

## Course of History Turned By Washington At Trenton

WASHINGTON CROSSING PARK, Pa.—AP—Coming to this historic place in a way, like returning to a boyhood home long years later.

It seems so small and quiet to have meant so much.

Coming to this place where George Washington crossed the Delaware 175 years ago Christmas night, you somehow expect a more epic scene.

The river ought to be more formidable, but it's only a gray-brown stream about 300 yards wide. The Jersey shore on the other side ought to be as rugged as the cliffs of Normandy, but its bank rises only 15 feet from the water and you can see the picnic tables there now and behind them a train and cars and busses rolling by.

Malta Island, behind which Washington hid his precious boats, isn't big enough for a football field, and you couldn't hide a single LST behind it. Its tired sycamores and elms have been bent low by many floods.

Coming here is like looking at American history through the wrong end of a telescope.

Think of the American bigness now, the huge continent welded by roads and rails and planes and wires and electronic beams, by pride and gripes and death and taxes. Think of the American power and richness and importance around the world, of armies on three continents and ships in all the seas, of the buildings of New York and the plains of the West and the atoms at Oak Ridge and the budget in Washington.

At the narrow end of the telescope, America 175 years ago was a troop of several thousand hungry, shivering men—a force you could hide in a corner of the Pentagon.

These were the men who turned the tide of the revolution, and this was the place they crossed to win the Battle of Trenton, the first big American victory after independence was declared.

Despite the musty school texts, the jokes about inaccurate but famous paintings and the sophistication of an adult nation, the glory of the adventure that night still shines through the years.

After the disasters at Long Island, Fort Mifflin and Fort Mifflin, Washington retreated across New Jersey and, with boats carefully commandeered in advance, crossed to Pennsylvania December 8, 1776. He had possibly 6,000 troops stretched along the shore above and below Trenton. At this point on the river, eight miles above Trenton, he had about 2,400 troops, 18 cannon.

Most of them men slept on the bare ground. The lucky ones had rags wrapped around their feet. Food was scarce; disease was common, paydays were infrequent and, anyway, most local merchants wouldn't honor continental money.

Across the river about 1,400 well-fed, confident Hessians were comfortably encamped in Trenton under the command of Colonel Johann Gottlieb Rall. There were more troops to the south. The main British force ranged far to the north, waiting to finish off the rebellion.

Lord Cornwallis was so confident he already had booked passage back to England. Lord Howe was having too much fun in New York with a jailer's widow to think of leaving. Anyway, it was just a question of time: The Delaware would freeze over, heavily reinforced British troops would cross and wipe out the remaining rebels. Philadelphia would fall, and that would be that.

Nobody knew better than Washington that only a desperate attempt could save the young republic from dying in its cradle. On December 18, he wrote his brother, "If every nerve is not strained to recruit the new army but he stands it now depends on the love and thanks of men and woman."

On slightly higher ground, shaded by graceful cedars and pines, are the graves of several soldiers who died in Washington's camp of exposure and disease before the crossing. These, proud park officials say, are the graves of America's first unknown soldiers.

Several hundred yards south of where Washington crossed, a narrow, iron truss bridge now connects the two States. Up a hill, stands the small, white McKonkey's Ferry House, where Washington is said to have rested while his troops were debarking.

"Continental Lane," a narrow trail hidden in places by shrubbery, traces the path Washington and his troops held inland. The site of Bear Tavern, where the Army divided, is now the home of a park employee. At the point where the left flank turned south, there are now a tiny Hopewell (N. J.) Township meeting house and a tavern.

Following Washington's line of march south, the visitor passes gently rolling corn fields, dairy farms, a World War II Navy air base (now inactive), rows of low buildings housing mental patients of a State hospital, a large General Motors plant which made planes during the war (some of which went to England), a deserted dusk and Trenton, a village of 100 houses and some apple or-

chards, would be attacked before dawn.

Tuesday, December 24, the river was clear of ice. Wednesday, the wind came up, the temperature fell and chunks of ice began drifting down stream. By dark, it was choked with ice floes and the black sky alternately shed snow and sleet.

Ordered by their commander to maintain a "profound silence" and warned that "no man was to quit his ranks on pain of death," the ragged troops slowly began to move down to the river.

Meanwhile, in Trenton, Colonel Rall was too busy drinking wine and playing cards to heed warnings to alert his garrison. A Tory farmer from Pennsylvania tried to give him a message that the Americans were moving.

Rall pocketed the note. He didn't read it until he lay dying after the battle.

