

WE LIPPINCOTT'S

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PREFACE

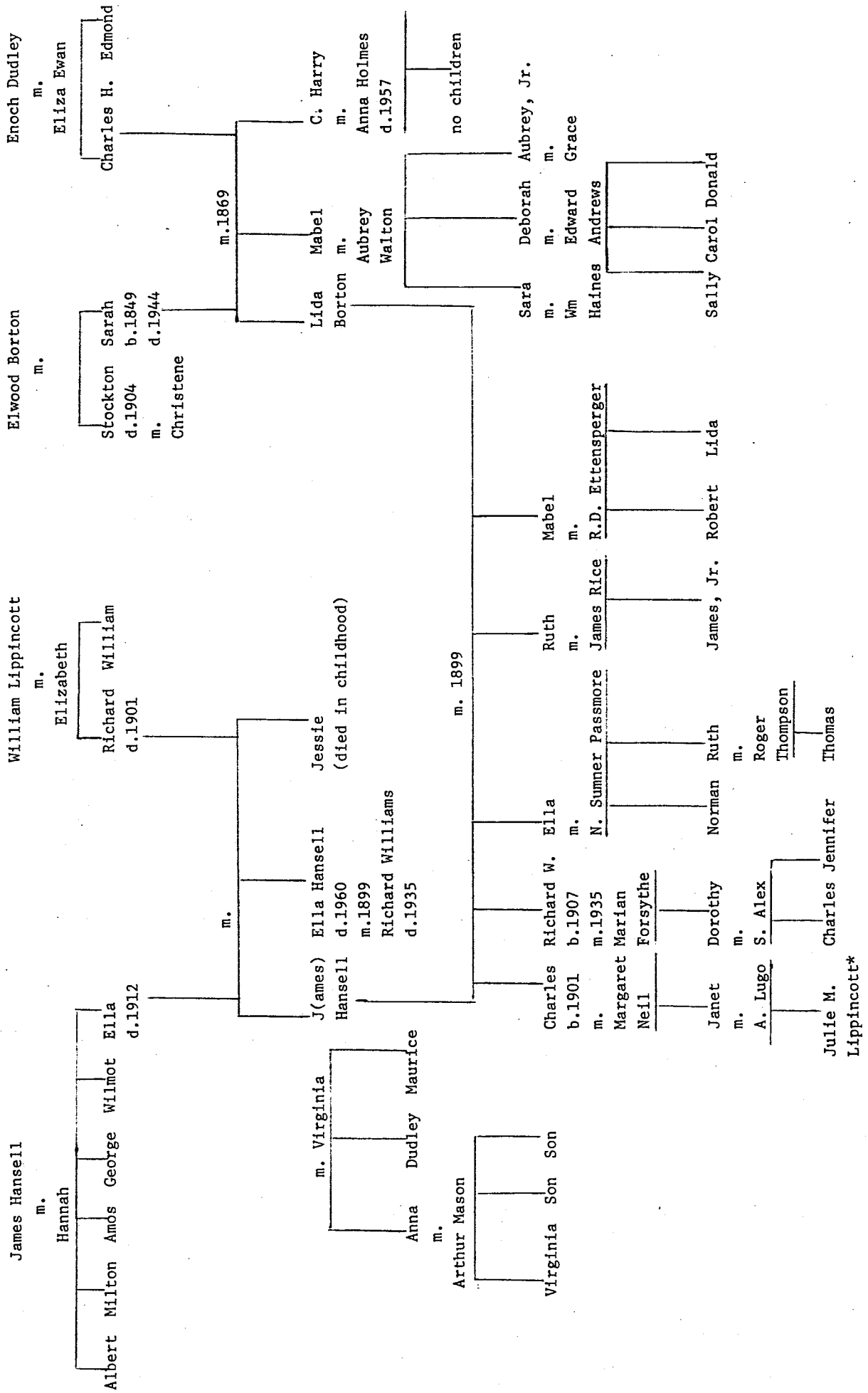
What follows had its origin in a letter from my nephew and wife, Bob and Nancy Ettensperger, asking me to write what I could of the history of our branch of the Lippincott family. I had been their guest and had told them a few stories that sparked an interest. But, as for writing a history--Well! But I started and realized at once that I was the only one who could set down facts back as far as the Civil War days and carry on into World War I, but that I was almost totally uninformed about details of important developments on our Centerbrook farm and the growing-up of my younger brother and sisters.

So I enlisted the help of my brother Richard and my sister Ruth Rice. In fact, I have quoted at length from Dick's letter relative to the bovine diseases which nearly wiped out the herd. Ruth furnished interesting details of the days of their growing-up, some of which jogged my memory but more often I inserted directly. I am most gratified for their help. Above all, I appreciate the interest that Nancy E. has shown in our family and who not only encouraged me to put pen to paper, but painfully deciphered and edited my scribbled notes to bring them to beautifully typed condition.

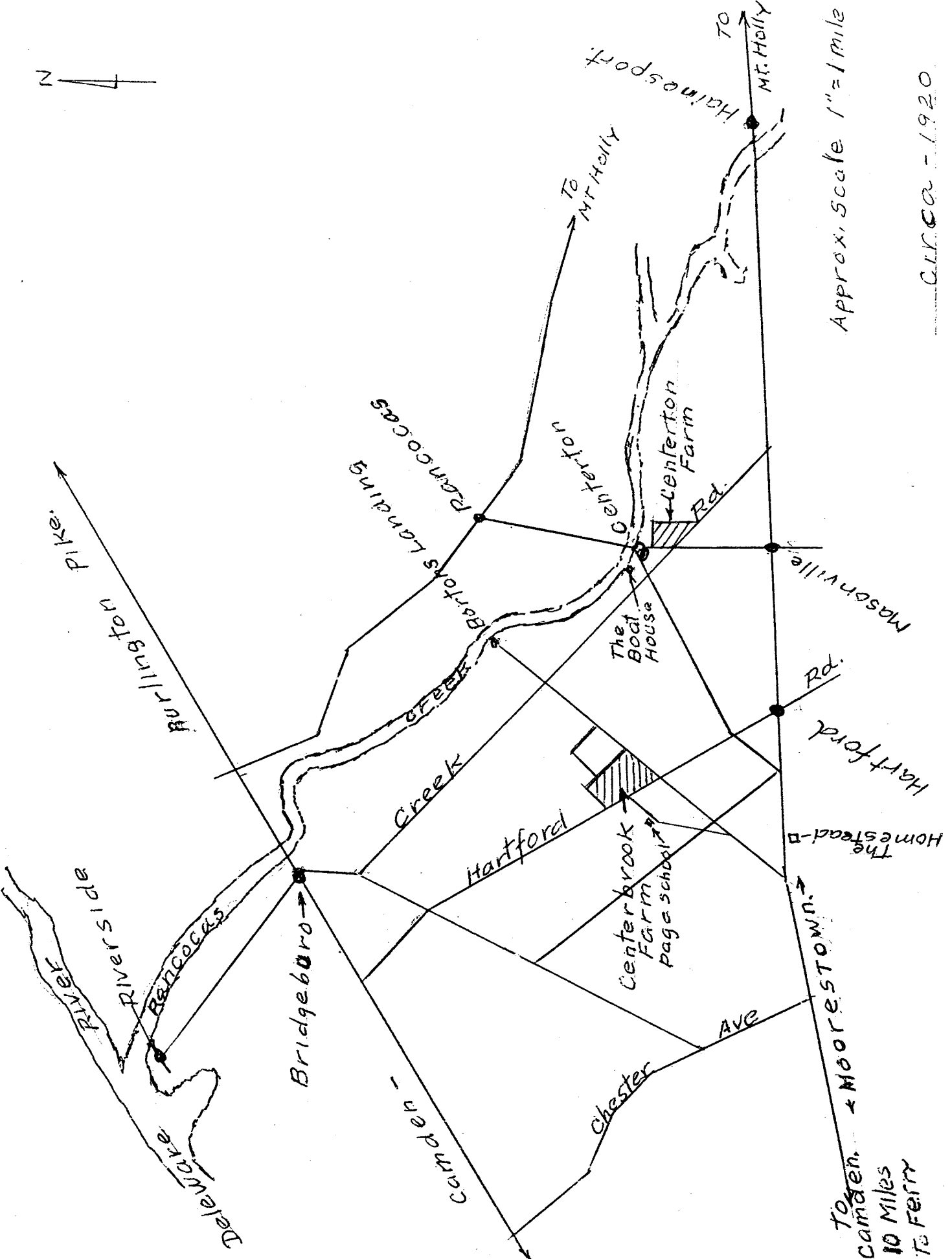
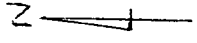
Charles D. Lippincott

