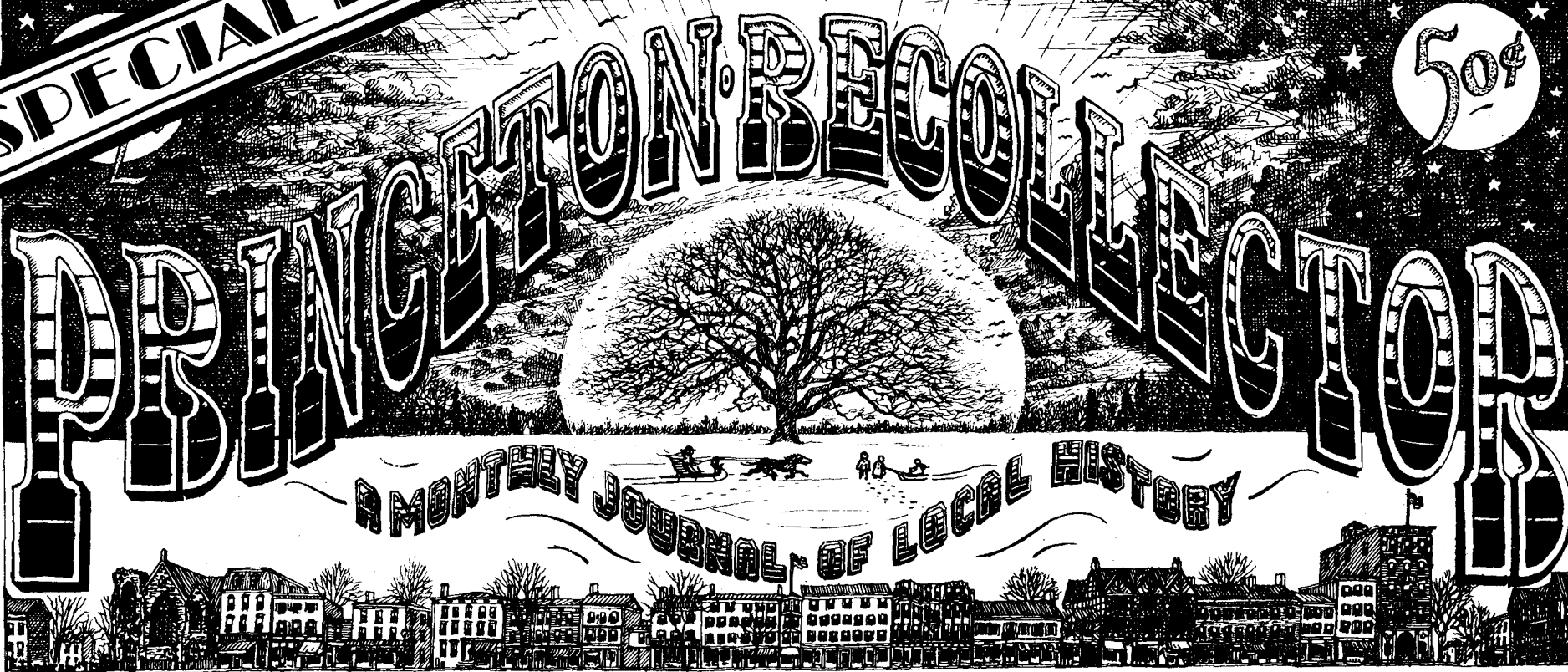


SPECIAL EDITION



Vol. II, No. 9

Published by the Princeton History Project

Spring 1977

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The next gathering of TOWNSPEOPLE will take place on Thursday, 21 April at the Public Library.

Lindbergh Tragedy Forecast in Sutphin's Sourland Stories

This story was originally published as a Halloween feature in *The Hunterdon County Democrat* in the Fall of 1931. Four months later its prophecies, written in a facetious mood, came true and Charley Sutphin was publicized to the world as the man who had forecast the Lindbergh tragedy. As a matter of fact, Charley did supply sketchy accounts from which the ghost yarns were fashioned, but the author, Gerald E. Zich, now editor of *Delaware Valley News*, Frenchtown, used plenty of his own imagination in putting them together. The original issue containing this story was exhausted in March, 1932, by feature writers, working at Hopewell, who were hungry for material after the kidnapping.

Charley Sutphin died in March 1932. His brother-in-law, Hank Wilson, passed to his reward a few months after the story appeared.

"Queer things are seen, queer things are heard, queer things happen" in the wilderness of trees and blue-jingler rocks of the Sourland Mountains where Colonel and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh have built their home at the extreme southeast tip of Hunterdon County.

Take it from Charley Sutphin, Flemington's colored clean-up man, who was born seventy years ago in the Sourlands and learned much

Continued on page eight

Lindbergh Kidnapping Revelations Disclosed

• "I remember when the great flyer, Lindbergh, crossed the Atlantic. He made that wonderful first trip in '27."

• "We heard about the flight on the radio. We were in the barber shop having my son's hair cut. I think it was on Saturday afternoon."

"There was great fear that he couldn't make it; everybody was sort of anxious that he might perish, so it was a very interesting moment when it was heard that he had landed."

• "Bells rang."

• "I recall a great excitement in our house when Lindbergh landed. And then my brothers all had the hats, you know, the leather aviator hats. And I remember my brothers getting up on the hay mound and flying off to be like Lindbergh. He was the hero of all the young boys then."

• "All the boys at school had a Lindbergh hat; they all had one. Not a boy went to school without a Lindbergh hat."

• "And then when Lindbergh sailed back from France, General Lenox Scott decided they were going to hire a boat to take various groups of Princeton children to see him land in

New York harbor. The principal selected me to take about ten to twelve kids from Princeton High School over there. And it was just thrilling because he was the greatest hero in the world. Absolutely! My kids practically died when they saw him, and I did, too. I was just as scared, because I was in my early twenties and I thought, 'this is just great!'"

"He rode through Broadway in an open car, and he had to stand up like he was President of the United States, or something like that. He was it! And he went along beautifully with it, although I don't think he was the kind that expected anything like this to happen."

• "The flight of Lindbergh stirred the imagination of the people of the

world like nothing else that I can remember since World War I. The fact that he took off alone and almost unknown and successfully landed in Paris excited the whole world. Consequently, when he came back, there was a big parade for him in New York, and they had a big parade in Brooklyn, also, because people wanted to see him. I remember the Brooklyn parade because that particular day I was

Continued on page ten

WANTED

INFORMATION AS TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF



CHAS. A. LINDBERGH, JR.

OF HOPEWELL, N. J.

SON OF COL. CHAS. A. LINDBERGH

World-Famous Aviator

This child was kidnapped from his home in Hopewell, N. J., between 8 and 10 p. m. on Tuesday, March 1, 1932.



During the five years following his famous solo flight across the Atlantic, Charles A. Lindbergh and his vivacious bride, Anne Morrow, enjoyed world acclaim until on 1 March 1932 their child was kidnapped from their Hopewell home.



Special Edition

The development of the Lindbergh kidnapping story, which begins in this first of two Special Editions of *The Recollector*, is something of a story in itself. Credit must go to the late Edmund S. DeLong for the initial suggestion. Last June, DeLong, who enjoyed a distinguished career as a journalist and publicist, proposed three Recollector stories: an article on the nation's twenty-seven Princetons, compiled several years ago with George R. Cook, III and published in our December 1976 issue; an account of the "Team of Destiny" which was subsequently co-authored with Donald W. Griffin and printed in October 1976; and a first-hand view of the events surrounding the Lindbergh abduction. For this assignment, DeLong was singularly qualified, as he was the first reporter to reach the Lindbergh estate on the night of the crime — his AP front page story appears within.

To our lasting sorrow Ed DeLong did not survive to tell his tale. Nevertheless, even without his invaluable assistance, we determined to try to develop a small article on the topic through the memories of local residents who remembered the circumstances surrounding the "crime of the century." Six weeks after we set out in this quest, with a scant half dozen paragraphs culled from interviews with Eliza Reed Moore, Helen Hunt Van Cleve, and the late Jeanne Wright, so voluminous is the resulting material, that we are devoting two entire issues to unfolding this single story.

The *Recollector* staff began its inquiries at a meeting of the newly formed Hopewell Valley Historical Society in Pennington on 1 March, the forty-fifth anniversary of the event. By 12 March we had gained so many informants that a gathering was held through the cooperation of Susan Bailey and the Hopewell Presbyterian Church to discuss common memories.

We also proceeded to make 'phone interviews

with thirty Hopewellites on our mailing list, along with many others whom they suggested might have additional information. From these conversations more than a dozen hours of tape were transcribed. Meanwhile we became flooded with pictorial material.

We soon discovered that many of the principles in the case were still living in the area: the deputy sheriff in Flemington, two jurors, a news photographer, eyewitnesses who had testified at the trial and at least one who only made his observations public last November.

Eventually, we even received permission to interview David T. Wilentz, the State's Attorney General at the time, who actually prosecuted the case. Our conversation, however, was subsequently postponed when, to our astonishment, the Lindbergh kidnapping found its way to the front pages again with the disclosure of a previously suppressed Hauptmann letter, the testimony of a handwriting expert who was dismissed from the case when she questioned the validity of a ransom note, and the claims by two forty-six-year-old men that each is himself the Lindbergh child.

By the date of publication for this first in our two-part Special Edition, the Lindbergh Case has been reopened by the State of New Jersey, and our story has become newsworthy in a manner new to *The Recollector*. We hope that the testimony presented here from dozens of separate accounts may help to place the unfolding events of the moment in the framework of the times, and we urgently request anyone from our readership, with memories and photographs concerning the case to contact us immediately.

To all the countless individuals, too numerous to mention, who have already shared their memories and materials, we offer our very genuine gratitude.

with cooperation of businesses, schools, churches, libraries, museums and civic groups.

Our many activities are generated and maintained by a dedicated and largely volunteer staff. Our considerable financial requirements are entirely underwritten through the active support of advertisers, members and subscribers.

To those who have worked with us and followed our progress over the past two years, our sincere thanks. And to those who are meeting us through the pages of *The Recollector*, Welcome. Your interest and active participation are cordially invited.

THE PRINCETON RECOLLECTOR is available at these friendly places:

Andy's Amoco	130 West Broad St., Hopewell	O'Neill's	Main Street, Cranbury
Bainbridge House	158 Nassau St., Princeton	Oyer's Pharmacy	Route 31, Pennington
Center Stationery	Princeton Shopping Center, Princeton	Penn Central Railroad Station	Princeton Junction
Cliff's Luncheonette	Greenwood Ave., Hopewell	Pennington Market	Route 31, Pennington
Cox's Cobweb	21 East Broad St., Hopewell	Peroni's Store	Washington's Crossing
Cox's Store	182 Nassau Street, Princeton	Plainsboro Deli	Princeton Road, Plainsboro
Cranbury Book Worm	Main Street, Cranbury	Princeton University Store	36 University Pl., Princeton
Echo Books	32 Witherspoon St., Princeton	Princeton-Windsor News Service	
Gil's Country Store	9 North Main St., Pennington	19 Washington Rd., Princeton Junction	
Griggstown General Store	Canal Road, Griggstown	Ringo's Pharmacy	Ringo's
The Country Corner	Route 206, Harlingen	E. A. Romweber & Son	Prospect Plains Rd., Cranbury
Harry's Luncheonette	16½ Witherspoon St., Princeton	Strawberry Patch	21 West Delaware Ave., Pennington
Higgins News Agency	Main Street, Flemington	Teddy's Luncheonette	Main Street, Cranbury
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Hopewell Pharmacy	1 Broad St., Hopewell		Hawthorn Avenue, Hopewell
Lawrenceville Pharmacy	2645 Main St., Lawrenceville	Tomato Factory	76 Main Street, Flemington
Linvale General Store	Route 31, Linvale	The Union Hotel	27 Witherspoon St., Princeton
Mary Watts' Store	State Road 206, Princeton	Urken's Supply	South Main Street, Pennington
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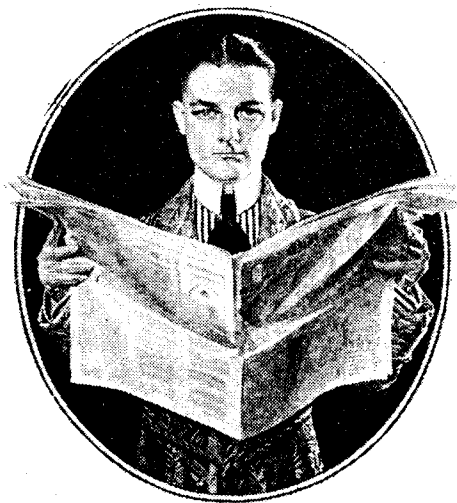
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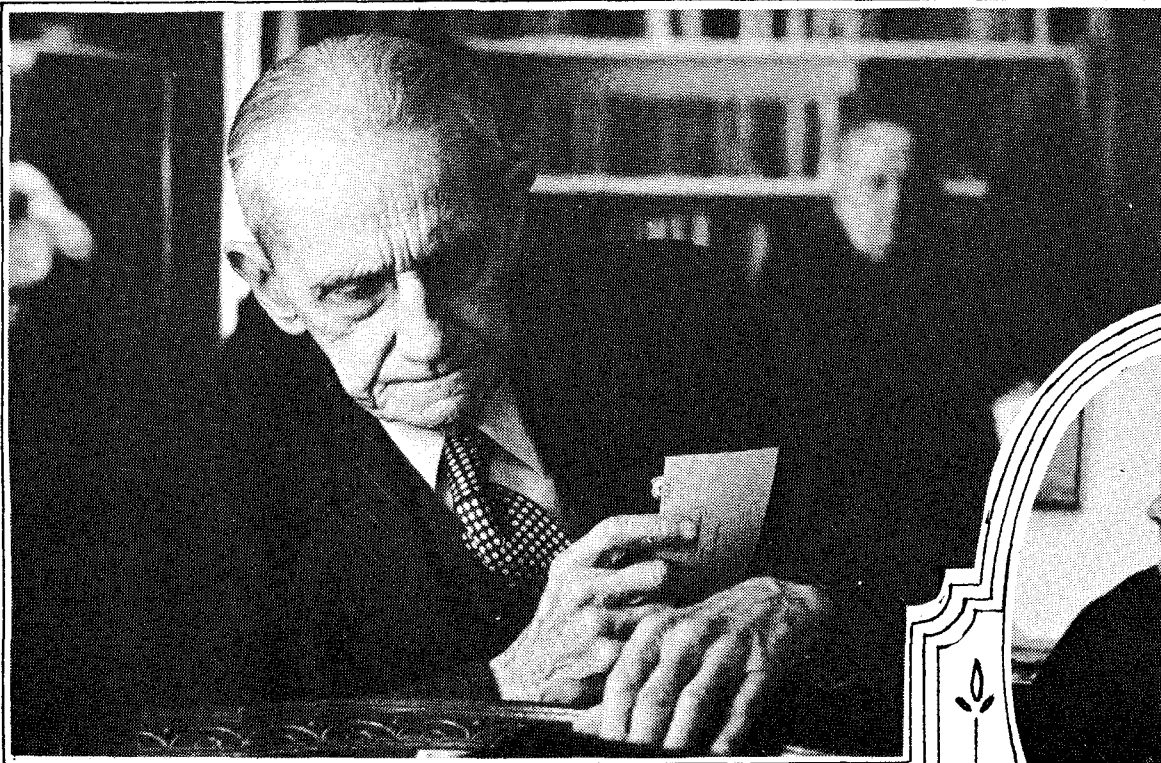
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RECOLLECTOR REUNITES OLD FRIENDS



Among those sharing their memories of the crime which brought their town such notoriety were Hopewellites (clockwise), Charles Burton (above), Alice Blackwell Lewis (with Susan Roberts), Ada Van Kirk James, Leon Hill, Mrs. James Kettle and Ethel Brokaw. The Hopewell Presbyterian Church was the setting for their reunion.

Photo by Jeff Macechak



resident, very thoughtfully arranged for me a subscription to the Princeton Recollector. I've oft thought of Hart and Johnny Schlussen and the "good ole times," with Jim Briggs, Bob Clayton, Ray Rudy, etc. I get back occasionally. Perhaps on my next visit we might get together for a chat.

Stryker Warren
Sausalito, California
7 March 1977

sopranos of the choir along with Eddy Dunham who had Wilcox's Drug Store later on; our own "Marx Bros." — Fred, Peter, and I think one more. I have written Stryker, asking if he still has his red hair and that we would certainly call him if my wife and I get to the West Coast this summer.

I don't need to tell you how much we all enjoy the Recollector. In nearly every issue I read of someone whom I knew or whose name I recall. In the last issue was a letter from Russ Kent who used to live on Burd Street here. With all good wishes,

Walter H. Olden, Jr.
Pennington, N.J.
13 March 1977

Continued on page four

Sleigh Racing

May I say that I am enjoying the Princeton Recollector very much. I am also reading the names of people whom I remember - "way back when."

You must have had information about sleigh racing on Nassau Street, many years ago. In fact, it was before Nassau Street was paved. And there was a large water fountain for horses on the South side of Nassau Street near the middle gate to the front campus. On either side there was an iron post to tie your horse while you went shopping.

When the snow was right for the horse-drawn sleighs, traffic was limited on Nassau Street from Vandewater's hardware store, at the corner of Mercer and Nassau Streets, to the Catholic Church, just below Moore Street. That was the one mile racecourse.

There were some fine horses in Princeton at that time. Lloyd Grover, who was president of the Beekman Lumber Co., had "Black Beauty" - a beautiful horse. John M. Lyons, the butcher, had a fine bay horse. Jimmy Lyons, brother of John, and also a butcher, had a sorrel horse. And Tom Lynch, who operated the livery stable, had several horses. All of these horses were beautiful to see. However, most of the races were won by a farmer named Reid. He had a farm out back

of the old Princeton Prep School. His horse was not much to look at, in fact it was a bit sway-backed, but that horse sure could run.

In all the races Tom Lynch kept yelling "Whoa, whoa!" at the top of his voice. Some people said Tom trained his horses to go on that signal, and the sound might confuse the other horses! To be sure, I do not know. But many people were on hand to see the sleigh races whenever they occurred. They were part of "the good old days."

R. L. VanCleve
Lakeland, Florida
26 February 1977

Lost . . .

