

PRISON MUSEUM POST

Official Newsletter of the Historic Burlington County Prison Museum Association

Volume VI, Issue IV

September 28, 2007

WE NEED VOLUNTEERS FOR OUR FALL EVENT!

Our haunted event, known as "THE PRISON", will be held this year on the last two weekends in October (19, 20, 21, 26, 27 and 28). We need volunteers to sell tickets and refreshments each night from 7 p.m. through 11 p.m. It's the easiest and most enjoyable thing you'll ever volunteer to do. Past volunteers have reported that watching the crowd is as much or more fun than the event itself. Please call to volunteer on one or more nights. We can be reached at the Jail on Thursdays through Sundays (609-265-5476) and at the PMA office on Wednesdays (609-518-7667). You can also leave a message on the PMA phone (609-518-7667).

Enclosed in this newsletter is a copy of our flier/press release. Feel free to reproduce and distribute it. We also have professionally produced postcard-sized fliers available for distribution.

**Historic Burlington County Prison
Museum Association ("PMA")**

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Board of Trustees:

Joan Boas (Secy.), Michael Bright,
Susan Dargay (Treas.), Thomas Faile,
David Kimball (Vice-Pres.), Kay Kline,
Carole Melman, Janet Sozio (Pres.),
Gary Woodend.

Attendant: Marisa Bozarth
Chief Volunteer: Ron Reed

Prison Museum Post Editor: Janet Sozio
Associate Editor: Marisa Bozarth

Please help us preserve and promote the Prison Museum by joining the PMA. Our annual dues are only \$10. Membership benefits include a quarterly newsletter, event updates, 10% off gift shop purchases, and free admission to the museum. For an application, call the PMA office.

The producers are already hard at work. Two tractor trailers full of props have been delivered and are currently being assembled in the Exercise Yard. Excitement is in the air. As you know, this is by far our biggest fundraiser. We have made a lot of strides in the past year, including the opening of a museum annex in the Warden's Office, the creation of a DVD presentation of Jail graffiti, the development of our website and the purchase of a computer which Jail Attendant Marisa Bozarth is using to create a database, including a record of inmates. We have a well equipped office and the ability to offer small stipends to volunteers. None of this would be possible without the money we raise from the fall

event. The haunted event is also our greatest public relations vehicle. Many visitors who come to the Jail throughout the year first hear of us through the haunted event. Please help us keep a great tradition going.

MILLS PLANS UPDATE

As you will recall, Robert Mills' original plans for the Jail were discovered a few years ago in the Mount Holly Library. When it was ultimately determined that the Library was the rightful owner of the plans, the Freeholders and the PMA both considered purchasing them. At the same time, the Athenaeum of Philadelphia also expressed an interest in buying them. After much discussion, the PMA Board concluded that we can not afford the plans, especially in light of the considerable cost we would incur to preserve them once we acquired them. The Board also recommended to the Freeholders that it would be in the best interests of the County that the plans be purchased by the Athenaeum, a member supported, not-for-profit special collections library founded in 1814 to collect materials connected with the history and antiquities of America for public benefit. An established repository of historic architectural designs, it will properly preserve the Plans if it acquires them. It is our understanding that we could obtain archival quality copies of the Plans at a reasonable cost from the Athenaeum. We will keep you advised of further developments.

WE HAVE A WEBSITE!

One of our haunt producers, Jim Read, has created a website for us. Take look on www.prisonmuseum.net. Please tell us what you think of it and give us any ideas you have to improve it. The site is linked to our fall event site: www.prisonhaunt.com.

REORGANIZATION MEETING

Copies of the minutes of the Reorganization Meeting on August 7, including our Financial Statement for the fiscal year 4/1/06 to 3/31/07, and our Proposed Budget for the fiscal year 4/1/07 to 3/31/08 are available upon request. We will mail a copy to anyone who's interested, or they can

come to the office to read them. The meeting was extremely fruitful: we had a nice supper, discussed everything from the Mills Plans to rat poop in the basement, and held an election. We took some photos at the meeting which are copied in this issue of the *Prison Museum Post*.

