GERMANTOWNE CRIER



from the collection of Earle N. B.

FISHER'S MILLS
Belfield Avenue & Logan Street; formerly Fisher's Lane

Published Quarterly

GERMANTOWN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Volume 8 . . . Number 3

25c Per Copy

September 1956

LARGE ENOUGH
to meet your requirements adequately

SMALL ENOUGH
to know your problems intimately

Liberty Real Estate
BANK AND TRUST COMPANY

Central City Offices
Broad and Arch Sts. 15th and Sansom Sts.

Olney Office 5533-35 N. 5th St.
South Philadelphia Office Broad and Federal Sts.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

MEMBER: FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

Manufacturers of Surgical Appliances

ELASTIC HOSE
TRUSSES
SUPPORTS

for every part of the body

JAMES R. KENDRICK CO., Inc.
6139 GERMANTOWN AVENUE
GE 8-1122

1853 • Over 100 Years of Service • 1953

CH 7-6100 WH 8-1883

CHESTNUT HILL LUMBER CO.

- *LUMBER*
- *MILLWORK*

JOHN T. EARLEY

BETHLEHEM PIKE, ERDENHEIM, PHILA. 18, PA.

Complete banking service conveniently near

Whatever your banking needs, our experienced staff is ready to serve you with courtesy and efficiency.

Here are some of the services you'll enjoy as a Pennsylvania Company customer:

- Checking Accounts
- Safe Deposit Boxes
- Personal Loans
- Trust Services
- Term Loans for Small Businesses
- Bank Money Orders
- Traveler's Checks
- Commercial Loans

We'd like you to call on us often.

The First Pennsylvania Banking and Trust Company

16 WEST CHELTEN AVENUE

28 OFFICES, PHILADELPHIA AND SUBURBS

Banking since 1782 • Member Federal Reserve System • Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

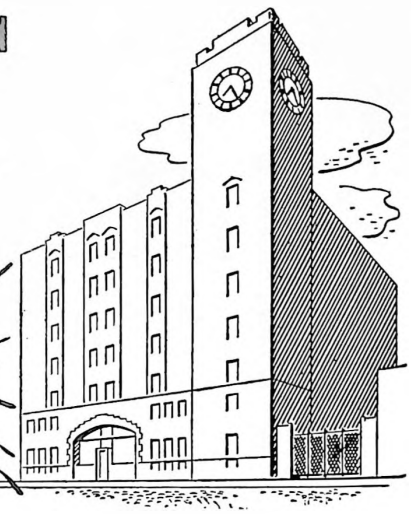
Writing insurance — and history — since 1843

GERMANTOWN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

Germantown Market Square

Philadelphia 44, Pa.

GERMANTOWN FIREPROOF STORAGE CO.



Clean as your home

A warehouse to please the most particular housekeeper—CLEAN INSIDE AND OUT. A completely heated, fireproof building carrying Philadelphia's lowest Insurance rate. 800 private storage vaults with lock and key. Furniture covered, rugs and upholstered furniture camphored. Safe deposit vault for silver, valuables, etc.

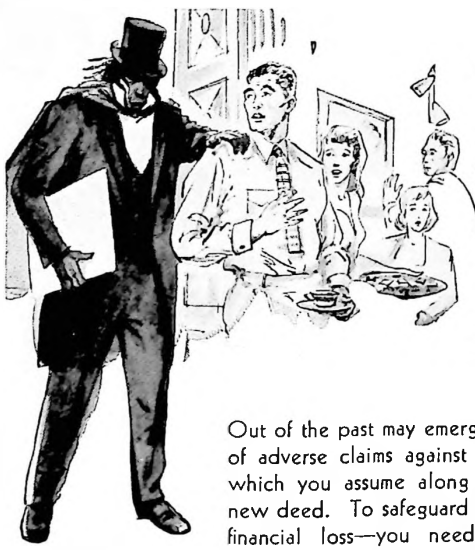
Excellent commercial storage facilities available.

Victor 4-3400 *INSPECT US THEN COMPARE!*

237-253 CHURCH LANE, PHILADELPHIA 44, PA.

MOVING: NATIONWIDE, LOCAL; RUG CLEANING

AGENT: ALLIED VAN LINES, INC.



Will the *past* be *present* in your *future?*

Out of the past may emerge a variety of adverse claims against real estate which you assume along with your new deed. To safeguard against any financial loss—you need a strong defender. One with assets in excess of $9,000,000 to promptly meet all obligations. You get that safety, plus service, in a Commonwealth Land Title Policy.

TITLE INSURANCE SINCE 1876

COMMONWEALTH LAND TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY

Germantown Office: 18 West Chelten Ave., VI 8-1600

NORMAN A. BRENNER, Ass't. Title Officer

HORACE ZEHNER, Ass't. Manager

VIctor 4-9996 *Closed Tuesdays*

The Boswell House

LUNCHEONS DINNERS

SUNDAY DINNERS

Air Conditioned

5920 GREENE STREET, PHILADELPHIA 44, PA.

VI 4-5251

J. & R. SMITH, Inc.

PLUMBING—HEATING

• • •

5201 GERMANTOWN AVENUE

YOU PAY FOR NO LOST TIME

CH 7-5415

Stryker and Wendling

- DRAPES
- SLIP COVERS
- BED SPREADS
- CUSTOM MADE FURNITURE

Upholstering
GUARANTEED WORKMANSHIP

HERMAN STRYKER

1511 BETHLEHEM PIKE
FLOURTOWN, PA.

VI 4-5046

THE ROSS HOUSE

S. E. Cor. Carpenter Lane & Emlen St.
Germantown, Philadelphia 19, Pa.

Facilities for Banquets and Parties

Open every day
12:00 N. until 1:00 A.M.
Sunday 12:00 to 8:30

FREE PARKING

Air Conditioned



Ashmead House • Built 1740 Restored 1949

Save with safety at our friendly colonial home where all accounts are insured up to $10,000 and dividend rates are extremely attractive. Open Monday through Friday, 9 am to 4 pm, except Legal Holidays.

We Invest in Our Community

Northern Liberties Federal Savings and Loan Association

Over 80 Years Continuous Dividends

5434 Germantown Avenue, Philadelphia 44, Pa.
TEnnessee 9-6015
Harry W. Allen, Executive Vice President

Fall Fashions for Suburban Living

C. A. Lowell
GERMANTOWN

germantown and chelten avenues
telephone VI 8-0500

GEORGE ROBERTSON & SONS, INC.

FLORISTS

For Over 25 Years in Chestnut Hill

8501 GERMANTOWN AVENUE

WH 8-1849 CH 7-9600

ALBERT KIEFER
AND COMPANY

INTERIOR **PAINTING** EXTERIOR

539 CARPENTER LANE
TE 9-6463

Germantown Historical Society

President
HON. HAROLD D. SAYLOR
Vice Presidents
EDMUND A. CRENSHAW, JR. GEORGE CLARENCE JOHNSON DR. GEORGE E. NITZSCHE
Secretary
EDMUND A. CRENSHAW, JR.
519 Pelham Road, Phila. 19
Board of Managers
EARLE N. BARBER
FRANCIS SHUNK BROWN, III
JOHN McARTHUR HARRIS, JR.
MRS. ROBERT F. IRWIN, JR.
MRS. ALMON N. KIDDER
GEORGE A. LANDELL
HENRI G. MARCEAU
FRANK W. MELVIN
MRS. ROBESON LEA PEROT
MRS. J. BRADFORD RITTER
ARTHUR O. ROSENLUND
BENJAMIN H. SHOEMAKER, III
GORDON W. VENABLE
MRS. HENRY F. WIREMAN
ERNEST HOWARD YARDLEY
Assistant Secretary
PRUDENCE C. NEWLIN
Historian
MRS. A. N. KIDDER
Solicitor
FRANK R. DONAHUE, JR.
Treasurer
HENRY S. RITTER
Librarian
EDWARD W. HOCKER

AIMS OF THE SOCIETY

The Germantown Historical Society is dedicated to the fostering of the cultural traditions of Germantown, the preservation of its historic landmarks, and the maintenance of the Society's Museum of historic relics.

A membership in the Society helps to further these aims. It also entitles members to attend the interesting series of monthly lectures and to receive the GERMANTOWN CRIER which is published quarterly.

Membership dues are:

Junior, Teacher, or Librarian Membership	$3.00
Annual	$6.00
Sustaining, or Business	10.00
Life (may be payable quarterly)	100.00

Subscription to the CRIER for non-members is $1.00.

GERMANTOWN HISTORICAL SOCIETY MUSEUM
5214 GERMANTOWN AVENUE
OPEN EVERY TUESDAY, THURSDAY, AND SATURDAY—1 TO 5 P.M.
LIBRARY OPEN EVERY TUESDAY—1 TO 5 P.M.
ADMISSION FREE

The Historical Society is a source of pride and interest to many Germantowners, even outside its membership, but while enthusiasm and interest are most valuable assets, the actual necessities of operation need something sterner and more tangible.

The Society runs on an amazingly small budget and the Morris House, with whose care and upkeep the Society is proud to be entrusted, is never-theless, an arduous burden.

In making a will remember how gracious a gesture a bequest to so fine a local project would be. Thus the community would be assured of the dignified safety of its priceless historical heritage.

MORRIS HOUSE
5442 GERMANTOWN AVENUE
OPEN DAILY, EXCEPT MONDAYS, 2 TO 5 P.M.
ADMISSION ADULTS 25 CENTS, CHILDREN 10 CENTS

Meetings of the Society will take place in the Assembly Hall of the Women's Club of Germantown, 21 West Washington Lane. The meetings will begin promptly at 8:30P.M. With the exception of October, the meetings will take place on the third Thursday of the month. The Annual Meeting of October will be held on Friday, October 26.

The Program thus far arranged is:

ANNUAL FALL TOUR OF THE SOCIETY

On Saturday, October 13, 1956, we tour again to South Jersey. Busses will leave the Museum, 5214 Germantown Avenue, at 10:00, heading for Fort Mott, which guarded the lower Delaware River during the Revolutionary War.

Facilities will be available for eating our box lunches in the State Park, where the Fort is located. We will be permitted to go through the Fort, and later visit several historic places in Salem. On the return we will stop at old Trinity Church (1784), Swedesboro, and reach Germantown about 5:30 o'clock.

Reservations, at $3.00 each should reach Frank Rogers Donahue, Jr., Esq., 2318 Packard Building, Philadelphia 2, not later than October 8th.

October 26th
INDEPENDENCE NATIONAL HISTORICAL PARK
Present and Future

BY WILLIAM M. CAMPBELL

Mr. Campbell is an architect, and for many years was on the faculties of the School of Fine Arts, University of Pennsylvania and the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. He is a recognized expert in the difficult art of lettering. Mr. Campbell is presently employed by the National Park Service and is engaged in architectural research dealing with the early structures of the Federal Mall area. Mr. Campbell's lecture will be illustrated.

November 15th
AMERICAN ART TRAVELS ABROAD
The 150th Anniversary Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts

BY JOSEPH T. FRASER, JR.

Joseph Fraser is the distinguished Director of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. He was trained as an architect at the University of Pennsylvania and then practiced his profession in Philadelphia and was admitted to membership in the American Institute of Architects. He has been Director at the Academy since 1936 and has rendered valuable service there as well as to the cause of American Art. In 1955 at the invitation of the State Department, he accompanied the Academy's 150th Anniversary Exhibition on its tour of European capitals. Mr. Fraser's lecture will be illustrated.

NEW MEMBERS

Members admitted since issue of Vol. 8 No. 2, May, 1956.

A—MR. PASQUAL T. ASTORE
B—MR. HERBERT N. BAYNE
MRS. HENRY A. BERWIND, JR.
MISS DOROTHY BOICE
MR. WILLIARD S. BOOTHBY, JR.
MISS R. MAUDE BRADLEY
MISS MARION BRANSON
MR. HENRY R. BROMLEY
MRS. GEORGE C. BRYANT
C—MRS. JOSEPH M. CADBURY
MRS. CHARLES A. CURRIE
D—MRS. JOSEPH W. DARLING
MISS DOROTHY C. DURLING
F—MR. FREDERICK O. FIECHTER, JR.
MRS. GEORGE RAMBO FOX
G—MR. & MRS. WILLIAM S. GEIGER
MRS. R. B. GERHARDT
H—MRS. T. BIDDLE HARPER
MR. LANGDON W. HARRIS, JR.
J—MR. FRANK JACQUINTO
K—MRS. GEORGE S. KATZ
K—MRS. GEORGE S. KINZEL
DR. & MRS. RICHARD deR. KIP
MR. S. JOSEPH KNOX
HARRY C. KOHLHAS, JR., ESQ.
L—MISS DOROTHY FRIEDER LORCH
MR. M. J. LOXLEY
M—EDWARD W. MADEIRA, JR., ESQ.
MR. R. R. MATZKE
MR. WILLIAM McADOO, JR.
MR. & MRS. GUY W. MOORE
MR. CHARLES MYERS
P—MISS PAULINE PARSONS
MR. FOREST G. PEARSON, JR.
MRS. J. TREVOR PIERCE
MRS. ARTHUR POOLE
Q—MISS ELIZABETH D. QUIGLEY
R—MRS. OLIVE M. REID
MRS. THOMAS RIVEL
V—MR. RANDALL T. VAN PELT
W—MR. WILLIAM WILEY, JR.
MRS THOMAS R. WOODRUFF
MR. CHARLES H. WOODWARD

GErmantown 8-6328

KIRK & NICE

UNDERTAKERS

SINCE 1776

6301 GERMANTOWN AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA

GE 8-6416 *Specialists in Framing*

STATON'S GALLERIES

FINE PRINTS and PAINTINGS

Frames Regilded ○ Paintings Restored

5321 Germantown Avenue, Philadelphia 44, Pa.

Dependable Electricians

Since 1919

SCHUCK
ELECTRIC

5944 Germantown Avenue

EUGENE MAURER, Inc.

Distinctive Lines of . . .

TOYS	LINOLEUM	FIBRE RUGS
PAINTS	HARDWARE	WINDOW SHADES
LUGGAGE	HOUSEWARES	VENETIAN BLINDS

FLOOR and WALL TILING

▽▽

5423 & 5427 Germantown Avenue

Philadelphia 44, Pa. Phone: GErmantown 8-6275

58 YEARS OF QUALITY

Rug Cleaning

ORIENTAL and DOMESTIC

BINDING—FRINGING—REPAIRING—DEMOTHING

SHAMPOOING—STORAGE

DIAMOND

Germantown Below Logan

GLadstone 7-1200

Geo. W. Lentz, Sr. & Son

• ELECTRIC WIRING

54th Year in Germantown

F. K. COURTNEY ELECTRIC CO.

GE 8-7728 5104 Germantown Avenue

EMLEN & COMPANY

- *INSURANCE*
- *REAL ESTATE*
- *MORTGAGES*

14 W. Evergreen Avenue

Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia 18, Pa.