November 1983

FAMILY TREE



*legal change



Approx. Scale 1" = 1 mile

C.R.C.A. - 1920

To Camden - Moorestown ->
 10 Miles
 To Ferry

THE HANSELL AND LIPPINCOTT FAMILIES

To make a coherent story of the Lippincott family of which we are a part, from the time before the Civil War through the growing up of my generation, to the sale of Centerbrook in 1944, requires bringing in parts of three families.

A. James and Hannah Hansell moved from Philadelphia to Rancocas, New Jersey, in the first quarter of the 19th century. Rancocas is a little village isolated from Mt. Holly and from the railroad at Masonville by the Rancocas River, a branch of the Delaware, which was then importantly navigable.

James was an expert wood turner and cabinet maker by trade. Two prized pieces of his are the desk at Jimmy Rice's and a beautiful walnut rocker of mine. Hannah's last years were horrible. She had vicious cramps in her legs which repeatedly broke her pelvis and she was confined to a wheelchair which your mother may remember in our attic on the farm.

They had five sons and one daughter:

Albert - a successful apple farmer, including cold storage facilities

Milton and Amos - successful farmers

George and Wilmot - who both became successful apothecaries.

Ella - who became my paternal grandmother, whom I dearly loved and who told me much of what I shall write.

The first ten years of my life were spent very close to her. I listened to her, questioned her and remembered. None of the other four children had that opportunity. She died of cancer in 1912.

B. At the same time, just a few miles away near Mt. Laurel, William and Elizabeth Lippincott, farmers, were raising their two sons:

Richard Roberts Lippincott

William Lippincott

And

C. The Borton and Dudley families will enter the picture later.

Comes 1860 and the Civil War. R. R. Lippincott and Ella Hansell were sweethearts, too young for marriage but much in love.

Two of the Hansell boys, George and Milton, signed on in Philadelphia to the 23rd Pennsylvania infantry. Richard Lippincott did likewise, in the 61st Pennsylvania infantry. He rose to 1st Lieutenant before he was badly wounded in the abdomen in 1864 at Spotsylvania Courthouse. The two Hansell boys searched the battlefield and found him almost dead. They brought him to the "field hospital," a surgeon refused to attend him--said he would be wasting his time. George said, "This man is an officer, he gets preference and you know it. You do everything you can and do it now. This gun's loaded and one false move from you and you'll have a

minnie ball through your head." Richard lived, was sent to Philadelphia to recuperate, was mustered out of the service at Harrisburg.

His regiment was at Gettysburg but he had a break--the regiment was assigned to guard General Meade's headquarters. His name heads the regiment's plaque on the Pennsylvania Monument.

Richard bought the Rancocas Country Store, made it prosper, married his sweetheart, Ella Hansell, (to be my grandmother) and had three children:

J(ames) Hansell Lippincott (my father)

Ella Hansell Lippincott (Aunt Ella)

Jessie (died in childhood of scarlet fever)

In the 1880's Richard and Ella built the stone house where I was born. The stone came from a quarry in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Albert Hansell bought carloads of apples from the Pennsylvania Dutchmen and he got the stone cheap. The only stone house in the village. The stone was hauled three miles from the railroad at Masonville across the river to Rancocas. Note, in passing--I was born there December 19, 1901.

This was long before the days of electricity in the country, yet the house had running water, pumped by hand to a big storage tank in the attic. I remember it well, I was afraid of it. I lived there 2 years.

My father and Aunt Ella both attended the Rancocas public grammar school. Papa then attended the Moorestown

Friends School (Hicksite) and graduated in 1887. During my boyhood he often spoke very highly of one of his teachers, Ella Merrick, and about 1912 attended a class reunion at her home in Pennsylvania. The school principal was George Magargie who later, during my early school days, became principal of the Moorestown Public School.

An aside--one noon hour, Jim Dolly, son of the Irish blacksmith, and I had a rough fight by the back fence of the school yard and I had to go to the principal's office. He asked me one question: who won the fight. I did! Well "a chip off the old block." I spent noon hours for a week in the library reading world travel books with great interest, and poor Jim had to write "I won't start a fight" a few hundred times. However, he became a good friend and sold me my first car in 1925. End aside.

Aunt Ella attended a girls' "finishing school" in Mt. Holly, driving there in a horse and buggy.

After high school, Papa and two other local boys went to Denver, Colorado, but his father was failing and his mother called him home. He often said he would have done well if he had stayed there. He hired out to Horace Roberts, a sharp Quaker farmer near Moorestown, to operate his stall at the Ridge Avenue farmers market at Philadelphia, selling produce from the farm. Also spent part time at home and the store. His transportation--bicycle on well worn bicycle paths.

Enter briefly--the Dudley family, just long enough for Papa to court and win my mother, Lida Borton Dudley. They were married on the Dudley farm in February 1899, with snow banks higher than the horse and buggy, but they got to Rancocas and lived with Papa's folks until the summer of 1903.

In the meantime, in May 1901 my grandfather, Richard Lippincott, died and was interred in the Rancocas Quaker Cemetery. His stone, U.S. Government issue to Civil War veterans, is one of two which proudly rise above the modest Quaker stones. Almost every family in the village and in surrounding farms was represented at his funeral and the line of wagons extended from the cemetery back through the village, almost a mile. Papa told me this as a little boy. No other person in the area, before or since, has been so honored.

About the time of his marriage (February 1899), Papa bought a poor 65 acre sand farm on the Rancocas-Masonville Road, partially planted in old time apples and pears, had a comfortable new house built, complete with central hot air heating, which served the dual purpose of keeping the three large sweet potato bins in the cellar warm. Running water and plumbing were too expensive but the well was under one corner of the kitchen, the water was good and the pump worked easily. Mamma was very proud of her new home and kept it immaculate.

Papa built an ice house, filled each winter from a small pond in the woods down by the Rancocas Creek. He also built a large hot bed, approximately 25' x 50', heated by flues under the sand floor which ran from the furnace at one end to a brick chimney at the other end. The furnace was in a pit and was fueled by small logs and stumps from obsolete or dead apple trees. A large, light-weight tarp covered the whole bed, sometimes removed to let in sunlight. Thousands of sweet potatoes were imbedded in the soil above the flues and plants were pulled and set out each spring, perhaps 10 acres of them. Also he sold plants. It was the only source of plants for miles around. It, together with the plant setter which set and watered the plants in one operation, made sweet potato farming profitable. He also raised fields of cantaloupes, watermelons, pole lima beans as well as the apples and peaches which gradually took over the whole farm. It was a lot of hard work, especially since at first the produce was taken by team to the Ridge Avenue market in Philadelphia, a 15 mile trip, and sold retail. I remember well the time he took me with him to the market. We walked the mile to the Masonville Railroad Station long before daylight, train to Camden, ferry to Philadelphia, trolley to Ridge Avenue. The team awaited us. I helped carry in (big help, I was 4 years old). Came noon, we had lunch at a counter. Papa brought me a piece of lemon pie, 5¢ (he didn't have any).