I notice the name Walter H. Olden, Jr. as one of the contributors in your January issue. If he is the same "Hart" Olden, with whom I sang in Trinity Church Choir in the 'twenties and 'thirties, then I send him greetings! My sister, still a Princeton

. . . and Found

Thank you for the card from Stryker Warren — what a surprise! Of the people mentioned in his card, Raymond Rudy was organist and choirmaster for the Trinity Episcopal Church on Mercer Street. The others, Jim Briggs, Johnny Slusser, were like Stryker and myself among the boy



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
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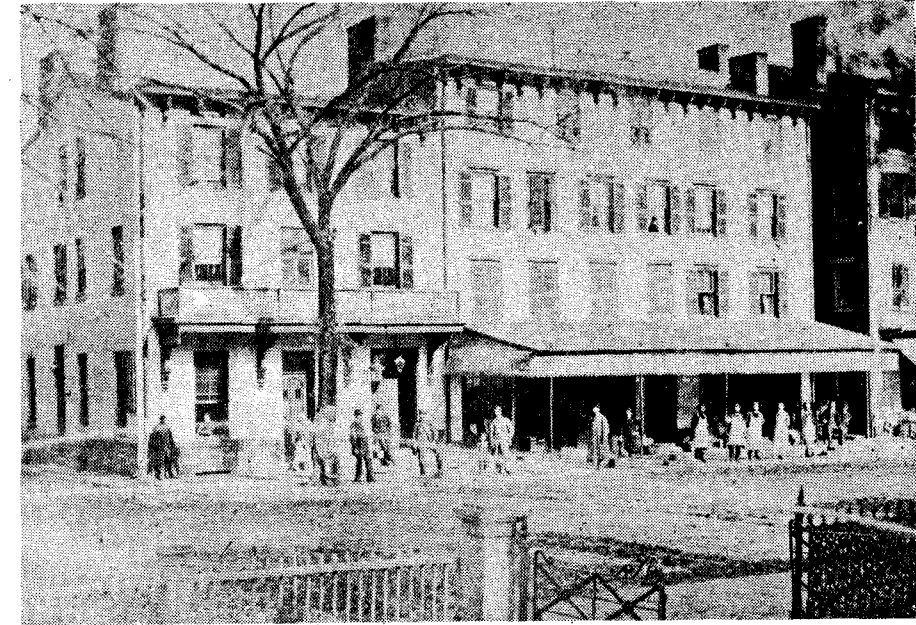


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HISTORY SOUGHT FOR WILLIAM STREET

For a visual and oral history of William and Charlton Streets, I would appreciate hearing from Recollector readers who can share memories and photographs of the neighborhood.

Do you recall William Street's being on both sides of Washington Road? Do you know how the streets were named? Do you remember a windmill on Charlton? Mr. Devine's grocery? William McDonald's stable? Other businesses in the area? The people who lived or worked there?

If you can provide any information concerning this neighborhood and its past residents, you can be of great help in getting this project underway. Please contact me in care of the Princeton History Project. I look forward to hearing from you.

Pat Schiller
Princeton, NJ
29 March 1977

"War of the Worlds"

Were you listening to Orson Welles' play, "War of the Worlds"? Were you scared? Did you hide? Do

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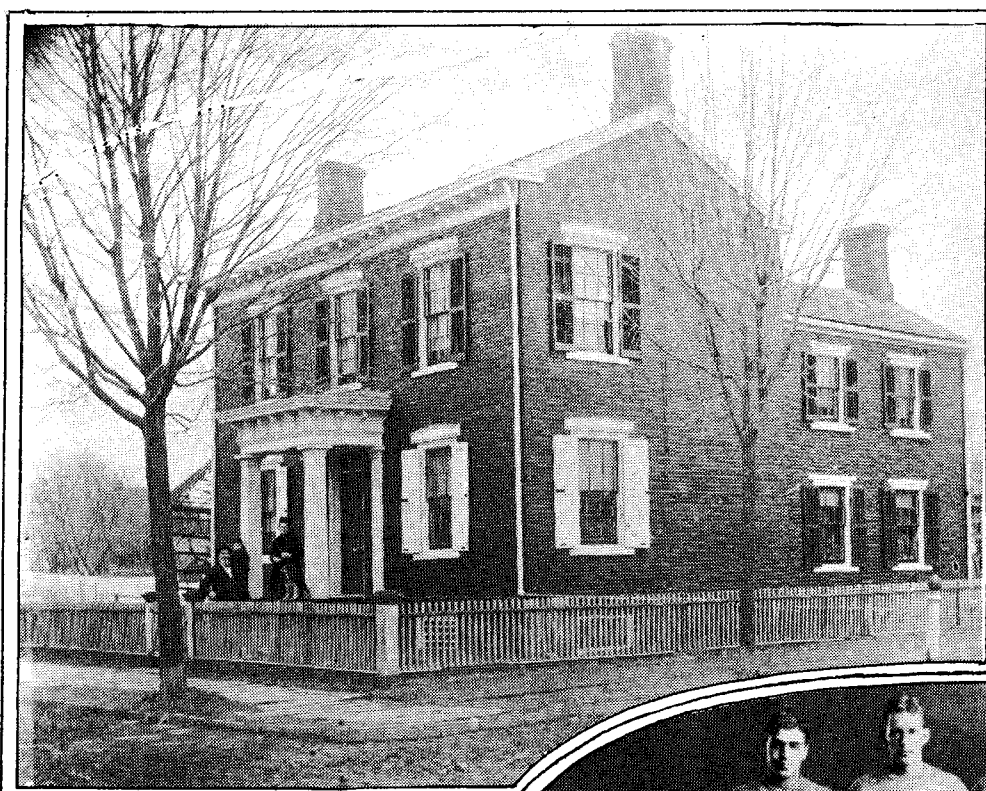
54 NORTH MAIN STREET

RALPH SCHREMP CRANBURY, N. J. 08512

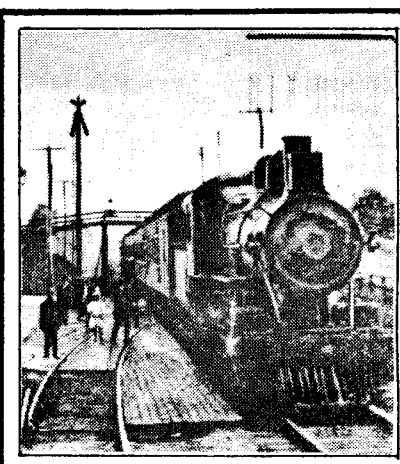
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6 Spring Street



This house at 56 William Street once stood across the street on the present site of the University Press.



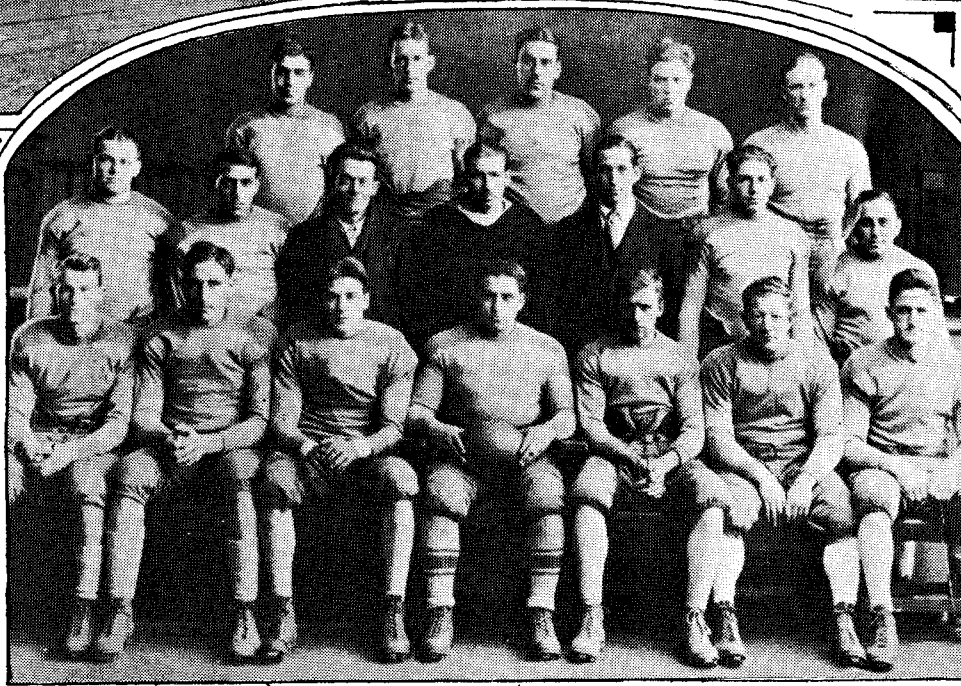
Margaret Gibson Coxwell writes to identify herself as the child on the siding at Cranbury station.

you remember what you were doing that night when "Martians landed" at Grover's Mill. What was life like in old West Windsor and Plainsboro?

- Students at Dutch Neck School are studying old West Windsor, and are trying to answer these questions:
- 1) Did you ever travel to New York or Philadelphia? How long did it take?
 - 2) How much could you buy for \$1?
 - 3) Did you go to school in Dutch Neck or Plainsboro? Could you tell us about it?
 - 4) What stores were there, and where were they?
 - 5) What did your house look like?

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Jack Delaney asks readers to forward identifications of these gridiron heroes.

- 6) What did you do in your spare time?
 - 7) Were weddings big occasions?
 - 8) Were women allowed to work?
 - 9) What did you do with someone who broke the law? Were the laws different?
- If you could discuss any of these questions with us, or have any old maps, photographs, newspapers, or diaries we could look at, we would really appreciate it. Please contact Mrs. Danielson at Dutch Neck School, 799-0655.

Roots in Princeton

I received my copy of The Princeton Recollector and was thrilled to see my article on the growth of the Jewish community. I feel as if I am an O'Hara or Fitzgerald, who have roots in Princeton, and to think my first historical article was published.

I have received a few letters and cards from Princeton friends expressing their thanks that I took the time and effort to write this historical background.

I note in one of the photographs

published you request identification of the individuals included. I will thus name them left to right (the wives are in front: Mr. and Mrs. Morris Kemmerman, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Goldstein, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Kaplan, Mr. and Mrs. W. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Urken, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Kahn, Mr. and Mrs. S. Geddes and the last, I believe, is Mr. Urken's son.

Julius Peskin
Hollywood, Florida
23 March 1977

Romweber's Remembered

How exciting to read your article on Romweber's General Store as I grew up next to that store in Abijah Applegate's old house. My parents bought the house in 1943 when I was two years old and still live there.

I can recall so many happy memories connected with the store. We had our mailbox at the store and twice a day would meet with neighbors there to wait for Mr. Romweber to distribute the mail, also catching up on local news at the same time. The store was very convenient and to our embarrassment, we five children would be sent over to the store countless times a day to buy items for our mother. The store was instrumental in helping me save

Continued on page five

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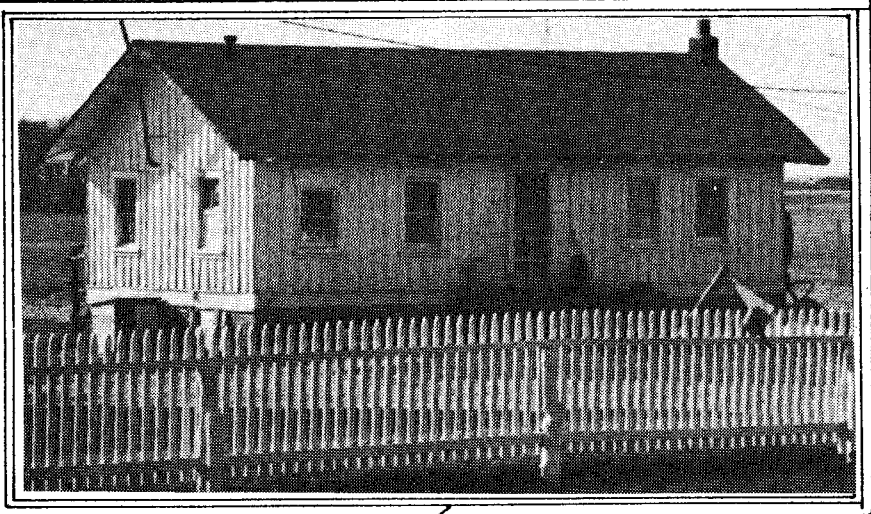
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BAND MEMORIES



According to Arthur Romweber, this tenant house on the Prospect Plains-Applegarth Road was once the passenger depot at Cranbury Station.
Photo by Jeff Macechak

period due to an unfortunate incident when a special historical file was thrown out by mistake.
Please send any pertinent material to the YWCA, Paul Robeson Place, Princeton, New Jersey 08540. All submitted material will be copied and returned.

Thank you,

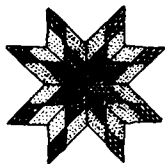
Mrs. R. L. Mackenzie
Princeton, N.J.
27 March 1977

Reflections

In our last issue we included the reflections of John Morrell on skating along Stony Brook in Pennington. Among his memories was a skating octogenarian whose name we mistakenly gave as Joshua Young. As older Penningtonians will recall his name should have read Joshua Allen, and we apologize for our error.

Continued on page six

Cabin Creek Quilts



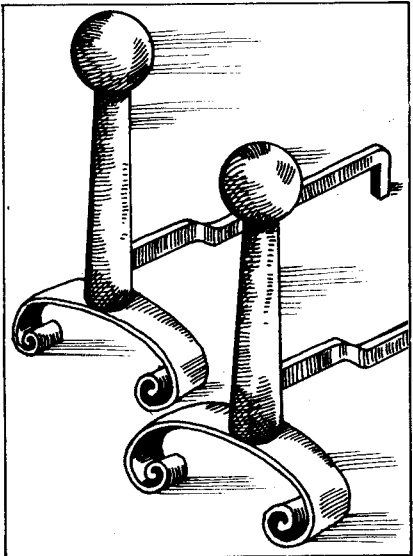
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Open Studio Sessions for: LIFE DRAWING (Tuesdays 8 to 10:00 PM), ARTS INSTRUCTION (Saturday 1 to 3:00 PM), PHOTOGRAPHY (Saturday 9:30 to 11:30 AM), and INTEGRATED ARTS (Monday 8 to 10:00 PM), are being held at the Flatroc Arts Program's comfortable and well equipped studio facility at the Old Cranbury School, Cranbury, N.J. Sessions are open to the public on an on-going and drop-in basis. All sessions are led by professionals in the arts. For further information contact Charles C. McCracken, Coordinator Flatroc Arts Program, PO Box 385, Cranbury, N.J. 08512; (609) 655-3690.

A new informative history book, *Episodes in the History of Griggstown*, by Laura P. Terhune is now available at \$7.95. For details call (201) 359-5517 or (201) 359-5232.



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MISSING PAINTING SOUGHT IN MEXICO

Continued from page five

Your article (April 1976) on the quest by Princetonian, Howard Russell Butler, to the "lost Titian" in the church at Tzintzuntzan in Mexico, has not been forgotten. Actually I have been trying to obtain information about it through a local guide who knows the priest, who is now resident in that church. However, he is a padre who serves a "wide-flung" flock, and information must be gleaned when he can be contacted. Add that to the concept of time in Mexico and a year can be a second.

The only thing I have been able to learn to date about the painting is that it was stolen, and now I am trying to obtain the approximate date when that might have happened. However, I must warn you that like many circumstances transmitted orally from one generation to another, there can be considerable myth mixed up with a kernel of truth. If and when I do get further data, I will let you know.

We have been sharing our Princeton Recollectors with friends here in Morelia, and recently Montgomery Budd, who writes a column for the Mexico City News, shared The Recollector with friends who are Princeton graduates staying at our Villa Montana. They had not been aware of your wonderful

publication and practically read the print off the pages. We hope that this may expand your circulation.

Miss Elise Goupil of Punta Gorda, Florida, is the one who shared her Recollector with us. She had many fine things to say of you and your efforts to keep alive the history and traditions of Princeton.

We do hope Winter had not treated Princetonians too badly. We only wish that we could transfer our climate to you, because you would then be a new "Eden".

Saludos

Keith K. Peaslee
Morelia, Michoacan
Mexico
25 March 1977

Tootsie-Wootsies

In our feature tracing the history of the Branch Building, included in the February 1977 edition, older Princetonians recalled the vaudeville dancers who once aroused the admiration of University students on the Branch Theatre stage. In response, Grace Brown Harris sends the following clipping:

Trenton, Dec. 26 — Surely Santa Claus was good to Harry F. Bibbins, of Orange, a student at Princeton, and gave him a charming bride. Nor need she, who was Miss Edna May Chandler, of Newark, go barefoot again unless she wants to.

Not a creature was stirring in the house of Justice of the Peace Manfred Naar at 2 a.m. yesterday. Then the door bell rang as if the house was afire.

"We want to get married," cried Mr. Bibbins, when the justice stuck his head out of the front window.

Mrs. Naar and Miss Naar, arrayed in becoming white costumes, consented to be witnesses. And soon Miss Chandler was made Mrs. Bibbins.

Miss Chandler was a chorus girl in Van Barke's company, which appeared here last week. She was one of the barefoot dancers in the show. In that turn, ten girls take off their shoes and stockings on the stage and execute fancy steps. Mr. Bibbins's bride was one of the most attractive of the ten, and her vivacity was much applauded.

Mr. Bibbins and Miss Chandler



Our correspondent in Mexico has lent new information on the "lost Titian of Tzintzuntzan."

were neighbors, when they were younger even than now, and he saw much of her. But when he saw her pink tootsie-wootsies he sought her at the stage door, told his love — again — and they were married.

Ancestral Memories

The excellent articles and letters in the January Princeton Recollector have stimulated some ancestral memories. My thoughts concern the Clarke family.

Much of what has been written refers to Thomas Clarke and the Jan. 3, 1977 battle on his farmlands. His brother, William Clarke, also hosted some of the skirmishes and participants in his neighboring home and orchards. Thomas remained a bachelor, so it may be presumed that the extant line of Clarks has descended from William, of which the writer is one.

In 1903 my great-aunt Mary A. Clarke started to research the Clarke family history and, over the ensuing forty years, did a remarkable job of perusing legal and historical records to establish the line. Briefly, she traced the family from Benjamin Clarke, 1st, who founded our American family in Perth Amboy, N.J. in 1683, down through the several generations who were born at Stony Brook to the descendants in our branch at the present time.

One of the first to settle at Stony Brook was Benjamin Clarke, 2nd, in 1696, at which time he built the first dwelling house on a 1200 acre tract. In 1709 he conveyed about 9 acres to Richard Stockton and others in trust to build a meeting house and for a burying ground for the Society of Friends.

This Benjamin was the grandfather of William Clarke from whom my branch of the family has come. I have three first cousins, all born to my father's brother and sister, and living in New Jersey. It occurs to me that there must be other relatives, some possibly bearing the Clarke name, about whom I have never heard, as the records in my

possession refer only to my direct line of ancestors.

The sale of the Thomas Clarke house and estate by John Hight Clarke to Henry E. Hale in 1865 interrupted the succession of Clarks in the now 200-year old Princeton shrine. Hannah and Sarah Clarke, sisters of Thomas Clarke, had inherited the property from their bachelor brother. In turn they bequeathed the property to John Hight Clarke, their grandnephew. Were it not for the sale to Mr. Hale there might still be Clarks living there as John Hight Clarke had three children, one of whom was another William Clarke, now deceased. Whether or not this William had any male progeny is not known to the writer.