CHestnut Hill 7-3750

Haverford Office
375 Lancaster Avenue
Haverford, Pa.
Mldway 2-4350

Paoli Office
75 Lancaster Avenue
Paoli, Pa.
Paoli 2950

GERMANTOWN ROOFING AND INSULATION COMPANY, INC.

- Roofing
- Home Insulation
- Heating
- Storm Windows

7070 LINCOLN DRIVE, PHILADELPHIA 19, PA.

CH 7-4331 and CH 7-4332

GERMANTOWNE CRIER



Vol. 8 SEPTEMBER 1956 No. 3

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Society's Library — *By Francis Shunk Brown, III*	6
Independence Hall Area— Rebirth of the Old City — *Address by G. Edwin Brumbaugh, F.A.I.A.*	7
Memories of a Victorian Childhood — *By Ella Wister Haines*	9
The History of Pastorius Park	13
Two Phases of Pastorius Pond in Verse — *By Charles Wharton Stork*	13
Germantown Friends Meeting House — *By Joseph Haines Price*	14
Germantown Dolls — *By Geane Geddes Smith*	15
Count von Zinzendorf in Germantown — *By Elmer Schultz Gerhard*	17
Pastorius Writes a Letter	23

PUBLICATIONS COMMITTEE

Ernest Howard Yardley, *Chairman* — Miss Alice Croft, *Secretary* — Thomas Humphreys, Jr., *Controller*

EDITORIAL

Mrs. Henry F. Wireman, *Editor*
Miss Frances M. Campbell
Mrs. Norman Mellor
Mrs. LeRoy Smith, Jr.
John W. Jackson
Dr. George E. Nitzsche

ADVERTISING

Sedgwick C. Tourison, *Chairman*
Miss Blanche Day
Ashley Halsey
William Stuempfig

SALES

Miss Mabel R. Foley

CIRCULATION

Mrs. E. Boggs Prettyman, *Chairman*
Mrs. F. E. Atkins
Miss Margaret Bodycomb
Mrs. John R. Booth
Miss Mabel E. Foley
Miss Edith W. Hall
Miss Katherine S. Matthews
Miss Eleanor M. Reeves
Mrs. Arthur E. Weil
Abel J. Evans

SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS

Complete sets of the Germantowne Crier consisting of all numbers issued to date, are being offered (on order) at $4 per set plus 50c postage if mailed.

The remaining copies of the "Guide Book to Historic Germantown" will be sold at One dollar each; copies of "Washington Visits Germantown" at One dollar each, in board covers, and Fifty cents in paper covers, both of these books being the work of our founder and former president, Charles Francis Jenkins.

Various issues of Volume One and Two, of the old "Site and Relic Society's" publications, are for sale at the Museum. Some of the second volumes are in the name of the Germantown Historical Society, the old name being discontinued during that period. The publications start from the very beginning of the Society, and many of the articles were written by old historians now dead, and constitute first hand information

Copies of current issues of the Crier may be purchased at the Museum, the Morris House, and at various stores in Philadelphia, Germantown, Mt. Airy and Chestnut Hill.

"HISTORIC GERMANTOWN" a special limited edition book of 150 pages, published with the cooperation of the American Philosophical Society, includes an outline of the early history of Germantown, together with views of historic Germantown houses with their plans and architectural and historic information.

The books are 9½ by 12 inches, bound in hard covers, and are available at cost of $4.50 per copy delivered, or $4.75 by mail to any address. Please address requests accompanied by check to. order of Germantown Historical Society to: Captain Edmund A Crenshaw, Jr., 519 Pelham Road, Philadelphia 19, Penna. or to Mr. Ernest Howard Yardley, 16 South Broad Street, Philadelphia 2, Penna.

Decorative ceramic tiles showing the front view of the Morris House, Germantown. The tiles are six inches square, and are backed with thin cork insulation for use on a dining table, or they may be hung on a wall by an attached eyelet. The cost is $1.00 each, and may be purchased at the Museum or the Morris House.

Edward S. Kinley, *Advertising Representative*
7447 Devon Street, Philadelphia 19, Pa.
Telephone: CH 8-1484

Published March, May, September, December—Germantown Historical Society

5214 Germantown Avenue
Philadelphia 44, Pa.
VI 4-0514

THE SOCIETY'S LIBRARY

By Francis Shunk Brown, 3rd

THE acquisition of the Baynton House was enthusiastically awaited by the Library Committee of the Germantown Historical Society. The library had long outgrown the space which was available on the second floor of the Society's headquarters. This was realized by the Board of Managers, and it was one of the reasons for the purchase of the adjoining property. No sooner had possession of the Baynton House been acquired than volunteer workers started to renovate the three front rooms on the first floor. These rooms, now completely refurnished, house more than 3,000 volumes of books, hundreds of pamphlets and photographs, as well as newpaper files and manuscripts.

The library had its beginning in 1908 under the guidance of Edwin C. Jellet and Dr. I. Pearson Willits. It then occupied a small room on the second floor of the Wister House in Vernon Park. When the Society moved to its present quarters in 1927, more space was made available. It was not until 1937, however, that the library was opened to the public at a specified time. Since then visitors have been welcome on Tuesday from 1 to 5 o'clock P M. Mr. Edward W. Hocker, the librarian, welcomes those who seek information about Germantown and its inhabitants. Certainly no one has more wealth of knowledge of Germantown than the present librarian. Much credit for the present good state of the library is due to Dr. James W. Wister who, for many years prior to his death, was Chairman of the library Committee.

The library accepts anything having some bearing upon Germantown or its inhabitants. Much material is readily available and easily obtainable by an excellent cross index. Certain phases of local history are outstanding, such as deeds recorded in Germantown when it had an independent government with its own Recorder of Deeds, 1683–1707; the accounts of the Battle of Germantown; the Wissahickon collection; books printed in Germantown by the two Christopher Sowers, Michael Billmeyer and Peter Leibert; and typewritten copies of all the briefs of title to the properties upon which are located the houses pictured and described in the recently published book, "Historic Germantown."

Most of the books are about Germantown or its inhabitants although the library welcomes books or articles written by the residents of Germantown.

RECENT AND INTERESTING ACCESSIONS TO THE LIBRARY

Desirable historical photographs and also a quantity of old glass negatives have come from Mr. Philip H. Moore, who in the first quarter of this century specialized in marketing postcard views of Germantown scenes. Among the photographs are numerous Wissahickon views, including unusual snow scenes; there are also pictures taken in Pelham in the period of that community's development.

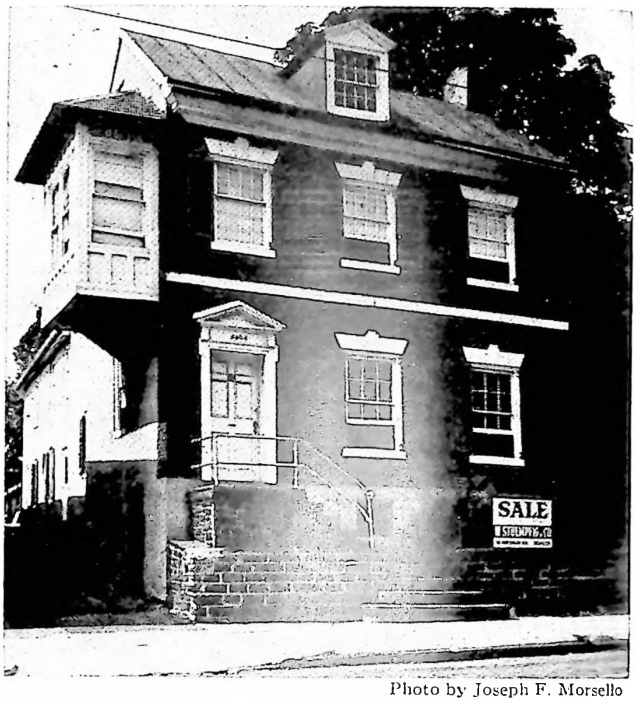


Photo by Joseph F. Morsello

THE BAYNTON HOUSE

Picture postcards common in the first years of this century have become scarce, which has led the library to assemble a collection of them. They fill an album with scenes now greatly changed in many instances.

From Dr. A. W. Ormiston have come specimens of fancy card tickets issued for dances of a century ago. Two were from the Columbia Fire Company of Germantown, 1856–1858, one from the Fairmount Fire Company of Philadelphia, one from the Germantown Fire Company, 1858, and one from Philomathean Lodge of Odd Fellows, which had a large hall building on Wister Street. This lodge has been consolidated with Walker Lodge of Odd Fellows.

The period of the 1850's was notable for the large number of churches then organized in Germantown. The library has received from Mr. Henry S. Ritter a copy of the centennial history of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Chestnut Hill; from St. Stephen's Methodist Church a copy of its centennial history, and from the Rev. Dr. Edward T. Horn a mimeographed copy of historical notes about Trinity Lutheran Church, which this year marks the centenary of the cornerstone laying of its present church building.

A copy of the Documentary History of the Battle of Germantown comes from the compiler, Mr. Donald Grey Brownlow. The library has acquired by purchase the book "Pennsylvania Clocks and Clockmakers," by George H. Eckhardt.

To the manuscript collection has been added an original letter written in 1917 by former President Theodore Roosevelt, in which he alludes to his Germantown Lukes family ancestry.

GERMANTOWNE CRIER

Volume 8 SEPTEMBER 1956 Number 3

Independence Hall Area . . . Rebirth of the Old City

Address by
G. Edwin Brumbaugh, F. A. I. A.
to *Citizens' Council on City Planning*
Sylvania Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., April 17, 1956

THE SECTION of the old city that we are talking about has its own individual story.

Before William Penn left England on his first trip to Pennsylvania, being possessed of 26,000,000 acres of land, some very real obligations and the prospect of large continuing expenses, it was only natural that he should wish to dispose of some of his real estate. And his efforts were unusually successful. One of the very first large purchasers was a group of gentlemen of London, Bristol and vicinity, whom we would call today a speculative syndicate. In the seventeenth century, they called themselves the "Free Society of Traders". William Penn chartered them in 1682, with authority "to buy and sell lands, to establish manufactures, to conduct trading operations and to carry on an extensive system of agriculture,"—quite an inclusive program.

Their purchase consisted of 20,000 acres, and, in consequence, they received 100 appurtenant acres on the southern edge of Philadelphia and 400 acres in the "Liberties". The appurtenant acreage to the south began at Spruce Street, ran south to Pine, and extended from the Delaware River to the Schuylkill. At the eastern end of this long, narrow strip of land, was a hill with its summit near Front and Pine Streets. Northward, it sloped down to the shores of Dock Creek. You remember, that important little stream had its principal source in a duck pond at Fifth and High Streets (Fifth and Market we call it today), then it meandered diagonally across the even pattern of Philadelphia streets and entered the Delaware River just north of Spruce Street. The southern slope of the hill leveled off more or less about on the line of the present Lombard or South Streets. And from the very first, this hill was called "Society Hill," after its principal owners, the Free Society of Traders (they happened to own the side of the hill which was clearly visible across Dock Creek from the new city that was rising along Front Street and Second Street). Also the Society's president, Nicholas More, built his house down the slope of the hill near Dock Creek (specifically, on the lot at the southeast corner of Second and Spruce Streets, where there is a little triangle in the paving of the street today, which marks the location of a tributary of Dock Creek, which was in existence at that time), and there he conducted the business of the Society. It was not long before all of the area from the Dock Creek southward to the Swedes' Church came to be known as "Society Hill", and in this area, the ancestors of many of our well-known Philadelphia families built their first humble dwellings. A goodly number of these simple, brick houses are still standing, battered and mutilated, marred by defacing alterations, crowded and jostled by buildings of later vintage, which speak a different language. But the important thing is that they are *there.*

The questions are: Can a sufficient amount of the early character be restored to this neighborhood? Is it practical and worthwhile to try to save these old houses, and other which are not inharmonious with them, restore them sympathetically and surround them with something of the setting which they enjoyed in happier days? The answer to all these questions is a qualified "yes". Yes, if the direction and scope of the project are both adequate. This is a large order, especially the financial side.

But if effective restoration is to be any part of the plan, the first necessity is to decide just what it is that you are trying to do, what you will not do, and why. Then the implementation of that purpose must be competent. Restoration happens to be the most specialized and sensitive task in the entire field of architecture. Competence means years of study, re-

search, experience, and complete dedication. Mistakes in the ordinary practice of architecture are unfortunate enough, but mistakes in restoration can, and not infrequently do, defeat the entire purpose.

And the scope is important. What we are talking about is no mere paint-up, clean-up campaign. It must cover enough territory and be well enough done to achieve a definite character in the neighborhood and at the same time erase those features which are presently undesirable, even dangerous.

If there is anything which I can contribute to this discussion with anything approaching finality, it is this, that restoration should never be undertaken with one eye constantly on a balance sheet, weighing the cost against the potential returns. Unless you are willing to place on the scales some factors which cannot be measured in dollars, then, and only then, can restoration seem worthwhile and practical. If this seems too ambitious, and the usual cry is raised that this is not Williamsburg, let me agree. This is Philadelphia; but the nearer we come to the scope and the quality of the work of Williamsburg, the more likely we are to achieve permanent success.

We have seen what private initiative and private resources, with the cooperation of civic authorities, are doing to give Washington Square its proper recognition as a national shrine. Actually, Philadelphia has here an opportunity, fast slipping through our fingers, to do something absolutely unique in the annals of American cities, and later on, I am going to tell you why it is unique.

But this is a planning council, accustomed to looking at more than just one side of a question. Suppose nothing of the sort is done. What then? What are the alternates?

Allow the area to continue to down-grade until it becomes a first-class slum? That means a steadily diminishing tax return and a steadily mounting administrative cost—police, fire protection, prison and institutional expense. And it isn't going to help the value of contiguous property. Things like that are very much like the spreading ripples on a pool of water caused by some disturbance at the center; they spread and spread.

Of course, the use characteristics of the neighborhood might be changed, artificially, perhaps to commercial or industrial use, in whole or in part, in an effort to stay the ultimate ruination of the area. But why seek to lure shoppers to this particular spot, with millions of dollars invested in modern stores and first-class commercial establishments a few blocks away in center city—to say nothing of the growing shopping centers, strategically located between the city and the suburbs, with parking space for thousands of cars. Industry, on the other hand, is gregarious. It tends to congregate near available sources of effective labor supply, like the great Northeast, with its endless rows of clean, new two-story houses. And industry is beginning to like elbow room, for expansion and parking.

