



Some Good Old-Fashioned Chowder on the Shore of South Jersey

by Alyssa Flynn

For the inhabitants of the Jersey beach town of Long Beach Island, the first weekend of October marks the changing of the seasons. Not only does it mean that Autumn has arrived with its browning leaves and jacket-wearing weather, but it signals the closing of seasonal summer stores along those marvelous eighteen miles of beach.

To those who love Long Beach Island, it is a family-friendly summer getaway, filled with shops and water slides and miniature golf on every corner of the boulevard. The beach is always clean and open for fun and there are frequent events that attract and accommodate the entire local community.

The most popular event is the annual *Chowderfest*, always held the first weekend in October. *Chowderfest* is a showcase for local stores and markets that centers around a competition to name the “Favorite Chowder on LBI.” All the local restaurants participate, hoping to win recognition for the following season. For the locals, this event is a final farewell to those wonderful summer restaurants and shops before they close for the season.

The loyal community gathers in the heart of Beach Haven, a town on the south end of LBI, where an enormous tent is set up on a baseball field and surrounded by tiny shops, boutiques, and psychic readings booths.

The popular retail stores rent booths in the tent to sell off the last of their season’s merchandise and hopefully to pull in the last big money-making weekend of the season. Since the event is always so popular (people love the fact that they can judge which restaurant will earn bragging rights to LBI’s best chowder), the retail stores always come out to cash in on the big event.

The weekend has expanded over the years from a fun weekend for stores to participate in, and gain some advertising, to retail salvation from a crummy season. Despite store owners keeping an eye on their bottom line, the community always has a fantastic time over the weekend.

Table of Contents

Chowder.....	1
Shamrock.....	2
About Sandy Shorts.....	3
Poetry.....	3
Book Review.....	4
Haunted Hayride.....	5
Jake’s Landing.....	5
Lighthouses.....	6
Historical Society.....	7
Halloween Visit.....	7
Steamboat.....	7

Saturday is designated for the retail stores and has been named the “Merchant Mart.” They occupy the tent, filling their booths with fall items like flowers and scarecrow displays which get visitors in the seasonal mood. They try to sell the last items they have on hand before the end of the season. On LBI only the very best businesses thrive during the winter. People love the last-minute sales on everything from jewelry to Halloween costumes to beautiful flowers. Even a young boy, around eleven years old, managed to find a five dollar purse for his girlfriend. What a bargain!

But we must not forget about that chowder. It is the inspiration for the weekend. Sunday is the day of sampling. Attending locals visit the tent for the second time, although instead of retail stores hoping to cash in, the booths are filled with the local restaurants.

Each restaurant spends days preparing the chowder that visitors will sample and rate. Most locals are loyal and attend every year to cast their ballot for their favorite restaurant. Some favorites over the last few years include *Country Kettle Chowder*, located in Bayville shopping center, and *Chowderhut*, located on Bay Avenue across the street from Bayville.

The locals come prepared with their egg cartons. Egg cartons, you ask? It turns out that the best way to organize samples is to have a convenient carrying tray in which to arrange samples that the booths provide—an egg carton does very nicely. Restaurants give each taster a small cup of their chowder, and after tasting and judging, each is situated according to its rank in the egg carton. Egg slots are numbered from favorite to least favorite, and when it comes time to cast the ballot there is no confusion: tasters know exactly what order they rated the chowders. Sounds silly, but it is very efficient! Plus, how else could you carry around almost a dozen little cups of chowder?

The competition and crowning of the “Best Chowder on LBI” is only a part of what has become an annual tradition on Long Beach Island. Chowderfest has become much more than sampling and judging chowder. Not only is it a great way for local retailers and restaurants to advertise; it has become a social event. The end of the season for many stores and restaurants is looked on with gloom. Many of the “families” that have come together to work for the summer are going to be separating for the winter, and the part of the local community that only live on LBI for the summer will start to leave soon. Chowderfest is an event that lets the community forget all that. Thanks to the retailers and restaurants, the local community can celebrate the end of the season instead of being saddened by it. The locals leave for home in a lighthearted mood,

carrying their egg cartons and the last of this summer’s cheap summer goods.

