



Hunterdon Historical Newsletter

VOL. 24, NO. 3

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FALL 1988

1947 NJ Constitutional Convention Recalled by Delegate Lance

The Fall meeting of the Society on November 20th will be addressed by the Honorable Wesley L. Lance, well known in the County and State for his many years of service in the New Jersey Assembly and Senate. Senator Lance is an attorney by profession and has had the additional experience of being Hunterdon's Legal Counsel and County Judge. Less familiar to many but none the less important is the record of his representation of the County in the State Constitutional Convention of 1947.

That Convention convened at Rutgers on June 12, 1947 for the purpose of revising the State Constitution that had been adopted nearly a century before. This was a very formidable task that had been urged, without success, for years by governors, scholars, lawyers and social leaders of the State. Of the 81 representatives in that convention many have now passed from the worldly scene including Hunterdon's other representative, John Schenk, a former trustee of our Historical Society.

At our meeting we will hear Senator Lance's first hand description of the deliberations of that Convention, and they are sure to be enlightening as well as entertaining. It is an established fact that the accomplishments of that Convention and the Constitution that was produced thereby has contributed to a more efficient State Government by strengthening the status of the governor's office and the simplification and unification of the State's court system. Please join with us as Senator Lance presents his views on this important aspect of our State's history at 2 p.m. in the Flemington Women's Club. The public is cordially invited to the meeting.



The Society's library and research materials will be unavailable beginning October 1. Minor repairs and interior painting of the library rooms will commence on that date. It is anticipated work can be completed for reopening on November 3. However, patrons are urged to inquire by mail if the work is completed to avoid inconvenience. Notice of opening will be published in the *Hunterdon County Democrat*.



Wesley Lance, accompanied by his wife and sons, James and Leonard, takes oath of office as Acting Governor in 1959 from Judge Philip Gebhardt.

1988-1989 CALENDAR

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|--------------------|---|
| October 1 | Library and museum closed for decorating. Call for re-opening date. |
| November 20 | FALL MEETING "The New Jersey Constitutional Convention." Wesley Lance guest speaker at Flemington Womens Club. Off-street parking available in County lots. |
| April 2 | ANNUAL MEETING "Historical gleanings from land records." Guest speaker Paul Leitner. Flemington Womens Club. |
| June | SPRING MEETING "John D. Rockefeller's Association with Larison's Corner Church and cemetery." Mrs. John (Jane Bellis) Duffy, guest speaker at Larison's Corner Church. |

HUNTERDON HISTORICAL NEWSLETTER

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- Library Hours -

Thursday, 1-3 p.m. and Saturday 1-4 p.m.

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NOTES and QUERIES

Address correspondence to Genealogical Committee. Listings of ten lines free to members, rate per line over ten lines is 25 cents; non-member rate is 25 cents per line.

Remember to enclose a SASE (self-addressed, stamped envelope) with genealogical correspondence.

GULICK, WITHINGTON: Des info re birthdate of Henry Gulick Withington, b. Kingston, NJ to Sarah (nee Gulick) and Phineas Withington. Need marriage date of parents. Also see book *Gulicks of the U.S.A.* by D.E. Gulick (1961). ADD: Mrs. Paul Hangsleben, 930 Holyoake Rd., Edwardsville, IL 62025.

APGAR: Apgar Family Annual Reunion, third Saturday in September, Hunterdon County, New Jersey. Family History available. ADD: George Apgar, Jr., 416 Runyon Ave., Middlesex, NJ 08846.

WARFORD: The descendants of John and Mary Polly (Baxter) Warford held their 99th Annual Reunion on 4 September 1988. For information about the 100th Annual Reunion at which Warfords, relatives of Warfords and friends of Warfords are welcome, contact: Willard & Janice Warford, 701 Randolph St., Glasgow, MO 65254.

BETRON/BERTRANDE: Seek documentation for town of origin of David Betron family who prob resided Readington, Hunt. Co. ca. 1770. David Betron, Loyalist, b. ca. 1750-55, m. ca. 1765-75 Catherine????; 9 chil: David, Cornelius, Lucretia, Elizabeth and others. Migrated with John Silverthorn of Beth-Leb., Hunt. Co. to Ontario. Died 1815 Clinton, Niagara Peninsula, Ont. Had bro. Jonathan. ADD: Diane Ptak, 12 Tice Rd., Albany, NY 12203.

