LONG VALLEY LONG AGO
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BEING
THE MEMORIES
and
PHILOSOPHICAL REMARKS
of
ONE OF THAT GENERATION,
A BOY IN THE PERIOD
JUST AFTER THE WAR BETWEEN
THE STATES,
RECORDED FOR PUBLICATION
LONG AFTERWARD

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A FOREWORD

Within this little volume are the recorded memories of one of the boys of period 1865-1875.

Upon reaching a more advanced age he put on paper facts and philosophy which your present editor offers to a faster moving generation for their information.

It is printed in facsimile of the previously presented booklet published in 1925 by a long time resident of our Valley for the then rising generation.

From it the present generation can learn much about our Valley. For the oldsters among us this nostalgic bit of writing may recall things almost but not quite forgotten.

For easier recognition of places mentioned, an Appendix section has been added giving up-to-date clues to locations and buildings long since greatly changed or torn down.


GERMAN VALLEY
Fifty to Sixty Years Ago

Written by One of the "Boys" and
Censored by One of the "Girls"

Elmer Schoenheit
W. E. Smith
PREFACE

It might be said that a man's life is comprised of three stages. The first begins with childhood and passes along through youth. This stage is the real heyday in life. It carries no responsibility, no cares, no burdens. The little troubles are quickly wiped away, and they disappear like a morning dew under the warm rays of the sun. No thoughts of the future. The past is still ahead of them. Nothing to think about but their pleasures. With them this stage passes slowly. Christmas is a long way off, but it comes, and they gradually drift into the second stage and things begin to look different.

The light character of youth is transplanted by a more sombre reality of a new life. The young man begins to vision the future. He begins to build air castles. He lays awake nights planning for the future and drops off into a sleep that brings dreams of a wonderful success. With few exceptions the real hard battles of life are fought by the time the fiftieth mile post has been reached, and the middle stage is the most important because during it the stamp of failure or success is indelibly written.

Now comes the third and last stage. No more looking forward to any great achievements. Air castles built now are usually without firm foundation
PANORAMIC picture of German Valley taken fifty to sixty years ago would present a much different view than one taken today. By actual count there were fifty-four buildings and in this I begin with the old Lambert Sharp farm down the Valley, going up the mountain as far as the old parochial school house, which was the last house in that direction. It was a busy little village in those days. There were two churches, three stores, two shoe shops, two blacksmith shops, four grist mills, and saw mill combined and a hotel. It was the metropolis of the surrounding country within a radius of at least four miles.

MAIL SERVICE

The first mail route was between High Bridge and German Valley. Just when this was established I have no means of knowing, but I have a very vivid recollection of the old stage-coach of 1866-1867 as it rolled in at the end of each day, bringing not only the mail, but invariably a full load of passengers. Harvey Cool was the proprietor of this route and in addition to this he acted as a subsidiary to the express company between High Bridge and New York, making daily trips to the city. In performing the functions that belonged to a regular carrier and in this way the village was supplied with out of town goods.

and they crumble under the pressure of advanced progress. The border line to live on the past. Thus is that we find men who have reached three score or more fond of telling about the old good old days, and the writer of this story is no exception to the rule.
Whether the route between Hackettstown and German Valley was established while the High Bridge route was in operation I am unable to say, but I think that it must have been around 1869-1870 that the latter was abandoned, and then all our mail came via Hackettstown. John Frone, Sr., had the contract for many years and I think it was his boast that he only failed but three times to bring the old mail pouch through.

CHURCHES

Either one of two things, people fifty to sixty years ago were more religiously inclined than they are today or they have found a shorter and easier way to manifest it. Fifty years ago there was not sufficient “parking” places to accommodate the vehicles that brought folks to church. Then every foot of space around the three sides of the Lutheran churchyard was occupied, with an overflow along the adjoining street, and the long hitching rail that ran from the Presbyterian church up to the old Hager homestead was not sufficient to accommodate those who worshipped there.