The Gloucester City Shamrock Festival: A Perspective from Apparently the Only Non-Irish Citizen of Gloucester City

By Sara Klemowitz

On September 17, 2011, I logged onto my social networking account, equipped with over 150 friends listed in the Gloucester City area. The cloudy weather did not reflect the spirits of these friends, who are deemed so by a brief and very non-intimate transaction on said networking site, some with my reluctant or confused approval. “Shamrockfest tomorrow!” read one friend’s update, “gonna get my Irish on.” Another, which simply read “Irishfestttttttt!” had the thumbs-up of 16 fellow attendees.

Now, I represent the minority of Gloucester City in that I am an Italian/Polish/Scottish et cetera mutt (or at least in that I admit it and do not claim that in my veins run 100% Irish blood despite being born and raised in New Jersey), but my fellow townspeople seemed to be pretty amped-up for the event, and they have never steered me wrong before. On second thought, they have never steered me in any direction.

I parked my car on this fateful day at what seemed like miles away due to the heavy traffic, which is ironic, seeing as the city is roughly one square mile in size. I could hear unidentifiable Irish music in the distance, and let my ears lead me . . . Well, that, and the hordes of people in tacky Irish garb who all seemed to be flowing in the same direction. I was wearing a sky-blue shirt, and remember suddenly feeling like the little girl in red in *Schindler’s List* amongst all my fellow kelly green-clad attendees. I also remember reassuring myself that there would be an Irish-themed “Beer Garden,” and despite the fact that it was 10:30 a.m., this was a perfectly honorable reason to attend if nothing else.

Upon entering the gates of the ever-gorgeous Proprietor’s Park, which rests on the Delaware River, has a breathtaking view of the Philadelphia skyline, and often provides a peaceful environment in which to do yoga, my senses were immediately maimed with all things Irish American and/or alcohol-related. Vendors lined the walkway hawking shamrock-covered apparel, green Mardi Gras-esque beads with shot glasses attached, green Philadelphia Phillies gear, green feather boas, authentic

Irish tea and figurines, a brand called Dirty Leprechaun's apparel, and the like. The bodies of the attendees were mostly decked-out to maximum capacity with the aforementioned novelty pieces. Feeling as though I had seen enough, I stood on my tiptoes in search of any sign referring to said Beer Garden.

In the midst of this search, which had turned almost desperate and frantic, I was suddenly greeted by a high school mentor. Relief swept over me: finally, someone I could relate to. Refuge! She, too, was on her way to the Beer Garden, but she was sporting a Broken Shillelaghs, the headlining Irish band, t-shirt. Subtle, yes, but enough for me to be suspicious that she was one of *them*. She joined the horde of Broken Shillelaghs fans, swaying and singing and happily praising the music, and I decided it was my opportunity to slip away.

The Beer Garden should not have been referred to as a garden, I decided, as it was merely a table. They should also indicate on the sign that they use the term "beer" loosely. I was hoping to find that they had some Irish red lager on tap, which, at this point, would be the only redeeming quality of anything Irish-related in my non-Irish opinion. However, to my disdain, the short menu was comprised entirely of beers I am not fond of: Guinness and Smithwick's. The end. I don't know why I expected the throwers of this event to step outside the Irish box in any sense of the term, but my suspicion and incredulity toward the legitimacy of this festival immediately turned to resentment. Well, I thought, that's my cue.

I left the festival feeling utterly confused. How could something so tacky have gained so much recognition? Did I miss something important, a crucial aspect of the event that would have swayed my entire opinion and transformed me into a hypnotized shotglass-necklace-wearer myself? Why does everyone think they are Irish when they know they are European mutts like the rest of us? Questions like these, unfortunately, are not ones I can answer—sufficient experience has not been gained. I suppose I simply am not in the mindset to enjoy so much Irish; my Gloucester City blood just does not run green enough.

The Making of Sandy Shorts

For a Senior Seminar called *Writing South Jersey*, the main objective is obvious: to write. *Sandy Shorts* (along with the blog *South Jersey H.A.C.S.*) is the product of all that writing. As students in the class we were charged with

