

THE 20TH
CENTURY
(AS I REMEMBER IT)

BY:
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During the past fifty years I have written perhaps six hundred or more short stories, one to five pages in length.

I have selected about thirty of these, in their original form, complete with typographical errors, that are symbolic of the twentieth century. They have been put together in a group entitled NOSTALGIC STORIES OF THE 20TH CENTURY.

Some copies have been made and are available to any of my friends or acquaintances who care to have a copy.

To request a copy = contact me at the above address or call 1-201-489-3841.

George M. Scudder

NOSTALGIC STORIES OF THE 20TH CENTURY

20th Centuryt Transportation

Birth of Fairmount School

The Remarkable 20th Century

Referred to as the good old days

Early Americana

A move in the right direction

Let's have a cooko

Own ing an automovile

Buggy whips, high button shoes & straw hats

Trends in Public Education

The KKK marched in Hackensack

Origin of Building & Grounds Assoc.

The story of spook bridge

The story of Oily Oliver

Those who were born before 1915

Party of a Lifetime

What was good about the good old days

Slogans and ads

Automaobiles I've owned since 1927

A story about automobiles

Ask not what the country can do for you

Pleasant memories of the past years

The vanishing farms and orchards

Vacatopms tjem and mpw

Nature's wonders and powers
~~Autumn's vacations in the country~~

The House on Cherry Hill

The night of the Harvest Moon

The Ckristmas Tree

The Old Dominion

Things that I Remember

At the start of the century we had railroads and trolley cars. They were ancient by today's standards but that was the only means of public transportation on land , except for the stage coach. Travel by water was mostly for those who were taking ocean voyages. The use of local rivers for travel was just about a thing of the past and river traffic had become only a means of moving of freight, such as coal, lumber and all building supplies.

About 1910 automobiles began to appear, first for pleasure driving and later for trucking. Little by little the autos replaces the horse drawn carriages and then the trucks began to replace the horse drawn wagons and then began to replace the moving of freight by train or by barge.

A real busy town was one that had railroads running both east and west and north and south and also had the trolley car lines running to all of the nearby towns and villages.

Most people who were born before 1900 never learned to drive an automile and no women drove a car until about 1930. After that time it became almost a necessity for everyone to learn to drive when they became of age.

By 1940 great changes had taken place throughout the entire country. Roads, which were considered passable for horse drawd wagons were no considered acceptable for automobiles. With everyone having an automobile it was necessary that all roads b3 improved, widened and re-surfaces. Roads were needed where no raods formerly existed. Road signs were needed to show directions.

I recall my first automobile trip in a car aptly names "The Overland". We were destined to go to a place only twenty five miles distant but with no road signs to show us where to go we traveled over 100 miles to get to the place and drove from 8 AM to 3PM. We returned by a much shorted route.

The mass production of the automobile made a great change in the lives of many Americans. People, who for generations had never moved beyond their town or country borders were now traveling 100 or more miles distant, some even clear across the country. Bus tours were competing with railroads and trucks were moving freight in larger quantities than the railroads.

Following Lindbergs solo trip from New York to Paris, small aeroplanes began to appear and small air ports were being laid out all over the country. The planes and the airports became larger and air travel began to be the most modern way to travel, even across oceans. This dealt a very serious blow to ocean liners of the U.S, Britain, France, Germany and Italy, all of whom had built large luxurious liners.

All of these changes meant the gradual disappearance of the horse, without whom the country could never have been built so rapidly. And also the replacement of the trolley by busses that could go where trolleys could not go, without tracks.

The last half of the twentieth century saw highways stretching from coast to coast, four to six or even eight lanes wide, perfectly surfaced. Also there were airports constructed that were larger than some cities, with planes so huge that you would wonder how they ever got

off the ground. Automobiles by this time had gotten easier to operate, were more comfortable, air conditioned and more efficient to maintain. The last two cars that I bought were trouble free from the day of purchase to the day I stopped driving in 1999.

Today, we have reached the point where walking is done for exercise, not to get from one point to another.

The Birth of Fairmount School

Until 1890, an area known as Cherry Hill existed. It consisted of the northern part of the village of Hackensack, then known as New Barbadoes, and the southern portion of Riverside, known as River Edge. Within this area there was a school called Cherry Hill School #51, so designated by the state and located on the southwest corner of Johnson Avenue and Jefferson Street. Attending this school were pupils residing in Cherry Hill.

In 1894, the state directed that all schools in New Jersey must be under the control of the school district in which the school is located, and that the district shall have full control of the financial operation of the school. Each district was empowered to elect a school board and to raise money for the schools. The Cherry Hill School thus came under the jurisdiction of the school board of the Village of New Barbadoes and became School #4. (Schools number 1 through 3 were the Franklin, Washington, and Lafayette Schools respectively.)

Those pupils from Riverside borough who were attending the Cherry Hill School were now required to pay tuition to attend that school. The borough refuse to do so and elected to build their own school just two blocks to the north on Grand Avenue in Riverside.

On Saturday, July 13, 1895, a tornado struck the Cherry Hill area in the Riverside section causing several deaths and the destruction of a great many homes and other buildings. Demolished completely was the Friendman's Hotel, located where McDonald's now stands. The church building across the street was lifted off of it's foundation. Other buildings in the area were either damaged or destroyed.

Shortly after this, the name of Cherry Hill was abandoned and the section of Riverside became known as North Hackensack. The upper section of the village of Hackensack was known as Fairmount, a name given to the area by Mr. George N. Zingsem who once owned all of the Fairmount area. He was a national park architect who resided on First Street, now known as Krone Place. His large residence faced Cedar Avenue.

At about this time in 1895, a great many homes were being constructed along Summit Avenue, Prospect Avenue, Euclid Avenue, Clinton Place and

even in some spots in the upper sections of Fairmount. The Village of Hackensack in the township of New Barbadoes was on the move to becoming a real city. Campbell Wallpaper Company built a huge factory in Fairmount and Krone Brothers built a large school supply company and book bindery on Krone Place. These two alone employed a great many people. There began a clamor for a public school larger and more centrally located in the Fairmount area. With the backing of some of its prominent citizens such as the Krones, Devoes, Schaffers and others, a new school was voted on and passed in 1899.

In 1897, there had been a move to close the Cherry Hill School and have those pupils attend the Lafayette School #3 on State Street. This move failed and it was then requested that a new school was needed. No action was taken for almost two years until finally, on June 5, 1899, a meeting was held at the Washington School #2, on Union and Myers Streets, to vote on the new school #4 at Fairmount. The resolution passed by a vote of 70 to 15. Two weeks later, on June 21, 1899, the Board of Education agreed to have 32 bonds printed with a value of \$599.00 each and bearing 4% interest to be sold and redeemed four each year for the next eight years. This would cover the cost of the new building.

Property on the northwest corner of Grand Avenue and Poplar Avenue, was purchased from Mr. Ross for the sum of \$2,000.00. On this site was constructed an eight room wooden school building. On June 27, 1900, the Board of Education declared the school building completed and ready for occupancy. The school was designated as Fairmount School #4. Sara E. Tyndall was appointed as principal and the school was opened for students in September of 1900 with an enrollment of 197 students. The old Cherry Hill School was sold for \$1,500.00 to Mr. N. Zabriskie of Riverside, including land, building and contents.

In a few short years, this eight room building became so crowded that in 1907 the new center stone building was constructed. This still stands today. In 1915, the new north wing was added and later, about 1929, the south wing was added. At that time the original wooden building was moved to Johnson Avenue and Voorhis Place and converted to a two family residence.

THE REMARKABLE TWENTIETH CENTURY

When you have experienced all of the century except the first ten years , you can realize what a remarkable century it has been.

The century began with a period known as the Machine age. Everything that was formerly done by hand was now being done by machine. Manual labor was being done by the Tractor, the Reaper and Harvester and Cotton Gin.

Automobiles were becoming the mode of transportation, roads were being build all across the country and railroads were being laid in all dirextions.

Until about 1910 all writing was done in script, using either a quill pen or a metal dip type pen. The Typewriter came into being and changed the way all businesses conducted their affairs.

We witnessed the coming of the aeropla from the tiny two seater, propellor driven bi-plane to the giant jet propelled monstors of today.

Radio began with the hand made set constructed by wining wiring around an empty oatmeal box , attaching a battery a a crystal and attaching ear phones. Radio developed into a tremendous world wide business .

Moving pictures in Fort Lee in 1910, Coyteville being the east coast capitol of the industry until they moved to Hollywood. There was at one time seven theatres in Hackensack. Moving pictures became talking pictures in 1925 and ruled the entertainment industry until the advent of Television.

Wars have occupied much of of the years. First, WWI in 1917, followed by WW2 in 1940, then Vietnam, Korea , Persian and now Kosomo.

We can't forget the Depresssion years of 1930 to 1940. That was a period of my life that I try hard to forget.

The Television period started about 1950 and improved in leaps and bounds, from the first lets with numerous tubes and lots of trouble to the almost trouble-free large sized sets of today.

The Atomic age began with the setting off of the bombs that inded WW2 and has continued to the point where today a great deal of our energy is atomic.

Space travel has been one of the late marvels of the century. The landing on the moon and many space flights have taken place in the past twenty years. The establishing and maintaining of a space station has been done.

The century is ending with the automobile being more popular than ever, Trucking overtaking a large part of railroad hauling and air travel being a common way to get there in a hurry

Television has almost completely eliminated moving pictures and radio has been almost eliminated by television.

A horse drawn vehicle is just about a thing of the past and the trolley car is a rare object indeed.

Computers are the latest fad in businesses replacing the typewriter and making it a communications instrument. Copying machines have replaced all of the duplicating machines such as mimeograph, Ditto, etc.

Today there is a machine for everything - To brush your teeth, to shine your shoes, to wash and dry your clothes, take you up and down stairs, open your garage doors for you, almost anything except to digest your food.

This lack of things to do means that today's children have no chores to perform and no responsibilities. No wonder they get in trouble.

G.M.Scudder

Many of us have fold memories of days gone by. They were olden days but I question about them being all that good.

I recall the days when you arose on a cold morning and then had to start a fire, grind some coffee, hope the well wasn't frozen and then light a kerosene lamp.

Any of you who are over seventy can remember all of these things and perhaps many more. Such as --

When everything was five cents - an ice cream cone, all of the candy bars, a soda, a loaf of bread, a good cigar, a bun, a roll or a corn muffin, a telephone call or a shoe shine. The standard wage was then about forty or fifty cents an hour.

You remember being able to tell the boys from the girls. The girls were the ones with the long hair and earrings.

