

The New Town Crier



Official Newsletter Of The Historical Society Of Bloomfield

VOLUME TWO, NUMBER FIVE

BLOOMFIELD, NEW JERSEY, 07003

NOVEMBER, 2002

**MEETING:
NOVEMBER 25**
8pm, Bloomfield Civic Center

**THE COMMON
SOLDIER IN THE
REVOLUTIONARY
WAR**

**A talk by
Richard Patterson**

The Historical Society of Bloomfield has invited Richard Patterson to speak at its November 25th meeting at the Bloomfield Civic Center. He is very well-qualified to speak about the common soldier during our war for independence. Mr. Patterson is Executive Director of the Old Barracks Museum in Trenton, New Jersey, and in fact oversaw the restoration of this 244 year old National Historic Landmark. The \$7 million restoration was award-winning, on time and under budget. In 2000 the Old Barracks Museum achieved full accreditation from the prestigious American Association of Museums.

During his tenure, the Old Barracks has hosted eight reenactments of the Battles of Trenton. A highlight was an enactment in 2001 for the 225th anniversary of General Washington's crossing of the Delaware, the march to Trenton and the Battles of Trenton and Princeton.

Prior to the Old Barracks, Mr. Patterson was Director of Van Cortland Manor, Croton-on-Hudson, and Director of Education at the Richmond Restoration on Staten Island.

Mr. Patterson's academic credentials include a B.A. in American History from Hunter College and an M.A. in American History from the State University of New York at Albany.

Mr. Patterson will speak at 8:00pm on November 25th at the Bloomfield Civic Center, following a short business meeting. The public and members are invited to attend. Come and enjoy the program. Refreshments will be served.

ENJOY OUR MUSEUM

Located above the Children's Library at 90 Broad Street.

HOURS:

Wednesday from 2:00 to 4:30pm all year.

Saturday from 10:00am to 12:30pm September to mid-June and by appointment

(973) 566-6220.

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Dues: Individual \$7.00, Couple \$10.00

Student (under 18 years) \$5.00

Organization (non-profit) \$10.00

Organization (commercial) \$25.00

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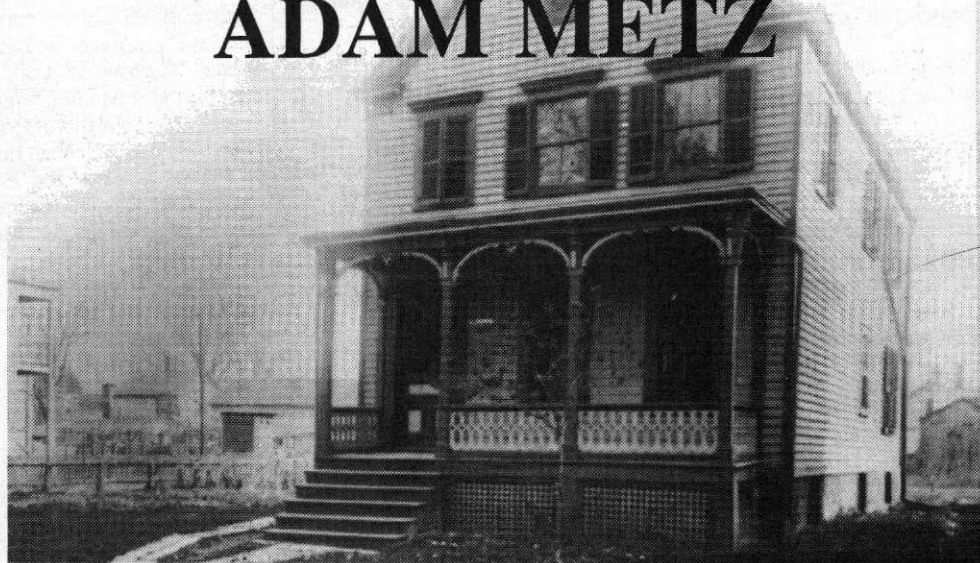
Membership Chairman

Historical Society of Bloomfield

90 Broad Street

Bloomfield, New Jersey 07003

"CELEBRATING" ADAM METZ



Shown here is Adam Metz's residence at 22 Canal Street (now Maple Street). It was offered for sale in the early years of the last century and was listed as having ten rooms . . . none of them bathrooms . . . and as suitable for conversion to a two-family house. It still stands, but with the blinds and gingerbread ornamentation removed, an addition to the left (containing bathrooms), and vinyl siding covering whatever remains of its 19th century appearance.