I can just remember a minister by the name of Glenn who looked after the spiritual welfare of the Presbyterians, but as I was started out in the Lutheran faith my early recollections are more confined to that church. Rev. Alfred A. Hiller was shepherd of that flock and a wonderful man he was. Of commanding appearance, brilliant in thought, and a masterly way of expression he was well fitted for the higher position he was called to, that of a Professorship in Hartwick Seminary.

His Ministry in German Valley covered a period of twenty-three years and it was always a wonder to me how it was that a small village could hold a man of his calibre for so long a time. He was a wonderful organizer and he took great interest in the Sunday School, always searching for something to interest the scholars, and the size of the school in those days told the result of his efforts. His Christmas entertainments were not only a source of delight to the children, but they were equally enjoyed by the old folks and Christmas Eve always found the church packed to the doors. It was not only a great loss to the church when he left to fill a more important trust, but a loss to the entire county because he was almost as well known on the outside as he was in German Valley. He is now dead, but his memory still lives within everyone who knew him.

SCHOOLS

In this age when every municipality is trying to excel the other towards extending the privilege of advanced education, I wonder whether some folks will believe me in describing the first school I attended in German Valley. The building is still standing, having been remodeled into a dwelling house. It stands alongside the old graveyard just back of the Swackhammer garage, and at the time I am writing about, it was all open space between the graveyard and the public road leading up the mountain. The little brook that ran through the center of this open space formed a nucleus for a sport that might be dreamed about, but its wonderful pleasures never realized now. There were few houses on the mountain street.

Between the Swackhammer store and the Doctor Willet homestead the road was lined on both sides with a stone fence, and the open space gave a good view from the schoolroom windows far up the mountain. Two large willow trees stood out in front of the building and these not only gave shade for the children at play, but their heavy boughs made a
strong support for swings. The building consisted of two floors. The second floor was the schoolroom while the first was used for weekly prayer-meetings, etc. On one side of the lower entrance to the schoolroom a wooden rack with wood pegs was fastened to the wall. This was the "cloakroom" and each boy and girl had their own particular peg, and sometimes these had to be held by force of arms.

Sometimes I think that a picture of that old schoolroom would make Abe Lincoln's early life mere the product of modern times because it does not seem possible that anything could be more crude. The teacher's desk (a home-made affair) stood on a small platform at one end of the room. The scholars' desks consisted of a wide shelf that was fastened to the two sides of the room in a slanting position. These ran the full length of the room. In front of these were benches of various length and heights, high benches for the small scholars, lower for the big ones.

In the center of the room stood the stove, and this would be hard to describe to be understood. It fell to the lot of the larger boys to build the fire every morning. They "took their turn" at this work, and if there is any truth in that old saying that "the kind of a husband can be judged from the way he can build a fire," I'm inclined to believe that some of the girls got "stung" because I can recall that many times the fire had to be rebuilt with the thermometer at or below zero.

The first teacher that I have any recollection of was a man by the name of Seeley, and the most that I remember about him was that he was a great believer in the biblical logic, "spare the rod and spoil the child," and if there is any virtue in that logic the boys of German Valley were not spoiled. Whether it was because of my age, or whether I belonged to the angel division in that day I do not know, but I was fortunate in escaping his emotional wrath. However, most of the larger boys could testify that the long switch that always stood behind his desk was not inert.

I remember very well of having seen the black and blue wells on the back of a boy by the name of Anderson when we were in swimming a week after he had been flogged by Seeley. If the switch happened to break while in service the boy was sent out to cut another from a nearby tree and one can imagine the feeling of the boy on a mission of this kind. Teachers changed often and it was seldom that we had the same one two years in succession, but they were all alike in their method of punishing.

It was not until I attended the private school in what was then known as the Parochial school that I remember much about what was taught or how it was taught. This building is still standing, and like the one I have just told you about, it was remodeled into a dwelling house and occupies a position overlooking the present school building.

