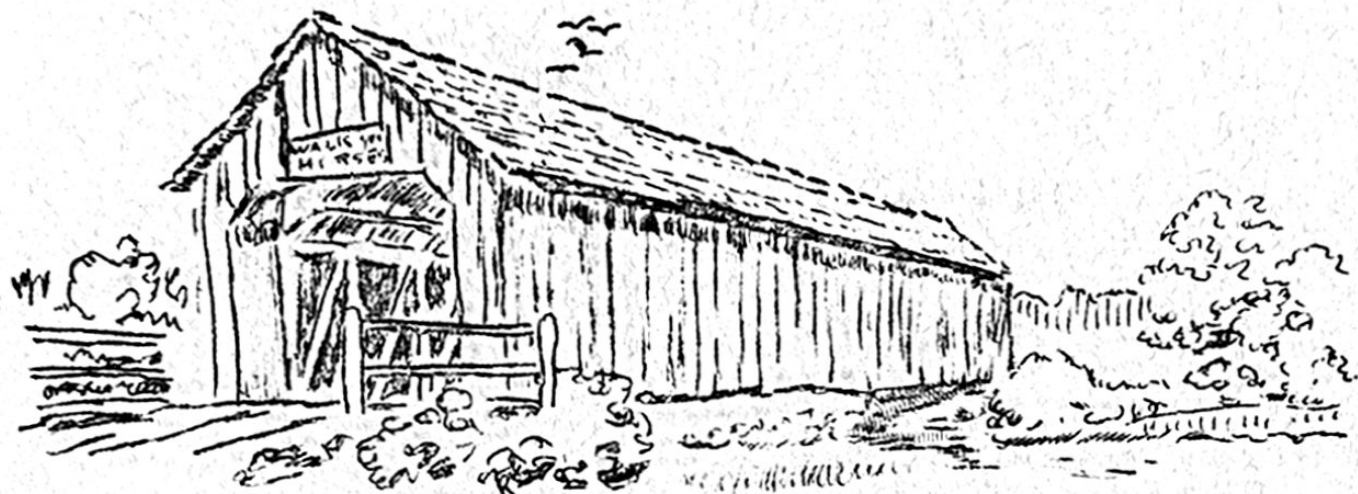


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The Medford Recall



"Letter to the Editor"

Dear Mr. McConnell,

Will you please express my thanks and the thanks of my guests to the Medford Historical Society for arranging a stroll down the sidewalks of history.

The time of the year was just right for all of us to take such a stroll. The holidays were coming up, our guests were in a holiday spirit and some of the homes visited had already begun to decorate for the holiday season.

In our case we started the tour on Union Street with a visit to the Isaksen's. Both Mr. and Mrs. Isaksen are artistically inclined and these talents and their personality came through beautifully in both the decor and the architectural work done with their own hands.

Our group split up following the visit to the Isaksen's and some went one way and others went another. I headed my car for the Sudebergs on Christopher Mill Road but, unfortunately, I got lost in the darkness of Christopher Mill Road and never did find the house. Inasmuch as time was short we left in a hurry and scooted out to Eyerstown Road where we visited one of Medford's historic homes now owned by Mrs. Evans.

This house always impressed me anyway, inasmuch as it is characteristic of an old farm house situated back from the road and surrounded by animals, farm houses and fences. A trip to the interior did not disappoint me at all. The old house is beautifully maintained and some of the artifacts on display dated back pretty far into early Americana. Mrs. Evans had hostesses on hand who were knowledgeable as regards the artifacts and even demonstrated some of the operations of the antiques on display. A visit to the original kitchen gave us the impression it was designed for honest-to-goodness farm work by an honest-to-goodness farmer.

Our next stop was at the McConnells situated in the Lake Cotoxen area. This is a house my wife and I have long admired even before the McConnells bought it. Now that they have it is even more beautiful than it was. The antiques were refurbished by Mr. McConnell and he told me the rug making was a cooperative effort between himself and Mrs. McConnell. All handmade by them. We were impressed with the kitchen treatment and of course the dining room with its McConnell-finished antiques was very striking.

Some of our group visited the restored Hargis Victorian home on North Main Street in Medford and one look at the interior

immediately suggested to our visitors its occupants indeed had artistic talent, tastefully executed.

Inasmuch as the Hargis Victorian home on North Main Street is in very close proximity to Ike Prickett's house on Mount Holly Road we made this our next stop. Ike had on display his scale models of various carriages, sleds and wagons which illustrate a mode of transportation prior to the days of the gas buggy. These scale models were all operable and when put in use are drawn by scaled-down versions of horses. Ike maintains a herd of small ponies which he presses into service every now and then to utilize his models. In addition to a view of the models we were also treated to a trip to the barn where some of the ponies could be viewed by all of us including the children on the tour.