PETTIT: Seek any info re the Pettit family for possible use in the periodical "The Pettit Correspondent." ADD: Michael Cooley, 263 Water St., Santa Cruz, CA 95060.

BIDDLE, LEIGH, PARDUN, PROVOOST, SUYDAM: Seek info re fam/o Charles S. Suydam, b 1822 Flemington, NJ, m Catharine A. Perdun, b. 1821 NJ, d/o Isaac A. Perdun & Mary Provoost, res/o Middlesex Co. Also seek info re par/fam/o William Leigh b. 1827 NJ, m Sarah A. Biddle, b 1831 NJ, mig to Fairview, Fulton Co., IL ca. 1860. ADD: Shirley Suydam, 354 E. Central Ave., Farmington, IL 61531.

NEW JERSEY LINSEED OIL MILLS: Seeking documentary evidence and archeological site information about all linseed oil mills that operated in the state of New Jersey from colonial times to date. Data will be used to write a book on the subject. Contact: Carter Litchfield, Drawer H, Kemblesville, PA 19347 (phone 215-255-4335).

EMROD/HIMROD, KUNCE/KOONCE/COONCE, WERT/WERTGEN: Seek info including chil/o Peter Kunce/Koonce/Coonce & w. Lenore Wertgen/Wert, emigrated poss. Frederick Co. MD ca 1762; and George Himrod/Emrod & w Charity Wertgen/Wert who liv Greenwich Twp. Sussex Co. ca. 1770. ADD: Jane B. Duffy, RD 1, Box 10, Ringoes, NJ 08551.

FELMLEY/FAERMELY/FELMLEE: Seek info re Andrew Felmley & son David remov. from PA to New Germantown, NJ ca. 1760. Also Christian, Jacob & Moses Felmley, Bedminster, Twp. Somerset Co. NJ ca 1788-90, remov early 1800's Northumberland Co/Centre Co. PA. Moses d. 24 November 1831 Centre Co. PA. ADD: Ruth Felmlee Shipman, 218 Eldred St., Williamsport, PA 17701.

EICHLIN/EICHLIN: Hunt. Co. 1800 to date. Searching fam. connex. in Twps of Frenchtown, Alexandria & Kingwood. Married Jane Ealer, Catherine Fraley, Emma Schaible, Amanda Bird, Mary L. Salter, Theodore Sinclair, David Roberson, Alfred Taylor, Thomas Vanselous, Wm. H. Rittenhouse, Laura Bellis, Frank Huff, Eli Frazier, Ann Pettinger, John D. Sandt, Ella Serfass, Andrew Kichline, Christian Cressman, Ruthe Pursell, Jonas Metzger. ADD: Jim Eichling, 12518 Templeton Trail, Dallas, TX 75234 (telephone 214-247-5800).

Membership Report

We welcome the following new members to the Hunterdon County Historical Society.

Allen County Public Library, Ft. Wayne, IN
Dorothy L. Collins, Flemington, NJ
James O. Eichling, Dallas, TX
Mr. & Mrs. R. M. Fortson, Jr., Jacksonville, FL
Patricia Frey, Warminster, PA
Mrs. Margaret M. Gerlach, West Bend, IN
Stephen L. Griggs, Oldwick, NJ
Carter Litchfield, Kemblesville, PA
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Lori Rogers, Bay Shore, NY
Dr. & Mrs. A. L. Russell, Chevy Chase, MD
Mr. & Mrs. Clyde L. Shipman, Williamsport, PA
Mrs. Hazell H. Smith, Somerville, NJ
Mrs. Shirley Suydam, Farmington, IL
Harold A. Wolverton, Jr., Neshanic Sta. NJ
Kenneth W. Young, Wrightwood, CA