Everyone had special "Sunday, go to meeting clothes", and women wore a hat to church and also white gloves

Movies were also five cents and were called Nickelodeons. There were at least five or six movie theatres in Hackensack.

Golf in those days was a rich man's game. Caddies were paid eighty cents for 18 holes.

There was so much work around the house and grounds that people didn't need to go to exercise clubs.

The milkman would deliver milk to the house long before daybreak and the baker always came before breakfast. The grocer and the butcher would deliver sometime during the morning.

The oil man would deliver kerosene once a week and about once amonth a horse drawn wagon would come by with bells ringing. He would buy any paper or rags that you had.

Each year, during the summer or fall, a band of gypsies would camp in a nearby open area. They played music and always had a dancing bear. If children weren't good in those days the parents would threaten to either sell them to the rag picker or give them to the gypsies.

There were Christmas savings clubs for children where you could save either one cent or two cents a week and at Christmas time you would have either fifty cents or a whole dollar.

The Doctor would come to the house for three dollars or you could go to his office for two dollars.

Oleo-margerine was like a big blob of white lard and to color it you would mix in a capsule of dye that would make it appear the same color as butter.

Needles were only used for sewing. Only chinese were dopers.

The work chores that every child had kept them out of trouble.

Everyone preserved their own vegetables in jars, also all the jams, jellies, relishes , fruits, catsup, etc.

Potatoes and other vegetables were sold by the peck or bushel.

The barber shop had hundreds of fancy shaving mugs lined on the shelves with each customers name on each mug. Barber shop quartets were the great souce of good harmony and the magazine called the Police Gazette was in every barber shop and was probably the first of the girly magazines.

The Evening Record was advertised for six cents per wekk and was located at 119 Main Street.

George M. Scudder
Hackensack Historian

EARLY AMERICAN

The mode of transportation was by trolley or train, unless you were fortunate enough to have a horse and buggy. Otherwise you did a lot of walking and it wasn't for exercise.

A trolley car operated on the tracks that ran in the center of Main Street and the cost for a ride was five cents. It seems that almost everything then was five cents - all of the canies, a good cigar, a soda and even any one of the four theatres in town costs five cents, Crown, Bijou, Rialto or the Hudson. Of course the Lyric where they had vaudeville was more.

Houses, in the upper part of town existed only about one or two to each square block and many were without electricity, indoor plumbing or central heating.

With the exception of Main Street, all other streets were dirt, without any curbs or sidewalks or drainage. Much of the area in the northern part of town were open fields or woodland. Everywhere else there were farms growing mostly tomatoes and corn. Adjoining each house was a small garden a chicken house and occasionally other animals. Wild flowers abounded wherever there was any untilled soil.

It would seem from the above description that the place being spoken of was some remote civilization far from here. Actually, this is what the Fairmount area of Hackensack was like in 1915, when I moved to Chestnut Street on July 1st.

There were two houses on our street, both identical and constructed by Mr. Demarest who built six of these houses for Mr. Zabriskie at a cost of \$2,000. each.

260
2

They were built in various locations of the Zabriskie farms for the purpose of husing the farm workers.

We knew we were on Chestnut Street because chestnut trees stood everywhere, most of them dead or dying from the blight. The next street to the south of us, running east and west was Maple Street, where Mr. Zingsen grew all of his Maple trees. He had once owned most of what we know today as Fairmount, named by him for his famous Fairmount Park in Philadelphia. He was a national park engineer and architect and it was in this area where he lived and grew most of his park trees and shrubbery. At one time the whole area was called Zingsem as well as the railroad station.

When we arrived on July 1st the corn was already taller than I was, being only five at the time. We were like the olden time pioneers, clearing some land for gardening, building a chicken house and getting some late crops planted. It seems to me that we were always either digging, planting, cultivating, weeding or picking crops. For a change of work we cut the big chestnut trees, sawed them into sections and then split them. Of course we didn't work all of the time, it only seemed that was sometimes. We did some fishing, swimming, climbing trees, berry picking and in the winter skating and sleighriding. If we wanted to play ball we had to build our own baseball diamond and backstop. The City didn't do it for us, the way they do today. And our basketball hoop was usually a rim from an old peach basket.

I honestly believe that todays youths have no responsibilities and no work is required of them and that is why they get into so much trouble.

G.M.Scudder

A MOVE IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION

Most all of us agree that there is too much trash on Television such as violence. sex, crime and what pretends to be singing. Most of what is referred to as singing is nothing but shouting and screaming accompanied by loud annoying tom tom type music .

What is absent on Television is some good old-fashion Barbershop quartet singing. This is the type of music that is as American as Apple pie and Strawberry shortcake. -

This is real harmony, sung by those who can sing on key.

I am not connected with any such group but I know that type of real entertainment is available some parts of the country.

G.M.Scudder

Since about 1950 in suburban areas, it seems that a fad has arisen to make it seem fashionable and stylish to have a cookout.

At about five o'clock each evening smoke begins to rise from the backyard, resembling a forest fire, to someone who doesn't know better. This is usually accompanied by a strong odor of lighting fluid.

After spending thousands of dollars in the modernizing of their kitchens, with fancy glass top stoves, ice making refrigerators, warming ovens and elaborate Microwave units, they decide they want to cook outdoors like the Indians did years ago. And, instead of going to the outhouse in the backyard they prefer to do that duty indoors. This is not at all like the Indians did.

Now, we come to the type of fire we want to use for our cooking. There are wood and coal burners, coke ovens and the more modern gas cookers. They come in all sizes from little compact jobs that fold up and can be carried away to the large ten foot long jobs with wheels on them and more gadgets on them that hardly anyone understands. These range in price from one hundred to one thousand dollars. These are all powered by tank gas which usually has the habit of running dry in the middle of a big party.

WEATHER has a great deal to do with having a cookout. It can be either too hot, when you wish you had stayed inside where you have air-conditioning, or it could be too cold, when you wish you had stayed inside where you have the temperature just right. Then too, it might be too sunny or too breezy.

It all begins by taking all the dishes and utensils to the outside where you must set up tables and chairs. Then all the food and the pots, pans, paper goods and liquid refreshments. These are all being set up tablecloths and napkins being blown about in the breeze and whomever is doing the cooking is trying to get the cooker going. During this time, one of the real close neighbors decides to cut his lawn and the noise from the lawn mower and the

bloer makes it impossible for anyone to talk or be heard. /

Finally the food is all cooked and everone sits down , preparing to eat. The noise has subsided and everything seems to bve in apple pie order. At this point the birds the bees and the ants , at a given signal , descend upon the feast with a vengeance. Someone or something has alerted them that it is time to eat and they get in your drink, on your food and then begin to climb up your legs. Anyone who has bare legs is fair game for any of the creatures that crawl around in the grass. .

We usually struggle through these inconveniences with as few complaints as possible, and try to enjoy the festivities as long as possible.

At about this time in the proceedings, a strong wind starts to blow and some dark clouds are coming up from the horizon. Then there is a distant rumble of thunder. Holding down everything that might blow away, someone suggests that we might begin to think about going inside before the stprm breaks. A few drops begin to fall and everyone starts scurrying around picking up something to take inside. No one was soaked or got injured in all the excitement and they vowed they would going to do it again on a more pleasant day, and they do it time after time, with usually the same results but nothing seems to deter them. They always seem ready and willing to have a cookout. As foir me - I LIKE A COOK IN.

George M. Scudder

91 Coles Avenue

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Cost of

OWNING AND OPERATING AN AUTOMOBILE.

288

It seems to ~~the~~ thought of most Americans that everyone has the right and privilege to have an automobile. Some thought has been given as to learning how to drive, so that they can get a license and many can't wait until they are old enough to do so. What they do not know is how to care and properly maintain an automobile, what it costs and where it can be stored at nights or when you are not using it. I have never understood how some people can afford a car and it puzzles me yet today.

I have been the owner of one or more automobiles since 1927 a span of over seventy two years and I know exactly what the cost is if you are to take good care of your car. Before I built a garage I would store my car in a garage I rented, located about a half mile from where I lived. Thus, my first thought was that I would not leave it outside over night any more than I would like to stay outside all night. Today there are people who spend thirty thousand dollars for a car and leave it parked all night on the street.

Check out the following and see where you fit in:

Insurance: It costs me \$1,000. a year for one car, even though I have never had an accident, a ticket, or filed a claim. Based on ~~my~~ driving about 5,000 miles year - that cost about 20 cents a mile.

Fuel cost: At the present cost of gas it would be \$500. year.

Miscellaneous: Registration fees, Drivers License, parking costs, toll costs, washing, waxing, etc, another \$350. a year.

Cost of Vehicle: The annual cost of a car, either new or used would be about \$2,000 to \$2,500. plus another \$250 for servicing every couple of months.

Overall Cost: About \$5,000. per car, per year.

As I know that there are a lot of people who do not spend this much each year to run a car and that is because they do not do so legally or properly. Many are driving without insurance or even a license.

Many cannot afford to have a car and should not have one. Most do not keep a car clean or safe, never washing or waxing it and checking on all its functions. And, so many are such poor and reckless drivers. They don't have a garage for their car so they leave it wherever they can, on the street.

To own and operate an automobile your income should be at least five times what the car costs which means that no one earning less than \$25,000. a year can actually afford to have a car.

When you think of the known fact that 50,000 people a year are killed by automobiles and about ten times that many or a half million a year are injured you wonder why some drastic measures have not been taken to reduce the number of cars . The answer is MONEY.

The United States is almost covered from sea to sea with automobiles. Billions of dollars are involved in making autos, auto parts, tires , polishes, and auto repairs alone is a tremendous business , a lot of it fraudulent. And what about the gas and oil companies, and the insurance companies too. Nothing will be done to reduce the number of cars on the road. They will just go on killing and maiming more and more and increasing the speed limit. The next move, now that people are required to wear seat belts is to require everyone to wear helmets just like the race car drivers.

G M. Sudder

Buggy Whips, High Button Shoes & Straw Hats

It may be a sign of aging, but I often take delight in remembering at times the objects and things that were once a part of our every day existence many years ago. Nostalgia brings back many things long forgotten by many people and little known by present day citizens.

The buggy whip, of course, was a part of every horse driven buggy although it was rarely ever used. High button shoes were a part of fashion until about 1910. Straw hats were very popular with men up to about 1950.

A day would usually begin by the lighting of a fire in the big old black kitchen stove. Kindling wood was prepared the night before so that you would have something with which to start the fire. First, you burned wood and then added coal. Next, we would grind some coffee. We always bought coffee beans.

