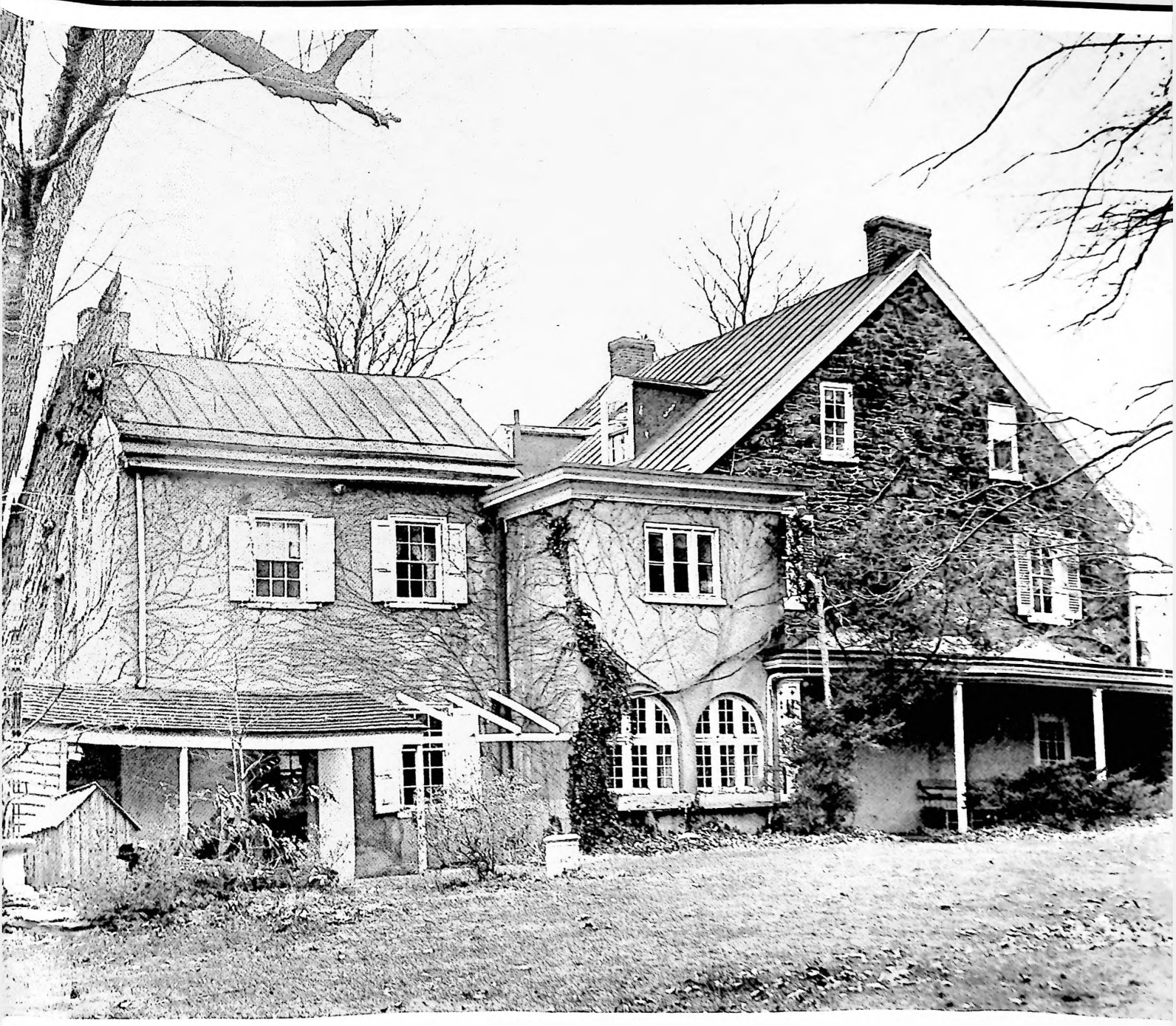
GERMANTOWNE CRIER



Christopher Mason House (see story on page 9)

VOLUME 16 NUMBER 1

25¢ per copy MARCH, 1964



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SCHEDULE OF MEETINGS

March 19, 1964—Dr. Catharine Macfarlane: "The Great Road out of Philadelphia."

April 16, 1964— Mr. Henry R. Hallowell: "A Trip on the Nile."