So, going back to my opening paragraph, your January issue has stimulated some memories, but recounting them has not brought me any closer to being aware of others with blood ties to the local patriots of 1777.

In closing this look at the past, I am submitting copies of a 1941 news item about Mary A. Clarke and a 1944 item concerning a Miss Wanda Shaw whose ancestry dates back to Benjamin Clarke.

My memories and thoughts do not change history but only tend to make the mysteries of heritage more confusing. However, I thought that you might find this reader's reaction to reports of the Battle of Princeton interesting.

Alex H. Clarke
Pennington, N.J.
14 March 1977

"Uncle Charle"

In our January 1977 issue we were pleased to include an account of the Battle of Princeton written by an eighty-six-year-old eyewitness, who watched the events of the day from the Thomas Olden house, then standing on the site of one of

Continued on page seven

Kopp's

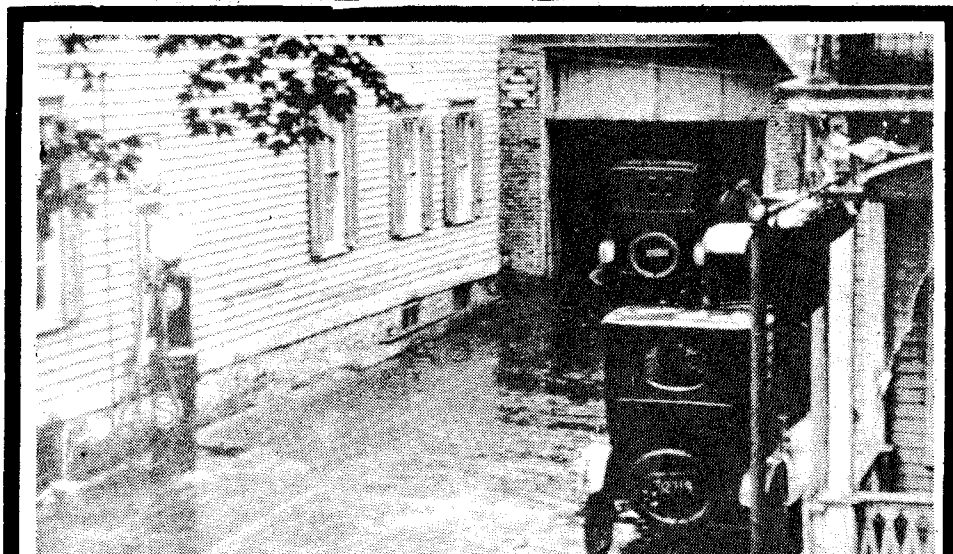
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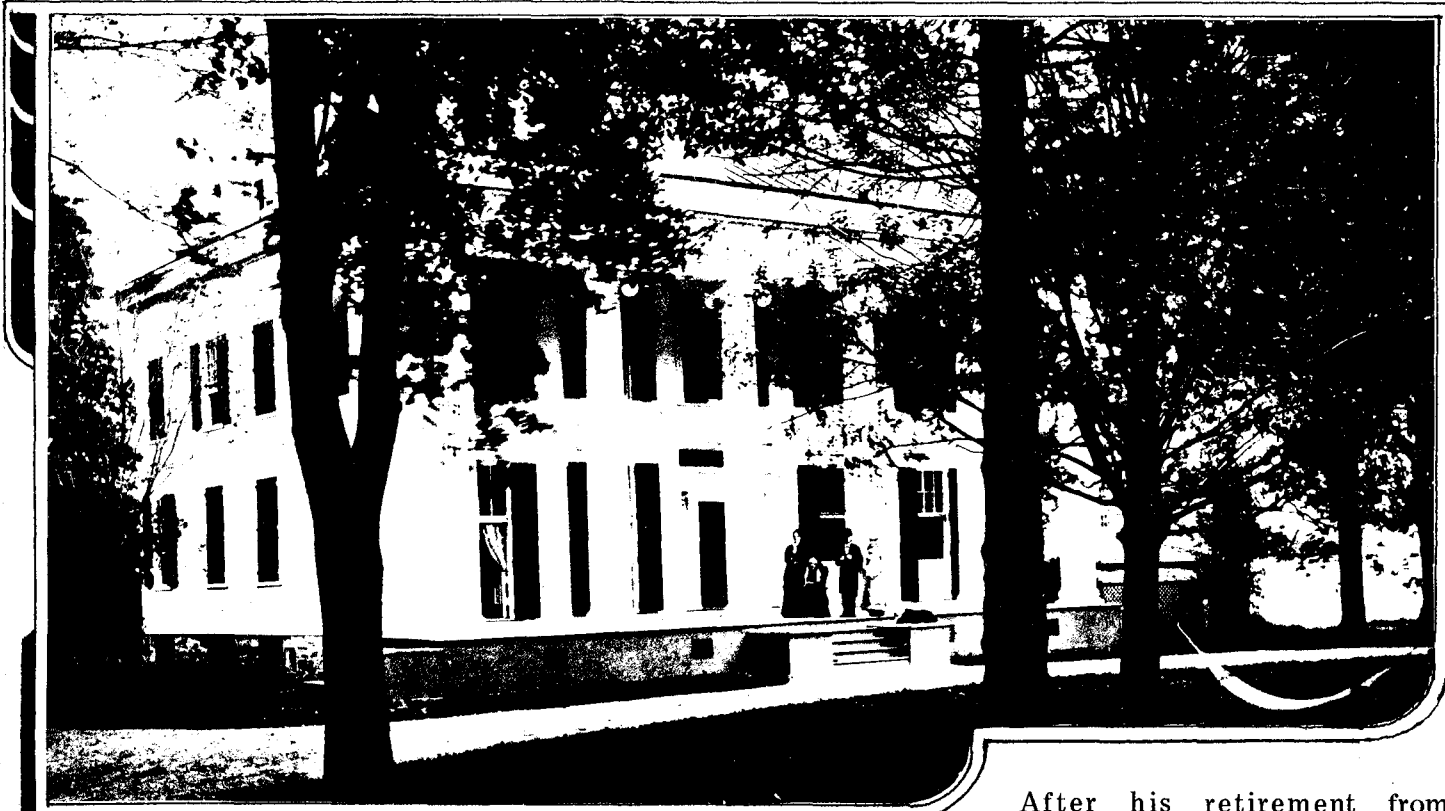
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UNCLE CHARLIE BUILT DRUMTHWACKET



"Uncle Charlie" Olden appears with family members on the porch of his home, "Drumthwacket."

Courtesy Rose Collection

Continued from page six

Princeton's most sumptuous houses, Drumthwacket.

Ever since they became one of the first half dozen families to settle on the banks of Stony Brook nearly three centuries past, the Olden family has played a distinguished part in Princeton history. The following account, recently discovered at Bainbridge House, gives a pleasantly intimate glimpse of Charles Smith Olden, New Jersey's Civil War governor who, after securing a considerable fortune in New Orleans, retired to his home town in the 1830's and commissioned Princeton's foremost builder/architect, Charles Steadman, to construct Drumthwacket, the elegant house which was later much enlarged by Moses Taylor Pyne.

Since the article poses as many questions as it answers, we leave it to our readers to add the details which may make it a more valuable contribution to the permanent record.

Seeing it is almost February I thought you might like to hear about our Uncle Charlie Olden who was born in Princeton one February many years ago.

My first recollections of Uncle Charlie were as a very small child; his severe yet kindly face was one of my earliest memories. He smiled when I was good but could, just by looking at me, show that he knew when I was not. I can remember so clearly coming down the stairs for dinner; there he sat by the little table with the green cover. He always seemed to know when I had not washed my hands, and many a time just his look would send me scurrying back up the stairs to take care of this detail before entering the dining room.

We moved a number of times as I was growing up. Each time special attention was taken to find the right place for Uncle Charlie. Then came the day when we moved into a place too small; there was no room for him and he passed out of my life.

A short time ago, when taking some things from storage, we found Uncle Charlie again. Some kindly far-seeing ancestor had carefully glued the now slightly torn copy of his obituary on the back of a life-size crayon portrait. It was missing some details which I thought someone in Princeton might supply for he died in Princeton:

Died Princeton April [torn]
Charles Smith Olden
Born February 1799

Ancestors of a remote date but inhabitants of this town (Princeton), his grandmother was a connection of John Hart, resident of Hopewell and Signer of the Declaration of Independence. He was educated in Lawrenceville High School and brought up in the Society of Friends.

On leaving school Olden entered his father's store in Princeton where he remained until 1823 when he went to Philadelphia to become connected with the mercantile house of Mathew Newkirk. In 1826 he went to New Orleans where he became a successful merchant. In 1834 he returned to Princeton, with considerable gains to which was added the inheritance of his uncle, and he retired from mercantile pursuit, marrying at this time Miss Phoebe Ann Smith of Trenton.

On March 10, 1855 Nassau Hall was destroyed by fire. Amid the gloom which that event shed over the friends of the institution, Mr. Olden appeared on the surface, and by his financial skill, conducted the college out of its embarrassment.

After his retirement from business, Mr. Olden engaged in politics. He represented the County of Mercer from 1844 to 1850, elected by the Old Whig Party. Here he exercised great influence. The existence of the present State Capitol building, and the Lunatic Asylum, are largely owing to him.

In 1859 he reluctantly gave his consent to become the candidate of the Republican Party for the office of Governor. Mr. Hageman first nominated him. He was elected and took his seat in 1860. As Governor he became head of the War Department of the state which, at this time, was called into activity. Under his management no state exceeded New Jersey in organization and equipment of its troops. During the war his patriotic devotion to his country was unremitted.

He organized the finances of the state and gave to this department that attention which saved the citizens thousands of dollars. At the opening of the war he sustained the Treasury largely by his own private fortune and established the credit of the Commonwealth.

Governor Olden occupied several important positions both local and general until age and infirmities obliged him to relinquish them. He was for a long time Treasurer of the College; a member of the Farmers Club; a Judge of the Court of Errors and Appeals; a member of the Court of Pardons and one of the Rep. . .

The balance of the obituary was gone. No doubt there is another copy of this somewhere in Princeton.

I would certainly like to have the missing parts to place on the back of Uncle Charlie's portrait.

Jean Bruyere Kell
Beaufort, N.C.

Charles Smith Olden was born 2-19-1799 and died 4-7-1876. He was Governor of New Jersey from 1860 to 1863. He was my great-great-uncle, i.e., he was my great-grandfather Job Gardner Olden's brother. Somewhere I have some pictures of Drumthwacket as it was originally and before it was expanded to its present size.

There were seven children in that particular generation — children of Hart and Temperance Smith Olden, three boys and four girls.

In regard to Jean Bruyere Kells, she is about a third cousin as, I believe, her great-grandmother was Ruth Olden, sister to Charles and Job. Ruth married Rev. James Stebbins. Their daughter, Cordelia Stebbins, married Dr. Walter Bruyere. One of their sons was named Paul Tulane Bruyere — and thereby hangs another tale, a romantic story of Ruth Olden and Paul Tulane.

I remember Jean Bruyere as we would visit back and forth from Red Bank or Manasquan to Princeton. She has two sisters and a brother, and I recall some fine beach picnics from their place at the Jersey shore.

Walter H. Olden, Jr.
Pennington, N.J.

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Charley Sutphin Knew Sourlands to Be Devil's Stronghold

Continued from page one

about the supernatural in many years spent there.

"That is the devil's own stamping ground," he told the writer, leaning from the seat of his ash wagon. Its prettiness and wildness just hides the evilness that the old folks say has been breeding there since all time.

"Ghosts have plenty of reason for haunting that section. Nine murders have been done there since I can remember," said Charley. He has heard lost souls crying in the mountain fastness, seen weird luminous shapes, headless human forms, moving along the quiet roads, and witnessed manifestations that know no earthly explanation.

Whether the Lindberghs will be entertained by haunts and spooks during their residence, which it is understood they intend to make permanent, Charley cannot say. He knows of no spectres which have any direct connection with the tract of nearly 500 acres, owned by Mrs. Lindbergh, the former Anne Morrow, upon part of which the old Ed Ashton place, the famous "good will couple" caused a house of natural stone to be built. But since the supernatural knows no boundaries, and the haunted areas hedge upon the Lindbergh fencelines, perhaps the owners will receive some unwelcome callers.

Although Charley left the Sourlands years ago, and the violence of that region is now only a memory, the old ghosts are still active, he believes, and will haunt that section for all time. Each tragedy that occurs will set a new spirit wandering there. Perhaps the "Lindbergh Luck" drew a mystic circle around the estate when he circled above it in his airplane and selected it from the sky as the ideal spot for his home. Electric lights and other developments of this machine age have made many another ghost homeless. It may be that the whirl of Lindbergh's propeller will eventually dispel the more obstinate of the ghosts.

Why there should be so many ghosts in the Sourlands is easily explained by Charley. It began far back in the beginnings of the world. The Devil chose that section for his stronghold — and if we can believe what is said of the Devil, that he has wings, he probably made the selection as Lindbergh did, from the air.

Devil Picked Spot to Build Wall

The Devil started to build a wall to separate the East from the West. That wall was left unfinished when Mrs. Devil called him to dinner. In testimony of how abruptly the work was dropped, there is the Devil's Half-Acre, a jumble of thousands of rocks, some as big as a house, in the mountains northeast of Neshanic. The Devil was carrying an apronful of rocks to the scene of his labors when the dinner bell rang. He dropped the rocks where they now stand, and after dining found so much deviltry to accomplish around the world that he never went back to the job he had started. This is graphically described in verse by the late Dr. Joseph Wilson of Somerville. His poem "The Devil's Half-Acre" appears at the end of this article.

The Devil did build the Devil's Doorway, a rock foundation adjacent to the Lindbergh home. Three men, reputedly sent out to conquer the Devil, met him nearby, and he turned them into the rocks called the Three Brothers, which stand against the skyline on Pero's Hill, which is named after Pero the Hermit, who lived there in a cave.

Murdered Men Come Back

Murdered souls always return to haunt the scenes of their deaths, Charley asserts. The Sourlands, boasting of nine murders within the memory of those now living, consequently have at least nine ghosts. Most recent of these was the double murder of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wyckoff, killed at Wyckoff's Corner in 1916.

Before them were murdered Sam Cruse, colored, shot to death in Princeton Basin. Dory Cruse, beaten to death in 1878. Pete Nixon, colored fiddler who often played in Flemington, whose head was shot off in 1877, allegedly by Ben Peterson in a matrimonial quarrel. Clossy the Fiddler, who was missed after a dance and whose bones were later found in one of the log cabins in which the colored inhabitants

Charley Stuphin, a Sourland Mountain native, who supplied these ominous ghost tales, died the same month as the kidnapping.



formerly lived; Aaron True, who disappeared one day and was never seen alive again — bones, thought to have been True's turned up months later in a load of animal bones brought for grinding to Hill's Bone Mill at Copper Hill; Tim Corbett was shot in the leg by William Womback and bled to death; Jim Anderson, colored, was shot and killed.

Spirits and Spirits

Some of the murders, and probably all of the ghosts, can be traced to the still houses, five of which served the thirsts of that section, according to Charley. Applejack and rye whiskey were custom-made by distillers at Riley's, near Van Liew's Corner, at Mount Rose, at Peter Dilts' place in Post Town near Devil's Half-Acre, at Dawlis Mills in the ancient Village of Amwell, and at Drake's in Woodsville. Liquor was retailed in the various general stores, and in taverns at Larison's Corner, Ringoes, Neshanic and other nearby places.

The murdered fiddler, Clossy, used to send his cane out, crooked into the handle of a jug, which would return to the dance hall filled with liquor, Charley remembers. Moonshiners were in business there even in the old days, after the state began to exact liquor revenue. Clossy's cane was the calling card which admitted the bearer of the jug into places where illicit liquor was sold.

Acts of violence were invariably committed by men made aggressive by drink, or whose real or imagined injuries were exaggerated by overdoses of applejack. Feuds were frequent, Charley recalls, and even now there is bad blood among the few remaining old residents, retained from ancestral quarrels.

Three See a Ghostly Wagon

At Charley's home just south of the Boro, the reporter heard

corroborations of his stories from the lips of his wife, Rene Wilson Sutphine, and his brother-in-law, Hank Wilson. Recited at that interview were stories smacking of Hallowe'en and the unknown.

"Personally, I wouldn't care to stay in the Sourlands overnight," said Rene. "I've seen things and heard things there."

"There are some things you've got to believe if you see them," remarked Hank in verifying the weird tales.

Riding behind a horse near the Buttonwoods Corner one day, Charley, Rene and Hank had an experience they will never forget. Ahead of them a horse and bolster wagon emerged from the roadside and took the direction they were going. An old man drove while two children dangled their feet from the tailboard. The three in the second wagon discussed the strange appearance of the first wagon. It was impossible for the wagon to make its way between the trees, they saw, wondering how it might have come out of nowhere.

Despite the rough and muddy condition of the road, the leading wagon made no noise. Altogether, its appearance was so strange that those who followed watched it intently. Suddenly it vanished at a point where there was no side road or lane, where the trees were so thick that a wagon could never pass through. Reining up his horse in amazement, Charley looked down at the road. There were no fresh ruts in the soft surface although his own wagon wheels were deep in mud. "Ghosts" is the only explanation.

Ghosts Steal a Rock

Strangest of all the manifestations retailed by Charley is the story of the vanishing rock. Several years ago John MacIntyre, now in White Plains, N.Y., and Stacy Ferguson of Trenton, dug a pit around a huge rock near Stoutsburg which was to

Continued on page nine



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"Knitting Betty" Is Still Haunting Buttonwoods Corners



Ode to Sourland Mountain

Did you ever hear of Sourland Mountain?
That years and years remained the same;
The people who had homes there,
Cared not for wealth or fame.

If strangers had to cross there,
They hoped for no delay;
Disgusted with the stony roads,
They hurried fast away.

But lo, a change has come about,
That rought old hill
seems not the same;
Those same disgusted people,
Are talking in this strain:

"I think these are the nicest roads,
The rocks are just too dear;
Let's build a bungalow,
And be a neighbor near."

Onely the rugged farmer,
Pursues his usual way;
In winter chops his firewood,
In summer rakes his hay.

He does not let an airplane
Disturb his daily round;
He sees it flying overhead,
But he prefers the ground.

Yet I know he's mighty proud
The "Eagle" picked here for a home
And he, like me, is glad to see
Old Sourland come into its own.

E.R.
January 1931

Searchers investigate a
Sourland ravine for the
Lindbergh baby.

