GLEN RIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

THE GASLAMP

Illuminating Our Past

November 2020 Vol. XLIII No. 1

President's Letter

Coming to Terms With Our Past

IN LIGHT OF the events of this past summer, the trustees of the Glen Ridge Historical Society feel it is important to begin a conversation about our town's complicated past. For that reason, this issue is being sent to every town resident.

Examining our past to learn from it has been at the core of my career as historian. What has become clear to me, both inside and outside the classroom, is that most people have very little understanding of African American history. I certainly didn't have that foundation until years of graduate study, a privilege most people do not have. I have been fortunate that the majority of my students are eager to learn this content. Most people I encounter who care about history are similarly engaged and ready. But not all. You may recall this past summer the flurry of negative reviews of Southern plantation museums that are offering more inclusive histories. The *Washington Post* reported that visitors commented: "It was just not what we expected." "The tour was more of a scolding of the old South." Clearly we have much work to do.

The author during excavations at Red Bank Battlefield Park

How our country remembers its history reached a pinnacle this summer during the Black Lives Matter protests. Confederate monuments, products of the South's racist "Lost Cause" mythology, became the targets of BLM protesters. It was refreshing to see how members of the Glen Ridge community responded to these moments. BLM signs began popping up on lawns all over town. A new forum was created on Facebook to discuss what we could do in our community to be more inclusive and address systemic racism. Neighbors shared painful stories of their experiences with policing and education. As a community we collectively agreed: We can do better. This issue of *The Gaslamp* is dedicated to discussing Glen Ridge's own history with systemic racism.

continued on page 7

News and Goings-On

Annual mini-report. We couldn't hold our annual meeting this year, but at our board meeting on Oct. 12 our treasurer reported that we remain in strong financial shape, with $18,345.65 in savings and a net positive cash flow. Our officers are now Jennifer Janofsky, president; Megan Blank, vice president; Christine Brennan, secretary; and Sandra Lefkovits, treasurer. Our returning trustees are Nicholas Colello, Rebecca Hughes, Susan Link, Toni Murphy, Ann Nicol, Mark Pizzini, and Karin Robinson. We'd like to welcome our new trustees, Jean Boland and Michael Sagges.

Kenneth A. Underwood. With sadness we mourn Ken Underwood, who died on June 16, aged 91. He had been a member of the Historical Society since its founding in 1977, served on the Borough Council, and participated in many other groups. Underwood was a Fellow of the American Institute of Architects and worked on, among much else, restoring the Krueger Mansion in Newark and St. Mark's Episcopal Church in West Orange. He is survived by his son, Kenneth C. Underwood, and two grandchildren.

Membership dues. We have waived membership dues through April 2021, but donations would be greatly appreciated—they would help us cover ongoing expenses such as rent, insurance, and utilities.

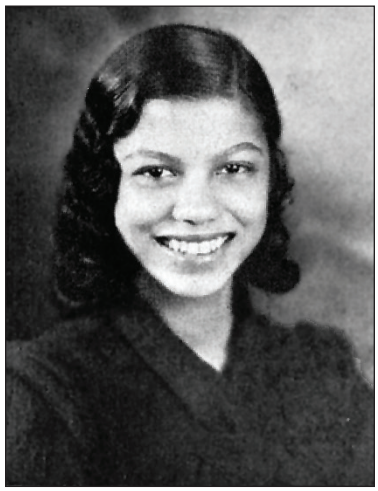
Museum hours. The Terry S. Webster Museum, located above Blue Foundry Bank, is open by appointment with Sally Meyer at (973) 239-2674. It features exhibits of local history and keeps an architectural and historical file on every house in town, including old documents and photographs. We will resume regular hours once it is safe.

News From the Town Historian

Overcoming "Genteel" Racism

The first Black graduate of Glen Ridge High School was the valedictorian of the Class of 1934. Soon after, her brother was voted as the "most ambitious" member of the Class of 1936. Muriel and Bill Sutherland stood out in Glen Ridge for both their accomplishments and their race.