In those days, the early 1900's, both the milkman and the baker would make home deliveries before we were out of bed, usually 2 or 3 in the morning. Water was either pumped or drawn up from the well with a pail. The chickens we had in the back yard provided us with enough eggs for ourselves as well as a few to sell to neighbors. The oil man came around once a week to provide us with kerosene for the lamps and for the additional cooking stove. Remember, there was no electricity! Each day, the lamps had to be cleaned, filled, and the wicks

trimmed. Each of these chores were assigned to certain members of the household.

Also included was the care of the ice box which required emptying the water from the melted ice. No electricity meant no refrigeration. Once or twice a week the ice man would come around and deliver blocks of ice.

Once a month, the rag picker or junk man would stop with his horse and wagon and offer to buy anything you didn't want anymore.

I remember as a child a man had a yoke over his shoulder and hanging from each side was a bucket. One was filled with cottage cheese and one with horse radish.

In those days, you had to work at a job without pay for awhile as an apprentice. Then, if you were any good, you might start for about \$2.50 a week until you were hired as a full-fledged carpenter, mason, etc..

Almost everything at that time was five cents: a loaf of bread, a ride on the trolley, the movies, and even a good cigar. A nickel also got you a ride on the subway, a telephone call, an ice cream cone, and rides on the carousel and the Ferris wheel at Palisade Park. But then, you didn't come up with a nickel very easily in those days.

It seems that everything had to be cranked in order to get it to work; the telephone, the coffee grinder, the victrola, your watch and all the clocks, and even your automobile!

When the rugs got dirty, they were taken outside, hung on the clothesline, and then you beat the dirt out of them with a

rug beater. No washing machines either. Just a large, oval, copper clothes boiler where the clothes would be boiled while you stirred them with a big stick. Then, you scrubbed them on the washboard which was a ridged metal board about 15" by 36" that stood in the soapstone sink.

Those were the days when a postcard was a penny and stamps were three cents for a letter and the mail was delivered to some nearby letter box and you had to go pick it up. To make a telephone call from your home, you first had to lift the receiver, then crank the handle a few times. This would alert the operator who would say, "Number please." Then you would say, "Is that you, Mabel? Will you connect me to the Smith's home." She would put you through, and then listen in to hear what you were going to gossip about.

When the electricity was finally connected to our street, we were all very delighted. And when the electrician installed lights inside the house, we thought we were in another world. It only consisted of one light in the center of each room with a pull chain on it. No outlets, no nothing.

Remember sitting with earphones on and tinkering with a little homemade crystal radio set, trying to find a good spot on the crystal with a hair-like needle? In the beginning of radio, entertainers paid the radio station to let them appear on the air to show what they could do. Radio programs would be on the air only at certain hours on certain days.

Regarding shoes and all other clothing, buttons were gradually replaced by laces. Then zippers came along.

(What's velcro?)

In those days, we never gave a thought about locking the doors to the house or the car, if you had one. Walking to and from school or walking anywhere at any time, day or night, was never any problem. If anyone did anything wrong, there would be immediate and severe retribution, and they knew it, and so they behaved. Drug use was unheard of except for that prescribed by the doctor.

Those were the days.

G.M. Scudder

TWENTIETH CENTURY TRENDS IN PUBLIC EDUCATION

At the beginning of the 20th century Public Education consisted of one and two room schoolhouses . Teaching was limited to the three R's, reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic., the main purpose was to prevent people from being illiterate. Financial support from the government was almost non-existent.

Particular attention was placed on Writing and people were judged a great deal by their writing and about the best compliment you could pay to a person was to say that they were a good "penman". This of course was before the advent of the typewriter, when all records were kept in legible hand written form.

From 1910 to 1920 there was a tremendous surge for the teaching of Manual Training a name passed down by the State for the teaching of Wood and Metal Shop for boys and for Cooking and Sewing for girls. Printing was also included in this category This required special Teachers who were skilled in these subjects and also facilities and equipment . School systems were directed by the State to engage a person to be Supv. of Manual Training and the position was of such importance that he report directly to the Board of Education , not to the Superintendent.

Beginning in the 1920's Health and Physical Education became the dominating subjects in public schools throughout the State Every school had to have a Medical Room fully equipped, including a Dentist Chair and staffed by a School Nurse. Also, to meet State approval, every school should have a Gymnasium and a suitable sized outside playing field. These directives from the State meant additions to schools and the hiring of Teachers and a Nurse.

The Physical Ed department became so important, so large and so expensive that it by far became every schools outstanding department. To qualify for almost any administrative position in public schools it became necessary to have some sort of Physical Ed. background.

In the 40's and 50's there was a constant demand for psychological and Guidance services which required the hiring of a Psychologist and a Guidance Councillor. This was only the beginning, because both of these became large departments within a few years.

The 1950's brought a strong directive from the State dept. of Ed., to do more regarding Music, both vocal and instrumental. This meant providing music room, Teachers, and an unending variety of musical instruments, including pianos and about a hundred or more band uniforms.

In the meantime, Communications were making vast strides into our lives and in the schools It wasn't long before a television was a required item for every classroom, as well as a telephone and all sorts of visual aids.

The next and probably the most necessary emphasis along with copying machines and computers is the concentration on MATH and SCIENCE. No one can question the importance of these two subjects but without the basic knowledge of reading and Math a student cannot excell in Science.

In summary , there has been great strides made in education during the 20th century and Public Schools have grown from small wooden structures to large complet institutions.

G.M. Scudder

WHEN THE KKK MARCHED IN HACKENSACK

Many, many years ago, about 1921 or 1922, a group of us kids were playing in and around Zabriskie's Pond that once separated Hackensack from RiverEdge. We were approached by a hyge man, one of our neighbors, who told us, "Now, tomorrowif you boys will all stay on the other side of the pond, you won't be in our way , ' cause there's going to be a lot going on over here. You'll be able to see everything from the other side and when it's all over I'll see that you all get a lot of ice cream and candy".

We were all about 10 or 11 years old and this sounded like a good deal to us, particularly when the man who spoke was so big and had a voice like an angry bear. But, we wondered what was going on over there tomorrow. That whole area, form̄erly a large tomato field and later an aeroplane field, extended from Main Street west to what is now Forest Avenue. Maybe there'll be a big air show or a carnival or something.

We waited the next day and in the late afternoonwe saw, coming up Main Street was an endless parade of white robed people with white dunce like pointed hats. Leading the parade was our neighbor and a few others who had on different colored pointed hats. They had been marching, we were told, all the way ~~from~~ from the Court House all the way up Main Street then the parade turned left when they reached River Edge and headed in to the large field in Paramus.

They all gathered in this field which was , a one mile oval, with refresh^{ments} stands on the perimeter and a large 15 to 20 foot cross in the center. There must have been about ten thousand of them. There was singing and speeches and after dark the burning of the hyge cross.

Our neighbor kept his wor. When it was all over he signalled us to come over and help ourselves to ice cream and candyand asked us to help pick up the debris that was scatteree all around.

The Origin of the Bergen County
School Building Supervisors Association

by George M. Scudder

The entire 1930's were, economically, the worse ten years of the twentieth century; those were the Depression years. In 1931, I started with the Hackensack Board of Education and was assigned to assist in the maintenance department. Former union electricians, plumbers, carpenters and painters were now being employed by the school system at seventy-five cents an hour. Therefore, I moved into a department that was staffed with the most talented group of tradesmen existing at that time. By paying very close attention, I was able to acquire first hand knowledge of all of the trades. coupled with my high school training in typing, shorthand and bookkeeping, I soon became the assistant to the supervisor of the building and grounds department. At that time, the Supervisor of Buildings and Grounds was entirely separate from the Superintendent of Schools, and both of these persons reported directly to the Board of Education.

Hackensack was the central point in the county, being the county seat of Bergen, and the other school systems around the county looked to Hackensack as a source of information on almost all school matters. Consequently, we were often being asked what we were doing concerning heating, ventilating, lighting and all the other problems relating to buildings and grounds.

This was a great period of school modernization due to the fact that many schools were completely out of date. We were converting our furnaces from coal to oil, replacing all the old pine floors, establishing a new lighting standard, and adding gymnasiums and auditoriums, plus acquiring more playground space. These were all new mandates from the State Department of Education, who, until 1900, took very little interest in the public schools.

Upon the retirement of my superior who had held the position since 1917, I assumed the position of Supervisor of Buildings and Grounds. My most frequent callers and occasional visitors were Mr. Brotherton from the Fair Lawn

school system, Mr. Montecalsco from Englewood; and Mr. Bunch from Leonia.

Following the Depression years of the 30's, we approached the 1940 war years, and conditions seemed to be even worse than before. The people in the various school systems were able to help one another on many occasions. In the early 1940's, we decided among ourselves that it might be a good idea if we set a date each month when we would meet to go over all the subjects on our minds. It was decided that we would meet in the old Clinton Inn in Tenaflly where a small room was set aside for us each month.

We began inviting other neighboring towns to join us such as Fort Lee, Riverdale, Ramsey, New Milford, Oradell, Ridgewood and Bogota. Then we organized by electing officers. Art Brotherton was elected president, and I was elected to serve as both secretary and treasurer. Before long, the little room at the Inn was not large enough.

We moved from the Clinton Inn to the Elk's Club in Hackensack, then to O'mar's in Fair Lawn, then to the Florentine Gardens in Rivervale, then the Recreation Center in Dumont, then on to the King's Ransom in Wykcoff, and finally to Bicari's in Woodcliff Lake. As time went on, we kept growing and growing.

Around 1960, the duties of Secretary were taken over by the representative from Oradell. During his tenure, he lost the book containing all the records up to that date! He was replaced by a man from Glen Rock. The Treasurer's duties were taken over by Fort Lee, and then by Bob from Bogota. I then became Vice President.

At each of our meetings it became traditional for us to invite experts in certain areas of building and grounds maintenance to attend. In recent years, they have been invited to become associate members of the organization.

Those who have been the leaders in the past fifty years have done a magnificent job in promoting the organization to statewide status as an important branch of our school systems.

THE TRUE STORY OF SPOOK BRIDGE
River Edge, N.J.

Many people who live in River Edge have heard of Spook Bridge but not many know of the story behind this legend.

The bridge in question is that small overpass at Van Saun's pond located on Howland Avenue. The story originated during the revolutionary days of 1776.

Washington's troops had just arrived in this area and were in full retreat from the British army under General Clinton, who was still in New York.

