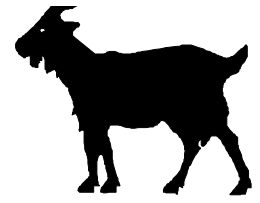
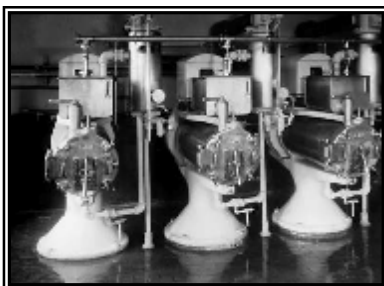
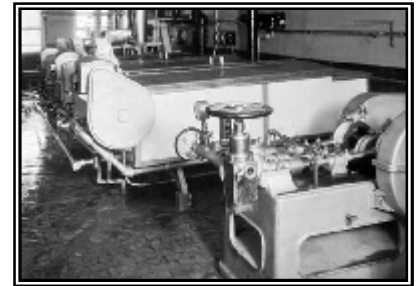


Nannygoats



Sweet Memories of Costa's Ice Cream

Thanks to the generosity of Gregory Costa, the Society is now in possession of a collection of photographs of the Costa Ice Cream shop and plant, which operated in Metuchen, and later Woodbridge, until 1977. Many Edison and Metuchen residents have fond recollections of their excellent ice cream, particularly their "Brown Cows." Society Board Member Phyllis Boeddinghaus served ice cream at Costa's shop as a teenager, and one of her customers turned out to be her future husband... now, that's good ice cream! Excerpts of an oral history recently done by Gregory Costa are included in pages 3 to 6. Captions on the 1928 photographs shown here read (clockwise beginning in the upper left): *Party Packing Machine; Can Washer and Sterilizer Machine; Three 100 Quart Direct Expansion Freezing Machines; 450 Gallon Progress Homogenizer and Storage Vats; Filling Dixie Cups, Untouched By Human Hands; Three 100 Quart Direct Expansion Freezing Machines (detail); Only Fresh Fruit; and Ice Storage Plant and Storing 1400 Tons Of Ice.*



**\$100,000
Donation Received**

The Society is thrilled to announce that it has recently become the recipient of an extremely generous donation. The gift, in the amount of \$100,000, is the largest ever made to the Society and will have a profound impact on our future as an organization.

The donor, who wishes to remain anonymous, has asked not for recognition, but for this gift to be an inspiration and encouragement to others to make substantial gifts to the Society as well.

The Metuchen-Edison Historical Society was founded in 1974 with the primary purpose of promoting an interest in and appreciation of the history of the Borough of Metuchen and of Edison Township.

Metuchen's Greatest Party

by Jadwin Sortore

Although it's been over 13 years, I think the saga of "the greatest party in Metuchen's history" needs retelling. It was in 1987 that the idea surfaced to have one last get together of all the classes that graduated from Metuchen High school between the years 1950 and 1959. To make the event even more meaningful, since the Franklin school building was slated to be demolished, organizers of this grand reunion plan asked the then Superintendent of Schools Gennaro Lepre for permission to hold the party in the school building. Voila! He kindly agreed and party plans were off and running. The two principal leaders and most capable organizers, Marnie Schenk {and} Jenny and Ernie Docs, set up committees for each of the 10 classes. Jane Mac Donald Siebert and I worked on our class of 1955. A date was set for April 1988.

Throughout the fall and winter, long lost classmates were located. Each class was to have a classroom complete with bar for storage of coats, personal items, etc. The dance itself would be held in the gym exactly where many of our high school dances were done. I remember being on the music search committee and going with a group to the shore to listen to bands. We found two that played authentic 50's songs. When Ernie Docs was informed, he said, "Hire them both," which we did and therefore had continuous music for the 6 hour party.