There are few who do not come away with a blue jingler, a "No Trespass" sign, or even a fence post that some day will be shown to grandchildren with some appropriate narrative. But the rock vanished long before the attention of a world of curiosity seekers was attracted to the Sourlands. Ghosts are the only solution to the mystery.

Late one afternoon, Ferguson and MacIntyre, overtaken by a storm while working in the mountains, found shelter in one of the abandoned log cabins, ruins of which are occasionally found there now. The wind moaned weirdly. Something shrieked outside, and the unbolted door swung open under a heavy blow. Carrying a weeping, struggling girl, a swarthy figure entered. Horror-stricken, they saw the girl strangled. It was the ghost of Stock the Butcher, re-enacting the murder of the girl who would not be his wife.

Knitting Betty Disappears

"Knitting Betty" is the picturesque name given one of the spectres. She sits on a flat blue jingler rock near the road at the Buttonwoods Corners, knitting, they say. None can approach within clear sight of her but she disappears. Why she sits, why she knits, or why haunts, no one knows. Knitting Betty and the Buttonwoods are in the Lindbergh's back yard.

Ike Meets the Headless One

Ike Sutphin, Charley's dead brother, often told of the "headless one" which walked beside his buggy one moonlit night as he was crossing the mountain from Stoutsbury to Wertsville. The horse shied in passing a log upon which something with a

human-like form sat in the full light of the moon. Abreast of the buggy, the figure rose and walked beside it. Ike looked closely to see if it was anyone he knew, intending to offer a lift in the direction he was going. But he did not know anyone who had no head. His whipped horse raced, stumbling over the rutted road, but as fast as the horse went, the ghost, for such it was, floated along beside — floated rather than walked or ran, oblivious of the ruts and pitfalls. Ike was forced to accept the ghost's company until a short distance from his destination.

There is a ghostly lady thru whom the sun can be seen, who walks about the mountain roads in the day. All who have seen her comment on her uncommon beauty. A woodcutter, whose name is not remembered, brave with drink, met her one day and admired her vulgarly. As he sought to touch her, she slapped him across the cheek. He bore livid welts in the shape of a human hand upon that cheek until his death, according to Charley.

Jack-o'-lanterns wander aimlessly over the marsh known as Klee's Lot, from which Cat Tail Brook flows and passes a 25-acre woodlot owned by Charley. Curious as to their source he has followed the glowing balls of mist up the brook and more than once found himself treading on dangerously soft ground that sought to swallow him.

Science claims the jack-o'-lantern is a natural manifestation as is the phosphorescent glow of "foxfire," the moss which grows on rotting tree stumps. Many who travel along the Sourland roads by night have been frightened by brilliant eyes peering from the roadside. According to Charley, foxfire will sometimes completely cover a tall stump which, standing in full glow, takes on the semblance of a wraith — probably explanation of some of the ghosts.

Phantom Dog and Devil Bird

"Grey Dog," a phantom animal which bays the moon and haunts the paths of those who walk by night, is another of the Sourland spectres. Many times Charley has heard the dog padding along beside him,



panting weirdly, but has never actually seen the canine apparition.

Not strictly a ghost, but something that is apparently deathless, the "Devil Bird" swoops out of the sky and carries lambs and pullets to his rockbound lair, where it feeds upon their hot blood. Shotguns and traps are ineffective against this winged creature which has the face of a man and the voice of nothing earthly, according to Charley. Man cannot or dare not penetrate to its covert where huge mounds of bones, some human, bleach in the sun. Perhaps, who knows, Colonel Lindbergh, like some up-to-date Saint George, may follow the wings of the Devil Bird, slay it, and forever rid the peaceful valley of its depredations.

The Ministry Tells One

When a reputable minister tells his congregation of a ghost he has seen, there may be something in these tales of the supernatural. To William Dean of North Main Street, Flemington, the writer is indebted for an uncanny story told by the late Rev. George A. Eaton who once served the Baptistry of the Sourlands, of how he lost the use of his right arm as the direct result of an encounter with a ghost.

Horsebacking homeward on the Rileyville-Hopewell road from the deathbed of a parishoner, "Dominie" Eaton, as he was called, was met by a man on a white horse. He recognized the man as the one who had died within the hour.

"Meet me tonight in the Dark Woods," said the dead man.

"I cannot," said Domine Eaton.

"Then hold out your hand," ordered the dead man.

Fearfully, Dominie Eaton proffered his right hand which the ghost smote, wheeled his horse and thundered away. Eaton's arm hung useless at his side until his death, says Mr. Dean.

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Lindberghs Rented White Cloud Farm Became Tourist Haven Home in Rosedale

ALTHOUGH SETTLED FOR A TIME NEAR ROSEDALE THE COLONEL ADMITS BUYING TRACT IN VICINITY OF HOPEWELL.

EXACT LOCATION NOT DISCLOSED

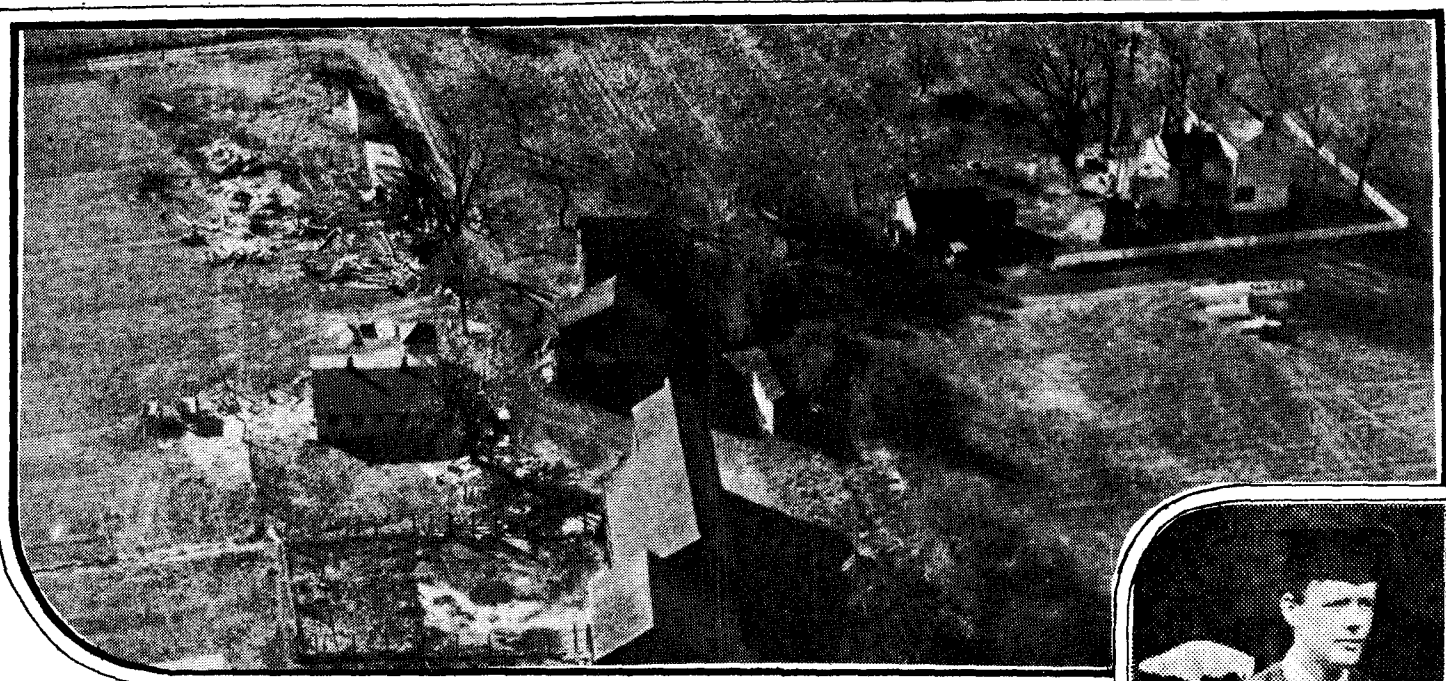
October 22, 1930

At least for a temporary space of time Colonel and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh are near residents of Hopewell, that is, in the vicinity of this place. They have moved into a home formerly occupied by H. M. Van Horn, and the property is located on the Federal City road, near Rosedale. This house will be occupied only temporarily by the Lindeburgh's until their new home is built somewhere, it is believed, between Hopewell and Princeton.

A vast peach orchard, operated by Mr. and Mrs. R. Stanley Terhune, is on one side of the house which the Colonel and his wife have rented. About 60 or 70 acres of land make up the site, the property being once owned by Ambrose Titus, of this place.

The public hereabouts is at a loss to really know where the site of Lindbergh's future home is to be located, except for the fact that it is between this borough and Princeton. The Colonel has already denied that he has purchased three farm tracts, including the one on which he and his wife are now residing. He has said however, that he has purchased a large tract of land consisting of 200 acres of cleared land and wood land between Hopewell and Princeton, with ample space for a landing field if he so desired.

The Lindbergh's made their first trip by plane to their present home on Saturday. The Colonel and his wife went by automobile in the morning to the Morrow residence, in Englewood, and made the return trip in the afternoon in Mrs. Lindburgh's blue and yellow monoplane.



Continued from page one

taking a state-wide Regent's examination in intermediate algebra. So there I was, trying to finish the test and get out on time.

"I got to the parade. I did see him, but there was a big crowd and you couldn't get close. He was very young at the time. I got a 97 on the test.

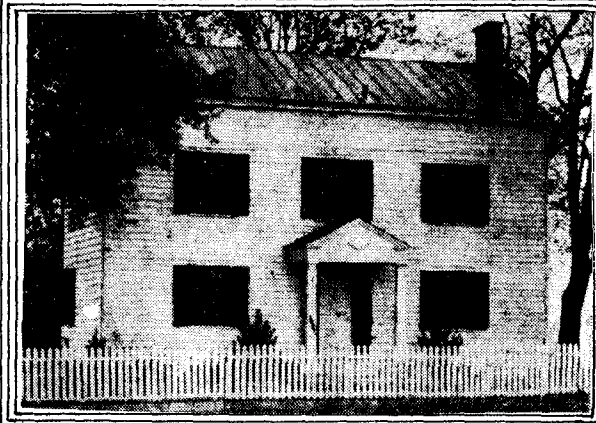
"So it really was an exciting period and the prelude to the sadness of the thirties when the baby was kidnapped and murdered."

House on the Hill

- "When he first came to this area they lived on the Cold Soil Road, right near Carter Road — White Cloud Farm."

- "When they moved out to White Cloud Farm on Cold Soil Road in Rosedale, he used to land his airplane there on runways. He went in and out all the time. They had to have police out because people pulled his landing flags up. Every week all his flags were pulled up for mementos. It was terrible."

- "If it was dark when he was coming in with the plane, his wife would get the car out for there was a



Soon after he moved to White Cloud Farm in Rosedale, Charles Lindbergh received an honorary Master of Science at Princeton University.



certain place where he could land, and she'd have the lights of the car right on this area and it would light it all up. Then the neighbors knew that Lindbergh was getting ready to land and they'd often watch it. There was a lot of interest there."

- "He didn't buy that farm. He rented it while he was building up back of Hopewell."

- "G.R. Murray was the fella that had the dealings with the real estate — you know, selling the place to Lindbergh. I knew him well; in fact my Dad's farm, which was Washington's headquarters before the Battle of Monmouth, that was Lindbergh's second choice if he hadn't have gotten the place that he did."

"He bought the farm from a boy that was working for me in the garage down in Hopewell, and the boy thought that some sporting club in New York City was buying it; he didn't know it was Lindbergh."

- "The Lucks family owned the one farm, and a party name o' Land, up North Greenwood Avenue, owned some more of it. The Lindberghs bought two quite big parcels, and the rest of it was small lots, in all about 150 acres. A little

more than half the property was old fields that had been farmed a few years before; the rest of it was woodland."

- "There were 550 acres of land altogether up at the Hopewell place. You know, Lindbergh picked the spot from the air. He searched a long time for the spot, and then when he picked it he marked it by a large oak tree along the edge of the woods right near where the house was later."

"When Lindbergh got ready to buy he went to a man who lived on the mountain, Nelson Wycoff. Wycoff spent all his life in the woods, so when Lindbergh described this parcel of ground to him, Nelson took him to this one spot, but after they looked around a bit, Lindbergh said that was not it. So they went back and tried the second day and Mr. Wycoff took him to right where he picked out the oak tree."

- "A man named that oak tree 'Lindbergh Oak', and we called it that for years and years."

"It's the highest point in Jersey, you know — that is it's the highest between New York and Philadelphia."

Continued on page eleven

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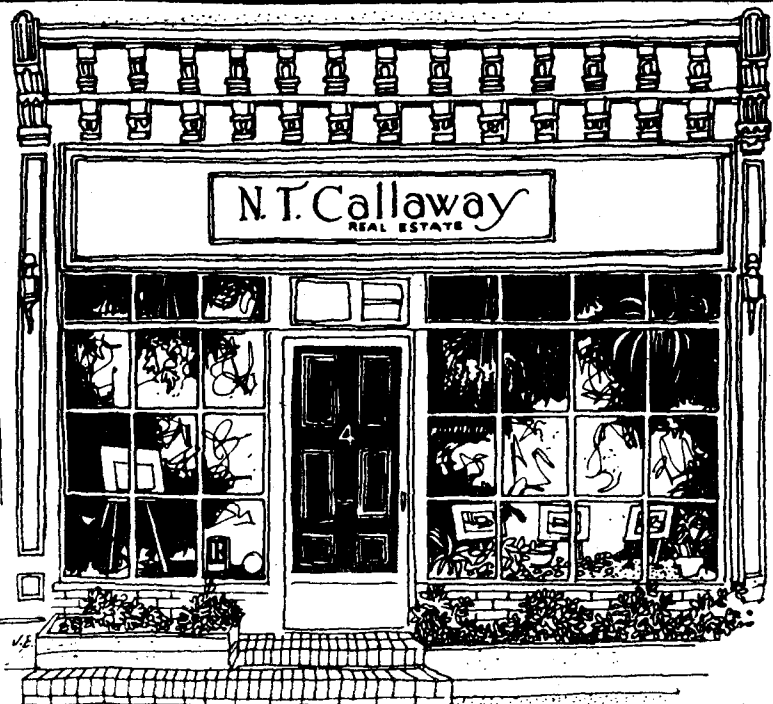
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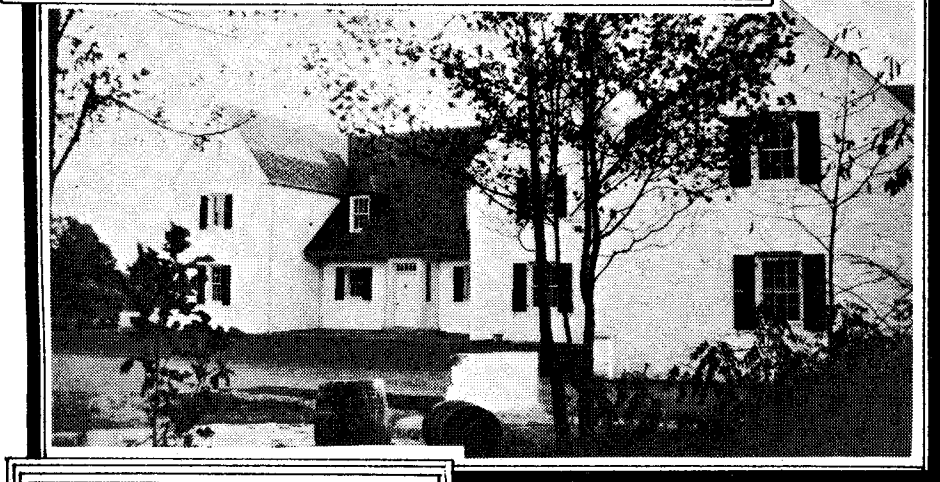
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Burton Kept Pictures of Estate in Safe Deposit Box



Charles Burton's photographs of the Lindbergh estate during construction were long kept in a safe deposit box.



Continued from page ten

There's a beautiful spot up there for a landing field. I was up there when they built that. You see, before the kidnapping there was no gate or anything. It was all very open."

• "He never got the landing strip finished 'cause the baby was stole before it got finished. I often think about it."

• "I never saw him in my life, but I went up one day to the house before he moved in, you know, how people used to do. Anybody was building a house, why you had to go see it. So we went up to his house and took a bird's-eye view of it. Of course, the carpenters were there."

• "The outside was this here Vermont stone — grayish-looking granite. And I would say the house was twelve, fourteen rooms."

• "Well my husband worked up there; put the stairs in. He was honored to work on the Lindbergh house. He worked for a concern in Newtown then. They put in the stairs and all the woodworking. He had a lot of pictures of the house in construction."

• "See, I worked for a contractor in Newtown, and they furnished all the millwork inside. That was in 1932. I didn't work there much 'cause I was only supposed to go there and measure. I wasn't supposed to use a

hammer or saw because the two locals, Princeton and Trenton, didn't agree."

• "The house was immense, immense. One day I was out there measuring and four women drove up in a car, a nice car; I don't remember what the make was. And they got out and alongside the building was a heap of old plaster, dried plaster what was left. And one of the women grabbed a piece, put it in her handkerchief and put it in her bag — for a souvenir!"

"They got to stealing so much. I got a picture of the stairs and in that hall was a barrow and it had in it all kinds of tile, imported tile, all over. And when they started to lay it they were short. I remember how many they were short because people would go down and pick one up. They were souvenirs."

• "It was reported that work was pretty much finished inside and somebody had stole the thermostat off the boiler. That's when they closed it up. They had a gate put up out there then; nobody got in after that."

• "There was photographs taken inside of the house and I was one of

them that got some because I done the measuring and put stairs in. But they told me never to release 'em. After the kidnapping the reporters came over there to the house and they pestered the life out o' me 'cause they knew I had 'em. I was afraid they might break in and steal 'em, so I put 'em in the bank; kept 'em there. But they were just crazy after the pictures of the inside; see, they didn't have nothing inside. I thought I'd better put 'em away before they got gone."

• "We saw the Lindberghs when they first came to Hopewell. I didn't think it was such a thrill. We just thought they'd be one of us, you know. They would talk when they come to get gas, but they were never one to mingle with the Hopewell people. But I think that was because, no doubt, they had this fear."

• "I saw him in my store in Pennington when he was living on Cold Soil Road. He was in maybe once or twice."

• "She used to come into the store here."

• "Did you ever see him in Weart's Store? He came there to shop and get gas. I think Tracy Hall used to do the deliveries."

• "The Lindberghs themselves were very friendly people. They used to come to the local market and just because he was Lindbergh, if there was two or three others ahead of him at the counter, he didn't walk up front — he waited his turn. They were very nice people, very kind

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people; just didn't want to be fussed over. They just wanted to be ordinary people."

