

## STORIES of New Jersey

In 1887 Alexander Woolcott, grandson of John Bucklin, was born at Phalanx. In While Rome Burns he writes:

The place (Phalanx) is thronged with ghosts. Ghosts of the Van Mater slaves who, back in the early part of the 18th century, forged the nails and hewed the beams of the barn that went up in flames in 1919, and whose burial ground still stands between two fields, the wooden crosses long since moldered away . . . Certainly the redcoats, retreating before Washington, to the waiting ships at the Highlands, ran across our fields. Once the potato diggers came upon a British officer's sword. Then there is the ghost of Mr. Greely who used to take his nap in a chair on the veranda, the red bandana, which would be thrown across his face, bellying rhythmically with his snores, and all the young fry compelled to go about on tiptoes because the great editor was disposed to doze . . .

Only one of the original buildings still stands. The grand ballroom was razed in 1935. The schoolhouse is a memory. Here "with the drab old caravan-sary bleak as a skull in winter," the descendants of John Bucklin live among the ghosts and memories.

### BIBLIOGRAPHY:

Monmouth Co. Hist. Assoc. Bulletin, Norma Lippincott Swan, May 1935.

Communist and Co-operative Colonies, Charles Guide, Thos. Y. Crowell Co.

American Communities, W. A. Hinds, Chas. H. Kerr & Co., 1902.