We can scarcely expect the Insurance fraternity to move all their offices into these houses and save the community. In the first place, the houses are not suited to that, and secondly, there are not enough companies or agencies to undertake the task. And why expect doctors, lawyers or other professional groups to relocate there? There is no earthly reason why they should.

If, then, the area is to remain predominantly residential, as it now is, we could, of course, level whole blocks and put up subsidized low-income housing; which by the very nature of its extravagant conception becomes high-cost, low-quality housing, a potential slum of the future. This speaker finds it difficult to follow the current thinking on this problem; but that's another matter, beyond our scope today.

There is another solution, embodied in the report of a special committee of the Philadelphia Chapter, American Institute of Architects, a report to which the Chapter's Committee for the Preservation of Historic Monuments took immediate and sharp exception. Let me read a passage or two from this report, which is impressively titled, "A Statement of Principles as to the Architecture about the Independence Hall Mall Areas." After mildly excoriating any architect who might, in the future, erect a building in the area inspired by our native early American architectural tradition, the report has this to say, and I quote, "Further, it must be noted that, while there are distinguished colonial buildings such as Independence Hall, Carpenters' Hall, there is also distinguished work of the early Federal period, of the Classic revival, of the romantic revival, of early iron-front structures of historical importance, and also Victorian buildings of historical value: these fine, 19th Century buildings should be preserved so long as they are structurally and economically sound, as many of them now are. These nineteenth century buildings, as they are, do harmonize with the old buildings being preserved in the Historical Parks. They harmonize with them by right of historic contrast and creative evolution."

Suppose we just say that I do not agree with that.

Next the report goes on to recommend, in the area, the construction of business buildings, and I quote again. "It is not only inevitable, but also undesirable, that the Mall and Park be surrounded by prosperous business structures," which, it states, "should be modern in design, as that term is comprehensively understood, and tall within limits."

If we follow this guidance, the area will be no different from any other part of the city, and we need no Statement of Principles to achieve the result. If we simply let it entirely alone, completely unregulated, it will develop in just that way.

Of course, there are many good people who do not think that old houses should be saved. To them, an old home is simply an obstruction standing in the way of progress, perennially in need of expensive re-

(Continued on page 24)

Memories of a Victorian Childhood

By

Ella Wister Haines



The Belfield Mansion

I CAME into the world at the home of my grandmother, Mary Channing Eustis, widow of the Reverend Frederic Augustus Eustis, at Milton, Massachusetts. Just why my mother had gone to her old home for this event I can't imagine, but there she was, with her husband, William Rotch Wister, of Philadelphia, and her two daughters, Mary Channing Wister and Frances Anne Wister, and there, with the aid of Dr. Christopher Columbus Holmes I came into the world. I mention this grand old family doctor for just one reason; his omission of registering my birth was to cause me no end of embarrassment, at the opening of World War Two, when, as employee of the Philadelphia Electric Company, I could not secure a birth certificate. The fact that I knew the place and date of birth, and the physician's name was of no avail. Indeed his unusual name was greeted by the authorities by bursts of laughter.

Safely tucked away today is a badge, my identification by the F.B.I. It was secured through a great stroke of good luck, my mother, Mary Eustis Wister, aged ninety-eight, was alive and with a sound mind. The government accepted her affidavit, made before an attorney and a notary public. The country as far as I was concerned, was saved.

Travel in those days was certainly not luxurious. My father must have had a time getting his wife and three daughters back to his recently built new home on the estate called "Belfield" where his parents, William and Sarah Logan Fisher Wister, had settled in 1826. This estate then on the outskirts of Germantown, has now become public property, with the exception of "Belfield" mansion, and its gardens, still occupied by Sarah Logan Starr (Mrs. James Starr), the daughter of my father's brother, John. The remainder of its large tract has become "Wister's Woods Park," La Salle College, and Central High School, with Belfield and Ogontz Avenue running through it. It would be hard to locate its exact boundaries, in 1826. I believe that it comprised about one hundred acres. In my time our west boundary was Duy's Lane, now Wister Street. Our north boundary was the dead end of Clarkson Avenue, leading to the Belfield mansion. Our south boundary led down to our meadow through which flowed the Wingohocking Creek, a polluted stream, bearing dyes and refuse from the adjacent factories along Duy's Lane, and leading into the Wister's Woods, already a park, through which the Reading Railroad ran its Germantown branch, our station being Duy's Lane, later "Wister". It was located on a hill and a chicken ladder led down to the Lane, something to be carefully observed in ice and snow. The meadow and woods were out of bounds in my childhood. The recent kidnapping of poor little Charlie Ross kept all parents in a state of terror which they did not fail to communicate to children. We early learned that we must never go anywhere with strangers, let alone accepting candy from same. The poor little five year old was never found. Frances and I went to school with his sisters at Mrs. Head's, the leading educational establishment in Germantown, which was attended from 9 A.M. to 1:45 P.M., being driven to and from in an old Germantown wagon by our faithful coachman, John Laffin.

Grandfather Wister was the great grandson of the emigrant Ancestor, John Wister, of Wald Hillsbach, near Heidelberg, Germany. He was the son of a Forester to the Prince Palatine of the Duchy of Baden, and on the church registry at Neckergemund, is entered John Caspar Wuster. John's older brother Caspar had emigrated first, and reaching a new country gave his name as Caspar Wistar, John following him in 1727, gave his name as John Wister. From these two early settlers have descended the two

tribes of AR and ER Wister, a friendly rivalry being early established. My husband, Diedrich Jansen Wistar Haines, (he dropped the Wistar at the time he went to St. Paul's School) always told me that *his* ancestor sent the money for *mine* to come over. This was probably true, but the strange thing about these two tribes has been their constant intermarriage. In almost every generation a Wistar or descendant, has married a Wister, or descendant.

The brothers owned stores down on High Street, now Market, and lived in that section, but in 1744 our John had prospered so greatly that he built himself a summer home, known as "Wister's Big House," on the old Germantown Road. This house was known later as "Grumblethorpe." Located at 5267 Germantown Avenue it still stands, sponsored by the Society for the Preservation of landmarks.

Here old John lived happily—except during the period of the Revolution when "Grumblethorpe" was occupied by the Britsh Army and the family fled to North Wales His young daughter Sally has recorded much Revolutionary history in her diary, still preserved, but the main interest to the public in the house today, is the spot of blood shed by the dying General James Agnew, a Scotchman who gave his life for his country upon the floor of the Grumblethorpe parlor, during the Battle of Germantown, in October 1777.

Following the war the old Gentleman Wister returned happily to "Grumblethorpe," though sad to say his lovely Sally did not long prevail, dying at an early age, and supposedly from unrequited love for a faithless American Officer. Her death was attributed to "a decline," a disease suffered by many disappointed maidens at that time.

* * * * *

Great Great Grandfather John had a son by his first wife, Lowry Jones, named Daniel, and he in turn a son named John. This John bought and lived a a long life in Vernon, further up Germantown Avenue, now a park, where my Grandfather William, one of a large family was born, and from where he fell in love with Gram'ma. Where my memories begin there were also two maiden Great Aunts at Vernon, Aunt Anne, and Aunt Mary, whom we frequently visited.

How Grandfather ever met Gram'ma, is not recorded. Nothing could have been more different than their background or way of life, and how Gram'ma ever married him is still more tantalizing to imagine. Her extraordinary courage and independence, leading her to relinquish her family and marry him in the parlor of Grumblethorpe, on the exact spot indelibly stained by General Agnew's blood, must have been a social upheaval beyond description, but Grandfather's Uncle Charles, then occupying the house, somehow brought it about, and the demure little Quaker Maiden of 18, abandoned temporarily by her parents, married William Wister and was promptly thrown out of Friends Meeting, bag and baggage. Be it recorded here, however, that in later years the Friends softened sufficiently to let her attend meeting, with her six sons. As for Grandfather's religion we hear l ttle of it. He seems to have been an easy going young man. His father John, born a Lutheran, had become "A CONVINCED FRIEND," and the proud descendants of WILLIAM PENN'S ship "WELCOME" colony, frowned on such members in the Meeting House.

Therefore, extraordinary as it seems to us today, William Logan Fisher and his wife, Sarah Logan Fisher, were not particularly cruel in refusing to recognize their daughter Sarah's marriage to the man from "Vernon".

And now about Gram'ma, this same Sarah Logan Fisher, daughter of William Logan Fisher, a descendant of James Logan, First Secretary of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, who built the Stenton Mansion, at what is now 18th and Courtland Streets, near Wayne Junction. This superb colonial house and its gardens, have become the property of the Pennsylvania Society of Colonial Dames of America. The grounds form Stenton Park. Behind these "Wakefield" ancestors of our Grandmother Wister was a long line of New England ancestry, as well, Rodmens, Rotch, and early settlers of Nantucket and New Bedford, Mass.

William Logan Fisher had three daughters, Aunt Elizabeth remained a maiden lady and occupied "Wakefield" until her death. She was devoted to my father, and when he brought his bride, Mary Rebecca Eustis, to Philadelphia in 1866, her house became their home for the first six months of their marriage, while their first Clarkson Avenue home was under construction.

Aunt Elizabeth was a very great Quaker lady, beloved and respected by family and friend. She died, I think before I was born, and "Wakefield" became the property of Gram'ma's half sister, Aunt Mary. who had married Samuel Fox of Foxburg, Clarion County, Pa. At this time they resided in Philadelphia, in a huge house at Broad and Pine Streets, with their daughter, our beloved Cousin Hannah. Her son, Joseph Mickle Fox and his wife, Cousin Emily, with their four children, soon took over "Wakefield." Subsequently the property was deeded to the City of Philadelphia as a park, the house becoming the Responsibility of the Colonial Dames of America, Chapter II, Philadelphia. I mention this especially because these extensive acres merged into "Belfield," formerly the home of Charles Wilson Peale, one of the celebrated family of artists, whose many portraits of George Washington are familiar to us all.

To this newly purchased property Grandfather brought his bride, in 1826, so that Gram'ma was just across the fields from her parents and sisters, and I am sure that her forbidden marriage was soon forgiven, and all was well.

Gram'ma, the Quaker Maiden, was evidently a blushing bride. To her grandchildren she was a kind

but firm autocrat. It would never have occurred to any one of us to disobey her slightest wish. How through those long intervening years she emerged into the Grande Dame we knew we can only guess. Probably her seven sons and one daughter, were accountable, for she brought up the six surviving sons to be her virtual slaves.

But Grandfather, what a man he must have been! I know him only by hearsay, but my older sister and cousins are never tired of talking about him. He adored the children and what fun he was.

They remember him as a portly old gentleman with a long white beard, a merry twinkle in his eye, and revelling in jokes, songs and general merriment. Children probably did not realize how delightful he was to people of all ages, and especially to my mother, to whom he was devoted, and kindness itself. She spoke of him with deep affection, always.

He was generous in extreme. Going daily to town on the Reading Railway, he was met at Duy's Lane in early afternoon by faithful old Patrick and the one horse buggy. But Saturday afternoon was his big day, when at the foot of the Duy's Lane chicken ladder he was welcomed by a group of husky boys, waiting for his never failing shower of pennies for which they scrambled in the dust, or mud, whichever it might be. He then returned to Belfield where he and Grandmother sat at dinner with as many grandchildren as they could assemble. These consisted of my sisters Mary Channing and Frances, Anne and Ethel, daughters of my Uncle Jones who, during Gram'ma's lifetime were living in the Clarkson Avenue house originally occupied by my parents, and several times a year we were thrilled to have with us Bessie (later Mrs. Charles Stewart Wurts), Sarah (Mrs. James Starr). Margaret (Mrs. Edward B. Meigs), daughters of Uncle John and Aunt Sally, who lived in Duncannon. Grandmother also had three very young grandsons, my brother John Caspar Wister, and Uncle Rodman's two sons, Langhorne Harvey and Rodman Mifflin. The latter family lived in town and came only on Sundays.

Behavior at table, after Grandfather's death, was solemn and formal, but the older grandchildren relate that in Grandfather's day Gram'ma went to town, once a week, and was this a holiday for Grandfather and the girls! All rules were put to the sword. The pet dog "Kaiser," a white German Spitz, was seated on a chair with a bib tied around his neck, copiously fed, while Grandfather's deep voice rang out in riotous song. Kaiser, whose duties included walking up the avenue with children returning home, survived every indulgence. He reached a ripe old age and was buried beside the while monument at the head of the lane. Children never ceased to question who or what was buried beneath the monument. Probably no one ever knew the answer.

* * * * *

No doubt Gram'ma knew all about these festivities, but they were never prevented, as she was a cheerful soul, with a twinkle in her eye when you caught her off guard. She could also laugh merrily, especially on Sundays when the assembled sons and their wives regaled the long dinner table with funny stories. This weekly affair took place at three o'clock and and there were often as many as twenty at table, and where the food, largely raised in the garden by old Edward Dunn who lived with his family in the little house at the foot of the hill, was sumptuous. Everything delicious and eatable was raised at Belfield; cows pigs, chickens and turkeys, as well as Uncle Langhorne's pigeons. Hams, sausage and scrapple were Gram'ma's pride, and after the annual slaughter of the pigs she personally superintended the preparing of the pork, in her basement smokehouse. This was just off the kitchen and laundry, and near the dining room, all being on a lower lever level of ground and opening out onto driveway and back garden. In my day a wooden elevator, propelled by ropes, carried Gram'ma down to dinner and supper. It was the ambition of each child to haul Gram'ma up and down, and the smallest one was permitted to stand in the elevator, beside her chair.

Nor did Gram'ma depend alone upon the food she raised. Twice a week my Uncle Jones went to the Market in town to buy meats, supplemented by Uncle Rod, on Saturdays. In summer when fruit was plentiful, Uncle Rod, came out early on Sunday, and churned a huge tub of delicious ice cream.

Sunday dinner was a protracted affair. It lasted for hours, with mountains of food, including a big roast, at each end, alternated by turkeys and chickens.

Soup was plentiful, in winter big plates of cream bisque of oysters being a frequent treat.

I believe that I have not so far listed the six Wister sons, who with the exception of Uncle John all lived in Philadelphia or Germantown.

They were as follows; my father William Rotch Wister, born in 1827 and named for his surviving great grandfather, William Rotch, of Nantucket (New Bedford). Next came John, who ran the family iron furnace and mills at Duncannon, Pa., his daughters already have been mentioned. Then our Uncle Langhorne, Brigadier General Wister, hero of Gettysburg, where he was also wounded and never again a well man. Possibly this is why he never married. He was very handsone, but crotchety and cross in the extreme. We were in terror of him, and as he lived at Belfield and came home daily to dinner, he was a cross to bear. Uncle Jones, at that time a a widower came next, then Francis (our Uncle Frank) whose wife was Aunt Mary, and Uncle Rodman, whose wife was Aunt Betty. With Uncle Langhorne the three younger brothers composed a firm in the iron business known as L. and R. Wister and Company, which continued for many years.