• "Mrs. Lindbergh (Anne Morrow Lindbergh) — I never met a finer woman. She was quiet, and she was pleasant and, you know what I mean, she was easy to talk to."

• "I always remember Mrs. Lindbergh as being very nice and very friendly to me. She always treated me very nicely when I was a little boy. I remember walking up the road one Sunday afternoon. She came along and stopped and asked me if I wanted a ride but I told her I wasn't going very far. He was more or less to himself."

• "I'll have to say this — Lindbergh was sort of a distant sort of fella. You could talk direct to him, and he'd kind of turn his head and make believe he was looking at something else. That was one of the peculiarities I noticed about him."

• "I tried to get him to speak at the High School but he wouldn't come 'cause he hated publicity. He never used a word if he could keep quiet, I tried to get him to speak at an assembly, but Lindy wouldn't come. I asked them to say, 'If he could just walk across the stage,' because the kids would think they'd seen God. But he wouldn't come at all."

Continued on page thirteen



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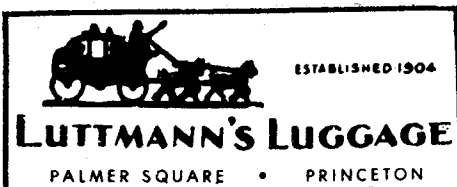
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DeLong Filed First Story or on Abduction of Lindbergh Child

Edmund S. DeLong was the first reporter to reach the Lindbergh estate the night of the crime. His AP story follows:

Hopewell, N.J. Wednesday, March 2 — Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr., 20-month-old son of the flying Colonel, was kidnapped last night from his nursery in the Lindbergh country home near here. The child, clad in a blue sleeping robe, was put to bed at the usual hour, 7:30 P.M. At about 10 P.M. someone peered into the nursery. The crib was empty.

Beneath the nursery window footprints showed in the soft earth. These indicated that the kidnappers, moving with such stealth that the Lindberghs, although in the house, heard no sound, had removed their shoes before climbing a ladder to the window. The trail of the shoeless footprints was followed by The Associated Press reporter to the rutted lane, where police believe a waiting car was parked. Feminine footprints, as well as those of a man, were found.

The first news the Lindberghs had of the crime was when the frightened nurse ran downstairs, screaming that the baby had been kidnapped.

The first newspaper man to reach the home was an Associated Press reporter, who ran a mile over

Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr. posed with his mother, grandmother and great-grandmother soon after his birth. Below is the family butler, Ollie Watley.

muddy, rut-cut roads to reach a phone to send the first direct news from the residence. This was at 12:40 A.M.

Colonel Lindbergh, bare-headed as usual, was pacing the grounds, while troopers and detectives went over the place with flashlights, seeking clues.

Mrs. Lindbergh, who telephoned the news to her mother, Mrs. Dwight W. Morrow, at the Morrow home in Englewood, N.J., was inside the house. A close friend of Mrs. Lindbergh said she was expecting another child within three months.

The house, glowing with lights from top to bottom, was the only bright spot in the wooded, gloomy district. Wishing to get complete privacy, the Lindberghs picked the site from the air and it is almost inaccessible to the outside world. A winding, muddy lane — their private property — leads to the new house from a country highway, called the Stoutsburg-Wertsville Road. The entrance to the Lindbergh road is more than four miles from Hopewell and there are few neighbors near enough to be of any aid in time of trouble. Almost surrounding the house are dense woods.

The police, dashing pell-mell to the place, were delayed by the muddy roads. It was an hour before they reached the house, which is perched on the second highest eminence in New Jersey in an isolated region.

Rummaging around the ghostly estate, the Associated Press reporter ran into a party of four men near the entrance to the Lindbergh's private road, a mile from the house. Each of the group had flashlights and were shooting their beams in all directions



in an effort to pick up more clues. An old deserted house stood near the entrance but it revealed nothing.

"Are you State police?" the reporter questioned.

"Who are you?" was the answer, and the reporter recognized Colonel Lindbergh. He showed the strain of the ordeal, but shook hands with the reporter when he had introduced himself.

"I'm sorry, but I can't tell you anything now," the Colonel said.

The Lindbergh baby is described as a golden-haired replica of his famous father. He is chubby, with blue eyes and curly hair. He was of about normal stature for his age, had begun to toddle about and was learning to talk.

His nursery, filled with every device for childish joy, is in the righthand corner of the second floor of the big house. The window near his crib, which was open when his nurse went into the room, is thirty feet from the ground. A three-piece ladder was found a hundred feet from the house, as if it has been dropped in a hurry, and police believe this was used to reach the window which looks out on the private road.

Besides the Lindberghs, the only persons in the house at the time of the kidnapping were Betty Gow, the

baby's nurse; the butler, Ollie Watley, and his wife. It had been the Lindberghs' custom to spend week-ends only at the country place, but on Saturday they decided to remain all this week.

As news of the kidnapping spread through the friendly countryside, automobiles raced to the scene. Two hundred police were stationed in the vicinity in an effort to keep the traffic from clogging, but, even so, many machines came to a standstill in the narrow road.

State trooper Michael Hullfish of Hopewell was foreman of the construction gang when the home was built and gave police the names of fifty men employed on the job, all of whom will be questioned.

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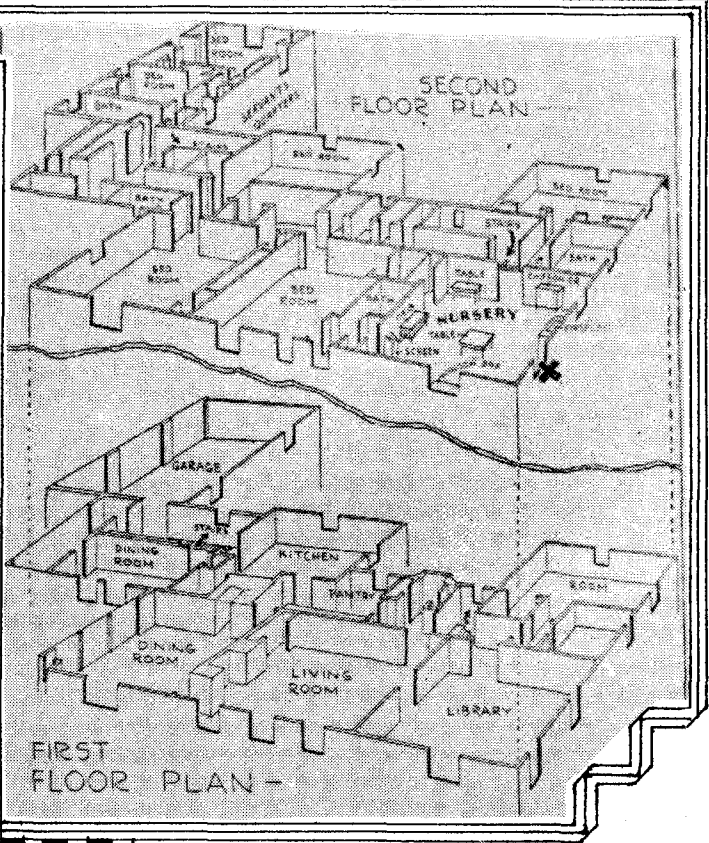
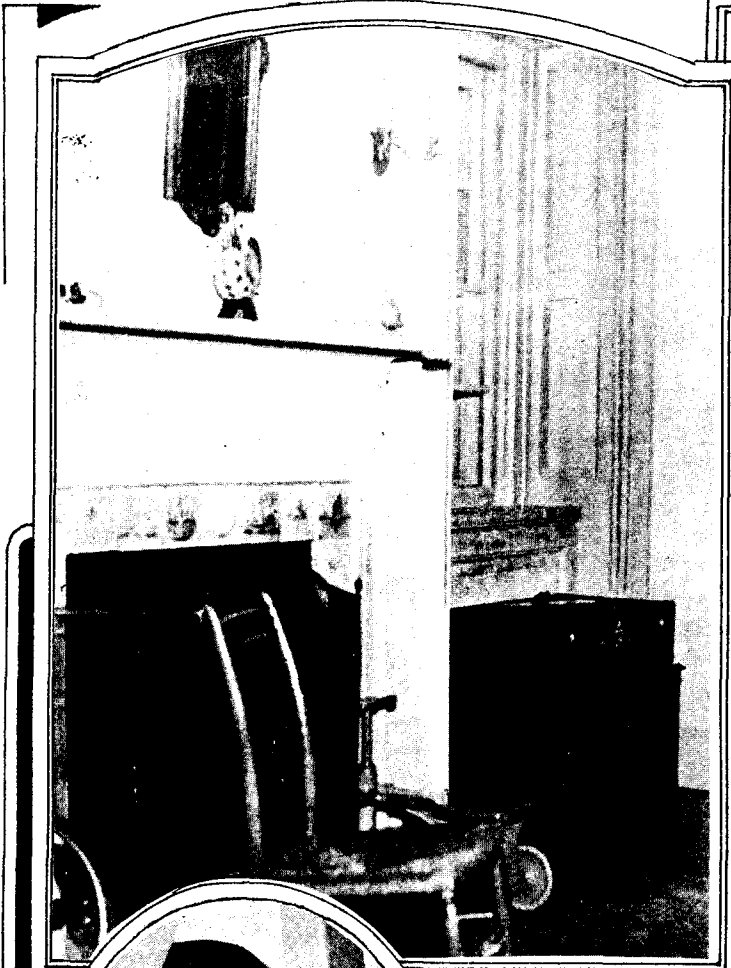
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March Winds Chilled Bleak Night of Crime

Druggist Sold Ether to Mystery Woman



Nurse Betty Gow is shown with a picture of the baby's nursery and its position in the newly completed Lindbergh home near Hopewell.

- "The night of the crime was a very windy night. They said that maybe that had something to do with it. They couldn't hear the cars, or something; I don't know."
- "It was quite cold."
- "It was extremely muddy."
- "That was an awful night. It was very windy; terrible night, blustery."
- "I remember that it was a rough night, a rough night."
- "I know it was a windy night 'cause I was out to a meeting and I came back and then, of course, we heard about it the next day."
- "With the wind Lindbergh never heard a thing; even the dog didn't bark. The wind was blowing so hard. He did hear what sounded like a limb breaking off a tree, when the ladder broke, but he didn't pay no attention to it. He was just as relaxed as could be that night the baby was kidnapped."
- "Oh, March the first, the wind was blowing something terrible. I, and my brother, were in our living room, and the lady across the street from us came over and said, 'The Lindbergh baby's been kidnapped!' And her husband was one of the policemen, Charles Williamson. 'They're on their way up there,' she said, Mr. Williamson and Mr. Wolf, that was the Chief of Police at that time. And I didn't think too much of it; I didn't think it was possible. I didn't think anybody around here would do such a thing. And then the

Continued on page fourteen

"Louis Schickraut owned the only drugstore in Pennington. He could probably give you some background on the night of the kidnapping because everything seemed to center around his store for awhile."

"The night of the kidnapping a woman came into my drug store in Pennington and bought some ether, and she was in a dark color car. I saw her, and she was a tall, thin, dark-complexioned woman. I didn't see the car. But one of the fellas in the store, a fella who used to come in nights and help me, he walked out and he saw the car. I remember him taking the license number, but if it was state or out of state, I don't know. I don't remember the details."

"You see, in those days you could sell ether without the register or an address. She must have been well put, because she didn't ask for chloroform, she asked for ether. Chloroform you had to register, see, but ether you didn't. But I asked her what she was going to use it for, and she said she was going to clean some gloves, which is possible, but hardly probable."

"Well, you see people would come in for ether to help start cars, and so forth. It was still early March, I think. It was a real windy and cold day. I remember 'cause the next day a lot of reporters rushed up to Lindbergh's and their cars froze up. In those days they used alcohol."

"Some fellas were hanging around the store and they knew what ether was, and they put the word around that a woman had bought ether that night. And the next thing you know, next day, some Jersey City policemen came in - detectives, two of them. I don't know who was governor then, but Jersey City took over the investigation from the start. So they came in to see me several times; never brought pictures or anything."

"And then later on Hoffman got in as governor, and he wanted me to identify some woman, but I couldn't identify her 'cause she was nowhere near like the woman I saw. I never saw a photograph of Mrs. Hauptmann."

"And then there was all kinds of reporters from all over the country come in. Even Floyd Gibbins was in and interviewed me. It was quite thrilling really at one time; then it got to be a nuisance. Everybody came into the store wanting to know about it, so I stopped talking."

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Continued from page eleven

- "You know, if you wanted to approach him he wouldn't have anything to do with you. But my father-in-law was a farmer out here at Stoutsburg, on the road to Lindbergh's place, and Lindbergh would often come down into the barn while my father-in-law was milking cows, or doing chores, and stand and talk just as nice as could be. But if you went and tried to get in with him, he'd just freeze you out, so they say."
- "I seen Colonel Lindbergh myself - we all see'd him - on the Main Street. Maybe other people talked to him, but I didn't."
- "Oh sure, I remember when he lived up here. I went to my father-in-law's once, who had a farm out Stoutsburg way. The road was very narrow and I pulled over to let this car pass. I looked up on the bank by the road, and here was Lindbergh! And I expect I did a double-take. He laughed and waved at me, and I was quite thrilled."
- "I worked at Prospect, President Hibben's home and, of course, he was a great friend of the Morrows. Charlie Lindbergh and his

wife came over there quite often and, gee, they were very democratic, very nice people."

• "I knew Lindbergh and I knew Anne Morrow, his wife. I first met them through Doc Hibben who was the President of Princeton University. He was a customer of mine. And I met him through Doc Hibben. I met him when they came over that way for gas. And then I had a truck and I helped him move some things over from Princeton to his home."

"And, of course, I was in the garage business, and I used to stand around the garage and talk to him about work on his car. He wasn't hard to get acquainted with. In fact, I kidded him a little one day. I said, 'I guess you really wanted to get wet when you had that plane turn over in the Yangtze River in China?' Something went wrong and he really got soaked from it."

"I knew Watley, too, the butler and his wife and Betty Gow - and all of them. And if anybody had any trouble with a car they'd call me and I'd go up and do the work for them. I overhauled his Franklin for him, just a few weeks before the baby was kidnapped. So I saw the little baby less than two weeks before he was kidnapped."

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Merritt Reveals Hauptmann Visit after Forty-Five Years

Last November the *Trentonian* carried a front page story concerning the revelation by D. C. Merritt, Jr., now of Trenton, that on the day of the Lindbergh Kidnapping, he and his father were visited by four strangers among whom they believed to be Bruno Hauptmann and Isadore Fisch. The younger Merritt's story follows:

• "I grew up on the road to Sheffield Farms near Pennington. On the day of the kidnapping Dad and I were in the dairy barn checking on the cows, and we were just heading back to the house across the way when Hauptman pulled right onto our lane. He pulled up and stopped.

"This was the same day as the kidnapping, just before dusk. It was very windy and colder than Hell. Just about like these March days. It was colder than the devil, and it was dark and windy. And we had just finished up the work in the barn. So it must have been about five o'clock.

"We lived at the end of quite a long lane which was three-quarters of a mile long. And right at the end of it on one side was the garage and the barns. And then the house set pretty much straight ahead. You'd drive around some trees and come on down to the house.

"So anyway, he drove down this here lane. You couldn't mistake the lane for a road because the roads at that time had blacktop on them, and the lane never did have blacktop. And so anyway, he come in, and when he got up there by the garage he stopped. And it was just about dusk. My father was with me and he noticed the New York license plates.

"It was so much more rural then than it is today that you didn't see a car that often from New York — not too many people had cars in those days — so we walked over to the car.

"I was about fourteen. He was well dressed in court later on 'cause he had the money and was spendin' it. But when we seem him he was not well dressed. He had a dark coat on

and a white shirt. And he had a cap, but the other three guys had these wide-brimmed hats that they wore back at that time. Half the people couldn't afford 'em. But all I can say is, he was not well dressed when he was drivin' the car.

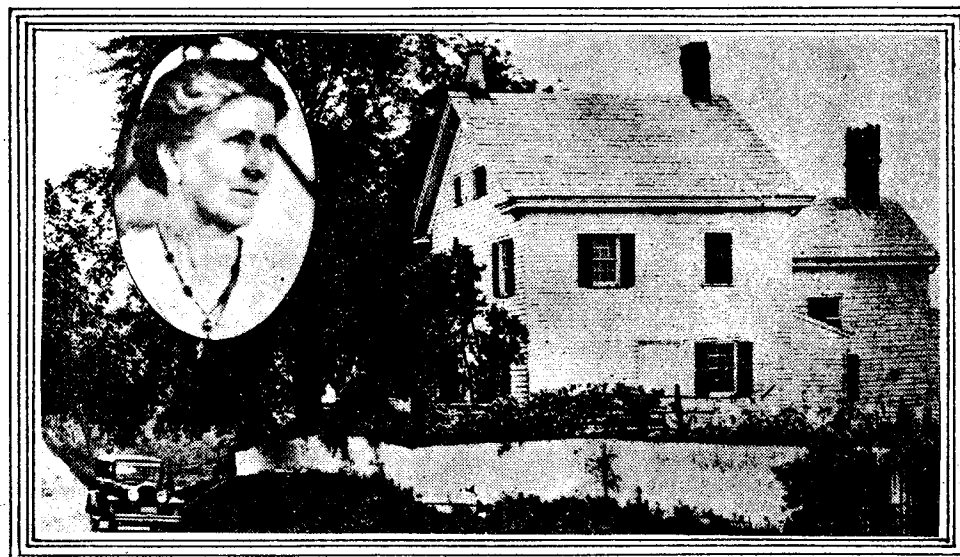
"The other three men all had on overcoats and these wide-brimmed hats. He looked like he was about the youngest one in the bunch. Isadore Fisch was one of them, but I have no idea who the others were. I've never seen anything to tie them in with anybody.

"He asked Dad for directions to Hopewell. So we told him that he was way out of his way and he would have to turn around and go back to go in the direction of Hopewell. So he said, 'Well, where does that road go?' Well, we had a side lane that went from there up around a pair of orchards and back on up to the main dairy farm, which was Sheffield. So we told him it was just an inner farm lane. And he says, 'O.K., thanks a lot.' And he backed up, turned around and went on out.

"We just thought they were lost. He was looking for a way to Hopewell, and he just got lost. And, of course, it was quite a while from that time until he was picked up. He started spending the money and that's when they finally nailed him. That's when his picture was in the paper.

"My father, he was the one that first brought it to my attention. He said, 'Christ, that's the same guy who drove down the lane that same night!' So I took the paper and I looked at it, and I said, 'Oh yeah, it is.' 'Cause when they finally caught him, his picture was in the paper. After that my father followed the trial. I followed it with him, too. One time he said, 'Don't you remember that was a blue Buick that he drove in here?' And it was a blue Buick that they finally picked him up in. And the man directly behind Hauptmann, sitting there, was Isadore Fisch, by the description of him in the papers and all. And my father said, 'That was the guy sittin' in the back next to us when we were talking to Hauptmann.'