As to the early history of this school I know nothing about. I have often wondered why nothing had ever been written about it. From its original name I assume that it belonged to a church, and it is possible that a church record would chronicle its history, but it had been vacant a long time when James S. Taylor came along and opened a school, and I think this must have been around 1870.

The story goes that Mr. Taylor was at one time a sea captain, but whether he was or was not he established a reputation as a teacher that brought him scholars from a long distance, some of them coming on horseback. His method of teaching was practical, and although I was quite young at the time I still make use of some of the "short cuts" he taught.

Many of the scholars who attended that school
are dead while others have drifted away, but those who are left and read this story will testify that James S. Taylor has no peer today when it comes to imparting knowledge and making it stay. Although this schoolroom had the same kind of slanting desks around the room they were somewhat smoother, and each scholar had his or her individual stool to sit on and this gave an air of superiority over the “district” school. Mr. Taylor must have had some bible training, too, because he made frequent use of the rod, and with him I was not as fortunate as I had been with Seeley. Such were the school days fifty to sixty years ago.

HOTEL

The hotel that accommodated the public sixty years ago stands on the same foundation today that it stood then although many changes and alterations have been made since that time. The short “bar” (not over eight feet long) that was located in the northeast corner of the front room known as the “bar room” was quite in contrast with the more elaborate one of a later day.

The dining room as I remember it ran across the entire width of the building in the rear, and the long dining table that extended almost the full length of the room was usually filled with transient guests. This room was frequently used as a Court room where local differences were fought out before a Justice of the Peace, and I might casually remark that the office of Justice of the Peace was quite a lucrative job in those days, and a lawsuit proved an interesting drama that drew spectators from all parts of the township.

Although Augustus Metler was not the first Host the Hotel ever had he was the first one that I can remember, and my memory of him is rather dim because he died when I was only a little boy. After his death the hotel was taken in charge by Nelson Hyde (they called him Nel), and he was eminently fitted for the job. Quiet in manner, but stern in resolution and a total abstainer he was particularly well fitted and fortified to meet the varied conditions that confronted the country hotel keeper of sixty years ago. He was generous to a degree and the signature of Nelson Hyde always headed the subscription list when any Church or Public Improvement funds were required. It was during his administration that many of the alterations to the building were made. He retired from active business in 1899 and died in 1904.

STORES

The first store that I have any recollection of was in a stone building that stood on the spot where the present butcher shop now stands. The owner and proprietor was Miller Hager, who fell heir to it from his father Lawrence Hager. Following Miller Hager’s death Fred Bryant ran the store for a couple of years, then sold it to Angar & Anthony, who later on turned it over to Edward Weise. He continued there until he built the store now owned and conducted by Jesse Weise and then Trimmer & Swackhammer used the old store a year. When they moved back into their old quarters where they are now Eugene Eveland carried on the business in the old stand. His exit closed the building as a store and for a time it was used as a harness shop and finally torn down.

It was in the earliest of my memory that Samuel Welsh built the large store “over the bridge” that is now known as the Swackhammer store. It was considered the best built and equipped store in New Jersey at the time, having freight elevator, cold storage room and modern fixtures. Mr. Welsh operated
the store only a short time when he died, and then Apgar & Weise ran it for a year or two when E. M. Trimmer & Co. (afterwards Trimmer & Swackhammer) moved down from Chester and took possession.

It was after this time that Morris Naughrignt fitted up the wheelwright shop in the building now occupied by James Frone into a store that was conducted under the name of Naughrignt & Bartles, and later on Mr. Naughrignt remodeled the wheelwright shop that was in the stone building across the street where George McLean is now located and the firm moved over there. This is the story of the stores in German Valley prior to 1876.

There were no mail order houses in those days. The “country store” carried practically everything that was needed, but it goes without saying that the needs then were nothing compared to what they now are.

The farmers for miles around came to the Valley to do their “trading.” Butter and eggs were weighed and counted, the accounting was usually done on a sheet of brown wrapping paper. Every now and then a footing was made to see “how much was coming.” It was so many yards of this and so many pounds of that, the trial balance attained by “taking it out in candy.” These were the shopping days for the farmer’s wife, and we imagine that she derived more pleasure from them than our own do now going up and down the aisles in a department store.