Mrs. Frederick Stothoff
Membership Secretary

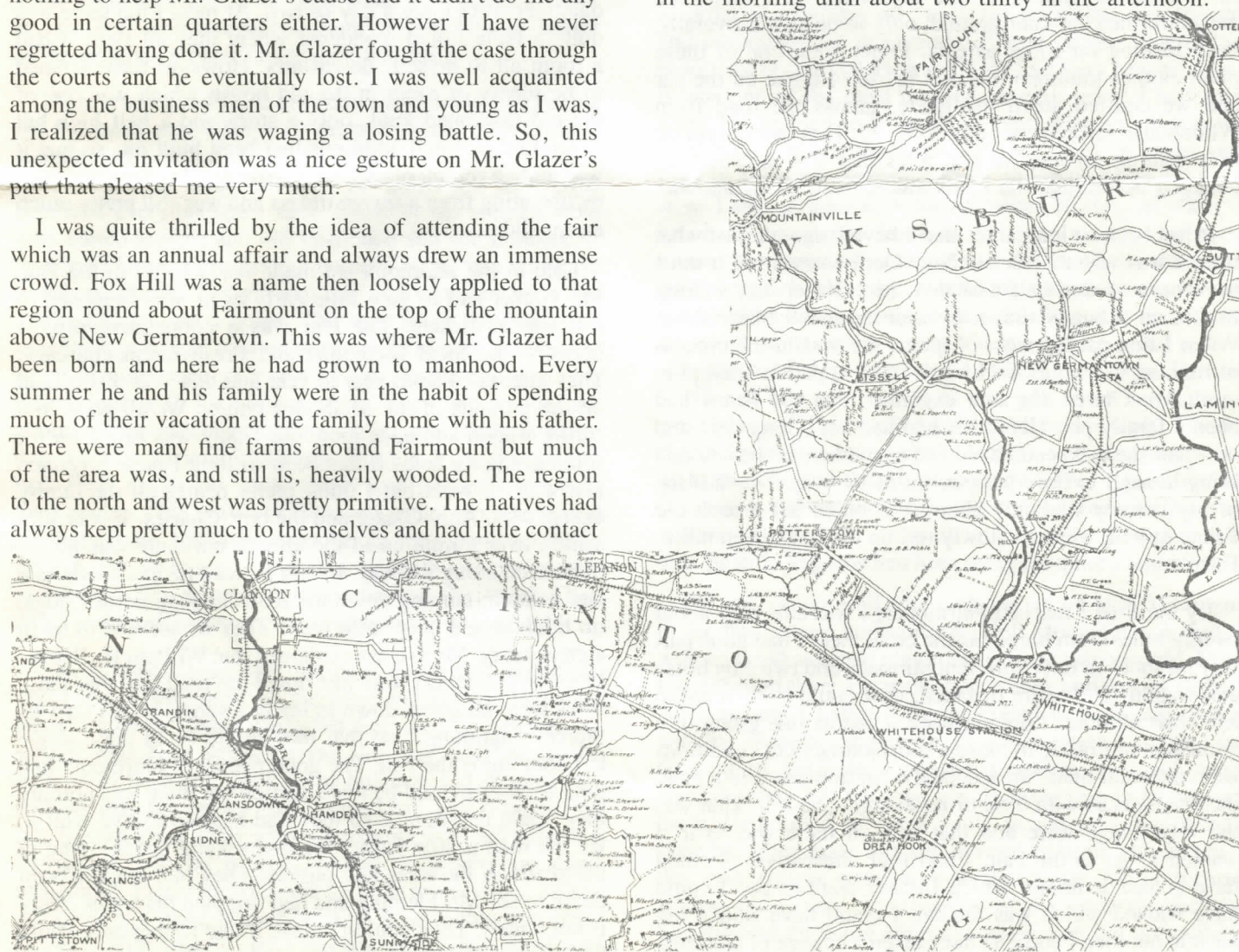
I Go To The Fox Hill Fair

One day in June 1910, just about time the school closed for the summer vacation, Mr. Glazer, principal of the Flemington High School, called me into his office and invited me to come up to Fairmount that summer for a visit and to attend the Fox Hill Fair. I was very fond of Mr. Glazer and had perhaps a closer relationship to him than is usual on the part of a pupil. He had made me business manager of the school paper, *The Reading Echo* and besides, Mr. Glazer was just then involved in a bitter contest with the Board of Education who wanted to oust him and replace him with someone else. This dispute is a long and complicated story, much too long to go into now. Suffice it to say that over the years, Mr. Glazer had incurred the dislike of many influential people in Flemington and when the town was set off from Raritan Township as a separate borough, an ad-interim Board had been appointed that was one hundred percent anti-Glazer. I had sort of become involved because I had circulated a petition among the students, asking that he be retained. The petition did nothing to help Mr. Glazer's cause and it didn't do me any good in certain quarters either. However I have never regretted having done it. Mr. Glazer fought the case through the courts and he eventually lost. I was well acquainted among the business men of the town and young as I was, I realized that he was waging a losing battle. So, this unexpected invitation was a nice gesture on Mr. Glazer's part that pleased me very much.