June 4, 1964— Garden Party
Dessert 7:30.
Little Choir—Germantown Friends School 8:30.

Annual Garden Party to be held in gardens behind the museum, or in case of rain, at the Trinity Lutheran Parish House.

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GERMANTOWNE CRIER



Vol. 16 **MARCH, 1964** **No. 1**

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IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Extract from the Minutes of the Meeting of the Board of Managers of GERMANTOWN HISTORICAL SOCIETY held Jan. 23, 1964

On motion duly made and passed unanimously, IT WAS RESOLVED as follows:

WHEREAS, Eliza R. Finckel, a long-time member of this Society, recently departed this life and in her great generosity bequeathed by Will a substantial portion of her estate to this Society; and

WHEREAS, Miss Finckel's family was long identified with the Germantown community, her father, Martin Luther Finckel, being for years Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Trinity Lutheran Church and President of the American Sunday School Association; and her grandfather, Samuel Finckel, being for many years the revered minister of Trinity Lutheran Church in Germantown;

NOW THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED:

That this Society gratefully acknowledges receipt of the generous bequest of the late Eliza R. Finckel, which bequest has enabled the Society to acquire two historic Germantown houses worthy of preservation and to augment the Endowment Fund of the Society;

And be it further resolved that a plaque honoring the late Eliza R. Finckel as a benefactor of this Society be installed in the Museum premises and that a copy of this resolution be sent to Miss Finckel's executor.

Report of the Relics Committee

By Thomas von Trott

From Miss Eleanor B. Prettyman—A colorful silk Bedspread—fair condition. Lot children's story books. Period 1880–1910. Four beaded handbags. Period 1850–1890.

From Dr. J. Monroe Thorington of the Cambridge Apts., Alden Park—Wing Chair—late type. Pair brass candlesticks (electrified). Shelf clock—Eli Terry—pillar and scroll. Period 1840. Tall case clock—Mahogany—beautifully inlaid—New England type. Pair Mahogany side chairs—Chippendale (not old but nice). Antique Windsor plank seat bench with spindle back. Pair Pedestal card tables—mahogany—beautiful condition—1840.

From the estate of Mrs. Kathryn Elkinton, Germantown—Lot of papers. Photographs, letters and books, genealogical material of the Wistar, Mason and Elkinton families. Casper Wister's original will—1783. Large Canton China Platter (cracked but repaired). Period 1780. Oxteam bow and collars with complete attachments. Period 1770. Corner Cupboard—Two part—Pine—glass in top door. Period 1770. Blanket Chest—Pine—large size. Period 1770.

From Mr. & Mrs. Manning Smith—Mash Paddle.

From Mrs. Caroline N. Weeder—A Civil War Dress Sword—belonged to Mrs. Weeder's grandfather. A Navy cutlass in scabbard. Lot of old Christmas tree ornaments. Period 1880. 3 Copper pieces: a Water Kettle—Skillet—Boiler. 2 Dolls. 2 Fans (Ladies). 2 Stoneware Pudding moulds.

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THE CHRISTOPHER MASON HOUSE

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A HISTORY

By MANNING SMITH



Courtesy *The Sunday Bulletin*

KNOWN in recent years as "Honey Run," the historically interesting stone dwelling more accurately described as the "Christopher Mason House," at 6514 Germantown avenue, presents historians with a dilemma.

The two-and-one-half story home, of Colonial design, was purchased by the Germantown Historical Society, in December, 1963, from Mr. and Mrs. Peter W. Elkington, of Penn's Creek, Snyder County, Pa. The landmark was acquired by Orphans Court Judge Harold D. Saylor, society president, from funds made available through a legacy.

The dilemma arises when research attempts to arrive at a precise date as to the building's origins.

Romantic associations between the present house and the stirring events of the Battle of Germantown become subject to modifications when one examines the record. The structure fronting Germantown avenue was erected in 1798 by the prosperous farmer who gave it its traditional name, Christopher Mason.

But the only portion of the edifice in existence when a pitched battle between British and Continental forces swirled around it, on October 4, 1777, was a tiny two-room house, now attached to the rear of the larger one. Uncertainty surrounds the exact date at which the original dwelling was built.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard West Elkinton, who bought the house in 1920 and named it Honey Run, after a brook which once ran past the property on the north, researched records at City Hall in an effort to learn exactly when the first structure was built.