ELLIS PARKER TOUR

The Mount Holly Library and Main Street Mount Holly hosted an "Ellis Parker Tour" on September 22. The tour started at the Library, where author John Reisinger signed copies of his book, *Master Detective, The Life and Times of Ellis Parker, America's Real-Life Sherlock Holmes*. The group then walked through Mount Holly, stopping at sites relevant to Parker's life, including the Jail, the Elks, the Masonic Lodge and the Old Courthouse, where PMA member and county court administrator Jude del Preore and his staff unveiled their new film about that great old building. The film is very good. After we recuperate from the haunted event, we will start planning such a film of our own about the Jail.

HOW DO YOU LIKE OUR NEW FORMAT?

As you can see, we have changed our newsletter format. Future newsletters will come to you in the form of our official publication, *The Prison Museum Post*. We hope you like it and welcome any ideas for improvement or changes.

THIS MONTH'S NEWS ARTICLES

One thing we won't change is the featuring of old newspaper articles. It's so much fun to go back to the Burlington County of a hundred years ago. We're still in 1897, which was, like today, an age of gossip and sensationalism. Our favorite story is the one about the Republican who had been married three times.... "Galluses" are suspenders for trousers, though what it means to cut them while dancing is unclear. Enjoy.

GHOST RESEARCH UPDATE – by Jail Attendant Marisa Bozarth

Angry inmates, anguish, and death: these all may have led the Prison Museum to be haunted. The first report of spirits roaming the prison's halls was in 1833, following the execution of Joel Clough. Guards and prisoners heard moaning and rattling chains, and smelled cigarette smoke coming from "the dungeon". During renovations in the 1990s, workers heard sounds and saw apparitions throughout the building. Most disturbing to them was when their tools turned up missing and were later found in locked cells! This prompted the Board of Freeholders to ask South Jersey Ghost Research to investigate the prison. As a result of the investigation, the prison joined the ranks of the most haunted buildings in New Jersey.

Over the past 15 years, ghost research groups from as far away as Ohio and Long Island have been here to investigate. These groups typically record the happenings in the prison from 8 p.m. through midnight on a given night. They use their own equipment, such as digital voice recorders, digital cameras, infrared video cameras, and electromagnetic field detectors, which pick up breaks in the energy field. They review their evidence over the next few weeks and then send a report to the museum. Thus far, each group has found evidence of the prison being haunted. They have recorded voices, caught orbs (energy) on film, and detected spikes the electromagnetic field. All of these things combined give the prison museum the title "HAUNTED".

The most recent, and the most exciting group to investigate the prison was The Atlantic Paranormal Society (TAPS). Some of you may know them from the Sci Fi Channel show "Ghost Hunters." The group originates in Rhode Island and conducts investigations throughout the United States and Europe. They contacted the prison museum after a family member visited for a daytime tour. The team, along with their production staff, spent two nights investigating and conducting interviews. Upon arrival, the team was given a tour of the museum, which included a history of the prison as well as ghost stories. Their investigation lasted approximately eight hours. During this time, they used digital thermometers to detect temperature changes, infrared video cameras, digital voice recorders, electromagnetic field detectors, and a thermal imaging camera, which detects body heat and energy and is often used by fire departments. Their evidence had not been revealed to us at the time this article was written. The episode will air in January on the Sci Fi Channel.

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This Halloween, the Historic Burlington County Prison Museum welcomes those who wish to take a frightening journey through a real, 200-year-old, haunted prison, where the spirits never rest and the screams of those laid to rest here never stop. Experience the nightmarish order of “the Hole” and testify to the fact that you’ve encountered the unspeakable. Enter “The Prison”, where the only thing that escapes is your fear!