Our guests along with ourselves and by prearrangement climaxed our Medford historic tour at the Harrison residence at Friendship Farm. Some of our guests had never seen this place and they were astounded to discover the restoration work accomplished by the Harrisons in so short a time. This was the end of our tour and apparently it was the end of the tour for a good many people because the host, hostesses and assistant hostesses were kept pretty busy serving coffee and cake. However, this did not interfere with treating us to a tour of the home so the architectural buffs in our crowd were treated to a look at some very early Americana.

Again, please convey our thanks and the thanks of our guest to the Historical Society for making this tour available to us and the approximately 160 others who took the tour.

Sincerely,

E.J. Penberthy

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The genuine old original "Uncle Sam" was Sam Wilson, of Troy, New York who used to brand his fish barrels, in filling Army contracts in 1812, "U.S.", to stand, as he said, for Uncle Sam, his sobriquet. A nephew of Uncle Sam, Joseph A. Wilson has just removed to Newburyport, Mass. after a long life in Troy.

Harpers Nov. 27, 1875

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Gov. Hartranft, of Pennsylvania, has in his possession the silver inkstand which supplied with ink the pens of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Efforts are being made to procure its return to its original position in Independence Hall.

Harpers April 19, 1873

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FUR FASHIONS FOR JANUARY

Fur-lined cloaks are shown in a variety of shapes this season; the most popular are shaped like the seal sacques, or in long circulars; plain and figured silks are used for these cloaks. Satin de Loyn and plain satin are chosen for the richest cloaks. They are usually lined with squirrel fur, but more luxurious ones are lined with ermine, chinchilla and sable. Many are bordered with these furs, that are lined with one less expensive. For sets, Russian sable, no matter how fashion changes, is always in fashion and handsome.

* Godey's Lady's Book 1879

THE LAST NEW JERSEY INDIAN

Down the road a piece, just off Route 206 in Tabernacle you will see an old graveyard; here you may find a simple stone marked:

"Indian Ann", Last of the Delaware

Died 1894 in her 90th year

Indian Ann was a well known figure in the Medford-Mt. Holly area, she sold beads, baskets and novelties from town to town. As the last known member of the Lenape to live in this area she became a source of stories and confecture to all who knew her.

To the best of our knowledge, Ann's father, Elisha Ashatama, returned to this area from either northern New York or the Green Bay area of Wisconsin. Both of these places harbored remnants of the Lenapes and Ashatama, yearning for his homeland, brought his wife back to New Jersey. Apparently he returned in 1804 or 1805 and stopped at the John Woolman farm where Ann was born. By 1812 the wanderlust had infected Ashatama again and he left home to serve aboard the American warship Chesapeake. He stayed away for five years and his wife, believing him dead, remarried.

Upon his return home Ashatama drove off his successor and eventually was suspected of doing away with his wife. He moved to Egg Harbor and set up a rude hut on Flax Island where he lived until 1833 or 1834 when he drowned in the Mullica River.

Ann apparently grew up with friends or relatives and matured as a large, healthy girl with all the Indian love of the outdoors. She could cut down a tree or clear a trail right along with the best of the men and would go out in the woods and chop down a tree for exercise- even when she was in her eighties.

Ann outlived three husbands, first was Peter Green, second was John Marhoff and finally John Roberts, One of the children from the final marriage, John Roberts, Jr. served in the Civil War and Ann applied for a dependant pension in 1880 on the basis of his service. Henry Beck quotes a Mr. Harker who said that on trips through Browns Mills he saw "Indian Ann, Indian Peter and their children." Just who Indian Peter was I don't know for he isn't mentioned anywhere else. Legends of the Cranberry Hall area tell of Indian Ann and old Nick Green, "who would in season make baskets, drink rum, chop wood or pick huckleberries and cranberries." Certainly Ann was either remarkable, or a natural subject for tall tales.

As the years went by Indian Ann became a by-word in this area. Her strength, age, husbands and other activities coupled with her identity as the last of the Lenapes all tended to make her an object of interest and the children would follow her about town in awe and admiration.

Ann spent the final years of her life in a little frame house on the Dingtletown Road near Indian Mills. A photograph of the house can be seen in Henry Beck's book, "The Jersey Midlands.

Late in the year 1894 Ann requested that her children build a twig and bark hut or wigwam in the yard of her home. When the wigwam was finished Ann wrapped herself in a blanket and muttering to herself went in and lay down. Later on the children peeked in and saw that she was apparently asleep. Investigation disclosed that Indian Ann, last of the Lenapes, at the age of ninety quietly passed over to the happy hunting grounds and had only been waiting for the preparation of what she considered a proper place to die.

R.L. Harrison

GRANDMA'S COOKBOOK

Orange Cream

INGREDIENTS: One ounce of Isinglass
Six large oranges
One Lemon

Put into a stewpan the isinglass or Cox's gelatine, juice of the oranges and lemon, sugar to taste, rub some lumps of sugar on the peel of the oranges, add water to make a pint and a half of liquid; boil, strain through a muslin bag. When cold, beat up with it a pint of thick cream, put it in moulds. In hot weather more isinglass will be required.