They arrived at the conclusion that the small, steep-roofed Colonial house, consisting of a kitchen below and a bedroom above, was put up in 1737. A more commonly accepted source assigns the date 1765.[1]

Subject to this discrepancy, here are the known facts in the history of the stone personality known as the Christopher Mason House:

1. *Historic Germantown*, by Harry M. and Margaret B. Tinkcom, Grant Miles Simon.

In 1689, the year when William Penn chartered Germantown as a borough, some 175 souls lived in its isolated, wooded area, "of whom," as contemporary records put it, "all but eight or ten were Dutch."

One of the Hollanders, from Crefeld, was Tunes Kunders, a Quaker "bluedyer" or specialist in the preparation of indigo dye.

The present site of the Christopher Mason House was part of his holdings, described in the records as Strip No. 11, a narrow grant of forest land extending from the old Indian trail—eventually known as the "Great Germantown Road" and now Germantown avenue—to Wissahickon Creek.

Kunders came ashore at Philadelphia in 1683, with his wife and three sons. By 1696, he was borough recorder and a burgess.

Tunes Kunders' first name was corrupted by English recorders to Tunis, then Dennis. His last name had innumerable variations, the most popular being Conrads and Conreds. He had seven children and each spelled the name differently.

The Kunders' descendants included a Delaware Supreme Court justice, the first mayor of Philadelphia and the founder of the Cunard Steamship Co., Ltd.

The latter, Sir Samuel Cunard, the original Germantown settler's great-great-grandson, was the son of Abraham Cunard, of Montgomery County. A Tory, Abraham had moved with his family to Nova Scotia during the Revolution.

In 1722, Strip No. 11 had been broken up. In that year, Tunes' son, Derick Kunders, sold a section of it, containing what would some day include the Mason property, to one Griffith Jones, who had prospered as a bluedyer and who by that time apparently had become a speculator in land.

The frontage of the tract thus deeded ran along the Great Road from the south side of what is now W. Sharpnack street to a line paralleling the present site of the "Daniel Billmeyer House," just north of W. Upsal street. The boundary ran straight west and downhill at that width for 86 perches, or 1419 feet, to

approximately the site of today's Upsal Station, on the other side of Greene street.

At approximately the site of the present Ste. Madeleine Sophie Roman Catholic Church, on the west side of Greene street and near the foot of Upsal street, the long lot joined another section of land purchased by Jones in 1720 from Girard Brownpack and others.

This latter tract extended south and uphill to approximately Cliveden street, then a cart track, and ran west in straight parallel lines to approximately what is now Lincoln Drive.

The greater part of this second tract, at that time, was wooded, and served as a source of fuel for the tanyards which dotted the banks of Honey Run. This stream coursed through the southern edge of the Mason property after crossing the Great Road at Sharpnack street on its way to Paper Mill Creek and the Wissahickon.

A cart lane separated the entire length of both tracts from neighboring properties on the south and along its western end, at what is now Lincoln Drive.

(The bluedyer also bought, in 1720, a part of the Market Square property of Heivert Papen, holder of an original grant. It bordered on School House Lane and the Great Road. He sold it in 1727 to Hans George Bensall.)

Jones and his wife Elizabeth capitalized on their holdings in the "upper end of Germantown" by selling their portion of Strip No. 11, in 1739, to Thomas Brown, a baker. Brown appears to have made the purchase for investment purposes.

Two years after Brown's death, in 1757, his widow, Mrs. Magdalen Brown, and John Jones, tanner, acting as his executors, sold the old Kunders-Jones-Brown tract to a wheelwright, John Hesser. The records show that Hesser paid, at this time, 71 pounds, 16 shillings and threepence, but this may have been only for the lower tract.

Not long after acquiring the property from Brown's widow, Hesser also purchased the Buck Tavern, a modest inn on the west side of the Great Road at what would become the intersection of W. Phil-Ellena street. His wife Madeline served as hostess at that establishment for 50 years.

There is a possibility that Hesser, the wheelwright, was the same John Hesser, described elsewhere as a stonemason, who was engaged in 1763 by Benjamin Chew, in Hesser's words, "to build a house for him the ensuing summer at Germantown."[2]

This was the famous stone mansion, "Cliveden," now the prized Germantown landmark, which became the country seat of the Philadelphian who was then Attorney General of the Province of Pennsylvania.