WHAT: A Haunted Attraction at the Historic Burlington County Prison Museum

WHERE: 128 High Street, Mount Holly, NJ

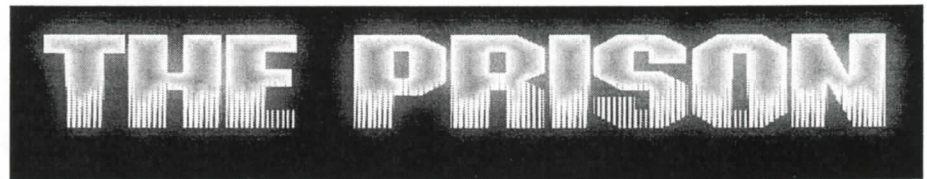
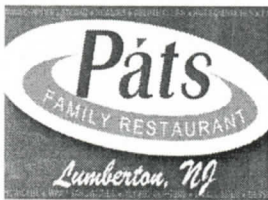
WHEN: Oct. 19, 20, 21 / Oct. 26, 27, 28 from 8 -11 p.m.

GENERAL ADMISSION: \$13 pre-purchased/ \$15 at door/ \$25 VIP

Group Rates Available.

*Proceeds benefit the Burlington County Prison Museum Association
and the Mount Holly Relief Fire Department.*

SPONSORED BY:



www.prisonhaunt.com

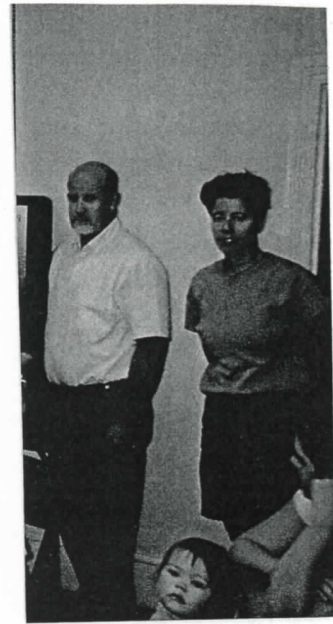
Concessions and line entertainment every night!

LIVE DJ- OPENING NIGHT- Friday, Oct. 19th

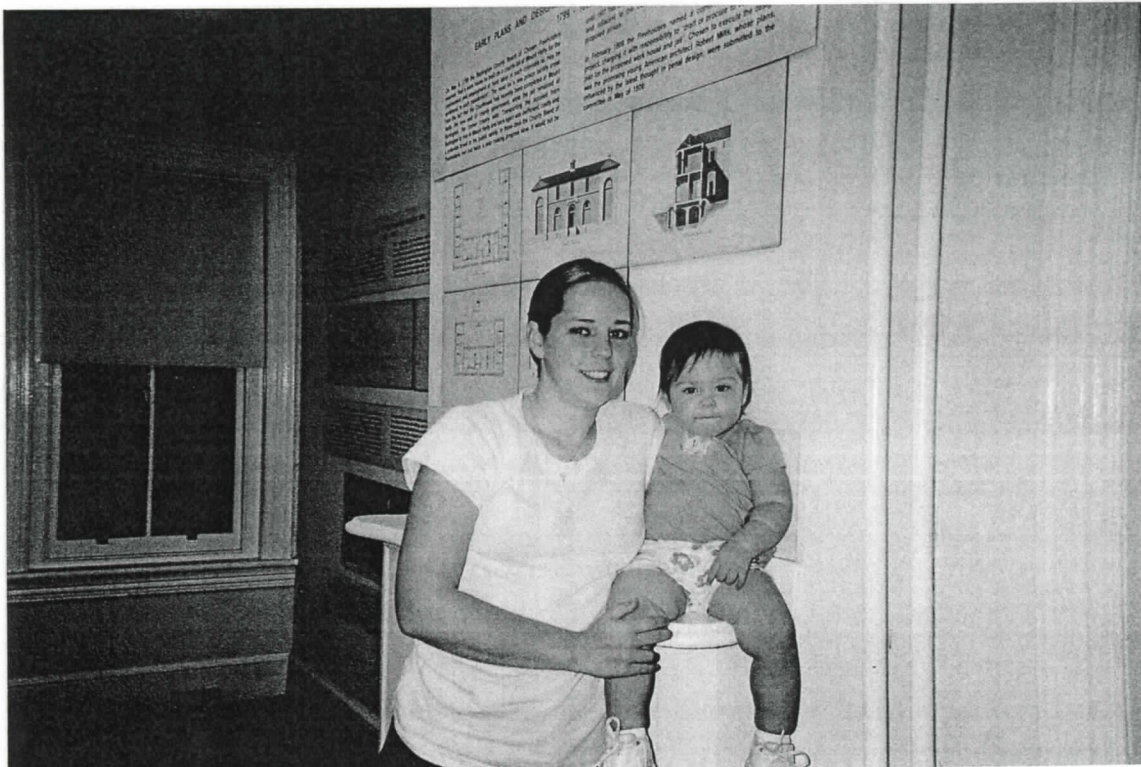
PHOTOS FROM BOARD MEETING ON AUGUST 7, 2007