* * * * *

This was a real crowd to handle, but the fat Irish

servants took it as a matter of course, and old Margaret thought nothing of cooking for forty or fifty people or more. On occasions like Christmas, the kitchen table family alone was a sizable one.

Sunday dinner was an ordeal for children. We were always helped last, and must sit silently and patiently, longing to be excused to go up to the library and drag a big bag of wooden blocks from the closet. Here we sat on the floor all afternoon, enveloped in cigar smoke, for the male element adjourned there after dinner, the ladies sitting with their mother-in-law in the formal parlor.

In good weather our Sunday afternoons were varied by walks through the woods to feed the carp in the pond, which emerged from the old stone mill race, in Fisher's Hollow.

There were several such mills on the Fisher-Wister properties built and operated by the old Fisher ancestors. The one nearest Belfield was visited oftenest, but we learned to skate on Thorp's Dam, on one occasion the ice broke and my sister Frances fell in. I well remember the thrill of that day, and our race home to keep her from getting cold!

What the ladies talked about in the stuffy parlor Heaven only knows, I doubt if a family ever contained a more diversified set of sisters-in-law. It must have been a relief to the near-by ones when Aunt Sallie came down from Duncannon bringing something new into the group.

Be it recorded that Gram'ma also had a piano in this parlor, an additional black spot on her character from the Quaker point of view. One story concerning this piano stands out in my memory, and whether I dreamed it or not, as some of the older ones declare, it's worth telling, concerning an afternoon when Grandmother, looking out the window, saw visitors approaching down the long shaded avenue and exclaimed: "Children, I see Friend Eleanor Evans approaching. Put the screen in front of the piano."

The screen, a nondescript Victorian affair, was only half as high as the upright piano, and in no way obscured it. Grandmother, however, was satisfied with the gesture.

Returning to the Sunday afternoon in the smoke filled library, (it took days afterwards to get the smoke out of our long hair) the Uncles were very kind to us. Uncle Frank, who had no children, and Gram'ma's bachelor cousin Elliott Fisher, used to pull pennies out of our curls.

Speaking of the Uncles and their kindness to us is a good time to speak of their active participation in the Civil War, and here again Gram'ma's extraordinary character shines out, for not only did she, born a member of the Society of Friends consent to her sons becoming soldiers, but she herself assumed a vital part in the work of the Sanitary Fair, which Philadelphia like many northern cities put on, to raise funds for the soldiers.

It must have been a terrible thing for her to see her six sons enter the Union Army returning to her as as often as possible, in uniform. At that time men had to raise their own companies, or even regiments. My father assembled his in Germantown, drilling them in the meadow. He never saw real combat, but Uncle Lang and Uncle Frank fought at Gettysburg where their names stand today, on monuments.

Uncle Lang had raised his own regiment, the Bucktail, and when as the battle progressed General Reynolds was shot, Uncle Lang took charge of the the Pennsylvania Troops. Here he was severely wounded.

I have never been quite sure of where Uncle John and Uncle Jones served, but think they were both in secret service. I know that Uncle Jones had charge of burning the bridge at Columbia, Pa., when its seizure was attempted. Uncle Rod, who was too young to be admitted into the army, ran away from home and served as a drummer boy.

We were thrilled to know that Aunt Sallie had been present at Lincoln's famous Gettysburg address. She had been one of a choir of young girls who sang for the occasion.

A year before Gram'ma's death, on a rainy winter's afternoon, Ethel, Margaret and I, the youngest granddaughters, sat in the Belfield library on little stools at Gram'ma's feet, while in the parlor across the hall lay Uncle Langhorne, in a coffin draped with the American flag. The room was filled with Civil War Veterans, his companions of the Bucktail Regiment. I do not know all their names, but I remember General Hidekooper, Major Chamberlain and Captain Richard Ashurst.

The house was filled with people as two o'clock approached, and presently we sat in complete silence, for one solid hour in the extraordinary proceedings of a Quaker funeral for a fighting man. I remember that Grandfather's old friend, Samuel Morris, the brother of wealthy Elliston Morris (of whom it was said that he laid up his treasure in Heaven) spoke, making a brief prayer. How he himself dared to do this is not related. Less than a year later we again sat in the library, this time without our Grandmother, who lay in the parlor, surrounded by friends and flowers.

My Uncle Jones told the following story of that funeral. Gram'ma's sons, it appeared, were fearful that there would be no preaching or prayers for their mother, because she had been thrown out of the Meeting. The idea distressed them greatly but Uncle Jones solved the problem. Up the street in one of my father's rented houses lived the Reverend Louis F. Benson, a good friend. Uncle Jones went to him with the following proposition: The funeral would be at at two. If by 2:55 no word had been spoken, would the Reverend Benson arise and make a prayer? Needless to say the good man consented, but his services were not needed. Exactly at 2:55 Friend Samuel Morris arose and did it for him.

* * * * *

(Continued on page 26)

Two Phases of Pastorius Pond in Verse

By

Charles Wharton Stork

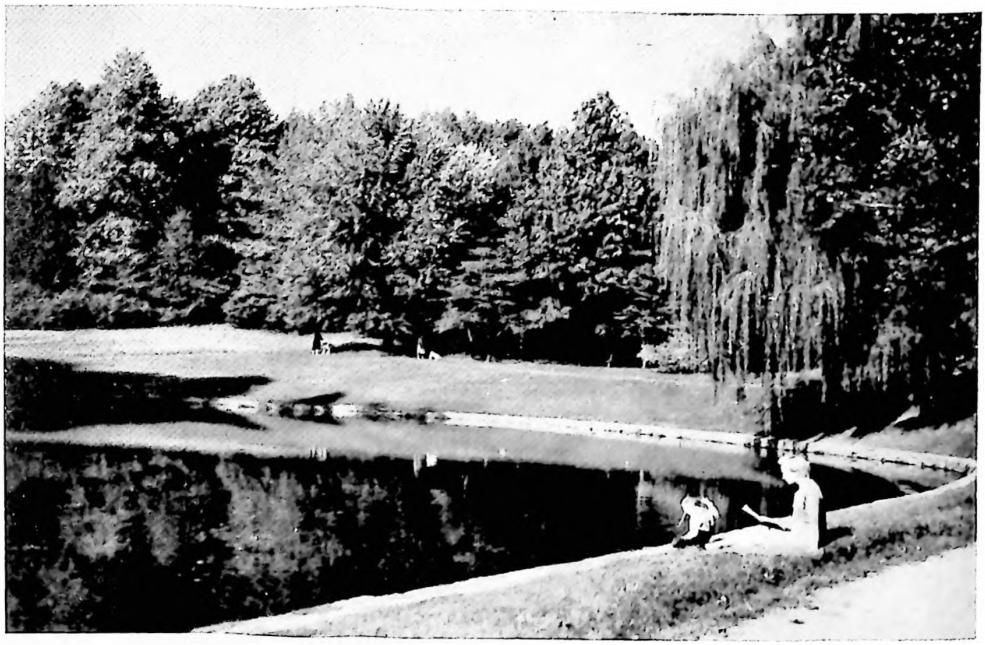


Photo by Joseph F. Morsello

PASTORIUS POND

A POND IS FEMININE

Untroubled stillness may be be very pleasing—
Its calm perfection
Of mirror-smooth reflection.
But, at a zephyr's touch in sportive teasing,
Fie on the staid inertness
That can't retort with flicker-gleam of pertness!

* * * * *

WILLOWS IN EARLY NOVEMBER

The weeping willows have lost their lustre.
The green subsiding to gray.
Their listless fronds in drooping cluster
Slowly and feebly sway.

The maples mock with vermillion splendor,
The oaks with their crimson array.
Be kind to them now in your thoughts, be tender;
So lovely they were in May.

The History of Pastorius Park

DURING Mayor Blankenberg's administration (1911–1913) Dr. George Woodward of Chestnut Hill offered to present nine and one-half acres of land, which he owned, to Philadelphia, providing that the city would condemn two adjoining acres and remove some small houses and consolidate the entire plot, thus obtained, into a park to be called Pastorius Park. After some consideration the city council decided to accept Dr. Woodward's proposition and the ordinance was duly signed by the mayor.

The land was rolling meadow, partly wooded, through which ran a stream, dammed at some seasons of the year to fill a series of ponds. When the dams were out the stream was low, rushes and other growth bordered the water and there were some willow trees. The ponds were once used for a supply of ice to fill Kelly's ice house, a large stone building on the edge of the grounds. This building was converted when the city took over into a workshop, used for years by Henry Lee Willet as a stained glass studio until he moved out of the city. It was then reconverted into two houses and a studio and is at the corner of what is now Springfield Avenue and Lincoln Drive.

Between 1933 and 1934 when Franklin D. Roosevelt was president, the P.W.A. landscaped the park and confined the pond into its present boundary. They also built a theater and a guard house. Free concerts provide splendid programs in the summer season but the park is enjoyed by young and old at any time of the year. Autumn clothes it always with a brilliant dress.

GERMANTOWN FRIENDS MEETING HOUSE

By Joseph Haines Price

IT IS USUALLY stated that the first meetings of the Society of Friends in Germantown were held in 1683 in the house of Thones Kunders—later called Dennis Conrad. This was described as a stone house, part of which remained until recently at 5109 Germantown Ave. This date seems perhaps a year too early, as the original settlers from Germany did not arrive in Philadelphia until the 6th of Tenth Month 1683. That does not leave much time for a stone or even a log house in Germantown in 1683, and, too, these earliest arrivals are thought to have spent their first winter in caves in the high gravel banks along the Delaware. Meeting was held at the houses of other Friends, too; Wm. Penn preached from the doorstep of Shoemakers' house "in the meadow" where the Winghocking Creek still runs beneath Belfield Ave. This old house on Penn St. just east of the Reading Company's bridge only recently made way for a filling station.

In 1690 Jacob Shoemaker gave the Meeting 3 perches of land on the Main Street, land now included in the grounds of the School and Meeting. Here a graveyard was established and a Meeting House—thought to be of logs—was built. In this graveyard, which we know as the old graveyard on Germantown Ave., the first settlers—including probably the leader, Francis Daniel Pastorius—were buried in unmarked graves, as was then the custom among Friends. This burying ground apparently gave our ancestral Friends some anxiety as to the affairs of this world, as it is recorded in 1739 that Peter Shoemaker and Thomas Roberts were appointed to prevent burials in the burying ground "in a clandestine manner." Very likely the stone wall with the little shingle roof that we know so well dates from that appointment, as an attempt to break up the nefarious practice.

On this lot in 1705 was erected a Meeting House, which stood in what is now the old graveyard, about 25 feet back of the road, and north of the huge buttonwood tree, which has come down to us from the days before Wm. Penn. No clear picture seems to come, but the Meeting House was probably small and of stone quarried in Germantown. The lumber came from trees felled on the land belonging to the Meeting and was worked up on the site with pit saws and hand planes. The hardware—latches and hinges—was made up by a local blacksmith, the roof made of local shingles. Only the lime and glass, perhaps, had to be brought into Germantown, for the Minute Books could come from Rittenhouse's Mill, bound in local leather, and they drew their water from their own well. All this was paid for with subscriptions raised for the purpose, with substantial contributions coming in from Friends of Abington, Frankford and Philadelphia.

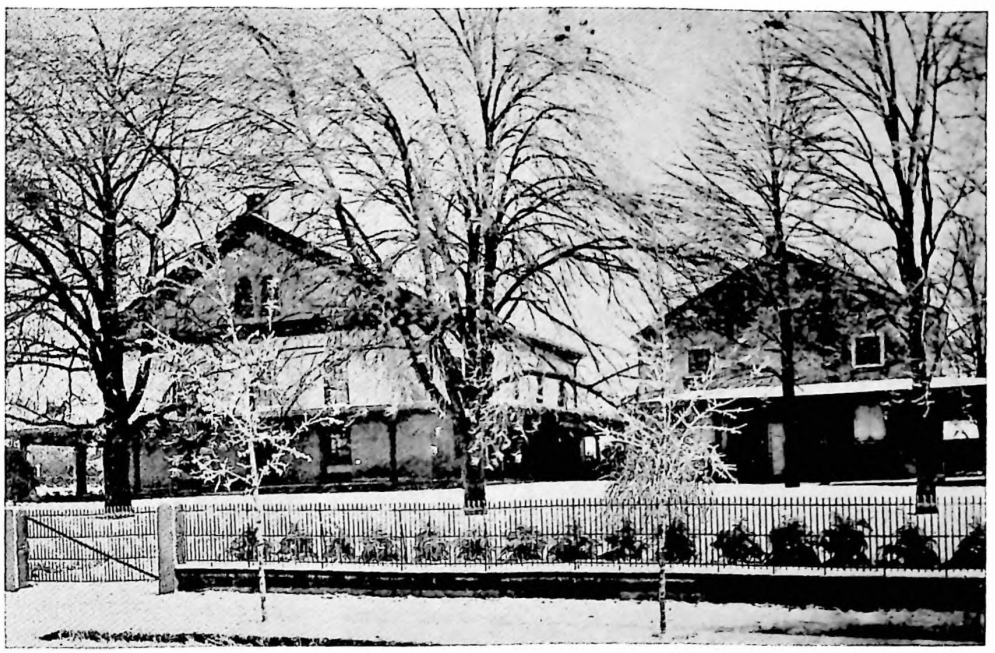
In a century the Germantown Meeting had outgrown its Meeting House. In 1812 it was decided to build a "new Meeting House of larger size and at a greater distance from the Public Road." If the Bethlehem stages and the Conestoga wagons with their bell-horses and jangling chains disturbed the members in 1812, what would be thought of the traffic on Germantown Ave. today?

Where the new Meeting House was, in reference to things today, and its outward appearance may be seen by examining the photograph which hangs on the wall of the Meeting Office. In the picture the grounds are entered by the gates with which we are all familiar. Prior to 1860, when Coulter St. was cut through, our grounds were entered by a driveway from the Main Street, along the old wall. The interior, of which no photograph seems to have survived, though it is clearly pictured in the recollection of our friend, Sarah Emlen Moore, was of the pattern of the day, with a great sliding partition to separate, on occasions of business, the great room into a Men's Meeting and a Women's Meeting, and there was a Youths' Gallery across the back of the room.

In half a century the new Meeting House was outgrown. The Great Migration of Friends from the center city Meetings had set in, the railroad was built into 9th and Green, the horse cars came along the Main Street, and Germantown was fast becoming a suburb of Philadelphia and was no longer a country town. The old Meeting House could seat 350; by the middle Sixties room for a hundred more was required.

