

Thistle

Millburn~
Short Hills
Historical Society
P.O. Box 243
Short Hills, NJ 07078

Vol. XL

Summer 2010

It Must Have Been Fantastic



(The Stewart Hartshorn mansion, formerly on Crescent Place)

In the mid- to late-1970s, when the Millburn-Short Hills Historical Society was newly fledged, society board members developed an oral history committee to interview long-time residents—and former residents—of Millburn/Short Hills. The following account was excerpted from a 1976 oral history interview with Tom Collins and his older sister Mary Collins Salisbury, the children of one of Mr. Hartshorn's chauffeurs and, sadly, both now deceased.

Tom Collins and his sister, Mary Collins Salisbury, children of Mr. Hartshorn's chauffeur, interviewed by Alicia Roman, Owen Lampe and Fran Land on April 5, 1976.

Alicia R.: This afternoon we will be interviewing Tom J. Collins, son of Mr. Stewart Hartshorn's chauffeur and Mrs. C. Salisbury, his sister. Both of them lived here most of their lives. Mr. Collins, could you tell us about your childhood here in Short Hills?

(continued on page 5)

Recent Acquisitions

The historical society is very grateful for donations of local artifacts and memorabilia from generous residents and/or society members. We are happy to be able to preserve, share and use for reference these relics of Millburn-Short Hills history.

Because of the increasing number of donations, often made outside of the museum, we may have neglected to recognize every donation here. Please help us maintain accurate records on these donations by alerting us if we neglected to include your donation here. In addition to making sure we don't forget to thank you, we need to confirm that the information is properly recorded in the database. Our sincerest thanks go to the following people for enriching the lives of all residents by their donations:

From Sue Bean, June 1990 reissue of June 1939 Short Hills Review

From Janet Zapata, 48-star flag mounted on wood stick, found in the attic of her historic home; books and magazines on Tiffany;

From William Hulstrunk, 1930s-1960s Millburn memorabilia

From Ruth Southwick, Park Circle 2007 reunion material

From Eleanor Wallen, 1960s Millburn stores hat boxes and hats

From Joseph Steinberg, DL&W 1954 commuter ticket; 1928 plate 34 atlas map

From Susan Newberry, early Millburn real estate records

From Michael Bogan, glove stretchers; Victorian parasols; pin cushion; 1839 Little Sally of the Sabbath; 1878 History of Newark; 25th anniversary booklet, St. Rose's Boy Scout Troop 17; 1921 Encyclopedia of American Biographies; real estate info on 20 Wells Lane; 1984 geological maps of NJ;

From Pete McKinnell, c/o Betsy McKinnell, sections of a 1912 map of a Wyoming property; 1973 Paper Mill program; copies of historical society publications; 1886 title for a Millburn property; 1887 tax bill; 1886-87 deed search papers; partial 1886 Budget newspaper

From Christine Chickering, 1949 Short Hills Brownie Troop #3 photo; 1959 Lackawanna RR ticket

From Ann Wilson, 14 early Paper Mill programs

From Gail Engelschjon, three 1980s billing statements-from Harvey Tiger's & Affiliated Interior Design; Chanticler matchbox

Recent Acquisitions, cont'd ...

From Robert Reed, 1902 Collier's; 1896 Youth's Companion; 1896 Ladies Home Journal; 1920 Century Illus. Monthly; Victor Bicycle Bradley ads; add'l Bradley ads; artifacts unearthed at site of former Doerr's Grove

From Debbie Frank, four early Paper Mill Playhouse postcards

From Gayle Hoyt, Oct. 21, 1938 Item newspaper

From Patricia Lister, Short Hills Country Day School memorabilia; Lake Road Skating Association memorabilia; 1965 and 1970 Millburn July Fourth admission tags; 1965 Rum Creek Players of Millburn playbill; 1966-67 Suburban Get-Together Dances certificate and schedule; 1966 Paper Mill playbill

From Robert Gmelin, softcover copy of Millburn's 1957 centennial book

From Fred Heide, copies of early DL&W RR documents, including track and trestle drawings, maps, sale documents, etc.

From the Shutte family, 2003-2005 MHS Millwheel yearbooks

From the July Fourth Committee, 2006-2010 July Fourth memorabilia

From Owen Lampe, Nov. 1939 magazine section: Beautiful Short Hills; photos of fire at St. Stephens Church; letters to/from Mrs. Schreiber; 1939 township committee report; photo of stone bridge; photos of Wyoming Church and the Wyoming Club; photocopy of Hartshorn family genealogy; photo of Owen Lampe, Jr & Juli Towell, photocopies of State of NJ Historical Collections documents; Christ Church annual report; copies of Ross family memorabilia; 1895 township committee report

From Anonymous, stenciled roller shade sample kit; Your New Home 1946; 1957 centennial parade float photo; The Smith-Parkhurst Story; Wodehouse book from Candlelight Shop lending library; American Homes & Gardens 1909; 1928, 1929, 1933, 1946, 1955, 1968 MHS Millwheel yearbooks; Eating Hardy with Hartshorn School; Millburn artist Gene Pressler prints; 1958 volunteer fire department rules/regs; NJ Senate and General Assembly resolution re 150th Millburn anniversary; Early American Mills; Ladies Home Journal-Nov 1898, Nov 1901, Dec 1901, Jan 1902; antique Hyatt pocket

billiard balls; St. Stephen's postcard; key ring from Culligan of Millburn; 1894 Camera Mosaics; 1912 Concrete House and Its Construction; 1923 Millburn Fire Department certificate for Harry Nuneviller; 1930s postcard of Fred Vogel's Atlantic Service Station; 1906 real-photo postcard of 63 Crescent Pl; undated reel of film (movies taken in Millburn); 1923 SH RR station postcard; B Altman postcard; 1930 house plans for Spring St residence; 1905 Blue Book for the Oranges (and SH); 1991 MHS mortarboard tassel; May 1952 Architectural Forum (ad for the 'new' Lord & Taylor); 1890 Industrial World; 1953 Taylor Park postcard; 1954 George Allsop, realtor, postcard; Christ Church postcard; 1927 envelope addressed to Mrs. Vance Pierson; Investors Savings postcard; Falls at Mill Pond postcard; Hartshorn estate No Hunting sign; 1891 Acts of 115th NJ Legislature; 1968 Country Life magazine; St. Stephen's Counterpoint; American Home & Gardens 1910 & 1914; A Tangle of Roots by Barbara Girion; 1923 Hartshorn Estate Inc maps; 1940 Gardener's Chronicle of America; matchbook covers from early Millburn businesses; 1930 Your Home magazine; 1923 Hartshorn roller shade/interior decoration booklet; 1974 From the Roots Up; 1906 Book of a Hundred Houses; Amateur's Book of the Dahlia by Mrs. Charles Stout; two SH ham radio operator postcards; Old Mill Pond postcard; Hartshorn Shade Rollers color sample booklet; Short Hills Taxi Service business cards; 1964 Suburban Life magazine; 1926 Railway Review; Tennis Courts at the Casino postcard; 1927 picture of Millburn Fire Station & Police hdqtrrs, from American City; three negatives of Millburn station demolition; 1914 Neighborhood Assn medal; 1951 & 1953 photos of the Phoebe Snow; engraved calling card plate; W.H. Bradley, American Artist in Print; 1882 sketch of Sunset Cottage; luggage tag for Mrs. Groene of 7 Midhurst;

asst'd Will Bradley books and articles; 1948 business/telephone directory; Yogg & Co New Year's Eve table decoration; 1904 Millburn RR station postcard; 1942 envelope to Victor Schopperle; 1928 Scientific American; 1956 Life magazine; 1943 SEP magazine; 1935, 1938, 1948, 1969 auction catalogs for local estates; Schultz of Millburn hanger; two Hartshorn roller shades; 1926 hand-colored sketch of Robin Hood Cottage;

1947 MHS commencement program; candy jars from Station Stop; Mike Lloyd baseball cards; 1886, 1890, & 1895 township committee reports; 1977 Guidelines for Rehabilitating Old Buildings; 1888-1928 medals awarded to Pitcher & Manda, Joseph A. Manda, and W.A. Manda



(It Must Have Been Fantastic, cont'd from page 1)

Tom C.: I was born here in what was at that time 33 Hobart Ave. It was at the very corner of the Hartshorn property, the property of the homestead. That was in 1919 and during my childhood I had free reign of Mr. Hartshorn's estate. I could fish in the pond, swim, and play hockey on the ice in the winter time. They had seven horses in the stable, so I grew up rather fond of horses. My father had a cow at all times.