By Patricia Post

In Life...

Adam Metz was a citizen of Bloomfield in the mid through late 19th century. Although Mr. Metz was only on this earth for a short time, having died in 1890 at the age of 51 (which would have been considered well past middle age in 1890), he accomplished much in his lifetime. He was first and foremost a baker, operating his business out of his small home at 22 Canal Street (present-day Maple Street). Because of his desire to expand his bakery business, Mr. Metz purchased a larger piece of property, located at 446-448 Bloomfield Avenue (this property was previously owned by a Mr. Crogan; yes! from the same Croughan family of previous issues!), and immediately had ovens installed in the basement. However, his plan of expanding his bakery was quickly extinguished by two friends from Newark, both of whom were commercial bakers serving the Bloomfield area. They encouraged Metz to open a hotel/tavern on the property instead. In actuality, they were really doing Metz a favor because the hotel was a success.

During this time the Metz Hotel was comparable to the modest banquet halls of today. Many Bloomfield townspeople celebrated their special affairs in the form of dances and dinners at the hotel. An article in *The Bloomfield Citizen*, dated April 18, 1885, reads: "The invitation given by the Batchelor's Club, at Adam Metz's Hall, last night, was a good success. About 50 couples were present and enjoyed dancing till the early hours of the morning." This gives a pretty good indication of the festive times had by many at the hotel. Also, if some patrons had "too good of a time" and they could not make it home, well, then, there were rooms available right upstairs!!

The structure of the hotel was unique in itself, consisting of two 19th century buildings, each from different dates, joined together as one. The eastern portion is apparently the newer side due to the fact that it sported shingles on the gable end with a "jerkin head", or clipped roof - both features seen later in the century. There was about a five foot gap in between the structures which was bridged with a frame link that consisted of a window in the center above the main entrance. To span the valley between the two roofs, a "cricket" was added in order to deter snow and rain from accumulating in this space and causing damage to the rooms below.

The hotel used a cash till from 1878 through 1946 (the year the entire business was sold), eliminating the need for a cash register. Although the majority of cash tills were made from solid hard wood, the till used at the Metz Hotel was a solid chunk of marble on which the cash grooves were chiseled. Each groove was used for a different coin denomination. This till was made especially for the Metz Hotel and is currently on display at the Historical Society of Bloomfield's Museum on Broad Street.

This was Adam Metz, the businessman. As for Adam Metz, the private citizen, he was a member of the Knights of Pythias, Eureka Chapter, who were active in Bloomfield during this time. Being of German descent, Metz was also a member of the "K.U.V." Freundschafts Bund, German Lodge Knights of Honor, Newark, and Franz Siegel Co. W.G.B.S. He was also a husband and a father, being married to Elizabeth Bickler, the "girl next door" and daughter of the owner of the Bickler Paper Box Factory, and fathering several children: Annie E. Metz and Kate Metz, both of whom died in 1864 at 4 years of age and 2 years of age, respectively. He also had four sons who continued the business after Adam's death. Elizabeth Metz outlived her husband by 22 years. All are buried in Bloomfield Cemetery.

If you wanted to visit the Metz Hotel today you would, unfortunately, be about 48 years too late, as the hotel was demolished in January 1954 to accommodate a Garden State Parkway bridge, of all things. A photograph and description of the demolition can be seen on page 123 in "the book"; as well as a photo of the Metz Hotel during its heyday.