In 11th Month 1866 a committee appointed to study the problem "recommended that the present Meeting House be enlarged by an extension toward the (new) graveyard, the enclosure of the Youths' Gallery (whatever that means) and the erection of new carriage sheds." These alterations, it was estimated, would cost $10,000 or $11,000. Merely considering acoustics and roof lines and existing stone walls, this would seem, perhaps, a makeshift proposition, but it was so ordered and the Building Committee was directed to proceed.

Occasional unanswered questions concerning the Meeting House have prompted the Meeting News Committee to ask Joseph Haines Price to write this article on the history of the building. His informative report supplies the elusive answers, for which the committee is most grateful.



"This photograph was taken about 1865-70 by our local photographer, Mr. Hinkle, to show the snow storm. Incidentally, it shows the two Meeting Houses. The larger and newer one still stands and the smaller one was pulled down, as soon as the new one was put in service"

However, to the Monthly Meeting for 5th Month 1867 the Building Committee reported that "due to the uneasiness on the part of many of our members in relation to the vacating of our present premises during proposed alterations they have delayed the commencement of the work and have entered into a careful examination of the difficulties to be encountered." They recommended that an entirely new Meeting House be erected along side of the old; the cost of the new was not expected to be more than $1,700 more than alterations to the old. Perhaps the $1,700 cleared the air—after all, it was only $2,000 too low, as it turned out—and the Committee was directed to proceed with the new, leaving the old standing, to be disposed of later. The contract was let to Hibberd Yarnall, Stanley R. Yarnall's father, and the building was finished in that year at a cost of $20,466.52—the House costing $14,745.75, the furniture $1,993.48 and new horse sheds $3,727.29.

Now what was to be done to the old Meeting House? The Friends' School on the grounds was growing, too, and some proposed that the School move into the old House. But the Germantown Friends were in a building mood. More money was raised, and by 1869 the old House was down, a new school house erected—that part of the present Upper School next to the archway—and a convenient Committee Room built at the north end of the new Meeting House, all these at the cost of $17,940.54. The date 1869, carved on the stone which we see set in the wall above the porch on the School side of our Committee Room, must indicate that the Meeting considered the new room as the crowning work of its building program, for the Meeting House itself was erected, as we have seen, in 1867. Why the word PENN was carved on the stone, History makes no mention.

GERMANTOWN DOLLS

By Geane Geddes Smith

LADY MEMBERS of the Germantown Historical Society were embarrassed a year ago when experts came to look over the doll collection in their museum at 5214 Germantown Avenue.

"They're old and they're Germantown. Grandmothers and great-great-aunts played with them! but they are bedraggled," was the general description.

"I'll take this poor thing home and scrub it a bit," said Mrs. Norman Mellor, picking up a stuffed lady about 28 inches long with dangling wax arms. "Do you want to make a note of her?"

Mrs. Frank S. Glendening, past president of the Letitia Penn Doll Club, put down a handmade rag baby, looked up and answered:

"Oh yes, we've listed that as 'Lucinda Tinge'."

Mrs. Mellor, a leading spirit in the Historical Society, carried the 28-inch treasure with extra care to her home in Germantown. With equal care, she restored the doll's exquisitely made clothes to freshness. Since then, nearly all the dolls have been refurbished.

The black-haired darling, complete with long black painted curls, very large blue glass eyes and tiny teeth in an open mouth, was made about 115 years ago.

"In the entire collection of more than 40 dolls, there aren't more than three or four ordinary ones," reports Mrs. Glendening, with authority backed by travel and competing in doll shows.

This display was a feature of the Historic Houses Tour, which climaxed Germantown Week May 13.

Mrs. Glendening, who lives in Penn Valley, Narberth, heard about the dolls one day last year when she stopped in at the antique shop of Albert T. von Trott, 101 W. Rittenhouse Street, another active Historical Society member.

She and Mrs. Philip Cappalonga, Spring City,P a., past president of the San Diego (Calif.) Doll Club, were excited by what they found in the dim cases and boxes at 5214 Germantown Avenue.

"It's one of the most outstanding doll collections in the country," Mrs. Glendening declared.

Because of their familiarity with the subject, the two ladies were asked to catalogue the dolls.

The prize—for rarity, beauty and monetary value—is "Lydia," a milliner's model 29 inches tall. Her painted black hair is coiled in four braids around the back bulge of her papier mache head. Her rosy-faced features are fine, her blue eyes bright. On wooden feet, she wears flat-heeled leather slippers.

Both clothes and doll look as though they just came out of the box. About 1830, she was the pride of Lydia C. Fisher, of "Wakefield," famous Germantown mansion. In 1946, she was presented to the society by her original mistress' great-granddaughter, Lydia Fisher Warner.

Then there is "Rose", a Parisian Alice-in-Wonderland. The doll's molded blond hair is held by a painted black band. Her stuffed cloth body is covered by original clothes. Kid arms show beneath frilly sleeves. She was new in 1865.

Another beauty in the same economic category is a French wax number with real hair that was set in her crown with a hot needle. The stuffed body supports delicately sculptured wax arms and legs—thought to be the work of the famous doll maker Montanari. Fanny Kemble presented her to Ella Eustis Wister in 1883. She came to the museum from Mrs. D. Jansen Haines.

From Germany came a wooden "blockhead" doll, ten inches tall, with protruding nose, joint forearms and legs. She was fashioned about 1830.

Back about 1860, a seven-year-old girl was given a pinkish luster China charmer which she promptly named "Carrie Abbott." The toy is 19-and-a-half inches long, but not too big for a skillful seven-year-old to make all her clothing. She was presented to the museum by Marion S. Price of Chestnut Hill.

There's an English miss, 24-and-a-half inches tall with dark blue glass eyes that go to sleep when you push a wire in her waist. The lady was made about 1825—of cloth-stuffed body, wax head and brown wig.

The dolls are not all so elegant. One little Indian has two-and-a-half inches of stuffed body and a braided cloth pigtail—no hands. He's treasured with the rest.

Then there is a low-brow china item with a stuffed cloth body. Her china legs flaunt orange painted shoes and green painted garters. She is 9-and-a-half inches tall, and 61 years old.

There are Ludwig Greiner models. In 1858, Greiner, a Philadelphian, patented the first dolls in the United States. One patented doll was given by Mrs. Herbert Brown, of Chestnut Hill. It belonged to Mrs. Brown's grandmother.

Before Greiner, wooden dolls were manufactured at 5th and Brown Streets, here. The seven-inch example in this group was made about 1825. One of the most unusual members of the assemblage is also pre-patented doll. Her papier mache head is livened with flirting brown eyes which move sideways. She is 26 inches long with a stuffed body.

There is doll furniture, too. A bed in which slept one of the first dolls of Germantown is dated 1775. It belonged to Janet Jarrett, granddaughter of Jan Lukens, one of the town's founders. The four-poster was added to the museum list by Mrs. R. Newton Brey, a direct descendant of the Lukens family.

Tops in romance are the "frozen Charlottes." These tiny, rigid dolls were made in Germany—where they were called "pillar dolls"—from 1860 until the early 1900's. One in this collection is five inches tall, another only an inch-and-a-half. Both have molded black curls.

The romantic name comes from a ballad based on a Vermont monument tragedy about a young lady whose vanity flouted her mother's advice to wrap herself in a blanket before setting out in the snow for a dance.

According to the ballad, she froze "like a monument," and—

"Then swiftly through the lighted room
Her lifeless form he bore
Fair Charlotte was a stiffened corpse
And word spoke nevermore . . ."



Count von Zinzendorf in Germantown Two Hundred Years Ago*

By Elmer Schultz Gerhard

By permission of the Historical Society of Montgomery County, Norristown, Pennsylvania.
Read before the Society, February 22, 1944 and published in their Bulletin April 1955, Vol. IV, No. 4.

AFTER tarrying a few days in New York, Nicholaus Ludwig, Count von Zinzendorf and von Pottendorf, Baron von Thürstein, Graf von Biebersheim, Lord of the Manor of Berthelsdorf, Hereditary Warder of the Chase to his Imperial Majesty in the Duchy of Austria, and sundry other titles, arrived in Philadelphia with his retinue on December 10, 1741, and after much longing on the part of those whom he had sent ahead, and who had traveled many miles to meet him. He was greeted by Bishop David Nitschman, Jr., and was welcomed as a guest at the house of Stephen Benezet, a wealthy Huguenot merchant of Philadelphia; he was greatly interested in Zinzendorf and his affairs. Christian Froelich, who had come over with the Nitschmans, had previously rented a three-story house on Second Street, near Sassafrass Street, now Race Street, for the Count's use while he was in Philadelphia. Zinzendorf's daughter, Henrietta Benigna Justina, a girl of seventeen years, and Anna Nitschman lodged together in a few rooms. This Anna Nitschman was the daughter of David Nitschman, Sr. She was a very capable woman, but rather stern and severe, a sort of blue-stocking; she was twenty-five years old when she came to America.

The Count's arrival was announced in the English newspapers; some of the important people called on him; some others, however, did not, among whom were the Separatists. In accordance with the etiquette, which he felt was incumbent upon him, he formally announced his arrival to the Governor of the Province of Pennsylvania, whose secretary conveyed to Zinzendorf the Governor's felicitations and compliments. The sensation aroused over his coming, which was eagerly awaited by persons of various dispositions, was even greater than what it was in New York. Many people were anxious to see what spiritual wonders this new apostle would accomplish, while others were simply curious to see and hear this remarkable nobleman of rank who had at least a dozen titles, a large fortune, a high position at court, and had relinquished all to engage in religious work; and still others had formed the impression that the spirit of persecution had come into the land with the coming of the Count.

Zinzendorf evidently sensed the feeling which was abroad, so in order to forestall any sinister reports, which he felt might be carried to the Governor, he asked the latter to send representatives to attend his meetings and hear his discourses. The Governor willingly agreed to such precaution, but at the same time he assured him of the broad tolerance regarding creed and religious affiliations and freedom granted by the laws of the Province.

A few days later, December 18, Zinzendorf's daughter came to Germantown and engaged a room for herself and one for her father who then came the same evening. Spangenberg informed one of his friends that Zinzendorf would lodge with him, and this man knowing Spangenberg, but not having previously divined his purpose, was willing to have the Count do so, feeling he was showing a kindess both to a stranger and also to a friend. And so the Count and a few other came during the course of the evening; but he himself did not stay even an hour; his excuse was that he was not accustomed to eat and sleep in any house except his own. Whether the lodging was too cramped, or the hospitality too poor, or whether an offensive remark had been made was never disclosed, neither how nor when. It is said, however, that he complained later on of the manner in which his host received him, but not in what connection; nor did his host himself know.

It is not definitely known where he lodged for the night, but the next morning as he went through town, (he was on his way to Falkner Swamp to see Henry Antes) he visited a few people, among them John Bechtel who was at the time preacher in the German Reformed Church in Germantown. This man was a wood-turner, i. e., he worked on a lathe. When the Count said he would like to see his workshop, his Werkstätte, he did not perceive at first that he meant the church in which he preached; but finally he caught on and took the Count to the church; whereupon the Count asked him how many people this newly-erected church held;† Bechtel said thousands. Then the Count said he saw quite well that he could secure work here when he came again. But

*Note by author: "This is not a biographical sketch of Zinzendorf, neither is he to be judged solely by this narrative, and the Herrnhuters (Moravians) are not to be judged by it in the least. It merely relates what the Count did in Germantown and what the people thought, said, and wrote about him two hundred years ago."

Mr. Gerhard died early this year. He was a member of the Germantown Historical Society.

Bulletin of the Montgomery County Historical Society is in our Library Files.

†This was the German Reformed Church of Germantown, now the Market Square Presbyterian Church. It was built in 1733.

even though he preached a number of times in this church, that many people never attended his services. He also had Bechtel informed twice from the city that he would like to be his chaplain.

The evening before he left town he had inquires made of the German printer here in town whether he could shortly print a small book of hymns for him, otherwise he would be obliged to have it printed in English characters; and this is what happened and with quite a few changes. This was the first meeting between Zinzendorf and Christopher Saur, the combative printer of Germantown. An account of the tilts clashes and fiery encounters between the two would form an interesting paper.

Zinzendorf now started off with his retinue and attendants for Skippack and Falkner Swamp to see Henry Antes and others, but his daughter remained here to look up the children of friends. It was through Spangenberg that Zinzendorf and Antes fell into each other's good graces. These men decided to hold a series of conferences to which they intended to invite—rather summon—the representatives of all the various religious groups, some eight or ten in number. To make sure that it was meet and proper so to do they cast lots; the answer was "Yes", and to the question how soon, the answer was "the sooner the better."

* * *

So Zinzendorf commissioned Antes to issue a rcular letter urging the representatives of these various groups to attend said conferences; Antes did so and also stated the reasons for calling such conferences.

The circular letter of Antes:

In the Name of Immanuel, Amen! — I wish to let you know that in as much as frightful evil is being wrought in the Church of Christ, among the souls who have been called to the Lamb (to follow Christ) which occurs mainly through mistrust and suspicion toward each other, and that, too frequently without reason, we have for well-nigh two years now (which Gruber says is not true) been considering whether it were not possible to appoint a general council, not with the intention of quarreling and wrangling with each other but to treat each other in love, on the essential articles of faith in order to see how closely we can approach each other fundamentally, and as for the rest, seek to bear with each other in love on opinions wherein we might understand each other at the present time, so that all judging and fault-finding might cease among the chosen souls through which they expose themselves before the world and afford it occasion to say: "Well, those who preach peace and love are themselves at variance."

And so this matter, so important, has again been taken under consideration and deliberated before the Lord. It has been decided to meet on New Year's Day in Germantown at Gotthard's house to consider the aforesaid matters. I beg of you to make it known to such people in Germantown as you know have a foundation for their faith and can state it. The calling of this meeting has been announced to all the leaders of the old Dunkards, to the leading Mennonite teachers, to the Seventh-Day Adventists, and the Separatists, and of course the Herrnhuters will also be present. It will very likely be a large meeting which cannot be concluded in one day. May the Lord bestow His blessing upon it!

From your humble and yet affectionately-minded Brother.

Henry Antes

December 25, 1741 Frederick Township., Phila. Co.

Rev. John Philip Boehm, a prominent Reformed preacher of Whitpain Township, Montgomery County (then Philadelphia County) took Antes to task for sending out this letter, especially so, because he had formerly been a member of the Reformed Church, and had left it. He says he had for several years allowed himself to be dragged around by the spirit of dwaling (*dwaalling*—a mop; door-mat; swab?) by all sorts of erring persons, and at present allows himself again to be led about like a blind man with staff by the more adroit Count von Zinzendorf. But he received the severest criticism from Johann Adam Gruber, who says he was astonished to see that Antes had undertaken to present such a serious matter as as though it came from a Court of Chancery in the form of a manifesto. He asks, "Why are the Quakers and the Schwenckfelders omitted from the list you made up? Who gave you the power to do it under your name exclusively and yet you send the letter out under the name of Immanuel? What are the essential articles of faith? Who has determined them? By whose authority shall judgment be expressed?

