



GLEN RIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY THE GASLAMP

Illuminating Our Past

November 2017 Vol. XXXX No. 2



President's Letter

Save the Date for Our Annual Holiday Party!

THE ANNUAL HOLIDAY party will be held this year on Friday, December 8. Our hosts are Mark and Ruby Pizzini. Their beautiful turn-of-the-20th century home at 293 Ridgewood Avenue was designed in 1902 by Montclair architect Frank Goodwillie. It was built for prominent American electrical engineer Frederick Scheffler, and his wife Linda Rose. Look for your invitation in the mail.

An enthusiastic group of local history buffs enjoyed the fall walking tour of former industrial sites in the Glen. My thanks to fellow docents Karin Robinson and Sarge Gardiner for the time and effort they gave to bringing the story of long-gone factories and mills to life.

The third annual gingerbread house decorating workshop is scheduled for Sunday, December 10, from 1 to 3 p.m. at Linden Avenue School. Come spread icing and sweets with other creative designers, and bring home a one-of-a-kind holiday treat. Members have priority signup privileges for the event, which is limited to 40 families. We will send an email with the details soon.

Mark your calendars for our upcoming vintage clothing exhibit on February 8, 9, and 10. Jen Janofsky and her committee are planning to transform our museum space into a

showcase of assorted fashion items that will appeal to everyone in the family.

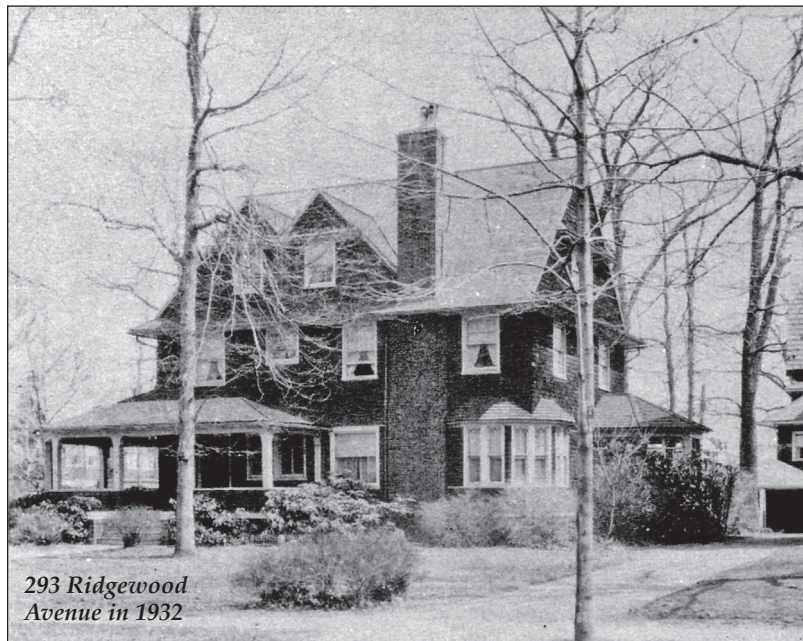
Your generosity as members allows us to consider spending money on worthwhile special projects. So far this year

we have identified two such endeavors. In November 1962 a bronze plaque dedicating Barrows Field in honor of Mayor Frank Barrows was installed at Carteret Park. During the radon remediation of the field in the 1990s, the plaque was moved to Freeman Gardens, where it was subsequently stolen. We have paid to fabricate and install a new plaque. Later this year we will make a significant donation towards the construction of a new sign for the entrance to Freeman Gardens. We have several other special projects under consideration.

If you are looking for holiday hostess gifts consider our gas-lamp and gazebo ornaments. We also offer boxes of 12 note cards with scenes of hand colored vintage Glen Ridge post cards. These items are available for sale at the public library. See the back page of *The Gaslamp* for details.

Hope to see you at the holiday party!

Sally Meyer



News and Goings-On

Preservation Award. We will announce the winner of the 2017 Historic Preservation Award at our annual meeting next April. If you or someone you know has completed (or will have completed by year's end) a historically significant project in preserving or restoring their home exterior, please contact Karin Robinson at karinrobinson.arch@verizon.net for an application. Judging takes place in March.

Museum hours. Located above Boiling Springs Savings Bank, the Terry S. Webster Museum is open the second Saturday of every month from 9 a.m. to noon or by appointment with Sally Meyer at (973) 239-2674. It maintains an architectural and historical file on every house in town, including old documents and photographs. The museum also features exhibits of town history.