Muriel told their story to the Black Women Oral History Project at Radcliffe College in 1977. Her parents, William H. and Reiter Thomas Sutherland, planned to move their family from Orange to Glen Ridge in 1918. When the news got out, a series of town meetings was held to discourage "colored" homebuying in Glen Ridge. Muriel said her parents described the meetings as "genteel" with "no cross burnings," but they nonetheless bought 246 Washington Street via a straw buyer and moved in under the cover of darkness.



Muriel and Bill Sutherland, from the high-school yearbooks of 1934 and 1936, respectively

Muriel and Bill were still too young to be fully aware of the ostracism, but their older sister, Reita, had a tough time. In a 1999 interview at Washington University in St. Louis, Bill said: "This experience, in essence, broke her psychologically. However, by the time that my youngest sister and I were coming along, things had mellowed a bit." Acceptance came gradually as neighbors saw the family fixing up its house and, as Muriel put it, "not causing any trouble." She said they were seen as "exceptions" with their fine clothing, two cars, and professional father. (He was a dentist.)

Muriel remarked that while "we did not have the 'man's' foot on our neck every day of our lives," they still encountered racist behavior in Glen Ridge. She said they had a neighbor who walked with her to school from kindergarten to third grade. One day the girl told Muriel she wasn't allowed to walk with her any longer because she was from Tennessee and didn't like "n—s." Another time, after practicing for a class play for several weeks, Muriel was informed she couldn't participate. Her mother, whom Muriel described as a "firebrand," rushed to Linden Avenue School and quickly changed the teacher's mind. She did the same when the first-grade teacher told Bill not to wear hair tonic because the other students objected to its smell.

Years later, a classmate recounted that some parents objected to Muriel's giving the valedictory speech at high-school graduation, but school administrators overruled their opposition. Another classmate claimed that some members of the Glen Ridge Congregational Church grumbled when Bill was elected president of the Young People's Society and carried the American flag down the aisle on youth Sun-

THE GASLAMP

Editor George Musser

The Gaslamp is published four times per year by the Glen Ridge Historical Society, P.O. Box 164, Glen Ridge, NJ 07028-0164. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to: Glen Ridge Historical Society, P.O. Box 164, Glen Ridge, NJ 07028-0164.

Except where otherwise noted, images come from the Historical Society collections.

day, but the minister and other congregants shook off their criticisms. Perhaps the most painful episode occurred after Muriel's graduation. When asked by a mutual acquaintance whether he knew Muriel, the salutatorian of her senior class—whom Muriel had considered a friend since elementary school—described her as "just another n— wench."

Muriel majored in Romance languages at Radcliffe and graduated in 1938. She had planned to teach Latin or French, but took a job at the Essex County Welfare Board as a social investigator. In 1943 she earned a National Urban League Fellowship and enrolled at Columbia University to study social work and race relations. The following year she married Massachusetts civil-rights activist Otto P. Snowden and moved to Roxbury, a predominantly African American neighborhood of Boston, where she furthered her social work and community activism.

Muriel Snowden at Freedom House, date unknown. Courtesy of the Northeastern University Libraries archives

In 1949 the couple opened Freedom House, an interracial community center devoted to developing the neighborhood and promoting racial harmony. In 1987 Muriel received a five-year genius grant from the John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation to address urban development and community activism. Sadly, she died the following year. The Copley Square High School in the Back Bay neighborhood of Boston was renamed the Muriel S. Snowden International School in her honor.

Bill graduated from Bates College in 1940 and became a world-renowned pacifist and Pan-Africanist. He spent four years in Lewisburg Penitentiary in Pennsylvania as a conscientious objector to World War II. While there, he engaged in hunger strikes against prison segregation and injustice. At the end of the war, he and others initiated the Peacemakers Project, bicycling across Europe for an end to the arms race. In 1953 he moved to Ghana and later to Tanzania, where he worked to support postcolonial governments and liberation movements. He was committed to revolutionary non-violence and joined the staff of the American Friends Service Committee (AFSC) in 1974. In 2003 the AFSC established an annual Bill Sutherland Institute to train Africa lobbyists and advocates on policy issues and educational methods. Bill received an honorary law degree from Bates and served as a Fellow at Harvard University's Institute of Politics. He died in 2010. **Sally Meyer**