Hesser dug the foundations for "Cliveden" in April, 1764, and by June was putting up the masonry. The front of the house was of fine, regular ashlar, the sides and rear of stone rubble, or "common wall," as Hesser termed it. It stands today, exactly 200 years later, as a monument to the perfect workmanship of this German-speaking craftsman and his helpers (tenders).

Cliveden, which stands across Germantown avenue a block and a half south of the Christopher Mason House, was the center of the Attorney General's country estate, enlarged by subsequent acquisitions to a total of 60 acres.

On it, in April, 1765, Hesser dug foundations for the stable and for an addition to the kitchen, one of the outbuildings to the rear on either side of the mansion. The other was the wash-house, or laundry.

Hesser's records show that stone for the kitchen, coach house and stable was "cut in the orchard." (All other stone was hauled in). He did the plastering of all three structures with his own hands.

The work went on through the summer—and circumstantial evidence would indicate that the summer was a hot one, since Hesser presented Chew, that autumn, with a bill in excess of 10 pounds for 14 and three-quarters barrels and three casks of beer, in addition to his accounting for materials and labor.

Whether Hesser in his dual capacity as owner of the Buck Tavern, took advantage of this opportunity to reap a dual profit, there is no way of telling. At any rate, he and Chew had a falling out, over the bill for brew or over a somewhat later one for labor. Hesser was succeeded as the Attorney General's stonemason by one John Keyser, of Germantown.

Thereafter, Hesser's fortunes may have declined. In 1790, two years before his death, his property, on which the Christopher Mason House now stands, became the subject of a lawsuit in the Bucks County Common Pleas Court, at Newtown, then the county seat of that county.

The suit, whose precise nature the records do not make clear, appears to have grown out of a dispute between Hesser and his son. As a result, the Upper Tract, with which this history is concerned, passed into the hands of the son, John Hesser, "the younger," described as a "storekeeper."

If the findings of the Elkintons are correct, the small original house was built in 1737 by Griffith Jones, then the owner of Strip No. 11. If the more commonly accepted source is correct, it was put up in 1765, the same year in which the property's then owner, John Hesser, was building the stable and kitchen addition at Cliveden.

In either case, the little house near the corner of Strip No. 11 was firmly settled beneath its roof tree at dawn on that day in October, 1777, when Colonel Thomas Musgrave's veteran 40th British Regiment

---

2. Background on John Hesser, stonemason, is from the report on "Cliveden's" beginnings by Margaret B. Tinkcom in the January, 1964, issue of *The Pennsylvania Magazine*. The Historian for the Philadelphia Historical Commission was given access recently to the Attorney General's account books at the time his countryseat was under construction. (Chew later became Chief Justice.) The accounts, ledgers and letters were stored these many years in the basement of the 200-year-old mansion.

was blasted from its slumbers by the blare of the Americans' surprise attack on Mt. Airy.

Contemporary accounts of the Battle of Germantown indicate that on the eve of the encounter, the "40th Foot" were encamped along Honey Run as far west as the present intersection of Upsal and Emlen streets.

Their officers were quartered in a number of the houses in the vicinity of the camp site, and there is reason to believe that junior officers, left with the meanest of such accommodations, spent the night in the cramped kitchen and bedroom of John Hesser's small house.

If so, one may picture them hurriedly buckling up and falling out the kitchen door to help intercept General John Sullivan's rapidly advancing American division.

The two forces collided approximately at what is now Carpenter Lane, a half mile to the north. There, Sullivan reports, "a severe conflict ensued." The Redcoats were pressed steadily back, past the little house they had vacated no more than an hour before.

A few yards to the north of Hesser's dwelling, General Francis Nash and his aide, Major James Witherspoon, of the North Carolina Brigade, were knocked from their saddles and killed by cannon fire. The Major was the son of Dr. John Witherspoon, president of the College of New Jersey, later to become Princeton University.

In another hour or so, the Americans, holding up empty cartridge cases to a frustrated General Washington, swarmed north again and the battle was over. The Redcoats were back in their quarters in time for a late breakfast.