The Continental army, under the command of Major Stueben were encamped all throughout River Edge and Oradell, along Kinderkamack Road and the farms and woods to the west. One company, under Capt. Butler, were camped on the Van Saun farm near the springs. (known today as Washington Springs)

The cast of characters in this episode were as follows: Farmer Cornelius Brower and his Grand daughter Hilda resided on the top of the hill, in the homestead later owned by the Zabriskie family. Henrick Van Saun, a miller, had his residence and orchards to the west of the stream, whose power was used in the operation of his mill. Mr. Samuel Meeker owned a rather large stone residence on the southeast corner of Main Street and Elizabeth Street. (the very spot where McDonald's restaurant is standing today)

Mr. Meeker was a leader of a group referred to as The Friends, who were all Tories with full and complete allegiance to King George. They were also despised by everyone in this area who were colonists fighting for their freedom from the tax burdens and obedience of English rule.

On a night in November of 1775 the farmer Brower and his grand daughter were awaked by the galloping of a band of horsemen heading west toward the home of miller Van Saun. They shortly thereafter heard many shots. Fearing for the safety of their neighbor and friend they decided to go to the miller's home to investigate. On their way, through the orchards they heard the group of riders returning and recognized the group, in the moonlight, as Meeker and his Friends. Not having been seen by the group, who were riding as though someone was in pursuit, they continued toward their miller Van Saun's home. Before they had reached their destination they passed the camp fire of Capt. Butler's company. The soldiers were encircled all around the camp fire but were all dead, laying in various grotesque positions.

It was later determined that Samuel Meeker had furnished this company of soldiers with an unordinary amount of poisoned cider and then had returned at midnight to murder the drugged soldiers. Captains Butler and Blauvelt lost no time in retribution. Mr. Meeker's house was burned to the ground and he and his Friends , who managed to escape , were last seen heading toward the British lines.

The legend persisted for many years thereafter that whenever mill Van Saun or anyone else drove their horses and wagons past this spot called "spook Bridge" the horses would rear up or gallop wildly upon reaching this spot.

The Brower homestead later became the Zabriskie home, the hill became Zabriskie Hill and Zabriskie Pond. Miller VanSaun's property to the north of Howland Avenue became a county park. The springs where the soldiers had been killed is now known as Washington Springs. The stones from Meekers house were used in the building of the Cherry Hill Church and roads such as Bogert Road, Forest Avenue and Route 4 were cut through the landscape of this pristine countryside.

George M. Scudder

114

FOR THOSE WHO WERE BORN BEFORE 1915

Consider all the changes we have witnessed

We were born before any such thing ~~as~~ Radio, automobiles, aeroplanes, penicillin, frozen foods, polio shots, xerox, frisbees, plastic, contact lens, computers or the pill. Some of us were before electricity, telephone, credit cards, ball point pens, hearing aids, digital clocks, pantyhose, clothes washers and dryers, electric blankets, drip-dry clothes, air conditioners and even vacuum cleaners. Of course we had no microwave, no radar, laser and walking on the moon was just a scientist dream.

We courted for many years, got married and then lived together and then had children. It seemed like the proper thing to do at the time. The only wo-

men who went to work every day were those who had no husbands. In addition to not working, women were not allowed to vote, drive cars.

We were before gay rights, house husbands, dual careers, computer dating, day care centers, nursing homes, guys with long hair and earrings, condominiums. To us a chip was a piece of wood and hardware was nuts and bolts. The only thing we knew about dope was that it was something Chinese people used when all else failed, making them walking zombies.

Years ago, if you wanted something real good, it was made in Germany, if it was junk, it was made in Japan. We didn't know about such things as pizza, spaghetti, lazona until all the Italians arrived here about 1920/25. All of the fast food places were unheard of, except for an occasional hot-dog spot where we would get a foot long hot dog with sauerkraut, relish and mustard for ten cents. Everything else was a nickel, the movies, trolley car, ice cream cone or a good cigar. It was also a time when a dollar a day was considered pretty fair pay for someone just starting out. It was a time that there were no such things as unemployment pay, Welfare or Social Security.

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

THE PARTY OF A LIFETIME

During the course of ones life there are a great many parties for one purpose or another, such as Anniversaries, Holiday parties and of course Birthday parties.

The one outstanding party of my life was the one held for my nintieth Birthday.

Organized completely and financially sponsored by my Daughter Lenore, my Son in law Michael and my Grand Daughter Ashley, it was held on August 29, 1999 at Gatsby's Resta;rant in Cresskill, N.J.

Invitations went out to about two hundred persons , most of whom were able to attend. The list included Coles Avenue neighbors, Members of the Society of Fairmount Friends, members of the Hackensack Schoolmaster Club. the Bergen County School Building Supv, The School Employees Club, Bowling and Golf teams, some of our former Mayors, My Doctor and Wife and Lou our long time friend and Barber, and school Principals and Officials.

I have been to hundred of celebrations and parties in all types of surroundings but I never attended an affair that was so smoothly run with every detail imaginable taken care of at the proper time. We arrived at six, with alll seating arrangements settled and by six thirty the party was under way. There were six speakers scheduled to speak during the various courses of the dinner which was outstanding in every detail. The DJmade announcements and provided music during all other times and a Barbershop quartet performed with a repertoire of six or more songs, one of which I was encouraged to participate in.

Each of the speakers presented me with a plaque or a Certificate which I greatly appreciate.

My participation was confined to accepting all of these accolades, singing with the quartet and blowing out the candles on the birthday cake. I didn't get a chance to speak at all and perhaps that's a good thing.

All in all it could not have been better and I'm grateful for it gall and for all who attended.

George M. Scudder

106

WHAT WAS GOOD ABOUT THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Many people refer to the "GOOD OLD days" leading others to believe that years ago everything was better than it is today.

We all know that such is not the case. We didn't have any such thing as television or even radio and before we had automobiles we did a lot of walking and it wasn't for exercise.

Most of us, if we lived in a rural area, did not have any running water or a bathroom in the house. There was a well in the back yards and an outhouse. Being without electricity made things a bit difficult. Today you just throw a switch and you have light. we had to fill oil lamps each day after they were cleaned and we did all of our cooking on a stove that was started each morning by the use of wood and coal. The same was true for heating the house.

But, there were a great many things in those days that were very plain and very simple, for instance, when automobiles first were sold, they were simple to work on. The T model Ford, the best car ever made, was almost trouble free. There wasn't much that could go wrong with it. It had no starter, no carburetor, no fuel pump, no filters of any kind, no electrical wiring to speak of, no seat, no locks, , not even a windshield wiper.

A watch was usually an Ingersoll, costing \$1.98, which you would wind up every day. It would last forever and kept time as accurately as the sun.

A lawn mower was another very simple piece of apparatus. You just pushed it and cut the grass. No cords, no complicated motor and no noise. Snow removal was no problem either. All you needed was a good shovel and a strong back.

A bicycle was a two wheeled, chain driven vehicle that saved you from doing a lot of walking. You could go fast or slow depending on your energy in pumping the pedals. Today, a bicycle is a complicated contraption, having many speeds, special tires and hand operated brakes.

Banking was different many years ago. When you went to the nearby bank, the tellers knew you and you knew the tellers and you even knew the bank officers and even the Directors. Today, you

are a total stranger and the teller must know your account number, even though you have been dealing with them for seventy five years, during which time they have changed their name at least five times. Some people now, don't even want to get off their fat"yu know what" to go in the bank. They drive up near the bank and do their activities by remote control. Some even want to be able to get money from the bank at all hours of the night and on weekends, and even want this service when they are not depositors of that particular bank.

Things surely have changed but I can't honestly say that the changes have all been improvements. I appreciate the many labor saving conveniences we have today. But, I don't think the young people of today appreciate any of it, they take it all for granted and not having any daily chores to do, they are bored. It is time that all children be given some work to do each day. That would keep them from getting bored, it would teach them some responsibility, respect for authority and keep them from "hanging out" the source of all youth troubles.

Schooling has changed a great deal too. The urge to get a a job and earn some money was a very strong desire years ago. So, when you became sixteen and could quit school and get a job, that is what most people did except for those who had exceptionally good grades and a desire to further their education. Those who did, went on to become Doctors, Teachers and even Lawyers. Those who quit school at an early age sometimes excelled in life because they were ambitious, smart and skillful. Many became Builders, Carpenters, Plumbers, Masons, Mechanics and Salesmen. It did not always require college degrees to become an executive. Many corporate giants were self taught, such as Edison, Ford, Carnegie, etc.

SLOGANS AND ADS

Takes a beating and keeps on ticking
 Breakfast of Champions
 You deserve a break today
 Good to the last drop
 One if by land and two if by sea
 They're selling like ?
 Micky likes it
 Flop flop fizz fizz
 Ask the man who owns one
 Need some help?
 Melts in your mouth not your hands
 Honest Weight no springs
 As a matter of fact, springs are exact
 99 & 99-100 percent pure
 It Floats
 I'd walk a mile for a
 When it rains it pours
 57 Varieties
~~\$6 round~~ so firm and if ~~fully~~ packed good
 An apple a day _____
 Never met a man I didn't like
 Get away kid, you bother me
 Come up and see me sometime
 2 in 1, 3 in 1, what's 4 & 1
 If it's _____ it's got to be good

TIMEX
 WHEATIES
 McDonald's
 Maxwell s
 ai; Revere
 Hotcakes
 Cereal
 Alka Selser
 Pakard
 Coca Cola
 , & M
 Fairbanks
 Ivory soap
 ?
 Camel
 Morton Salt
~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~
 Lucky Strike
 Will Rogers
 W.C. Fields
 ,ae West
 Smuckers

HISTORY OF THE AUTOMOBILES I HAVE OWNED

In 1927 My first Model T 1925 model \$35.
 1928 A model T Sedan with a self starter \$40.
 1929 A Model T Coupe 1925 a gift from Mr. Barnes
 1930 A new 1930 Chevrolet Sedan, maroon \$640.
 1931 A new Chevrolet Coupe Deluxe Sport \$715.
 1945 A Buick Sedan 1941 \$500.
 1948 A Plymouth Sedan, Tan \$750.
 1950 Pontiac Sedan, Green \$1,000.
 1956 Oldsmobile, blue, 1954 \$1,200.
 1962 Oldsmobile Sedan, Red & White \$1,500.
 1965 Cadillac, Fleetwood, Sedan 1960 model \$2,500.
 1968 Oldsmobile, Sedan Blue 1965 \$1,100.
 1975 Oldsmobile, Sedan 1972 model \$1,600.
 1985 A new Oldsmobile Sedan , Blue-Grey \$14,000.
 1992 A new Oldsmobile Sedan fully equipped \$21,000.

During all these years I had no accidents while driving and never received a ticket for parking, speeding or anything else.