Bill Sutherland campaigning against apartheid in the '70s. Courtesy of the American Friends Service Committee

A Gallery of Local Historic Homes

A new book, *Glen Ridge: Living in History*, explores the diverse architectural styles of Glen Ridge. Published this spring, the richly illustrated volume is a collaboration between Historical Society trustees and local architects Karin Robinson and Nicholas Colello. Some 93 homes appear in the volume, so yours may be in there. For a preview, and to buy, visit www.blurb.com/user/GRHS.

A Family of Color in Glen Ridge

Occasional Discordant Notes

My wife, Sandra, and I came to Glen Ridge from California 32 years ago. With a fresh MBA degree from Stanford University, I had been hired by Morgan Stanley's investment-banking group and we needed to find a new home from which to commute to Midtown. We had visited my cousin Barbara and her family in Montclair and liked the neighborhood, so we focused our search on this area. The first house that met all our criteria was on Yantecaw Avenue in Glen Ridge.

While house-hunting, we had been given to understand that Glen Ridge was barely integrated. (That was what "diversity" used to be called). However, we didn't care because, after all, it was 1988 and how big a deal could this be? My father was of Jewish and my mother of Caribbean descent, and my wife is from the island of St. Kitts. Together with our l8-month-old daughter, Alexandria, we stood out, but did not focus on it.

Yantecaw Avenue has about a dozen houses in Glen Ridge, and in those days they were filled with Irish- and Italian-Catholic families who had been there for a generation or two. As the new arrivals and the only young family on the block, we were visited by each of the neighbors over the first few weeks. In a somewhat unusual welcome, each of them in turn warned us that the other neighbors were "cold" and we should not get upset if they did not talk to us. It turned out that all the neighbors were friendly, but had fallen out of the habit of speaking to one another. Since we like to entertain, Sandra and I hosted a barbecue at which they spoke not only to us, but once again to each other as well.

The Country Club was a sore topic on our block because it excluded Irish and Italian Catholics. This exclusion presumably extended to us; if so, it did not particularly bother me because I had been brought up to view private golf courses as an extravagance for people in ridiculous pink and green outfits. Nevertheless, when our real-estate agent told Sandra she thought—erroneously, as it turned out—the club had a pool that was open to non-members, my wife cheerfully followed up. Sandra called the club and, in her melodious British accent, conversed easily with the woman who answered.

The Lefkovits family at high-school graduation in 2004. Left to right: the author, David Lefkovits; his daughters, Ariel and Alexandria, and his wife, Sandra Lefkovits. Courtesy of the author

It all went swimmingly until the representative asked for our name and, hearing "Lefkovits," became distant and uninterested. "Well," Sandra said later, "had I known that would be the reaction, I would have put Alex in her stroller and gone there in person." We never heard back from the club.

[Editor's note: Glen Ridge Country Club president Edward Cerasia responds: "There is no policy or practice to exclude any person from membership because of race, ethnicity, religion, or other category. Inclusion is important to our club and members."]

After eight pleasant years on the north side of town and now with a second daughter, Ariel, we moved to a larger house on Appleton Place. "What took you so long?" asked friends who considered the south end the cooler part of town. Our time here has been one of intensive community involvement, beginning with Sandra's long and deep engagement in the Women's Club. For years she was its only member of color, and in May she became its first Black president.

Twenty or so years ago, when she was the club's first Black treasurer, Sandra broke with tradition and moved the financial records to the accounting software QuickBooks from the old handwritten ledger that had somehow survived a generation into the computer age. Some older members were initially skeptical; one went so far as to get her accountant husband to review these newfangled books and records. This seemed a bit much to us, but the accountant found nothing wrong and was appropriately abashed at the whole exercise. His wife's skepticism went a bit deeper, though. After one meeting at our house, she stayed back under the pretext of getting to know my wife better, only to ask her: "What do you do to be able to afford a house like this?" Stunned by the boldness of this question, Sandra could only conclude that her fellow club member could not believe that a Black woman could afford a fair-sized Victorian in Glen Ridge.