My father didn't want to get involved. We lived on a farm and he couldn't take time off to go to the



It was from this house that Henry Conover watched the headlights of the kidnapper's car. The inset is of his mother.



It was near the Hopewell station that "Doc" Ashton saw a speeding car soon after the crime.

trial; and I wouldn't go against my father's wishes.

"Well, at that time Dad had four children, me and three girls. And you got five dollars a day if you worked; thirty dollars a week. So he couldn't afford to go and just do nothin'. He figured they had the right guy so why the devil should he speak up.

"We used to talk about this at the supper table as a family. 'Look,' Pop says, 'I'm not going to get mixed up in this. They got the right guy as far as I'm concerned. He had the money and he was in the vicinity.'

"What teed me off was that this fella wrote the book sayin' that Hauptman wasn't in the area, 'cause I knew damned well he was!

"Dad died last fall. He was about eighty-four. I wouldn't be telling this now, but they can't do nothing to Pop now. But I know he was in the vicinity that night; I seen him with my own eyes."

"Two women up in Flemington got in touch after the paper had my story last November, and they said they had seen the same car with the same three men with this man wearing the cap up in Flemington. So he was up in the Flemington area about one o'clock in the afternoon. And they said I was absolutely right about them."

Continued from page thirteen

next day we found out it was really true."

• "I happened to be playing cards the night the baby was kidnapped, over at the ticket agent's — the fella that run the station down there. And I was playin' cards with him, and they got in touch and told him to get over to the station because the Lindbergh baby had been kidnapped and there were some wires they wanted to have sent out."

• "There was a card party that night. Fred Leigh was agent at the station and he was playin' cards that Monday night. Al Knoll, who was the night agent, called Uncle Fred and said, 'You'd better come over. The Lindbergh baby has been kidnapped.' And the wires were wild. That broke up the party."

• "I was in my brother-in-law's ice cream store on the corner of Greenwood and Railroad Place that night, and there was some of the other fellas in there playin' cards. When I started for home, I opened the door and I heard this car comin' down Greenwood Avenue at a terrific rate of speed, makin' an awful noise. When he come over the bridge (it ain't like it is now), there was a bump, an' that car looked to me like it went up off the ground three feet.

"It was either a Packard or an Overland - had a hood on like the old Packards back in the 'twenties had. It was a convertible. It went down to the corner and turned left down East Broad. I firmly believe that baby was

Continued on page fifteen

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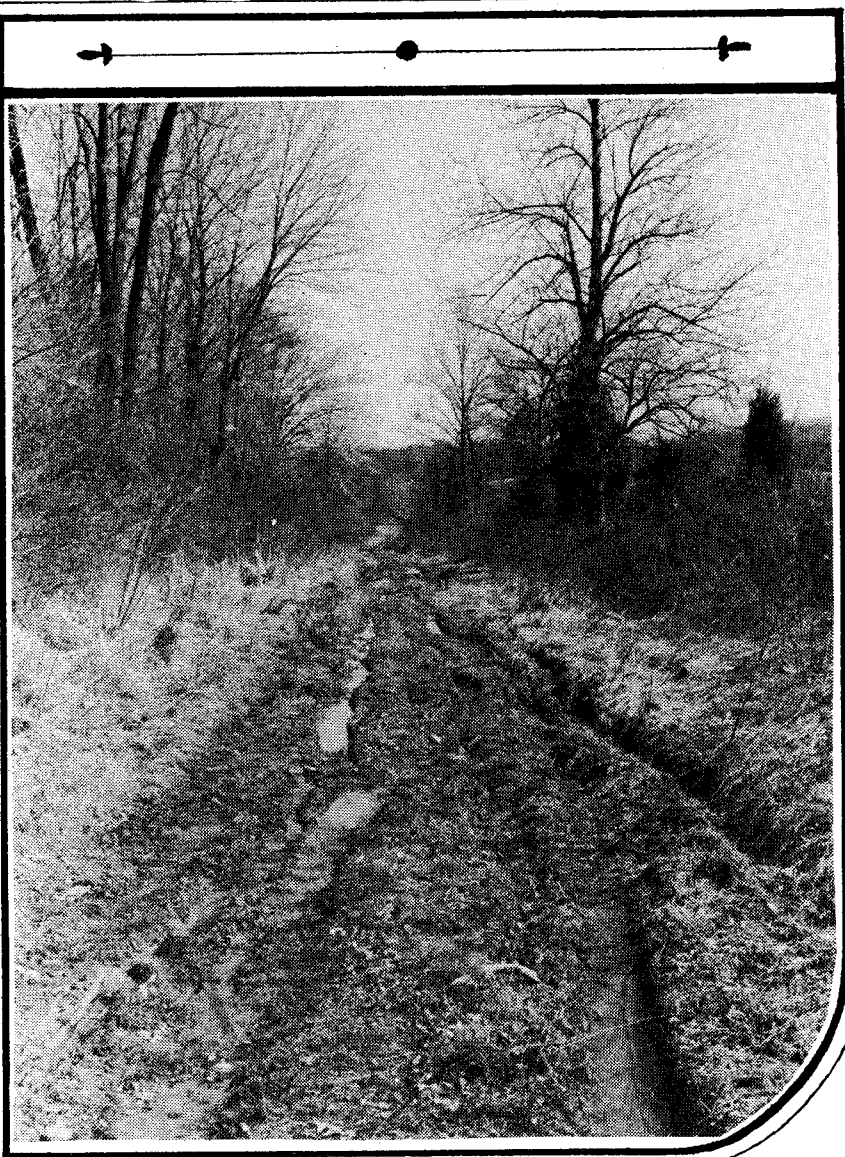
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Henry Conover Watched Headlights of Kidnapper's Car



The obstacles imposed by March mud make the rutted Featherbed Lane near the Lindbergh estate as treacherous today as when the kidnappers used it forty-five years ago.

Photo by Jeff Macechak

Continued from page fourteen

in that car. This was about ten or fifteen after nine at night."

• "I was up in the baby's room. It faced the back. The end of the house faced the road which, at that time, was nothing but dirt with big boulders and rocks sticking out of it."

• "I was talkin' to the architect after, and he said the little toys and everything on that there windowsill was never moved. Now nobody can get in there and get down and get out without movin' some of that stuff. The sills in there was eighteen inches wide; how anybody could climb up a ladder and get in there and not move any of them little toys and stuff there, is a puzzle."

• "I think he used your steps, Charlie."

• "You're right; he used them steps — that's the way he come down, I think. I don't think he ever come down that window."

• "There was a note there not to send any alarm in, and that he would be better off if he didn't, but Lindbergh didn't see that until after he notified the neighbors."

• "Of course, Lindbergh called the state police right away, and Wolf happened to be the one that was called up. He was the first one there on the job."

• "Nelson Wycoff was Mr. Lindbergh's right-hand man. When he picked the property out from the air, Nelson Wycoff helped him find it. Anything he wanted to know about or needed done, Nelson Wycoff knew it or did it. And that night, when they kidnapped the baby, that's the first thing Lindbergh done, is went for Nelson Wycoff; figured he'd know the lay o' the

land. He knowed the mountain through every wood lot."

• "They called on the neighbors, and Midge Whitehead was the first one they called on because they weren't close together up there, you know."

• "I don't know if Midge Whitehead is still living or not — I haven't heard from him. I went to school with him, up there, and I know that section where he lived at that time. Midge Whitehead was half black; he had a white father and a dark mother. They had their feet on the ground up there, you know, and they stuck around the place."

"Midge lived right above Lindbergh. In fact, his home was one of the first places that Lindbergh and Wolf went to after they found the baby was kidnapped. And Midge Whitehead said to him, 'I haven't got your kid. Gosh, don't think that.' And Wolf, the trooper, said, 'No, we don't think that, but have you ever seen any strange-looking people up around here lately?' And he thought, and he said, 'Yeah, a guy come out, not too far from Lindbergh's house the other day. I saw him down there.' And he gave a description of him, and this description tallied so close with Hauptmann that they called him over and lined up several prisoners over in the city, you know. And they said, 'Was any one of these men in this line around Lindbergh's place, or up around your place there?' And he pointed right straight to Hauptmann. He had seen him not too many days before the

kidnapping, about a week or so."

• "I went to school at that little bit of an old mountain school up by Lindberghs with Midge Whitehead that identified Hauptmann at the police headquarters over in New York when they took him over there. Midge saw Hauptmann at the out of the woods, and it was a part of the country where people just weren't running around here, there and all over unless they were completely lost. And he got a good look at him. Midge was a logger up on the mountain there, a timberman, you know. And he happened to see him come out."

• "Plump, down at the corner, and Dave Moore were the only two people that I ever knew who saw Hauptmann out around here. Plump used to be a New York City policeman."

• "But Dave Moore, the neighbor that used to live below our farm, he walked up the road one day and he saw Hauptmann (though he didn't know it was Hauptmann) and this woman in a car together. So he said during the trial, 'I'd like to see if that woman was the same woman that I saw in the car with him. That was before the kidnapping when they were snooping around. That was about a hundred yards from his home where he lived. He just happened to be walking up the road.'"

• "He parked the car up on Featherbed Lane, right back of Henry Conover's place. That's where Hauptmann's wife set in the car waiting for him. I wouldn't be surprised if Henry saw the car. He's not the kind that would lie about a thing like that."

• "I just saw the headlights. I was going to school at that time and we had homework, as you probably know. And we had a pencil

sharpener up on the back windowsill at home. I went out to sharpen my pencil and looked out the window, and I saw these lights come out from behind our woods, from the little road that was between us and the Lindberghs. I seen a car come down Featherbed Lane — the road was in bad shape and very muddy and he had quite some trouble getting on down. He came close enough to see our lights, then he turned off his lights. He turned off his lights soon as he come out from behind our woods so people wouldn't see him. But I seen that car come down that night from the Lindberghs'.

• "We knew that there was something going on that wasn't right, but we didn't actually know what happened until the next morning."

• "It woke us up in the night, the sound of strange cars going up and down the road. Of course, this was just a narrow dirt road then, and if you heard more than one car you thought it was something. We had no idea what had happened — we thought there'd been a fire or something up the road. My aunt lives up on the next hill; and she can see right

Continued on page sixteen

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Hoards of Inquiring Reporters Put Hopewell on the Map

Continued from page fifteen

across to the Lindbergh's house. Here we can't see it. Anyway, she got up by the morning, about six o'clock, and she called us and said, 'Well, the lights were on all night at the Lindbergh's; they must be having a big open-house, or something.' And it wasn't too long until we heard what happened."

The Reporters

- "My parents lived here, right where I live now. That evening the Associated Press came there in the middle of the night and hammered on the door, and wanted to know if they could use the telephone. This was a pretty rare request, you know, in a country town at that time of night which, as I recall, was midnight or thereabouts. But anyhow, they didn't explain their mission other than they wanted to use the telephone, and they stayed there with them from that night on until the time of the trial."
- "And so it soon got around, and the cops soon came. There were cars and police and everything coming in the lane."
- "I don't think we heard about it 'til the next day. We lived way back — didn't even have a 'phone then; didn't have electric."
- "My husband came into Weart's



Hopewell's Central Hotel became the headquarters for hundreds of reporters and photographers covering the "crime of the century."



Gabriel Heater, the popular radio commentator, made nightly broadcasts from Hopewell.

store and everybody was talking about this. He come home in a hurry to tell us."

- "Oh lands! the next morning there was a terrible lot of excitement here!"
- "There were thousands of reporters around the scene, and in Hopewell, mobs. I went to school the next day and everything was all right. I was able to get home. But around school bus time the roads around here were all jammed with cars. You couldn't move nowhere."
- "By the next day Hopewell had turned into — I couldn't say what. There was reporters from all over. And they was knockin' on your door askin' if you had a room to rent 'em. Well, it was a different place altogether."
- "They said it put us on the map. I said, 'Yes, put us on the map in the wrong way.'"
- "Of course, we lived here in town during the kidnapping and Hopewell was really quite a place. The reporters! — we had one in here not too long ago, selling something. And he said, 'I haven't been in

Hopewell for a long time: since I was a reporter in the Lindbergh case.' And I said, 'Oh, so you're one of those people who said that we didn't know how to read or write in Hopewell, huh?' And he just laughed. But that's what they did say."

- "They said the people who lived up on the mountain were not of average intelligence, but they were cunning...and then they'd go into all these stories...Indians, gypsies, up there."
- "You know, it's interesting that the *New York Times* the next day said that Lindbergh was from Princeton, because Princeton always claimed him 'til after this happened, and then it was always Hopewell; the bad thing happened in Hopewell."
- "Hopewell was not very peaceful at that time. We weren't used to that."
- "This town was wild with them reporters. They had cigars for five, six cents. But the reporters always threw down a dollar. They knew I smoked cigars, and now I smoked dollar cigars for a nickel!"
- "Oh my, there were newspaper reporters from New York, Philadelphia — well there was reporters everywhere, just everywhere you turned. And they did a lot of drinking, too. Oh, I don't know where they did, but that's what they said."
- "A couple of reporters came to our door once and wanted to rent a room, because everybody who had an empty room rented it out. So I told him, 'No.' We were all on one floor. For entire strangers to come in — my husband just didn't go for that."

- "You got to remember they didn't only have newspapers; they had freelance kooks of all kinds, and they wanted to stay everywhere."
- "People were glad to make a little extra income; very good income."
- "Quite a few at Mrs. Smith's."
- "My mother always gave breakfasts and things like that to the press because, you know, they'd leave a couple of bucks on the table, and that was like leaving two hundred bucks on your table nowadays. In the 1930's a dollar wasn't very plentiful."
- "They came and left. Some people rented their rooms out by day, and some would come in the morning and get their breakfasts and sleep all day. Then the people would put clean bedding on the beds, and another group of reporters would come in late and sleep. So it really was a hectic time."
- "We had two apartments up here. On one side we had the Associated Press, and on the other side we had Boake Carter, who was a newscaster. I don't know whether he was with a broadcasting company at that time. If he was, it was not national; it was one of the associated companies at that time, because the national companies would come out at intervals and make broadcasts — radiocasts. Of course, there was no TV then. And they used to do that right across the street, in the saloon."
- "I think it was WJZ. They were broadcasting from my attic. But I never went up there to see because I didn't think I had the right to. There was nothing but men up in there,

Continued on page seventeen

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Reporters Stretched the Facts to Meet Their Deadlines

Broad Street in Hopewell was filled with the cars of newspapermen coving the daily events of the kidnap story.

HOLMES, HERE'S SOMETHING WE SHOULD LOOK INTO. GET YOUR HAT AND COAT, WATSON, THE STORE HAS ALREADY SENT FOR ME.



A newspaper cartoonist gave carpenter Charles Burton this sketch following numerous disappearances of building materials.

Continued from page sixteen

and they had wires around, you know. They paid for it. People in Hopewell did business from it. Oh yes, sure."

- "Gabriel Heatter used to come out and make his evening newscast from the hotel, the Hopewell Valley Inn there — come out every night in a big Cadillac."
- "We had a barbershop on Seminary Avenue and, of course, the reporters usually stayed there a good bit. You know, in and out all the time."
- "Do you ever remember hearing about Wiley Post? He was a reporter. I waited on Wiley Post and I talked with him there in my garage. He's the one that had the patch over one eye. And Dorothy Kilgallen, she was out here when that case was going on. She stayed at the Hopewell House."
- "They'd all hang around the hotel."
- "And the Central Hotel, that's on the corner of Seminary and Broad; they had most of the big reporters there; like Gabriel Heater and Dorothy Kilgallen."
- "But the most outstanding character I recall was a lady by the name of Rena Hickok. Later, she became Mrs. Roosevelt's private secretary. I don't know whether it was during her husband's presidency or not, but I know that that's where she wound up after she left the Associated Press. She got pneumonia up in the mountains when she stayed out there one night to make a story. This was when the case was going along and the police had their

headquarters downstairs in the Lindbergh house. By the switching off and on of the lights and using her houseplans, she tried to make a story out when a car came in with so-and-so, and they went to room so-and-so, and so on. You can understand how she made a story out of that, but she contracted a bad cold — got darn near pneumonia. My mother nursed her for several days right here in Hopewell to get her out of that.

- "There was a man by the name of Mr. Jamieson, as I recall, who was the head of the Associated Press in Trenton. And then they brought out some of their first team from New York; they didn't care particularly what their walk of life was. I know one man out here who attracted my attention. His name was Conniva and he was their sports editor at that time. He attended the racetracks and shows, you know; and of course this was all new intelligence for people in Hopewell. They listened mostly to the local paper and that was the Associated Press from New York."
- "Reading the stories in the newspapers was the pastime of the day."
- "Oh, I have a whole book of clippings. My daughter kept a diary every day of the case."
- "We, the local people, thought that the reporters just picked up anything and stretched it a little. The

local people weren't used to that. The reporters would sit on your front porch with a typewriter; they wouldn't ask you, they'd just come there and set."

- "I remember them coming on the front porch early one evening, and sitting there and talking and saying, 'Well, we better go back. We've got to get 500 words in by tomorrow morning, so we've got to go back and make up some kind of a story.' So that went on time and time again."

- "And they would stop you right in the street. Some people would talk to them, and some people wouldn't. I think they had to send a story in every day, no doubt; something, you know."

- "There was a red-headed fella there — his hair was just as red as fire. I often wonder what become of him. He was a cartoonist, and he was the cleverest one I ever seen. When I come home nights from Newtown — I think it was at least three months or more — I made side rails for the reporters' beds for there was never any side rails. Now where they got all the mattresses and stuff for the beds, I don't know, but their side rails were gone. And I would take roofers and rip them up and make slats. Things kept disappearing, and it just got so that things kinda' got outa' hand. So this fellow, he sketched it."

- "My father-in-law was a carpenter and he told me they all

used to get very tired of being poked around, and some of them thought it was great sport to say, 'On so-an'-so', he has a ladder just like the one they found and they'd watch them all scurry off."

- "I used to see a lot of the people in the State House that were reporters, and everybody would write their own story, and read their own story, and they didn't want to know what anybody else wrote or thought; they wanted their story different. They were from different places — New York, Jersey City, Newark, and all around."