Not much real money passed hands then. It was only in the fall of the year when the family had to be shod up that brought forth real cash, and even then it was not used if its equivalent could be had in trade.

Not only was the country store the clearing house for everyday wants, but it was a haven of rest for the men-folk after their day’s work was ended and supper finished. Here it was that they would gather to talk over the events of the day, discuss each other and everybody else. A clay pipe with a paper of “hod carrier’s delight” filled the bill better than a “Romeo and Juliet,” and in those days “chewing” was considered an aristocratic art.

With no easy access to the city the store depended almost entirely on “drummers” for supplies, and it was not uncommon to see four or five of these “knights of the road” encamped in town at one time, and their yarns over the cracker barrel served to break the monotony of things. Every now and then a candy wagon would come to town and it was on such occasions that a cent looked as big as a dollar. There are two of the merchants still living in the Valley who “kept store” prior to 1870 and we wonder whether they ever think and live over in their minds the “good old days.”

GRIST MILL

If anybody should ask me what I considered to be the best and most prosperous business in German Valley fifty to sixty years ago I would unhesitatingly say “the grist mill,” and it was not only so in German Valley, but it was so all over the country. The man who owned a good grist mill at that time was absolutely independent.

Without any railroad facilities the farmers living a long distance from a city market depended entirely on the local mill to dispose of their grain, and in both fall and spring it was a common sight to see a line of farm wagons from the mill to the center of town, all loaded with grain taking their turn to weigh, unload and carry away the money earned by a hard year’s work.

Obediah Latourette owned and operated the Valley mill, and it certainly was a busy plant. Run-
ning with water power the wheels were started promptly at 1:30 A. M. on Monday and they never stopped until 11:30 Saturday night. Water was much more plentiful then than it is now. There were two millers in charge, each having a helper. Philip Park had charge during the day while Wesley Appgar looked after the mill at night. The office was fitted with two sleeping “bunks,” lower and upper, where “cat-naps” were taken alternately during the night, and in this way the mill ran along winter and summer, a haven of security to the farmer and a resourceful asset to the owner.

Most of the mill product found its market in Newark and this meant a four-mile wagon haul to the nearest railroad at Chester. There was, however, quite a market at Dover, Port Oram (now called Wharton), Mine Hill and Brooklyn Pond (now Lake Hopatcong), and the delivery to these places was made with four horses or what they called a “four horse team.” As a rule the heavy wagons were loaded the night before, and the break of day following found them on their way. Many times two such loads would start out together and from this one can imagine the amount of business done as compared with what is being done today in mills of this kind.

SAW MILL

A reminiscence of the Grist Mill would not be complete without saying something about the saw mill that was in one sense part and parcel of the grist mill itself, and then too a saw mill in these days was almost as important to the surrounding country as a flour and feed mill. Practically all the lumber used in the building of that day came from the saw mill.

It was during the winter that the farmer cut his trees down and brought the logs to the mill to be sawed into timber of various sizes suitable for his use and there were few times throughout the year that the narrow road in front of the mill was not seriously hampered by logs piled ten or twelve feet high.

The mill was of the oldtime “jig” type, operated by water through what was known as a “flutter” wheel acting direct to the saw frame and while the process was slow the saw mill added greatly to the yearly income of the owner. The “slabs” were bought by those having no woodland of their own, the price being one dollar for a big two horse load, and as coal had not yet been accepted as a fuel in German Valley we were dependent to a large extent on the saw mill for our fire wood, although some cordwood was used.

George Lance was “master of ceremony” at the saw mill and it was only now and then when some exceptionally heavy log had to be handled that George ever asked for help.