Washington had hoped to get all his men across by midnight, but it took nine hours to get them over. The general, sitting on the Jersey bank on a box that was once a bee hive, watched tensely as the last man stepped ashore at 3 a. m.

With the wind at their backs coming up stronger, the tattered, freezing army marched about a mile inland, wheeled south and started the eight-mile march to Trenton. They formed two columns, Washington riding with the left or east flank.

About halfway they stopped to rest. Many of the men fell asleep in the snow. Another mile and Washington received a message from the right flank: The muskets were too wet to be used. Washington ordered them to use their bayonets.

A short time later both flanks contacted German outposts and routed them. A few minutes before eight o'clock, the two columns converged at a high point in Trenton. The 18 American cannons opened fire. The surprised Germans never had a chance to form a line.

About 40 minutes later, the battle was over. More than 800 Hessians had been captured and about 100 were killed or wounded. Some escaped. The American casualties were only one lieutenant named James Atkinson.

Thus, ended the first and perhaps worst crisis of the American Revolution. The Continental Congress in Baltimore had something to cheer about. The fight took on new vigor. Cornwallis canceled his passage.

At a victory dinner after Yorktown long years later, Washington raised a toast to Cornwallis. The defeated British Commander responded:

"When the illustrious part which your excellency has borne in the long and arduous contest becomes a matter of history, fame will gather your brightest laurels from the banks of the Delaware rather than those of the Chesapeake."

Today these banks are marked by State parks on both sides of the river. On the west shore, you'll find a stone marking the approximate point of embarkation, which is flooded over almost every Spring.

Most visitors want to know the exact spot Washington crossed. The next most popular question, unfortunately, is: "Where did he throw the dollar across?" It wasn't the Delaware. It was the Rappahannock in Virginia.

Further inland stretches a broad, grassy plain now called "The Valley of Concentration," where Washington assembled his troops for the crossing. That night, local historians insist, the tired, demoralized soldiers were given the first public reading of "The Crisis" by Thomas Paine.

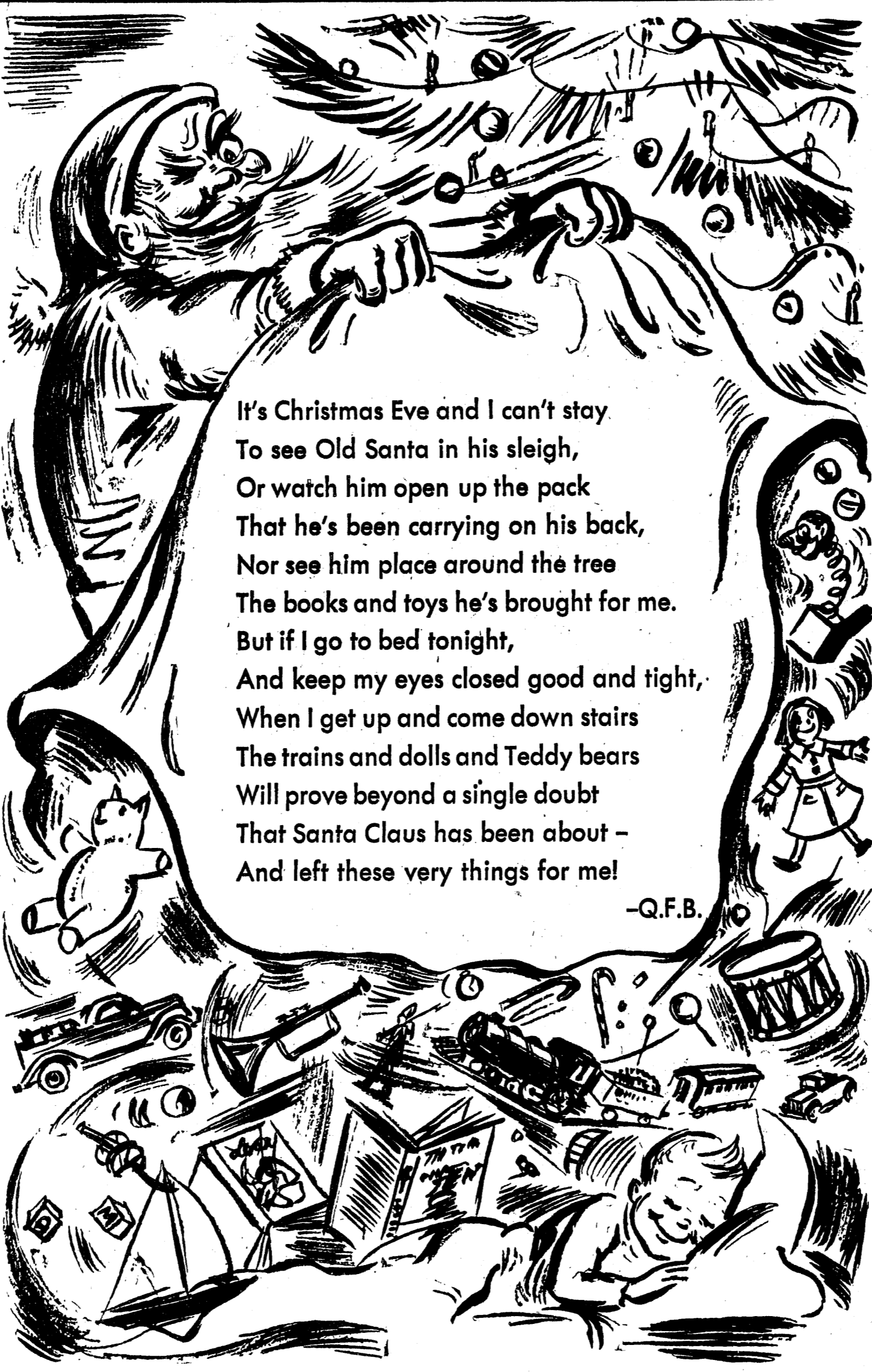
"These are the times that try men's souls," Paine began. "The Summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country but he that stands it now depends on the love and thanks of men and woman."