Still, Glen Ridge has been a wonderful and welcoming town in which to put down roots. Both Sandra and I have been involved in the Civic Conference Committee, and I eventually headed it. In 2010 I answered the call for service on the Borough Council. During my nine years on the council, we addressed racial profiling and equality of treatment under the law.

continued on page 7

Racist and Anti-Semitic Incidents

Examining Glen Ridge's Racist Past

On June 2, 1994, Luis Castro, a resident of Hawthorne Avenue, awoke to find the floodlight he had recently installed to protect his home smashed. His house had been pelted with eggs three or four times earlier that spring. Other houses were also targeted, and the *Glen Ridge Paper* reported that two Jewish families discovered anti-Semitic remarks written in chalk on the holiday of Shavuot.

Some thought it best to remain quiet and carry on, but Castro was determined to fight against damage to his property. As an African American and Latino, Castro had been subjected to at least one racial slur during his 15 years in Glen Ridge. He told *The New York Times*: "I consider eggs as bad as rocks. They both can hurt you mentally when the reason is racism. With racism, an egg is the same as a cannon." Though not a victim of these attacks, a Jewish resident, Nancy Mamis-King, agreed. She told the *Times*: "The rock will really make you bleed, but the egg is poison, and it's hard to get that poison out of your blood." Physical assaults are clearly abhorrent, but racist statements and property damage can be even more damaging because those acts are often tolerated by society. No matter how small, they have far-reaching effects on a community.

In the aftermath of these events, 200 residents met at the Glen Ridge Congregational Church. The forum, "Crimes or Misdemeanors: Acts of Racial Hatred," featured local clergy, police, and others interested in learning more about the attacks and working to stop them. The Glen Ridge Human Relations Committee emerged out of this initiative. Through the '90s it promoted dialogue and understanding by presenting public lectures and films addressing race and religion.

Glen Ridge, like most American communities, has a troubling history of racism and prejudice. On Jan. 11, 1907, the *Newark Evening News* reported that three men attacked Max Guttel as he was walking home from the Edison battery factory on what is now Hurrell Field. Friends found him on the sidewalk, bleeding from his wounds. Guttel was Jewish. His attackers were Polish co-workers.

Freeman Tennis Courts in 1952. The creation of the tennis club reinforced the exclusion of "undesirables" from Glen Ridge.

Other incidents were more subtle, aimed at maintaining the homogeneity of our town. Glen Ridge might not be a "sundown town" like those in western and southern states where African Americans had to leave by nightfall. But it had its own ways to remain overwhelmingly white.

The incorporation of the Glen Ridge Tennis Club in 1912 clarified that its location in the southwestern part of town would help "restrict and confine a certain undesirable element of the population." "Undesirable" meant Italians. The effort to exclude them and others continued for decades. In 1931 the *Independent Press* reported on a meeting at which the town clerk praised Glen Ridge residents for purchasing land on the north side of town, thereby preventing the encroachment of people from what was then considered the poorer section of Montclair. In 1936 a Glen Ridge resident wrote to a local real-estate agent that he did not want to sell his property to a person of color or a Jew, saying that his refusal was "not on account of race prejudice, but in order that the neighborhood would retain the character which it has held for the past 25 years."