Instead of lessening the quarrelling and wrangling greater dissensions will arise." According to all accounts Zinzendorf was himself the instigator and director of the project.

Zinzendorf came back to the city by way of Ephrata; his daughter met him "down town" on his return.

On the morning of December 20 he preached his first sermon in Germantown; this was also his first appearance in an American pulpit. It was also here n Philadelphia that he produced at this time a sealed charter, or patent, written in English and in Latin, which document he had received from the Bishop of London by whom he was fully commissioned to preach in this country, because his teaching, or doctrine, agreed substantially with that of the High Church.

Many people, the Mennonites in particular, looked upon this paper with misgivings and suspicion and and upon the Count as entertaining sinister motives.

He gave the Governor in the city to understand that he intended to hold services here and asked him to send some one who understood German and English quite well, to "listen in" whether he might be uttering anything against the laws of the Province, for it was bruited about that he was trying to form a group of followers among the Germans.

* * *

The Governor's letter in reply:

Had I known that you were coming to the city, I would have forestalled your letter with a visit prior to your honoring me su

soon after your arrival in this country. In comformity with the established regulations and customs of this country no one, who believes in the one and Almighty God. . . and holds himself obligated to the civil authorities to lead a peaceable life, molests anyone in the least, nor does he injure another whether in person or property because of matters of conscience which pertain to doctrine as well as to life.

But since you expressly desire to have some one present at your services who understands German and English quite well, I shall comply with your request in this regard, but much more so that the person may be an open-minded witness of your earnest endeavor in the behalf of the salvation of souls, rather than have him entertain fear that you might circulate teachings which would tend to overthrow the magisterial government or the obedience and loyalty which every inhabitant of the Province owes to our gracious lord and sovereign, King George (III).

It will afford me great pleasure, my lord, to prove to you on every occasion my regard and esteem.

Your most obedient and loyal servant,

George Thomas

Dated Philadelphia, December 24, 1741

* * *

On December 25 he preached again in Germantown, and on the same text he used on December 20. It is said that he preached with great vehemence against the Free-Thinkers, who would give him neither access nor audience, that they must do the penance openly as imposed by the church. In this manner he reflected on what he had preached in the former sermon and sharply reinforced it. He preached again in Germantown on December 27. Some praised the service others criticized it. No hearts were stirred up, as was noised abroad.

Zinzendorf wanted to preach in the High Church in the city, but the Commissary, or Consistory, did not allow him to do so, in spite of the fact that he was willing to conform to their mode of garb and other and other conventionalities of the church.

At about the same time he is said to have remarked by those who heard him in addressing a meeting that while speaking of the Judgment Day that he knew for a certainty that he would not be called to judgment, for by faith he had broken through death into life. But he would be present on that day and embrace many souls whom he knew here and would help them through.

In his letters he frequently called himself Ludwig Nitschman, claiming he was the adopted son of the elder Nitschman, that Anna Nitschman, the former's daughter, was his sister, that they had one father and one mother, that she often had to be with him for she was his treasurer and housekeeper and that he took council with her in all things. It is noticeable that she always travelled with him while he was here and left with him for Europe. He himself wrote: "... not only did her brother bequeath her to me when he went to prison and won the martyr's crown in 1728, but her father, known as Nitschman the carpenter, adopted me as his son as a matter of convenience when I became Moravian Bishop." While he lived in Germantown the two frequently went out walking in the evening, which performance was rather offensive to many people. It is worthy of note that when the Count's wife died in 1756 he married this woman the next year.

It was now time for the meeting of the first conference, which was set for January 1, 1742, the same to meet in Zinzendorf's rented house, which was supposedly that of Theobald Endt, a clockmaker, though not all writers are agreed on this point. Friends and strangers came the day before; they expected something great and wonderful. It was a motley array; eight or more religious groups were represented; among them were Anabaptist, Mennonites, Pietists, Lutherans, Reformed, a few Separatists, and also four delegates sent by the Seventh-Day Adventists; these were the only delegates. Some of those present were ineligible and were expelled or excluded. Conrad Weiser, at the time a Justice of the Peace; and a well-meaning hermit, Conrad Mathaei, were present, as was also Rev. Samuel Guldin, the first ordained Reformed minister in this country.

Several Quakers who understood German were sent for by Zinzendorf, and a few Schwenkfelders in Germantown were persuaded to come, but when they perceived that they were to be there only so it could be said that they, too, were represented, they went home.

The purpose of the meeting was hardly stated when trouble arose. The Mennonites and the Schwenkfelders were scornfully reproached by the Count, presumably because they virtually refused to take part in the conferences. This uncalled for act caused considerable disturbance, which was decidedly increased when a tailor, named Schierwagen, a Separatist, produced a paper in which he criticized Zinzendorf's sermons, especially in what he termed uncharitable expressions. This elicited a sharp reply from Zinzendorf. Then the hermit, Conrad Methaei, tried to defend the tailor and was also severely reprimanded.

By this time it became plainly evident that the Count was setting himself up as author, proposer, arbritrator, and judge; that everything was ordered and maintained according to his idea, intent, and purpose, and impulse. He meant to have the first word and the last word and the pronouncing of sentence. He prepared the questions and set them, and sorted the answers to such as had been cast and sought for by lot. He proposed and decided everything and replied to everything. If anyone refused to submit to the Count's rulings, often arbitrary, and to give his consent, or spoke in opposition, he soon lost favor and credit and had to remain outside (except Henry Antes, and other favorites like him). The consequence was that many kindly-disposed people went away disconsolate and never came again.

The fourth conference, like the second one, was scheduled for Ephrata, but the opposition was strong-

er than ever. Conrad Beisel, jealous of his Seventh-Day Adventist Community, would not permit a conference to be held there because he was afraid of having his Archimedean circles disturbed. So the fourth conference was also held in Germantown, March 11-12, and at the Ashmead house. One of the main points of discussion was the wrong done to the Indians at Nazareth. Henry Antes was commissioned to see to it that they received just treatment.

The fifth conference, the most fiery of all, was held in Germantown, April 18-20. The forenoon session of the first day was held in the Reformed Church. It was a general session. Many people saw that this was a clever way to attract those who would otherwise not have come and announced themselves. The afternoon session was held in Zinzendorf's house. It is chiefly known for the clash between Zinzendorf and Saur and Schonefeld as to who, to put it bluntly, was the biggest liar. Saur gave a savage and convincing answer to the Count's former letters; so the matter came up in conference. The Count was now bent, as always, on justification and retaliation. One man, a good-natured soul, and of keen perception, asked why all this bitterness; he could not and would not countenance it any longer; that one heard and saw nothing but self-justification and selfishness. Whereupon the Count ordered him, and another man who came to his aid, out and away from the conference and out of the congregation.

The second day of the conference started off a little dull; but things soon became interesting. Benedict Müntz, a newly acquired member of the faith, had sent Zinzendorf a very submissive letter in which he said he surrendered himself and all his possessions to the good of the cause; at least so he wrote. This letter the Count read to others with great animatiion, saying he would be glad to receive any number of such letters. But when this man began to waver and vacillate, probably regretting his submissiveness, Zinzendorf accosted him severely and said, "You, Benedict Müntz, do not deserve to cut your grain, the Brethren will gather your harvest." And to give still greater vent to his feelings, he then and there married Müntz's daughter, who was with her father, to a man named Eschenbach who had been trying for a long time to get possession of her by casting lots and by other means, but in vain. The said letter Zinzendorf tore in pieces. Müntz protested vehemently against all such actions. He was finally appeased, and his son-in-law became Bishop Eschenbach who preached in Oley until the people there as good as told him to leave the place. The "railroading" of marriages like this was nothing unusual; the elders of the church and the casting of lots decided who was to marry whom.

If they could not get possession of the children, or grownup daughters, because of the vigilance and objection of the parents, they tried to entice them under the pretense of converting their souls. In the city Zinzendorf married off the three daughters of a well-to-do friend; the father came quite a distance to ward off the marriage of the last one, but could not prevent it. An English widow in Germantown complained, with tears in her eyes, to friends, and to others, that Zinzendorf connected three of her daughters, and finally a fourth, in marriage with his own people.

The first one he contracted, without the mother's knowledgd, to a German. Then he wrote a note to the mother, excusing himself and asking her pardon.

This is the way many of them fared. One would be married to a preacher or teacher, another one to a bishop, and a third to some one sent to another country; most of them were married by the casting of lots; some few had the pleasure of seeing each other beforehand. Some who had been married were separated again, one being sent to this place and the other one to another place. These people tried to win over the children and the women wherever they could. Zinzendorf even had a list of names of the young women and children in the community by the time he came to Germantown. They are said to have remarked that if they only had the children, the parents would not cause them so much concern.

The sixth conference was held at the house of Lorenz Schmelse; it was the most poorly attended of all. Zinzendorf, chagrined at the small attendance and the entire absence of several groups, proposed to dissolve the meeting but he was overruled. The seventh conference was held "down town" at the house of Edward Evans on the north side of Race Street above Second. It was fairly well attended. According to the report of the spectators, things were done in a high-handed manner and set off with parades. The several parties were hackled once more, combed down and sentence pronounced.

The conferences followed each other too closely; they became tiresome. In addition, each religious group held tenaciously to its own creed and fundamentals. Denominationalism held its head high from the very beginning and was fiercely opposed to the movement. Little was accomplished; the main result was a flood of vituperation, most of which, fortunately, has never found its way into print. It is difficult to find whether any of the points mentioned in the circular letter were amicably discussed.

Between the fifth and sixth conferences Zinzendorf always preached "down town" on Sunday forenoon and in Germantown in the afternoon. In one of these sermons in Germantown he complained a great deal, saying that he thought things were realy bad in Philadelphia, but here in Germantown they were ever so much worse. Yet six weeks before he called this land a dear land, Immanuel's land, the lovely Pennsylvania which had been prayed over a thousand times, and that here in Germantown his heart was always alive.

Love feasts for every age and sex were frequently held in the church; invitations to the same, oral and written, were given out, or issued, by the Count's

daughter. In the beginning many good-natured and well-meaning people were attracted, but the more thoughtful and far-seeing held back. At a love feast on March 20, 1742, the Count and his coterie baptized two young people, a man and a woman, both single, whom they had attracted to their group.

After this ceremony was over this man baptized Anna Nitschman and her "brother," now Ludwig Nitschman (the Count himself), by springling water over them and by the laying on of hands.

Immediately following the fifth conference, April 18-20, he held one of these love-feasts in the church with his own people and such others as they could attract. They broke consecreated wafers and dealt them out, and sang until they lay upon their faces. The men and women sang antiphonally (responsive.y) verses from their hymns. The affair lasted until 1 o'clock at night. Some of the more thoughtful who were present refused to take part, even though they had been invited and urged to do so. To all such Zinzendorf administered a stinging rebuke for being so nicely nice as not to take part in any venture.

* * * * *

On the following Sunday in their evening prayer-meeting the Count and Bishop Nitschman ordained John Bechtel, who served as preacher in the Reformed Church here in Germantown, as Inspector, Director, and Instructor, and set him over other Reformed preachers, with the presentation and reading of their large sealed letters to bishops with full power granted by universities abroad to ordain or appoint others, adding that Bechtel was now to serve more important offices than before, with many promises to him and with threats against any opposition.

* * * * *

On April 12, the Sunday following Easter, after his sermon here in the church, in connection with which he complained of the lawlessness and the uncommunicativeness of the people in the vicinity, he held a meeting with his "select group" (?) in the church.

* * * * *

Early in the spring of 1742 Zinzendorf decreed that there be a half-hour meeting in the church every Sunday afternoon, said meeting to consist of men, women, bachelors, spinsters, children, boys and girls, and who not. So for many weeks the church bell rang the whole live-long Sunday afternoon as it does in a cloister during mass. Next he divided his people in Germantown into bands, or groups, of two or three each, according to his whim. These groups were to "canvass the town," and work among those who were still undecided, and to stir them up so that they might become converted under the name of Christ. The scheme did not work; very few concerned themselves about the matter.

Zinzendorf did a very commendable thing in Germantown when he directed his efforts vigorously toward education. We find that in the beginning of March, 1742, he moved with his co-laborers into another house in Germantown. He fixed it up and changed it for a school, and at his own expense. He called a conference of all evangelical Christians in the Province. Here he first launched the project of educating the children in the Province. By April 3 he had notices printed in German and sent to all the "German Townships" requesting all such as were concerned about the welfare of their children to meet at the house of John Bechtel, or of Lehman the potter, by Apri 17, to talk over the matter.

He then and there disclosed his plan for starting a school. He wanted one hundred children at once from the country, fifty boys and fifty girls. There was to be a teacher for every twelve children. Zinzendorf was going to provide board and lodging for teachers and pupils.‡

But very few people came, and these were mainly Germantowners. Mainly because of indifference, lack of time, poor means of travel, suspicion cast upon the Herrnhuters, misrepresentation of motives and fear of proselyting, this project came to naught. Several more appeals were sent out. Eventually a school was opened in the Ashmead house, already mentioned, on May 4, 1742, and with twenty-five girls. But by the end of June, 1743, this school was transferred to Bethlehem, and became the well-known Moravian Female Seminary. This was, then, the actual beginning of the school work of the Moravian Church in America.

Zinzendorf preached his first sermon in America, and in Germantown, in the Reformed Church, and his last one in Germantown in the same place, June 17, 1742. He had intended to preach here again in December, but he went to Conestoga instead. It is conjectured that he left a few mementos in town in that he gave Casper J. Wistar a comfortable settee, two large rushbottomed chairs, and a circular walnut tea-table, and a much prized Latin letter which later hung in "Grumblethorpe" and in the room in which the British General Agnew died.