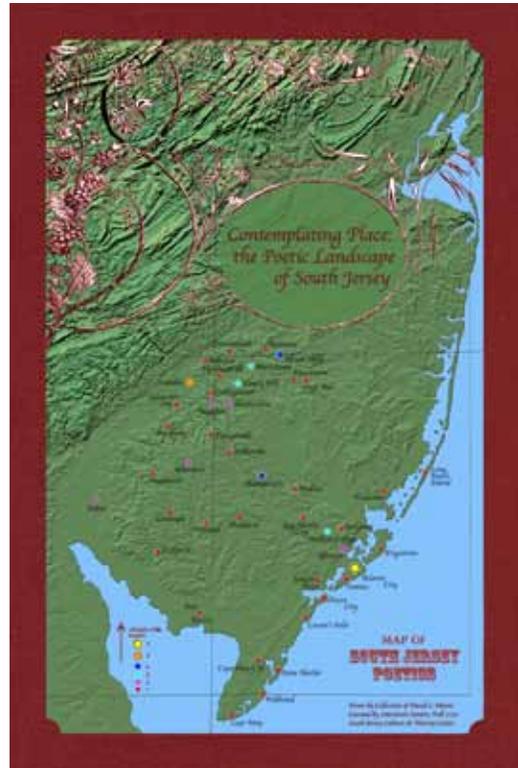
going out, both individually and in small groups, and experiencing the things that make the area from the Shore to the Pines unique. From the exciting to the educational, the fun to the factual, we attempted to chronicle what we saw, heard, and learned. But even more than that, we tried to convey what it really means to live, work, and play in South Jersey.

Stephanie Allen
Editor

Contemplating Place: A Poetic Exhibition

By Sara Klemowitz

The exhibition *Contemplating Place: The Poetic Landscape of South Jersey* will be on display in the Stockton College Library until mid January 2012. The curators of the exhibition have categorized the poetry into eight assemblages which run the South Jersey gamut—everything from "Verses from the Surf" to "Meter and Form" is represented. Some of the poems in this collection can be described as "good," others "bad," and the rest, merely "Jersey." It is up to you as the viewer decide which is which.



Visit wp.stockton.edu/southjerseypoetry/

BOOK REVIEW: Lakes, William. *History of the Methodist Episcopal Society at Bargaintown*. Ocean City, NJ: Ledger Print, 1909.

By Georgie Aspenberg

On the corner of Old Zion Road and Zion Road in Egg Harbor Township, sits Zion United Methodist Church, a religious establishment with a proud and interesting history. In 1814, on the corner of Old Zion Road and Zion Road sat Blackman's Meeting House; in 1822 it was renamed Zion Methodist Episcopal Church; and today it carries on as Zion United Methodist Church.

William Lake, a member of the church during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, and also a member of the Zion Cemetery Company, wrote the *History of the Methodist Episcopal Society at Bargaintown* (1909).

At the opening of the text, Lake states, "Prior to the year of 1814, the Methodist Society at this place, had no permanent place in which they could worship and call their own; therefore in the summer of 1814, they resolved to form themselves into a permanent organization. . ." (Lake 3). Seven Trustees were elected on October 23, 1814, with a second election of Trustees in 1833. The Trustees were to build, rebuild, or repair the church and its surrounding property.

Lake provides a copy of the deed for the land upon which the Church stands, dated October 31, 1814. One corner of the property is described as at the Black Oak Tree on the property of Thomas Garwood, who had given money and land to the Church. The deed describes one acre of land, although the Church eventually acquired more. It also lists the Methodist Society as the prospective owners of Blackman's Meeting House.

Blackman's Meeting House stood in the rear of the present brick building, facing north on the south side of an old road that ran through the present graveyard and which can be found in the northeasterly part of the yard. This building stood on the lands of Andrew Blackman, therefore giving its name, "Blackman's Meeting House."

Blackman's Meeting House was built of cedar boards, two inches thick, which were set up endwise with one-inch strips nailed over the joints. The cedar boards were milled at Babcock's saw-mill, in the village of Bargaintown. The nails were made by a blacksmith named Jeffers, whose shop stood in the village of Bargaintown near the house of James Steelman. The bricks in the outer wall were made by Samuel Somers and they were laid in lime made from

shells gathered from Lake's and Scull's Bays. All of the shingles on the building were made by Thomas Garwood.

In 1821, the members of the Society agreed to build a new meeting House, which was to be built on the site of Blackman's Meeting House. There were four payments made for the building of the new meeting House. About 113 members subscribed to the building fund, providing a total of \$1,525.95.

In 1832 the church became historical because it gave birth to the "Great Egg Harbour Temperance Society in Gloucester County, township of Egg Harbour" (Lake 9). Each member of the society was required to take a pledge not to drink alcohol, and anyone fifteen years of age and above could become a member.

The first pastors sent to the Zion Meeting House in 1828 were Walters Burrows and James Moore. The most current pastor at Zion United Methodist Church is Reverend David Schumacher.

In 1822 the Zion Methodist Episcopalian Church officially replaced Blackman's Meeting House. Timothy Andrews was the master mason of the new church. He was paid \$270.00 for his work. Daniel Edwards did the Iron Work and was paid \$13.36. Thomas Garwood also worked on the new Church and was paid \$69.38½.

Today, the church has been renamed from Zion Methodist Episcopalian Church to Zion United Methodist Church. It has had one addition since the building of the new Zion Methodist Episcopalian Church. Located at the left of the Church is a building that people call "Sunday School" for children and adults. There are 158 members of the church, but about 100 people attend regularly.

The church cemetery surrounds much of the church and is an integral part of the church grounds. It was opened, along with the church, in 1822. The land deed called for a free cemetery opened to all, meaning that anyone could bury their loved ones there by simply claiming a spot. No records exist of anyone paying for a grave in the cemetery. Because the cemetery was open to all, there was no plot design or layout, no roads or walkways, and no scheme of internment. There was also no maintenance fund for the cemetery, so the local congregation of Zion United Methodist Church keeps the ground. Previously, volunteer groups cared for the cemetery, but the upkeep was not always done, and grass, briars, saplings, and vines grew aggressively, causing some gravestones to crack and break. In 1974, the Trustees of the cemetery, first organized in 1869, opened a cemetery fund with the goal of supporting perpetual maintenance.

The Zion United Methodist Church Cemetery has eleven Revolutionary War veterans buried within its bounds: Zephaniah Steelman, Andrew Frambes, Nicholas Frambes, John Jeffers, Joseph Scull, Able Scull, John Tilton, James Tilton, Tompson Price, John Baker, and Levi Price. The cemetery is also the final resting place for local residents and church members such as John Madara, Andrew and Sarah Blackman, Robert and Alice Best, Reverend Josiah Flint Canfield, Amos and Ann Lewis, John Price, Daniel Tilton, Japhet Ireland, Thomas Garwood, Joshua and Lydia Garwood, David and Mary Blackman, Daniel Edwards, Daniel Baker, Rebecca Cressy, Florence L. Doughty, Lewis B. Lake, Japhet and Sarah Garwood, Thompson and Mary Lake, and the Price family plot with five children.

Zion United Methodist Church is located at 652 Zion Road in Bargaintown in Egg Harbor Township, New Jersey. Church services are held every Sunday from 8:30 am to 9:30 am and 11:00 am to 12:00 pm and Sunday School is from 9:30 am to 10:45 am.

Haunted Hayride

By Ryan Ballard

Deep in the woods of Scullville, NJ, screams of terror filled the air in Fleming's Junkyard. Trails through the yard and nearby woods were littered with spooky décor; frightening music floated on the breeze. A low rumble could be heard, and then tractors could be seen pulling wagons full of delighted people through the scene. It was another year of joy and terror for the souls who dared to enter *Fleming's Haunted Hayride*.

This event is mostly run by Volunteer Fire Companies from the surrounding South Jersey area. It is a haunted hayride that runs from the beginning of October until the week of Halloween.

Along with a fellow firefighter of Somers Point Fire Co. 1, I journeyed to the Junkyard to help put on the event. Along with devilish costumes and painted faces, we brought chainsaws (of course we took the chains off) and fake swords. These "Weapons of Mass Spookiness" helped electrify our deviled minds!—Oh, what a delight it was!

My friend and I positioned ourselves in the woods, about 30 yards apart. I sat down in between two statues, pretending that the clown puppet next to me was actually my unearthly appendage—you had to be there to understand the sight. It was entertaining to notice that the

audience couldn't decide whether I was real or not. If you plan to visit, don't think that you'll be prepared: the act changes every year.

Passing through the woods and trails, the wagon makes stops—so be aware. It travels across an open sand lot while machine guns fire off. What an adrenaline rush! The best part comes last, which you'll have to find out on your own. Come try us, and *enter if you dare!*

The Woodsman of Jake's Landing

By Dan Weir

If you're driving down Delsea Drive passing north through Woodbine near midnight under the light of a full moon, make a left down Jake's Landing. Take the pocked and graveled road, hedged by reaching forest, slow and keep a wary eye wide. Your headlights provide the only light; the sky is blanked by a web of bony limbs overhead. Try to stay focused on the road, ignore the black and empty spaces between the towering white pines all around you, but beware the Devil's Woodsman. He stalks Jake's Landing.