I was quite thrilled by the idea of attending the fair which was an annual affair and always drew an immense crowd. Fox Hill was a name then loosely applied to that region round about Fairmount on the top of the mountain above New Germantown. This was where Mr. Glazer had been born and here he had grown to manhood. Every summer he and his family were in the habit of spending much of their vacation at the family home with his father. There were many fine farms around Fairmount but much of the area was, and still is, heavily wooded. The region to the north and west was pretty primitive. The natives had always kept pretty much to themselves and had little contact

with the outside world. Some of them were not overly friendly toward outsiders and many families were often in trouble with the law. In short it was the wild and woolly section of the county. Many of these denizens of the back woods usually came out once a year to attend the Fox Hill Fair, at which time some of them became quite inebriated and very belligerent. Fist fights were often unscheduled but lively events at the Fair.

So, one forenoon late in August, with suitcase in hand I walked to Pittstown to take the train for Clinton which left anywhere from 10:30 to 11:00. That may seem like a very indefinite schedule for a train departure but then there was a good reason. The same train crew handled both the passenger and freight service for Pittstown. At about half past ten they brought in the freight cars destined for Pittstown. These must be placed where they were to be unloaded and the empties picked up, made into a train and taken out. This process was called drilling and it took quite some time to shuffle the cars around. There was no particular hurry about the matter as there were no main line trains at Landsdown that must be met from about nine in the morning until about two thirty in the afternoon.



Follow Frank E. Burd's trip to the Fox Hill Fair on the above 1905 map. He set out from Pittstown, lower left, and his destination was Fairmount, upper right, travelling part way by foot, horse and wagon and three railroads.

After I reached Clinton, I walked across town to Bellis' stationery store on the corner of Halstead and Center Streets. Here I expected to take a horse drawn stage to Annandale. It seemed to me that the stage was rather slow in coming so I became pretty figety but Mr. Leonard Bellis who owned the store reassured me, "He is always behind but never late." The stage came at last, a top wagon with the side curtains rolled up and drawn by a pair of brown horses. Then we jogged out Center Street toward Annandale. True to Mr. Bellis' prediction, we arrived at the station in Annandale with time enough to spare for me to buy a ticket to Whitehouse Station.

When I got off at Whitehouse and inquired where I might find the station of the Rockaway Valley Railroad, I was directed to a little shanty-like building not over a hundred feet away. It looked like anything else but a railway station but I went over and bought a ticket for New Germantown. There didn't seem to be any train or locomotive in sight so I asked when the next train would be coming in. The ticket seller merely pointed to a combination passenger coach and baggage car standing near by and said, "That's it." I climbed aboard, a little mystified, for I didn't see any uniformed trainmen around, only some men in overalls, busy loading on some parcels. Pretty soon one of these plain clothes trainmen released the hand brake on the car and we coasted down the grade, across the road from Whitehouse to Lebanon, now U.S. 22. Here we caught up to a waiting locomotive and after that was attached we chugged up through the fields toward New Germantown.

It has been so long since that I have forgotten just what time it was when I reached New Germantown but it must have been around half past two. Mr. Glazer was waiting for me in a buggy drawn by a decrepit old black mare. When I first caught sight of them, she was in the process of running the buggy backwards in an apparent attempt to upset Mr. Glazer. He later explained that old Fanny had been a family pet. His father had had her a long time and now that she had become old and cantankerous, he couldn't bring himself to have her put out of the way. This last leg of my journey was only about four miles but it took old Fanny quite a while to slowly toil up the long steep hill to Fairmount.

By the time I reached Fairmount, I was still only about twenty miles from home, as the crow flies. I had gone part way on foot, on three different railroads and twice by horse and wagon. The entire distance, now could be covered in less than an hour. Looking back it seems like going to a good deal of trouble to make a short journey but conditions were different then. We accepted what now seem like great inconveniences with little or no thought about it. That was the way things were and that was all there was to it. I wanted to go to the Fair. I had four alternatives: I could have stayed at home, which I didn't want to do. I could have walked which was too far. I could have ridden my bicycle but then I couldn't have taken a change of clothing. Or I could do what I did; make a trip that involved some inconvenience but which the end result seemed to make worth while.