As for Adam Metz himself, you may visit his gravesite at the Bloomfield Cemetery (on the hill near the northwestern corner). His impressive grave "stone", which was purchased from Sears-Roebuck, is actually made of cast metal and gives a very good description of Metz's genealogical history.

Adam Metz and his hotel were a part of a special time in Bloomfield when life was simpler and the town "hall" was the place to go for celebrations.

And in Death . . .

The Metz celebrations did not end with the death of Adam Metz. In fact, well, rather than go into a long-winded narrative, I will let you read for your-

(continued on next pg.)

Letters To The Editor

Dear Fred:

What a wonderful article [about Asbury Park] in the Bloomfield HS newsletter! It brought back so many memories! Of course, we never participated in the day sponsored by the Pru, but the Caldwell Presbyterian Church Sunday School had such a day each year. My father's sister went to that church, so she and her two boys always went on the excursion. By the time I was about eleven or twelve, my family went to Asbury the same day. Not on the same train, but from the same New Jersey Central Railroad Station on lower Broad Street in Newark, walked through Asbury Avenue, and there was the boardwalk and the ocean.

I bet it brought back many smiles of pleasure to read it on the faces of your members, and I wonder what memories they might have.

As ever, Sallie [Black]

Editor's note: There was much more to Sallie's letter, some of which you can read on the following page.

The following is a letter, dated August 12, 2002, written by Sally Meyer of the Glen Ridge Historical Society to our own, Mark Scurman:

Dear Mark:

Thank you for donating the box of magic lantern slides taken by Alijah Brewer of 35 Highland Avenue, Glen Ridge. The historical collection of the Glen Ridge Public Library has an album of prints made from some of these slides. We are happy to add the originals to our archives as a resource for making additional prints if the need arises.

Sadly, many of the images are unidentified, thus limiting their usefulness in historical research. But as a broad pictorial record of life in the "country" at the turn of the century, they are very evocative. When I manage to find someone to make prints, I will call you to come see the results.

I look forward to future exchanges of historical "goodies" that might come our way. Bloomfield and Glen Ridge may have severed the cord in 1895, but our histories are inextricably connected for all time.

Sincerely, Sally Meyer

Curator of the Museum Room (Glen Ridge Historical Society)

PRESIDENTIAL MESSAGE

NOVEMBER, 2002

Now I am pleased to acknowledge and thank three loyal members who have given years of service to The Society: **Marion Abendschoen**, and **Dorothy and Harry Greenfield**.

Marion Abendschoen, who is retiring from her position of Membership Chairman, held that position for many years. She quietly and efficiently got out the mailings to the membership and kept the records of the members up-to-date. She also made attractive handicrafts for our fund raising sales and served at the sales. She has been a pleasant, dependable friend and co-worker through the years.

Dorothy and Harry Greenfield have given countless years of service in support of the Society. Dorothy was Treasurer for 15 years, having recently retired. She was dedicated to handling all facets of the job. Together Harry and she organized fund raising flea markets, poinsettia and chrysanthemum flower sales and Christmas boutiques along with the late Beatrice Alstein. Harry was always available for help in maintaining the Museum, be it building shelves or changing light bulbs. He is a talented woodworker who made many attractive decorative and practical objects for our gift boutiques. The Museum acquired the two big entrance doors to what had been Charles Moreau Davis' Classical School (1850). The doors were painted brown and very dirty. Harry saw what they had been like originally. He stripped off the paint and refinished one door, restoring the fine wood with its handsome carving and ornate hardware. The before and after are on permanent display in the Museum. Come in and admire.

Dorothy and Harry Greenfield . . . we are indebted to them for so much

—Ina Campbell



A scene on the Third (or Yantecaw) River in 1938, showing Richard Branch (left) and his neighborhood chum, Donald Magai, "getting their feet wet" on a sunny day in the early spring. In the background is the wall built by the Oakes Company to keep floods out of their property. The site is now covered by the bridge used by cars entering the northbound lane of the Parkway from Belleville Avenue. (Photo by Frederick Branch, age 13)

ADAM METZ...