*From left:
Susan Dargay, Dave Kimball,
Tom Faile, Joan Boas, Janet Sozio,
Gary Woodend, and Kay Kline*



*Gary Woodend and Carole Melman
Sara and Marisa Bozarth*

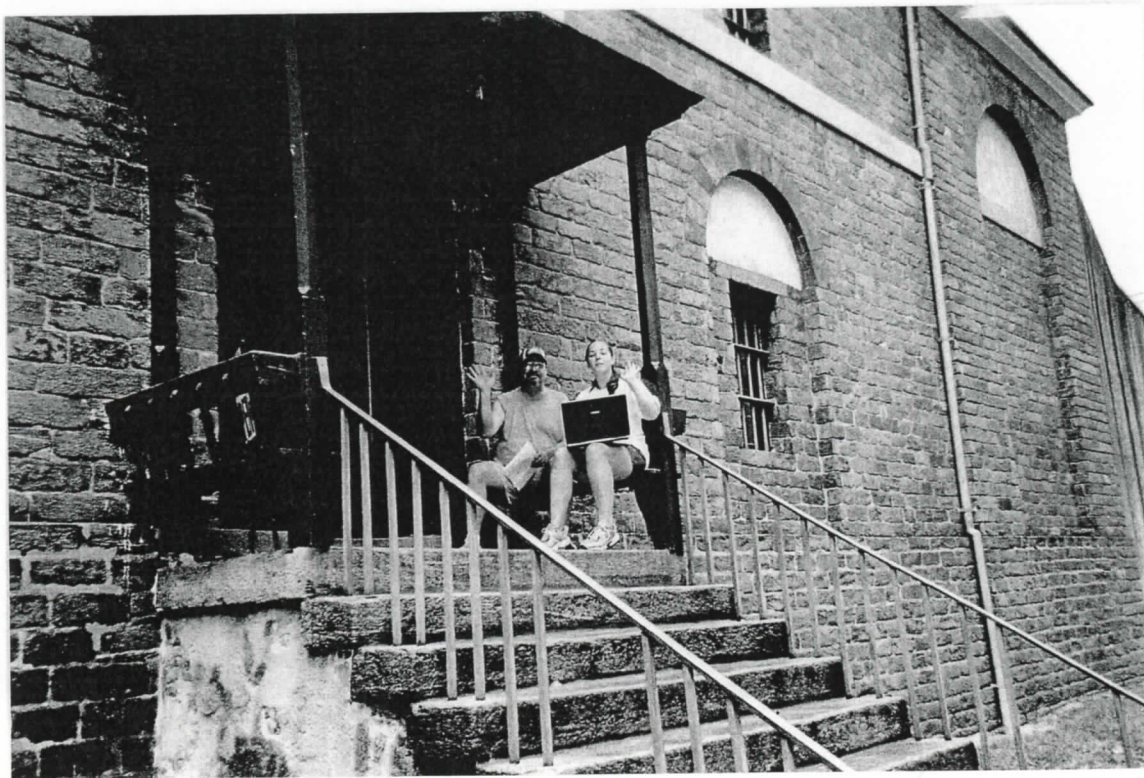


Jail Attendant Marisa Bozarth and Youngest PMA Member Sara Bozarth

MORE PHOTOS.....