The building was located in the rear of the grist mill and while it carried a pretense of being enclosed one might as well be out in the open as far as getting any protection from the cold winds of winter and many times I have seen George work two hours chopping ice from around the water wheel before he could get his mill started. Later on the portable saw mill crowded the old mill out of business, but it stood idle a long time and was finally torn down. The charge for sawing was 50 cents per 100 feet on regular sizes with an extra 10 cents added for boards thinner than one inch.

BLACKSMITHS

Sixty years ago there were two blacksmith shops in German Valley, each operating two anvils and both overloaded with work every day in the year. One was located in the basement of what is now the store of James Frone, and when one looks at that building now they will wonder now it was possible
to get horses in and out with the low overhead, and this is explained by the fact that the roadway out in front of this building has been elevated as much as two feet since that time.

Morris Miller was a typical "village smithy" and it was he who operated the business at this stand. From early morning until late at night the ring of the anvil sounded notes of activity. The other shop stood between the stone school house and the Swackhammer store and was run by another man by the name of Miller—William Miller, who afterward bought a farm at Flanders and moved there. There was little or no competition between the two shops because both had all they could do.

Blacksmithing in those days was very different than it is now. Practically everything used had to be hammered out by hand. A machine-made horseshoe was unheard of and even the nails were made by hand. It was during the summer months when there was less shoeing to be done that the shoes and nails were made, and when fall and winter came along the walls of a country blacksmith shop were literally plastered with shoes waiting for icy weather to be taken down, "toed" and "heeled" for the horses that came from all parts of the township, and it was not unusual to see a dozen or more of these waiting their turn to be shod. The smithy often working by candle light far into the night, the charge for shoeing a horse "all around" being one dollar.

Horseshoeing was not the only qualification required from the smithy. All the ironwork that went with the wagon had to be hammered out and fitted. There were no "factory made" wagons then and the blacksmith had to be an artisan in every sense of the word, his work covering a very broad scope.

WHEELwrights

As the saw mill was to the grist mill so was the wheelwright an adjunct to the blacksmith. Their lines were parallel, they worked together and the one couldn't go along very well without the other. Sixty years ago Jesse Gerard drove the spokes in the room where James Frone now dispenses ice cream and confectionery. This was the floor over the blacksmith shop of Morris Miller. He continued here until 1865 when the stone building across the street was built when he moved to Dover and James and Jacob Able came to the Valley and began wheelwrighting in the new building where George McLean has a store now.

This floor was used as a woodworking shop while the second floor was used for painting wagons in the rear part with a shoemaker's shop in front, while the basement was occupied by the blacksmith.

On the outside of the building next the river a steep inclined wood roadway was built to get the wagons to the paint shop, and this operation required the assistance of six or seven husky men. After the Abels retired from business Isaac D. Horton became our wheelwright, and it was soon after this that Mr. Naugrigh tied remodeled this building into a store and built a one-story shop on the spot where the fire house now stands, one end of which was used as a blacksmith shop while the other housed the wheelwright. This building was torn down several years ago.

SHoemakers

Shoemaking sixty years ago was also a busy trade, and although German Valley had four shops in operation there was plenty of work for all. Probably the shop of Anthony Baker would be the best one to begin on because Anthony was a character in himself. His shop was in the log house he lived in.
and this stood where Jesse Weise now raises his wonderful tubers. It was a two-room and attic habitation where Anthony cobbled in one room while “Mary Ann” wrestled with dishes and nursed her cats in the other.

As I have said, Anthony was a character and the word character should be spelled with capital letters. A hunchback with a vocabulary of broken English (he was a German) that knew no bounds when once started carried a sense of knowledge and humor combined that was really fascinating. He was educated and well-read and usually worked with a newspaper within reach to prove his statements if necessary, and it was a mighty well posted man who could combat him in an oral fight over politics or on any other subject for that matter. He was with us several years, then moved to Four Bridges and followed his trade until his death.

Probably the oldest shoemaker both by age and length of service was “Daddy” Frace. His shop was in a small room on the second floor of the old stone store already mentioned. Little can be said of him except that he was a good shoemaker and a highly respected citizen. He retired from shoemaking to carry the mail between the Valley and Flanders.