(continued from previous pg.)

selves. The following contains a series of articles taken from *The Bloomfield Citizen* in 1890 which describe the events better than I ever could . . .

—Patricia Post

The Bloomfield Citizen

Saturday, September 27, 1890

"Mr. Adam Metz, for many years a well-known hotel keeper in this town, died on Wednesday after a severe illness of several weeks' duration. Mr. Metz was in the 51st year of his age and had been a resident of Bloomfield about 30 years. The funeral services will take place on Sunday afternoon at 1:30. He was a member of the following societies: Eureka Lodge Knights of Pythias, K.W.V. Friendship Bund, German Lodge Knights of Honor, Newark, The Pioneer Club, Independent Shooting Corps, and Franz Siegel Co. W.G.B.S. Mr. Metz left written instructions with regard to his funeral obsequies. His directions were that the members of the Independent Shooting Corps conduct the funeral, that he be buried in the uniform of the company, that the hearse be drawn by four horses, and that a brass band accompany his remains to the cemetery.

Saturday, October 4, 1890, pg.1

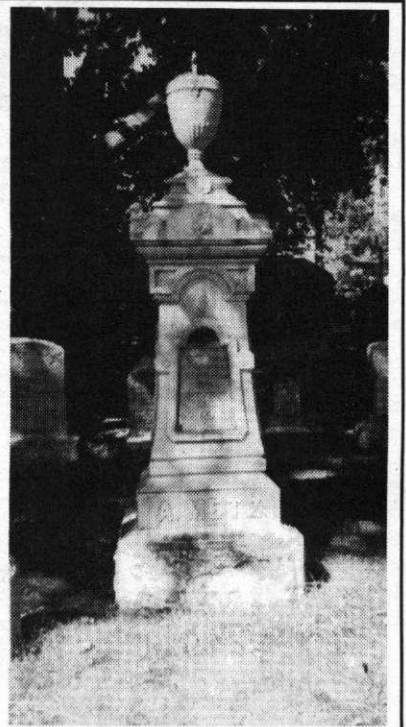
Last Sunday we watched a funeral that was the most numerously attended, we think, of any that our town has ever seen. If a person happens to be a member of several societies or Orders, of which there are so many, he will be assured of a large following at his funeral. Many desire their burial services to be as quiet and simple as possible while there are others who take satisfaction in the thought of display. A famous Cardinal on his death bed said to a friend who stood by "Be sure to be at my funeral, for the music will be fine."

Saturday, October 4, 1890, pg.2

A great deal of talk has been indulged in as to the action of some of the township officials with respect to the funeral of the late Adam Metz. Gross misstatements, exaggerated and in many instances false, have been made concerning the matter. Anyone who will give the facts in the case a moment's consideration will realize that the action of the Chairman of the Township Committee was strictly in the line of his duty and solely in the interest of law and order and a decent respect for the sanctity of the Sabbath Day. Mr. Metz left written instructions concerning his burial. In them he ordered that his saloon doors be thrown open and the guests at the funeral be regaled with beer free of charge. This was the part of the ceremony that appeared wrong in the estimation of the Township Committee, and to every other man who had the least regard for the reputation of the town. Mr. Ward consulted with town counsel Richards as to the law bearing on the matter. Mr. Richards said that the turning out of the societies of which the deceased was a member and the employment of a brass band was allowable and nobody could interfere; with respect to the last part of the ceremony, there was no doubt that it was clearly wrong.

Mr. Ward, Mr. Richards and Mr. Gilbert called on the undertaker, A.B. McDougall, and asked him what kind of demonstration would take place in the afternoon. Mr. McDougall informed them and said that the family did not intend to carry out the "open house" part of the programme. On hearing of this fact there was nothing more to be said on the subject.