There were two that I can recollect at different times.....because of me....

Mary C.S.: And the milk Mother couldn't use she sold and that was my spending money at college.

Tom C.: I can remember Dad had quite a flock of chickens, so we had all the fresh eggs we could handle.

Alicia R.: Mary, I just want to get your married name.

Mary C.S.: It's Mary C. Salisbury...

Alicia R.: ...You were saying you lived here for many years.

Mary C.S.: I lived here until I married, in 1924, a year after I graduated from N.J.C.

Alicia R.: How much property did (the Hartshorn) homestead encompass?

Tom J.: The grounds immediately around the mansion were 40 acres and, of course, the railroad ran right through it. I guess it just about bisected it on the way up to the Short Hills station. There were two ponds on the north side of the tracks. One of them was fed by a little stream which would be fairly close to where the great oak is and the water from it flowed into what I call the number one pond and from there it flowed into the lower pond which was fed by a stream. I think it is completely piped now, but it ran from the school on Hobart Ave. down along the property line of the Hartshorn estate along the Knollwood line and then it turned to the west and just about at the railroad there was a dam which would back up its waters to form a second pond. And a waterfall spilled from that and the water went under the railroad. There was a very small arched tunnel there. These waters continued to Millburn Avenue and there was another pond at Millburn Avenue which...

Alicia R.: It must have been fantastic.

Tom C.: I think so. My sister's recollections go back to its heyday. It was in its decline when I came along.

Mary C.S.: ...At one time they had four chauffeurs and ten servants in the house.

Alicia E.: There was a thirty room house?

Mary C.S.: Yes. As you came in there was a large porch on the front of the house and then you came into this huge foyer, the reception area and all furnished very beautifully, nothing ostentatious but very beautifully done. And then to the right there was a huge room you could hold a ball in, and there was a big ball there once. And to show you what kind of consideration Mrs. Hartshorn had for her servants--there were ten of them in the house--they had Sherry's come in from N.Y. to cater the ball. I remember the night very well. So the servants didn't have to do very much; maybe show the waiters and other people where to put stuff and how to, you know, around the house. And then, a very well known orchestra, I can't remember the name now, but it was really an occasion. I mean that's how considerate she was of people.

And then, directly ahead you walked out into a sunroom, from the foyer directly into a sunroom where there was this aquarium and where you could get a beautiful view of the lawn as it came down and there were large cement steps and trees that also came down.

Alicia R.: I understand that some of the steps still exist.

Mary C.S.: Yes. And then they planted on both sides of them shrubbery and in my day it was not much higher than this. You could still see over and around and it gave a beautiful effect as you walked down about three feet to the ponds. And then to your left as you came in there was a separate entrance that led you into what was the butlers pantry quarters; and they always had two butlers. Their dining room was a beautiful, beautiful room, all in wood beautifully carved. And the largest punchbowl I've ever seen in my life. I believe that they gave it to one of the museums after Mrs. Hartshorn died.

Tom C.: It might be among the gifts or bequests to museums. I have a list.

Lampe: That was the Newark Museum?

Mary C.S.: It is the Newark Museum. The rooms were extremely large. There was no feeling of crampedness even though there were all these rooms.

Mary C.S.: And then you came out to the kitchen area. The kitchen was as big as this room and half again and off from that was the servants' dining room which was another great big room because they seated ten to each meal and maybe more if they had company. And there was a cook and a kitchen maid.

Then, going down to the next level below, they had their own laundry equipment that they had in those days. I can still see the large coal range, a circular coal range, with all these flat irons all around, heating up. And then of course, they had mangles and other things that they had two girls who worked in the laundry. Then in back of that they had what they called the creamery, because they had their cows and they made their own butter. Then beyond that in the next room was the preserve closets with all kinds of canned goods in mason jars, up to the ceiling, that the cook had done with her assistant and beyond that there was a passageway underneath this great big ballroom that I mentioned, Mr. Hartshorn had his recreation area and his billiard table and various other things.

Alicia R.: What did he do in his spare time? What were some of his hobbies?

Mary C.S.: Well, his main hobby, the main reason why he bought up all this property, all of Short Hills and developed it was because of his interest in pure drinking water and in order to establish a water system he bought up all this property. He had his pumping station up there at White Oak Ridge and I believe it supplied East Orange and many East Orange houses still get water from this area.

Tom C.: I think he acquired the Hartshorn pumping station and water system under another name. It was a Summit firm...

Lampe: That would be Commonwealth Water.

Tom C.: Yes, that's it.

Mary C.S.: That was one thing and then he was interested also in natural resources, like the quarry. For the first house that was built, the materials came from this area.

Alicia R.: (Can you tell us more) about the Hartshorn family?

Mary G.S.: Well...Mr. Hartshorn Sr. and Mrs. Hartshorn and they were just the most democratic, nicest people. She used to always brag about how after they were married and came home from church she took off her wedding dress and put on her house dress and an apron and served everybody.

Alicia R.: You mean she must have been a very down to earth person.

Mary G.S.: Oh absolutely...down to earth.



Mary C.S.: Well, even as a schoolgirl of maybe ten or so, Mrs. Hartshorn always made me feel I was welcome in the house any time I wanted to come in and bring any schoolmates in and show them around, and I thought that was terrific because they had everything, such as the first aquarium I ever saw. It was in the sunroom and I could always go in and look at that or I could play some of the beautiful red seal Victor records. They had a lovely phonograph in the main lobby of the house as you came in to the right, and there were chairs all around it so I could have a little concert if I wanted to. All that sort of thing that you remember.

Mary C.S.: I think I knew every tree on this place.

Alicia R.: Magnificent trees. The great oak has still survived.

Mary C.S.: Yes, indeedy. And which tree had the best moss under it...I used to carry my dolls over and play house with them and it was the most beautiful, I tell you, the dark old trees. That was down near where the garage stood. I remember seeing one with a rust color; I'll think of it. That's the only problem I have now. I forget names.

Alicia R.: I can appreciate that. I forget also, very easily. Did Mr. Hartshorn plant these especially?

Mary C.S.: That I can't tell you because I was too young to have known.

Mary C.S.: And (Mr. Hartshorn) was a grand person. When he wanted to go up to New Hampshire fishing, one time he just invited me to go along with him and my father and we had a grand time.

We had a little dog that knew the sound of the car when it came out of garage before it went up the driveway to pick him up—and we lived in the old cottage, 88 Hobart Avenue, as it was called then—and my little dog would be across the lawn and on the front seat of the car by the time the old gentleman came out.

Mary C.S.: Another thing about Mrs. Hartshorn... when I got to be of high school age and all, she liked to read and I guess her eyesight was beginning to fail so she asked me if I would read to her. I said I'd love to. So every morning I'd read an hour and every afternoon I'd read an hour or two and she liked, well, for example, we read two volumes of the American Revolution by an English author, and I'd come back in the afternoon and she could repeat the last sentence I'd read to her and if in the conversation, if the general called the other one not a very nice name, she'd laugh and say, "Great. Read that again."