Before his death, in 1792, John Hesser appointed George Summer, of Germantown, and George Hesser, another son, to dispose of his estate. Through them, in 1793, John Hesser, the litigious offspring, added the lower section of Strip No. 11 to his holdings.

The next owner of the property, Christopher Mason, is first heard from in 1763, when as a farm boy in Whitemarsh Township, he was naturalized a subject of the British Crown. At that time, he was listed as a Moravian, indicating a German origin. It is possible that the surname originally was spelled as Maison.

As a successful yeoman, or independent farmer, Mason first came to the prosperous and fashionable community of Germantown in 1797. An ambitious man in his early 40's, he paid John Hesser, the younger, 1350 pounds "current gold and silver" for the two contiguous lots and little two-story stone house just off the Great Road.

The purchase gave him a solid start. A year later, he had completed the house which stands today at the corner of Weaver street. As to the date of its construction there can be no doubt. A chimney inscription reads, "1798."

Circumstantial evidence points to one Jacob Roop, a Germantown "house carpenter" (or master carpenter), as the builder of the Christopher Mason House. While the records do not connect him directly with it, he does turn up in other records as doing important carpentry work for Mason. He was also a witness to the owner's will.

That the two men and their families were closely associated and friendly is indicated by the fact that Mason bequeathed Roop $100 in his will and left a prized "sideboard" to the carpenter's wife.

Later, when Mason became proprietor of the old Buck Tavern, a Mrs. Barbara Roop assumed the duties of hostess there, in 1829, and continued in this capacity for 47 years. She appears to have been a sister-in-law of Jacob Roop, the carpenter. The "kindly lady, much esteemed in the neighborhood," rests in St. Michael's Lutheran Church yard, directly across the street from the site of the tavern where she reigned for so many years.

Although prosperous, Christopher Mason had unpretentious tastes, and these were reflected in the house he had built. At the height of the stately Federal period in architectural history, he settled for Colonial country architecture harking back as far as the 1740's.

The Mason House has a pent eave, or hood, between its first and second floors. The unframed doorway has a rectangular transom; the steep gable roof is finished with utilitarian dormers.

Inside, the fireplaces have no mantles; the staircase is plain.

The original lines of the dwelling are unaltered. Its doors and wide plank pine floors appear to be original.

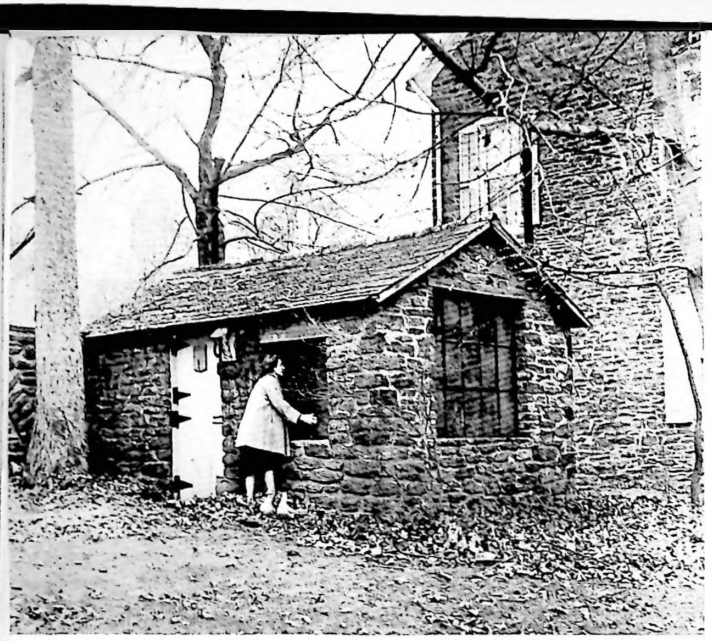
In this house, Christopher Mason spent the remaining 33 years of his life. The picture that comes down to us shows him not only successful but well disposed toward his fellow men and well regarded by neighbors.

It is obvious that he married well, but whether his wife, the former Susanna Hocker, was a member of the widespread, well-known Hocker family who were among Germantown's earliest settlers, is not certain. Related facts indicate that she was.

Back and side porches of "Honey Run," which overlook half-acre garden concealed behind high stone wall. Rear section, with kitchen and bedroom above, comprised the original dwelling, around which swirled the Battle of Germantown.