The prompt action taken by the Chairman of the Township Committee



will commend itself to the larger and bottom class of citizens. To have the enmity of those opposed to his action is undoubtedly more creditable to him than the friendship of such a class.

Saturday, October 4, 1890, pg.3

The members of the "K.U.V." Freundschafts Bund had a meeting last night to take action on the death of brother Adam Metz. The members will turn out in a body.

Saturday, October 4, 1890, pg.4
"Adam Metz's Funeral"

The largest funeral pageant doubtless ever witnessed in this town was that which accompanied the remains of the late Adam Metz to the cemetery last Sunday. It is estimated that 500 men were in the line of procession made up by the different societies of which deceased was a member. In addition to this there was a long line of coaches and private conveyances. A band of music marched in front of the mourners. The organizations represented were: The Pioneer Association of Newark, Independent Shooting Co., Franz Siegel Co. No. 12, W.G.S.B., Fortschritt Council, Order of Chosen Friends, Bloomfield Lodge Knights of Honor, Freundschafts Bund, Eureka Lodge Knights of Pythias and visiting members of several other organizations.

The remains lay in state in the large Hall known as Metz's Hall and were viewed by several hundred people. Deceased was clad in the uniform of the Independent Shooting Corps. The casket was of oak with heavy silver mountings. Each society presented a beautiful floral tribute in addition to those of the friends and family. The sidewalk was lined with spectators from the residence of the deceased to the cemetery. It is estimated that several thousand people were on the streets. Every [street] car arriving from

Newark was crowded and a large number of the people came from Orange and Montclair.

Undertaker A.B. McDougall had charge of the funeral and everything passed off very orderly. The services at the grave were in accordance with the ritual of the Knights of Pythias. The religious services in the Hall were conducted by the Reverend Mr. Kaddernahl of St. Stephen's Evangelical Church of Newark. The eight pall bearers were selected from among several societies present.

Saturday, October 11, 1890, p.1

The "K.U.V." Freundschafts Bund paid the widow of the late brother Adam Metz on Thursday night, the sum of \$183.

Thanksgiving Day *by Sallie Black*

Thanksgiving Day is something I really remember. Most people think of that morning as the annual football game between Bloomfield and Montclair. When Don and I were first married, we lived on Yale Terrace in Montclair. We had to be sure to get out of our driveway before the football crowd came and parked their cars so close to our driveway that we couldn't get out.

For me when I was a child, it was the big day of the year when, dressed in my best outfit, we went into New York City to my mother's brother's apartment for dinner. They had no children, and lived in one of those big apartment houses on Riverside Drive at the corner of 84th Street. My entertainment was to play with their little Pekingese dog and to sit, propped up on telephone books, to see a small piece of the Hudson River over and between the buildings across the street, hoping that a boat would pass by.

The fun of the day was the trip to The City. It was always a cold, cloudy, dreary day with a cuttingly sharp breeze. We took the bus to the front of Hahnes Department Store in Newark, then walked across Military Park to the Hudson River and Manhattan "tube" train station. It took us across the meadows and under the Hudson River straight to the 33rd Street Station where we crossed over to the IRT Subway to go uptown. That station still stands out in my mind. The stores were familiar: the florist, Nedicks, the newspaper and magazine stand, the necktie shop and some others I don't recall.

When we reached the 83rd Street Station, we climbed up the stairs to the street. At the entrance there would be half-a-dozen little "ragamuffins", as my mother referred to them, dressed up as if for Halloween with their father's or mother's old clothes. Boys with soot on their faces and carrying a hobo stick over their shoulders; girls teetering in their mother's high heel shoes. They begged for money, but were never obnoxious. Then during the day, the German mud gutter* Band would come along and play outside the apartment building in the hope that people would toss money out to them. There were usually five in the group (all brass instruments) and not bad to listen to.

Coming back we faced the same nasty cutting breeze on the walk across Military Park. After dark, all the billboards were lighted as we crossed the meadows. The large Dutch Boy Paint sign was animated. The Boy, brush in hand, with his arm moving up and down as though he was indeed "Covering The World". And, sure enough, the lights would come trickling down over a big globe on the sign.