Lampe: How old was she at that time?

Mary C.S.: Let me think. I would say probably in her early 70's because she became interested with a group of women in New Jersey to further the education of women and that there should be an opportunity for them to go to a state university or something comparable. So they organized and started a drive for funds and got the N.J. state legislature interested in it and Rutgers University professors, the heads of various departments and they founded what was called the N.J. College for Women, that later became Douglass. Then I graduated from high school in 1919 and that college had its first class in the fall of 1918 and I wanted to teach so I had already enrolled in Montclair Normal School and she was told about it, but the principal of the high school and the two of them agreed that I shouldn't go there; I should go to college. Well, frankly, my parents could not afford it and Mr. Messner who was then the principal of the Short Hills High School (Henry L. Messner) said, "Well, I'm going to see your friend Mrs. Hartshorn and I'm going to talk to her." So she said, "Oh, I thought May (as I was called then) wanted to go to Montclair Normal. I'll be glad to help if she'll go over to this college I'm interested in founding." So they filled one place there. I was in the second class that graduated from N.J.C. as we called it then. Of course, I knew Mrs. Douglass very well. She knew all of us, believe me. She knew when you got a new dress and she knew when you had a new beau. She knew all about it. She had to meet him.

Mary G.S.: And then I had two roommates and both of them were very popular. One was popular at Princeton and the other at Rutgers and they went to the different fraternity dances and I'd find a note in the box that Dean Douglass wants to see me. And I'd have to go and see her and I'd feel like the three monkeys--see, hear, and say nothing. She'd say, "Who was Beth out with last night? Or Dorothy? What time did they get in?"

Alicia R.: She was checking up on all of you....What was this so-called finishing school that was started in a huge home on the corner of Stewart and Minnisink? I just heard about this last night. Someone started something many, many years ago. Oden Cox brought that out last night at our meeting and I thought perhaps you might know something about it.
[Editor's note: No reply to this was recorded]

Alicia R.: Mary, how long was your father a chauffeur for Mr. Hartshorn?

Mary C.S.: Well, he continued after Mr. and Mr. Hartshorn died, with Miss Cora. And they were exactly the same age, she and Dad, and they got along very well. And when the project came up for the bird sanctuary and so forth, Dad became very involved in that with her.

Alicia R.: How do you remember her? What type of person was she?

Mary C.S.: Oh my, very straightforward; just right down to earth too, just like her mother...the whole family. She had a younger sister, Mrs. Harold Hack — Joanna — who was named after her mother and she was just the same too. The whole family was that way.

Fran L.: Was Mr. Hartshorn a friendly sort of person?

Mary C.S.: Very. And a very stately person. He stood so erect and he wore gray a lot. With his white hair and his little beard...

Fran L.: Was he always in a suit?

Tom C.: ...(unclear) went fishing.

Fran L.: Where did you fish?

Tom C.: Lake Winnepesaukee. He was a real buddy of...

Mary C.S.: He was a fishing addict, from the time he could hold a fishing pole. I've got one of the cutest pictures of him standing on the steps of 90 Hobart, that I took of him just as he got ready to go fishing - fishing pole in one hand, back pack...

Tom C.: I used to go up with my father to New Hampshire at the beginning of the season and again at the end of the season. He would drive Mr. Hartshorn to Center Harbour, New Hampshire and I would go along for two reasons; one was to get out from under my mother's feet, and the second was to be a companion to Dad on the trip back. In those days it was a hard two day drive, about 350 miles.

Alicia R.: Were you using a Blue Book?

Tom C.: No. Dad had made that trip in a chain driven automobile back in 1906-1907. And in those days he used to stop and show me where the old roads went and we were then on what are now the old roads, if you follow me. But he was pointing out the log-type roads, corduroy roads and all. I guess the first trip that I made would be in the late 20s.

One summer they were preparing for this trip and Mr. Hartshorn suggested to Dad that I ought to spend the summer this time and learn how to fish, so word got back to Mother and of course she objected strenuously. My bag was packed (fingers snapped) and I was sent over to the main house and there always a little ceremony of departure. As Mr. Hartshorn would leave the porch, the limousine was brought up to the portico and we watched for Mr. Hartshorn to make his appearance. On that particular day--I'll never forget it--he came out in his tailored clothing, monogrammed pockets, huge shoes and he was really something to behold. And he stepped out on the porch and Cora let out a shriek — I can still hear it — “Father!” He was wearing his old fishing hat. So she clapped her hands and one of the girls dashed back in the house and returned with his good hat and Cora squared it away just so on his head and he then went down the steps carrying his old fishing hat and got in the back of the car. I got in and sat next to him and they closed the door. His valet, Jim Paterson, was sitting in the front seat and everyone waved goodbye. We came down this driveway and headed out to Hobart Avenue. Just about the time we reached the gate he took off that new hat. He flung it to the floor and he said, “God damn it!” I jumped. He put the old fishing hat on and sat there.

Alicia R.: He was going to do what he wanted to.

Lampe: But he gave in to the women, didn't he?

Alicia R.: How old was he when he died?

Tom C.: Ninety-six. He kept that hat on until we got to a hotel in Waterbury, Connecticut, to a hotel he particularly liked to stop at. Then you'd have to suggest that perhaps he'd like to put the other hat on while we ate.

Alicia R.: Tom, was that the Waterbury Inn?

Tom C.: The one that he loved was the Elm Tree Inn and it was in Northfield...no...south of there. I can't remember the name, but it was such an old inn that it was kept deliberately in the old style even in the 30s which I like to think of being up to date. It had your washbasin and your pitcher of water and my father would say, "I hope the place doesn't burn down tonight. Let's get by tonight." But Mr. Hartshorn loved that inn. Farmington...that's where it was. [*Editor's note: There was such an inn in Great Barrington*] And another place he loved was Northhampton. There was a Wiggins Tavern there and I think its still in the same family.

Alicia R.: It's still there.

Tom C.: What he liked about it was that it was an antique shop with a dining room attached and he loved to browse. And this one time — he used to always have me with him browsing — he said “Do you know who that is?” It was a picture of Andrew Jackson. (I replied) “Yes, Mr. Hartshorn, that's Andrew Jackson.” He said, “You're right. He was a good friend of my mother.” When you think back to Tennessee and to the times, that's about right, because Mr. Hartshorn was born in 1840.

Fran L.: What did he like to talk about? Was he a great reader? Did he read newspapers? Or books? Or...

Tom C.: He was a great story teller and he had some good stories. And a lot of his stories were about himself--funny things in his life. He told me once he was traveling in the country and being hungry he stopped at a little farmhouse that had a sign out “Luncheons” or “Dinner” or whatever and he was invited into the dining room and was asked what he would like to have and he was told that the chicken was very good, so he said, “Well, I'll take the chicken.” He sat there and in a while he heard quite a rumpus out there (laughter).

Lampe: They were killing the chicken?