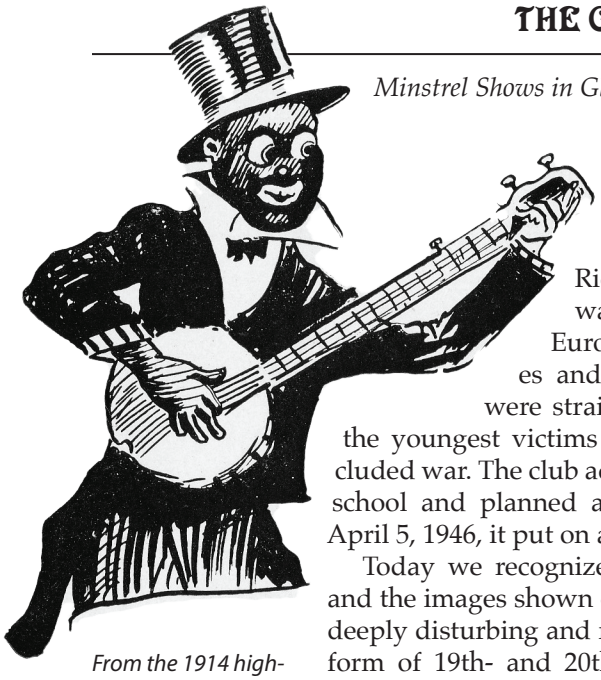
Such attitudes have not entirely disappeared. In 1989, during Glen Ridge's most difficult year, a swastika was raised up the high school flagpole and anti-Semitic graffiti appeared on several classroom windows. Another rash of incidents struck in 2004.

Well into the 1930s, only one African American family called Glen Ridge home, from what I can tell from the census and reports in the Historical Society archives. In 1979 Glen Ridge was 97 percent white; in 2010, 86 percent. As recently as 2018, Essex County was identified as having one of the three most segregated school systems in N.J. Change is coming, but ever so slowly. Perhaps understanding a little bit about Glen Ridge's history of prejudice and racism can help us do better. The creation of the Glen Ridge Public Forum on Facebook last spring in reaction to the murder of George Floyd and other acts of violence against people of color provides a new and important venue for frank discussion. We need to do more, however, because we still have a long way to go in creating a tolerant and diverse community in Glen Ridge. **Christine E. Brennan**

The author, a trustee of the Historical Society, is grateful to Helen Beckert at the Glen Ridge Public Library for research help.

Minstrel Shows in Glen Ridge

This Was Considered Entertainment



From the 1914 high-school yearbook

During winter 1946, the Glen Ridge Girls' Club wanted to help Europe's orphanages and schools, which were straining to support the youngest victims of the just-concluded war. The club adopted a Belgian school and planned a fundraiser. On April 5, 1946, it put on a minstrel show.

Today we recognize these shows—and the images shown on this page—as deeply disturbing and racist. A popular form of 19th- and 20th-century entertainment, they featured highly stereotyped images of African Americans. White performers blackened their faces with burnt cork or shoe polish, wore tattered clothing, and portrayed the enslaved population of the South as lazy, ignorant, hypersexualized, bumbling fools. These portrayals reinforced the prevailing national belief that Black Americans did not deserve and were incapable of a life of freedom.

Minstrels spawned an industry of sheet music, dance, theater, costumes, and make-up. The shows included song, dance, comedy, and short skits. They produced such iconic songs as "Oh! Susanna." Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Shirley Temple, and even Bugs Bunny all performed in blackface. African American artists, who were frequently closed out of other forms of theater employment, worked on the shows as musicians, actors, and choreographers.

The Glen Ridge Club (later the Glen Ridge Men's Club) staged *The Club Minstrels* on Feb. 21, 1908. Other town organizations followed. The Congregational Church Men's Club offered *Doc Patton's Jubilee Minstrels* to a packed house at the Women's Club in December 1938. The *Glen Ridge Paper* wrote about it in popular minstrel dialect: "Hear dat ole whistle atooting you Lackawanna commuters! Well close your eyes, honey chillun…." The performance cast white men as blackfaced Sambo, Bones, Rastus, and Willie. Sambo was a classic stereotypical stock character known for being dumb, childlike, and incapable of taking care of himself. The program, according to the paper, featured a dance performance with a "sinuous and convulsing rhythm" consistent with hypersexualized stereotypes of Black men. One of the more popular numbers of the evening, "That's Why Darkies Were Born," featured the lyrics: "Someone had to pick the cotton /Someone had to pick the corn / Someone had to slave and be able to sing / That's why darkies were born."