If it had been summertime and the train windows were open, we would have known where we were by the pungent smells, particularly the pig farms of Secaucus. The smell, the Dutch Boy, and a lot of the magic is gone, but I will never forget those wonderful days.

*They were called "mud gutter" because they always stood in the gutter rather than on the sidewalk.

Sallie Black: Never Losing Touch

New members of the Historical Society will not remember Sallie Black inasmuch as she moved from her home in Glen Ridge to Fredonia, New York, about 20 years ago. She and her late husband, Don, were active in both the HSOB and the League of Historical Societies, serving on the Board for several years.

After her husband died, Sallie became co-curator of the newly established Bloomfield Historical Museum, located on the third floor of the 1925 building of the Bloomfield Public Library. Her partner was the late Margaret Riggan, and, between them, they got the museum collection organized and indexed. Sallie also scanned the bound volumes of 1890's newspapers for interesting items which she copied on a typewriter. This was later photocopied and permanently bound. Four copies of her diligence and hard work are available at various locations (including the Reference Department of the Bloomfield Public Library and the small reference library maintained

by the Historical Society in their museum.) The trio of writers who put together the Arcadia book: "Images of America: Bloomfield" have plenty of reason to thank Sallie for making their research much easier.

Sallie is very active in her new home town, volunteering at the Darwin Barker Historical Museum in Fredonia and attending meetings at the Chataqua County Historical Society. She has also continued researching and presenting lectures for the Antiques and Collectibles group sponsored by the Faculty Dames of the Fredonia State University College. Her subjects range from old valentines and antique Christmas ornaments to Victorian silver, Rose O'Neill's Kewpies, and her collection of doll houses and miniature shops.

However, Sallie has never lost touch with the many friends she left behind. She is a descendant of several old New Jersey families. Mead's Basin on the Morris Canal in Mountain View was so named because it passed through her great-

grandfather's property at that point. (A Mead ancestor had purchased the land from the Indians in 1695.) Lindsley Road in Cedar Grove is named for another branch of her family, and Personette Street in Caldwell and Verona was named for a third ancestor.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Sallie still keeps in touch with Bloomfield through correspondence with her friends and reading The New Town Crier. This is her first attempt at writing for this newsletter, although unwittingly. She sent a letter of appreciation for the September issue, and, in the same letter, wrote so enthusiastically about her life in Montclair and vicinity during her early years that the above reminiscence was written before she was aware of it. While exceedingly grateful to Sallie for sending material appropriate to the November issue, we are also happy to report that another part of her letter (about the Fourth of July) will appear in a future issue.*

Schuyler Inscription At Christ Episcopal Church Leads to New Discovery

Sleuths Miss Marple (Dolores Dalzell) and Nancy Drew (Priscilla Arnold) examine the inscription at the base of the large Greek cross behind the High Altar of Christ Episcopal Church. They have just discovered that the inscription, thought since 1910 to have been a memorial to only two Schuyler children, actually lists three: John Arent (died 1882), Mary Kingsland, and Walter Kellogg, (both died in 1889). The cross was given to the new church in 1894 by Richards Kingsland and Lucretia Kellogg Schuyler.

Dolores and Priscilla are two-thirds of a committee which is seeking out the names of every person who has been remembered with a stained glass window, cross, kneeling bench, altar rail, or any other article of furniture or part of the church building itself.

The Schuyler family, who lived in a large house still standing at the corner of Belleville Avenue and Elm Street, were descendants of the Dutch family who founded Albany, New York, in 1630. One of their ancestors, General Philip Schuyler, played an important role in the American Revolution.

The Schuylers, who are buried in Bloomfield Cemetery, were related to the Livingston family of New York, to the Kingsland family of Bloomfield (later Nutley) and the Oakes family of Bloomfield.