I was very cordially received at the Glazer home. That I appreciated because I was a total stranger to them all except Mr. Glazer. The family consisted of Mr. Glazer's father, Charles Glazer, who was an elderly German-born American. He still spoke with a heavy accent. He was a Civil War veteran and during his earlier years had been a shoemaker. He was a deeply religious man who still maintained the custom of family devotions. He was very proud of his six children and well he might have been. His wife had passed away just a year or two previous but he still kept his home with the assistance of a housekeeper, a Mrs. Agens. The name was pronounced with a soft "g" as in engine. Mrs. Agens had a teen-age daughter living with her. Then there was Mr. Glazer's sister Grace. She was the wife of Freeman Leigh and had a home of her own nearby but her husband was in the city most of the time so she was at her father's place during the day. Then, of course, there was Mr. Glazer's wife Amy and their four year old son, Charles. Mr. Glazer had another sister, Ada who was the wife of Paul Hildabrant and lived at Far Hills. She came to attend the Fair and stayed a few days. Then there was still another sister, married to an Apgar; she and her daughter were there a day or two. At meal time there was quite a table full. I wondered where they all slept. I had a room all to myself, downstairs. However there seemed to be plenty of room in the old house which was one of the old fashioned kind, only a story and a half high but several lean-tos and additions had been built on, so that it was quite a roomy place. Mr. Glazer's wife, Amy, was just recuperating from a severe illness and was still pretty much an invalid.

Late in the afternoon we made ready to go to the Fair. Mr. Glazer had to go a little early as he was supposed to sell supper tickets. The Fair was a cooperative project between the local Methodist and Presbyterian churches. They alternated from year to year and this year it was held on the grounds of the Methodist church. We all went in a spring wagon and once more old Fanny was called on for some grudging help. It has been so long I have forgotten just who all went but I think pretty nearly all the family except Mrs. Amy Glazer and the boy, Charles. It was only a little over a mile up to the church but there was plenty to be seen along the way. I soon noticed people, both men and women, coming down the road carrying bottles, jugs, tin blickies and even milk pans. They all seemed to be in a great hurry. Mr. Glazer explained that William H. (Hank) Fleming's distillery was just down the road and that these folks were all going down to lay in a supply of his famous "Jersey Lightning," so that they might be in good shape to better enjoy the Fair. The good people of Fairmount had long been distressed by this situation but there was nothing they could do about it so they had learned to live with it. Up the road a little farther we saw several people lying in the shade of the trees and bushes. They had already been down to see Mr. Fleming and had sampled his wares freely if not wisely. They couldn't make it any farther and would be a little late for the Fair.

As we drew near the church, in a field adjacent to the church grounds, I saw several swings and other forms of

amusement. Mr. Glazer said that the field belonged to two brothers, farmers, living near by. Their names were William and Jacob Welsh. William was a consistent church member and superintendent of the Sunday School. Jacob was something else, again. He had scant use for the church or any of its activities. Some said he was a Bob. Ingersoll infidel. In an effort to annoy the church people he had rented the field to these concessionaries, much to the embarrassment of his brother.

I can't seem to recall anything about the supper except that we ate in the church basement. After that Mr. Glazer was going to be busy so he took me back to the horse sheds where stands had been set up for the sale of candy, cigars, peanuts, soft drinks and fancy work. He introduced me to Charles Burrell and suggested that perhaps he might be willing to have me assist him in the stand. Charlie Burrell was a very nice, likeable fellow and we hit it off well and he made me feel at home. When not busy waiting on customers, I had a good opportunity to watch all that was going on. In those days there was no electricity available so the grounds were rather poorly lighted except in the small area around the band stand where gasoline flares and lanterns gave a certain amount of light. The perimeter of the grounds looked rather dark and eerie.

There was a good sized crowd in attendance. The people for the most part were well dressed in the conventional summer attire of that period. Some few of the men, though, were dressed in overalls, blue work shirts and wore wide brimmed everyday straw hats. Some of the women wore long calico dresses and old fashioned slat sun bonnets. If you don't know what slat sun bonnets were, you will have to ask some one. I might say that in a way they were not unlike blinders on a horse. The men when they came up to make a purchase paid no attention to me but the women stood at a distance in a sort of semi-circle and eyed me rather doubtfully for quite a while. They had spotted me at once as an outlander. After a while, apparently thinking that if I was a friend of Charlie Burrell, I couldn't be too bad; their desire for some candy and peanuts overcame their doubts. One or two of these tall, gaunt women, raised up their skirts and from a pocket in their petticoat, took out an old fashioned snap-shut pocketbook. From this extracted a few pennies and approached the stand. They didn't make any attempt at conversation and neither did I.