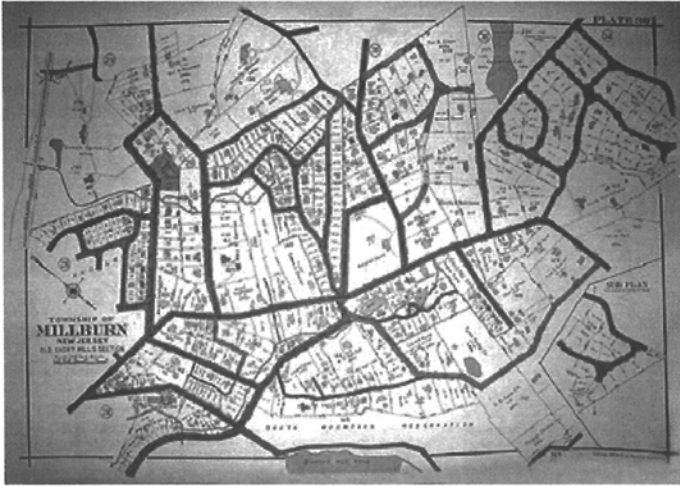
Tom C.: Exactly. He was very humorous. Finally he told me that the entire meal cost him a quarter. I don't know what year we are talking about, but it must have been way back.

Lampe: It must have taken quite some time to get that too.

Tom C.: You know, he was quite an inventor and we'd sit at the table at the Inn at Center Harbour and one evening he took a glass of water and he was turning it around and around and he'd go back this way and I wanted to know what was on his mind and he said, “Look here. What do you see?” And I said, “Well, I see a little speck of dirt on the top.” And there was a little tiny speck caught in the surface tension and he said, “I've been trying to turn the glass to get that speck away so I can drink from it.” And he said, “And it stays right here.” (I replied,) “Yes, it does.” And he said, “You like airplanes. How about those autogyros?” And I said, “Oh yes, they're quite...” He said, “Well, I'll never use this idea but maybe you could use it. Perhaps they could build a big autogyro with the compartment for people suspended in a liquid and it will not turn when everything else goes around.” He used to think of things like that. That was the way his mind worked, always seeing things and trying to relate them to something else.



Map Reprints for Sale



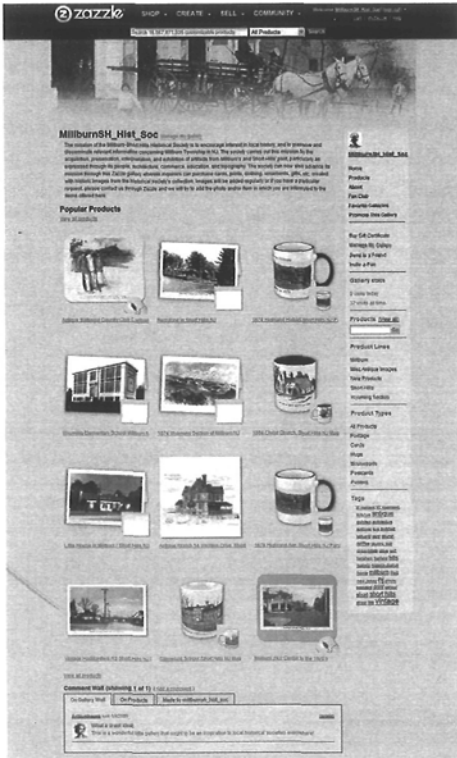
1928 atlas map of a section of Millburn Township

The most frequently requested items from the historical society collection are reprints of the colorful local maps. Unframed copies of 1906 and 1928 maps, printed on archival paper with UV-resistant inks, can now be purchased or ordered through the museum. Maps are available in a few sizes, from \$100 for the 33" w x 23" h 1928 atlas map (see image above) to \$45 for the smaller 16" x 20" unframed 1906 map. Visit the museum or call (973-564-9519) for more information about the maps.

*1906 atlas map
of a section of
Millburn Township*



The Gift of Millburn-Short Hills History



Would you like to give a current or former local resident a gift of Millburn-Short Hills history, but can't find just what you want? You can now shop online for customized or personalized gifts that feature historic images of Millburn and Short Hills at the historical society's Zazzle gallery.

The society is gradually uploading historic images from its collection and you can use them to create prints, mugs, mouse pads, shirts, note cards, greeting cards, postcards, aprons, mugs, and more—even shoes. If you would like to purchase something with an image from our collection and that image is not posted at the site or if you would like to purchase a posted image, but on a different product, just click on “Send Message” on the right on the society's main gallery page at:

www.zazzle.com/millburnsh_hist_soc

and tell us what you are looking for. (NOTE: There is an underscore before and after the 'hist' in the address)

Zazzle products have a reputation for quality, but should you have a problem with an order, you will find Zazzle's customer service to be very helpful



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Local History Through the Internet

Vic Benes of the historical society board built a Web site for the society and in addition to much-needed general information (such as museum hours and parking), he added features, such as a map room with scans of some of the maps in the society's collection.

Please visit the society's site at:

www.MSHHistSoc.org

NOTE our new e-mail address, through which researchers, readers, and residents may contact the society with questions:

MSHHS@comcast.net

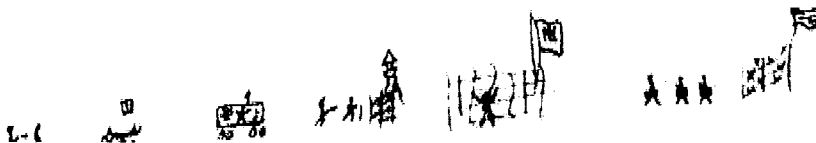
The Millburn Free Public Library's director, Bill Swinson, has devoted his energy and resources to bringing the history of Millburn and Short Hills to residents and researchers. New and exciting additions are online and searchable at the library Web site, as the library Web site now features digitized images of a bound volume of The Budget, a rare 1886 Millburn newspaper, the Township Tattle, a newsletter that went to local WWII servicemen and their families, the Item from the WWII years, and the Alert, a local civil defense newsletter. Visitors to the museum seldom see these newsletters because of their fragile condition, but those who do see them are captivated by the news of Millburn Township's servicemen and servicewomen and thanks to the cooperation of the library, these rare artifacts can now be enjoyed by readers around the world, without further damaging the originals.

The most popular local-history feature of the library Web site continues to be Marian Meisner's hefty and exhaustive study on the subject. If you have questions or are just curious about the history of Millburn and Short Hills, you can read Ms. Meisner's complete book or the newspapers at the Millburn library's Web site by going to:

<http://www.millburn.lib.nj.us/>

Click on "Historical Archives" on the left.

Please also use the e-mail directory link at the library's Web site to let Mr. Swinson know that you enjoyed or used these new features! You can find him through "About the Library" then "Department Telephone and E-mail Directory."



A Wartime Log

by Roy R. Bumsted, Jr.

The fascinating and compelling diary from which this excerpt was extracted was loaned to the historical society for transcription a number of years ago. This excerpt and any others from the same source is kindly reprinted here courtesy of the family of Roy Bumsted, Jr. PLEASE NOTE that this selection is from a WWII wartime diary and, as such, contains language and references to nationalities that reflect those times, but may seem inappropriate today.

Part I - Capture

February 24th, 1944 - We had just finished packing our musette bags for the 3 day trip to London on the morrow, when the C.Q. popped in and announced that HQ had canceled all leaves until further notice. We weren't too surprised, but nevertheless, were disappointed, for we had planned a helluva toot in London.

February 25th, 1944 - Arising at 1:30 AM, Bill, Bob, Stars and I dressed, grabbed our fresh eggs, and trundled off half-asleep to the mess hall for a few "over lights". After breakfast we went down to the line, dressed in flying clothes and motored down to another base, for we weren't flying with our own bunch that day, and a sorry day that turned out to be!