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It's Christmas Eve and I can't stay  
To see Old Santa in his sleigh,  
Or watch him open up the pack  
That he's been carrying on his back,  
Nor see him place around the tree  
The books and toys he's brought for me.  
But if I go to bed tonight,  
And keep my eyes closed good and tight,  
When I get up and come down stairs  
The trains and dolls and Teddy bears  
Will prove beyond a single doubt  
That Santa Claus has been about -  
And left these very things for me!

-Q.F.B.

## A Certificate For Santa

By Andrew K. Dutch

All of this December morning his little bell tinkled in unison with his cheery invitation, "Christmas Dinners For The Poor." But contributions were limited. The gay faces of the shoppers flouted past Santa Claus as he moved from one cold foot to another in his attempts to keep warm. In the pot were three nickels, a dime and 12 pennies.

She had a queenly approach, this six-year-old girl, and as she neared, he noticed her regal attitude. She leaned one side of her head toward her shoulder as though she wanted to be sure of his message. Then she spoke. "Don't you people get any dinner on Christmas?"

The old fellow shook his head in a saddened attitude. "Many of them have very little to eat, my dear."

She peered into the pot. "Is that the money that helps them?" "It is, my dear."

"H'm," she said, "Isn't very much, is it?" "No, but the day is young. By nightfall maybe it'll be full."

She opened her tiny purse. "I'm to meet mother here in an hour. But I thought I would get my shopping done now." She sighed audibly as she withdrew two green slips of paper. "I have only two dollars," she said, "but I will give you one for the poor people. I feel sorry for poor people, don't you?"

"That's why I'm here," said Santa, "and the green paper into the pot. He could see it now for what it was. A certificate issued by a soap company which could purchase an extra cake for an additional five cents. He merely smiled and said, "Thank you, darling. I can see that it is your heart speaking."

She flounced into a nearby store and he turned back to the monotonous

of his message, "Christmas Dinners For The Poor." It was another ten minutes before he noticed the commotion at the store entrance. There was the queen struggling through the doorway with a handful of toys. The manager and two salesgirls tried vainly to hold her back. She kicked and screamed. "Lemme go," she cried.

The crowd had collected and Santa was now in the center of it. The queen saw him and raised her hands in supplication. "Here are toys for the poor children," she shouted, "make them let me go, Santa."

"What's the trouble?" he asked. The manager sneered. "I've seen everything now," he said. "This kid wants to pay for the toys with a soap coupon."

Santa stroked his old beard. "A soap certificate?" The manager held it up. "Yeah, take a gander at it."

"There must be some mistake," pleaded Santa. "Look in my pot. She had only two of them when she arrived but she gave one of them for the poor."

The manager looked at the old fellow. "You mean the kid thinks this is real money?" Santa nodded. "There was a kid in a stable at Bethlehem, over 2,000 years ago, who had faith in all of us."

"Yeah," said the manager. "I get it now. This little girl believes in something." He leaned over to the queen. "Baby, I'm sorry," he said. "If we've caused you any trouble. But you see, it was like this. You walked out without your change." The manager took out four single dollars. "Here you are, sweet. All for you."

