

HIGHTSTOWN

EAST WINDSOR

NEW

JERSEY



HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWS

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1997

WILLIAM HIGHT

by Richard S. Hutchinson

When doing research in this area of New Jersey and the subject or the family you are working on suddenly disappears from the records near the late 1700s and early 1800s, I usually look to Ohio. There was a large migration of New Jersey families from this area to the Northwest Territory. The Hights were no different. The Hight name did not stay in Hightstown; it either died off or moved elsewhere. The following information was found while doing some research in Clermont County, Ohio, in the *History of Clermont and Brown Counties, Ohio*.

CLERMONT AND BROWN COUNTIES

SQUIRE WILLIAM HIGHT

Squire William Hight is one of the prominent, self-made men of Brown

county, Ohio, and is widely known in his locality both as an influential public official and as an honorable private citizen. For a period of twenty years, Mr. Hight has served as notary public and for eighteen years has filled the office of justice of the peace. Mr. William Hight owns a beautiful little farm of twenty-six acres on the Williamsburg and Mt. Orab pike, in Sterling township, which was a part of a farm of seventy acres he formerly owned. The birth of Squire William Hight occurred in Brown county, on the Clermont line, September 13, 1834, and his parents were Allison and Nancy (Trout) Hight.

Allison Hight was a native of New Jersey, his birth having taken place near Hightstown and Trenton, in 1798, and his death, in November, 1873, in Clermont county, Ohio, at the home of Squire Wil-

liam Hight, the subject of this mention. Allison Hight was a shoemaker and gunsmith and at the age of eighteen years came to Clermont county, where he resided for many years. He was a sincere Christian, although not a member of any denomination. His father was Nicholas Hight, who came to Clermont county about 1818, where he resided in Stonelick township until his death at the ripe old age of ninety years.

Nancy (Trout) Hight was born in Clermont county in 1789, a daughter of Morris Trout, a pioneer of Clermont, coming probably from Pennsylvania. Nancy (Trout) Hight passed from this life in 1837, leaving children as follows: Martha, married James Penn, a steam boat engineer, and they went West; John, who died at

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GERTRUDE APPEGET WYCKOFF MAXWELL

The following is the continuation of Gertrude Maxwell's story of her life and experiences, in and around her home in Hightstown, New Jersey, from 1840 to 1939.

CHAPTER II

The Scenes of My Childhood

*Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn globe has broke.
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the wood beneath their sturdy stroke!*
---Grays Elegy.

My Papa was of English descent. I think he was less interested in his family tree than in the trees of his orchards and forests. He knew his grandfather had settled on Timber Run in John's town in 1775 but he did not, apparently, try to find out the English connection. My Mama has told me he was a gallant officer in the State Militia and rode a fine horse on "Training Days," when he was a young man. His commission, signed by Mahlon Dickerson, Governor of New Jersey 1815-1817, I gave to an autograph collector years ago.

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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

SEPTEMBER

- 8 Business Meeting Devoted to Museum Committee, 7:30PM, Ely House
- 25 Dr. Edgar Thomas presents, "Antique Clocks", 7:30 PM, Ely House

OCTOBER

- 6 Business Meeting, 7:30PM, Ely House
- 23 Les Owens presents, "The Underground Railroad", 7:30PM, Meadow Lakes

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In middle life he was a successful farmer, just and generous in his dealings and merciful to man and beast. The slaves loved young Marse but they thought Ole Marse more lively! I thought both perfect and when I was older and became acquainted with Old Testament precepts I thought they carried out Micah 6:8: "What cloth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly and love mercy and walk humbly with thy God."

My Mama was a Holland Dame who knew many of the twigs and all the branches of her family tree back to 1636 when the founder of her family landed at Manhattan, and as her father and mother both had him for an ancestor she was deeply dyed in Holland lore. I think she grafted on the English vocabulary some Dutch words and on the bill of fare some Dutch dishes. She told me there was no cheese nor doughnuts nor roellachojes made until she introduced them.

We lived "in a house by the side of the road", not a "main traveled road" but leading to a mill, Mama's old home, most of whose patrons lived northeast from John's town. The house had three large rooms on the first floor, the parlor, the middle house, and the bedroom, which was the sitting room as well. All looked on the road in front and in the garden in the rear, for there were no back buildings.

The parlor was stately and formal, a Franklin stove with brass ornaments, a high mantel of wood and wood panels filled one end of the room. A sofa, two drop-leaf tables, a dozen rush-bottom chairs with wood inset, all stood close to the wall. High, almost touching the ceiling, hung a few good prints, and on the floor was a gay wide-striped homespun carpet.

A door opened in the middle house, which was the dinning-room and bright and cheery. A large fire-place into which a back-log was rolled every morning from October to May almost filled one end of the room; there was just space for a closet and a small door on one side and my play-house on the other. A large side-board, a corner cupboard, drop-leaf and gate-leg tables, and Windsor Chairs I think was all the furniture.

The ceiling was beamed and hung with a flint-lock musket, horse and dueling pistols, a double barreled gun and powder horns. There were also deer antlers and parts of antlers encasing curious kinds of cutlery and tools. Through the small door in the middle house, up several steps, was the entry, just the width of the ascending steps to the second floor.

The bedroom which opened in the entry contained a bed with curtains, a sofa bedstead, my trundle-bed, a grandfather clock, a desk, tables, easy chairs and a lovely Franklin stove, above which was one of the renowned "sun-burst" mantles. On the high mantle stood a pair of tall brass candle-sticks and a pair of flat saucer-shaped ones. The Franklin stove was ornamented with upright pieces and insets of brass and a brass fender below. The handles and hinges of the desk and the door knob were brass and all bright and shiny. I loved the brightness and the cheer, but I loved the great out of doors better, and but for the fact that I remember garments I sewed and knitted there I think my memory of the room would not be vivid.

The second floor contained three bedrooms and two dark closets. All the bedsteads were curtained and all the floors covered with rag carpets. An uncurtained bed would have been considered as indecent as an unclothed man or woman in public. The curtains in my grandfather's room were white with landscape and figures in brown as beautiful and fine as an etching; they were the bed hangings of my grandfather's mother and the scene was a dueling one and the clothing of the Henry VIII period. I had a tray made at Wanamaker's many years after which took in the whole scene.

I was fortunate in getting in touch with a real artist in that department of the big store who told me that some antique dealers to whom he had shown the tapestry, as he called it, declared it was a scene from "Twelfth Night". The patterns of the old time hundred year old prints are reproduced today and worn as smocks. The wearers look like animated bed hangings and rather grotesque if the pattern is a landscape I think.

But to return to the dear old house. There was a garret over the entire house, not the traditional one with broken furniture, cast off clothing and bits of choice rubbish, but an orderly garret, where chests and boxes of various kinds, and trunks of leather with the owners' initials in brass tacks were set primly against the eaves. The long space between was given up to spinning wheels big and little for wool and flax.

In one end of the garret were beds in which my Mammy and Jane slept. Down the two flights of stairs and out of the entry door was the open end of the stoop that led down steps over a brick pavement to the kitchen. All the food was carried half way across the stoop to the middle house. My Mama used to say the buck-wheat cakes and gravy were always cold, but the plate warmer and the food warmer before the open fire restored the heat and no one thought of discomfort. It was a relic of slavery days and as it was in the beginning so it was, is now, and shall be, the negroes thought.

The stoop was the whole length of the house and overlooked Meadow and field and woods, and at the back were more fields and meadows, and woodland with orchard and garden and outbuildings. The fuel was wood, and down on Main Street was the tenant house where the wood-chopper lived. My Papa used to take me with him when he marked the trees for felling. I knew hickory was for family use and that the oven and smoke-house had their requirements and that logs, stumps, gnarled bits and roots would burn in the big kitchen fire-place.

The farm implements were primitive. Science and the Agricultural College have done away with picturesque farming. I thought it beautiful to see the men swing the gleaming scythes in perfect accord and then with their long handled takes gather the hay in swathes and cocks, and then the curved sickle and the reaping and binding of the grain was equally fascinating! I never watched the plow man. I did not like the dirty clods he turned up. The Farmers' Almanac of today reproduces the implements of that period even to the flax break and the flail for threshing grain.

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WILLIAM HIGHT

Continued from page 1

the age of twelve years; Isaiah and Peter, deceased; William, our subject, and James, who died in childhood.

William Hight grew to young manhood in Clermont county and attended the district schools, having rather limited advantages in education. He served an apprenticeship with Mr. Abner H. Nichols (great uncle of Lieutenant-Governor H. L. Nichols), who was a carpenter and cabinet maker. In those days, carpenters made sash and moldings and in this occupation, he continued for a period of twenty-five years. He assisted in the building of many houses and barns in Clermont and Brown counties, and his activity was crowned with success.

In 1874, Squire Hight removed to a farm in Brown county and in 1882, became the owner of his present home in Sterling township, which he has remodeled and put in fine, modern condition. Since that time he has devoted more attention to the pursuits of agriculture.

In 1861, Mr. Hight was united in marriage to Miss Mary Ellen Davison, a sister of James Davidson, the spelling of which has been changed in later years by some members of the family. Mrs. Hight was born in Clermont county in 1840, and

passed to her eternal reward in 1895. To the union of Mr. and Mrs. Hight were born seven children, namely:

1. Allen E., at home, married Miss Rosa Reynolds, who died in 1888, at the age of twenty years, their two children having died in infancy.
2. William Henry died at the age of eleven months.
3. Arie Etta, married Abijah Bottles, and died leaving one child.
4. Miss Kate, of Middletown, Ohio.
5. Nannie, wife of D. E. Sroufe, of Middletown, Ohio.
6. Miss Rebecca, is at home and is her father's housekeeper.
7. Belle Minerva, died unmarried in 1903, aged thirty years.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Two other "Hight" family members appear in the Clermont County marriage records between 1850 and 1874 - Francis Hight, age 21, who married Barbara Ann Jones, age 24, on 19 Jan 1854 and Jacob Hight, age 21, who married Catherine Smith, age 20, on 13 Dec 1858.]

THE DAY THE EARTH MOVED

"Seldom have the people of Hightstown been as much moved as they were on Sunday [August 10, 1884]. At about ten minutes after two we were treated to an earthquake, the first which the most of us have enjoyed. It commenced with a low rumbling sound, gradually increasing in intensity. When the full force of the shock came upon us a general excitement prevailed. Folks rushed out of the house they thought to be falling and the more timid among them were nearly wild with fear. Houses trembled and shook, fences were seen to totter, dishes rattled in the closets and window panes were broken. Peddie Institute by far the largest building in town, was badly shaken and over 80 panes of glass were split by the shock. Two boys sitting on a dry-goods box on the sidewalk are reported to have been overturned with the box. In less than half a minute all the shaking was over, except perhaps the trembling of weak nerves. A remarkable thing about it was that almost everybody knew just what was the matter although but few had ever felt an earthquake shock before. Even the beasts and birds recognized the strangeness of the motion, and cattle ran bellowing over the fields, while the chickens in very amusing style ran with flapping wings toward their home. We give elsewhere a full report of the sensation. At the time of the shock we were in Monmouth county and the time was 2:07. Just ten minutes afterward we noted another long rumbling sound with no apparent earth movement."

[Editor's Note - The following article appeared in the Gazette, dated 14 Aug 1884.]

HIGHTSTOWN EAST WINDSOR HISTORICAL SOCIETY

founded 1971

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The planting and hoeing of the corn was another delight. I followed close on the heels of my grandfather while he was living and wanted to assist. He had a little hoe made for me, but as I was near-sighted and could scarcely tell corn from weeds. I wrought mischief like Washington with his little hatchet.

The fertilizer in that part of New Jersey was marl, a blueish black substance found nearby and carted from the pits between busy seasons. There was no attempt to ascertain if it contained the right essentials for the land; it looked haphazard but it came out all right, even the planting of seeds according to the phases of the moon, or when certain leaves were the size of a rabbit's ear.

No product was sold from my Papa's farm. The yield was large but so was the demand. The ... corn was raised to feed the pigs ... There seemed but little of money. Wheat, rye, buckwheat and corn were ground at the mill into flour and Indian meal. The miller took his pay in toll from the grain. A cow was fattened and killed for corned and chipping beef and furnished roasts and steaks and tallow for candles.

Hogs were butchered and the process of making them ready for the smoke house and pork barrel, to say nothing of the process of making sausage, head cheese, souse, and rendering lard was a long and interesting one to me. A six weeks old pig, poultry, sheep and calves furnished variety to the bill of fare. A part of the mutton and veal was exchanged with other farmers to be returned later when they killed.

In the fall trips were made to the Shrewsbury for oysters that were piled and eaten on occasion on the half shell when roasted. In the spring the same team and cart went to the Delaware for shad that was salted and used as we now use mackerel.

Apples were ground into cider, which when old turned to vinegar. The whisky barrel stood in line but I don't quite know how that was produced! Decanters of brandy and wine and bottles of gin were always on the sideboard in the middle

house. Not to have asked a man caller or visitor what he would take would have been a breach of politeness and ended the friendship!

Root beer to purify the blood was made in the spring from sassafras, sweet-birch and other herbs being boiled in water, to which after straining yeast was added, the whole put in a keg to "work" (ferment).

Soap to cleanse the outer man and clothes were home made, hard and soft. The soap barrel stood in the over-shed. I heard about "setting the lye tub" but I was not interested; the stuff was smelly! I could have heated the oven if I had possessed the bone and muscle. I loved that process!

Old Government Java was purchased by the sack, browned each week and ground each morning. Tea was green. I think it was called little Hyson.

Sugars were ordered by the barrel, light and dark browns. There was a white coffee crush used for cake making but it was moist and became lumpy. For tea and coffee loaf sugar was used. It came in good sized loaves sealed in dark blue paper. Mammy Gin was very successful in cutting it with a broad knife and hammer into little cubes. New Orleans Molasses was bought by the barrel.

Vegetables were abundant and the surplus stored. Peaches were brandied, pickled and dried. The small fruits were preserved and jellied. Bees provided honey. Garden seeds were gathered, sorted and labeled and onion sets raised from seed. Yeast was made from hops. Lily ointment from the petals of the white lily. Herbs were raised for seasoning. Spices were ground, mustard pounded in pestle and mortar. Hoarhound and camomile gathered for colds and tonics. It sounds slavish, but there were slaves to do the work, who continued with their old owners a decade or two after they were freed by law in the State.

It is a picture of every well to do farm house of the time.

The dressmaker came fall and spring with the same old patterns. The tailor followed; her pressing demand was a hot iron and a lap board.

There was little expenditure of money. Road tax worked out with men and their teams. There were no hospitals nor libraries in the small towns to be supported. There was no bank in John's town until the 1850 decade. The first newspaper there was established in 1849 and the first Post Office in 1819. My Mama rejoiced in it for she could send a letter to her brother in New York and receive a reply within a week. Letters were written on large sheets folded and one end slipped in the other and sealed with wax. The postage was five cents. It seemed a large sum when a silver sixpence has the purchasing power of a five dollar bank note today.

Money was hard cash and my Papa's investments were in bonds and mortgages. The first of April was a busy day; the men came to pay their interest and have it receipted on the bond. At night the money was sorted and piled up. Gold and silver, the brightest pieces of each, were given to me. I never saw a bank note in those days. There were nearby cities to which we drove for a day's shopping. The silver money was carried in a bag, the gold in a purse.

A church of some denomination was found in every town and village however small. There was no Presbyterian church in John's town. We went a mile or two northward where our family for generations had worshiped. The church was in a pretty little village of one street which I will call Sweet Auburn for it was the:

"Loveliest village of the plain where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain."

It may be curious bit of history, but in the period I am writing of and earlier, church pews and horse sheds were bought and sold and deeds given just as in any other property. If money was needed for repairs and incidentals the pews were as-

GERTRUDE APPELEGET WYCKOFF MAXWELL

sessed. Pastors' salaries were paid twice a year to collectors who called.

Pastors in the Presbyterian and Dutch Reformed Churches were called Dominie. Dominie H--- came to Sweet Auburn in his early twenties in 1820 and remained until his death in 1857 and lies in the midst of his people in the graveyard surrounding the church.

"A man he was, to all the country dear,
 * * * * *
 Remote from town he ran his Godly race
 Nor e'er had changed,
 nor wished to change his place."

Dominie H--- baptized me in infancy, heard me say my catechism in childhood and did much toward molding my life in girlhood.

He was a handsome, dignified man and imposing in appearance, especially at funerals when he wore, as the custom was, the long white linen scarf across the breast from shoulder to knee. I remember when a small girl seeing him with the scarf for the first time, asking if it was not Moses though I knew him perfectly well in undress.

The scarf disappeared about 1860 without any legislation. It just dropped off. My Mama told me when she was a girl the scarf was always draped over the pulpit the Sunday after a funeral and once after an epidemic there were so many she was so scared she could not sing. She was the leader of the treble in the choir. But she said it did her good to think of death

and made her wish to live a Christian life and be of use in the world.

In these later days of my life I have sometimes wondered if a scarf on the pulpit would not be a salutary object lesson. I am sure, however, living a Christian life means more than wearing any kind of a uniform or sing "Hark from the tombs a doleful sound!"

Her singing book in my possession is the curious old time "buckwheat notes" printed in 1821.

{End of Chapter II, to be continued}

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Her "Papa", as referred to by Mrs. Maxwell, was her adopted father, Kenneth Applegate, and his grandfather, who settled on Timber Run, was Anthony Applegate. The house that she describes stood on the left side of Wyckoff Mills Road, half-way between the railroad tracks and the first sharp curve to the left. If you look into the weeds and woods today, almost opposite Shapiro Avenue, you can see the remaining walls of a house that once stood there.

The "Dominie H---" referred to by Mrs. Maxwell was Rev. Symmes C. Henry, who served his church in Cranbury or "Sweet Auburn", as Mrs. Maxwell refers to it, for more than 36 years. It was during his tenure that the church edifice was rebuilt for the third time.

My research in the 1850 Federal Census of East Windsor Township shows that the census taker recorded the Applegate

household under the more common spelling of the surname of "Applegate" rather than "Appleget". However, his record identifies for us the following persons living within or at least having been documented within the household at the time of his visit:

Kenneth Applegate - 56, White, Born NJ, Farmer
 Gertrude Applegate - 54, White, Born NJ
 Gertrude Applegate - 10, White, Born NJ
 Jane Brown - 54, Black, Born NJ
 Sarah Brown - 7, Black, Born NJ
 Jefferson Brown - 16, Black, Laborer

So, from this census, we are able to identify the person named "Jane", who she indicates slept in the "garret" or what we now refer to as the attic. The person she also refers to as sleeping in the garret with Jane, and identified as "my Mammy", was "Mammy Gin". This was the servant who raised her as an infant.

The census also identifies some of the other servants, referred to by Mrs. Maxwell, who were within their household. She will refer to a long-time servant known as "Old Jeff". She is probably referring to Jefferson Brown, Sr., I would speculate was the father of the Brown children who are counted in this census. Jefferson Brown, Sr. probably stayed with the other laborer, "Spec", out on the mill and farm.



AN OLD TURTLE

A few days ago a turtle was picked up by the children of Mr. Geo. J. Ely, of Millstone, marked "R.V. 1811." The turtle was taken to Mr. J. J. Ely and by him identified as one which he had described in the Gazette (Village Record) twenty-eight years ago. As he then stated Robert Vaughn was employed by his (Mr. Ely's) father in 1810, and in the following year marked the shells of a number of land turtles with his initials and the date. Mr. Ely had often seen this particular one, and he identified it by a notch

in its shell, the result of a wound. The mark is still visible as well as the deeply cut initials and date; while the additional years of slow-wandering and peering about his domain have so worn away the shell that he can no longer completely enclose head and claws. There is hardly a doubt that this turtle is older than any reader of the Gazette, and possibly he has been utterly indifferent to the changes of ownership or possession that have left undisputed his title to his home. He could not tell us, if he would,

of the people he has met; but he can cause us to reflect on the wonderful power that has sustained the beating of a reptile's heart and the pulsing of his blood for a full century or more.

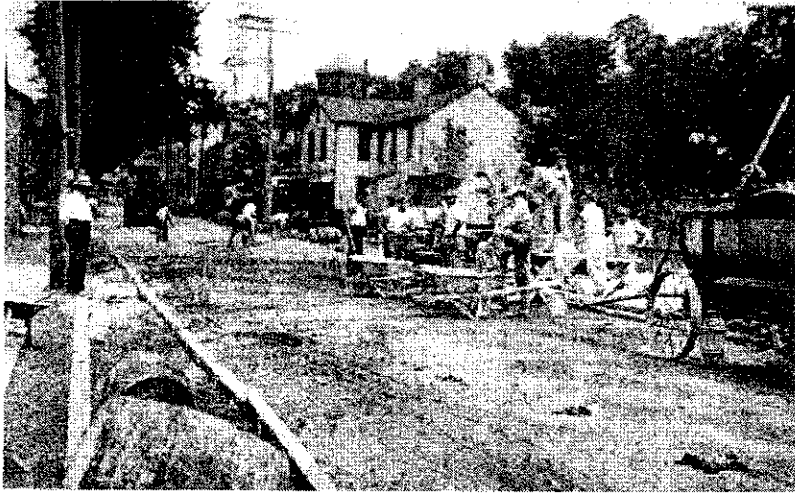
In the year that this venerable turtle was introduced to the readers of the Record one marked 1785 was picked up on the farm of Aaron Schuyler. We should be glad to know if that turtle has since been seen and how recently. [July 1882]

SHOW YOUR EARLY PHOTOGRAPHS

The program for the November 20th meeting of the Hightstown-East Windsor Historical Society, will be a "Show and Tell" format of early area photographs. This will be held at Ely House at 7:30 PM.

In order for this meeting to be successful, we need your participation. We would like to have the members of the Society, as well as the community at large, to bring in their **early** family photographs of the people, buildings, and places of Hightstown and East Windsor Township and the surrounding area. After you tell us a little about the subject of the photo, we plan to have an area set aside so that it can be photographed for our collection. In this way, you will be helping to preserve a piece of history about this area and enable us to make your photograph a permanent part of the Society's photographic collection.

So, begin looking through all of your old photo albums and in all of those boxes in the attic, and join us for an enjoyable evening.



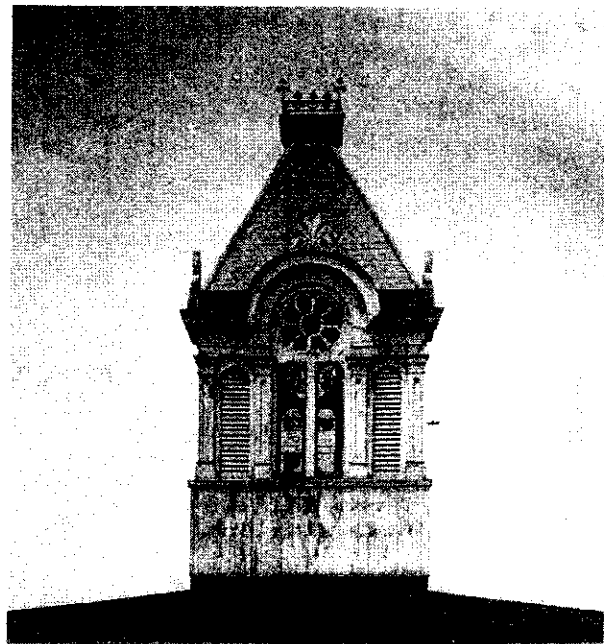
Mercer Street road construction, circa 1920's



The Smith Building once located where the First Union Bank and parking lot now exist



Peddle students snow diving, circa 1927.



This building no longer exists in Hightstown, but can you identify this structure?

Answer: see page 8

SOCIETY ACQUISITIONS

1. 1997-17 - Photo and negative of the Kenneth Appleget House, of 503 N. Main St, Hightstown; ca. 1910. Society purchase; taken from postcard loaned by Mary Hageman, Hightstown, NJ.
2. 1997-18 - Two rolls of color photos of interior and exterior of Rescarrick Moore House; ca. 1900-1984. Society purchase of photos taken by Kate Middleton, Hightstown, NJ.
3. 1997-19 - Twenty-three deeds, mortgages, bonds, etc. on the property and house that once stood and was known as 364 Mercer St, Hightstown, NJ; ca. 1868-1945. House was demolished in 1995-96. Gift from Mrs. Ida (Hutchinson) Kaufman, Las Vegas, Nevada.
4. 1997-20 - Several pieces of bill-head, stationary, and business cards of the Hight's Pharmacy, Main Street, Hightstown. Gift of Mrs. and Mrs. David Goldstein, Hightstown, NJ.
5. 1997-21 - Hanging wall sign "Board of Trade, Hightstown"; ca. 1920. Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Simmons, Hightstown, NJ.
6. 1997-22 - Video tape of movie film taken during the 125th Anniversary Parade of the Hightstown Fire Company showing people, events, etc; 8 October 1960.
7. 1997-23 - Paper entitled, "A Combination to Trample All Law Underfoot", by Michael Adelberg, Feb 1997; dealing with the Association for Retaliation, which operated during the Revolutionary War in Monmouth Co. Gift from Richard Hutchinson, Hightstown, NJ.
8. 1997-24 - Photo, First Presbyterian Church building, Hightstown; ca. 1931. Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Simmons, Hightstown, NJ.
9. 1997-25 - Seven photos of hurricane damage in Hightstown; Oct 1944. Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Simmons, Hightstown, NJ.
10. 1997-26 - Video of early movie film showing Hightstown, Cranbury and Peddie events, including the Hightstown Memorial Day Parade; May 1927. Society purchase from film in our collection.
11. 1997-27 - Memorandum of conversation with Hightstown resident regarding Taylor Blacksmith Shop, that once stood at Broad and Monmouth St, Hightstown.
12. 1997-28 - Two photos of child (Eleanor Morris) with snake around her body; ca. 1920. Society purchase from newly acquired negatives.
13. 1997-29 - Five assorted photos of Hightstown, Hightstonians, and local events; ca. 1890-1920. Society purchase from newly acquired negatives.
14. 1997-30 - Three photos of 1920 mill fire in town and the area after cleanup of the fire debris. Society purchase from newly acquired negatives.
15. 1997-31 - Three photos of early Hightstown homesteads. Society purchase from newly acquired negatives.
16. 1997-32 - Panoramic photo of Hightstown Rug Company employees and families at their Annual Picnic at Atlantic Beach; 1929. Gift from Dorothy Cottrell, East Windsor Twp, NJ.
17. 1997-33 - Three photos of Hightstown; two of Ward Street prior to street paving at different eras and one of the Hightstown Fire Company; ca. 1890. Gift of Susan Rooney, Allentown, NJ.
18. 1997-34 - Video of Society's photos of East Windsor Township; produced for use in East Windsor Township's 200th Anniversary.
19. 1997-35 - Video of early promotional motion picture film, professionally made, used as an advertisement for the Hightstown Rug Company; includes showing workers; ca. 1930s. Society purchase from film in our collection.
20. 1997-36 - Video of Hightstown's week long celebration of its 250th Anniversary; Oct 1971. Society purchase from film in our collection.
21. 1997-37 - Framed print of early New Jersey map. Gift of Betty Holonics, East Windsor Twp, NJ.
22. 1997 - ?? - Museum Item - Metal sign, reading "Post Master", mounted on a portion of the original door from the early post office located on Stockton Street. Gift of James Carpenter, Hightstown, NJ.

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become a member!**

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1997 Annual Membership Application (January - December)

Individual Family Student

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Home Phone Number: _____

Please mail the completed application, along with a check made payable to the Hightstown-East Windsor Historical Society to:

Membership Committee
Hightstown-East Windsor Historical Society
164 North Main Street
Hightstown, NJ 08520

SOCIETY'S NEWSLETTER RECEIVES ANOTHER AWARD

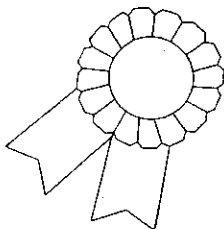
The Hightstown-East Windsor Historical Society proudly announces that the society's newsletter, the *Hightstown-East Windsor Historical Society News*, has been awarded "Honorable Mention" for the second straight year in the "County and Local Society" category in the 1996 National Genealogical Society's newsletter competition.

The society's newsletter competed against 50-60 other historical society newsletters in this category from around the country. The winner and the "Honorable Mention" winners were announced during the 1997 NGS Conference in the States, which was held this year at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, during 7-10 May 1997.

This is the third straight award during the last two years for the society's newsletter. The newsletter places a strong emphasis on preserving the history of the

community and the people that made our community what it is today. The newsletter, through its use of the historical materials and photographs of this area, helps us achieve this objective. By achieving this objective, it is teaching the history of our community to the younger generations.

The society's newsletter is published five times a year and is received by becoming a member of the Hightstown-East Windsor Historical Society. Membership in any year runs from January through December. An "Individual" membership in the society is \$15 per year, "Family" membership is \$20 per year, while a "Student" membership is \$3.00 per year. Mailing by First Class postage is \$2.00 additional.



Answer: Wilson Hall on Peddie Campus

**Hightstown-East Windsor
Historical Society
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