Things went along like this until about half past nine. The band played most of the time and one or two men made a speech. There was a fist fight or two but nothing serious and Jake Welsh's rival Fair just over the fence seemed to be doing quite some business too. Suddenly I noticed that the crowd had thinned out and disappeared into the shadows. Only a few attendants were left manning the stands. Charlie Burrell seemed to be nervous about something. Pretty soon he said to me in a low voice, "They say there is a gang of pick-pockets headed this way from Dover." With that he too, ducked under the stand and disappeared. By that time I was left alone under the shed, along with the money boxes which they had abandoned in their haste. Well! You can imagine how I felt. There I was

twenty miles from home, among strangers, apparently left to do battle all by myself with a gang of bandits, if they should appear. I admit that I had a strong desire to run too, but I had no place to which to run. So by force of necessity, not from courage, I stayed on, hoping fervently that the thugs wouldn't appear. After about a half hour, people began to straggle back again and things went on as before, much to my relief. No one volunteered any information about what had become of the pick-pockets.

The next day I found out that when it came time to close up for the night, none of the men in charge of the Fair wanted to assume the risk of taking the money home with him and being responsible for its safety over night. The dilemma was solved by a small group staying up all night in the church basement guarding the proceeds. I also went to the Fair on the second night but somehow or other I don't seem to remember much about it. I know I didn't work in the candy stand that night but circulated around among the crowd. That evening I saw one or two from Flemington whom I knew slightly.

During the day while I was at Fairmount, Mr. Glazer, in order to entertain me, took me about the countryside and introduced me to several different people. One of the places we visited was Howard "Doc" Sutton's general store. It was one of the most unusual country stores I had ever seen. He seemed to have about everything in stock from axle grease to bed room suites. "Doc" took in butter and eggs in trade for groceries. On a picket fence back of the store I saw at least fifty empty butter crocks, all washed up, hanging on the fence in the sun, waiting for their owners to come and reclaim them. All in all, the store was quite a remarkable place. It has long since been closed and the building now appears to be a dwelling. On one of our walks we came across a very old man sitting under a shed near the road. Mr. Glazer said, "That is old John Sutton. I will ask him how old he is and you listen carefully to what he says." This is what the ancient said in reply: "Twice six, twice seven, two times twenty plus eleven, four years eight months and fifteen days today." That figures out to be almost eighty two years but Mr. Glazer said he was without doubt quite some older than that. However that was the little jingle he had been using for quite a long time.

On one of our walks he took me up on Hell Mountain to see the famous House Rock. Hell Mountain was then a wild and undeveloped region and almost inaccessible. Now I understand there are many fine homes built on its slopes. "O Time and Change." He cautioned in particular, when walking through the woods, to watch where I stepped on account of possible copperhead snakes. He said there weren't many left but then it only takes one to cause you harm. He pointed out some fields, in which he said in days gone by, when grass was still mowed by hand with scythes, the men always wore high leather boots for protection against the snakes. The coming of the mowing machine had thinned them out almost to extinction but not quite.

On Friday of that week Mr. Glazer had an appointment to meet with his lawyer, Senator Gebhardt, in Clinton. This was considered too much of a trip for old Fanny so he

hired a horse and buggy from a neighbor. After thanking those who had been so very nice to me I bade them good-bye with genuine regret. With the exception of Mr. Glazer, I never saw any of them again. We went by way of Mountainville and Cokesbury, on to High Bridge and then down to Clinton. It was a very pleasant ride through a part of the country I had never seen before. On reaching Clinton, I took the cars for Pittstown. Now you understand why after almost sixty years, I still fondly recall my trip to the Fox Hill Fair.

Frank E. Burd

(NOTE: Frank Ellsworth Burd (1890-1985) joined the Hunterdon County Historical Society in 1911, only a few months after his trip to the Fox Hill Fair. He wrote many stories recalling people from his past and life as it was for him growing up. He wrote these reminiscences as a legacy to his grandchildren. Mr. Burd's daughter, Mrs. James P. Grover, Sr., has kindly shared these stories, permitting copies to be deposited in the Society's files.)