Courtesy *The Sunday Bulletin*





Courtesy *The Sunday Bulletin*

A visitor peers into forge where Howard Elkinton used to cast replicas of antique shutter holders. In background is "Daniel Billmeyer House."

According to the records, one John Hocker, believed to be Susanna's brother, was co-owner with one Peter Fritz of the marble quarries near Barren Hill and Plymouth Meeting. There is some evidence that Mason and Fritz married sisters. This is supported by the fact that Mason's will left $100 "annually during life, half yearly," to "the Widow Fritz."

An occurrence in 1918 linking Mason with the marble quarries was the gift to the old Germantown Site and Relic Society of a marble stepping stone marked "Christopher Mason, 1825." Donor of the 14-by-19-inch slab, which once led to Mason's Germantown home, was Mrs. Clara W. Illman, "a daughter of Mary Phillips Hocker."

Mason continued to add to his holdings after moving into the house which bears his name. In addition to the Buck Tavern and six adjoining acres bought from Thomas Keyer, he acquired an ancient landmark known as "Kurtz's House," on Market Street. This huge three-story double dwelling spread over the west side of Germantown Road, where Chelten Avenue now intersects.

The house originally had been a Hocker family possession. Its orchard, when Kurtz occupied it in the early 1700's, extended back to the present Maplewood Avenue. Kurtz was a man who needed space, and a backdrop as large as this house. In tight fitting clothes and cocked hat, he strode about with military bearing, accompanied everywhere, according to contemporary reports, by "six big dogs."

At sheriff's sale, in 1829, Mason also acquired the "Mary Summer place," on the Great Road at Manheim street. Its 61-foot frontage on the road contained a two-story brick building, in which the Widow Summer operated a prosperous general store, and an adjoining one-and-a-half-story stone structure. Facing a 217-foot frontage on Manheim street were a two-story frame house, used as a coachman's shop, and a stable.

In this purchase, there appears to have been some oversight concerning the title. In 1850, nearly 20 years after Mason's death, the Summer property was sold at auction. A public notice in the press of that date reported that the ground rent, 36¾ Spanish pistoles, had not been paid in 70 years.

Coming up the Great Road again, Mason owned an undeveloped lot opposite High street. This he deeded to Hiram Lodge, Free and Accepted Masons, as the site of a proposed Masonic Hall. But since the "project was never consumed," Mason's heirs sued for recovery. Apparently the case was settled out of court; the records carry no further mention of it.

At the corner of Johnson's Lane, Mason bought "a house and store, now occupied by Joseph Gorgas, together with the five lots of land fronting on the said lane." This was about 1830. His final investment was referred to as the "Southwark property," which appears to have been a farm, described as having "an income of $4000."

Christopher Mason, when he died in 1831 at the age of about 70, left all his friends and relatives something by which to remember him. His wife had him laid to rest with respectable ceremony and spent $1537.04 to settle his personal estate.

His funeral is recorded in detail through bills noted by Susanna:

"$4 to James Ashmead for hire of horse and gig; $5.25 to William Ulmer for laying out; $1.17 to David Paul for beef for funeral; 50 cents to Solomon Keigel for dried beef for funeral; 37½ cents to Jacob Huber for crackers; $11.01 to Charles Bonsall for medicine; $39 to Dr. J. Betton for medical attendance; $40 to Dr. James Smith for same; $4.25 to Catharine Unruh for services at funeral; $13.04 to George Hergesheimer for taxes."

J. R. Ingersoll, attorney for the estate, was paid twice, receiving $212.09 once, and again, $350.

Christopher's will was thoughtful. In leaving something for everyone, he did not overlook the "Charity Box," to which he bequeathed $500. Besides leaving $100 to Jacob Roop and a sideboard to the latter's wife, he left the Mason family cow to one J. P. Johnson.

The principal beneficiaries were George, John and Christopher, sons of John Hocker, the quarry owner, and Mrs. Margaret Reynolds, Mrs. Mary Sands, and Mrs. Elizabeth Jacoby. These three were Mason's nieces, who were the daughters either of Hocker or of "the Widow Fritz."

George Hocker received the Buck Tavern and its six acres. "Kurtz's place" went to John Hocker, a stonecutter. Margaret Reynolds received the store and lots on Johnson's Lane. Elizabeth Jacoby got the Summers property at Manheim street, and Mary Sands was willed the "Southwark property" with its $4000 income, "to remain on this property and after death to her children."