Shortly after this trip to the Ridge Avenue Market, Papa gave up his stall and from that time all of our produce was taken to the main Philadelphia wholesale market at Dock Street. Dock Street was a wide (approximately 350 feet) cobbled street (actually a creek covered over) that curved up from the Delaware River diagonally toward Independence Hall for almost a half mile. It was lined with commission stores and wide sidewalks overhung with canopies. South Jersey farmers would bring their produce to their commission merchant, first with teams, then trucks, to their commission house where it was sold to grocery stores, hotels, etc., at 10% commission. All through the night produce would arrive in 5/8 bushel baskets, be unloaded and carried in and stacked. Before dawn buyers with their wagons and trucks would swarm over the place, the police were hard at work keeping two-lane traffic slowly moving, and by noon almost all would be sold and gone. No produce arrived Saturday night.

Carloads of produce from the south were unloaded on Delaware Avenue and hauled by drays to the commission houses.

I have tried to briefly describe the operation of supplying most of the food for one of the biggest cities in the U.S. It was organized bedlam! But it worked. I was a part of it. I drove one of the last loads of strawberries to come by team, from our farm a 10-hour trip, before we got the autocar truck.

The whole thing, including the street, has disappeared, and is now a part of the reconstructed colonial and revolutionary area. A modern facility, made possible by modern highways, a bridge across the Delaware River, and the total replacement of horses with motorized and rail transportation has made it possible.

But to return to the Centerton farm. The buildings, other than the new house and ice house, consisted of a fair-sized barn, a tool shed, a good packing house with root cellar and second floor storage space, and a rather run-down tenant house.

The apples deserve more comment, and I shall quote from a letter from my brother who not only worked on that farm more than I but later, as a Rutgers' Ag. graduate, realized, sometimes too late, the unique method of their harvesting made possible by the sandy soil.

"The apple harvesting was rather unique. The orchards were kept disced especially under the trees in order to make the soil loose. The ripening apples were allowed to drop naturally onto the loose sand without too much bruising. Often men would jar the limbs to shake off the fruit so that it would not get over ripe. This was certainly a labor saving method of harvest although it seems at this writing that much higher prices for the apples could have been realized if much of the apples had been hand picked."

The small barn and wagon sheds were old and the "back

house" had been replaced. Each spring the back lower panel was removed for cleaning.

Sometimes, even at the early age of less than six, I needed (so Papa thought) a little discipline. He would give me his knife, tell me to cut myself a switch from an apple tree and bring it to him. I don't remember any brutal beatings but how I hated to cut the switch. It had to be of proper size, too. Well, this time, Papa headed for the backhouse and I not only cut the switch but sharpened the end and stuck it up where the panel had been removed. I still remember that switching!

My first school was kindergarten at Moorestown Friends School. To get there I walked to Masonville, one mile, mostly through the woods, took the trolley to Moorestown. Kindergarten lasted until noon, then home by trolley. One day I felt the need of urinary relief but decided I could wait until I got home. I made it to Masonville and half way through the woods. Seventy years later my mother still kidded me for not having sense enough to go into the woods.

In the fall of 1907, Papa bought the Dudley farm, on the Hartford Road, from his father-in-law, Charles H. Dudley, and we moved back to where my mother was born and raised and Mamma's new house became the tenant house until the farm was sold in 1926.

THE BORTON AND DUDLEY FAMILIES

My mother proudly brought the Borton and Dudley families into the Lippincott picture.

First, what I know of the Bortons. The Borton Landing Road runs straight from Moorestown to the Rancocas River. Sometime early in the 1800's, Elwood Borton purchased land at the end of the road along the river, which at that time, and much later, was the principal "highway" to Philadelphia. He built a large house, designed to take summer boarders from Philadelphia and a dock suitable for birthing the "Barcley," the small steamer that was the life blood of the farms and villages along the river. Apparently the venture paid off, because about 1850 he sold the place, purchased timber land near Norfolk, Va., and moved the family to Norfolk. The lumber business prospered. But troubles were ahead. About 1859, a schooner from the West Indies docked at Norfolk with yellow fever in the crew, starting an uncontrollable epidemic in Norfolk. The Bortons moved to the country but it was too late. Mrs. Borton was infected and died. The Civil War started. Elwood sent his two children to Philadelphia on the last steamer out of Norfolk before the blockade and stayed to try to protect his lumber business. (He had had a gun accident, cleaning his shotgun and lost part of his right hand, so was unfit to be drafted into the Confederate army.) His children never heard from him again.

His children were met at the Philadelphia wharf by one of Elwood Borton's relatives. I don't know anything about her, but she did an excellent job of raising the two kids, who were:

1. Stockton Borton, who became the chief engineer and inventive brains of the Wilcox and Gibbs Sewing Machine Company in New York City.

Note: My sister, Ruth Rice, has my mother's and also my grandmother's treadle operated machines, both in perfect working order, which Stockton gave to them as being the best at that time.

He died at the peak of his career in 1904. I never saw him but remember his wife, "Aunt 'Teen" (for Christene) at the farm for his funeral. He is buried at Colestown Cemetery, only a mile from the house where he was brought from Norfolk.

2. Sara H. Borton (1849-1944), my maternal grandmother, married Charles Harry Dudley in 1869. The fact that I have so little to relate about her is regrettable and certainly no indication of any lack of ability, quiet but effective energy and, well, just everything that a loving farmer's wife and mother of three fine children should have. She will appear prominently later.

This is a proper place to insert something of the Dudley family and the Dudley farm, which I will refer to henceforth as "our farm," or Centerbrook Farm.

The farm is the 100 acres at the north-west corner of the Borton's Landing Road and the Hartford Road. It had been in the Dudley family since about 1700. Four generations later, which were quite prolific and resulted in quite a few good farms in the neighborhood being owned by Dudleys, Enoch Dudley and wife, Eliza Ewan, came into possession of our farm about 1849.

In the meantime, a solid brick and stucco farmhouse had been built, designed so that a portion was available for the older generation which handed down the property to their first born. Also the farm building timbers had been hewed from hardwood logs cut on the farm and beautifully mortised and tenoned, a separate cow barn and various outbuildings all had been built.

At that time, and on to the turn of the century, the principal crop was hay, requiring large barn space, and milk, which was turned into butter and cheese. The hay was hauled to Philadelphia where it had a ready market for feed for the many draft horses and carriage horses of the period. Haying was hard work from the cutting, through storage in the mow to hauling by team over dirt roads to Philadelphia and unloading by hand. The hauling was done in the winter, a 16 hour trip at best, often in intense cold.

There was no market for fresh milk, but butter and cheese, made with great care and hard labor and without refrigeration or power by the women, made the important cash crop.

Charles H. Dudley, son of Enoch and Eliza, and his bride, Sara (my maternal grandmother), started farming on a little farm near Mt. Holly in 1869, but took possession of "our farm" from father Enoch in 1872. Farming continued as usual, my grandmother doing the greater part of the butter and cheese making as well as house work and boarding one or two of the young Irishmen who constituted most of the immigration of the period and were excellent farm help. There was one thing they could not do when they first arrived: they couldn't back a wagon into a shed. All the Irish conveyances were two-wheeled and steered opposite to ours when in reverse. Many of these young fellows married Irish sweethearts, bought small farms and became valuable citizens. Dennis Ryan had the farm adjoining ours. I often cast longing eyes on his very pretty daughter Mary Ann (Papa didn't approve and I was too young).

Charles and Sara Dudley had three children:

1. C. Harry Dudley, who married Anna Holmes and bought a good farm on the Paige School Road, near ours. They had no children. He was a quite, kind and thoughtful person, kind to his animals, who responded. He could sit on the back porch, with his team hitched to a farm wagon, and talk them into backing the wagon into a narrow shed. Everything was in order. He inherited some of Uncle Stockton's talents--he was a good carpenter and plumber (with screw pipe), his little gasoline engine (no electricity available) pumped water, ran the vacuum pump that was piped through the

house for cleaning, ground chicken feed, turned the ice cream freezer, etc. He and Aunt Anna both liked good music and had an early Victrola and some good records. Whispering Hope (Madame Melba and Elma Gluck); Harry Lauder (There's a Good Old Scottish Custom, etc.).

He made a simple scraper which most effectively cut the hull on each kernel of sweet corn and squeezed out the meat making for a superior canned corn product, still not equalled by any on the market. My sister had it, I have a copy and still use it. It's the only way anyone with diverticulosis can safely eat sweet corn.

They sold the farm when he was about 60, bought a home on Central Avenue, Moorestown, and for a number of years drove a school bus on the original route past our farm. Also had a garden that supplied the neighborhood.

About 1950 Aunt Anna had a serious stroke, and for seven years she was a living vegetable. Uncle Harry devised a wood frame and block and tackle over her bed (she was heavy) and he and her sister Elizabeth cared for her until she died, about the same time as my father. Uncle Harry then came to live with my mother until they both took rooms at the Greenleaf in 1965. He was 97 when he died, and ran his car without an accident until shortly before his death.

2. Lida Borton Dudley, my mother.

3. Mabel Dudley, who married her school-time boy friend, Aubrey Walton, and had a productive farm life on

"The Homestead," their good farm east of Moorestown. Their second daughter, Deborah, was Sally Andrew's mother.

The one-room Page school on Uncle Harry's farm was attended by all three Dudley children up to high school. They had a remarkably good (and poorly paid) teacher who boarded at the nearby farm and who taught those kids more solid "Readin', Writin' and Rithmetic" than any kid ever learned at any central school that succeeded it. My mother's handwriting and spelling were flawless, Uncle Harry's mental arithmetic was remarkable and accurate and Aunt Mable became a good teacher in her own right after having graduated from the Westchester, Pennsylvania, Normal School. She taught in the little two-room Stanwick School (part of the Moorestown system).

THE TURN OF THE CENTURY

Life went on about in the above pattern until about 1900. A start on paving the main road to Philadelphia had been made, making it feasible to haul loads of produce to the wholesale market at Philadelphia, still by wagon. More important, immigrants from southern Italy, poor and illiterate (in English), were coming in by the boat load, making it possible for farmers to get cheap help for picking berries, fruit, peas, beans, etc. Farmers would build rough bunks in an old barn, make a rough cook shack with two parallel brick walls and a chimney and a slab of boiler plate on top, and furnish two things:

1. Wood for cooking fires (usually fruit tree trimmings) and
2. Straw to fill mattress ticking.

The Italian labor broker would furnish each farmer with as many pickers as were reasonable for the amount of picking to be done (usually women and children) who would be brought from Philadelphia by farmers teams to the farms, with bed ticking, a minimum of personal necessities and apparel, Italian bread by the feed bag full and not much else. They would stay the summer or as long as there was work. They were given printed tickets for each container filled and at the end of the season, in the presence of Alfonso (Billy) Fusco, the broker, who collected his 10%, were paid off in full. Of course the farmers raised acres of strawberries, raspberries, currants, peas, beans, etc. and some had fruit.

There were tickets for hourly work, such as hoeing. The Italian baker wagon came from Philadelphia once a week with fresh bread. It sounds like slavery, but they were glad to get out in the country with the kids while the men stayed in town at their jobs.

Grandfather and the farm were a part of this; he got out of the dairy business, thankfully, as did grandmother with the butter and cheese business.

When my father bought the farm in 1907, the garden produce and berry business was in full swing, almost half the land being allotted to it. This continued until 1914, when (1) the immigration act dried up the supply of cheap help, (2) World War I started and (3) tractors had started to take over the heavy plowing and cultivating jobs and trucks replaced teams for over the road work.

In our case, the transition was brutally hastened by a disastrous fire on Mamma's birthday (July 8, 1914) which destroyed all of the farm buildings including the year's hay harvest and all of our strawberry crates and boxes, asparagus crates and a carload of 5/8 bushel baskets. Most machinery that burned was for the garden truck and was about to become obsolete.

Papa, the hired men and I were in the field along the road getting in the last two loads of hay. Mamma had seen smoke at the barn and rang the big dinner bell to attract our attention. We rushed up to the house, leaving the teams in the field and concentrated on getting out the two cars,

the autocar truck and some machinery. I was 12 years old and cranked the truck, backed it out and around the big tree and drove it down the back lane and over the bridge to safety. Later, Papa allowed me to drive it home, via the highway. Big deal. The one casualty--Dick's rooster, who took a dislike to Mamma and pecked her badly and was incarcerated in an empty corn crib, and forgotten.

Papa had a new barn and outbuildings built that lent themselves better to the next two steps of farming: first, a few years of potatoes, hay and corn and then back into dairying on a more modern scale.

In 1914, electricity was not available outside of municipalities. The power companies weren't interested, mainly because everyone, farmers and city folks alike, thought of it as "electric lights" and correspondingly small bills. But shortly after the fire, with two babies and a big house to keep, Mamma needed help. Papa bought a Delco-light system and had the house wired. The old electrician lived in Riverside, about four miles away, and I had to drive the horse over there and back, morning and night, to get him and bring him home, and never be late for the school bus. But it was the price I paid for being allowed to be his helper, and he taught me a lot about wiring. But we had electric lights, 48 volts direct current, but something that allowed Mamma to forever be rid of the smell and smoke of kerosene lamps. She overdid it--threw them all in the dump, even the dining room lamp with the prisms.

The Public Service Company wanted to build a high voltage tie line between Burlington and Camden, partly on our land along the Borton Landing Road. My father refused money for the right-of-way but demanded service. He won and half a dozen other farmers got it from two little wires that the company ran on the tall poles set for the high voltage wires. Immediately came two hard lightning storms, which shattered three of the beautiful tall poles before the line was finished. They never finished it, but we had service. Mamma had appliances (she kept her old wood cookstove). Papa got rid of the old gasoline engine that pumped water and drove the vacuum cleaner system and he had power for milk cooling and water in the barn.

The above is a rough and incomplete sketch of changes that took place over a period of say 15 years.

Returning to the early days of the Centerton farm. My brother, Richard W., was born there in March 1907, a few months before we moved to the Dudley farm. The farm continued to produce the apples and peaches which my father planted gradually taking over from the garden produce as the trees grew. It continued so, and profitably, until Papa sold it to the Lumberton Moulding Sand Company about 1926. Now the New Jersey Turnpike and its parallel relief road occupy most of the land and the remainder is growing up as second growth pine woods. The buildings, including Mamma's

house that she loved, were burned by the highway contractor, much to her dismay.