It is not definitely known just when he left Germantown; but he preached his last sermon in America on December 31, 1742, and in the newly-erected Moravian Church in Philadelphia, with his text based on Matt. 14:8, "She hath done what she could." He gave an account of his activities while in this country (and he was here only a year), his preaching, his work among the Indians, and of the several congregations he established in the Province. To avoid the pain of taking leave of so many people he left the church before the conclusion of the services, and unnoticed by the crowd. He then drove off in a coach, waiting for him, for Frankford on the Del-

---

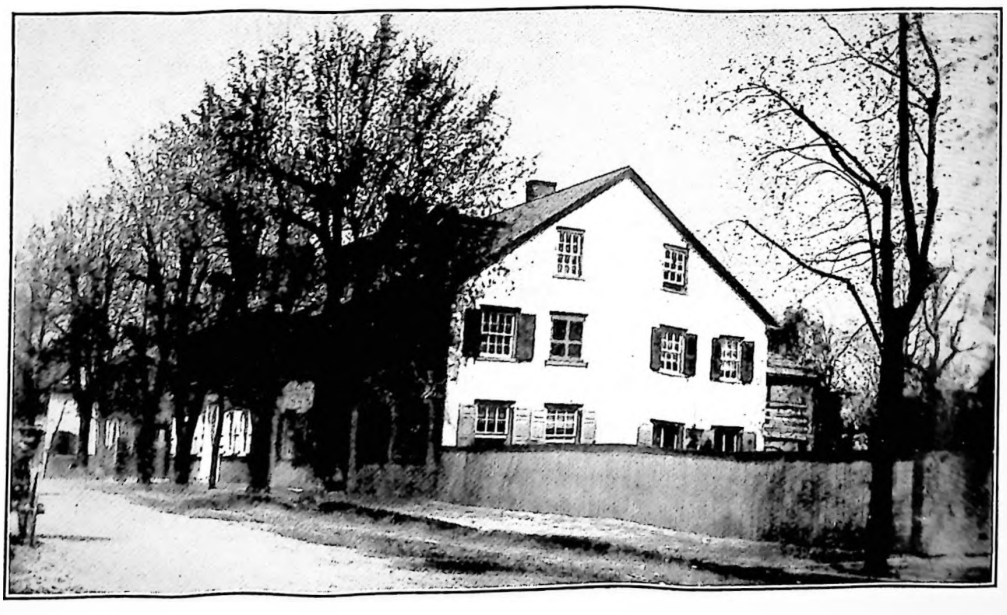
‡"Bekanntmachung an alle deutschen Townshippes (etc.) was the advertisement, or broadside, which Saur printed for the occasion. But he is more than amused at the Count's "German Township"; there were no political units so designated. Saur says further that there were only forty children in all of Philadelphia and Germantown; and yet Zinzendorf wanted one hundred. Vide "Bewahrte Nachrichten," Vol. III, pp. 816–817."

aware, which place he reached the same night, and then pursued his way to New York.

Zinzendorf's coming to America has often been viewed with misgivings. Here are the views of several well-known men whose word has to be respected. Conrad Weiser says that one of the Ephrata Brethren remarked to him: "The Count has a big bag with him into which he intends to poke all the sects, even the Separatists and rule all alone." Oswald Seidensticker, at one time a professor at University of Pennsylvania, and a man of repute, remarked that Zinzendorf sought to bring them all under one hat, i.e., his own hat.

Christopher Saur, one of Zinzendorf's mortal enemies, said it was undoubtedly his purpose to form one party, or sect, and that was to be his own. An Anabaptist writing from Germantown said Zinzendorf had great things in mind and thought he would dominate everything; he would lord it over Separatists, Baptists, Seventh-Day Adventists, Mennonites, Schwenckfelders, Quakers, Reformed, Lutherans, etc., but he came too late and did not succeed; he accomplished little. He went to school in Pennsylvania, and found people here who were his equal, and received a good pummeling.

Count von Zinzendorf was a genius with many admirable qualities, but unfortunately he did not always display them to the best advantage while in this country, at least not in Germantown. It may be that he was in many ways misunderstood, notably in his phraseology and also in his demeanor, and because of misconstruction placed upon them. He failed to realize that the thoughts and manners of America of that day were no longer those of Europe of his day, and that with the beginning of the 18th century a *novus ordo seclorum* (a new order of the ages) began in America. The efforts he made in trying to transplant the language and thought which still obtained in the old country to a country of incongruous elements and upon a people living amid different associations did not win for him much sympathy or many friends. Nor did his originality of thought and manner, often crude, and his expressions often uncouth and indelicate, gain much appreciation for his efforts. That he was irresolute can be judged by the fact that he was constantly changing his mind. With him the wish was too often the father to the thought. He was swayed by a strange emotionalism, for he was ruled more by his heart than by his head. He decided everything on the spur of the moment, and gave expression to every thought: vague, subtle and eccentric, that occurred to him. If he was hot-tempered he soon cooled off. He carried no hate in his heart and was easily reconciled. One might think of him as a sort of enigma of his day.



CHRISTOPHER SOWER HOUSE

Pastorius Writes a Letter

From Narratives of Early Pennsylvania, West New Jersey and Delaware 1633–1707. Edited by Albert Cook Myers. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons 1913. Quotations from a letter written by Pastorius to his father. Sent from Philadelphia, on May 30, 1698.

I RECEIVED in proper condition, on April 25, 1698, my honored father's latest, of August 15, and I was greatly rejoiced by the sight of his dear handwriting. But to answer his questions submitted, I would wish that my pen could reach down to the uttermost depth of my soul, for so should I do the same with more satisfaction than is the case now. Nevertheless I do not doubt that my honored father will supply, by his keen apprehension, that which is not perfectly expressed on this paper.

Now as to the first question, concerning the ordering of the civil government, William Penn is and remains lord of the proprietary and sanctioned prince over Pennsylvania, and, although he has not been here with us for some years, nevertheless he has done us more service in England through his presence there, than probably might have been the case if he had remained here all the time. The estimable man has very many enemies on account of his religion, who however rather overdo matters, since they for their part, are not surely informed, much less can they see another's heart. We expect his arrival in this country without fail, this summer, or next autumn, if no ill-health or other hindrance occurs.

So far as relates to the form of the civil government here at Philadelphia, as the capitol city, I state briefly that each year certain persons are elected from the whole people, who make the necessary laws and ordinances for that year according to the condition of the time and the people, and thereby prevent encroaching vices, and moreover, throughout the whole year, in all circumstances, they help to care for the common weal, by and with the governor of the province. At the same time the aforesaid proprietory, William Penn, ordains a certain twelve, from among those thus elected, to be justices, who decide all disputes occurring according to the laws thus made, after the facts have been investigated by twelve neighbors. And all this is done in open court, so that everyone, great and small, may enter and listen.

In my German city, Germantown, there is an entirely different condition of things. For, by virtue of the franchise obtained from William Penn, this town has its own court, its own burgomaster and council, together with the necessary officials, and well-regulated town laws, council regulations, and a town seal.

The inhabitants of this city are for the most part tradespeople, such as cloth, fustian, and linen weavers, tailors, shoemakers, locksmiths, carpenters, who however at the same time are occupied with the cultivation of the soil and the raising of cattle.

The region would be sufficient to maintain twice as many inhabitants as are now actually there.

This town lies two hours' distance from Philadelphia, and includes not only six thousand acres (morgen) by the survey, but twelve thousand morgan of land have also been assigned to us by William Penn for the establishing of some villages. As to taxation and tribute of the subjects, in this country, it is treated as it is with the English nation, where neither the king himself nor his envoys, bailiffs, nor governors may lay any kind of burden or tax upon the subjects, unless these subjects themselves have first voluntarily received and consented to give a specified amount, and, according to their fundamental laws, no tax may remain in force for longer than a single year.

To come to my father's second question. What form of government have the so-called savages and half-naked people? Whether they become citizens and inter-marry with the Christians? Again, whether their children also associate with the Christian children and they play with one another, etc.?

It may be stated in reply, that, so far as I have yet gone among them, I have found them reasonable people and capable of understanding good teaching and manners, who give evidence of an inward devotion to God, and in fact show themselves much more desirous of a knowledge of God than are many with you who teach Christianity by words from the pulpit, but belie the same through their ungodly lives, and therefore, in yonder great Day of Judgment, will be put to shame by these heathen.

We Christians in Germantown and Philadelphia have no longer the opportunity to associate with them, in view of the fact their savage kings have accepted a sum of money from William Penn, and, together with their people, have withdrawn very far away from us, into the wild forest, where, after their hereditary custom, they support themselves by the chase, shooting birds and game, and also by catching fish, and dwell only in huts made of bushes and trees drawn together. They carry on no cattle breeding whatever, and cultivate no field or garden; accordingly they bring very little else to the Christians to market than the pelts, the skins of animals, and the birds which they have shot, and the fishes, nor do they associate much with the Christians; and certainly no mutual marriage-contract between us and them has yet taken place. They exchange their elk and deer-skins, beaver, martin, and turkeys, ordinarily, for powder, lead, blankets, and brandy, together with other sweet drinks.

In the business of our German Company, however, we now use in trade Spanish and English coins, as also Dutch thalers; with this difference only that that which is worth four shillings on the other side of the sea, passes for five here.

Independence Hall Area

(*Continued from page 8*)

pairs. They can see nothing of value about an old house except the second-hand value of the stones and bricks—the physical structure. There is so much more of value there, that we might say of them in Bible language, "Having eyes they see not, and having ears they hear not."

Remember, back in Truman's administration, the White House was found to be structurally unsound. And so the Congress of the United States weightily debated the question of restoration. The people who see only bricks and stones were properly represented in that august body. And it's interesting to note that the principal opposition to restoring the original White House came from the cost angle. It was even stated that to restore the White House would cost 60 per cent more than to build a new executive mansion. This group was united behind one proposition—tear it down and build a new executive mansion, an exact replica of the old one, if that cannot be avoided; but this time build it of good, new, enduring, modern materials. Well, in the end it was found that the cost of restoration turned out to be nearer 5 per cent more than the cost of a new structure; and after the votes had been counted, and the preservationists in Congress had prevailed, one of our daily newspapers carried a most perceptive editorial. "The White House," said the editor, "is going to be restored, not replaced . . . a restored White House will be worth immeasurably more to the nation than could even a magnificent facsimile thereof. Why? What's the difference between the old sandstone walls and new ones which might look just the same? Well—it's an intangible distinction, hard to describe but easy to feel. Like the difference between standing respectfully before the original documents, signatures and all, of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence and looking at photostatic copies, no matter how perfect."

Old buildings acquire something from their contact with people and events, something which enables them to dramatize the facts of history,—to make its actors real people, as nothing else can do. I often tell of a little experience which illustrates this. Probably no one here has heard me tell it, but I'll risk repetition anyway.

Some years ago, Mrs. Brumbaugh and I were prowling about Massachusetts, hunting old houses as we love to do; and late one afternoon, we rolled into Lexington just as the sun was setting. Long shadows from the elms streaked across the green, and at the lower end of the Commons we stopped in front of the old house which had been the Buckman Tavern in the days of the Revolution. We knew that it was way past visiting hours, but finally decided to knock at the door anyway. A little gray-haired New England lady answered our knock and we apologized for our temerity, explaining that we were from Pennsylvania, that I was an architect and interested in history. We wondered if we might just peep inside the door at the first floor hall, so we could carry away a definite impression of the historic old building.

"Of course," she said, opening the door wide. "Not only the first floor hall, but I shall be glad to show you the entire house."

Our little tour ended in the room to the right of the entrance door. By that time, twilight was just beginning outside and the room was a little dusky. I remember she stood over by the fireplace and explained that this room had been the bar room in the days of the old tavern, and the night before the battle, when Paul Revere and William Dawes had roused the people in the neighboring towns, the Minutemen gathered outside on the Commons. (Longfellow forgot to mention William Dawes, but he also rode that eventful night.) They formed their lines and waited for the British, a long time, and they didn't come, and it was cold. And finally their officers dispersed them to the houses around the green, with strict orders to reassemble at a moment's notice. And the officers came here to the Bar Room, kept warm by this fireplace, and watched through these windows, which command a view down the old Post Road toward Boston. All night long they waited. And just as dawn was breaking, a horseman came up the road at full gallop. It was Thaddeus Bowman, who had been scouting down toward Boston, and his horse shied in the half light at the advance patrol of the British and, as he turned to flee, he could just make out the head of the marching column beyond. So the drums were beaten, and the men poured out of the houses to form again on the green for their heroic stand, eighty against seven hundred British regulars. Outside, at the corner of the Commons, is the bronze figure of a Minuteman, and on the pedestal are carved the words attributed to their Captain Parker: "Stand your ground. Don't fire unless fired upon, but if they mean to begin a war, let it begin here."

We had admired this statue, before we knocked at the door, but somehow, Captain Parker and his men became real people to us as we stood in the half light of the old Bar Room and peered through the same windows which had served the officers of the Minutemen in their long vigil.

Not all history is military history, and old houses are pre-eminently qualified to tell the rest of the story of America, a story that desperately needs to be told,—a story of courage and fortitude, of industry and resourcefulness, faith in God and love of liberty. These are things we dare not forget. They are as important in the fabric of the nation today as they were when our forefathers cleared the wilderness. And if our history is worth recalling, because of the lessons it can teach, never forget that old houses are graphic history, like the illustrations in a book, sometimes more readable than the text.

A restored Society Hill could be graphic history, speaking to us of the origin and the beginnings of Philadelphia's earliest architecture. Sometimes we forget that only fifteen years before Charles II made his famous grant of land to William Penn, a terrible catastrophe stirred all England. The great fire of 1666 swept away block after block of the wooden, framed houses of the Middle Ages that crowded the narrow, twisting byways of old London. And, as the city was rebuilt, Englishmen saw a brick Renaissance city rise from the ashes, on straighter and wider streets, under the genius of such men as Sir Christopher Wren, Inigo Jones, Sir Roger Pratt. And they remembered.

Robert Turner, the great Irish Quaker, friend and confident of William Penn, writing to the Proprietor from Philadelphia in 1685, reported that "The towne goes on in planting and building to admiration . . . Bricks are exceeding good . . . and brick houses are now as cheap to build as wood." Speaking of his own brick house, he said that he designed it "after a good manner to encourage others . . . and some that built wooden houses are sorry for it." John Day had built, reportedly, "a good house, after the London fashion, most of brick." And in 1698, Gabriel Thomas, the historian, described the houses of Philadelphia as "of brick, generally 3 stories high, after the mode in London."

We cannot return to the long gardens a block in depth, which graced the earliest houses. (The lots on Front Street went through to Second Street, and had just one house on them at first.) And we can't eliminate modern traffic from the streets. Many houses in the area that were built toward the close of the eighteenth century should also be preserved, because they are congenial with the earlier examples. After all, that should be the standard, the measure by which you determine what you're going to save and what you are going to remove. Is it congenial? Will it produce one picture when you are through,—one effective and consistent picture?

Finally, let me tell you why this opportunity is unique. Other cities have important isolated historic shrines, but no other city has Independence Hall, where both the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution were debated and signed; Congress Hall, where the very first sessions of the Congress of the United States were held and national legislation was first framed; the old City Hall, where the first sessions of the United States Supreme Court met; Philosophical Hall, built in the closing years of Benjamin Franklin's life, where his American Philosophical Society is still holding its meetings; Carpenters' Hall, where the first session of the Continental Congress met, when Patrick Henry, you remember, prophetically and eloquently told the delegates that they were no longer New Englanders, Pennsylvanians, and Virginians; they were Americans; Christ Church, where so many of the founding fathers worshipped; and old St. Peter's, parish church of Society Hill with its lovely brick wall surrounding the graveyard; and Washington Square, burial place of more than two thousand unknown soldiers of Washington's Continental Army. And no other American city also possesses the opportunity, within easy walking distance of these priceless shrines, to perserve a section of the Old City complete with trees and gardens and the actual houses where the people lived who witnessed, day by day, the shaping of our nation. This opportunity can never recur; the battered remnants of these oldest houses happen to have survived to our generation; but their time is fast running out. I wonder if we care enough to do something effective about it?