The house where George Swackhammer now lives was originally built for a shoemaker shop and oyster saloon, the shoe shop occupying the first floor while the bivalves were opened and enjoyed on the floor above. Daniel K. Henderson waxed threads and drove pegs in this establishment. This shop was no longer in existence. The building was enlarged and used as a dwelling house and Daniel moved to Schooleys Mountain.

The fourth shop was operated by Ezekial Frace who, by the way, was a son of “Daddy,” and his shop was in the basement of the house that burned down

a few years ago and stood where the bakery is now located. In addition to using the hammer and awl, “Zeke” sold oysters, tobacco and cigars and his place of business was quite a “hang-out” on rainy days. Later on he moved to the shop that was previously used by George Hummer as a harness shop in the George McLean store.

TANNERY

A picture of the German Valley of sixty years ago without showing the Barkhouse and vats of the old tannery would lose all its kaleidoscopic effect. Practically all the ground on the east side of the old graveyard between that and the river was used in tanning hides. A very large building stood about 40 feet from the road and this was called the “bark house” because it was in this building that the bark was ground and much of it stored. It was also used for finishing the hides after they had passed through the vats. The vats were in the rear of this building and ran down to the river, and it was one of the boys' delights to be permitted to pump the acid water from one vat to another with the chance of being fished out himself. Grinding bark was a dusty job, and the picture of that old mill with its long arch bent lever to which two horses were hitched is very vivid in my mind now and it brings back a memory of how the boys used to swing around the circle astride this lever behind the horses. The operator used a big wooden mallet to break the long strips of bark into pieces small enough to enter the mill. The shell of this old mill is now used as a flower vase in the yard of Jesse Weise. The bark mill standing in front of the playground was a target for the boys to show their hitting ability at ball. It was considered quite an achievement to put the ball over this build-
ing and every boy “went to the bat” with that ambition.

On the outside of the west end of this building a large circular stone was used to roll over hides. It was notched like a saw and attached in some manner to an upright shaft made of wood and pulled around in a circle by horsepower like the bark mill was operated. Just what its function was I have not been able to find out. The tannery was an important industry that made a market for farmers, not only in bark, but in the hides of animals that had no other market short of Newark.

John H. Weise (known as Hager) owned and operated this branch of industry and it was a lucrative business in those days. After the hides had been converted into leather they were sold in Newark to the dealers.

MOLASSES PLANT

Although making molasses was not carried on to any great extent, and while it might be called an individual interest it might be well to mention it to show our readers that notwithstanding the apparent rusticity of German Valley sixty years ago it was really progressive.

It was somewhere around 1867 that Morris Naughright, who lived in the stone house across the road from the hotel, conceived the idea of making molasses. Although Mr. Naughright was a farmer by occupation he was of a venturesome mind and ever ready to act on anything new that gave indication of financial profit to himself or a benefit to the town. Several acres of his large farm was planted with sugar cane, and while this was growing he erected the “factory” which consisted of a couple of oblong ovens built out in the open on one side of the lane that ran up to his barn along the Fox-Hill road. The paraphernalia consisted of some sheet iron pans the size of the oven into which the cane juice was boiled to a syrup. The only science required seems to be that of keeping the syrup well stirred until it reached a certain consistency and prevent it from burning. The mill for squeezing the juice from the cane was located in the old apple orchard back of the Lyman Kice house.

This mill consisted of two large wood rollers held together in an upright position and worked together in some simple manner while the power was provided by horses in much the same manner described in bark grinding. No labor strikes were ever recorded from this “plant.” “Joe” Smith handled the “mill” end while “Uncle” Morris manipulated the ovens.