About 800 people arrived at 7 p.m. on that Saturday night in April 1988 and then the fun began. Some were in wheel chairs, others on crutches. All were well dressed and well behaved. The excitement was high since many had not been in the building in over 30 years. Because of the fact that there were many classes involved, there was a lot of extra socializing since many of one's friends span a number of years. Also, Metuchen in the 1950's was a much different school. Since Raritan Arsenal was open, a number of the students were Army children. Edison was rural Raritan Township and had no high schools; hence those children and the children from New Market all came to Metuchen. So there were lots of former friendships that were rekindled. Interestingly, I remember only one person inebriated and he was drunk when he arrived and still drunk 6 hours later when he left! A catered dinner was served in the cafeteria. Local artist, Edward Wetzel, himself a graduate of Metuchen High School, had painted a beautiful rendition of the building and had smaller copies as prints for sale. These prints made a superb souvenir of the evening.

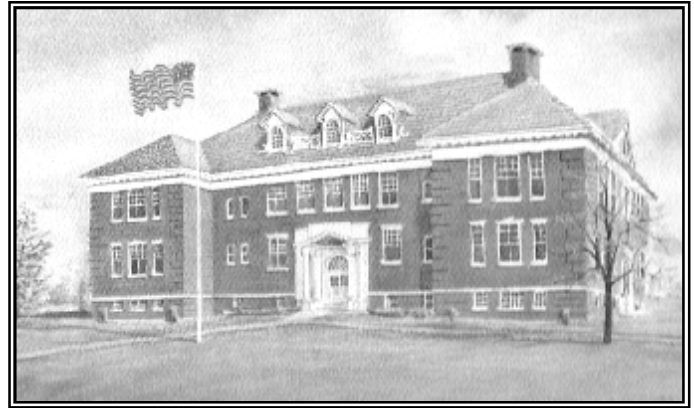
People danced to the songs of the Platters, Connie Francis, Elvis, the Moon Glows, et al while others socialized for hours while wandering the halls and classrooms of the old school. Teachers, school dances, football games, former friends, cheerleaders, and "old flames" were discussed at length. For some, they had gone to the Franklin School building for all 12 years of Metuchen schooling. For others, their mother or father had gone to school here. As one can imagine, it was very nostalgic. Much remained exactly the same decades later, which added to the beauty of the moment. For example, the wood shop and its machinery were precisely as I had remembered it 35 years before. So was the large outside play area where uniformed gym classes spent 50 minutes or so of competitive sport each school day.

Alas, at 1 a.m. the music stopped and the party was over. Most people couldn't believe that 6 hours had flown by so quickly. At the end, there were two huge disappointments; one was that the party was over and the second was that it would never happen again. Interestingly, there was no damage or vandalism done, no fights, no public drunkenness and no police needed. And the party made a little money, which was donated to charity.

Franklin school and its large playground, a beautiful example of Metuchen's early commitment to education and a proud symbol of our town standing magnificently on Middlesex Avenue is gone forever. So are our school days of the 1950s... But for those people lucky enough to be at the "greatest party in the history of Metuchen", the memory of old Metuchen lives on.

Jadwin Sortore now lives in Aiken, South Carolina.

For on-line access to the Metuchen-Edison Historical Society's newsletters, membership information, program announcements, historic photographs, merchandise, and more, please visit our website at www.metuchen-edisonhistsoc.org

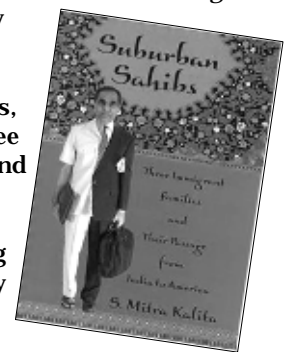


Signed and numbered limited editions of this color print, created by local artist Edward Wetzel, are available for sale through the Metuchen-Edison Historical Society.



On the Bookshelf...

Be sure to check out *Suburban Sahibs, Three Immigrant Families and Their Passage from India to America* by S. Mitra Kalita... Published in 2003 by Rutgers University Press, the book chronicles three very different families and their experiences immigrating to and settling into the growing South Asian community in the Edison area.



Although she grew up on Long Island and in West Windsor, NJ, Kalita wrote the book while working as a reporter in New York City and says she chose Edison as the location for her research since Middlesex County is home to one of the largest Indian populations in the world outside India.