People in Woodbine know that something lives in the woods. They talk about the fallen timbers across the road in calm weather or the mounds of charred bones you'd find in the forest if you were brave enough to enter. They know about the devil heads carved into the backs of pines, scattered through the forest. But more than anything else, they know you don't drive down that road at night. And even if the devil compels you, never pick up the hitchhiker in a long dark coat.

You may see him as you drive beneath the reaching branches: tall, hooded, and always going your way. And if you turn to face him as you rumble past, don't be surprised if he grants you the same courtesy, but with no face beneath his hood to greet you, just a blackness that mirrors the inky depths of the forest he calls home. So, if you see a figure on the side of the road, don't stop. If you notice a shudder in the shadow between two pines, don't turn to doubt your eyes.

Jake's Landing, formerly known as Mosquito Point before the 1800s, has been owned by the Ludlam family of Cape May County from the time Joseph Ludlam, a whaler from Long Island, settled in the area in 1692. It was only part of a more than two thousand acre homestead. The small marsh on the banks of Dennis Creek has never had the greatest of reputations. In the years of the Revolutionary War, it was the site of a fort,

the ruins of which are rumored to still stand somewhere in the sprawling forest. It was guarded by minutemen widely regarded as drunkards by the community. Years later, a foundry mill was constructed near the site, which was closed down less than hundred years later once the manufacture of textiles became more industrialized.

But it wasn't until about the 1970s that the place became known for more ominous reasons, and the first stories of the Woodsman began to spread. This is most likely due to the discovery by many local youths that Jake's Landing was a quiet, secluded place, undisturbed by development, and perfectly suited for hosting late night rendezvous and secret keggers. And as is often the case with any self-respecting make-out point, legends and stories soon began to grow, whether around the campfire to chill friends' spines, or in the backseats of cars to shiver unwitting dates who, of course, must then be soothed.

The ghost stories were easily supported by the presence of the crumbling Thomas Ludlam Family Cemetery which can still be found on the land. The "devil heads" which have been reported on several trees in and around the area are actually carvings of the head of a steer, a common whaling stamp of the sixteen and seventeen hundreds. Those found to this day are most likely border markers left over from the time of Joseph Ludlam to demarcate the extent of his territory. This, however, cannot be corroborated, and I'm not sure that it should be.

Lighthouse Challenged

By Stephanie Allen

The weather was perfect: sunshine, blue skies as far as the eye could see, and a wind blowing with just enough strength to seem like it was coming straight off the ocean. But there was more than the feel of the ocean in the air, there was excitement, too. I was about to head out to my first stop on the 2011 New Jersey Lighthouse Challenge, the 12th annual, and Neptune himself seemed to be blessing the journey. At least that's what I thought when I began the adventure, bright and early, on Saturday, October 15th; that feeling wouldn't last long. As it turns out, they don't call getting to eleven lighthouses in two days a "challenge" for nothing.

Here's an interesting little fact about lighthouses—most of them don't have actual addresses, just a street or intersection where they can be found. Not surprisingly, a great many of them happen to be located on the charmingly

generic and seemingly obligatory Lighthouse Road. Now, in this age of smart phones and GPS, finding each town's homage to the great watchtowers of the coast would seem easy enough. Yet even if our modern navigational aids don't manage to get the job done, they're still lighthouses. They should be pretty clearly visible from a fair distance away, right? And if all else fails, just aim for the water and keep an eye out. Misconceptions one and two, right there. Another interesting fact about lighthouses—they aren't all directly on the water. Tinicum Rear Range in Paulsboro, as I learned the hard way, is situated between the high school football and baseball fields. After missing it a few times I had to resort to calling the two numbers provided on the directions; eventually I was successfully guided back from my unintentional detour to *Sly's Pizza and More*.

Upon pulling into the high school parking area I realized why I had driven past it three times without knowing it. Lighthouse fun-fact number three—a lot of them are pretty short structures, barely tall enough to break the tree-line. Take Hereford Lighthouse in North Wildwood. It wasn't visible until I was right on top of it. And East Point in Heislerville, well that, and the road it's on, were so well hidden that I didn't find my way there until pass number five.