ACQUISITIONS

William T. Srope Papers consisting of newspaper clippings and manuscripts (deeds, broadsides, etc.). Received under the auspices of John A. Peterson, Pittstown, NJ.

"Word Pictures of the Hauptmann Trial" by Gabriel Heatter; Rachel Elizabeth Pittenger's ciphering book dated February 24, 1844; Unidentified account book from Everittstown dated January 1857; John Bellis Opdyke's book covering dates 1843 - 1883; Rachel Besson's Appraisal of Stock, 1848-1857; miscellaneous newspapers. Donated by Warford Snyder through Ronald Schultzel, Asbury, NJ.

Holy Bible inscribed "Sarah E. Gaddis from her parents R. D. & Ann E. Gaddis, October 25, 1882;" eleven photographs of Flemington parade, Rider College yearbooks 1934, 1937; Flemington High School yearbooks, *Echo*, 1930, 1931. Donated by Mrs. Martin Hoffman, Flemington, NJ.

Notices from New Jersey Newspapers 1781 - 1790, by Thomas B. Wilson, published by Hunterdon House, 1988. Gift from the author.

History of the Family of Schenk von Nydeggen 1225 - 1860 in particular of the Warlord Martin Schenk von Nydeggen, by Heinrich Ferber, translated by Marijke T. Neuberger, 1987. Donated by Donald Schenck, Plainfield, NJ.

Personal correspondence of Cleon Hammond regarding John Hart; one copy of *My Hart Line* by Ann Foster, 1988. Donated by Cleon Hammond, Schooley's Mountain, NJ.

Guide to Family History Sources in the New Jersey State Archives, compiled by Bette Marie Barker, Daniel P. Jones and Karl J. Niederer, published by Division of Archives

& Records Management, New Jersey Department of State, Trenton, NJ, 1987. Purchase.

Prayers of the Amwell Valley, by S. Burkhart Gilbreath and Martha H. Gelbach, Somerville, NJ, 1987. Donated by the authors, Flemington, NJ.

The Journal of Erie Studies, Spring 1988, Volume 17, #1, published by Erie County Historical Society and Mercyhurst College, Book Review by Barbara W. Gill of *The Lindbergh Case* by Jim Fisher. Donated by Erie County Historical Society, Erie, PA.

Union Township Rural Recollections, Andrew C. Herdon, Editor, Union Township Historical Society, 1988. Donated by Union Township Historical Society, Mrs. Helen Barrett, President, Pittstown, NJ.

Prallsville Mill and Prall Family articles and advertisements from local newspapers, photocopies. Donated by Austin L. Davison, Stockton, NJ.

History of the Amwell First Presbyterian Church, The First Hundred Years, 1738-1988, compiled on the 250th Anniversary, 1988, compiled by Marion Ringer Mai. Donated by Richard Horoschak, Flemington, NJ.

Photographs of High Bridge; copy *William Bowne and His Descendants, Farm and Business Directory of Hunterdon and Somerset Counties* published 1914 by The Farm Journal; *Bicentennial Anniversary 1689-1889 of the First Baptist Church of Piscataway*; *First 250 Years of Hunterdon County 1714-1964*; *Serving Hunterdon One Hundred Years: The Story of Hunterdon's First Bank*, 1955; notary stamp of John J. Matthews, from the estate of John Matthews, High Bridge, NJ. Donated by Mrs. Carolyn James, Santa Cruz, CA.

Index to the NEW JERSEY GENESIS, 1953-1971, compiled by the New Mexico Genealogical Society, Mrs. Carl Nissen, Editor, 1973. Donated by Katharine Wilson Precek, Albuquerque, NM.

Flemington Fair premium lists, programs, broadsides and photographs from past years. Donated by the Flemington Fair Association, Paul Kuhl, President.

Letters to Charlotte Cole, 1915; funeral invitations and notices for late Readington Township area residents. Donated by Mrs. Lorena Cole Vincent, Neshanic Station, NJ.



As the *Newsletter* goes to press repairs and painting of the Society's library rooms is underway. The electrician, carpenters, and painter have begun their projects; the plumber is expected soon. Visitors may inquire by telephone (201-782-1091) for reopening date, postponed from November 3.