✢ OBITUARY ✢

The Germantown Historical Society deeply regrets the loss of one of its most distinguished members, Mrs. Sarah Logan Wister Starr, who passed away last Saturday at the age of eighty-two.

Mrs. Starr, widow of James Starr, was for many years, president of the Pennsylvania Society of Colonial Dames and former president of the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania.

She was active in the Swedish-Colonial Society and was honored by the King of Sweden. Mrs. Starr was a member of the Pennsylvania and Germantown Historical Societies and associate trustee of the University of Pennsylvania Board of Libraries. She received honorary degrees from Ursinus College in 1933 and the University of Pennsylvania in 1941.

One of her local interests was the preservation of "Grumblethorpe," she was a zealous worker in that cause for many years.

Mrs. Starr was also connected to the Stenton mansion through the Logan branch of her ancestry. She was chairman of the Stenton Mansion committee, a part of the Colonial Dames, for many years.

She was also president, until her death, of the Women's Permanent Emergency Association of Germantown which was founded 60 years ago by her grandmother. This group, which lost some of its vitality in the 30's, was revived during World War II and is still an active organization.

"Belfield," which has stood empty for several years, is the house that Sarah Logan Fisher received as wedding present from her father in 1926, but dates back to 1708.

Mrs. Starr deceased August 18, 1956.

Germantown 8-3840

JACOB RATH & SON

WARM AIR and GAS HEATING

All Kinds of Roofing and Spouting

38 E. School Lane Philadelphia 44, Pa.

HEATING • APPLIANCES • IRRIGATION

FRANK J. LEDWITH & SONS

Plumbing

SALES & SERVICE

7224 GERMANTOWN AVE., PHILA. 19, PA.

CH 7-1490 CH 7-6744

Complete printing facilities

UNDER ONE ROOF AT

WESTBROOK

Anything you need from plate-making and type-setting to binding and delivery is ready and waiting at WESTBROOK. You enjoy the advantages of *single responsibility, dependable quality, reasonable prices,* and *service you can count on.*

TRADE MAGAZINES
TECHNICAL JOURNALS
AGRICULTURAL MAGAZINES
HOUSE ORGANS
PROFESSIONAL PUBLICATIONS
INDUSTRIAL PUBLICATIONS
MEDICAL JOURNALS

WESTBROOK PUBLISHING COMPANY

Incorporated

5800 N. Marvine St., Philadelphia 41, Pa.

Llvingston 9-2214-15

Memories of a Victorian Childhood

(Continued from page 12)

My mother loved to play the piano, which in itself was a sin to a plain Friend. She also painted pictures on china plates. I thought it was wonderful.

Dinner was not all that Gram'ma demanded of us. She required us to learn other things, to read aloud, to sew, and by the age of twelve to bake a loaf of bread which must pass her critical inspection. Immediately after dinner, each week day having hauled her upstairs in the elevator, we sat on stools at her feet, reading aloud in turn. We read various books of the day, strictly suitable for children, but the one that bored us most was a horrible story called "Aunt Betsy's Rule." Never was there such a goody-goody child as the heroine of that ghastly tale. There was one book we liked better, however, "Pilgrim's Progress."

Sewing came next and here Gram'ma, always generous, gave us two cents for heming a tea towel, and five cents for a table napkin.

This job accomplished we proceeded to thread a whole pin cushion full of needles, with black and white thread, for Gram'ma's never ending garment making for a place somewhere in the south, called The Schofield School. What and where it might be, we never knew. We just kept on threading needles.

In autumn we had a chance to earn money by raking leaves, the exact sum per hour is forgotten, but we enjoyed it. That accomplished we were free to play both in the Belfield garden and those of our parents home. Ethel and I daily joined the Wakelin Twins, who lived next door, and spent happy hours roaming about spacious grounds, being allowed also to go to the Lever Farm, which Gram'ma rented to a family who ran a dairy farm for her and kept the milk in great pans in her stone spring house, through which a continous flow of icy water kept it cool. Later we learned that this spring also flowed through Gram'ma's cellar, and when Sarah Starr took over the house it it proved a tremendous problem.

The garden at Belfield was a lovely place. Designed long ago by Charles Wilson Peale and later restored by Jim and Sarah Starr, its walks, hedges, trees and flowers, particularly its manifold box bushes, were a rare sight. Looking west from the front porch a walk of flag stones led to the driveway and long, tree shaded avenue, ending in Clarkson Avenue. Shaded with trees and adorned with rhododendron bushes, it was a lovely spot. Running parallel with it, bordered with box bush and flowers, was a foot path, culminating in the white monument already mentioned, then turning right into Clarkson Avenue. If you turned left you walked along a path, past the big Spanish Chestnut tree, and leading to the old Peale summer house which looked down on the meadow and woods below, now Belfield Avenue. This old summer house still stands, but the arch bearing the motto "Let us meditate. Let us meditate on the past, the

present and the future," has gone the way of all relics. Here we played by the hour, and here later the maidens of the family would sit with an endless procession of beaux.

Starting from the house again, a row of terraces extended to the south, stone steps leading down. One pair of steps led to Gram'ma's greenhouse and cold frames for pansies in the spring, and continued down to the little fish pond fed by a clear cold spring of delicious water.

Here a few gold fish disported themselves among the grasses, water cress growing in abundance. This spring was used as drinking water, probably it still is. Tested many times, it never failed to report 100 per cent purity. Close by was an old stone cave, origin unknown, but it both fascinated and frightened children, we never went inside.

Nearer the house, on that same path, were two swings, hanging from a huge tree. These swings were in constant use. I suppose that grandfather must have put them up. Just beyond these was another set of steps leading to another path, upon which was located a modern and much larger summer house. Many of our games centered there, and near it stood a hickory tree bearing nuts we called shellbark. These nuts, delicious to eat, had shells like iron. We cracked them with stones. The big cherry trees were also our constant delight. These grounds were our natural roaming place, and continued so after Gram'ma's death when Uncle John and Aunt Sally took over Blefield. We were ever welcome. It was a glorious heritage.

Although Gram'ma's farm and woods beyond were also accessible, young children were not encouraged to roam too far from the house, except to go coasting on the long hill, our most exciting coasting although a much shorter hill, over what we called Dishwater Creek, a surface draining stream, was our lesser undertaking. But we had another treat always in store on Sunday afternoons in good weather when Uncle Rod took the whole gang for a walk through the woods to the big pond, in which a family Carp had been planted to breed the fish. This pond, fed by the race from an old stone mill, also family property of bygone days, was our never ceasing delight.

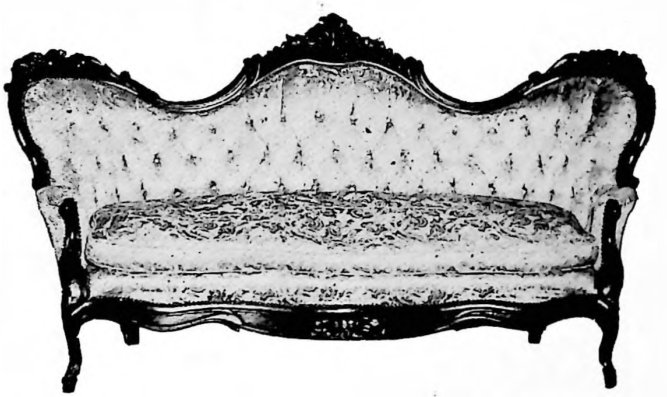
How good these Uncles were to us. Came a Fourth of July when Ethel and I had whooping cough. Naturally we were more or less segregated from other children and Uncle Jones, wishing as always to make us happy, took us all for a drive to the Wissahickon Creek, a long distance via horse drawn vehicles. Right after breakfast we were packed into his open wagon, a sort of buckboard with, as I remember it, three seats, and here we drove happily along, whooping unconcernedly.

Once on the Wissahickon, Uncle Jones rented a row boat and took us up the stream. I cherish that memory, the whooping cough became incidental, we had a wonderful day. In connection with this wagon, I must relate how Uncle Jones once took another party driving, Uncle Frank's wife, known to us as Aunt Mary Tiers (her maiden name) being alone on the back seat. Aunt Mary was a large model, even for that day, and driving along, the back seat evidently collapsed and was left behind on Wissahickon Drive, Aunt Mary along with it. I presume that her cries finally alerted the other passengers to her plight. Uncle Jones drove back, and picked her up, seat and all. I leave the rest to imagination.

It Is Smart to Deal With...

H. Mason

For Quality Upholstering



PHONE: GE. 8-0625 Today

Member of Business Men's Association of Germantown

47 WEST HAINES STREET
GERMANTOWN

STAPELY HALL PHARMACY

Richard Kutcher, R. Ph. (Established 1929)

Rexall

Authorized agencies for

Yardley, Houbigant, Revlon,
Sportsman, Marcelle, etc.

GREENE ST. AT WASHINGTON LANE

Germantown, Philadelphia 44, Pa. Phone: GE 8-4783

VIctor 4-8000

The PRIESTMAN Co.

Founded 1908

REALTORS

5736 GREENE STREET
PHILADELPHIA 44, PA.

ST. MARTINS COAL CO., INC.

7600 Germantown Avenue

LEHIGH VALLEY COAL GULF FUEL OIL
WILLIAMS OIL-O-MATIC HEATING

Phone: CH 7-0800 Day or Night

Interior Est. 1870 Exterior

GEO. YOUNG & SON

PAINTERS

4665 Germantown Avenue
GL 5–1002

NOW . . .

As for the past quarter of a century.

In Germantown it's

EARLE N. BARBER
REALTOR
6000 Germantown Avenue
Philadelphia
GErmantown 8-8600

ADVERTISERS INDEX

Barber, Earle N. 28
Boswell House 1
Chestnut Hill Lumber Co. . . . . 2nd Cover
Commonwealth Land Title Insurance Co. 1
Courtney Electric Co., F. K. 4
Diamond Rug Cleaners 4
Emlen & Company 4
First Pennsylvania Banking Trust Co., The . . . . . 2nd Cover
Fleu & Fetterolf . . . . . 3rd Cover
Fulleborn's, Inc. . . . . 3rd Cover
Gassner, Thomas S., Co., Inc. . . . . 3rd Cover
Germantown Fire Insurance Co. 1
Germantown Fireproof Storage Co. 1
Germantown Roofing and Insulation Co., Inc. 4
Germantown Saving Fund . . . . . 4th Cover
Harris Gramm, Inc. . . . . 3rd Cover
Ivy Hill Cemetery . . . . . 3rd Cover
James R. Kendrick Co., Inc. . . . . 2nd Cover
Albert Kiefer & Co. 2
Kirk & Nice 4
Frank J. Ledwith & Sons 26
Leedom and Wissler . . . . . 3rd Cover
Liberty Real Estate Bank & Trust Co. . . . . 2nd Cover
H. Mason 27
Maurer, Eugene, Inc. 4
Northern Liberties Federal Savings & Loan Co. 2
Priestman Co., The 28
Jacob Rath & Son 26
Robertson & Sons, Inc., George 2
Ross House 2
Rowell, C. A. 2
Schuck Electric Co. 4
Smith, J. & R., Inc. 1
Staton's Galleries 4
Stapley Hall Pharmacy 27
St. Martin's Coal Co., Inc. 28
Stryker and Wendling 2
Westbrook Publishing Co. 26
Wister-Heberton Lumber Co. . . . . 3rd Cover
Yarnall-Waring Co. . . . . 3rd Cover
Young & Son, George 28

FULLEBORN'S, INC.

PASTRIES

Since 1908

8607 Germantown Ave.
Chestnut Hill
CH 7-3743

156 W. Chelten Ave.
Germantown
GE 8-9596

Plant: 47 W. Haines St.

THOMAS S. GASSNER CO., INC.

Sheet Metal Fabrication

WAYNE AVENUE & APSLEY STREET
PHILADELPHIA 44

The Ivy Hill Cemetery

EASTON ROAD, MT. AIRY
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Distinctive Service Since 1867

Telephone: CHestnut Hill 7-0295

Many Lots Available for All Income Groups

YARNALL-WARING COMPANY

102 E. Mermaid Lane — Chestnut Hill

Manufacturers of

YARWAY

STEAM PLANT EQUIPMENT

Serving Steam Plants for Over 40 Years

GE 8-6060 — *TE 9-0717*

HARRIS GRAMM
INC.

Concrete and Cement Work
Private and Industrial Roads
Landscaping
Steps, Floors, Sidewalks, Curbs
Swimming Pools

176 E. TULPEHOCKEN STREET PHILADELPHIA 44, PA.

"When You Pave—Pave Well"

WISTER-HEBERTON LUMBER CO.

Serving the Best Since 1884

Over 2 Million Feet of Lumber in Stock

PLYWOOD — FIBERGLASS
MILLWORK — SAKRETE

Rittenhouse St. & Pulaski Ave.
Open Saturday till 1 P. M.
GErmantown 8-5300

LEEDOM AND WISSLER

Since 1895

PRESCRIPTIONS

Chelten and Pulaski Avenues
GErmantown 8–1340

FREE MOTOR DELIVERY

Fleu & Fetterolf

Letterpress and Offset Printing
Advertising—Layout and Design
Engraving—Multigraphing

10 HARVEY STREET

Philadelphia 44, Pa. — GErmantown 8-4213

Mr. Francis Shunk Brown, 3rd,
422 Mermaid Lane,
Phila. 18, Pa.

AB



Section 34.66, P. L. & R.

HEADACHE?

Aspirin may give temporary relief from recurring financial headaches but it takes "money in the bank" to effect a permanent CURE. Once you get the savings habit you'll feel better, look better, never lie awake nights wondering where the money's coming from. Besides, whoever heard of an aspirin tablet earning . . .

2 3/4 %

The HIGHEST interest paid on savings in the whole Philadelphia area!



GERMANTOWN SAVING FUND

A MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK—FOUNDED 1854

GERMANTOWN 5458 Germantown Ave. at School Lane
EAST GERMANTOWN 1244 East Chelten Ave. at Wister St.
CHESTNUT HILL 8601 Germantown Ave. at Evergreen Ave.
RISING SUN 5951 Rising Sun Ave. at Comly St.
NORTHEAST 2604 Cottman Ave. at the Boulevard

ALL OFFICES OPEN FRIDAY EVENINGS 'TIL 8

Your deposits insured to $10,000 in the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation