

Growing up Piney: The Diary of Paul W. Warren

By Jason Hoger

This is the second article in a series based on the 1888 diary of Paul W. Warren. His account offers a rare glimpse into the life of a 14-year-old boy growing up in turn-of-the-century Waretown. Although the time and circumstances are very different from today's world, the emotions and experiences detailed on the pages are almost universal to our own adolescent experiences.



Paul W. Warren in 1909.
Photo credit: Jason Hoger

Waretown, March 10, 1888
Saturday

It is a fine day. Warm and little wind blowing, what there is a little breeze from the east. I went gunning this morning but did not kill any thing. Day before yesterday I took it in my head that I would like to handle a gun. When I came home from school, I got the gun and powder and shot eight caps, and went out in the lot and set a tin can up on the corner of the duck pen, went back 7 yards and put up and slammed away. I guess that every shot hit it for it was riddled through and through. I felt much pleased for I had never shot a gun before without someone with me when I was small boy. Mama does not want me to fool with a gun. I have shot all of my powder away and mama says that she will not get me any more, so I will have to scrape up some money before I can get any more. I have got plenty of shot yet. Powder is 32 cents a pound and shot 8 cents. Papa is away on the steamer Reliance at work in New York Harbor. There is a company at work digging out the channels of the bay. The Reliance is the biggest dredge afloat, as she is 176 feet long and 38 wide. An eyewitness would take her for a big tug except for two large iron pipes which run along side of the hull. These pipes are each 22 inches in diameter and 25 ft long, and when they want to pump they lower the pipes 'till they rest on the bottom. Then a powerful engine is put in motion and the suction is so great that it sucks in sand and mud and water at the rate of 22,000 gallons per

minute. The hull is divided off in bins so that the water can run off and when they get her loaded, they hoist up the pipes and steam out to sea where they dump. Papa is Captain of the Reliance.



Dredge Reliance.
Photo credit: Warren Diary

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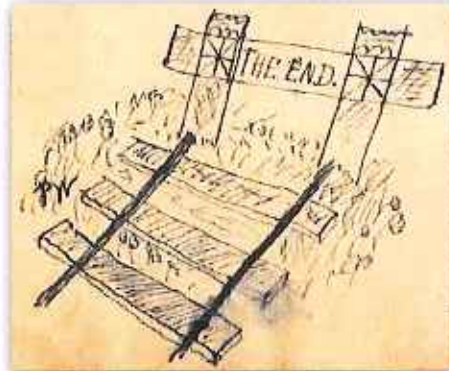
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Mama is not so well as she was. Grandmother is pretty smart. I killed two of my ducks Thursday and had them yesterday, they were good, and now I have three ducks and one drake. In 2 weeks I have got 71 hen's eggs and 39 duck's eggs. I have seven hens and one rooster, not so very bad. There has been a revival going on here but it closed a week or so ago, about 35 were converted. Mr. Peterson was presented with a robe and cape the other night after prayer meeting. I see by the paper that Emperor William of Germany is dead, died yesterday morning at 8:30 o'clock. I was down to Barnegat Thursday night to hear Blind Tom the wonderful piano player. It was very good. I had two of my ducks Friday.

**Waretown, March 12, 1888
Monday**

It is a fearful day, a regular old-fashion snowstorm. Snow is about 2 feet deep on the level and banks are about 3 to 4 feet deep. When I went to bed last night I did not think that it would be this way as it was a raining hard, but the wind shifted in the night to northwest and commenced to snow. It is 10:40 am now and there has been no train but the 6:32 this morning, and I don't know how far she has got. There ought to have been a train from Toms River at 8:40 am, but she has not got here yet and she was a mail train and her time to go to Toms River was 9:48 am. It was bad out today, the wind blowing a gale and the air full of snow and cold as Greenland's icy mountains. We have to stay in the house today, but I guess that I can pass the time away pretty fair.

I am glad that papa is in a good harbor for it is a bad day at sea. I cannot describe it, the air full of snow blowing about and forming large snow banks as high as fences. And it is so fine that it sifted in between the window sashes and in every little chink and nook. I went out and got my ducks and chickens snug, I piled snow all around the duck house so the blowing snow could not get in, and in the hen roost I took all the snow out and gave them a good meal.



*Railroad Stop.
Photo credit: Warren Diary*



*Vintage Antique Automobile Museum opens new exhibit hall at Johnson Boatworks in Point Pleasant.
Photo credit: Vintage Antique Automobile Museum*