Sweet Memories of Costa's Ice Cream

continued

The following pages contain excerpts from an oral history done by Gregory Costa in 2006. From 1898 to 1905, his maternal Uncle and Aunt operated a small ice cream shop at the corner of Hillside and Main Street. In 1905, they sold it to his parents, Matilda and Gregory Costa, Sr. In 1914, his father constructed the building and ice cream shop at 416 Main Street (now Lucca's) and in 1923 built the plant on Pearl Street (near the Boyt's Drug rear parking lot). Mr. Costa was interviewed by Society Board Members Phyllis Boeddinghaus (PB) and Marie Vajo (MV), and the complete recording and transcription are available in the Society's Grimstead Room. Thanks to Janena Benjamin for the written transcription.

My maternal grandparent came from Italy in 1860. He was a confectioner - ice cream and candy. He set up a small shop in Newark and eventually wound up in Morristown. He did not bring his family to America but he did go back to Italy every two or three years... and before he left America in early 1900 he had all his children, as they grew old enough, come to America, one or two at a time, and he set them up in stores in Morristown, Flemington and I don't quite remember the town in New York State, not too far from Newburgh, and one in Metuchen. Now that group of children all matured in years, married and had children so my grandfather's family was quite widespread. They are now located all over America, these people. And we have lost count of some of them. Once in a while we'll mention a name and say, "Oh yes, he's down in Texas" and then two or three or five years will pass and he's somewhere up in Seattle. So goodness knows where they are. They are spread out all over the place.

My paternal grandfather never came to America. My father lost his mother when he was about 18 or so. He was a bricklayer. His father was a contractor and had quite a large facility over there in Italy where he built houses and roads. And when his father married again, he didn't get along with his mother. He had no money but his brother was in the Army somewhere around Rome, and his brother lent him enough money to get to America. When he arrived here he was supposed to go to a bank he told me, in New York to a friend who had recommended him. He was supposed to go to the bank. He went to the bank and these people had no recollection of such a name. So Dad told me that he was in New York in a bad section and he just couldn't stand it. I guess there was a lot of violence going on. So within a month he was on the railroad and got out of New York. He crossed on the ferry and took a railroad train and he got off at Morristown. He didn't know anybody, but he did look for a job. And he walked from Morristown to Whippany every day to his work and back. I guess it must be four, five or six miles, but he did that. And he met my mother because she worked in my uncle's ice cream shop in Morristown. And when he went in to buy ice cream and sodas and sundaes, my mother made the sundaes and sodas at that time.

That's how that started. When they were married of course, they bought out my aunt and uncle in Metuchen.

That's how they happened to come to Metuchen. My dad didn't know anything about ice cream. He learned all that from my mother's family. But he became quite adept at it and did very well with it. He liked it though too; he enjoyed it.

I was born on the corner of Hillside Avenue and Station Place. That property right in that section belonged to Mr. Frank. Mr. Frank's tombstone is now at the cemetery where both my parents are buried and I often think of him. That property that's next door to Lucca's, to the corner of Woodside, to the corner of Hillside and Main Street back to Station Place was all owned by Mr. Frank. The house that Mom and Dad rented from him and where I was born, of course, was part of his property.

I had a nice relationship with Mr. Frank when I was a boy. There was a little porch on the front of his store; he had a dry goods store next to Lucca's. It was an old wooden building there. And some of the old gentlemen in town would stop there. They had rocking chairs and chairs on the porch and they would talk. One time I was just old enough to know of the Civil War and I sat there and listened to this old man. I can't think of the old man - it was so far back. I think his name was Oliver I think, Mr. Oliver. He talked, he



talked - I may be wrong about that but there was a gentleman there. It might have been Mr. Oliver or someone else, who would talk about their experiences in the Civil War. That kind of thing always interested me and it still does.

For me it was a wonderful childhood I had in Metuchen. The children of the storekeepers - Louie Hahn whose father had a butcher shop. There was a shoemaker, Hymie Cohen - Kenny Cohen was my age. His father had a shoe repair in Metuchen. And Kenneth Horn... his father was... the blacksmith. Kenny Horn was a member of our group. Those boys on Main Street whose fathers worked nearby or had shops there represented a little team and I was captain of that team. And I made an effort since we didn't have a Little League we made up our own leagues in Metuchen. I would get on my bicycle in the morning and route everybody out to get over to the field by 9 or 10, I've forgotten now when we started our day.