In 1907, when we moved to the Dudley farm, the old Page School, 1/4 mile away, was closed and the 15 odd children in the neighborhood, who had walked up to 2½ miles to school, were picked up at two locations (one by our lane) by a horse drawn hack and taken to the new central school at Moorestown, and to the colored school on North Church Street (the first step towards integration that lead to the graduation with my high school class of 1920 of Maurice Moore, a fine colored boy who I am told became a physician at Chicago). About three years later, the first school bus arrived, a high wheeled solid tire "Chase" truck with a planetary transmission, soon superseded by a Brockway that bore some resemblance to a school bus. In a few years the roads were paved and the days were over when parents, horses and wagons helped the bus system through the worst of the winter snow and the spring mud.

The old Page school hung on until about 1960 as a migrant farm workers quarters, but has now disappeared. It produced basically solid citizens and deserved a better retirement.

But its demise as a school probably influenced my father to become involved in getting, first me, and in turn my brother and sisters to school. He ran for election to the board of education, was elected about 1910 and continued to serve until about 1935.

At first his interest was primarily in improving the bus system for the country students, but later, when George C. Baker became superintendent of the school system and later, on his retirement, was replaced by Mary E. Roberts, his interest broadened to include problems of the whole system. He felt that Mr. Baker was a very fine superintendent, Miss Roberts a model high school principal and agreed that in order to keep the excellent reputation of the Moorestown schools, it was essential to pay the higher salaries that the best teachers could command. Many of the local taxpayers disagreed, but Papa and several others on the board, including Walter Carson, a meticulous and competent lawyer, stood firm and Moorestown remained either first or second in the state ratings during all the years he was a member and/or president of the board.

He insisted that all five of his children go on to higher education in the vocation of their choice, even during the disastrous brucellosis disease which wiped out his dairy herd. We kids probably will never know the extent of worry, work and sacrifice that our parents endured to make it possible, but--

Charles graduated - Cornell 1924 - EE

Richard graduated - Rutgers 1929 - Ag.

Ella graduated - Pierce Business College

Ruth graduated - Swarthmore 1935 - Liberal Arts

Mabel graduated - Drexel Institute 1935

AUNT ELLA AND GRANDMOTHER LIPPINCOTT

In the 1890's, as of today, Cape May was the New Jersey seaside resort with first-class, quiet hotels that attracted both elderly and mostly wealthy folks and also conferences. The beach is superb, all facilities were at that time new and plush. The Philadelphia yearly meeting of Friends (Quakers) had their yearly meetings there for a week. The attendance was from all of New Jersey and eastern Pennsylvania, largely affluent and elderly folks with a sprinkling of parents with children and young adults.

About 1896, two mothers arrived for the conference, with adult offspring: Ella H. Lippincott and daughter Ella, attractive and vivacious; and Eleanor Potts Williams (she was a descendent of Isaac Potts, the old Quaker at Valley Forge who came across General Washington praying in the woods and respected him and his cause) and son Richard D., handsome and carefree, and backed by a father of parts in the iron and steel business. A student at Lafayette College. Everyone put his best foot forward and a romance was born.

Rancocas and Plainfield, New Jersey, are about 70 miles apart; more nearly 120 miles by two railroads, a ferry and a two mile drive by slow horse and buggy.

But Richard had time on his hands and he used it. He wasn't going back to college (probably busted out) and his father wasn't successful in interesting him in the family business (Ely and Williams Iron and Steel Sales, 257

Broadway, New York, New York) except that he liked to be on the road selling and doing a bit of elbow bending with customers.

One story he used to tell about his Rancocas days was about his ride on the bicycle railroad at Mt. Holly. The high wheel bicycle was first made by Hezekial B. Smith, an entrepreneur with a machine shop three miles from Mt. Holly. In order to get help from Mt. Holly to work in his shop, he built a monorail on top of fences and devised bicycle-like contraptions holding two people who peddled the thing along. By the time of our story, the thing was in its final stages and pushed hard.

Aunt Ella drove him to Mt. Holly in the buggy and they started for Smithville on the bicycle railroad. He certainly wasn't used to such exercise but he made it and back to Mt. Holly. I never heard, but I doubt if he was very amorous that evening under the glow of the dim and noxious kerosene lamp.

Ella and Richard were married by Quaker ceremony in June 1899 at the bride's home in Rancocas. I have the wedding certificate, signed by all the important people of Rancocas, and quite a few from Plainfield who came down by train. It was about the splashiest thing that ever happened in Rancocas and hasn't been equaled since.

I never heard about a honeymoon, but when they arrived in Plainfield, it was to take possession of 600 Darrow Avenue, a modest but very complete and attractive new home

which Edward Williams (Richard's father) had had built for them: kitchen, pantry, dining room, living room, three bedrooms, maid's room on third floor, bath, laundry in basement, and a small glass conservatory off the dining room. Large lot, large vegetable garden, rose garden with beds and paths, three oxheart cherry trees, two apple trees and a chicken house and yard. All this on what had been the back part of the Williams' home property on 7th Street. There were electric lights, but each fixture was also fitted with gas mantles to avoid black-outs. Electric service was in its infancy.

The fire house, with a pair of beautiful gray horses, and the local trolley to downtown and the railroad station were two blocks away. The whole neighborhood was plush.

A year or two after the wedding, Edward Williams (Richard's father) took Uncle Richard's two sisters and Aunt Ella to Ireland on one of the plush ocean liners. The girls needed the salt air. That's all they got.

About this time (1903 roughly), my Grandmother Lippincott sold the Rancocas home and lived most of the year with Aunt Ella. She spent the winters with us on the Centerton farm, taught me to play solitaire and probably spoiled me badly. Also began telling me about her girlhood, her brothers, the Civil War days, etc.

In the spring of 1904, Aunt Ella and Uncle Richard's first automobile appeared--a single cylinder Ford, engine mounted sideways under the front seat (the only seat at

first because the "tonneau" had not yet been manufactured) purchased from John Wanamakers department store in New York City. Plush sales and repair facilities were a few years in the future. On their first trip to our Centerton farm it got as far as the Craig Tallman farm at Columbus and died. Probably some minor maladjustment but required a nine mile tow by team to Mt. Holly.

Finally, on arrival at Centerton, we all started for a ride. I sat in the jump seat on the rear door, the only access to the tonneau. The vibration of acceleration unlatched the door and I was left in the middle of the dirt road, a bit dirty but very happy about the whole performance. The insertion and twist of the crank at the small hole in the side started the engine again and off we went.

Aunt Ella and Uncle Richard took me to Plainfield, my first of many summer visits of usually about a month. They were a delight to a poor country boy. Sidewalks where I learned to rollerskate. The fire house with the two Gray horses, Andy and Mack, the brass pole that I was once allowed to slide down, the clang of the bell when the stall doors opened automatically and the horses dashed out into place and the harness dropped onto them, was quickly clamped and away they went.

The picnics at Washington's rock. The Sunday trips to Asbury Park and Ocean Grove with Arthur Priors band, the boardwalk, swim in the ocean.

Little of this in the Ford. Soon the first Jackson arrived, a four cylinder job about the size of a Model T Ford but a little more classey, right hand drive of course and shaft drive instead of chain. And finally the big powerful 1911 Jackson, up in the Pierce Arrow and Packard class.

Trips to New York. Aunt Ella and Mrs. James Taylor with daughter Minie took us kids to everything of interest there was in New York. The train ride to Weehawken, the ferry ride past the big ocean liners of the Cunard, Hamburg-American, Furness Bermuda, North German Lloyd lines, was big stuff in itself. The Statue of Liberty, the aquarium (then in the old battery at Battery Park), the subway, the 3rd Avenue El, "Aida" at the Met., a show at the Hippodrome, "Ben Hur" at one of the Broadway theatres, the Singer building (then the tallest), Brooklyn Bridge, the Bronx Zoo, the Numismatic Museum (where Grandfather Lippincott's 33rd degree masonic badge was on display), the Museum of Natural History (I sat on Perry's sledge that went to the North Pole), the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Central Park and shopping at too many department stores, and much more. Heady stuff for a small farm boy.

In 1906, Uncle Richard purchased four places on a Masonic train excursion to the west coast. He and Aunt Ella, Grandmother Lippincott and Mrs. Taylor went. Pikes Peak, Grand Canyon, Salt Lake City, San Francisco (just a few days before the earthquake). I have Aunt Ella's picture album,

most interesting. At San Francisco, grandmother discovered lumps indicating breast cancer. She had the operation as soon as they arrived in Plainfield. It gave her about five years more of life, the last one most painful.

Also, at about this time, Uncle Richard had to go on a diabetic diet and insulin, which continued the rest of his life.

The halcyon days were over by about 1910. Uncle Richard could not face the commuting in the winter and each winter thereafter, they would close 600 Darrow Avenue and sublet an apartment on the (then) affluent New York West Side. Uncle Richard had a desk in a corner of the Ely & Williams office at 257 Broadway, New York City. Apparently his father had made some arrangement to assure him a salary as long as the firm endured. It didn't. The war was on and the mills didn't need brokers to sell all the steel that they could produce.

In January 1912, Grandmother Lippincott was in her final illness at the 105th Street apartment. Papa couldn't leave the farm to go to New York to see her. I was 10 years old and knew my way, so he sent me, with a crate of fresh eggs. He knew I had been very close to her. I made the complicated trip without incident. Train to Camden, ferry, subway to Reading terminal, train (through Plainfield) to Weehawken, ferry, walk to Broadway, 7th Avenue subway to 105th and Broadway. New York wasn't vicious then. I hope I

eased her last days. I loved her dearly. She died soon after and is buried beside her soldier husband at Rancocas.

Summers in Plainfield continued on in a much reduced scale. At least two summers Dick and I were there together for about three weeks. One summer I arrived with a cut foot from running down our cinder lane barefoot. She took me to Dr. Ziglow who operated on Grandmother Lippincott. It got worse, so Aunt Ella tried Uncle Wilmot's healing salve. In a couple of days, a piece of cinder showed up, was picked out and all was on the mend.

Ella and Ruth were there for a last visit in the summer of 1918, which contained little of the glamour of a few years previous. I cannot remember that Mabel ever visited there, or even saw the place until she had her first responsible job as manager of the Plainfield YWCA cafeteria.

The Plainfield property was sold about 1918 and Uncle Richard invested his remaining money in an apartment at 72nd Street and Riverside Drive. It was a disaster; a crooked lawyer and partner got all. They both continued their quite worthwhile volunteer work with the New York Meeting, finally moved to Closter, New Jersey.

Uncle Richard's diabetes was now complicated by T.B., the diet for which is almost the worst possible for treating diabetes. A part-time nurse's family home was at Witherbee, New York, near Port Henry, and she offered to take him there for the summer of 1935. He died in an ambulance on the return trip. He (and Aunt Ella at her death in 1960) are

buried in the Williams family plot in Hillside Cemetery, Plainfield.

Aunt Ella had concentrated her efforts on Uncle Richard's health for some years. He outlived his mother by a short period and Aunt Ella soon had funds available for travel and other pleasures. She spent a winter in Florida. She flew to Los Angeles, visiting friends, and returned on a steamer via the Panama Canal. She visited relatives and friends in the east. At times she tended to be a bit abrasive, especially with relatives. But not with me. Our relationship during my boyhood had been ideal; I understood her and her problems as no one else. I remembered the good days. Peggy was slow to take offense, her visits were a joy.

One Saturday in the summer of 1936, she asked me if we could all take a ride over to North Bennington, Vermont, to see Aunt Lizzie McCullough. As a boy, I had occasionally heard Uncle Richard mention the McCullough's as relations of his. I still don't know what the connection was.

We drove over to North Bennington, through spacious grounds to a beautiful old mansion. Aunt Ella had arranged the visit by letter. We were ushered into the parlor, Aunt Lizzie made her entrance down the staircase, introductions and a little small talk took place and Peggy, Janet and I were invited to swim in the pool while Aunt Ella and Aunt Lizzie conversed. Ostensibly it was Aunt Ella's opportunity to tell of her devotion to Uncle Richard through hard times.

It was more. It was the basis of her estate, managed by her banker in Plainfield. She soon was back in Plainfield, renewing old acquaintance with the McCutchen sisters, whom she persuaded to give their beautiful North Plainfield home to the New York Yearly Meeting for a retirement home. Her last few weeks were spent there, in the best suite of rooms in the mansion. Her life was mostly hills and valleys, seldom level.

My lasting regret is that my brother and sisters could not have benefited from her kindness and generosity as I did, that their memories of her are clouded by her later adversities. Sometime I'll be with her again, where she rests in Plainfield.

PAPA AND THE CARS

One day in the summer of 1912, we received a long distance phone call from Plainfield. It was Uncle Richard. A neighbor was storing a car that had been sent by rail to California by a sick man, who died there, his wife shipped it back to Plainfield, and wanted to sell it, cheap, but cash. It was a 1911 Jackson, an exact duplicate of Uncle Richard's car. It was such a bargain that Papa went to Plainfield that same day by train, bought the car, practiced driving, gear shifting, etc., under Aunt Ella's direction, went with Aunt Ella to a Justice of the Peace, who, after ascertaining that he had driven a few miles, gave him his drivers license. He drove it home, through New Brunswick but skirted around Trenton. He made it--there wasn't any traffic in those days. To be sure, he clashed the gears, raced the engine, often shifted from low gear directly to high--or started in second gear, etc.--and in the fifty odd years of future driving he never improved a bit--he got worse. He always paid much more attention to the fields and crops than to the road, and many times I have yelled just in time to avoid a trip to the ditch or worse. It was a day's job for a couple of us kids to shine the brass: gas head lights, side and tail lights, windshield frame, radiator, hub caps, steering column, clock, speedometer--Oh Lord what else! It had a beautifully designed crank, it took a good man to spin it. (The first electric starter was on the 1912 Cadillac.) In the winter and early spring, the snow and mud

usually made us revert to old Dan and the carryall. He traded it in for a good deal in 1918 for a Page, and he had to learn all over--it was a left hand drive.

The second car was the going from the sublime to the ridiculous. It arrived about a year after the Jackson. It was the official car of the fire chief of Rutherford, New Jersey, being sold to keep the Fire Department abreast of the time. It was a bright red Ford Model T runabout, 1910 model. It had a starter, and fortunately a crank, because it took far more muscle to use the starter than to crank it. The starter consisted of a large ratchet and arm attached to the protruding front end of the crank shaft, with the necessary rope, pulley and handle. The driver sat down behind the wheel, braced himself, pulled on the starter rope a couple of times, gave up and got out and cranked it. It was the work car. Papa built a wooden box behind the seat and it became a pick-up, but the word was yet to be invented much less the machine. It lasted for about five years, over the back roads, through the fields, sometimes pulling farm machinery, always overloaded, never greased or painted. Papa never did learn for sure what the three pedals on the floor were supposed to do, and he often put it in the ditch if there was an interesting field to inspect. It was replaced with a used Chevrolet runabout. That was more conventional and had both a starter and left hand drive with all standard controls. It had a leather faced cone clutch, not housed (or was the cover removed) and if it

slipped in the field, he carried a stick of proper length to block the clutch pedal down, then he crawled underneath and threw a handful of sand in the open clutch. It worked, too, and didn't cost as much as new clutch facing. Needless to say, it had the usual home made box on the back which was usually overloaded. It was replaced around 1920 when I left home, by another Model T Ford, which the girls remember better than I. As for the passenger cars, they were pretty conventional four door cars from 1920 on, but the driver never became conventional.

One time when Janet was a teenager, she went with Mamma and Papa in his Plymouth coupe to a camp in the Pines. Parking required turning and backing up to the edge of the lake (a former cranberry bog). He jockeyed around all right but forgot to stop and ended with the rear wheels in the water. He turned to my long suffering mother and said: "Damn it, Lida, why didn't thee put on the brake!" Typical.

Ruth has supplied me with a few choice anecdotes about his driving which I take the liberty of appending.

"One afternoon Papa left on an errand in the Chevy coupe that served as a carrier for milk cans, etc. There were no pickup trucks in these days--only passenger cars and trucks. Papa had had the rumble seat removed and a wooden box arrangement installed for toting whatever needed to be transported in something smaller than the Packard truck. Shortly after he had left he phoned home to tell Ruth to bring the other car to a certain curve on the Medford Road.

He said he couldn't get the Chevy started. Ruth arrived at the curve to see the Chevy in the gully beside the road, all four wheels in the air. Papa had been looking at a man cultivating a field and when the road curved he didn't. The man had run across the field shouting, 'Get out of that car before it burns up.' Papa had replied, 'You can't kill an old buck.' The only injury to him, other than his pride, was a burn on his cheek which had been caused by the acid from the battery which had run down his face when the car upset. He hadn't told Ruth the problem over the phone because he didn't want to frighten Mamma or cause Ruth to drive too fast, as she had just received her driver's license."

"Years later he and Mamma were driving to Schenectady to see Charles. Having gotten safely most of the way through Albany he almost collided with another car at a cross street and was stopped by the policeman who had been following him. The cop said, 'Jersey, you went through a red light at such-and-such a street, you switched lanes twice without signalling and now you've almost hit somebody. My advice to you is to turn around and go back to Jersey and stay there.'"

He told us, with all our complaints of his driving he hadn't done what Horace Roberts did when he exchanged his driving from horse and buggy to his first car. He went to put it into the shed and was heard to say, "Whoa, thee!

Back thee! Damn thee!" as he went through the front end of the shed.

Beautiful big apples saved him more than once. He always had several with him and had them ready before a policeman got far with his reprimands.

UNCLE WILMOT AND THE BOATHOUSE

In the 1880's, Wilmot Hansell, having established himself as a druggist and owner of a prosperous drug store in Philadelphia, decided to return to the realm of his boyhood. He had married an attractive and talented Philadelphia girl who made him an excellent wife and mother of his children.

A strip of land at Centerton was available, across the road from what was to become my father's Centerton farm. It was roughly forty acres, sand, about half wooded and included a strip of wooded land fronting on the Rancocas River just down stream from the Centerton bridge. He had his home built along the road as close to Masonville as possible, to be within easy walking distance to the railroad station. Train service was excellent, commuting was just as easy as it could have been any place in the Philadelphia suburbs, and he had the bonus of river front property and being near most of his Hansell family. The house was a spacious, classic early American edifice, with wide, covered verandas across the front and one side, had four bedrooms, bath, kitchen, dining room, den, larger parlor with a grand piano. It was tastefully furnished throughout. A spacious front and side lawn was tastefully landscaped and planted. Behind the house, well spread out to lessen possible fire damage, were a number of outbuildings. A stable for two horses with a hay mow above, carriage house, tool shed, chicken house and fenced yard and most important the wind

mill which was built over the well in the back yard. It drove the pump that filled the storage tank in the attic of the house. A hand operated pump in the enclosed wind mill structure furnished water for the animals.

Well, who lived there?

Wilmot Hansel

Virginia Hansell, his wife

Maurice, Dudley and Anna, their three children

I really don't know the details of the education of the children. Certainly the local Masonville school was entirely inadequate. There must have been some commuting to private schools in Philadelphia.

I remember that when I was about 6 years old, Dudley had graduated from the University of Pennsylvania as a mechanical engineer and went with the B.&O.R.R., with home at Baltimore, Maryland. He was in charge of the operation and maintenance of the B&O ship coaling station at Sparrows Point, from where West Virginia coal was shipped all over the world. Maurice, the older boy, was finishing medical college. He became a physician with a New York insurance company, lived in New York, married a New York girl named Linda. He attended my grandmother Lippincott during her last few months. He also owned the house in Closter, New Jersey, where Uncle Richard and Aunt Ella lived just before Uncle Richard's death. Actually, I never saw him. I know that Anna commuted to private school and finishing school in Philadelphia.

I never knew Virginia very well. Certainly she kept a model house, was an excellent wife and mother, and probably missed the social life of the city. Aunt Ella was very fond of her and often spoke very highly of her. She died of cancer shortly after we moved from the Centerton farm.

A wagon track through the scrub woods lead to the river. Ah! The river! The boat house that housed the "Viola" a pretty little clinkerbuilt row boat, with detachable mast, rudder and sails, the inclined plankway with rollers (turned by Wilmot's father) to roll the Viola into the river, the picnic table on the shaded high ground overlooking the river, the small fireplace where many a pot of delicious coffee was brewed.

The two boys and kid sister must have had many happy summers there, before I was born. My parents and I got in on quite a few pleasant family picnics the few years when we lived on the Centerton farm.

The swimming possibilities depended on the tide. At high tide, the mud flats on both sides of the river were covered. The river was wide and beautiful. The channel was across the river from the boat house and a sand bar in mid stream, covered with about five feet of water at high tide. Often the water level on the sand bar made it a good playground. Also at high tide a tug boat with a couple of barges in tow might be seen, or the "Annie L. Van Sciver," the little steam boat that plied between Philadelphia and

Hainesport, would whistle for the draw bridge at Centerton to open.

At low tide, the mud flats on both sides of the river were exposed and it took courage to wade through the mud to the sand bar and the channel, which was acceptable bathing.

After we left the Centerton farm, we had little contact with the boathouse. Aunt Virginia died, both boys were far from home, Anna was occupied taking care of Uncle Wilmot who was becoming increasingly difficult, she married a local man named Mason and raised three children who attended Moorestown High school with my three sisters.

The New Jersey turnpike was in the planning stage. The optimum place for the river crossing took the highway directly through Anna's house. They moved it just off the turnpike right-of-way and tore down all the outbuildings.

Anna had just settled into the new surroundings when the Public Service Electric Company was getting rights-of-way for a big steel tower transmission line along side the recently completed turnpike, right through Anna's home. This time she settled for money, built a pretty little home where the picnic table used to be on the bank above the river. (Vandals had long before stolen the "Viola" and burned the boathouse.)

Two years ago Ruth and I called on Anna who, at age 90, was keeping house with one of her grandsons. Her husband had died two years before. She had a garden, ran her car and seemed happy.

That is what I can recall about Uncle Wilmot.

There is more. In the early 1920's after I had left home, my father and my Uncle Aubrey Walton persuaded Anna to rent space at the boathouse site for a shack for picnics and swimming. I have asked Ruth to record some recollections of the good times those kids had there.