Thankfully not every lighthouse was that difficult to find, and when I finally did make it to each of them all the time and gas and illegal U-turns were well spent. While they weren't all exactly beautiful to look at, though some absolutely were, they were all impressive in their own way. And although my numerous directional failures kept me from completing the challenge on the specified weekend, I ventured out to the three I missed on the following Tuesday in order to finish the visual chronicle I started on that perfectly windy Saturday morning. Perhaps the most unexpected thing in three days full of unexpected things is how well my pictures turned out; for someone with hardly a speck of photographic ability, they're pretty good. Maybe Neptune did bless the journey after all.

For a Google Map tour of my journey, visit the following link: <http://g.co/maps/hdygx>



The Ocean County Historical Society Museum

By Katie Malachefski

Driving down suburban Hadley Avenue in Toms River, one may mistake the green and purple building as just another home; however, inside are historical treasures not likely to be found in just any old house. This beautiful Victorian-style dwelling is home to the Ocean County Historical Society Museum, and houses a number of relics yearning to tell the stories of a time long past.

While most of the building is arranged as many Victorian-era homes would have been, a larger space named the Pauline S. Miller Exhibit Room is used to display exhibits which change after an extended period of time. The current exhibit, "When the Chickens Came to Roost in Ocean County," is a chronological display of the history of poultry farms in Ocean County.

The OCHS hosts various events as well as field trips, and exhibits change often. Their Richard L. Strickler Research Center contains a vast number of historic documents available to non-members for a daily fee of \$2.00.

While the Pauline S. Miller Exhibit Room is a great way to show a wide variety of exhibits, the strength of this museum lies in the Victorian home itself. Exploring the house along with a curator, I was able to feel a sense of nostalgia, getting a glimpse into a life that I was never able to grasp before. Every item tells a story, and the curator was able to retell them in a knowledgeable and enthusiastic way, fulfilling the society's mission: telling the stories of Ocean County.

Contact Information:

The Ocean County Historical Society

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Halloween Site Visit

By Kristin Corum

It was dark and chilly pulling up to the Palace of Depression, in Vineland, NJ, on October 22, 2011. The castle was adorned with flashing lights, bloody sheets strewn atop the ramparts, and mechanical spooks and ghouls crawling on the ground.

I was accompanied by a friend who was just as eager to see the castle at night as I. "Thriller" wafted through the air as a monster guided our way to the entrance and wished us good luck. The night was focused on fun as ghosts and masked men hid in the dark spaces of the half-built castle. Bloody props and strobe lights added a whimsical feel as we made our own way through the castle. My previous visit in the summer showed a place that was full of junk, like a frame to an old motorcycle that resided in the basement. This time through the junk was all removed and the beauty of the place was in full view. Add to that a Dracula character sitting in the throne room and the Jersey Devil jailed in a room with a fireplace of his likeness and the castle took on a light-hearted atmosphere.

Going upstairs, I had my future read by a tarot card reader and even had a finger-shaped candy given to me by a witch with a cauldron. Altogether the trip lasted maybe ten minutes, the experience was well worth it, as we got to see the castle cleaned up, and it was nice to see it being enjoyed by people of all ages. The donation fee was five dollars, which goes toward funding the rebuilding. It was also a great way to get the community involved and interested in this weird piece of history. I would absolutely recommend this to someone looking for something interesting to do for Halloween, and I plan on going back next year.

The Richard Stockton Steamboat

By Georgie Aspenberg

Many New Jerseyans, when they hear the name Richard Stockton, think of The Richard Stockton College of New Jersey or the rest stop on the turnpike, but there was also steamboat, notable in steamboat history, named Richard Stockton.

Named in honor of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, the Richard Stockton steamboat was designed by Robert L. Stevens and built by Harlan and Hollingsworth in Wilmington, Delaware in 1851. At that time, she was the largest steamboat on the Delaware and was built

for the express object of testing the speed at which a piston could safely travel. The length of her keel measured 258 feet, but overall she measured 270 feet. The breadth of her beam measured 29 feet and 8 inches. Her over guards, protecting her paddle wheels, measured 62 feet and the depth of her hold was 8 feet and 7 inches. Her engine, which was a vertical beam, measured in diameter 48 inches by 12 feet stroke of piston. On average, she made 32 revolutions per minute or 64 single strokes per minute. She also made regularly 650 and 700 feet per minute piston speed. All of this means that she was built to be fast on the water.