SLAUGHTER HOUSE

While the word “slaughter” is not an aesthetic word to use these days it was commonly used sixty years ago. It is not an inviting subject to read about, but a mention of it will not only bring back to some memories of the past, but to know the location of this necessary evil may be interesting to this younger generation. The building stood along the river bank where the Lyman Kice barn now stands. It was a dark, dingy little building that carried an odor not pleasant to recall. Fred Bryant was the butcher and it was here the farmers brought their cattle to sell and be converted into meat. Two wagons were employed to deliver the meat to the surrounding country, and this circuit took in a radius of seven miles in each direction. This business was bought later on by Harvey Cool who engaged in it after the old mail route from High Bridge was abandoned.
PUBLIC WEIGHING SCALE

As the saw mill was to the grist mill and the wheelwright to the blacksmith so was the weighing scale to the butcher, because this was his only way of getting the weight of animals bought for slaughter. These scales stood right in the center of the village on the spot where the “green” now is. These scales were not only used in the interest of the butcher alone, but grain, hay and other produce was weighed for the nominal charge of 10 cents per weigh.

OLD LANDMARKS

As stated in the early part of this story, a picture taken of German Valley today would show a much different picture than one taken sixty years ago. The late picture would show many buildings that have been added in these years but it would be minus a number of the old ones that were conspicuous then. For example, instead of the beautiful home of Jesse Weise on the corner of the road in front of the Swackhammer garage you would see a large stone barn with the barnyard facing to Main Street, and where the Weise store stands you would see the huge wood-pile of the Weise homestead. The homestead itself would show an annex of frame one-and-one-half-story that was used as a harness shop.

The old stone church that was built in 1775 would look very different than it looks now. Even fifty years ago this church was in a very good state of preservation. The roof didn’t leak and the gallery around the three sides was there with the stairway leading to it in such passable condition that the school children made use of it in playing their “hide and go seek.” The pulpit, although shorn of its “trimmings,” stood firm with the large sounding board hanging from the wall above it. Even the sash were in the windows, the glass having been broken, and the solid door frame was evidence of workman’s skill in the use of the adze. The stone fence that surrounded the graveyard was intact with its peaked wood hood over which every boy in school had traveled hundreds of times. At one time an effort was made by L. R. Schoenheite (who was one of the most enterprising men of the time), to repair the church and make use of it, but he received little encouragement and the matter dropped. A small amount of money expended at the time would have saved this old relic and now stand as a monument to the sturdy stock that built it.

Another landmark that has gone was the large stone barn that stood along the Fox Hill road back of the Rice home. This belonged to the Naugright farm although the farm was fully one-half mile away from it.

Then, too, you would miss seeing the old town pump that stood alongside the road (almost in the road), in front of the new wing that has been added to the grist mill. A stone house occupied the spot of the new wing then and just to the left or south of this house there was a “dug-out” used as an ice house. The pump itself was an oak tree hewed octagon fully twelve inches in diameter with a four-inch hole bored through the entire length into which a wood disc with leather flapper worked as a valve. The water from this pump was very “hard” due to the limestone strata and it was only used for drinking, the nearby river furnishing water for the washings.

It was in 1870 that the old wooden bridge over the south branch of the Raritan was replaced by the stone bridge that still stands. Jesse Hoffman (afterwards elected Sheriff), superintended the building of it, and this recalls an incident that happened at
the time of building. Just after the arches had been completed and before the intersecting spaces had been filled in several successive showers came up that caused the river to rise rapidly.

Jacob Weise, who lived on Schooleys Mountain, happened to be in the Valley with his double team of horses hitched to a light buggy. While the bridge was being built the only way of crossing the stream was by fording at a point about 200 feet further up. Although the stream had swollen very much Mr. Weise in his anxiety to reach home decided to take a chance in fording. Harvey Cool accompanied him, but when they reached the middle of the stream the current was too strong and it carried horses, buggy and men down stream. Both men jumped and got to shore, but the horses continued until they reached the bridge where they became tangled up with the net work of supports that had not been removed. L. R. Schoenheite volunteered an attempt to rescue. With a rope around his waist he was lowered down and after several attempts finally got both horses out. The wagon was taken out the next day after the river had fallen.