You can remember when the Campbell school was not there - that is where we played. Actually another thing about Metuchen, they had a town team that was called Metuchen Baseball and they played Ford's Corner and

Highland Park. So on Saturday afternoon the people of Metuchen were always down to the field to see the games. There was great interest in that. I love that. I am sure that kind of interest still exists in Metuchen but the sports are different.

In the Metuchen school system when I was a child had a funny little culture about when you grew up. The first time you wore long pants you were initiated into a manhood, I guess, by the rest of the older boys. And there was a coal chute at the school and you would go down that coal chute, hit the coal and of course were a mess. But that was manhood right there. They don't do things like that anymore, but no one complained about it. It was just a thing a boy would do when you started wearing long pants instead of britches.

After school there was so much activity on Main Street. All the children there and it was quite an active community of children who would enjoy playing with each other. When I would get back from school I had a terrible decision whether I would spend a little time with my mother or go out and play.

And I liked both, of course, but my loyalty to her I would go back to the shop where she was making candy and I would try to find some work to do so I could talk to her. Of course as a child I had a wonderful relationship with my mother, all mothers seek that I'm sure. It was an experience that I think I still have it with some of my relatives, a devotion to them I guess. Nonetheless, my mom would say to me if I was working

and I was hesitating at all, she'd say, "Now please, you've done enough now. Please go out and play. Have some fun with your friends." Sometimes they would come to the door and get me. "Oh," she'd say, "you've just got to go." All those contributions to my childhood, those memories of this wonderful little town of Metuchen, I don't think that kind of atmosphere, that healthy atmosphere, existed anywhere else now that I'm an old man and think about it.

PB: So you would help your mother prepare some of the nuts and fruit or whatever, if she wanted you to, and help melt the chocolate?

I would roast the nuts and I would stir maybe a pot of something that she was doing, if she was making caramel or something that needed some agitation before it all burned up. But I liked to do those things and after a while I felt I knew something about it.

I did that with my dad too. There was a little shop behind his store at 416 Main Street where all this candy making and ice cream making took place. It was a very small and modest facility. But during the First World War my dad delivered ice cream to the officer's club at Raritan

Arsenal. And they bought things called the ice cream "breaks" and it had to be sliced and wrapped.

After he got it ready, he had to put it in the tub and put ice all around it and put ice and salt all the way around it and hold it until we got to Camp Raritan. And I sat on the tailboard of the truck going up; I was just a little guy of course.

I'm sure that someone has mentioned that the boys, the soldiers, from Camp Raritan were marched down through Main Street. It was a long march, but I guess they had to train them to get them in good condition so they could hike for four or five or six hours.

Talking about Metuchen too was Crowell's Feed Store on Main Street. That store brought many of the farmers to town, especially early in the morning. They would come to get some food for their animals, hay and straw and feed of all kinds.

PB: I have a question: while you were at Notre Dame, was your family continuing in the confectionery business?

Yes. My father by that time had that building on Pearl Street, he built that place in 1923. And the company across

the street from the old plant – where the parking area is now – was my father's property there. From Pearl Street down to Lake Avenue, there were houses all the way down on the left side.

On the right side there were no houses. It was during the depression and dad had a hard time of course maneuvering through those years when the depression seemed to hurt an awful lot of



companies and the economy. I don't know how he was able to put through that long period of difficult business years.

He had, I think, about ... for employees there were maybe 20 or 22 people worked there; some driving trucks and others working in the plant. And then refrigeration had taken place pretty much in all the stores, at least had ice cream cabinets, and that equipment was rather primitive and gave a lot of trouble. So Dad had I think two or three mechanics running around taking care of those things, because they were inclined to give some trouble once in a while, especially in the hot weather.

PB: So they not only made ice cream, you also had ice; the company sold ice?

During 1923 or 24 or 25 after Dad built that facility, ice was the only source of refrigeration in most homes so they had what was called an icebox. I guess our refrigerators now are sometimes referred to as iceboxes, but that's where it got its name. Usually a horse and wagon had four or five or six cakes of ice and he had a route in different parts of Metuchen and the area around it, New Brunswick, etc. These people would come to the plant and pick up their ice and then deliver it house to house. And of course the cars

too – the customers would come and the cars had in those days bumpers that extended out in front of the car and in back of the car and would give a good secure bench to carry 25 or 50 pounds of ice. That ice plant, by the way, ran night and day. There was no shift there. It just ran all the time.