George M. Scudder

A STORY ABOUT AUTOMOBILES

#121

There are an estimated ten million motor vehicles in operation in the United States. That figure could be only someone's guess, the point is, there are too many. And in addition to all these motors polluting the atmosphere, you have:

The number of deaths each year of 59,000 people.

Ten times that number injured each year.

Environmentalists complaining about the emission from autos. An important issue is: Who should be permitted to drive an automobile, especially at such high rates of speed that are permitted today? Just because they reach a certain age? Do they have the proper temperament to contend with traffic conditions? Do they possess good coordination. Do they have good manners? Can they afford to own a car, pay insurance and maintain a car properly. And do they have a place to store a car, a garage?

These are all factors that should be weighed before anyone should think about owning and operating an automobile because the highways are filled today with individuals who are driving a vehicle without any of these qualifications. If you read the papers there are violators being caught each day: Driving while intoxicated, Driving without a license, driving while license is suspended, driving without insurance, ignoring all rules of the road, speeding, reckless driving of all kinds. And many who have lost the skills due to age.

While it is true to everyone that as many as 25% of those who are driving should not be doing so., nothing will ever be done to put a stop to the slaughter on the highways, and I'll tell you why.

It all has to do with money. The auto manufacturers, the auto labor unions, the Insurance companies, Auto repair shops, many others and of course the oil and gas companies. Don't forget the importers.

There is no reason that I can think of for not eliminating the violators. That should be done immediately and always.

George M. Scudder

ASK NOT WHAT THE COUNTRY CAN DO FOR YOU

ASK WHAT YOU CAN DO FOR YOUR COUNTRY

Until about 1920 those who lived in the United States were the type of people who asked what they could do for their country. Whatever they could do, they did it. Article @114 outlines in detail the way these earlier immigrants helped in this country and in turn helped themselves.

Then, we come to those who migrated to the United States after 1930, starting with the mass migration from the south. Many of these immigrants came here at the beckoning of politicians who advised them of their right to come here and to vote for the politician. Millions swarmed to the U.S, legally and illegally when they heard of all the benefits being doled out to U.S. citizens., namely - Relief, Welfare, Workmen's Compensation, Unemployment Insurance, Social Security, Health Benefits, Medicare, Medicaid, etc.

By the year 2000 the population of the U.S had reached close to 300 million and were divided into three separate and distinct groups.

Group 1 The elite group, who worked very hard to get where they are as Doctors, Engineers, Architects, Business men, etc, the givers.

Group 1 The middle class, those who work hard but just about make ends meet. They usually have too many children, but generally advance with each generation.

This large middle class is the backbone of the country.

Group #3 The takers Their way of life is their constant effort to beat the system. They are more familiar with the intricacies of government rules and regulations than even most government officials. Many of them, since 1920 have lived, generation after generation, on Welfare, Food Stamps all imaginable government handouts and they actually feel that the taxpayers owe them a good living. They never achieve a steady job that required hard work and long hours and yet expect all the benefits that others work so hard to get. These are the parasites who contribute

nothing to any society. Yet, they have the right to vote to have as many children as they care to have and expect safe, comfortable and well fed at all times.

They also have very little knowledge of right or wrong and as a result commit acts of crime, addict their bodies to foreign substances and are the main problem for our courts and correctional institutions.

A person can only dream what it would be like if we did not have group 3.

C.H.Mercer

PLEASANT MEMORIES OF THE PAST YEARS

As I recall the days of my youth, from 1909 to 1927, , I visualize the area of Fairmount where we lived as a ~~as a~~ sort of paradise.

Half of that section of Hackensack was farmland and the rest was just blocks of land and fields with only one house on each block. Each house had its own vegetable garden , fruit trees, chicken house , the necessary well and an outhouse.

Most of the inhabitants were Dutch farmers or mechanics of some sort, Plumbers, Carpenters, Masons , etc.

All children had certain chores to perform each day . Life wasn't as easy as it is today . There was always wood to be chopped, ashes to be sifted, garden to be dug, weeding and cultivating, feeding the chickens and taking care of oil lamps.

When our chores were completed each day we were as free as a bird to roam through the fields, woods and streams. We swam where ever there was a body of water to swim in , as many as a dozen different spots. Bathing suits were unknown to us at that time.

When we wanted to play baseball we made our own playing field in whatever block we chose to use. .

Berry picking was a pleasant pasttime at almost any time of the year, from early spring to late fall. . Starting with strawberries there would be blackberries, huckleberries, wild grapes, elderberries and many wildcherries. Winter sports were plentiful and free. as was most everything else at that time.

There were few or no automobiles . so there was no traffic or traffic lights. The streets were all dirt and there ^{were} no sidewalks

We felt far removed from the fears and business of the affairs of Hackensack and larger cities close by.

When we weren't skating in the winter , we were sleigh riding or hiking through the woods. The first, second and third woods were each separated by tomato or corn fields.

We never even dreamed in those days that things would change so rapidly, that the farms ,woods and fields would become homes. Or, that a huge highway would separate Hackensack from North Hackensack. The names of all the streets were being changed and even the areas were known by more official names.

New streets were being cut through the farms and were being known as Bogert Road, Forest Avenue and the horse and buggy was being replaced by noisy automobiles and trucks.

Along with all the other changes was the cutting through of our street and changing the name from Chestnut Street to Coles Avenue and installing Water, Gas and sewer⁶ lines and erecting telephone poles to install electricity to the area.

We had built many huts in the woods mostly constructed of logs and assorted materials. These of course all disappeared., so, too did some of our swimming holes and camping sites.

Bob sledding from the top of Zabriskie's hill, in any direction was a thing of the past. The draining of the once beautiful lake was the most unforgetful change of all. This was done to make it easier to build route four and to build houses in the ^Aswamp^{land}s on the farms adjoining the lake. MANY OF THE HOMES BEING BUILT THROUGHOUT Bergen County were being constructed of lumber from barracks at Camp Merrit, which had been the largest embarkation camp in the east during WW1.

During the mid 1920's many other changes were taking place. The trolleys were being replaced by busses and the four five cent movie houses in Hackensack were being replaced by ornate modern ~~theatres~~ ^{theatres} the newest one being the Eureka on Banta Place.

^{THEATRES} As construction continues in the building of the GW bridge and Route 4 , it meant that both Main Street and Johnson Avenue would not ^{EXTEND} extend beyond Route 4.

As houses sprung up like mushrooms , all of our playing areas disappeared and our paradise as we knew it was soething ^m we would never forget.

George M. Scudder

THE VANISHING FARMS AND ORCHARDS OF BERGEN COUNTY

In the late 1800's , following the Civil War, North Jersey was a great source of food, not only for this county but for the entire country.

Bergen County was noted for Strawberries and Melons. One record I came across shows that in one year 1,400,000 boxes of strawberries went past the toll gates , on Hudson Street, on the way to the New York market.

The Hackensack Melon was famous in Europe as well as in the finest restaurants in this country. It was a large melon , about the size and shape of a football, with large ridges running lengthwise. A melon similar to it today is called the N.J melon. A blight of some kind hit this melon at about 1910 and then the farmers switched to corn and tomatoes.

Paramus was known then as the Celery capital of the country, as one third of the nation's celery was produced there. The rich black soil was ideal for celery and lettuce.

Sussex County was the largest producer of dairy products, Eggs, milk, cheese, corn, hay, chickens, turkeys and cows and horses.

Starting around 1924, with the building of the GW Bridge and all of the highways leading to and from the home building frenzy began. One by one the farmers were taxed unfairly. They were taxed at a rate of building lots and given no special treatment at a farmland rate of taxation. As a result, they had to each year sell enough of their farmland to pay the taxes on the rest. Eventually, some of the farmers I know, had only their house and the ground it stood on.

The ^{corn} produced in Bergen and Sussex was a brand of large White corn. It wasn't until 1930 or so that the yellow, or bantam corn was grown and later the Butter and sugar corn, half white and half yellow.

cont.

The well known farmers that I knew in this area, as a child , whose name has been forgotten by most are" The Zabriskie, Voorhis, Ehret, Phelps, Milners, Ackerson, Banta, Trautwein, Ames, Terhune, Baker, Westervelt, Van Saun, and many, many more including Van Rippers and Tice's.

Sussex County has practically ceased to exist as far as poultry and eggs are concerned . Milk is about the only product of any quantity and that is being reduced sharply each year. The present day offspring of these dairy farmers, are not eager , after a soft college life, to go back to milking cows ,etc. They all want jobs now that won't dirty their hands.

When you consider all of the thousands of acres of farms that have vanished and in place of each acre there are perhaps as many as 5 or 6 housed with an average of three persons to a home. That's hundreds of thousands of people without food to feed them.

When you consider that this situation is going on all over the country, what is the final answer.

It appears that famine is being created.

I did not delve into the Orchards part of this story. Every farmer, of course had an orchard consisting of Peaches ; Pears, Apples of various varieties, Cherries, particularly the large black oxheart ones. And every farmer had a berry patch consisting of Blackberries, currants, raspberries and gooseberries.

N

George M. Scudder

VACATIONS - THEN AND NOW

It is recalled, with great deal of nostalgia, what was considered a vacation thirty-five or more years ago.

Not many persons had a paid vacation, ~~in those days~~, in those days, particularly any young people. Those who were entitled to a vacation either had exceptionally fine positions or were in a business of their own.

The vacation spots of northern New Jersey were considered to be Pompton Lakes, Greenwood Lake, Sparta, Suxxex, etc. These areas were dotted with large old homes that served as hotels, rooming houses, lodges or whatever you cared to call them. Their fare consisted of very good food, home grown, and plenty of it, extremely healthy, fresh air and crystal clear spring water.

Here for a period of a week, and sometimes two, the guests would just eat, sit in the lawn swing, rock on the porch gliders or lounge in a hammock, take a short walk, drift in a rowboat on the lake, have a cook-out in the nearby glen and generally rest and relax.

There were not many with cars in the early twenties, so they would arrive and leave on the local railroad train that wove its way through and around the mountains. Some were more fortunate in having relatives who drove them there and returned a week or two later to take them back to the city.

A vacation resort of the old-fashioned variety was a large home on the edge of town and the place would resemble old MacDonald's farm. There were plenty of chickens, ducks and geese - plus a sizable herd of cows, a few horses, goats and sometimes a burro or two. All of the known vegetables *were grown* right on the farm and the usual assortment of fruit trees comprised the orchard. No lodge was complete without berry patches and they seemed never

seemed to be without fresh berries of all kinds.

The country and farm atmosphere was not only necessary for providing food but also served as interesting environment for the guests who were usually city folks and knew little of country life.