No doubt the Girls' Club took inspiration from these sell-out performances. The *Glen Ridge Paper* anticipated success: "A minstrel show is something quite different from the usual form of entertainment presented in the borough but is of such a character as to appeal to young and old and should attract a large crowd." Indeed it did. Large crowds filled the Women's Club to hear classic minstrel songs such as "Massa's in the Cold, Cold, Ground" and "Dixie." The highlight—which, according to the *Glen Ridge Paper* was met "with shrieks and whistles"—was a jitterbug to "Dark Town Strutter's Ball," with one young woman in full blackface. The event was considered a success and the club forwarded $235 to their adopted Belgian school.

The high-school Youth Recreation Program offered "Minstrel and Frolic" shows from 1948 to 1955. The *Glen Ridge Paper* reported that the "blackfaced jokers" sang such songs as "Zip-a-Dee-Doo-Dah" from the Disney movie *Song of the South*, in which it is sung by the Uncle Remus character. The highlight of the 1948 performance was a routine by members of the football team in blackface.

No matter how well intentioned, minstrel shows reinforced a sense of who belonged in Glen Ridge and who did not. Whiteness—specifically white Anglo-Saxon whiteness—remained the defining characteristic for membership in our community.

Jennifer Janofsky

Minstrel performers at the Glen Ridge Battalion Forum in 1928

continued from page 1

There had never been any question what my career would be. When I was 8, my grandparents gave me a set of history encyclopedias. I pored over the Battle of the Bulge, Betsy Ross, and Woodrow Wilson. In 1995 I graduated with a degree in history. I couldn't imagine a life without history, so I headed off to graduate school. My first semester required me to take a seminar in African American history.

I was intrigued. I had never formally studied African American history. As an undergraduate, I learned more about Thomas Jefferson's presidency than the enslaved community who made his lifestyle possible. That class fundamentally directed my career as an academic and public historian. It opened my eyes to the worlds of Frederick Douglass, Sojourner Truth, W.E.B. Du Bois, Ida B. Wells, and Stokely Carmichael. I had the opportunity to further these studies in my Ph.D. program, where I developed a teaching and research field in African American history. I was lucky to be teaching in Philadelphia and eagerly whisked my students from one subway stop to the next, visiting the historic Mother Bethel Church and the President's House site.

As a public historian I've worked with Eastern State Penitentiary to gather the stories of the African American men and women who had populated its cells. In my current role as director of Red Bank Battlefield Park, I've spent the past five years researching and developing programs, guided tours, and exhibits on the role Black soldiers played in the Revolutionary War. Sometimes these stories are painful. Other times, they highlight the commitment and sacrifice of the African American community to protect our country.

This summer, a tipping point seemed to arrive, and white Americans across the country finally appeared ready to engage in an overdue conversation with the past. The Historical Society aims to be part of this movement. In this newsletter, my article on minstrel shows highlights just how replete this popular form of early-20th-century entertainment was with racist caricatures and imagery. Christine Brennan's article focuses on the long history of discriminatory attitudes, behavior, and assaults in our community, as recently as the early 2000s. David Lefkovits shares his family's experiences living as a family of color in Glen Ridge. Sally Meyer writes about the Sutherlands, a family of color that moved to Glen Ridge in 1918 despite efforts to discourage "colored" homebuying. (*USA Today* reported last month on the history of such efforts in Essex County, including so-called restrictive covenants.) They went on to become national figures in the fight for social justice. If you'd like to share your recollections, please email us at glenridgehs@gmail.com.

So many of us love our community—and rightly so. But it's not removed from the long arc of history. This issue will not be the last time the Historical Society takes up this topic. The trustees are committed to facilitating conversations about our complicated and oftentimes complicit racist past. We believe Black lives matter. **Jennifer Janofsky**

---

continued from page 4

Through the process we initiated, it turned out that some residents of surrounding towns, with more people of color than ours, view Glen Ridge as a hazardous place to be driving while Black. This surprised me because our family—including my wife's five nieces and nephews, who have lived with us and gone to school here over the years—had never been stopped by the Glen Ridge Police Department. Nevertheless, when the department held a town hall on race and policing in 2016, members of Glen Ridge's own small but growing Black community stepped forward to say that they, too, had been racially profiled. Sandra and I followed up by hosting an open house for police officers and Black families. The department has, I think, taken such issues to heart. Even before the town hall, it had begun to publish data on the race of those with whom it interacts while enforcing the law.