Briefing disclosed the target as Regensburg, a long haul across Europe to the Danube Valley, but we'd have fighter escort all the way!! And so we took off for assembly in a cloudless early morning and turned our noses to the sun and occupied France. The ship, unfortunately an old wreck, was acting up, but not badly enough for abortion, so we flew on. Below, the channel passed, and shortly the green and gold fields of northern France. No flak or Jerry fighters and we'd gone all the way to San Quentin - it sure looked good! The ball turret, we found, was out, so we had to hope Jerry wouldn't notice and pick us out if he came up. Interphone chatter soon disclosed the fact that 190s were up and at us, so we all alerted. I checked off the Meuse River on the pilotage map and was concentrating on navigating and check-pointing when it happened. My watch said 12:55 at the Meuse. All the time I had kept the chin-turret guns in motion with one hand to scare Jerry a bit, but he must have noticed our weak spot in the belly and wasn't taken in. Buhs was busy at his table and Baker in the top turret was turned aft, when all of a sudden, seemingly out of nowhere, two silver 190s swooped up in front, right and low it. No. 4 got a direct

hit and blew; No. 3 went out with oil spurting and afire; and a 20 mm ripped into the nose behind me, spraying a fragment into yours T where he sits down. It was all over in a split second before any of us could get a shot in. (It later turned out that no one but me had seen the enemy boring in, as Hathaway wasn't in the disabled ball). Buhs was miraculously untouched. I shall never forget those cannon flaming orange, pointed, it seemed, right at me. I guess I did some rapid earnest praying and He must have heard. The bell for bail-out started ringing, and I knew we were in for it. Couldn't feather either 3 or 4: were losing altitude rapidly; and had no clouds to duck into. The formation went on ahead and we were on our own with 2 190s making sure of a kill. "Booze" was out in a flash, without even kicking off the door - a wonder he didn't get his harness caught in the door handle. I grabbed my trusty chute, clamped it on, checked the rings, and forsaking a chocolate bar sitting on the panel, crawled back to where Bob was busily engaged in kicking off the emergency hatch. We weren't badly afire, so there was little immediate danger of "blowing", but the two fighters were still pecking at us. Bob went out, and I sat in the hatch, legs dangling trying to get my rip-handle out a bit so I could get a grip on it - when the chute popped! I held her OK though before the pilot chute to escape, and slid out into space. As soon as the slipstream caught the already-opened chute, she blossomed out the rest of the way, and there I was suspended on a hunk of flimsy silk sixteen and a half thousand feet in the air. Unfortunately I had not carefully checked my leg straps and the jerk of the opening chute was terrific. I experienced a sharp pain in the groin, and it grew more excruciating as the moments passed. It seemed an endless eternity though it was only a few moments. I watched Bill's chute open - he was the last to leave - and saw the ship - "Yankee Queen" was her name - dive straight into the factory district of Saarbrücken, blowing up with the 1 bomb that had hung-up in the salvo. It seemed as if four or five solid blocks were sheathed in flame. I supported myself as best I could by trying to hold my weight with the shrouds to relieve the pain in my groin, and at long last hit gently as a feather in a forest of second-growth spruce. Having steered my way clear of a forest of taller trees.

For a while I remained in the harness till the pain subsided, then I crawled out of same, and discarded the Mae West. I tried to pull the chute out of the trees, but couldn't. I found that the injuries sustained seemed internal - probably a slight capillary hemorrhage in the lymph gland area and that the fragment in my posterior was very small and had caused only minor bleeding. It seemed to be imbedded about an inch and a half in the flesh.

Right away quick I was making tracks away from that spot because I knew they had spotted me and would be closing in soon. I had no weapons with me and had left my escape kit in the ship, but I knew where I was and where I wanted to go, so I headed westward. I had gone about ½ mile through a thin spot in the woods, running low, when I saw five sailors, so I hit the deck in a little depression. Next thing I knew, I was covered with a Luger from behind and looked up at a Gestapo sergeant with a huge black "police" dog, who proceeded to tear great rents in my coveralls when I stood up. He fortunately got no flesh, and was soon held in check by my captor. Needless to say, I had no alternative but to surrender, and was thereupon escorted to a nearby police station through throngs of local burghers, mostly children, who seemed more curious than avaricious. I met with no display of violence.

I had landed in the Schöniker Wald, a few miles SW of Saarbrücken. I was questioned at the station by a newly arrived Major, who took my name, rank, and serial number. The Sgt. meanwhile had treated me fairly decently, much to my surprise, having given me (after having appropriated mine and my Dunhill lighter) a cigarette and a shot of brandy. I was next escorted to AAHQ in the city of

Saarbrücken, and again passed crowds of civilians. I tried to look the part, and scowled, firing venomous glances at the multitude, but no one seemed inclined to take me from my solitary guard. Saarbrücken had not yet been hit by the 8th, and there wasn't the animosity among civilians such as one meets in Berlin, Hamburg, or Frankfurt.

At AAHQ I was placed in a room under guard, but not before I had seen Buhs. En route, a truck had stopped and I was motioned to same where Jack lay on his back, paralyzed from his waist down from hitting his spine in descent. I was never again to hear his whereabouts or his fate. For sure, he never arrived at Stalag 1 (my future home).

At HQ, a young captain came in and tried his broken English on me, but I found it better to chat in French, which he knew and spoke very well. He merely tried to fill me with propaganda, and gave up futilely trying to pump me for information. "For you the war is thru", "Germany will win", "Hitler will invade England", and other such nonsense was his line. In a few minutes, Bateson arrived under Mutt and Jeff guard. I had been fed a thick soup and two slabs of unbuttered ersatz bread, but don't know as Bob had been as fortunate.

Next we entrucked for a military barracks in the other side of town, where we were joined by Baker, McArthur, Savant, and Kaltenbacher. They treated us all well, and fed us potato soup, bread and jam. Here we spent the night. Baker told me Hathaway had probably escaped capture, and that Hodge was missing. A German had told him Bill was dead, having fallen 60 ft. out of a tree when his chute spilled, but if he is dead, I for one don't think that's how it happened!

And so ended a day I shall never forget.

February 26th, 1944 - We proceeded in the morning by train from Saarbrücken via Kreunach & Mainz to Frankfurt-on-Main, where we were taken to a detention camp on the outskirts of town - the camp that is known as the "Cooler", where solitary confinement is the usual rule - the softening up process in order to obtain vital information by withholding any and all comforts. However, all six of us were put in a single room, about 8' x 5' with one broken down bed, no mattress, and 2 water jugs, and left there overnight.

The next day we were interrogated by a wizened-up corporal who must have been thoroughly disgusted at his negative results. Since B-17s were all in evidence the day before, they concluded we were a 17 crew, but that's all they got. We spent the night in a larger room with 12 beds, 12 mattresses, and 53 men.

February 27th, 1944 - We spent the morning being shoved around here and there, and eventually entrolled for Frankfurt again, where we went to the main reception center, Dulog Luft. Here we ate fairly well and received Red Cross kits and clothing and started sweating out the day we'd leave for our permanent camp.



ANXIOUS POWS ARRIVE AT THE INTERROGATION CENTER
The future looks bleak for these American flyers who have been captured and are arriving at the Interrogation Center at Oberursel. Scharff took this photo from his office window.

February 28th, 1944 - Last night we spent two hours in the bomb shelter while AA guns boomed, but no bombs were dropped. We thought the guns were bombs, so great was the vibration, and tried to guess whether they were 500s, 1000s or what. About noon, the enlisted men left for their camp in Memel, East Prussia, along with Hathaway who arrived a day after us, having shuttled all over Germany hopping freights and trying to get to France.

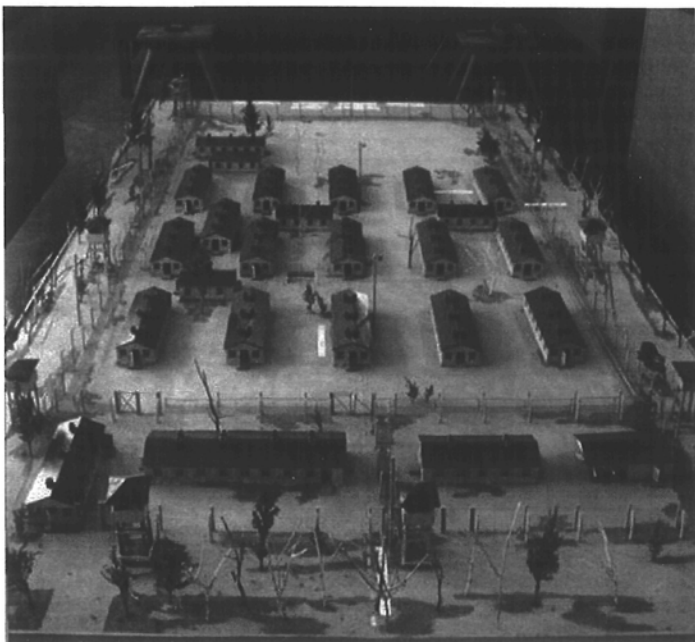
(Reprinted from http://www.merkki.com/new_page_2.htm)

He was captured same place he went down, however.

March 1st, 1944 - Today Bob's and my name appeared on the list, and at 3 PM we motored down to the railroad yards, through the heart of bomb-torn Frankfurt. At the yards we were placed in box cars - actually French "40 and 8s", pilfered by the Germans from French rolling stock. In each car were 22 of us and 7 Jerry guards. We had straw to sleep on and that's all, though the guards kept a fire going in the small stove in the car. Our trip was to last five days and five sleepless nights. We had a Red Cross food parcel for 2 of us and the Goons supplied bread and sausage. Our guards were O.K., giving us very little trouble and lots of laughs. They were prototypes for Snow White and the seven dwarfs and so we named them. Snow White was the train commander, a Hitler-mustached feldwebel, and our guards were Happy, Grumpy, etc. En route we were to pass through Erfurt, Weimar, Gotha, Leipzig, Frankfurt-Oder and Pasewalk, by-passing disrupted Berlin.

March 6th, 1944 - This morning we arrived in Barth, Pomerania, and detained at long last. We marched the 2½ miles from town to this camp, located on a peninsula in the Baltic Sea. It was a foreboding sight - double rows of barbed wire surrounding what would be our home until cessation of war. We filed, foot-sore, into processing, were searched and checked into the North Compound (there were at the time 2; now there are 3, with another a-building). Here I was happy to see a large number of the lads who had failed to return to the base on previous raids - Skeeter, Sharp, Holland, Smitty, Nick, et. al. In addition, I saw Shuman, from Carlsbad Navigation School.

Part II - Stalag Luft



On arrival at Stalag, we were placed in Block 4, with a bombardier and a navigator officer, Cihon and Bennett by name. Cihon hails from Cleveland and Bennett from Indianapolis. We found K.D. Smith was working as a volunteer in the mess hall, so to help occupy our time, Bob and I took over dish-washing. A week later, we'd had enough of scraping garbage and quit. Since that time, U.S. sergeants

(Model of Stalag Luft III Camp; reprinted from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stalag_Luft_III)

have arrived and have taken over K.P. duties. Time passed slowly through March, cold and raw, and we began sweating out the invasion and our freedom. The local escape plans never seem to work and have not been too feasible, so we decided to forego any such expeditions.

Our spare time has been divided between reading, volley-ball, softball, bridge, touch football, bitching, sun-bathing (on rare warm days), and laying in the sack, an art at which Bennett is past-master.

About the end of March I decided to do something to relieve the monotony, so I joined the Library staff and have since been working on the 2-4 afternoon shift. It helps a lot to have something to occupy your mind and your time, as I am naturally restless and crave constant action. The library work serves as an effective escape!

Chow is always a principle topic of conversation! The mess hall feeds twice daily in 3 sittings to take care of our 1600 men. The list of Red Cross parcels in the front of this volume (page 19) shows what the kitchen keeps out of our parcels, and combines with the meager German rations to feed us. Though we bitch loud and long, we still get plenty enough to eat, usually having a sandwich in the room about one PM and again about 10 at night. The best items on the mess hall bill of fare are chocolate pudding

(crackers, D-bars, raisins), cakes [rare] (barley, prunes, cracker flour and chocolate), and fried potatoes, an innovation to use up the bad batch of marg. received thru the ARC from Pearsall & Co. Seems as long as they go to the trouble of shipping us stuff, a company like that might at least send some good stuff!

When we first arrived, the 8th USAAF's going over was a novelty, but soon became frequent. Easter Sunday we looked into a sky nearly black with B-17's, and in addition had the thrill of seeing a couple of 51's shoot up the local airfield, which British "Mossies" had knocked up a few days before. Since Easter such attacks, both bomber and strafing, have been fairly frequent, and have done a lot to bolster morale. The Germans fill us with the old baloney all the time - orphan asylums, cultural monuments, hospitals destroyed, civilians killed and little or no damage to military installations. They keep us well supplied with their newspapers and communiqués a la Berlin - Goebbels, which we naturally take with a grain of salt, using the papers, after perusal, for sanitary purposes!

Occasionally the Goons - as we call all Germans - make sweeping strategic attacks on different barracks, trying to fool us with their brilliant, if clumsy, tactics, and thereupon pull a search for unopened food, maps, tunnels, "verboten" news, and other stuff. When they let us back in our happy homes, the only things gone as a rule are the Kriegie's cigarettes - the Jerries being wild for U.S. fags - or jam or cheese or chocolate. They have very sticky fingers.

The brass hats have set up a miniature City Hall over in Block 9, from whence they execute a side-show. The compound is divided in two parts - 2 groups - forming a Wing, with squadrons (blocks) divided into squads. At every roll call, the SAO (Senior Allied Officer - Col. Byerley) bellows "Wing!"; the group C.O.'s "Group", the squadron C.O.'s "Squadron", and inevitably some rank and file joker "Flight" - "Attention!" (from the Col.). All very formal, don't you know, but silly as hell in a POW camp, but I guess they figure a couple of minutes a day of discipline helps to remind us we're still soldiers. It's hard to realize it most of the time, as we sit around on our collective butt, raking in the shekles for doing nothing at all!

On a sunny day, morale boosters as such are - there's a great exodus outdoors for sun-worship, either sporting or lying voluptuously in the grass absorbing vitamin D. Others G.I their rooms and the ambitious wash clothes. When it rains, reading, bridge, poker, chewing the fat and sack-time are in order, though some intellectuals play checkers & chess.

I have been drawing a couple of scale-maps, with the U.S. in 5 colors, all of Europe, South America, Ohio, Texas (God knows why) and the Invasion coast. Something to do to follow USAAF raids and the big invasion if and when it comes.

Figuring out pay as 150 base, 75 flying (which we still draw), 10% overseas, 21 rations, less 6.60 insurance, I find I'm drawing 261.90 per month, an a Feb-June total of about 1500, out of which my allotment is still taken to the bank. It's a bed of roses. Plus this, 5% for "fogey" pay after July 25. Bateson makes even more, being married and drawing longev. for 5 years already. I figure the total pay coming to me on November 1st would be \$2391.85 or \$2202.85 if we don't draw Rations allowance.

A damned fine dance band has been organized here, which plays at entertainments and occasional suppers. 3 trumpets, a trombone, 4 sax (2 double on clarinets), drums, base, guitar, and piano - all Red Cross instruments. Entertainments consist of concerts, recorded, by the band, or glee club; quiz shows; string orchestra from the South Compound, plays, and movies. In the sports line there are several softball leagues, inter-barracks volley-ball, basketball and touch football, with plans for boxing, wrestling and track meets in the future. All equipment is donated by the Red Cross. The baseball uniforms were a gift of the Cleveland Indians.

June 6th, 1944 - Don Smith burst into the room this morning with poop that the much-fabled Invasion had started, and was greeted with the usual guffaws. However, a German radio announcement proved him right, and Kriegieland is on it's ear, especially the band which has been imbibing Kriegie brew (fermented prunes and raisins), and whose playing this evening proved them right. Bets are being collected and speculation is rife as to the war's end.

June 11th, 1944 - Got some seeds today (lettuce, beets and peas) and have planned on making a garden where ambition stirs us. Probably won't get to eat our produce if we do plant.

Been wondering what it's going to be like eating off plates and drinking from glasses. It's porcelain mugs and bowls here. Movies are another wonder! Lost all touch with what's new - movies and the theater too.

June 19th, 1944 - Been commissioned one year today, and a long year it's been. Finished a large scale West Front map today in water colors on hard paper. Will have to bring it home as a memoir. A lot of good new U.S. novels arrived in the library, so reading material will be a cinch ad infinitum.

June 20th, 1944 - Rations have been unfortunately cut due to lack of parcels and we now get an issue every 2 weeks. I usually sell milk and sugar, ending up with 2 cheeses and 2 jams, but that only helps a little on a 2 week stretch, considering the Mess Hall's meagre fare. Cigarettes can always be won at bridge (or lost at poker) so the smoking situation is not acute. Roswell seems to be well represented here! Lowen, Bader, Taylor, Horne, Kalman, Erdman, Canton, and myself, and perhaps more I don't know of. I wonder if "Pot" Bramwell is still gold-bricking in N.M.

June 24th, 1944 - The invasion seems to be going along fine, but naturally we keep hoping they go faster. It can't be more than a few months more, I feel certain. In a poll I picked Sept 20th as the finis.

Have seen Smallwood several times and chewed the fat on the future, etc. Seem's he's still buggy on the canary from Shreveport. Surprises me it's lasted at all. We're both looking forward to another round of golf with Dad and Charlie Thomas, giving them strokes despite the fact that they'll have all summer to practice up. And not to mention the old rum collins at the 19th hole - the best part of any and all golf games.

June 26th, 1944 - The impetaigo which has haunted me for a month now has gone, though I shaved today for the first time in 3 weeks, leaving a beard on my chin where the worst spots are located. Pasta Zuica did the trick.

June 27th, 1944 - We enjoyed our first movie today - Judy Garland and Van Heflin in "Presenting Lily Mars". I had seen it before, but it was nevertheless delightful. Also they presented "The Iron Road" with Richard Dix.

Cigarette rations here are bolstered with reeking Polish and perfumed French weeds. Polish are called "Sports" and the French "Elegantes." Both are nearly unsmokable!

Making a scale model FW190 (2 cm=1 in)—the plane that shot us down. Just a souvenir.

June 28th, 1944 - Why does it take more food to feed 8 colonels, majors, etc, than it does to feed 8 Lieutenants? Ask the mess officer-a major! Frankly I see no excuse for such favoritism in a prison camp where food is scarce.

July 4th, 1944 - We had quite a celebration today! Col. Byerly, the SAO, let go with all guns on freedom before our Nazi guests. Glee club and ork gave selections. Jerry cameramen had a helluva time getting pics of the occasion, for every time he raised his camera, all of us would give V-for victory sign and he'd have to start all over again.

July 7th, 1944 - Our second movie today, Ann Sheridan & Jack Benny in "George Washington Slept Here"- supplying plenty of laughs. Rumor has it we're going to have parole swimming parties to the inlet on the Baltic.

July 8th, 1944 - And so we went to the Baltic shore in confirmation of yesterday's rumor. We had a very refreshing swim, even though the water was a bit on the brackish side. Beautiful spruce forest by the beach (or rather mud flat). You wouldn't know there's a war going on. It's a real treat to get out from behind barbed wire.

The latest craze, supplementing our violin and guitar ensemble, is the ocarina chorus. It seems that thousands were distributed, worse luck, and just about everyone in camp runs around blowing their brains out, achieving no more than a terrible din. Whoever got the idea of sending these musical monstrosities ought to be shot.

July 12th, 1944 - The natal day passed in an unobtrusive manner. For a while, when 300 packages arrived, I thought that maybe I'd be lucky, but Dame Fortune chose not to smile.

July 16th, 1944 - "Waiting for Lefty" put on by the Wing Theater Group and showed good acting, but (and necessarily) a sad lack of props and staging facilities.

July 18th, 1944 - The USAAF gave us a good show today - at least 500 ships passed over this AM, with 38's and 51's escorting. Easter Sunday on an even greater scale. The Germans now make us stay in the barracks while raids are going on.

July 22nd, 1944 - The attempt on Der Fuhrer's precarious life failed, we were notified today. Conversation with a local Goon after the 2nd attempt: Kriegie - "What's the story on the 2nd try at Hitler?" Goon - "I don't know, but I wish they'd got the S.O.B. the first time." Fact!
Have decided to look into the possibilities of purchasing a Piper cub from the army after the war and renew private flying. Plane will be complete with radio, and should be pretty cheap. A check on the 41 file can prove the ship's worth.

I'm having a helluva time getting hold of a Reichsmark to tack on my short-snorter, but so far I've asked "Hast du eine Reichsmark?" to three Goons and they all act like I was asking for a 20 dollar bill. The mark isn't worth anything anymore anyway. About 27 cents (supposedly). Usually the Goons will sell you house and home for a few U.S. "zigaretten". However, I shall not give up the chase.

Recently I've been doodling with the game of poker, having won 15 packs and then lost them the next night. Guess I'll have to stick to checkers, not that I'm any good at that either, cause I'm not. The boys in the room only play me after an expert has raked them over the coals and they need a mission with little opposition to bolster their spirits. "Milk-run" Bumsted - that's I!

A Sound, Conservative Savings Institution

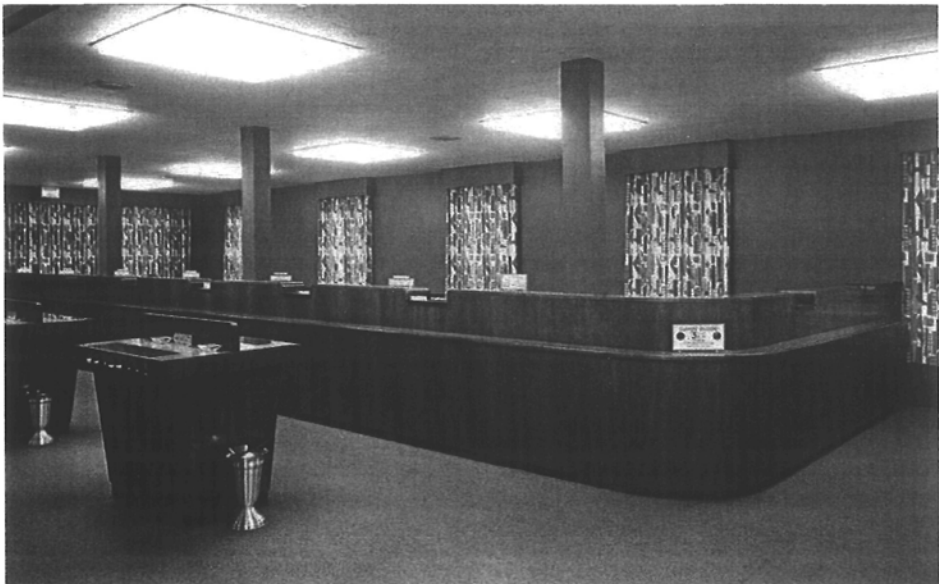
The Millburn-Short Hills Historical Society is very grateful to Investors Savings Bank for generously underwriting this edition of the Thistle, for members of the historical society and online readers around the globe. Investors Savings has had—and continues to have—a long and important history in Millburn and the historical society is pleased to document it here and to add that history to the archives in the museum at the Short Hills train station. Thank you to Rodger K. Herrigel, attorney at law with Herrigel, Bolan, LLP, at 249 Millburn Avenue, Millburn NJ 07041, for copies of the history of Investors Savings Bank.