My dad was very much an entrepreneur. He was a hard worker, a very modest man and he set a good example for his family. When my mother died he became both mother and father.

I worked with my dad throughout the war (World War II). We were able to – we were growing pretty much. And we got to the point where the little plant wasn't big enough to take care of the capacity that was now moving out. So we built a plant over in Woodbridge and we were there until 1976 or 77 and sold it to two Wall Street people. And we didn't do very well there, as you know the business operated for two or three years after and then Borden moved everything up to Syracuse and that was the end of it. It was difficult.

PB: You told us something interesting too, when you were going full swing in Metuchen, about using fresh fruit in the ice cream.

Yes, that was something my dad insisted on and that continued, that underlying fundamental need for the quality of the product that was produced. The integrity of that was important to continue over the years. Dad started out by buying crates of strawberries and bushel baskets of peaches. We went so far as

the years passed working with the Agricultural School at Rutgers looking for peach ice cream. Peach ice is the most difficult ice cream to flavor because of the amount of water in a peach. You can't – it's very difficult to duplicate that freshness that comes with the amount of water and the taste of the fibers that the peach gives. So we

actually went to Rutgers to find what peach it was, what variety of peach, that had a resistant and pungent strong flavor, of all the peaches, of all the varieties. We found one called the Trigem. We had an orchard in South Jersey that had these Trigem trees and I still remember the man's name. Pud. Pud I called him - Pud Morrison, Pud was his nickname - he was an orchard owner. Pud and I got along very well. He kept planting trees because we bought everything – we bought all he could plant out there. It took quite a while for a little tree to produce enough fruit. So it took a long time but we did it. And we changed the composition of the formulations in order to do all this. I think we made the best peach ice cream and still to this day you don't see any peach because no one seems to know

how to do it. It has no flavor whatsoever. If you were blindfolded you wouldn't know what it was.

PB: I must say Costa's peach ice cream was my favorite. As I mentioned to you, I had worked at the Sweetshop; I had worked at the Costa ice cream shop as a teenager.

Yes. You know, Phyllis and Marie, you remember the effort we made to make good ice cream. Every two weeks

over the years, and I'm talking about thirty or forty years, we would meet every other Tuesday night and compare our product with our competitors. Now I had the assistance of Rutgers and Professor Leeder, Joey Leeder's I called him. He was my dear friend and we got so it was an {art} what we were doing. We would meet at 7 o'clock every other Tuesday night. And the people from our laboratory, we had three or four men in the

laboratory, all of us had this tremendous interest in making the flavors right. Sometimes we'd be there until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning. We'd get involved in how to do this or that. We eventually couldn't find – you know how you'd go to the grocery store and see things with better flavor - we couldn't find anything that was good enough so we set up a kitchen in the plant to make these things ourselves instead of buying them. That lasted about thirty or forty years. Joey Leeder, Dr. Leeder just died about two years ago. And how clean we kept the plant. The plant was a beautiful, wonderful, clean, very organized, efficient...

PB: You had mentioned too, about when you lived upstairs over the confectionary store and the windows were

open and you loved to hear the sounds of Metuchen.

Yes, my mother left my bedroom and my brother's bedroom – we slept in the same room – my mother would leave the window on Main Street open even in cold weather we had a little fresh air coming in. It might have been open an inch or two but enough to hear what was going on out on the street. We were interested in sleigh riding. The children of Metuchen

congregated after a snowstorm on Daniel's Hill. I'm sure the youngsters and many of the people of Metuchen would know of Daniel's Hill where the entire community of children in Metuchen - there might have been 100 of us or 75 – but from all over town we came with our sleds. Or at least if they didn't have a sled there was a toboggan slide there too that we enjoyed. That all was on my mind or on my brother's mind too in the morning when we would hear sleigh bells on Main Street. The open window was an early morning present for fun at Daniel's Hill. It would mean there had been snow during the night and we'd be on the hill that day. It would be interesting to talk to someone who had that experience at Daniel's Hill.



I don't think there is anything like it in Metuchen now. All these little things made the community just a playground of itself. It was a happy place. At least as a child I felt tremendous pleasure, security and fun.

PB: And you recall hearing the sound from the blacksmith shop?