- "They made up their stories. Mother would go on the telephone line — a party line — and she would try to get the store to get her order in. They delivered then from Hopewell. And she would hear 'em say, 'Well, I really don't have a story today, but you can say Mrs. Lindbergh went horseback riding today with a black riding suit. Yesterday you had her out walking in a blue suit, so today have her out riding horseback.' They just made it up. You couldn't believe anything they said. They had to get a story,

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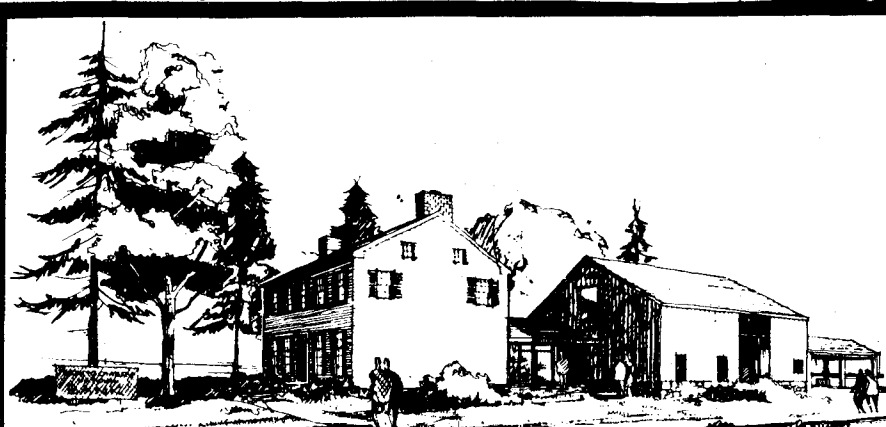
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State Police Scoured Entire Region in Search of Clue

Continued from page seventeen

and if they didn't have one they just made it up."

- "We got very provoked. Maybe it was because we were always very quiet and knew everybody, and then when these reporters came in, they were from the city and what they didn't know they made up. Now I'll tell you what I saw myself. Where Mr. Williamson, the policeman, lived they had different reporters rooming there. And in his backyard, where there was a garden, they had this man make a footprint, and then they had another man in Hopewell make a ladder so they could photograph them for the paper. I said I wouldn't believe anything I saw in the paper after that."

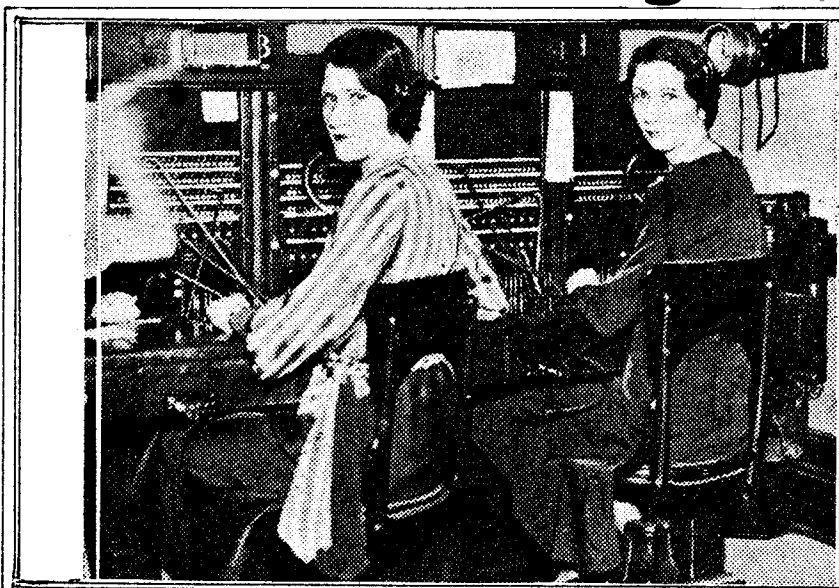
- "But gosh, we did a tremendous business with those reporters."

- "And there was bootleg liquor going up to Hopewell. It was Prohibition and one or two farms out in Hopewell Township was supplying the liquor up there. So it was good business for them."

- "My mother, who is deceased, told me that they had started a little restaurant business at the time, and I remember her talking about the reporters coming to take coffee and sandwiches."

- "My wife took papers that they wanted for the newspapers over to New York when they'd have messages to be edited. She had a car and she was handy and she knew her way around New York, so she took these things over for them."

- "On a couple of occasions we were hired to carry photos that they had taken, around to the Princeton Junction train station to put them on the train. I remember once getting six or seven dollars — well, that was unbelievable. You take the ratio; in the 'thirties it was a minimum of six to one, to the valuation of a dollar. And, Holy Smoke! — that was some event and it wasn't unusual; they didn't want to be bothered, and they'd give you five dollars just to run a package over and



Telephone operators, Gladys Poulton and Alice Reid, handle some of the thousands of calls.

Hopewell mail-carrier, E. W. Copner, struggles under the load of daily correspondence to the Lindberghs following the crime.



give it to the train master, and he'd take it on into New York. That, I imagine, was about their fastest means of transportation. It seemed that they could call in the stories, but you had to deliver pictures. And that was the reason more often you took photos of different types. We never knew what we took."

- "It brought a lot of people down, and a lot of tourists came around wanting to see the Lindbergh home. And I guess they had a lot of trouble keeping people out of there. I don't know how much business it brought, but it brought a lot of people down. The traffic was bad."

- "And you weren't allowed to come up here by car for several years. The police stopped them for several years. Had to, couldn't handle the throngs. Seemed to me that they stopped the cars coming to Hopewell for three or four years. On weekdays, when the traffic was light, the police'd stop them in front of our house, but on Sundays and holidays, when the traffic was heavy, they'd stop them down by 518."

The Police

- "The police were all over. We had lots of police down here for several years. The kids now have no idea; you can't make 'em believe what it was around here."

- "Oh they had police up here, and everything. Their headquarters was at the hotel up here on Broad Street in Hopewell."

- "You ask what people thought of the police; well, you know, little towns — we had no police. We had men that were appointed an officer,

but they would take any man who was physically fit, and he was asked if he wanted to be the chief of police, and he was it. He went on with his regular duties, but he didn't have much to do other than that. It's unbelievable, I know, by today's standards, but they were all part-time jobs. They'd get a couple of hundred bucks a year, and they'd fill the station. I don't believe we've had a police department more than twenty years."

- "Mr. Williamson had the motorcycle shop in town, so the borough put him on the force. He had a little motorcycle and he used to deliver the mail for awhile, too."

- "I remember this man, Chief Williamson as they called him. I don't think he ever was Chief, but the *New York Times* referred to him as Chief, and he more than likely told them he was. He was the only one who had a little motorcycle, because he had a motorcycle shop that was going out of business, and that's what this Chief of Police, so-called, did. His business was going out in the Depression, so he was automatically the Police Chief. But the Borough was glad to have someone to be recognized, and have their name in the paper, because otherwise it was all going to outside people. The right place, the right time, and he had a motorcycle."

"It was the State Police who had control of it. The head of the State Police was Colonel Schwartzkopf, who was a retired military man, and he lived just below Pennington."

"The State Police really took over and ran the job. They run the whole thing. They went up Greenwood Avenue and run all the wires and teletypes up there, up North Greenwood Avenue. When they got up to what is known as Hillbilly Hall, they run the wires across the fields into Lindbergh's, because it's closer that way than

going down the other road and up over the hill. Only two or three miles and you're there, in the Lindbergh's backyard."

- "They had temporary telephone lines, and they had so many lines they couldn't put them on the poles anymore so they put them up bush to bush, and tree to tree, all the way from Princeton up there. Down past our house in Cedar Grove the lines were hanging, and you could just about drive underneath them."

- "Practically all of the information at the time of the Lindbergh kidnapping was sent to the papers from the house on Moore Street where Stuff 'n Nonsense now is. Mrs. Bennett lived there and that was the headquarters, and everything was transmitted from that house, practically."

- "You had to go past fourgates to get into the place. There was an old house right at the main road, and the State troopers stayed at the home."

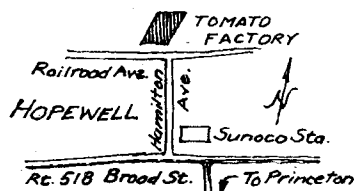
"And then upstairs there was a pigeon coop out on the porch where they sent messages to Trenton by carrier pigeon."

- "And the mail carrier — I forget now how many special delivery letters he delivered up to the Lindbergh house when the police were up there. They had barrels that they'd throw these different letters in. Some of them they had labeled 'Nuts'; some of them he had labeled 'Dreams,' and this, that and the other. You know how people will send freakish letters."

- "Russell Snook, who graduated in my class in High School, studied fingerprinting. He started in when

Continued on page nineteen

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Winter Blasts Lonely Lindbergh Watchers

Mountain Folk Were Maligned in the Press

Hopewell, N.J.,
March 9 [1932] (U.P.)—

Farmers along a two and a half mile dirt road leading to the Lindbergh estate said today that they planned to submit to Governor Moore a petition charging "that our chickens were being bumped off by automobiles traveling on the road."

Prior to the Lindbergh kidnapping, the farmers said, not more than half a dozen cars passed on the road, but now, "hundreds and hundreds of reporters and police travel back and forth on the road, never looking out for our chickens."

"While other places here are making money," farmers said, "we are losing money."

A theory that illiterate hill folk of the Sourland Mountain area may have kidnapped the boy because they resented the Lindberghs' intrusion into their district was advanced today by an official of the State Department of Institutions and Agencies, in an informal and unofficial talk with reporters.

The people of the section, he said, do not welcome strangers and Lindbergh's selection of Sourland Mountain as the site for his home attracted many callers to his estate each week.

"These people," the official said, "have little contact with the outside world and they do not want any. The establishment of the Lindbergh home in the district has, to a considerable degree, broken down the isolation these hill folk have hitherto enjoyed."

"They are not gifted with what is regarded as normal intellect. But they have a certain cunning that is greater than that of the average person. They have the type of mind which would assume that, if the Lindbergh baby was kidnapped, the Lindberghs would move away from the Sourland district."

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brought it back. Just because they thought the same fellow made the ladder. He told them he'd made that ladder and he was used to making ladders for people who repaired pipe organs. They needed a ladder that wouldn't tip, and that's the reason the two sides are spread out a little bit."

• "And then, when he built the house up there in Hopewell, why Matthews Construction built it. I had a cousin who was a laborer on that job and, of course, when they found the ladder, some of the investigators came to our back yard, checking the woodpile."

• "Everybody who worked on that house was investigated. I was — the State police came."

• "We had quite an experience. This happened Monday or Tuesday night and on Friday I was leaving with friends for Florida. We got down to the border between South Carolina and Georgia. I registered as being from Hopewell, New Jersey, and they called the police down and they investigated me. And they tried to hold me, but they couldn't. And the same thing happened again between Georgia and Florida. I don't know how they knew I had gone, but they came to the house and traced all the telephone calls that we had been making between New Jersey and Florida."

• "My daughter was living over in Linden in North Jersey, and she had a baby the same age as the Lindbergh
Continued on page twenty-one

As the slow sifting of evidence proceeded, guards and newsmen maintained a chilly vigil awaiting developments.

barns on Carson Road — they searched all the barns, every place, and old houses and anything that was around."

• "They came to our house. We had a carpenter working there. I don't know whether you remember Gene Cray but he was working up on the roof. And he'd made our son a little ladder so he could get up there, too. So they came and they wanted that ladder because they said it was made just like the Lindbergh ladder; that it was spread out at the bottom — instead of the two sides coming straight down, it spread out. So they took the ladder and they said they'd bring it back but we never saw it again. Oh, they searched the barn, they searched the house, looking for this baby. This Gene Cray was a very independent fellow. He was up there doing his carpenter work and these men said, 'Won't you come down and tell us about it?' And he said, 'I'm working for Brokaw for so much an hour, and I'll come down if you pay me what he's paying, but I'm not going to give an interview on his time. So he wouldn't come down. He said, 'It's ridiculous, anyway.' And he used a few words, and they left with the ladder and they never

Investigators study the kidnapper's ladder near the nursery window in an effort to reconstruct the crime.

Continued from page eighteen
the State Police started in 1921 and he became the most famous man in taking fingerprints in the Lindbergh case."

• "I remember somebody coming around, I think it was a policeman or an officer, and he asked if I knew anything. I remember him coming from house to house in Hopewell, to ask everyone. But, of course, I didn't know anything."

• "And they searched everybody all around here. They searched our



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THE LINDBERGH CASE

by Don Allen

When the aviator Charles A. Lindbergh, a national hero for his daring non-stop transatlantic solo flight on May 20, 1927, became weary of world adulation and sought escape from it all. Reportedly, he chose to build his home north of Hopewell in the desolate Sourland Mountains because, in his many flights between New York and Philadelphia, this location seemed to him most remote.

Remote it was — yet one Bruno Hauptmann, possibly with the help of others (it's still hotly debated by the old-timers) found his home and kidnapped his infant son. In the weeks and months, even years after that tragic occurrence, the eyes of the world were trained in on this little country town. The hamlet and many of its local citizens became newsworthy overnight. I'll not pretend to remember, from personal experience, events in Hopewell at that time — I was contemporary with the Lindbergh child — a baby myself living in Texas. I did grow up in this quiet little village, however, in the years immediately after that incident and it left me with many memories.

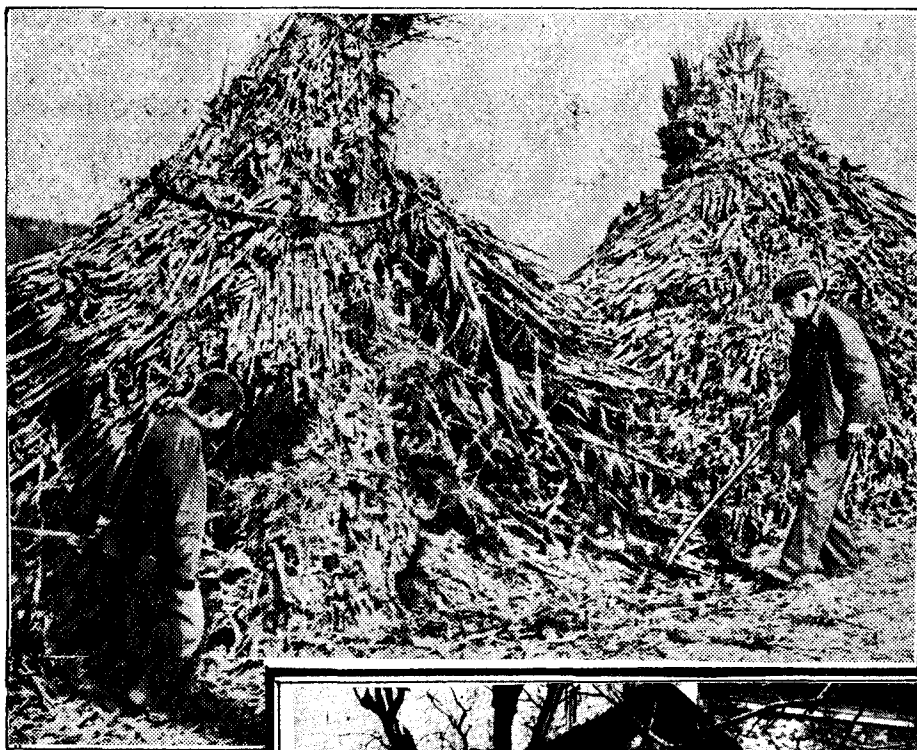
Memories like being stopped frequently by motorists, particularly on Sundays. "Hey kid, how do I get to the Lindbergh place?" This was a common occurrence and went on for

years. The fact that there was no way to view the home did not deter the curious from trying. Actually, there was one view of the home, about four miles across the valley from the Mount Rose road, where you could get a glimpse of the white house. Ironically, this section of Mount Rose Road runs adjacent to the wooded area where the baby's remains were subsequently found.

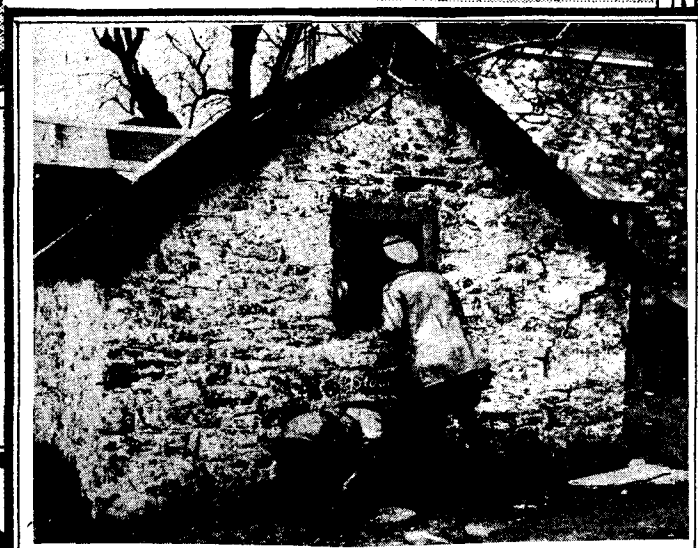
Memories like the stories I'd heard of what it was like to be caught up in this unfolding drama. A family friend recalls the roadblock where understandably harried local constabulary were checking the licenses of all motorists. Our friend, not in possession of his license at that moment, flashed a dog license and was passed. The circus atmosphere that prevailed: airplanes used the flat farm fields of the Peter O. Voorhees farm east of town, from which to hawk sightseeing rides over the Lindbergh home; local hotels and boarding homes were jammed; reporters and photographers came from everywhere; local citizens were interviewed, and when stories were lacking, stories were made up. Hopewell, and particularly certain mountain people who lived adjacent to the Lindbergh tract, were generally presented as "hicks." Hopewell's own police chief was characterized by one famous radio announcer as "a red-faced, chewing gum cop," and so it went. Williamson's Department Store, on request, ordered a shipment of Arrow shirts and immediately sold out to the newsmen and other worldly types that converged on Hopewell.

My grandmother would write to my mother in Texas; and Texas neighbors clamored for her letters recounting local insights into the progress of the case unavailable in general news reports. The envelopes, stamped Hopewell, N.J., were eagerly sought after. My grandmother lived just three doors away from the police chief. When he was summoned to inspect the probable remains of the baby at Mount Rose, his wife told my grandmother. She always remarked

Search for Child Continues



Andy Wyckoff, left, helps probe the corn shucks in an effort to find the missing child.



Troopers search one of the outbuildings at the Hunt farm near the Lindbergh estate.

that she was the second woman in the world to know that the baby had been found. And so it went. Each household could relate some different experience.

I was probably ten years old before a friend and I hiked up to see the Lindbergh home. I remember it being late winter because I had wet feet from following the brook up through the ravine of Stillwell's woods, on up past the idyllic farm setting of Grant Voorhees, across his high mountain cornfields, over the abandoned and overgrown Featherbed Lane, through the lower fields of the estate and on up to the house itself.