Our Favorite Houses

From Bengal to Jersey

ONE OF MY favorite houses in town is 51 Ridgewood Avenue, one of only two bungalow-style houses in Glen Ridge. The word *bungalow* comes from Hindi and connotes a Bengali-style house: a small, detached, one-story home with a broad veranda. High ceilings draw away the heat and open plans promote natural cross ventilation. Bungalows became popular in the U.S. during the Arts and Crafts movement of the early 20th century and are common in the Midwest and West. They are rarer in the Northeast.

These houses were promoted as practical in design and economical to build. Their single-story plan was considered very efficient. At the same time, they were appealing for their diminutive charm. The low profile set the house down in the landscape, embodying the new suburban ideal of a free-standing single-family dwelling set in a garden.

Because these houses were built with only one floor of habitable space, they are larger in floor area than an equivalent colonial-style house of the time. This feature led to one of the bungalow's most characteristic elements: the broad, low-sloped roof. The ridge beam runs parallel to the street, so the largest expanse of the roof is seen from the front. This

simple roof is exaggerated by broad overhangs at the eaves and gable ends. In keeping with the Arts and Crafts style, these overhangs are supported by large triangular wood brackets, which implies a structure hewn by hand.



51 Ridgewood Avenue, built in 1921, is not a textbook example of a bungalow. The fascinating aspect of this house to me is the way it diverges from the standard bungalow design, and the way in which that reflects its place in the northeastern U.S.

There is no veranda across the front of the house. The entrance is enclosed with classical columns

and has a pair of French doors with a fan window above. The windows have Dutch Colonial-style shutters.

Like other bungalow-style houses, 51 Ridgewood has a small dormer facing the street. Such dormers typically have a single gable, but this one is a simple shed. The wide dormer roof is supported by wood brackets. The house has two large stone chimneys, one of which is located in a small extension, most likely an inglenook (a small recess), on the right side of the house. The siding is wood clapboard. These eclectic features adapt the bungalow style to its location in Glen Ridge.

Karin Robinson



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THE GASLAMP

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Newton C. Marshall's Story of Survival (Part 2 of 2)

The Crash of SCADTA C-46

Former town resident Newton Marshall was the sole survivor of a plane crash in Colombia in 1934. The September Gaslamp presented the first part of his remarkable tale, along with a map of the region. The story left off with his decision, after two weeks of awaiting rescue, to set out through the dense forest. If you'd like read the unabridged journal, stop by our Museum Room during opening hours. Special thanks to Marshall's sons Bill and James, son-in-law Don Kidder, and granddaughter Jenny Weisburger, as well as aviation historian Mauricio Umana.

March 25, 1934. The descent was steep and it was necessary to hold on to the trees and bushes as I went down. I did not bother to cut a trail, but pushed the plants aside with my hands. After a while of slipping and sliding I came to a steep bank alongside a little creek. I turned down its course. Now I could catch a glimpse of the river below me, but it was too steep to get down. I went back a short distance and then continued along the side hill in the same direction as the river, looking for a chance to get down. The rain started. It was only 2 p.m., but I had done plenty of traveling for one day. I stretched my rope between two trees about four feet above the ground and put my piece of cloth over it. I almost regretted leaving Hotel Sikorsky this morning. The accommodations had not been so bad there after all. At least I had a roof over me and a dry bed to sleep on.

March 26. Finally I reached the river where another little creek tumbled into it and where I found it possible to climb down. The river was hardly large enough to deserve that name, not more than 20 feet wide, but it was a rushing torrent of water tumbling down over large rocks and boulders. I started off down the river, walking on one side or the other, whichever offered the best footing. Just before dark the *tábano* flies were buzzing around. They are like horse flies or deer flies and there is no driving them away. Their bite is painful and I was kept busy slapping them. Sometimes I would kill as many as three in one slap, they were so numerous. After dark they disappeared and I was able to sleep.

March 27. I was crossing the river and about in the middle when I happened to look downstream and saw four men come around the bend and on up the river. One had a rifle, another a shotgun, the other two carried machetes, and all carried small packs on their backs. When they had come close enough I called to them in Spanish and they then

came up on the run. When they asked where I came from, I said from the plane. This seemed to puzzle them a lot. I naturally supposed that they were out looking for the plane or its survivors, but they knew nothing whatever about it. They were Antioqueños from the town of Naranjal out on a hunting expedition looking for old Indian graves [which could contain gold ornaments]. They threw off their packs in a hurry and offered me food. I had to explain that my teeth were in such a condition that I could not chew anything, so they brought out some *panela* and shaved it up fine so that I could swallow it.