Last year, though, I finally had what might be considered a "Karen" moment: Someone called the Glen Ridge police on me for a spurious reason. Was it racially motivated? I'm not sure, in part because my mixed background strikes different people differently; when I was younger especially, people would ask, "What are you?"

I was walking home from the train last Dec. 17, having worked somewhat late and taken the 8:35 p.m. train from Penn Station. There had been an ice storm, and all the trees were glittering as if covered by tinsel. As a hobby photographer, I wanted to get a shot of my house through the gleam of ice-covered branches. I walked to the front door to turn on the motion-sensitive porch lights and waited as a couple passed with two Labradoodles, one of which was lunging in my direction. I returned to the street and got the shot.

A few minutes later, in the home office, I looked out and noticed a couple of police officers searching up my driveway with flashlights. I went out to ask them what was going on, and they told me there had been a report of a suspicious man in a hat and trench coat on my property. As they recounted the description of this suspicious man, I realized they were talking about me. It reminded me of the time that Harvard University professor Henry Louis Gates Jr.'s neighbor called the Cambridge police on him for breaking into his own house. In contrast to Gates, I had to put some effort into convincing the Glen Ridge police officers that *I* was their suspect. They believed it only when I showed them the photo.

This incident was later posted on the Glen Ridge Facebook pages, where the dog-walking couple were roundly (if anonymously, since no one knew their identity) condemned. The next time I ran into them, an awkward and inconclusive discussion ensued, in which they defended themselves by saying that their car had been broken into, so they did not hesitate to call the police if something, such as a sketchy-looking photographer, looked amiss.

So, in a nutshell, the experience of Glen Ridge for a family of color is one of quiet enjoyment, friendly neighbors, and civic engagement, punctuated by the occasionally discordant notes that lead one to question whether one actually belongs. **David Lefkovits**

David Lefkovits was returned to the Borough Council this month.

GLEN RIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
P.O. Box 164
Glen Ridge, NJ 07028

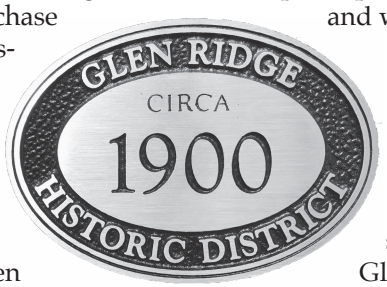
Nonprofit Org
U.S. Postage
PAID
Caldwell, NJ
Permit No. 710

Address Service Requested

SPECIAL ISSUE:
RACE IN GLEN RIDGE

Glen Ridge Historical Society Catalog

SHOW YOUR SUPPORT for Glen Ridge history by making a purchase from our catalog of Historical Society items.



Historic District house plaque. Celebrate your home's history with a custom cast-bronze plaque denoting the Glen Ridge Historic District and your home's year of construction. Delivery takes approximately six weeks. Member price $180

1906 maps. Reprints of pages from the colorful and detailed A.H. Mueller Atlas of Essex County are available for both north and south ends of town. Suitable for framing. Member price $80

Gas-lamp postcards. Full-color 4×6 postcards showing a Glen Ridge gas lamp in spring, summer, autumn, and winter. $1 each

Memory and Matching Game. A classic handcrafted memory game with 48 tiles showing historic sites and buildings in Glen Ridge. The storage box includes a description of each image. Suitable for all ages. $15

Holiday ornaments. A beautiful custom brass ornament featuring the iconic image of a Glen Ridge gas lamp is available for $15. Each ornament comes in a red presentation box and includes a brochure on town history. We also still offer the older gazebo and train-station ornaments for $15.

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. For house plaques, we will send you a form to enter your details. Purchases may also be made at our museum by appointment with Sally Meyer at (973) 239-2674. The museum is located above the Blue Foundry Bank at 222 Ridgewood Ave. Enjoy our exhibits while you're there. You may also buy ornaments at the Glen Ridge Public Library with a personal check or exact change.