According to the history of Investors Savings, as recounted in 1978 by one of the founders and Millburn lawyer Fred Herrigel, in 1925 Charles Reeve, a Millburn realtor, and Herrigel "...carefully selected a group of substantial business men from the Millburn area and discussed with them the future potentialities of (establishing a Building and Loan Association in Millburn)." The twelve original directors included: Frank Rudolph, a pharmacist; Harvey Tiger, hardware store owner; ___ Lyons, owner of the 5¢ & 10¢ store; Adrian Diedecker, local deli operator; Fred Schierbaum; Andrew

Morotta; C. Bertram Leggett; Frederick G. Schroeder; and Charles Wittkop. The proposal was met with enthusiasm and Herrigel was authorized to draw up the charter and apply for the establishment of an association "...to be named the Washington Rock Savings and Loan Association to be situated in Millburn Township." The officers of the Association were: Albert E. Allsop, president; Charles R. Reeve, vice president; and Fred Herrigel, Jr., counsel.

A 1978 news release on the history of Investors Savings noted that "To establish the Association, they had to sell \$1,000 worth of subscriptions for shares and provide a thrift and mortgage service business. Operational procedures were a far cry from the modern methods used today, but these organizations, which had been springing up in large numbers throughout the country, made every citizen's dream of owning his own home a reality in America. Local residents reacted enthusiastically and the initial subscription was easily sold...Thus, on May 1, 1926, this group of men incorporated what was then known as the Washington Rock Building & Loan Association.



Anyone who owned shares was a member of the Association and could borrow money. Shares were sold at \$200 each and were paid for at the rate of \$1 a month and served as collateral for the loan. The average mortgage loan granted was between \$5,000 and \$10,000 and represented 60% to 80% of the cost of the house." Fred Herrigel further recalled that, "We had conducted the business in an excellent, conservative manner and, thus, as the prosperity of the Roaring Twenties peaked and the Depression set in, the Association had few foreclosures, owned no real estate, the mortgages. The news release adds, "That founding philosophy remains intact today and is reflected in Investors Savings' slogan: 'A sound, conservative savings institution.'"

In April 1942 the Association changed its name to Investors Savings and Loan Association and although the Association was smaller than the rival Millburn Building & Loan Association, after enactment of new savings and loan laws in New Jersey, Investors was able to purchase the Millburn Association's assets in July 1942, to bring total assets to \$2 million. At the same time, Investors insured member savings by becoming a member of the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation.

J. Albert Kolb became president of Investors and Roland Lewan, Sr. came aboard as managing officer. Herrigel noted that "...Lewan, Sr. was brilliant at public relations...knew the value of communicating to local residents that Investors savings genuinely cared about their needs...(and) opened the doors of his office to community group meetings." With good leadership the organization grew rapidly. Investors entered into agreements and purchased the mortgages



ROLAND L. LEWAN, full time manager of Investors Savings and Loan Association.

of the Battle Hill Savings & Loan Association of Springfield and the Connecticut Farms Building & Loan Association. Lewan and Herrigel then discussed the possibility of opening a branch office in Union and after an application for that to the New Jersey Department of Banking was approved, Investors became the first savings and loan association in New Jersey to open a branch office. By 1978, mergers and branching brought the total of Investors offices to thirteen. The 2010 Investors Web site now notes that they operate "...over 65 full-service branches across ten counties" with assets of nearly \$9 billion.

In summing up his history of the association he founded, Herrigel noted that "This is a business of helping people" and the mission of Investors Savings Bank still reflects that objective: "Investors Savings Bank strives to provide high-quality products and services in an honest and straightforward manner while operating responsibly and ethically, so that our clients, employees, stockholders and communities may prosper." As can be seen in the generous support Investors continues to give to Millburn and its non-profit organizations, Investors is still committed to seeing to it that the community and its residents prosper.



Is the Rahway River Millburn's Fountain of Youth?

Christ Church in Short Hills recently celebrated the 105th birthday of longtime former resident Malcolm Warnock, who lives in Maplewood now and is still a very vibrant and fascinating person with a great many treasured memories of his years in this community. Pictures of Malcolm Warnock in the midst of his church-wide birthday celebration can be found at the Christ Church Web site, through which we are able to share these two photos.



The historical society is particularly grateful to Malcolm for his work in helping to found the organization in the 1970s and particularly for the application of his legal expertise to the development of the society's constitution and bylaws.



Another long-ago resident of Millburn apparently also lived more than a century and apparently also had remarkable memories of a life born into slavery, as indicated by this small, fascinating, 1901 article in the New York Times:

103 YEARS HER LIFE'S SPAN.

MILLBURN, N. J., Nov. 28.—Nancy A. Griffin, colored, one hundred and three years old, died here to-day at the home of her grandson, Richard Powell. She was born a slave in Huntsville, N. C., and was liberated during Sherman's march to the sea. She was the mother of eighteen children, having been twice married. Her first husband was sold, and her second died soon after they were emancipated.

Mrs. Griffin's proudest recollection was of having once served Abraham Lincoln with a glass of water at his request at a camp meeting at her native town.

Do you know any Millburn centenarians or almost-centenarians? According to a Wikipedia entry, the United States currently has the greatest number of centenarians in the world, estimated at 96,548 on November 1, 2008.

BURSTING FLYWHEEL KILLS.

Belt Breaks and Engineer Seeks to Stop Runaway Engine.

Special to The New York Times.

July 2, 1904

MILLBURN, N. J., July 1.—One man was killed, another severely injured, and heavy damage caused at the plant of the Fandago Mill Company, in Millburn, last night when a flywheel weighing five tons broke into fragments while running at a high rate of speed.

The man who was killed was Henry G. Wright, the engineer of the plant. His injuries consisted of a fracture of the skull, a fracture of the right wrist, and a compound fracture of the right elbow. He died at an early hour to-day in the Orange Memorial Hospital.

George Berstler of Millburn, Superintendent of the mill, is suffering from cuts and bruises, besides which he was terribly scalded by escaping steam.

The mill was in operation last night, and the engine was running as usual, when suddenly the big belt which transmits all the power to the various pieces of machinery in the building, broke, and the engine ran away, or "raced," as engineers say. The enormous flywheel revolved at a tremendous rate of speed, and Wright at once saw that the huge engine would rack itself to pieces if something were not done to stop it.

He and Berstler darted for the steam valves. Wright reached the governor, and was in the act of shutting down the engine when the wheel suddenly broke with a report like a cannon, and Wright was struck and borne down by a mass of wreckage. Berstler was standing at the opposite end of the room, and a huge piece of the flywheel struck the main steam pipe over his head, breaking the pipe and flooding the engine room with scalding steam.

Despite his injuries, the Superintendent stuck to his post, and through the blinding steam he groped his way until he found the valve in the boiler room and shut off the steam. After that he was taken to his home. Meanwhile men about the mill had extricated Wright.

The flying pieces of the wheel badly wrecked the building. Pasteboard used in bookbinding and trunkmaking is manufactured at the works.

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Museum hours are:

- * Tuesdays 1:00-3:00,
- * Wednesdays 3:30-5:30,
- * Thursdays 5:30-7:30,
- * first Sunday of the month 2-4



**Millburn~
Short Hills
Historical Society**

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