Young Christopher Mason Hocker inherited the homestead. At that time it consisted not only of the

house but all of Strip No. 11, as described in 1722, plus later acquisitions, so that it totaled 12 acres.

He had inherited much, but Christopher Hocker had inherited little of his uncle's business acumen. Within 16 years after moving into the house, he died in penury, in 1847. A year thereafter his widow, Mary Ann, and her co-executor, John Stallman, sold the real estate for payment of debts.

It was in this fashion, in April, 1848, that the Mason House was added to the already far-flung holdings of one of the most colorful figures of the 19th Century here, the "fabulous druggist," George W. Carpenter.

Carpenter, with his wife Ellen and six children, lived a half mile from the Mason House, in an elaborate Grecian mansion set well back from the Great Road.

Standing on the west side of the highway, just north of Carpenter Lane, the estate, known as "Phil-Ellena," was comparable in elegance, in its day, to the Stotesburys' "Marble Hall" a century later.

Six pillars in front, flanked by four auxiliary pillars on either side, upheld the porch roof, two stories high. Around the white mansion spread a landscaped park, which included the grounds of the present Lutheran Home.

Here were magnificent elms and "other less common trees," fruit trees, statuary, a fountain, and a museum which housed Carpenter's mineralogical collection. A clock tower, with bell, fronted on Carpenter Lane. It has been reported that a tree-lined walkway, several yards off the main street, extended from "Phil-Ellena" to Upsal street.

The great estate, named in honor of his wife, was four years old when Carpenter annexed the Mason property, bringing nearly to completion his ownership of West Mt. Airy.

Although this financial genius, of course, never lived on the Mason property, he is the one brilliant personality to have been associated with its history.

The dark, intense, but sociable George Carpenter began his career as an apprentice druggist in a Philadelphia apothecary shop. This finished, he started his own business in 1828 as a wholesaler of chemical preparations, in the early days of Siedlitz powders, Epsom salts, ether, sal ammoniac, saltpetre, alum, camphor, borax and magnesia.

His success was so extraordinary that within eight years he was able to buy out a farmer in Upper Germantown to obtain the site for his $150,000 mansion. By 1845, he had become a principal in organizing the Pennsylvania Railroad, and was a director of five other railroads, a bank, and an insurance company.

He still found time for intellectual sidelines. He wrote a famous textbook, "Carpenter's Essays on Materia Medica," and the "Medical Chest Dispensatory," and contributed to the *Journal of Medical Sciences*. He was also a noted mineralogist, was named an Associate of the Academy of Natural Sciences, and held membership in numerous European scientific societies.

Carpenter died at the age of 58, in 1860. His estate survived for another 32 years. In 1892, his son, Dr. John Quincy Carpenter, acting on behalf of his mother, Ellen, and her other children, turned the Mason property over to the old Provident Life and Trust Co. for collection of rents and possible sale.

Under this arrangement, the lots to the rear of the Mason House were sold off. The next year, 1893, saw the end of Phil-Ellena itself. It was only 50 years old.

Whether any of the Carpenter children lived in the Mason House cannot be determined. Conceivably the doctor, who turned the house and its land over to the bank, may have lived there, finding the location on Main street handy for a physician. Also, certain improvements were made in the Mason House during the Carpenter ownership, which indicate the interest of a person accustomed to refinements.

It was during this time that the little "back house" was joined to the big house by what is now the dining room, with a bathroom and dressing room above.

In 1899, seven years after it was placed in trust, the Mason House came into the hands of John B. Crowson, a "conveyancer" or realtor. Crowson extended the dining room for 10 feet to the south, and either he or Carpenter added to it the beautiful twin Palladian windows, taken from another antique house.

Whoever added them, the result is a bright, charming room, of which one whole side is given over to the arched, many-paned windows looking out upon the garden. This room, like the salon parlor at the front of the house, opens onto a long brick veranda, only slightly raised from the garden walk.

But this is ahead of the story. Before it emerged in its present guise, the aging farmhouse sank into depths it had never experienced previously. For this, John B. Crowson was responsible.

He was a familiar figure in the neighborhood. For a time he had operated his real estate business from a small, Victorian building on Main street at the corner of Weaver street. Later, he moved his office to "Sparrow Jack's House," which he also owned, on the northwest corner of Main and Upsal streets.