LOOKING BACK: THE TOWN CRIER

It's hard to believe that it's been almost thirty-three years since I printed the first five issues of The Town Crier, the official newsletter of The Historical Society of Bloomfield. When my brother, Fred, first asked me to write something about how I handset, I repeat, handset, and printed those first five issues, I thought I may have some difficulty remembering, but now that I think back, it's almost as if it was yesterday. Yes, I said HANDSET . . . each letter, figure and punctuation mark was set by hand into what printers call a composing stick, a three-sided little box affair that is held in the left-hand as each character is set into it upside down and backwards until it is full. The contents are then transferred into the page, time after time, until the page is complete.

The printing press I had at the time was a 10 x 15 inch Chandler and Price powered by a 1/4 HP motor. It was located in a small shop that I had set up in my basement in Belford, NJ. The press was so large that it had to be broken down into two pieces to get it down the stairs.

The actual printing of The Town Crier was accomplished one copy at a time - each copy hand fed. The paper was not conducive for printing cuts or half tones (pictures) so, after the printing of the complete page, the cuts were taken out and printed over top of the original "hit", making it more legible to the reader. Needless to say, the register (placement) had to be exact.

But let me take you back to when it all started - with a toy. My first printing press was a little three inch rotary printing press that I received as a Christmas gift from my parents. I played with it for a while before it was put away and almost forgotten until later when my interest was renewed. Sometime later I saw, asked for and received a five inch version of the same press. I used it for printing small newspapers, etc., more or less a hobby.

All of this took place when I was about ten or twelve years old. I guess that I knew at the time that I would become a printer. Later on I purchased a 4 x 6 side lever press from a young man in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada and then a 6 x 10 Kelsey press - all this time working from my bedroom print shop. Our Dad had built a little one room addition on the back of the garage so, when I purchased the 10 x 15 press on which The Town Crier was printed, the "home away from home" became a print shop.

In 1947, I was hired by The Liberty Press (Thomas T. Lewis & Sons) and worked there until 1966 (with two years out for Army service in Korea). It was during these years that I purchased most of my printing equipment, the press and a number of type faces. On January 1, 1967, I went to work for White Printing in Union, NJ and then, after a year and a half, The Red Bank Register in Red Bank, NJ.

After five years at The Register, my wife, Betty, and I decided to move to Florida where I got a job at the Sarasota Herald-Tribune, a newspaper that was later bought out by The New York Times. I retired from the Herald-Tribune after 18 years.

By James Richard Branch



General Joseph Bloomfield
THE NEW TOWN CRIER

90 Broad Street
Bloomfield, NJ 07003

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The Welcome Mat

A cordial welcome is extended to the following new members of the Historical Society of Bloomfield. We hope you will take note of our many activities and participate in any that you may choose.

NEW MEMBERS

Christel Bradford,
Bloomfield, NJ

Lois Churchill,
Bloomfield, NJ

Ethelyn Fulton,
Bloomfield, NJ

Elaine Harrison,
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E-mail The Historical Society
of Bloomfield at:
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or call us at: 973-566-6220

WILLIE'S DINER

It wasn't Willie's Diner when I started working at The Liberty Press on Liberty Street in 1947 – it was the State Diner located on State Street at the corner of Liberty. The diner was a simple dining car in those days, typical of the time.

It's been over 50 years since then and my memory may not be entirely exact, but I think it had about two dozen or so stools and no booths. What I do remember well is the 5¢

bottomless cup of coffee, the 75¢ blue plate special, and all the smokers sitting at the counter. You walked in, grabbed a stool and ordered from a very limited menu. Floyd was in the back cooking and Willie worked the counter. There were no jukeboxes to play your favorite 78 rpm records. Not a waitress in sight! Willie would serve your meal with a slice of bread and nothing else – not even a

glass of water, unless you asked. It definitely wasn't fancy.