Between the fresh air, excellent food and tranquill atmosphere the vacationers would sleep the restful sleep of a baby.

The services of the lodge or inn were usually performed by the owners and their relatives or any of the local inhabitants who were ambitious enough to help in the cooking, serving and cleaning.

Some of the more successful resorts found it necessary to build additions to their premises in the form of a dining room or additional guest rooms.

These same facilities served during the hunting season as sportsman's headquarters.

As a summer vacation began to be a part of everyone's life, particularly young people, the ideas of what constituted an enjoyable vacation began to change. It was no longer considered a period of rest. It was beginning to become a matter of prestige. Who went where, how far, how costly and how many pictures were taken, with which to bore the friends and relatives during the winter months.

Vacationers began to think of golf, tennis, handball, water skiing and all sorts of luxury formerly reserved for the extremely wealthy. At the end of such a vacation as this they are usually a physical wreck and in no condition to return to work.

A combination of many changes brought about the almost total elimination of most of these country vacation resorts that were a part of Americana in the twenties, namely a) the demise of the owners who were the backbone of America who worked harder and longer and accomplished more than any three or four present day workers. b) their inability to hire persons, worthy of hiring, to assist them in their later years. c) the burning of many of these frame

dwellings from carelessness of guests. d) the desires of people to vacation in more fashionable and distant areas.

It could be said that had these areas mentioned built modern facilities they could still be popular resorts. The truth is that they never charged enough to make it financially possible for them to build modern facilities.

AN AUTUMN VACATION IN THE COUNTRY

It was the middle of October and the days were exceptionally clear and bright. The evenings and the nights were chilly followed by light frosty mornings. Every thing seemed just as it should be, and no wonder, I was starting my vacation.

Along the wayside, on the way to the country hideout, there were many indications of the passing summer season and of the impending cold weather. Some of the trees had started to change color to become red, orange or golden. My trip was through the farming and dairy section of New Jersey and all thru this area there was activity and preparation for the coming of winter. In the open fields the farmers were engaged in cutting, loading and stacking hay. The corn stalks were being cut and brought to the barns, there to be run through the insuledge cutter and blown into the silo. At some places the power saw was in operation and you could hear the saw sing as it sliced its way through the log. Overhead there appeared an occasional group of wild ducks or geese, winging their way to feeding grounds, after having spent a night safely in the seclusion of one of the small lakes hidden in the mountains. The apple pickers were busy in the orchards and the many different varieties of apples were being taken to the cider mill, there to be ground and pressed, or taken to the farmers market for sale by the basket.

My destination was a small cottage located adjacent to a lake which was nestled at the very foothills of the Pocono Mountains and just 500 feet from the Apalachian Trail. It was here that I stayed with some friends, whose pleasant and carefree living I so envied. Their grounds consisted of fifteen acres of which twelve acres were open fields for farming and grazing and the rest woodland.

The cultivated areas were for their own use only and included some corn, tomatoes, potatoes, beans peas, carrots, etc. The livestock was quite varied and included a few cows, a calf, a goat, two rocky mountain burros and the usual assortment of chickens, ducks, a dog and a cat. *It was quite a place*

and never as quiet and uneventful as some people imagine a country place to be. On the contrary, there seemed never to be a dull moment.

The autumn frost had caused the mountainside to become a colorful panorama rivaling that of a picture postcard. The pumpkins had turned the most brilliant orange color and they dotted the fields conspicuously. The farm houses dot the hills and dales and are usually located about a mile apart. Much of my time was spent in visiting from one neighbor to another, looking over the cattle and studying the work which these people accomplish with the most efficient and modern machinery.

When not visiting at the neighboring farms, where the folks were most congenial, I found it very interesting to stop in at the local creamery, where the milk from all the nearby farms is delivered. I watched as the milk was put through the separator resulting usually in about one part cream and nine parts skimmed milk for each ten parts processed.

Sometimes I would visit the grist mill and watch them grind the grain, using for power to operate the mill the huge waterwheel propelled by the water running through the Mill on which the mill was situated. At other times it would please me just to row out on the lake and drift around lazily on the mirrorlike surface, broken only at times by the leaping of the bass or pickerel.

The days were exceptionally warm for October and although not warm enough for a swim it was pleasant to sit and read either on the veranda or under an apple tree. If one was quiet long enough a deer would come walking by.

In the course of two weeks under these strenuous conditions I managed to put on about eight pounds. This can be easily believed when you consider all of the fresh eggs, milk, cream, fruit, vegetables and ice cream that I consumed during this period. And also the sound sleep and fresh country air.

The most remarkable feature about this particular country place is the fact that, although it is miles from nowhere, there is every convenience that is available to anyone living in the city. A modern, up to the minute bathroom with all the hot water needed, showers, electric lights throughout the house, refrigerators, washing machines and all the kitchen appliances of the modern home. This I considered a rare treat when combined with country life making things just about perfect.

The countryside abounds with wildlife and when awakening in the early morning or coming home in the evening, the deer seemed to be everywhere, in the orchards or among the evergreens or grazing in the alfalfa fields. In this area the cedars, spruce, fir and hemlock grow close together and the ground pine matted the surface of the pine forest making it an animal's paradise. Throughout these woodlands we would find the broken and discarded antlers of the deer.

Two weeks of vacation in these surroundings rools by very swiftly and I soon realized that it was time for me to pack my things and head back to what we consider "the city life". I regretted this because I had become so acclimated to the slower and easier country life and had become so well acquainted with many people in the area. There shall be many visits there in the years to come, I hope, and I feel happy that I have found another spot of the many thousands in this country where one may enjoy peace, freedom and a happy way of life.

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A gentle breeze , refreshing and cool, rustled the leaves on the nearby trees and gave a soothing feeling to the ^Awarm atmosphere. The breeze was but a ten mile and hour movement of the air. These breezes are delightful to most of us until the speed of it goes beyond thirty. From that point on it tends to become too much and too chilling. But what about winds of higher velocity?

Wind can get so strong and powerful that it is almost unbelievable. Local winds of more than 100 miles hve been so strong as to lift the roof off of a large school building and demolish the building entirely. Winds of huricame force have been recorded up to two hundred and fifty miles per hour.

The gentleness and the power of all of nature 's gifts and pleasures to humanity is similar when related to WATER, LIGHTNING, THUNDER, RAIN, DRAUGHT, HEAT, FIRE, COLD, AIR AND THE sciences of physics relative to gravity and motion.

Water, one of life's most urgent necessities is a thing of beauty when viewed in a trickling fresh mountain stream, but the water that forms a tidal wave or a flood is almost unbelievable in its destructive power. Rain is looked upon as a blessing when the earth is dry. There is hardly a time when there is just enough rain but not too much. Either there is too much rain or a drought, which if extended for long periods of time can make a desert out of a flourishing farmland.

Heat and cold are two of nature's blessings and as long as neither one is extreme everyone is happy . Some people live in very ^Awarm areas of the earth and others live in ^Cartic regions. The radiation of heat from the Sun provides the energy for the growth of all living things but it's power is such that it can not even be estimated.

Thunder and lightning are certainly elements of nature to be feared because of their tremendous ^Ppower. There has never been any mention of anything good as a result of these two but the reason for their being must be of some value.

cont

Thunder isn't so bad except it can frighten the devil ~~out~~^{out} of you but the lightning has unbelievable power. I have seen lightning strike a large tree and split it from top to bottom in one second. It will strike sometimes in the strangest places and with such force that would amaze you.

Heat from the sun can reach a level of 120 degrees fahrenheit in any part of the U.S and I'm sure gets much hotter than that in some places nearer the equator.

Cold areas , in the extrem~~e~~^e northern and southern areas can get as low as 60 degrees below zero. These are the areas of the earth that are not usually inhabited by many people except for explorers or scientists.

The power of heat and cold has a tremendous effect on all material things. The expansion due to heat on buildings , bridges and roadways is a matter to be given much consideration by Engineers , Architects and Builders. The contraction , due to frost and extreme cold is just as important as the expansion by heat and if moisture gets into crevices and freezes , the power~~e~~ exerted is almost unbelievable..

We are all familiar with Newton's law of gravity, but not everyone is familiar with the law of motion. To understand it is to know that once something is in motion it tends to stay in motion and when something is standing still it tends to stay that way and it is difficult to get it moving. These two laws are most important in our everyday living Can you imagine how life would be if water did not seek its lowest level or if everything was weightless. ~~Without~~ Without gravity, as the earth rotated everything would fall off And everything moving would keep moving until some thing or somebody stoped it.

Nature is wonderful but don't try to fool with Mother Nature, she can be one tough lady.

George M. Scudder

H. M. Scudder

25

Feb. 25, 1949

THE HOUSE ON CHERRY HILL

From the north window of my bedroom I could, for the past thirty years, view the picturesque house on the hill. It was a dominating structure of revolutionary construction, situated on the very crest of Cherry Hill and as much a part of the terrain as the sturdy elms that seemed to protect it from all sides. The long open porch extending along the entire east and north sides of the house lent an atmosphere of southern plantation life.

The date of construction of the great house has been a matter of considerable discussion but it is known that it has been the property of the Zabriskie family since the early part of the nineteenth century. It was they who farmed the land for miles around, extending west as far as Forest Avenue, Paramus and as far south as Willow Avenue, Hackensack.

Alongside the great house were many barns and sheds which sheltered the horses, cows, pigs and a large assortment of farm equipment. Scattered throughout the farming area were wagon barns, hay barns, ice houses, well sheds and various types of storage buildings. Along the north bank of the small lake adjoining Route 4 was located one of the three large ice houses.

From the top of the hill near the main house one could view the countryside for many miles in each direction and it was from this very spot where we would, as children, coast over the steep snow covered slopes.

Many of the older residents or their people before them worked at some time or other in the harvesting of the crops which

consisted mainly of corn, tomatoes, pumpkins, turnip and at one time the world famed Hackensack Melon.

One by one, small portions of this estate was transferred from country farmland to business or residential developement. First the Hackensack section, then the construction of the Highway, then the areas in Paramus north of the Highway and south of Howland Avenue until finally all that remained was the property in the immediate vacinity of the great house itself. The construction of several large business enterprises along the base of the hill was followed shortly afterward by the erection of hundreds of apartment dwellings on the slopes of the hill. Hemmed in on all sides, it was apparent that the homestead had not long to go.

It was a strange feeling indeed when I recently looked from my window and discovered that the house on the hill was being demolished. I visited the site, directly after breakfast, to have a closer look at what remained of the memories of perhaps thousands through the period of many generations. The roof and walls were being torn apart with the efficiency of an atom bomb. I stood on the porch and scanned the country side. In every direction was masses and clusters of apartment houses and single dwellings jammed so close together that it presented a birdseye view of Shanghai.