She also had a smoke stack with the Pennsylvania symbol, a red keystone, inscribed upon it. Her two boilers were made of iron. She had feathering paddle wheels that were also made of iron and measured in diameter 22 feet with cast iron buckets measuring 10 feet in length by 30 inches in width. She was able to carry fifteen hundred passengers, but for safety reasons was only allowed to carry one thousand.

Her inside was beautifully furnished and had extensive accommodations for passengers. Besides a saloon for gentlemen, there was a ladies' saloon with rosewood sofas and a row of costly cushioned seats on either side. In the center of the saloon was a circular divan and a large number of chairs. The floor was beautifully carpeted, and the elaborate woodwork was both carved and gilded with gold leaf. Mirrors added to the beauty of the rooms and this room in particular which was 40 feet long.

Directly behind this saloon was the ladies' drawing room, also tastefully decorated with delicate, gilded scrollwork over the door. Stairs led from the drawing room to the dining room below.

The gentlemen's saloon, located on the deck, was 60 feet long "with better arrangements and conveniencies, furnitures, &c., than can be found upon any steamboat in

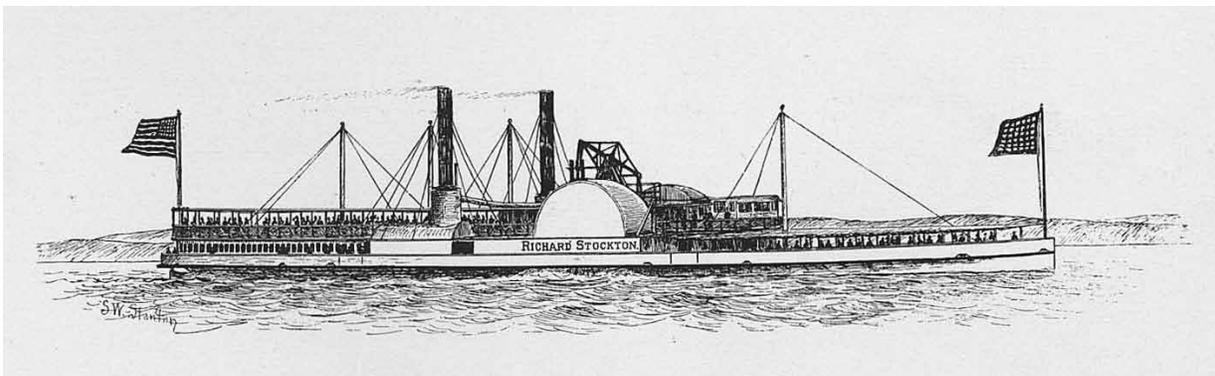
this country" (*Trenton State Gazette*). Stairs from this saloon also led to the dining room below and another set led to the promenade deck.

The dining room was well-designed and spacious, measuring 80 feet long. Another saloon in the rear of this room had velvet carpets and expensive well-made furniture. In front of the main saloon was a bar and a sleeping apartment with ten berths for the workers.

The Richard Stockton steamboat was built to ply between Philadelphia and Bordentown on the Delaware River with connection by the railroad to New York. If you took a ride from Philadelphia to Bordentown, the fare was 25 cents; from Philadelphia to Burlington and Bristol, was 12 ½ cents.

She was later transferred to the New York and South Amboy, N. J. line. In 1878 she ran between Philadelphia and Cape May, and then she ran between Jersey City and Newburgh on the Hudson for a number of years during the summer months. She also ran from Spermaceti Cove, Sandy Hook to New York City from 1865 to 1870. She was later taken to the Delaware River in 1888 and was used as an excursion boat.

During her first runs after being built, the Richard Stockton had some difficulty running smoothly due to a strong current against her and a freshet in the river. Despite this and troubles operating her new machinery, she still made her voyages to Tacony from Market Street in 13 ½ minutes, from Burlington in 1 hour and 3 ½ minutes, and from Bristol to White Hill to Philadelphia in 1 hour and 32 minutes. She returned back from White Hill to Philadelphia in 1 hour and 32 minutes, from Burlington in 1 hour, and from Tacony in 24 ½ minutes. At the time these were the fastest running times ever made on the Delaware River.



Sandy Shorts is the occasional newsletter of the South Jersey Culture & History Center, based at Stockton College. For more information about the Center, see wp.stockton.edu/sjchc/ or contact the director, Thomas.Kinsella@stockton.edu.
<http://wp.stockton.edu/sjchc/files/2011/12/sandysshorts1.pdf>