After traveling a short distance down the river, they showed me a place along the bank and close to the water where someone had evidently slept. Only a short distance below this spot was the body of a man whom I took to be the pilot of our plane.

One of the men had gone on ahead, and now returned bringing with him a tin can full of hot chocolate that he had made in their camp. This tasted great and made me feel a lot

better. We walked through the woods over fairly level ground and came to their camp. There were two men in the camp. My wet clothes and shoes were put near the fire to dry and I lay down to rest.

March 28. Three men started off to locate the plane. The others stayed in camp. They made soup for me from a small bird about the size of a pigeon, which they had shot. I ate the meat, cutting it into small bits with the scissors from the first-aid kit. I had to swallow the meat without chewing it. My feet had swollen so that I could not get my shoes on, and were so sore that I could not walk. I found that these men had started out from their village of Naranjal on the 12th of March, having taken two weeks to get here. But they had taken a roundabout way and expected to be able to get back within one week.

March 29. There was a tiny stream passing the camp and we started down that. I could hardly hobble along at first, but after wading in the stream for a while, the cool water made my feet feel better. The guide, Dario, was

almost in as bad shape for walking as I was. He must be about 60. The other two, Noel and Alejandro, could not be more than 18 or 20. We began an almost vertical descent. It was necessary to hold onto trees and roots. The guide intended taking a short cut instead of following the longer way that they had come in. He explained that he was look-



Newton Marshall in the town of Istmina, Colombia, in 1916. Image from Jenny Weisburger

ing for a ridge on which there was an old trail. A light drizzle most of the afternoon had soaked my overcoat until now it was about twice as heavy as usual. The extra weight was too much and I threw it away, but the man behind me picked it up without a word and added it to his burden. About 3:30 we stopped to make camp and I could not travel any further. The men cut poles and palm leaves for a hut.

March 30. A cooking pot had been placed to catch water from the roof in case it rained, but not a drop had fallen all night. I found a few leaves that lay on the ground with their edges turned up so that they held a little water. After that I kept a sharp watch for similar ones and once in a while got about a teaspoonful of water to drink. We heard a bunch of monkeys chattering excitedly on our approach. They were little black fellows about two feet high and kept following us along through the tree tops, but always at a distance, so that it was impossible to shoot any. We were now following up a sharp ridge and at about 10:30 discovered the old trail. It had evidently not been used for 20 years and was entirely overgrown. At places deep ruts in the ground could be seen, made by mules or horses. We reached the high point of the ridge and passed an old hut. Soon we could hear running water below, and stopped to make camp. It is quite a trick to light a fire with wet wood and a drizzle of rain falling. I noticed that the men always carried some charcoal with them, taken from the fire at the last camp. Before long we had chocolate to drink and a pot of beans boiling.

March 31. Although it would have been easy enough to go back to where we had left the trail yesterday evening, the old guide took us on one of his famous short cuts and before long we were lost; even he admitted it. He mumbled some words over a little crooked stick he had picked up. He climbed straight up the hill because the stick seemed to point that way. The other two, Noel and Alejandro, were grumbling now and rapidly losing faith in the guide. But the guide did not waver. We finally reached the top and there was the old trail.

April 1. My ankles were swelled to about twice their normal size. I dabbed iodine on all the cuts and sores, but many were already infected. The first hour of walking was torture at every step, but after that it was not so bad as my feet became deadened to the pain. The guide, Dario, went on ahead as he evidently could not stand the slow pace, but the two boys, Noel and Alejandro, stuck with me. They began taking turns in recalling all the stories they had heard about people who had died of cold or exposure either on this mountain or another just like it. Any one who stayed out all night took cramps from the cold and died. They kept assuring me that it was only a short distance to the top. Just then we came across a small abandoned shelter. I stopped and announced

to all that that was as far as I went that day. Noel and Alejandro became greatly excited and retold all the stories of the cramps and dead men. I finally agreed to go on.

Finally we did reach the top, at 3 o'clock. It is surprising what a difference it made to me, passing that divide. After traveling some distance downhill we heard a sound off to one side of the trail and soon found our guide, Dario. He had lost the trail again. Farther on we came to where the trail was in good condition. I almost forgot that I was tired and it was a pleasure to walk without having to climb over or under something continually. At 5:30 we arrived at a small clearing on the side of the hill with a small house in the middle of it. We had come to the first pioneer out-

post on the fringe of the forest. The house was empty and we lost no time in moving in. Dario and I lay down on the floor and told each other about our aches and pains. His ankles and legs were swollen as much as mine were.