"Not for me," she said, as she tossed the dollars into the pot. "It's for the poor people."

Santa smiled. "Thank you, Your Highness."

## 25 Years Ago In Trenton

From the Trenton Times, December 23, 1926

Danny Fucello bowled a perfect 300 game at the George Skirra alleys in the Steel and Skirra building.

Francis J. Black, 48 Evans Avenue, has been named by Mayor Donnelly as superintendent of weights and measures to succeed James E. O'Donovan who died last Summer. Black is a World War veteran and has been working with his brother, Edward, a painting contractor. He also was an engineer with the Pennsylvania Railroad and has been active in sports. He passed the Civil Service examination for the weights job with a very high average.

St. Regis Paper Company of Watertown, N. Y. has bought the old Panelyte mill site on Enterprise Avenue and has erected a new plant there at a cost of \$250,000.

Deputy Surrogate Marvin G. Spaulding bagged a buck deer while gunning in the Jersey woods yesterday.

were Vaughn S. Grundy, James F. Cantwell, Charles A. Brown, L. Raymond Smythe, Joseph Eisenbach, Louis Hartmann, William Aheren, Charles Kulp, Chester Amesmeier, Paul Burroughs, Joseph Welsh, Hal L. Hunt, Raymond Ritchie, Grace Leslie, Herman L. Mack, J. Harman Harvey and Emaline Lesslie.

Miss Marie O'Connor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. O'Connor, 112 Stuyvesant Avenue, feted at party at home of Miss Constance Lanning of Stuyvesant Avenue. Present were Misses Dora Turner, Helen Doyle, Frances Shultz, Aida Oxley, Mrs. J. Bryson Bugbee, Mrs. Edward Leahy, Mrs. James Hippie, Mrs. Richard J. Galavan, Mrs. Helen Sheridan, Doris Graver and Katherine Clark.

Miss Mary Grundy of Colonial Avenue entertained these members of her bridge club: Mrs. Albert Dinges Jr., Miss Dorothy Lanning, Mrs. Jack Vernan, Miss Margaret Holcombe, Mrs. Horace Nightingale, Mrs. Vaughn Grundy.

Trenton students home from college for the holidays include: From Westley, Miss Mary Reddan, West State Street; Miss Dorothy Auten, Greenwood Avenue; Miss Mary F. Noyes, Gouverneur Avenue; Miss Helen Tomec, Berkeley Avenue; and Miss Mary Wells, Woodside Avenue; from Guilford, Miss Frances Klemann; from Belmont Circle, Miss Virginia Barrows; Hamilton Avenue; Miss Katherine Reidel, Monmouth Street.

Miss Helen Donnelly, daughter of Mayor F. W. Donnelly of Fisher Place, is home for the holidays from the Physical Culture School at Boston.

Jack Hottel, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Hottel of Bellevue Avenue, graduated last week from the Babson Institute, Boston. He will be associated in business with his father.

Miss Margaret T. Cheyney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Cheyney of 2 Ivy Court, entertained at a bridge tea at the Country Club. Miss Eva Burroughs and Mrs. J. W. Satterthwaite poured.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Scudder of the River Road left today for St. Augustine, Fla.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond B. Voorhees of Berkeley Avenue entertained for Mr. and Mrs. William L. Schulte, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Manning Jr. and Mr. and Mrs. John A. Williams.

Funeral services were held December 21 for Miss Mary W. Oliphant, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Nelson B. Oliphant, 152 West State Street. Dr. Herbert Adams Gibbons of Princeton, a cousin, officiated. Miss Oliphant served as a nurse without compensation during World War close to the front lines and was with the British and French Red Cross before America entered the war.

Among the things which the Times hopes Santa Claus will bring to Trenton are the proposed War Memorial Building, a branch library in the western section, the first unit of "Billy" Bickett's new high school, a new freight station, shelter booths for traffic cops, a free bridge at Calhoun Street, elimination of railroad crossings, more tennis courts and another community park.

## Noted Scholar Joint Session Will Be Staged In Princeton

PRINCETON—A group of more than 300 classicists and archaeologists, representing institutions throughout North America, will meet here on the Princeton University Campus next Wednesday and Thursday to attend the annual meetings of two of the world's oldest learned societies, the American Philological Association and the Archaeological Institute of America.

The two societies will be meeting in Princeton for the second time in a quarter-century. It will be the 83d annual meeting of philologists. The Archaeological Institute will be holding its 83d general meeting.