Yes, you could hear if you walked down Main Street as far as Danford's, or you came up Main Street towards where the bank is now or Kramer's Store and you could hear the anvil. You could hear them shaping the horseshoe to fit the horse he had there.

PB: Any other sounds that are reminiscent?

Yes, I think the coal locomotive. The coal locomotive was a real giant mechanical piece of iron that made a tremendous amount of noise and power that you had to almost drop your jaw from the size of this monster. There was a siding in Metuchen, a rail siding where they backed their freight cars for delivery to, I guess, people in the area. As a child it was of great interest to see these great big things moving on this track. They just towered over you they were so large. I would go up there with a friend to watch this as they worked the engine and the freight cars back and forth. I didn't go once; I went enough to become to know the engineer who would call out us. But we just sat there and watched this operation going on. One day - I might have been - I don't know the length of time but it was long enough so there was interest enough that one day that engineer, I can't remember his name, said to me and the friend I was with, "Come up here..." You know, it was quite a job to get up that engine - that engine was four or five feet up we climbed. We got up there and we spent all the time they were moving the cars back and forth. And we watched the firemen load the coal into the boiler. And the way they operated the equipment, oh, we were thrilled to death. I think we were up there maybe an hour and a half or two playing around.

When I was a child there was no other way to get from New York by car except on 27. They called it Lincoln Highway. And football was concentrated on Princeton and Yale and Harvard. If Yale was playing Princeton, all the Yalies would come down. And before the game on Saturday morning we would go down to Danford's and that area and sit on the curb and watch these cars go by. They were all decorated up. The men had their great big what do you call those coats? Raccoon coats... and the women - oh they were colorful. They were all young people going down. And it was colorful; it was like going to

a parade. And we would yell out - they would go not too fast that you couldn't call out to them - they'd all wave going by, going down to Princeton to play football. That's what I thought of when I saw that.

MV: How many years have you been married?

We've been married 66 or 67 years. We built this house {Southfield Road in Edison}. We didn't have a dime. I went to my dad and said I wanted to buy it. Mr. Lindenthal was selling his property off. This was called Southfield, this area right here of their estate.

I don't know how many acres they had - they might have had 200 acres. It went all the way from Plainfield Road all the way to Dark Lane, as they called it then. I guess Mr. Lindenthal was the engineer for the Queensboro and the Williamsburg bridges. He commuted to New York every day. And he died and she was caught with all this. She was rich with property as they call it. She was rich enough but she was real estate poor. And

we bought this property for \$500 and there was no street - there was nothing, just a little place. I didn't have \$500 so I went down and saw my dad, he signed a note, and I went to the Metuchen Bank and borrowed the money. I borrowed all the money to get going.

PB: What year again was that you built this house?

1939.

PB: Oh '39. That's interesting you mention Mr. Lindenthal. Tell me again, he owned a lot of this property out here, hundreds of acres?

I don't know, Phyllis, I'm not sure but I know it was a tremendous piece of property. From here all the way back to Durham Avenue and they had a beautiful mansion here, do you remember that? Mr. Lindenthal, I can see him now. He was a tall, handsome man. He looked like a foreigner, he looked... he was an Austrian, he had a Teutonic look. His shoes too had great big soles on them - even the footwear he had was different. He's mentioned once in a while in the New York paper. Every once in a while they have a script about him.



The images depicted on pages 3 through 6 are as follows: Mr. Costa, Sr.'s maternal Aunt and Uncle in their shop at Main and Hillside, ca. 1900; Mr. Costa, Sr. in his shop at 416 Main Street, ca. 1915; an early delivery truck, ca. 1915; one the company's trucks in front of their Woodbridge plant, ca. 1945; the plant on Pearl Street, ca. 1923; the corner of Main Street and Middlesex Avenue, ca. 1950 (note the sign for Costa's French Ice Cream above the door to Danford's).

Sporting History by Steve Reuter

On June 28th of the 2005 National Basketball Association Draft, with the 10th pick of the first round, the Los Angeles Lakers selected Andrew Bynum. The seven-footer from Plainsboro played high school ball at St. Joseph's. Born October 27, 1987, Bynum thereby became the youngest player ever selected. As the NBA no longer allows its teams to draft players right out of high school, Bynum's age record could stand for a long time to come. Another St. Joe's alumnus, Jayson Williams, played in the NBA after spending time at Duke University.