April 2. At 12:30 p.m. we arrived at a farmhouse on a little ridge, surrounded by pastures in which were grazing cattle. The foreman of the farm gave me his bed and slept on the floor himself, with the others of our party. All those at the farm were very much interested in the story of the crash and had read in the newspapers about the loss of the plane. The farm people wanted especially to know about the gold on the plane; they had heard that it was carrying a ship-



Stream crossed by Marshall on March 29 (top). Recuperating with his wife, Pauline, (left) on his friend J.F. Galloway's farm (lower). Images from Jenny Weisburger

ment worth hundreds of thousands of dollars to the Mint at Medellín. The amount went up during the evening as other farmhands and neighbors came in.

April 3. There was to be a dance at the farmhouse that evening. During the afternoon the guests began to arrive on horseback, young men and girls, whole families. The music kept up nearly all night.

April 4. We now rode on horseback, which was lucky as I would not have been able to walk much farther. We soon reached the bottom of the valley and the Garrapatas river. It was about 15 yards wide, but swift, and the horses were reluctant to ford it. The farther bank was about two feet above the water and my horse, after repeated urging, took it in one jump. The horse made it all right, but the cinch broke and the saddle and I came down on the edge of the bank. Twice again that afternoon I fell off the horse. Just as it was getting dark we arrived at the town of Betania and went to the hotel of that same name. The news of our arrival spread quickly and in a very few minutes there was a crowd at the hotel. The local police inspector arrived. He was sending out a messenger to advise the mayor of Bolívar of the discovery of the plane and my “resurrection,” as he called it.

April 5. After breakfast I called in a barber and had a shave and haircut. This operation was performed on the porch of the hotel, before a crowd of 15 or 20 boys. Some of the ladies brought me fresh eggs, others flowers and some cigarettes. Noel and I left on horseback at noon. We met three mounted policemen coming from Naranjal. When they heard that I had come from the wrecked plane, they asked me to dismount. I had to take off most of my clothes and they took everything out of the pockets, keeping my money, pen, pencil, papers, and even my passport. They also announced that one of their number would conduct me to Bolívar.

About dusk we came to a large farmhouse. We rode into the yard to ask for lodging, which was refused. Evidently they did not wish to harbor criminals and I could not blame them; we certainly looked like tough characters. We proceeded in the dark, but soon heard someone calling behind us. A boy rode up to ask us to return to the farm to spend the night. Having admitted us, they were very hospitable, and proceeded to prepare us a room and a very good supper. We heard horses come up the trail. Into the light came Dr. J.F. Galloway. On hearing that I was found he had jumped in his car and driven to Bolívar, secured a horse, and ridden up the trail. He looked me over. The medicine prescribed seemed to be principally whiskey.

April 6. People seemed to be arriving all night. Alberto Holguín, the company lawyer from Cali, explained my apparent arrest by the policemen. They had been ordered to bring me in to Bolívar with great care, and that to a policeman meant that they were handling a dangerous criminal. As it had been raining a little we waited until noon, then had lunch and started off on horseback. Our party made quite a cavalcade, winding down the trail; there were over a dozen people on horseback. When I saw how narrow the trail was and how it wound around back and forth in getting down the mountain, where one misstep would have sent one rolling down a thousand feet, I was rather glad that we had not had to make the trip last night. We arrived at Bolívar at 4:30 p.m. where there was a large crowd of people to meet us. Dr. Galloway took me to his home. Mrs. Galloway said that that same evening she had heard the news of my recovery by radio from New York, which shows how fast news will travel.

The airline and mining company mounted an expedition to bury the crew and passengers. It also recovered some \$20,000 in bullion.

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MEMBERS' HOLIDAY PARTY
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8

Glen Ridge Historical Society Catalog

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Historic District house plaque. Celebrate your home's history with a custom cast-bronze plaque denoting the Historic District of Glen Ridge and your home's circa construction date. The order form is available on our Facebook page at www.facebook.com/GRHistoricalSociety. Plaques take approximately six weeks for delivery. Member price \$180

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form is on our website at www.glen-ridgehistory.org/glen-ridge-gas-lamp-ornament/. You may also purchase ornaments at the Glen Ridge Public Library. We also offer the older gazebo and train-station ornaments for \$15.

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To make a purchase, email us at glenridgehs@gmail.com or mail your order and payment to P.O. Box 164, Glen Ridge, NJ 07028-0164. Purchases may also be made by visiting our museum during open hours on the second Saturday of each month. It is located above Boiling Springs Savings Bank at 222 Ridgewood Avenue.