Fearless Leader



Chief Volunteer Ron Reed and Jail Attendant Marisa Bozarth

MOUNT HOLLY HERALD

Saturday, July 31, 1897

Local Affairs. Louis B. Armstrong has traded his mule, "Unhappy Medium", for a pig, since which he has bought a horse on the installment plan... A minstrel performance will be given at Lumberton on Saturday evening, August 7, at which the local talent is expected to do themselves proud... William Dubell, of Columbus, well known in Mount Holly, a nephew of Mrs. Alice D. Heaviland, is reported as striking it rich with others in the Klondyke Gold Fields in Alaska... A horse belonging to Frank Pratt balked in the mud on Water Street this week, and caused no end of trouble. But it wasn't surprising that he did balk when he saw the condition the street was in... The scholars of the Presbyterian Sunday School had their annual picnic on Friday at the Sylvan Lakes, near Burlington. Notwithstanding it rained a greater part of the day, the children enjoyed their outing... Through the mercy of the Court, Samuel Heller, who was convicted of chicken stealing, was given his liberty on the promise to lead a better life, but on Tuesday, he got on the rampage again and began abusing and threatening Edward Cameron. He was soon afterwards arrested and committed to jail for 4 days by Justice Slack.... Carlton Cline, who was indicted in 1891 for assault on Absalom B. Scattergood, now deceased, and Sarah Gibbs in Mount Holly, pleaded guilty to the charge before Judge Gaskill on Saturday. He said he was drunk at the time and didn't know anything until he was arrested at Harrington's Saloon. The Court sentenced him to 3 months in the county jail... Sheriff Fleetwood has advertised for sale the property of the Burlington County Agricultural Society, to take place on August 28, on foreclosure proceedings by the Camden Trust and Safe Deposit Company on a mortgage for \$12,500. In consequence of the present condition of affairs, the directors announced that there will be no fair held in Mount Holly this year... A resident of one of the back streets in Mount Holly, who is in the habit of talking loud, was asked by his wife on Friday evening, what made it rain so much lately. He replied that it was very much like a woman's tongue: when it got started, it didn't know when to stop. The remark was uttered loud enough to have been heard by the neighbors' wives, who now look at him freezingly when they meet him on the street... Lightning struck a tenant house on the farm of H. M. Lincoln, near Buddtown, last Friday and started a fire which was soon extinguished by the neighbors. A fine orchard on the farm of Mrs. J. Woolston Haines, near Buddtown was completely destroyed, and a number of fine shade trees on the homestead farm were blown down. A large barn in which there were a number of horses was moved four feet off its foundation, but the horses escaped injury.

Town Topics. The two largest brewing companies of Chicago and Milwaukee have officially reported a deficit for the past year, and unofficially blamed the bicycle for a large part of it. Although the reports relating to the liquor business do not mention the effects of the bicycle on the trade, one of the officers is quoted as saying that it unquestionably has an important influence. All the world's awheel, and, as everyone knows, a wheelman cannot long serve two masters. Hence he has parted company with Gambrinus, and the numerous failures of saloons and deficits of the brewing corporations indicate that King Bike is greater than King Bacchus. As a practical temperance worker the wheel has no equal.

She had too many admirers. The domestic troubles of the Lemon family has at last reached a climax, and a suit for divorce will probably follow. The parties live near Buddtown. James Lemon, the party of the first part, is 25 years of age, and sound and kind in every respect. He is a hard worker, has meat on the table seven days in the week, and don't go out on Saturday nights and tell long stories about what he used to do when he was single.