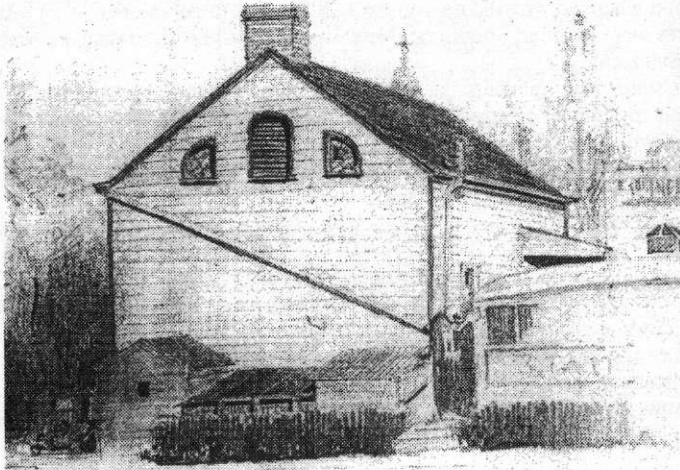
I watched it grow while I worked around the corner. Willie and I became good friends during those 20 years. I was in there almost everyday and sometimes after the movie at the Royal Theater, just down the block on Bloomfield Avenue. I don't remember what happened to Floyd.

Willie's stayed a simple dining car for a while, then became something a little fancier when they brought in a larger one by truck sometime in the early 50's. Then, one day, there was an even larger one; this time it had been trucked in in two sections. It took up the whole corner and was "L" shaped, partly on State Street and partly on Liberty Street – seating 100 or so on both stools and booths.

It was at about that time I left The Liberty Press, but I remained friends with Willie and would stop in from time to time to have a bite and say "hello".

I often think about that little diner with the simple counter and dozen or so stools. It's been more than thirty years since I've been to Willie's and I'll bet you can't find a 5¢ cup of coffee or a 75¢ blue plate special anymore. How time flies...

By James Richard Branch



A diner has stood at or near the corner of Liberty and State Streets since at least 1932, when the Essex County atlas published that year showed an unpretentious dining car (possibly an obsolete street car with the wheels removed) standing in part of the back yard of the old Baldwin house.

Unfortunately, nobody seems to have thought to take a photo of the 1940's successor, which Richard Branch has described. In the background of this pencil sketch of 1936, made by F.T. Warner, architect, can be seen the Independent Press building, still there today.

FROM OUR PHOTO ALBUM, NO. 1



Looking through old family photographs can be fun, nostalgic, depressing, or frustrating: take your choice. Very often, an interesting photo, such as the above, while it cries out for identification, has nothing on the back, not even the date. However, always check it out.

The above snapshot (no doubt made with somebody's two-dollar Kodak Brownie) was discovered among the contents of a cardboard box in the attic. It was mounted on the usual crumbling page of black acidic paper with photo corners. Obviously, it dated from the late 1920's (the girls' hairstyles and the haute couture on the teacher were dead giveaways, but who were these kids?) Thank God for photo corners! When removed from the page, the following was found written on the back:

"7B Class – June, 1929 Fairview School) Left to rite (sic) Top row: Willard Bliss, Grant Riggs, Clifford Van Wie, Henry St Ambrogio, Robert McQuad, William Gross, John Hart, David Cunard, George Lucas, Miss [Agnes] Erskine (teacher) Middle row: Raymond Roberts, Bill Barbarossa, Rosalind Wright, Helen Kelly, Ruth Hersig, Ruth Adkin, Newkirk Rossal. Bottom row: Charles Doer, Angelo Sederis, Francis Conrad, Dorothy Voelker, Irene Chown, Helen Branch, Charles Ackerman, and Samuel De Vois."

These children would go on to 7-A the following September, graduate from Fairview to attend Park Grammar for the 8th grade, then on to Bloomfield High School, graduating in January of 1935. Some stayed here in Bloomfield (Henry St Ambrogio, a noted attorney). Others moved far away and most have completed their time in this life. We hope it was happy for all of them.

Now, how about a photo from your family album?