In the course of events effecting the developement of Bergen County as an important suburb of New York City there are many ideal locations being ignored and many historic sites and buildings being swept aside in the quest for conversion to overcrowded conditions, a desease among the foreign and non-producing human element.

The county or city would do well to acquire a parcel or two of these hallowed sites as a dedication to the type of pleasant living experienced by true Americans. Mansion House, Gen. Poor Home and a few others are not good examples of historic recognition.

THE NIGHT OF THE HARVEST MOON

It was the latter part of September, the twenty second to be exact, the beginning of the Autumnal Equinox.

I was in the country in Sussex and it was an ideal evening to sit on the front porch. It was much too chilly for there to be any bugs or mosquitoes around. Only a week or so ago the temperatures were in the high eighties but now, with the thermometer on the porch reading 50° it ~~is~~^{was} right comfortable with a sweater on.

It was indeed a beautiful evening. The moon was so full and bright and the breeze so fresh and invigorating. I could not recall when the lawn and open spaces were so brilliantly illuminated and by contrast making the shadows under the trees seem so much darker.

On the lawn not far from the porch could be seen six or eight deer moving in and out of the shadows under the apple trees. Several were small, having been born ~~the~~ past May and still retaining some of the lighter markings and spots. They will wander close by if nothing is done to disturb them. This area seems to be great deer country as it's not unusual to see 75 to 100 daily at this time of the year, mostly after dusk.

From where I sat the breezes carried an aroma of fruit from the nearby orchards, the smell of ripening grapes and a whiff of new mown hay. The thought of Autumn, corn, pumpkins, turkey and cider was certainly in the air.

The stillness and silence in the country is almost unbelievable but it does not indicate the great amount of activity constantly taking place. Only an hour ago, about dusk, a huge flock of geese went overhead, flying high and honking as they went by. An occasional noise erupts from the glen to the east where the many racoons and opossum have their nightly rendezvous.

I stepped off the porch out on to the lawn to again admire the wondrous harvest moon and the Sparkling heavens blanketed with gleaming stars, moving

as stealthily as the animals about me so as not to disturb the stillness of the night. The rustling of the leaves creates somewhat of a disturbance and the deer stand motionless in the brilliant moonlight for a few moments until the rustling ceases and everything seems normal again. These huge animals seem to move with such grace and silence that they attract little attention.

There has been no frost as yet so the trees are still in full foliage although there are indications of a change in the coloring beginning to take place as the sap in the trees starts to flow from the branches.

I returned quietly to the porch and sat contemplating the wonders of life in the country and reflecting the difference between this peace and contentment as compared to the crime, fear, filth and degradation that is part of life in any large city. Then I began to review the events of the past day which were enjoyable and eventful.

We had toured some of the local countryside using rural but well conditioned roads that were sparsely traveled. We were stopped on two occasions, one to allow a huge herd of Holstein cows to wend their way back to the barn for milking and another time for a flock of white geese that just refused to budge. The farmers at this time of year were all busy mowing, grinding or harvesting. The only things left in some fields were tomatoes, melons, squash and thousands of large orange colored pumpkins. In one small hamlet we visited the local General Store and Post Office, where you could buy almost anything needed for country living; clothing, shoes, boots, all types of hardware, pots, pans, groceries, etc. etc. It was here that I found some large sized corks for some water jugs that I have.

Near the General Store they were pressing apples at the cider mill and after sampling a bit of several brands we bought some to take home. As we passed the grist mill we could see the large wheels turning the grinding stones, propelled by the force of the water racing through the mill.

It is a rewarding and most beautiful time of the year especially on an evening such as this. Here it is almost 11 o'clock and the moon is high in the sky. I am going inside, jot down as many of these thoughts as possible, have a dish of ice cream, see what's on the tely and then go to bed.

Tomorrow I'm going to write a story, when I get back to the city, of one of the most beautiful evenings one could enjoy, just sitting and watching the delightful Harvest Moon and dreaming.

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THE CHRISTMAS TREE

The selection of a Christmas tree is just about the most thorough undertaking in this household. The tree must be exactly 7 feet high, no more or no less. It must be as symmetrical as if it were manufactured, not grown. The radius at the bottom shall be 30 inches, tapering gradually in a straight line to the top on all sides. It must be full at all points, having no empty spaces or thin areas. The needles must be firm and strong and finally, it must be either a blue spruce or a douglas fir with a very strong evergreen aroma of the pine forest.

With all of these fine points in mind, we proceed on the day after Thanksgiving with our trip to the evergreen country.

After obtaining the permission from the owners, the three of us travel on foot, from the farmhouse to the stand where the trees are grown for just this purpose.

A close examination of many hundreds of trees and a gradual process of elimination leaves us with our final unanimous selection of a fine blue spruce. This we tag in many places as being reserved for Santa Claus.

About a week before Christmas we shall return to this spot to cut the tree, tote it home and prepare it for the visit from Santa Claus on Christmas eve.

The story of the trip and the type of people who live in rural America is one worth telling. : Last year, when I went to the farmhouse, just before Christmas, the family was not at home. Answering the doorbell of the neat and attractive dwelling was a painter, complete with white coveralls and hat. He told us that the owners had taken the day off and had gone to town to do some shopping and if anyone came for a Christmas tree, his instructions were as follows: "To tell them to take one of them there ten or

twelve bucksaws, hanging on the fence there, and cut down the tree you want and then put the money in that there basket setting on the sunporch".

With instructions such as that how could anyone go wrong. We followed these directions to the letter, as did other people who were there for the same purpose as we were.

When we were leaving I remarked to him of the honestly and trusting nature of these folks. I am sure, I told him, that if this situation existed in any metropolitan area, they would steal the saws, the trees, the money, the basket and anything else worth taking.

I wondered all the way home that day, what a great world this would be if everyone could be trusted.

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THE OLD DOMINION

On Johnson Avenue, just north of the Hackensack- River Edge line which is Coles Brook, is situated a landmark known as "The Old Dominion". This restaurant has maintained the same name although it has changed ownership many times in its history of over fifty years.

Its origin is of enough interest and legend to be worth recording for those who care to refresh their memories or for those who just care to know.

Ernest "Tyler" was a huge black man and one of the very few negroes in the area at that time, which is the early 1900's, about 1915. He had been a cook on the Old Dominion steamship lines, which plied their trade between New York and Norfolk, Virginia.

At about the time of World War One, when the Atlantic shipping was threatened by German "U" boats, he bought or rented a large house and turned it into a restaurant, specializing in southern fried chicken, and he called it the "Virginia Inn".

It was located on Main Street on the east side, just north of the Zabriskie's Pond. Its location today would set it right about on the west bound lane of Route 4, opposite Huffman & Koos.

He operated the "Virginia Inn" for a brief number of years and then began the building of the boat on Johnson Avenue, at about 1918.

The large house of the "Virginia Inn" became the home of the Simonson Family until it was demolished to make way for Route 4.

The building of the "Old Dominion" was a project similar to Noah's building of the Ark. Tyler wanted to build a place in the shape of a boat but I don't believe he had any plans and only a limited knowledge of construction. Town ordinances, zoning and planning boards were non-

existent in this farmland region in those days.

Everybody and his brother in Fairmount or in Cherry Hill, as North Hackensack was known then, had a part in helping Tyler to build the boat. And everyone was chased by Tyler and fired every day and hired again the next day. Eventually the boat was considered by Tyler to be habitable and it was named the "Old Dominion". I don't think it was ever actually finished because Tyler kept changing the plans all the time.

Johnson Avenue in those days went north, past the Old Dominion, then swung to the right underneath where Route 4 now runs, into what is now Ackerson Street, past the present Firehouse and then left, starting of Kinderkanack Road being at the corner by the Old Village Inn. *Formerly the Fire Hall* From this: *How* you can see that the Old Dominion was on the main artery going north and south and the traffic here on weekends was terrific, even at that time.

Tyler was a bachelor, as far as I know, and he ran the "Virginia Inn" and later the "Old Dominion" by himself with whatever help he could get from the young fellows in the area.

When people stopped in occasionally for a chicken dinner, his favorite, he would call over to his neighbor The Thompson's and say, "We's got folks", and Bub would get hired again for that day. Some of the other members of his rather erratic "staff" from time to time would include ; John Mortimer, Lancelot Smith, Gene and Russ Demarest, Emil Wulster and of course his salad maker for a short time Arthur Godfrey. There were many, many others who performed various specialized tasks for Tyler, one of whom was Moke Simonsen who had the steady chore every Saturday of plucking chickens, when he and Tyler were on speaking terms or when he wasn't playing pranks on Tyler , like blocking up his chimney.

There were several spots along the Coles Brook near Tylers where we went skinny dipping, mostly the boys only, sometimes the girls and sometimes both. It was a nice area for a cool dip in the hot summer but the

bloodsuckers there were terrible. We usually preferred the "old bridge at the western end of Zabriskie's Pond or Fompador, back in the woods.

For a long while I think the Old Dominion thrived mostly ~~the~~ from the sales of ice cream, candy, soda, etc, to the passing motorists and to the local inhabitants. There didn't seem to me to be much of a restaurant business except for hot dogs, hamburgers and occasionally southern fried chicken.

I recall an outdoor refreshment stand that Tyler built just north of the Old Dominion and out close to the street. Here he would station one of his favorite helpers, on that particular day, to sell from the stand such items as soda, candy, etc.

Many of our 15 cents from caddying at the old Hackensack Golf Club was spent for the heaping half-pint boxes of ice cream at Tylers.

At one time he had the back and side arranged outdoors with tables for outdoor dining and a small island by the brook on the south side.

In the rear he raised chickens which in turn were served to the customers inside. These Tyler would kill in a most unusual manner.

Across the street was Nelsons Garage and Bus terminal, later owned by Ruckdeschel's and where I would keep my car overnight to keep it out of the weather and walk almost a mile home.

My last recollection of Tyler was seeing him walking south from the Old Dominion, over the small bridge of Coles Brook. He was all dolled up in fancy dress clothes and he had a lady friend with him. This was about in the late 1920's.

It was not long after that when I heard he had sold the place. At one time I believe Jim Mills ran it, before he ^{ran Jim's Place which later} had the Village Inn.

G. M. SCUDDER

THINGS THAT I Remember

I was once told by an experienced writer
 "If you think of something, write it down"

The earliest memory I have of anything in the world was of someone holding me up high, upside down, by my feet and my first thought was, "I hope this clown doesn't drop me". Could that have possibly be when I was born or some time later.