His wife's name is Irene, and no one ever knew a woman by that name who wasn't good looking. Irene is 40 years old or thereabouts, but she has what horsemen call a "young mount", that is, she looks younger than she is. Having had experience in the ways of society she is quite popular. She believes that a woman can keep young a good deal longer by going out whenever she is invited, talking a good deal and smiling at every opportunity. Few men can resist this sort of treatment, especially from a married woman. It flatters their vanity and they imagine she is a good deal nicer than she really is. Now Irene believed in having a good time. So did James, but he couldn't work all day and dance the can-can half the night, so he had to let Irene "chase the fleeting hours with flying feet" on her own hoof. She soon became a prime favorite at the parties in the neighborhood and James' absence was excused on the ground that he didn't care for society.

Finally the story was put in circulation that Irene was receiving a good deal of attention from Sambo Garon, a married man who was born in 1847. Sambo is a regular jaybird on the hickory limb when he gets out among the girls, and the man who attempts to cut his "galluses" when he is dancing will have early trouble. His age hasn't hurt him any. His circulation is good, the hair doesn't grow on his ears and his complexion is a fast color. It was not surprising therefore that he should make a favorable impression on the fair Irene, who was not insensible to his charms.

The result was she became indifferent to her home duties and finally when her husband came home one night he found the house barred against him. Then his anger was aroused. He realized that the society business was responsible for it all, and that Irene had been led away. He believed all the stories he had heard and was resolved to punish the man who had disturbed the peace of his household. On Thursday last, he lay in wait for Sambo. When the latter came along, Lemon assaulted him and threatened to kill him, but he managed to escape with his life. On his return to civilization he had Lemon arrested on a charge of assault and battery with intent to kill, but it is doubtful if the complaint will be pushed when the grand jury meets.

They couldn't agree. There have been a good many domestic difficulties aired in a Justice's court, but the one that 'Squire Slack gave patient ear to on Tuesday was simply a corker. Nothing like it has been heard for a long time, and if could have been bottled up in a phonograph you could have made money out of it. The plaintiff was John McFarland, the famous Irish Republican who used to raise wool owls over in Vincentown, and who now lives on Water Street, Mount Holly.

He has had three or four wives, but he says he is no hog; he knows when he has had enough. About 11 months ago he married the widow of John Rommell. Her name was Susan Jane. The courtship was short and sweet. John was tired of single life and Susan Jane thought things couldn't be worse. So they got married. Susan Jane's daughter, Mrs. Howard Applegate, came to live with them. So did Howard and the baby. All went well until the honeymoon was over. Then John began to brag about the good qualities of his last wife and what a dandy cook she was. This didn't suit Susan Jane. She sniffed the air and remarked that there were few finer men on earth than the late Mr. Rommell, where upon she shed a tear. Mr. McFarland couldn't stand this. The house was damp anyhow. He didn't do a thing but speak his little peace and then take a walk around the block. The next day the slop gatherer left the garbage barrel too near the fence. McFarland got angry at this. He said it would permit the chickens to climb over in the garden. A lively quarrel ensued and a separation followed. Mrs. McFarland took part of the goods and started housekeeping on her own hook. Then she and her daughter returned to gather a few choice flowering plants that had been left in the garden, whereupon John had them arrested on the charge of malicious mischief.

The hearing on Tuesday was as full of snap as a variety show, and there was a large audience. John was the first sworn "Squire," said he, "I'm done with married life. I've been overloaded. I married this woman 11 months ago, but she is no good. She's got too long a tongue. When I married her she unloaded the whole family on me and caved in my financial reserve. I'm now on a credit basis. She and her daughter threatened to kill me with a poker and fire shovel. I couldn't stand that. They're no good anyhow. She couldn't keep the bedbugs out of the second floor and there was always a row on wash day. I couldn't put up with it, so I told them to get out. And they did. But the next day didn't they come around and steal a lot of plants out of my garden and break down my castor oil beans, just for pure orneriness. Why I'd rather have the devil than another wife. Can you blame me, 'Squire?'"