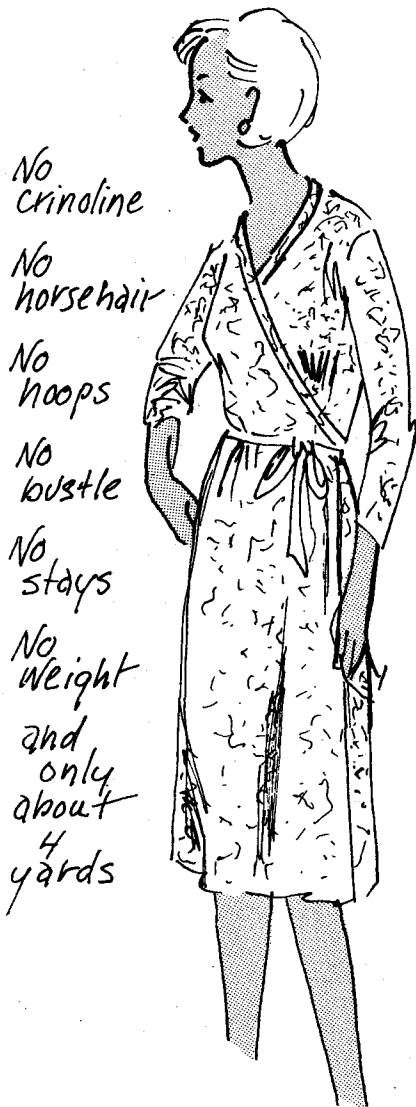
The house, I expected, would be all white as the pictures had shown it, but being of native fieldstone and weathered now, with the Lindberghs long gone, I was frankly disappointed. The house looked morose and forlorn and neglected. The caretaker kindly showed us around outside but we did not go in. We, of course, saw the window of

the room, etc.

In later years I've read accounts of the Lindbergh case and I must say, no fiction could be as intriguing or fascinating as this story. Hauptmann was convicted on circumstantial evidence, but such compelling evidence. The boards to the makeshift ladder that was used matched, even to the nail holes, planks taken from his attic floor. Also, Hauptmann quit his job on the day the ransom was paid — and so on, and so on. Speculation had it that there were accomplices. If Hauptmann did have a secret, he took it with him to the electric chair. Hopewellites, I suspect, never really relished all this publicity and excitement. It was a bitter-sweet experience, this notoriety, this brush with fate. It always seemed a stigma to me. For, whenever or wherever you'd say, "I'm from Hopewell, N.J.," someone would always hark back, "Say, isn't that where the Lindbergh baby was kidnapped?" Hopewell deserves better than this negative association.

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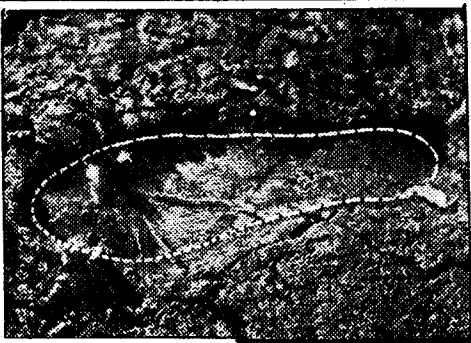
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Trucker Made Grim Discovery on Mount Rose Hill



Above—Police examining the ground under the Lindbergh baby's nursery window for clues after the crime. Left—A detective examining the ladder left behind.



A footprint found beneath the window. It failed to identify the kidnaper. Right—Ben Lupica who saw car with ladder night of kidnapping.



story first-hand. He and a black man were driving a lumber truck and they were bringing lumber out of that lumber company that's still there in Hopewell, Van Dorn's. And they were coming up that hill from Hopewell when the other man had to go in the woods to relieve himself. So he went down into the woods and where he stopped, and kicked the leaves, he saw the baby. He came running back and said to Orville, 'My God, there's a little baby in there.' So Orville came with him, and he was the second one to see the baby.

"They didn't know what to do and Orville said, 'I'll stay here; you get in the truck and get to a telephone.' So he got in his truck and he drove to the first house that had a telephone, and notified the police. And in no time the roads were so crowded that you couldn't move. They had the roads blocked with police cars and people rushing there.

"And then Orville told me that both of them had to appear in court. And they checked their backgrounds and investigated all about them, you

Continued on page twenty-two

for Welly Titus, the house mover out this way. He was black, and his family is still living around here. And he was taken short coming home from work one night, and he told the fella he was with, 'Hey, I got to go in the woods.' And he went in there and he just happened to see these little feet sticking out from some scrub leaves. And fortunately, it struck him right away, 'My God, I wonder if that might be the Lindbergh baby?'

"I happened to know one of the men who found the body. His name was Orville Wilson. He lived in Hopewell, and he worked for me for twenty years at the Seminary as one of the groundsmen. He told me that

daughter live?" — 'Where do you live?' — oh, piles of questions. Finally I said to him, 'What is this all about?' You see, I had left early in the morning and I didn't have a radio on so I didn't hear it. I said, 'What's this all about?' And finally they told me. The Lindbergh baby had been kidnapped."

Grim Discovery

- "Oh, it lasted a long while. Well, you see, they didn't find the baby for more than two months after the kidnapping."
- "You see the kidnapper came down and went out right in front of our garage, right half-way up Mount Rose hill, and buried the baby there."
- "And I believe the Boy Scouts offered to beat the woods up there, where the baby was found, and they said it was no use doing that 'cause the kidnappers would be far away by that time. And, of course, that's where the truck driver eventually found the baby."
- "And this fellow that helped me build the dam and construct Hiohela between Hopewell and Pennington, he was the one that found the baby over on Mount Rose Hill. His name was Allen. He worked

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This description of the kidnapper was compiled after the go-between "Jafsie" paid him ransom money.

Continued from page nineteen

baby. My daughter was ill, and I went over and I washed and did a few things, and I saw that the baby could not be kept, so I brought him home with me. And I was on the road coming from Linden on Route 27, and two cops pulled me over. And I stopped. I knew I wasn't speeding and I couldn't imagine...and he started to pile on questions — first one of them on one side and then on the other, 'Where did you get that baby?' — 'Whose baby is that?' — 'Where does your



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Curious Crowds Filled Hopewell Roads with Traffic

Continued from page twenty-one

know. Everybody was under suspicion. And they had to go to court so many times. And there was a reward out — what was it, five thousand dollars? I'm not sure. But there was a big reward out for whoever found that baby, and they never got a cent of it. They had to lose time and go up to court for weeks and weeks, up to Flemington, and that's what they got for it."

The baby wasn't very deep; they just piled the tree stumps and limbs and leaves and whatever they could get over his body that night because from where he left that baby was the only other spot in the state of New Jersey where you could see whether the lights were on up at the Lindbergh place that night. There was sort of a little valley, and you could look up there to the Lindbergh house."

• "That was about the only spot from which they could see this Lindbergh house, and they were afraid to cross another crossroad because they saw lights in the Lindbergh house, and they thought the alarm was out. So they disposed of the baby. That's the story I heard."

• "Mr. Riley's no longer living but he said that some of the Hopewell men that he knew studied that pretty well and they thought that the baby might have perished at the hands of the kidnapers at that time. That's where this strange car had been seen a number of times, stopped there."

• "The night they found that baby they had flares up all over, and

it was so bright at our place you could read the paper; everything was all lit up."

• "Well then there was a lot of excitement, as you know, when the Lindbergh baby was found. All us house women, housewives, we walked up the Mount Rose hill to see where the baby was found. As soon as it came out that it was found — that was a lot of excitement for a small town like this — so up we walked up there. And you could see

Officials survey the spot where the remains of the child were eventually found on Mount Rose hill by William Allen (above), and Orville Wilson. Crowds of curious onlookers followed.

the mound where the baby laid. 'Course the baby had been moved, understand. It was quite something. All my folks that was not from around here would come and say, 'Oh, show us where the Lindbergh baby was found. So it was quite something; it really was."

• "Crowds! For weeks and weeks and weeks this road would be crowded with cars, just going to see the spot."

• "We used to have trouble getting home after that, too. All those cars down at the end of the road, you know, and all us people who lived up here couldn't get home, hardly. I know they stopped Henry Conover's car along there and said he couldn't go up there. And he said he would like to go home."

• "They had a good time at the garage in Pennington, they tell me. People were inquiring the way to Hopewell; they'd misdirect everyone. They had a great time doing that."

• "Kids used to sell candybars out; along the road. They'd buy 'em and then make a little profit on 'em."

• "And someone went to work and opened a hot dog stand right across from it."

- "They opened a hot dog stand down along 518 on Voorhees' farm."
- "I do remember Amelia Earhart. She landed about a mile from here, out in the fields from Hopewell to Blawenburg. I can't recall when, but it was during the trial. I don't know if she was a friend of the Lindbergh's. Maybe she was there to bring the reporters, I don't know."
- "And some people came in one Saturday afternoon with airplanes; they were gonna take rides up over the Lindbergh house. Oh, it was terrible for a little while, but they soon stopped 'em... it was just one plane after another. Of course, even today we still have people stop at our house now and then and ask directions."



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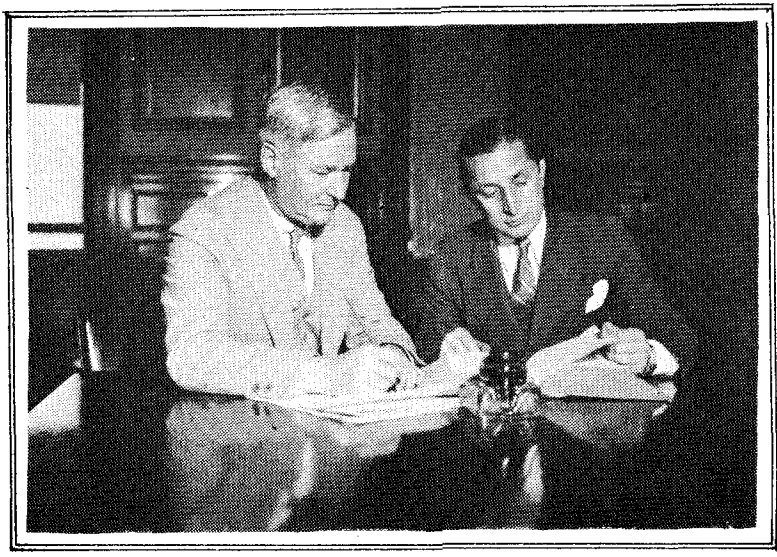
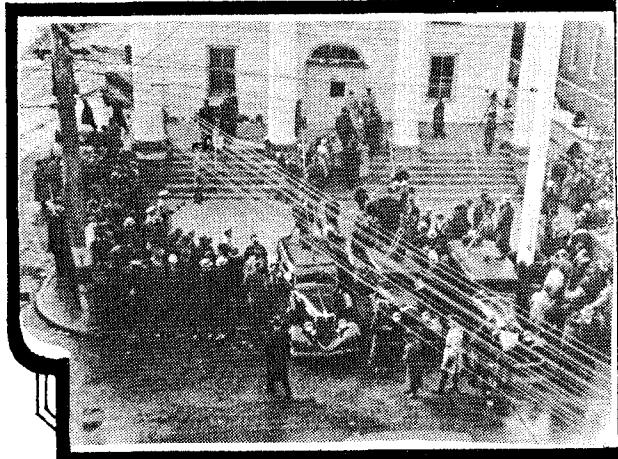
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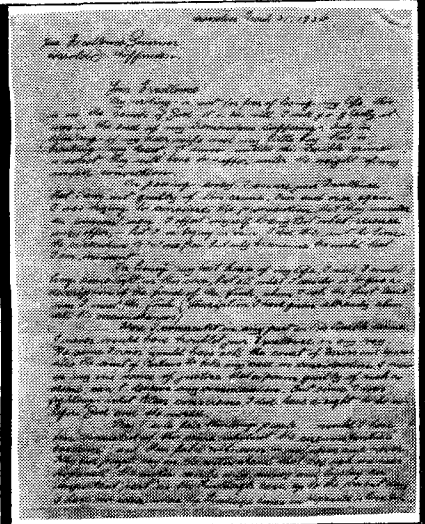
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FLEMINGTON HIGHLIGHTS PART TWO



The Lindbergh Kidnapping was tried at Flemington's Court House. Prosecutor David Wilentz is shown discussing the case with Governor Moore.
Courtesy Schrader Collection

At the trial Hauptmann is questioned by Defence Attorney, Edward Reilly. David Cline ushers in the radio where ransome bills were found.
Courtesy Thelma Miller



This letter, penned by Bruno Hauptmann to Governor Harold Hoffman a few hours before the kidnapper was scheduled to die, includes many points in his defence.
Courtesy Howard Schroder

who were far more intimately involved with the case. One of these individuals, who supplies fascinating details on the Flemington trial, is David Cline, Deputy Sheriff, who escorted Colonel Lindbergh and the jury to the courtroom each day. It was also his duty to guard the defendent in the case, Bruno Hauptmann:

"We kept Hauptmann in the cell up to Flemington. That's there yet; they always called it 'The Bruno Cell': cell number one, second floor. There was two of us to guard him; Ray Bastedo and I. We was the only ones that ever went into the bullpen, practically.

"Mornings, I would go into the newspaper store and got the

broadcast from the Union Hotel by the popular commentator, Boake Carter, who informed his listeners of the emotional testimony by Anne Morrow Lindbergh.

There will be many rare photographs in our pages. Thelma Miller, daughter of Deputy David Cline, kept voluminous scrapbooks on the case, and has shared many pictures from her files. Additional photographs have been printed from original glass-plate negatives supplied by Howard Schrader, who as a free-lance photographer covered the case in Trenton, where he became friends with many of the newspapermen as well as Mrs. Anna Hauptmann. A sample of his memories follows:

"I was stationed at the Stacy Trent Hotel, where Mrs. Hauptmann was. And I made personal friends with her because I took the best picture of Mannfried, her son; she said it was best taken by any photographer. And she ordered three sets. She gave one set to her husband, one set she kept, and one set she sent to his mother in Germany."

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In Part Two of this Special Edition, *The Recollector* focuses on the capture, trial, conviction and execution of Bruno Richard Hauptmann. Much of the color of the courtroom is supplied through the recollections of eyewitnesses such as the following excerpt:

- "Lindbergh had a bulge in his coat at the trial, and they said he carried a gun."
- "There was a man out front that had a machine that stamped a picture of the courthouse onto the back of pennies, and he sold them for ten cents."

Beyond these general memories from those who watched the events unfold in Trenton and Flemington, we have been fortunate in gaining the recollections of several figures

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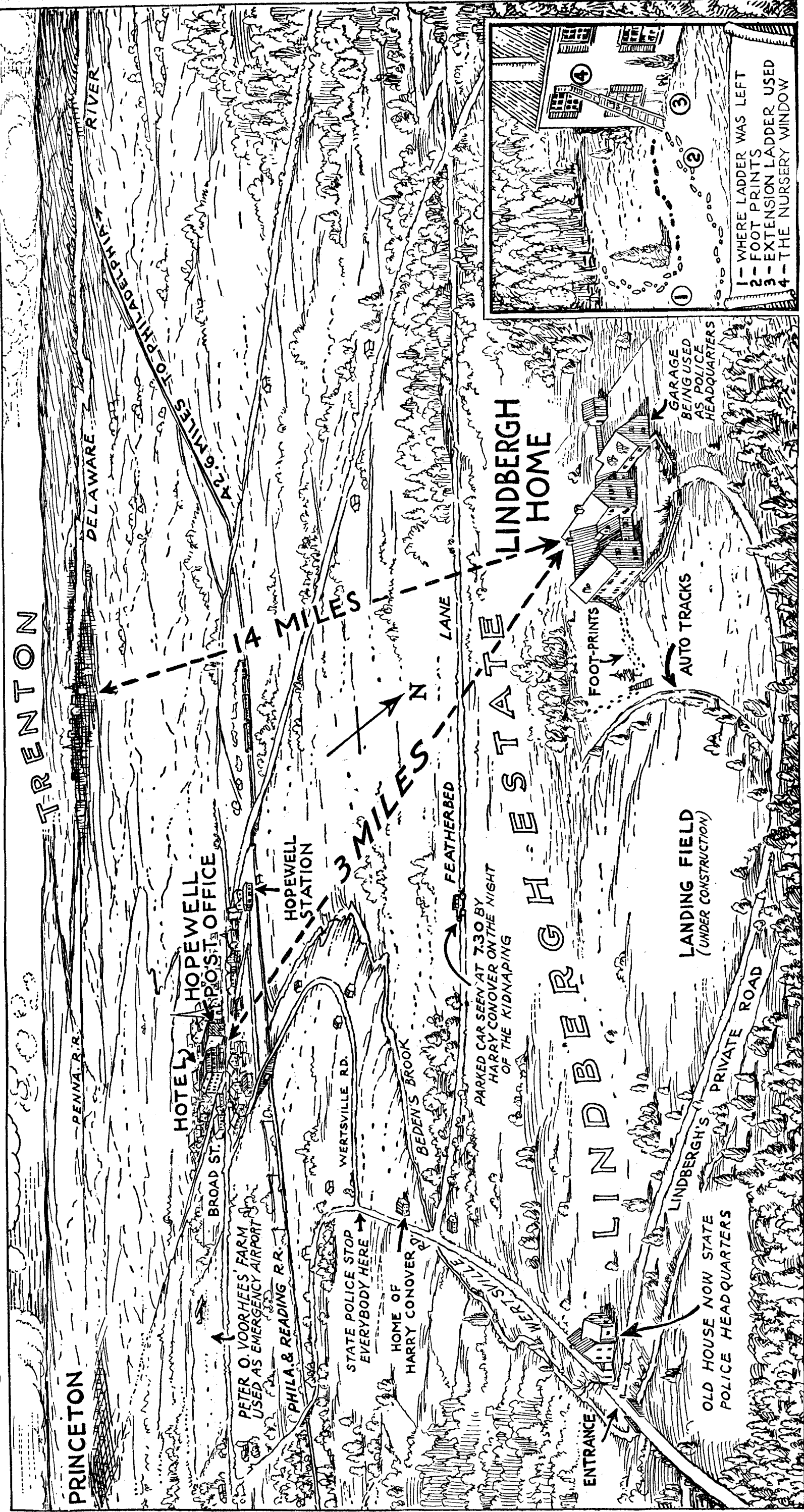


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Drawing of the Lindbergh Home With Surrounding Heavily-Wooded Country and Artist's Conception of Kidnaping



The 524-Acre Estate with Various Points That Have Bearing on the Case — The house is about four miles from Hopewell and ten miles from Princeton. The ladder, made in three sections, was placed against the nursery window Tuesday night. The shutters of this window, which were warped, had not

been locked. A man's footprints were found on the ground beneath the window. A short distance away they were joined by other foot prints, supposedly those of a woman. The ladder was found in the undergrowth a few feet from the house. Automobile tracks marked the ground. The

drawing also shows the roads around the place. In the center, on Featherbed Lane, is indicated the parked car seen by Harry Conover, a neighbor, the night of the kidnaping.