreground.

School was built in 1914. These fields were divided by wire fences which ran along fairly deep drainage ditches. Along these fences grew raspberries, big fat blackberries, fox grapes and great masses of bittersweet, which was considered a troublesome vine then. It was one of my chores to pick blackberries for my Mother, so she could make pies and jelly and gather fox grapes to make grape jelly. Also along the banks of these ditches grew wild strawberries. I never had to pick these as we had strawberry beds at home, but these little wild ones had a most delicious flavor, much better than any cultivated ones today. At the intersection of two of these fences at right angles to each other was an old well almost completely filled in. It was hand dug with small field stone walls and at one time a log pump sat over it which supplied water to log watering troughs in each of the four adjacent fields. The well as I remember it was four or five feet deep with a foot or two of surface water in it. This well was located somewhere in the middle of the big parking lots which run parallel to Pennington Road. Somewhere in this area were apple orchards, a hog house and yard. My Dad remembered when the hogs were turned in the orchard after the apples were picked to clean up the poor ones that were not usable for making cider. After the apples were picked the best of the ones on the ground were picked up and carted to the cider mill and from there the cider went to Jimmy Green or Ed Helling's still houses to make apple whiskey. I

believe it took about seven barrels of cider to make a barrel of whiskey. These fields were located west from the spring and back lane to Pennington Road and south from Bliss Hall to Green Lane. About 1910-12 after the frontage was sold off for development, the houses began to spring up over the course of a few years. Some of the first ones were Morefelts, Van Fleets and Wes VanNoy on Green Lane and up Pennington Road were Rand Drakes, Zieglers and Doctor Kniffin. When I went to Lanning School we played baseball on a diamond directly across Pennington Road from it until Bill Gill built the brick house there and then the ball field was moved down to the corner of Green Lane where the Township Municipal Building is now. Home plate was about where the front door was before the extension to the rear was made.

Along Green Lane where the new college entrance was made was what my Dad called the cut-over woods or the sprouts. This was the second piece of timber on the farm and was much smaller. I can recall very little of this timbering operation but I do remember seeing Al Temple's big log wagons carrying three or four big logs up Pennington Road and turn the corner in front of our house into the then called side road (Carlton Avenue) and head for Trenton Junction. These log wagons drawn by two horses had very large wheels especially the rear ones and the distance between the front and rear ones could be adjusted as the size of the logs required. This was done by sliding the rear axle along the long lang thus getting the wheels centered under the load. In order to load these heavy logs the axles on one side had to be jacked up, the wheels taken off so that the logs could be rolled up on heavy timber skids. This was accomplished by placing ox chains around the logs and with a team of horses on the other side of the wagon the timber would roll up the skids on to the axles of the wagons. After the logs were secured with chains the wheels were replaced and off to the mill they would go. After the timbering operation was over not a tree over a few inches in diameter was left and these were mostly mashed down by the large falling trees. The limbs and branches lay on the ground so thick that it was nearly impossible to walk, but in several years this had rotted away and a new growth was starting. Today these trees are up to a foot in diameter and the big old stumps are completely gone. Around some of these stumps on the brow of the knoll grew great clumps of wild bush honeysuckle in later years, and these would perfume the whole woods in the late spring. I doubt very much if any of these shrubs still survive to provide a fragrance that is hard to surpass. Fires and progress have taken their toll.