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Whereas Medford is situated in the midst of a region noted for the size and fine quality of its native persimmons (when hard hit by the frost and dead ripe) and,

Whereas no one should be deprived of his culinary heritage and

Whereas more than one discerning epicure has endorsed this old time Bucks County recipe and

Whereas we think it to be truly deserving of a place in your file if you like to tray something new to your palate

There fore we present the following for your delectation:

PERSIMMON PUDDING

Carefully peel, then pass through a coarse sieve enough fruit to make:

1 cup persimmon pulp
1 egg
½ cup milk
pinch of salt
1 Tbsp. melted butter
2 cups flour
½ cup chopped nuts
1 cup sugar
1 tsp. vanilla
½ tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. soda

Combine all the ingredients using only enough flour to form the consistency of pumpkin pie filling. Bake in a foil-covered ring mold in a 350 degree oven for one hour. Very rich-small portions, over which pour:

SAUCE

½ cup butter
½ cup sugar
½ cup cream
1 tsp vanilla or
1 tsp light rum
Combine butter and sugar and mix well, add cream and boil lightly. Add flavor and serve hot.

Louis J. Mc Connell

GREENSAND MARL

An early American industry and one that has survived well into this era is that of supplying marl to smart farmers and gardeners. For the handling of over one million tons each year, as occurred in New Jersey in the 1860's, is no small operation you must admit. Early colonial history mentions the use of marl in pre-Revolutionary times as well as by Washington and Jefferson, two of the most alert farmers of their time.

Marl was one of the oldest fertilizing materials known to the farmers of ancient times. The Roman, Pliny duly records its beneficial effects when used in Gaul and Britain to "enrich the earth by the agency of itself.... that kind known as marl." By colonial times "lands which in the old style of farming had to lie fallow, by the use of marl produced heavy crops of clover and grew rich while resting. Thousands of acres which had been worn out are now by the use of marl yielding crops of the highest quality." Cook's Geology of New Jersey, 1868, "In the neighborhood of Pemberton Marl was discovered in digging a well on a farm. The material thrown out proved so valuable as a fertilizer as to attract attention. The next year Josiah Reeves of Pemberton reported to the Philadelphia Society for the Promotion of Agriculture that his grass crop had been greatly improved by the application of Marl. Near Vincetown, according to reports the first use of Marl was made in 1806 on various farms. In the vicinity of Jobstown Marl was dug in 1809 by a man named Rogers" : Central Record, Feb. 7, 1929. We know that our neighboring town, Marlton was named because of the extensive marl deposits found and exploited in that area.

Greensand, so called because of its dark green color, is the local form of marl from southern New Jersey. It was the first commercially available land supplement in the state and good reports of its benefits were widely circulated in the early newspapers. Thus even in those early days New Jersey had already become known as the Garden State. There is a wide belt of green-sand deposits running across the state from Staten Island and along the south shore of the Delaware River to below Salem. Greensand marl is a popular term for earth containing the mineral Glaucomite, an iron-potassium-silicate, which is in reality a form of sea deposit along the mud-line surrounding the continental shores, as then

located many millions of years ago.

In our area greensand marl may contain over 6% potash, around 2% phosphoric acid as well as traces of many other elements that occur in sea water. In addition it often contains numerous fossil animal remains dating back as far as 50 million years. It was recently our privilege to view many of such fossils found in the local greensand pits located just north of town, the pits that were formerly owned and mined by S. Joseph Florentine. In this same place there occur pockets of red ochre, an earthy impure ore of iron often used as a pigment in paints. No doubt the local Indians knew of surface outcrops of ochre that could be used for personal adornment or as an item of trade. Marl has also been found useful as a water softening agent, being thus employed since 1906 at the local mill. Owing to a German monopoly prior to world war I the potash for making gunpowder was in short supply by 1914. This was partly met by recovery of that potash found in the local greensand deposits.

Greensand tends to bind together that rock particles in sandy soil and greatly increase its water-holding capacity. In this respect it resembles organic matter or humus but, unlike the latter, greensand is not burned out of the soil by sunlight and air as the result of agricultural practices. This ability to hold water, up to 40% of its own weight makes greensand marl the ideal additive for our local sandy soils. Some truly amazing plant reactions have resulted from adding marl to established lawns and mulching older trees and shrubs or sandy, difficult garden plots. Perhaps now you can realize the several advantages offered by a man with marl to sell as he meets his customer.

Louis J. Mc Connell

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When will our American shoemakers learn to line slippers with silk or satin of the same color, instead of using white kid for this purpose? The white kid soils in one wearing and after two or three is anything but dainty to look at.

Ladies' Home Journal Jan. 1893

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HAPPY NEW YEAR EVERYONE!