Ruth continues:

"Really I can't add to thy account of the shack. The Levi Waltons, Aubrey Waltons, Lippincotts and Dudleys all helped build the one-room building and the big outdoor fireplace, as well as the long wooden table and benches. Occasionally in summer we would all go there for Sunday breakfast, of ham, eggs, fried potatoes, coffee, all cooked on the big grate over the open fireplace. We kids would think we were starving while we smelled and waited for the food. Other times on Sunday we would all take picnic suppers there--along with watermelons and/or cantaloupes and/or an ice cream freezer full of fresh peach or strawberry ice cream. If the tide was high enough we would try to swim in the creek, if it was low we might wade out, knee-deep in icky mud, to the water, or give up before we got that far. Remember the spring from which we got our drinking water? Occasionally there was a frog in the wooden frame that held the water and once we saw a snake beside it--what kind of snake I never knew, but it was harmless."

"For a few years the Herbert Lewises rented the boat-house area. They built a boat that didn't leak too badly,

and enjoyed their picnics, but we didn't mingle much--why, I don't know. I don't remember any more--not as much--about Anna Mason than thee does. She had three children, Virginia and two boys, twins."

"TEEN" YEARS AND BEYOND

Changes were in the making, slow at first but accelerated after World War #1.

The Centerton farm continued to produce about as in the past, apples and peaches in their prime, always watermelons, cantaloupes, sweet potatoes in every opening between tree rows. It continued so until 1926 when it was sold.

On both farms tractors took the place of teams for all the heavy farm work, and trucks made "over the road hauling quick and easy. The 1914 autocar truck and later the 1917 Packard (of which I was inordinately proud and insisted on driving and properly maintaining), did all the hauling to Dock Street and many a load of neighbors' tomatoes to Campbell Soup Company in Camden.

Papa and Mamma were properly proud of the home farm. He had arrived as a prosperous farmer. He wanted the farm to have a name, one that set the place off by itself. A rare family conference was held. The little bubbling spring, the source of the brook that divides the farm in two parts, was mentioned and finally "Centerbrook" evolved. Not "Centrebroom"--too "high hat." "Centerbrook" proudly appeared on the mailbox, on the new Packard truck, stationery, check books, etc. I guess we didn't realize that there was room for confusion between "Centerbrook" and the Centerton farm and village. It didn't matter.

Centerbrook continued to produce potatoes, sweet corn, field corn, cabbage, hay, etc., but by 1920 there was little market for hay.

I was home from college in the summer from 1920 to 1924, but I didn't sense the changes in the offing. Then I went with the Power Company in Schenectady and was never again intimately involved in the farm practice.

Dick graduated from Rutgers in 1929. He always claimed, probably correctly, that the facilities, both physical and pedagogical, were in the formative stage and he learned little of value. But he did become intimately acquainted with many of the faculty who, through succeeding years, remained valued consultants on his agricultural problems, and undoubtedly later opened opportunities for him to become county farm agent in first Passaic County and later in Mercer County. He retired in 1969, highly regarded by the farmers with whom he had worked.

Also in 1929, the Bob Dudley farm adjoining Centerbrook was for sale and Papa bought it and he and Dick worked the two farms as one for almost 14 years through the depression. In 1935 he married Marian Forsythe and lived in the old Bob Dudley house for about 10 years. Their daughter Dorothy was born there.

Farm produce prices were below the cost of marketing. The Japanese beetle was uncontrolled, fruit growers were loosing the battle against their pests--what to do!

Papa turned to dairying.

He had the mule stalls removed and stanchions for about 50 cows installed and over the period of a few years, built two large silos, a modern milk house with one of the first electrically refrigerated milk cooling tanks in the state, milking machine, running water, electricity--everything.

Papa had built an enclosed shed attached to the barn, the mule pen, where he turned out the mules in the winter and kept them well supplied with feed and bedding. They liked it, they had so much more freedom than in their stalls. He thought the cows would do better there in the winter. He had the pen greatly enlarged and the automatic water trough installed in one corner. This was a mistake, as will appear later.

In 1928 he heard of a dairy farm sale at Stillwater, New York, on the Hudson River, north of Albany. He bought the whole herd. He took a circuitous trolley ride to Schenectady through Saratoga, to call on Peggy and me. Janet had just been born. He stayed over night.

From this point in time I must rely almost entirely on material furnished by my brother Richard, who was intimately connected with the operation of the farms until they were both sold in 1943.

I quote from Dick's letter in answer to my request for information on details of the brucellosis (abortion) epidemic that developed in 1931, before there was any medicine or vaccine or even reliable test for it.

"I've procrastinated in writing the enclosed for you as the memory of the terrible time at Centerbrook with abortion makes me 'see red.' What a pity that an untrained, hardworking, good farmer was faced with such a mess."

"The problem with brucellosis in the herd was enough to drive a much lesser man than our father out of the dairy business in despair. Animals aborted usually well before carrying calves seven months. Some became sterile and certainly the balance of nature so disrupted in their system that milk production was drastically reduced."

"Cows and heifers left the herd via some cheap slaughter house operations truck. That operator sent by the State."

"The New Jersey State Department of Agriculture blood tested the herd a few times a year and animals showing a positive titre were condemned. The state did reimburse about one-third what the animal was worth. The testing program was far from perfect at that time as a positive titre would show up only at unpredictable times in the pregnancy of the animal."

"Father was led to believe by some well meaning but often ill informed bumbling bureaucrats that all milk from a herd not entirely free of this disease could not be sold for human consumption. He was in hopes that he would be a pioneer and would be in a great position to offer milk at a premium. In fact he actually was caught in furnishing a herd free of charge for research."

"How did this disease get started in the herd and go through the herd so rapidly? Nothing to answer this question was ever positively pinned down. It is known, however, that one of the state's self-styled dairy leaders sold father three or four bred heifers because he 'claimed' he was overstocked. These heifers, when blood testing started at Centerbrook, failed the test. The above dairy 'leader' was later found to have learned a method for privately blood testing and cleaned out reactions before submitting to the testing program of the state. This dishonest and unethical action may or may not be the cause of the outbreak at Centerbrook."

"A factor which may have hastened the spread of brucellosis throughout the herd was the confining of the herd during the winter months in the covered barnyard. When an animal would show a discharge or abort, the bacteria would easily be digested by other animals."

"Within months or certainly within a year or two of the terrible outbreak, a vaccine was developed which if used properly, almost entirely eliminated the disease. Too bad our father had to become a guinea pig in the development of this program and it is believed that his herd was a primary contributor in the research program."

"Concerning mastitis in the herd at Centerbrook in the 30's: this disease in the udders of some of the cows did indeed exist and sometimes was of serious nature. Prevention and treatment measures at that time had not

advanced to the point where an adequate solution was found. Modern methods including medication and management have greatly reduced this insidious disease."

"The disease still is a concern in the dairy industry and has been found in many different mammals."

In 1933, and again in 1935, after the brucellosis was under control, Papa went to Wisconsin and each time bought a carload of heifers to replace losses. Each time he hung a cot from the roof of the cattle car and rode with the heifers. At each marshalling yard where the train was broken up for rerouting there were pens and watering troughs. Papa insisted that the heifers not be unloaded but be watered in the car with buckets to avoid infection. He even charmed the brakemen into helping him.

On the last trip, they arrived at the Philadelphia yard on Saturday. The next freight train to Hartford, New Jersey, was Monday. He asked the dispatcher to have a locomotive run them over to Hartford at once. Of course, he refused. Papa told him that Monday evening he and the president of the railroad would both be at the Moorestown school board meeting and he didn't want to bring the matter to his attention. He came home on the trolley, had one of the girls meet him at Moorestown, went home via Hartford and found the cattle car on the siding.

The last few years on the farm for Mamma and Papa were uneventful and probably disappointing in that their dream of

an outstanding dairy was not quite fulfilled after they had tried so hard.

In conclusion, it is my regret that there will not be a Lippincott to carry the name of this branch into the next generation.