The two groups will be meeting over a three-day period, beginning Thursday and ending on Saturday with joint sessions of the two societies on Thursday and Friday evenings.

The arrival of the societies will present a situation similar to that of Princeton's bicentennial year in 1946-47 when this community was also overrun by scholars. The overflow from the town's hotels will be quartered at the Princeton Graduate College, at the Hun School, and at the Princeton Theological Seminary.

Special exhibitions will be on display throughout next week both in Princeton's Art Museum and in the galleries of the Firestone Library. The former will present a special loan exhibit on the theater in ancient art. This will be illustrated by sculpture, vase-painting, terracottas and bronzes. One of the features will be a portrait bust of the poet Menander, belonging to various collections in this country.

The library will have many exhibitions from its outstanding collections in the field of classical studies. These will include inscriptions, coins, papyrus, Arabic manuscripts from the Garrett Collection and medieval manuscripts from the Garrett and Grenville Kane Collections. Materials from the Morgan Collection of Virgil, the Patterson Collection of Hor-

ace and many general research collections will also be shown. The members of the local committee for the affair, in addition to Professor Oates, are Harold F. Cherniss, Institute for Advanced Study; Paul R. Coleman-Norton, Princeton University; Edward D'Arms, Rockefeller Foundation; George F. Duckworth, Princeton University; Herbert S. Long, Institute for Advanced Study; Donald C. Mackenzie, Princeton University; Benjamin D. Meritt, Institute for Advanced Study; Bruce M. Metzger, Princeton Theological Seminary.

Also Anthony E. Raubitschek, Princeton University; E. Baldwin Smith, Princeton University; Richard Stillwell, Princeton University; Dorothy B. Thompson, Princeton Chapter of the Archaeological Institute of America; Homer A. Thompson, Institute for Advanced Study and Louis C. West, Princeton University.

## Jersey Rail Commutation Rate Is Cut

PLAINFIELD—AP—The Central Railroad of New Jersey has been ordered to cut its intrastate commutation fares down to 1948 levels, a Plainfield attorney announced yesterday.

Augustus S. Dreier, counsel for the Intermunicipal Group for Better Rail Service, said the State Board of Public Utility Commissioners order to reduce fares also applied to the New York and Long Branch Railroad, which is owned jointly by the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Jersey Central.

Dreier said present within-the-State fares are 50 percent more than they were in 1948 in some cases, but the fares vary greatly according to the distance traveled.

He said he received by letter a copy of the PUC order, which says fares must be reduced by January 13. Emmet Drew, secretary to the PUC, confirmed the order had been issued, but said it would not be announced officially until this week.

Miss Florence E. Sweeney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer E. Sweeney, 1233 South Broad Street, married today to William D. Moyle, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel A. Moyle of New Haven, Conn. The couple will reside at Danbury, Conn., where Moyle is head of the English department of the high school. The bride, a graduate of Brown, has been teaching at the Rowan School.

State Forester Charles P. Wilber says cutting of Christmas trees is of great benefit to forests.

A Christmas play was given at Junior High School No. 3. In the cast were Charlotte Weber, Katherine Hunter, Ruth Gross, Rose Mintz, Edwin Bullifield, Colecia Henderson, Leona Gerofski, Katherine McDade, Howard Thompson, Delima Kolb, Elizabeth Miller, Harvey Archer, William Smith, John Sang, Joseph Kiewer, Betty Braden, Elizabeth Sillano, Ruth Drake, Elizabeth Fales, Ethel Ford, Alma Grever, Jean Zalzelere, Vivian Gerard, Ruth Hill, Kathryn Coping, Alma Standifer, Ruth Morrison.

Former Governor E. C. Stokes was 66 years old yesterday.

Lewis Lawton, president of the Tadpoles Club for 28 years, was honored by fellow members. A pipe was presented to him by William E. L. Dyer. Other present were Harvey S. Moore, Charles Loeb, Frank J. Wetzel, George LaLam, John L. Brock, Charles Randolph, John W. Manning, Lewis Lawton Jr., George A. Wilson, J. Harry Hearnen, Carl F. Adams, Robert Fielder, Reuben A. Steelman, Earl Leonard and John G. Preston.

Miss Rose Catana, 217 Centre Street, was married to Harry L. Woodward, 128 Centre Street.

Miss Margaret Sheridan of 523 Centre Street was honored at a shower.

Thomas A. Skoll of West State Street has returned home from a month's stay at Clifton Springs, N. Y.

J. Osborne Hunt, architect, held a dinner at the Carter Club for members of the Alumni Association of his organization. Present