“Misplaced”

Intestate estates probated in Hunterdon County during the five year period, 1818-1822, are entered in the “General Index” in the Office of the Hunterdon County Surrogate, Administration Building, Flemington, NJ 08822. However, they are not found in the *Index of Wills, Inventories, Etc.*, being a listing of all the estates filed in Trenton at the Bureau of Archives and Records Management. If one checked only the State source, these records would be missed. Copies of the letters of administration for these “misplaced” estates are located in Volumes 1 & 2 of Letters of Administration in the Hunterdon County Surrogate’s Office.

“Misplaced” Intestate Estates

Name of Deceased (Date of Probate)	Volume/Page Letters of Administration
Allen, Joshua (1819)	2/42
Bishop, Mary Ann (1822)	2/115
Blackwell, John (1821)	2/87
Brearly, Hetty (1819)	2/37
Bristol, Silas (1822)	2/120
Brooks, James (1822)	2/109
Camanman, Matthias (1822)	2/126
Carhart, Godfrey (1818)	1/287
Ely, James (1818)	2/11
Ent, Mary (1822)	2/128
Grandine, Mary (1820)	2/77
Hall, Elizabeth (1822)	2/115
Hart, Pharo (1821)	2/100
Higgins, Rebecca (1820)	2/58
Howell, John M. (1818)	1/287
Johnson, George (1819)	2/50
Jones, Aaron (1820)	2/69
Jones, William (1818)	2/19
McCombs, Mary (1821)	2/86
Mattison, John Sr. (1822)	2/102
Miller, Peter (1822)	2/104
Moore, John J. (1822)	2/127
Nice, Sarah (1820)	2/63
Smith, Richard (1819)	2/23
Stout, James (1819)	2/48
Sweeney, John (1819)	2/29
Trimmer, John (1821)	2/93
Wiggins, Thomas H. (1821)	2/92
Williamson, William (1820)	2/77
Young, Mary (1821)	2/101

“Misplaced” Testate Estates

The testate estates below are mistakenly identified in the New Jersey *Index* as being intestate, the only remaining paper being an inventory.

Name of Deceased (Date of Probate)	Will Book/Page
Bray, Daniel, General (1819)	3/253
Curtis, Pero (1818)	3/189
Waggoner, Peter (1819)	3/213

Phyllis B. D’Autrechy



Historic Hunterdon Tour a Success

Hunterdon County is rich in sites of historical and cultural interests. Among these are several museums hidden away in charming towns and villages off the main highways. The Museum Association of Hunterdon County was formed in early 1988 to promote these facilities and provide a cooperative resource for the membership.

A tour of north county sites was organized for 1988, running two days, October 8 and October 9. The two-day event publicized the sites and locations. Another tour for 1989 will provide an opportunity for south county museums to publicize their facilities and locations.

Sites on the 1988 tour, at the sign of the blue pineapple

Readington Train Station
 Station at Califon
 Township of Lebanon Museum
 Hunterdon Art Center
 Hunterdon Art Center
 Clinton Historical Museum Village
 Union Township Milky Way Farm
 Alexandria Township/Mt. Salem Church
 Volendam Windmill, Holland Township
 Oak Summit School
 Old Stone Church in Kingwood
 St. Thomas Episcopal Church

Please write to Museum Association of Hunterdon County, 3 Chorister Place, Flemington, NJ 08822 to be placed on a mailing list for the 1989 tour notice.

NEWSLETTER INDEX FOR SALE

The new index to the *Hunterdon Historical Newsletter* covering Volumes 1 through 24, may be ordered by mail from the Society or picked up at the Headquarters during Library hours, Thursdays and Saturdays 1-3 p.m. Member Marion O. Harris prepares annual revisions of the index to include the previous volume entries. The Society offers the Index for sale for \$5 plus \$1 postage for mail orders.



Can you date these High Bridge street scenes or identify any of the band members? If so, contact the Society (201-782-1091) about these views of High Bridge recently received by the society from the estate of John Matthews. They have been added to the Society's growing photographic archives collection.

The High Bridge Band was organized August 1900 so their photo is after that date. In the middle photograph the band playing in the street is not dressed in uniforms so that may be of an earlier date. In the lower photograph a church steeple is visible in the background. Can you identify it?