The next earliest memory if when we had chickens, down at 174 Union Street. I must have been two or three, but everytime I went out to feed the chickens, ~~that big~~ *that big Rhod* aroah Island Rad, would knock me down and he and I would have quite a tussle. Eventually my Father pkt an end to his antics. Why we ever had a big rooster puzzles me.

At age four, I started attending Union Street school, which was just down the street a few blocks. I discovered then that most all of the children were Irish. In fact, the entire area was known as Dublin and it wads here, on Lawrence Street that the first Catholic Church in Hackensack was established, Holy Trinity, which later moved to its present location.

Although only four, I remember many of the Irish friends and neighbors such as the the O'Shea, DeWan, Welsh, Dawson, Toolen, Jeffers, Cassidy, Giles, Murphy, Breen, O'Connell, Terhune, and of course Kindergan. *How we ever got to be living among all of ~~these Irish still puzzles me.~~ *those Irish.*

Kindergan hhad a saloon on the corner NW of Union and Lawrence Street and I could peek under the door, a small half door, and could see all the feet of the people.

On July 1, 1915 we moved from Union Street to a place called Chestnut St, the most northern street in Hackensack at that time. It was like another world.

The moving van was a huge wagon pulled by two big horses and I sat high up with the driver looking down at the horses. I remember the ride well and we arrived at the farmhouse w;th corn fields all around us.

cont.

*cleared
Red rooster*

** still wonder*

There were only two houses on Chestnut Street, in fact there were very few houses in all of Fairmount, north of Springvalley Avenue. Usually there was one house on each square block but many blocks had no houses. Farmland extended as far south as Willow Avenue and consisted of mostly corn and tomatoes. When we lived, the street consisted of two wagon ruts, no pavement, no sidewalks and no curbs. You mention it and we didn't have it, no electricity, telephone, water gas or sewerage. But we did have lots of open fields, woods, clear flowing streams and a nice lake.

The streets had been named by the man who owned this northern section of Hackensack which he called Fairmount.

He was a national park Architect and the streets so mentioned he grew trees which were shipped to the Fairmount Park in Philadelphia. Most of these trees were planted around 1860 or so. The Chestnut trees he had planted then were now huge white skeletons, because they had been killed by a blight, around 1900.

The man who had owned all of Fairmount, had sold or lost all of his property in the Panic of 1873 and the many owners who took over, Ross, Krone, Allen, Borden, Davis, etc, had all bought portions and were now in the process of developing all of this property. The trees, originally destined for the Fairmount Park in Phil, continued to grow;. The Maples, Pines, cedars and willows were crowded in the areas in which they had been planted. One square block of cedars was a favorite spot for us in the summer. It was so cool and pleasant in the summer and the floor of the cedar forest was thick with years of pine needles. The willows were in an entire square block as were the maples and catalpas.

The dead chestnut trees were a great source of firewood for several years and it was a delight to saw and split it.

cont.

Looking in a north-easterly direction, from our house on Chestnut St, we could see the steeple of a church, about a half mile across the cornfields. It was the North Hackensack Reformed Church, so that was where we went.

At that time (1915) there were only two automobiles in Fairmount that I recall. One was a Franlin and the other one was a Moon. Consequently, walking was one of our greatest activities and we didn't do it for the exercise. The schools we attended, Fairmount, State St, and the High School were all a considerable distance.

The nearest store was at least a half mile away and the mail was not delivered. We had to go to the branch Post Office located on the corner of Main St and Temple Ave.

The other house on our street was occupied by a family by the name of Mountain. He was the caddy-master at the local golf club. So, as soon as I was old enough, about 12, I started working as a caddy. We received eighty cents for this five hour job.

Growing up in this sort of environment, it was assumed that you were born with the ability to do everything. Everyone knew how to swim, skate, play any kind of sport or in fact do almost everything. If you didn't know how to do all of these things, you just watched the others and you did what they did.

It was about ten years after we arrived at Chestnut Street that things began to change. The names of the streets were changed, Water, Electricity, Gas and other facilities were installed, streets were paved and houses began to sprout up here and there.

Our houses were modernized with all of the new utilities, automobiles began to appear instead of horses and wagons and radio became a reality even though it was only in its primitive stage.

Just about when things began to look good there was a stock market failure followed by the failure of everything and a period of depression for ten years.

cont.

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There were many places where we went swimming. The most popular being Pompador and several spots along that same stream, leading from Van Saun's pond. A spot we liked too, was at old bridge at the northern end of thje lake. There we could swing on the long rope , out over the water and then drop into the water. At the dam was also a good swimming spot as was the spot near the Old Dominion. But, there , we always would be annoyed with blood suckers. We also did a lot of swimming in the river, but the tide was very strong which made it difficult.

There seemed to be a great deal of work for kids to do especially when you live in the country. And although we still were in Hackensack it seemed aas if we were more a part of River Edge or Paramus. We had relatives who came from Jersey City, Staten Island who came to visit us almost every weekend it seemed , because they wanted to get out into the country. We had a large garden and fruit trees and they would always go homve loaded with vegetales.

With such a large family, we never went anywhere, nor did we have much of a desire to leave home So, we stayed home and everyone visited us It all seemed so great when we were kids, but noew I wonder we all slept with so much company. Even one of the relatives left their kid witrh us all summer long. In addition to our own large family and all the relatives, we also had some neighbors who gathered at our place as though it was Grand Central.

We were, as I recall , the first and only one who had a telephone, which everyone used. The first to have a radio where everyone would gather and take turns using the ear-phones, and one of the first to have an automobile when my brother bought a Whippet.

cont.

During the years 22,23 & 24 I caddied at the Hackensack Golf Club often for a foursome consisting of John Borg, George M. Brewster, Jake Binder and Sen.Wm Mackay. The Senator was always talking about buildi bridge across the Hudson River from N.J. to N.Y. All of the other members ridiculed and chided him regarding his dream but her pers0 everred and only a few uears later the Building of a bridge across the Hudson was approved and the work was begunwith tje buying of lands for highways leading to and from the bridge. It was to become the Wm. B. Mackay bridge.

The highways from the bridge, particularly Route 4 was to have a tremendous effewct on Bergen County in the years to come.Route 4 cut right across the farms in the towns of Teaneck, Hackensack ,River Edge, Paramusand Fair Lawn and divided these towns. Jeople flooded across the bridge to buy homes faster than the develpers could build them.The rural communities as we knew them were a thing of the past. It destroyed lakes, diverted streams, made busy roads country lanes and meant the constructio0n of many new roads. The disappearance of the farms and the thousands of new homes meant new schoolsand the complete changing of the of the class and nationality of those who were moving in. Even the religous and political nature of many towns changed rapidly within a few uears.

What I noticed most was the fact that the newer peoople moving in did not want things to stay as they had been for years. They wanted to change things, to make things similar to where they came from.,This was just what they had moved here to get away fro

The original settlers in northern New Jersey began to slowly move away to rural areas more to their liking.

Many of my friends and myself sought employment in New York City and started a new and different life style.

HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED

When we moved in 1915 to the northern most street in Hackensack, we felt as though we were going to another country. We had just moved from Dublin, and I don't mean Ireland. That area in Hackensack known as Dublin was from the Susquehanna tracks south to Sussex Street. The City in those days was divided into about four sections. The Italians were in area south of Essex Street to Vreeland Avenue and the Polish people were in the extreme southern end of town. The northern section of Hackensack at that time was sparsely populated and was farms, orchards or small garden plots. The streets had all different names than they have today and there was usually only one or two houses to each square block, if any at all. The nationality of those in this region at that time was either Dutch or German. The people who lived on the hill section, as we called it, were the wealthy and more affluent.

The street we moved to was known then as Chestnut Street and the huge chestnut trees covered the areas where there were no farms. The streets consisted of two wagon ruts in a dirt road whose edges were lined with colorful wild flowers. There of course were no sewers, water lines, gas lines or telephone poles so all of those who lived in this area had an outdoor well, outhouse and used kerosene for lamps and for cooking. A garden of a half acre or so provided us with many of the vegetables we needed, peas, carrots, beans, corn, melons, tomatoes, eggplants, cucumbers, etc.

It didn't take us very long to know everyone in Fairmount because there weren't many people living there at that time.

Every other day or so one of us would stop at the branch Post Office to see if there was

any mail. There usually wasn't any because we didn't have all the junk mail that is here today. The Branch Post Office was a small garage-like building located in the northwest corner of Fairmount Park. Mrs. Devoe, the weatherman's Wife, who also sold penny candy and other necessities of the day, operated this.

Shopping consisted of going to Mrs. Mauthe's store at the foot of Catalpa Avenue, on Main Street or going once a week with a wagon to Lenny O'Briens A & P store located about one hundred feet north of the railroad tracks, where Louie now has a barber shop.

Just the other side of the tracks was several stores and Trossback's meat market, all catering to the crowds that worked at Campbell's Wall Paper factory (now Packard's).

Hackensack, at that time, was divided from Riverside, (now North Hackensack and River Edge, by the large Zabriskie's Pond, known throughout the County for skating and boating.

Transportation consisted of the Toonerville Trolley, as we called it, which ran from Zabriskie's Pond to Little Ferry, a single-track line running down the center of Main Street to Hudson Street and on farther south. Every half-mile there was a loop so that two trolleys could pass going in opposite directions.

There were at that time, to my knowledge only two people in Fairmount who owned an automobile, so there were no cars parked all over the streets as there are today. Many of the others had a horse and wagon and most people had bicycles.

Walking was something we did as a necessity and not for the exercise for we had all of the exercise we needed and if we got tired of walking we could always run. Exercise consisted of the daily job of chopping wood, sawing logs, sifting ashes and working in the garden. If it

wasn't digging, it was cultivating or weeding and harvesting. There wasn't anything that we didn't preserve - all of the vegetables, homemade pickles, sauerkraut, catsup, relishes, etc. Everyone in the area at that time had chickens and in some cases even some other animals, ducks, geese and a few pigs.

There were no such things as malls or plazas, the main shopping center of all Bergen County was Main Street, Hackensack from the Court House north to Passaic Street and you could get there from anywhere in the County by trolley, bus or train.

The main highways didn't exist before the advent of the George Washington Bridge. No Routes 4 or 80 and not even any Forest Avenue.

I live in the same house today that we moved into, with ten children, in 1915. But now we have all of the conveniences including central air conditioning, water, gas, electricity, cable TV and two cars. But now I live alone and I can't help but think - how times have changed.

G. M. Scudder

City Historian

Hackensack, N. J.