His Honor declined to commit himself on this point, and the two female defendants made a few wild gesticulations to indicate that the complainant was not telling the truth, after which both turned their faces toward the East while their bosoms heaved convulsively.

"Now, Mrs. McFarland," said the 'Squire, "We'll hear what you have to say."

In a manner betraying deep emotion, Mrs. McFarland arose. She is tall and slender, but she looks like a person with no nonsense about her. "The charge is false," she said. "I didn't take a single flower out of the garden except what belonged to me, and what I planted myself. I didn't take the castor oil plants, but I bent them so they wouldn't do him any good. I never threatened him with a fire shovel. All the flowers he had in the garden was a 'creeping charlie', one or two daisies and a dead petunia. I didn't disturb them. He always treated me mean. He never gave me a dollar in 11 months. He called me bad names on the street and threatened to drive me off of Water Street. Then he charged me with keeping a speak easy for the Negroes at 'Bucto. He talked scandalous."

"She's a hard lot, 'Squire," interrupted McFarland. "They say she put her first husband out of the way. Then she and her daughter took their cards from the church."

"Don't go into that," replied both women in a breath. "You've had four wives. What did you do with them? You had better go down to Hainesport again. Didn't you give in your religion at the courthouse and ain't you been worse ever since?"

This caused McFarland to subside for a moment. Then Howard Applegate testified that his wife and mother-in-law did not attempt to assault McFarland with a fire shovel. After hearing this the 'Squire gave both parties a wholesome lecture and dismissed the case.

Seaside Park. A very lively experience was had here on Friday by a party of chaperons, buds, benedicts and youths who took a trip to Island Heights in Commodore Comly's launch Panku. The journey over the bay was altogether lovely. The parties strolled around Island Heights, admiring the scenery and were in turn admired by the residents. Finally they decided to return to the beach for dinner, as the sky was overcast and the wind was blowing half a gale. After they boarded the launch it was suddenly learned that the machinery was out of order. Commodore Comly tried in vain to arouse the vital spark in the machinery, and it was then decided to hire a sail boat, a lubberly craft that looked as if it needed hoops to keep it together. Some of the passengers were timid about boarding the craft, but there was no alternative and in they got. A vote was taken as to who should sail the craft, which resulted in George Hendrickson being elected to that position. The voyage was a stormy one. The launch was towed astern, and this caused the sailboat to work badly. Every time she took a slide to windward the ladies screamed and reminded George that they would hold him responsible if the craft upset. While they were satisfied he could handle the boat they knew he couldn't control the wind, and this made them uneasy. It was pitch and toss all the way over until Berkeley Pier was reached. John R. Deacon tried to make a line fast to the pier, but fell overboard. He rescued himself, made the boat fast to the pier and the passengers were safely landed, but the experience is one they do not care to have repeated. However, Commodore Comly was not satisfied. He wanted still another chance to inflate his lungs with salt air, but as the launch was not in good working order he decided to go out for a sail with young Jim Hendrickson, who is quite a handy chap with a yacht. The wind was still blowing pretty fresh, and the spray was flying, but young Jim handled the craft with the skill of a veteran. Finally the storm became so violent that it was decided to shorten sail, so Mr. Comly was sent forward to unstep the mast. He is a pretty heavy weight and the frail craft couldn't stand so much ballast in one place without dodging about a good deal, and to make matters worse the helmsman jibed the boat. This was too much. In less time than it takes to tell the yacht jumped sideways, throwing Mr. Comly overboard. The impact with the water knocked the top out of his hat, the rim of which settled around his arms and impeded his movements somewhat, but he managed to redeem the yacht in safety after which it was determined to reach the shore as quickly as possible. Once on land the gallant commodore squeezed the water out of his clothes and made for home. He is now convinced that while the launch may be slow at times it is a good deal safer than a sail boat.