The Society recently received an inquiry about Bishop Edward Wilson (1820-1908) who lived at 304 Amboy Avenue in Metuchen during the late nineteenth century,

and his son Washington Wilson (1860-1930) who served as Mayor of Metuchen in 1917. The letter included copies of several interesting, very early photographs of the Wilson Family and the family home, two of which are shown here. If anyone has information on the Wilson Family they would like to share, please contact David Wallace at 624 Schley Avenue, Frederick, MD 21702-4158.

2007 Grimstead Room Hours

The Society's Grimstead Room archives are located at the Metuchen Public Library and free access to the collections is available from 10am to 12pm on the following upcoming Saturdays: March 3, 2007; April 7, 2007; and May 5, 2007 (Fall dates to be announced in the following edition of *Nannygoats*). For information regarding special access scheduling and fees, contact Tyreen Reuter at 732-452-1381 or aversallenhouse@msn.com.

From the President...

As I start a new term as President of the Metuchen-Edison Historical Society, I would like to commend outgoing President Nancy L. Zerbe and the Board for the outstanding work they have done the past 3 years in reorganizing the Society for the 21st Century.

With the great programs, workshops, and the new logo, the Society has been more visible to the public than ever. I hope to continue the growth of the Society in the year ahead, and look forward to working with the Board and members on our exciting future.

Walter R. Stochel, Jr. 

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The name of the newsletter, "Nannygoats," is taken from the title of a collection of anecdotes, articles, reminiscences, and letters compiled by photographer J. Lloyd Grimstead. He took more than 2,800 photographs of the Metuchen-Edison area, mostly during the 1930s, which make up 80 percent of the Historical Society's photographic collection. The Metuchen-Edison Historical Society dedicates this publication to Lloyd Grimstead, as a way of honoring him for collecting and recording so much of our local history.

The Metuchen-Edison Historical Society is a 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization.

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Upcoming Programs & Events

Tour of the Danish Home in Edison

The Society is sponsoring a tour of the Danish Home and Museum in Edison on Sunday, March 4, 2007 at 2:00 p.m. The Danish Home, or DANE (Danish Archive North East), previously served as a retirement facility, but now houses not only archives, but a museum, gift shop, and numerous displays relating to the history of our area's Danish population. Interested members and the public should meet at the rear main entrance, adjacent to the parking lot of the building, which is located at 855 New Durham Road in Edison (near the 287 exit ramp). Light refreshments will be served following the tour. Please call 732-548-1391 with any questions.

Gort Bone China Presentation

Local resident Joan Breen will speak about the history of Gort Bone China, which was manufactured in Metuchen for 11 years (from 1944 to 1955). This highly collectible china, known mainly for its figurines and other decorative works, is comparable to Royal Doulton. Ms. Breen's father was a Production Manager at Gort, and samples from her personal collection will be on display. We encourage members of the public to bring their own pieces as well. The presentation will be held at the Metuchen Public Library, 480 Middlesex Avenue, in Metuchen on **Sunday, May 20, 2007 at 2:00 p.m.** Light refreshments will be served. Please call 732-452-1381 with any questions.

A Visit from Mrs. Roosevelt

The Borough Improvement League, whose historic clubhouse is marking its 200th anniversary this year, will be honored by a visit from none other than Eleanor Roosevelt on Thursday, February 15, 2007.

The former First Lady* will arrive at 1:30 p.m. at the Old Franklin School at 491 Middlesex Avenue in Metuchen, and discuss her efforts to make an impact on national politics during a very crucial time in our nation's history. The program is free and open to the public, and Metuchen-Edison Historical Society members are particularly welcome!



A light reception of tea and goodies will follow the program. Please call Phyllis at 732-548-1391 with any questions or for more information.

This program is sponsored by the New Jersey Council for the Humanities.

*Portrayed by Rene Goodwin of the American Historical Theatre!



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Have you renewed your membership in the Society for 2007? It's not too late to renew now and receive program notices, information about special events, and a continued subscription to this newsletter. Visit www.metuchen-edisonhistsoc.org or contact 732-906-0529 for more information.