FINAL

It may appear to some who read this story that the German Valley of fifty to sixty years ago was more antiquated than other villages of the time, but this is not so. The habits and customs were all the same throughout the country, and even the larger towns were not much more advanced. The real facts are that Washington Township held a position at the top in Morris County from the point of capital invested in manufacturing interests. Reading from a book written and published only a few years previous by Barber & Howe, entitled “Historical Col-

lection of the State of New Jersey,” we find Washington Township credited with $127,000 while Chester only had $23,250, Mendham, $29,800, and Morris Township, which included Morristown, Logansville, New Vernon and Morris Plains, only had $137,380 to her credit. From these figures it will be noted that Washington Township stood out strong against her neighbors. This same history mentions Dover as having “four blacksmiths, three wheelwrights and three shoemakers,” indicating that these trades dominated.

It should be a source of satisfaction, not only to those who now live in the old Home Town, but to the generation following them to read of the progress made within the life of man. The only real sad part of our story lies in the fact that during the World War the name of the village was changed to Long Valley. There was no necessity for this, but like many other foolish things done under the sentimental pressure at the time it was accomplished, but it is a satisfaction to know that those most instrumental in bringing this about were those who had no interest in the sacred memory of the sturdy old settlers who gave German Valley its name. To many of us it will always be GERMAN VALLEY, and long may the old Home Town live and prosper in the future as in the past.
“THE OLD HOME TOWN”

“There are fancier towns than our little town, There are towns that are bigger than this, And the people who live in a little old town Don’t know the excitement they miss. There are things that you see in a wealthier town, That you don’t in a town that’s small; And yet up and down there is no other town Like your own little town after all. It may be true that the streets ain’t long, Nor wide and maybe not straight, But the neighbors you know in your own little town, All welcome a fellow—it’s great! In the glittering streets of a glittering town, With its palace and pavement and thrall, In the midst of a throng you will frequently long For your own little town after all.

If you live and you work in your own little town, In spite of the fact that it’s small; You’ll find it a fact that your own little town, Is the BEST little town after all.”

APPENDIX

To make it easier for the reader of 1952 to identify some of the places mentioned in the text, numbers have been placed in the binding margins of the pages to call the attention of the reader to the notes below bearing the same numbers. In some cases the number is repeated near the location on the accompanying map.

1. Lambert Sharp Farm,- Dangra Farm, D.C.Riker
2. Anthony Farm,- Valley Hill Farm, residence of your Editor.
3. Parochial School,- Home of the late James Rice.
4. Hager Homestead,- House just West of Hotel.
5. Swackhammer store,- NU-WAY market.
6. Willet Homestead,- Home of late Mrs. John Apgar two houses South of Doctor Kossmann’s home.
7. Parochial School,- see number 3 above.
8. Butcher shop,- stood opposite Hager Homestead.
10. Frone store,- parking space east of L.V.Gen- eral Store.
11. McLean is now located,- Jerilyn Antiques.
12. Two of the merchants,- probably refers to Ed Weise and George Swackhammer, now deceased.
13. Store of James Frone,- see number 10 above.
15. George Swackhammer now lives,- just south of NU-WAY.
16. Bakery is now located,- K.Hoffman’s feed store.
18. Lyman Kice house, residence of George McLean.
20. Home of Jesse Weise, see number 17 above.

It is interesting to note that in old deeds and leases around 1700, one of the original proprietors who held title to a large portion of the lands in the district, described it as "The Long Valley". Thereafter the name German Valley was given to the area discussed in the text of the original printing of this little book. On October 13, 1918, the Post Office Department adopted the name Long Valley, following the suggestion of Mrs. E. Zeplin, wife of the last Postmaster of German Valley, and the first of Long Valley. Mr. Zeplin was the printer of the original material written by Mr. Jonathan Bartley, who was aided by Mrs. Joseph Smith and others.

The map of the village area does not include a large number of buildings now standing, and built since the period mentioned in the text. Some are shown in dotted outline, as for instance the Post Office, and the area East of Swackhammer's Garage to indicate the Tannery, and others. - Ed.