After serving as executor of the estate of George F. Billmeyer, grandson of the noted German printer and publisher, Michael Billmeyer, Crowson handled real estate matters for Michael's five spinster granddaughters.

These "single women" lived in their grandfather's house and in the Daniel Billmeyer House, now numbered 6504 Germantown avenue, which the printer had built across the street from the "Michael Billmeyer House." The former house stands between the Christopher Mason House and Sparrow Jack's.

The widower Crowson, whose lean height was accentuated by frock coat and stovepipe hat, moved

into the Mason House with two nieces, Josephine and Mary Crowson. He was a professed member of the Society of Friends. The place, from available evidence, was a dreary one in those days.

During his 18 years there, Crowson grew increasingly eccentric. He is reported to have "browbeat" both nieces and such tradespeople as were unfortunate enough to try to do business with him. Apparently suspecting everyone, he found fault wherever he looked for it.

It is said that workmen laying the building's first "tin" roof were fired on the spot when Crowson caught them smoking during their lunch hour. As a result, only the front half of the peaked roof on the main house was tin-covered for several years. Elsewhere, the wooden shingles remained.

While having a hot-water heating system installed, Crowson got into a violent dispute with the plumbers. They walked off the job, never to return in his lifetime. For years, the new radiators sat in their places disconnected, and one of the two furnaces remained inoperable. All the fireplaces, closed in anticipation of the hot water heat, remained closed.

Although by that time every home but the poorest in Germantown had electricity, there still were gas lights in John Crowson's house in 1917, the year the old man gave it all up.

It was a Sunday, in December. John was ailing in bed, in the middle bedroom on the south side of the second floor. He called for his niece Josephine, told her to go to the office in Sparrow Jack's and bring him certain papers.

"But, Brother John, doesn't thee know this is First Day?" she dared to remonstrate.

Crowson screamed at her to get those papers to him just as fast as her legs would carry her. She complied.

"Now bring me a pitcher of water and leave me alone!" the old tyrant commanded. "I will call you every so often."

Josephine obeyed, as usual. And, every so often, Uncle John would rap on the floor with his cane.

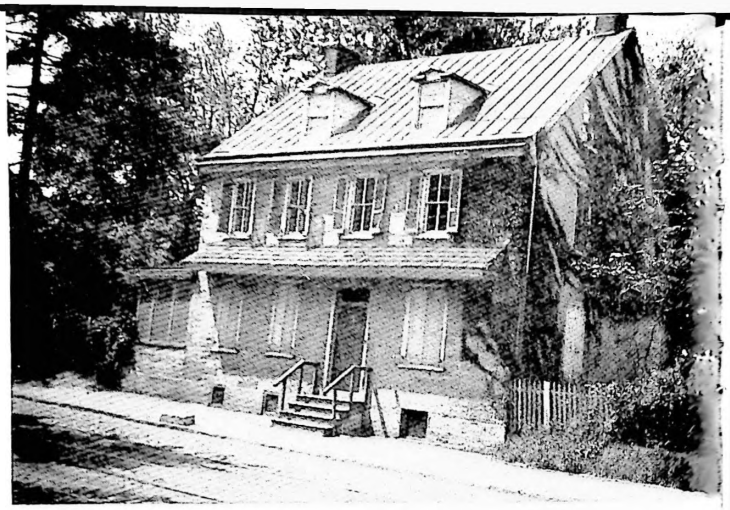
"More water!" he would order when she answered.

The whole performance seemed "odd," she recalled later. But Josephine went to bed that night without venturing to check on her uncle.

Monday morning, his room was quiet. No summons came from it. Getting no answer to her knock, Josephine carefully opened the bedroom door and looked in.

John Crowson lay there without sign of life, bits of paper clinging to his mouth. Josephine ran next door to the Daniel Billmeyer House, where lived the late Dr. Thomas Appleton Cope.

Together, they went to the old man's room. The physician pronounced John Crowson dead, by his own hand. He had chewed up the business papers brought from his office and washed them down with pitchers of water.



The "Christopher Mason House" in 1920. Note closed shutters, wooden winter cover on marble steps, and stepping stone inscribed "1825," now in the Historical Society Museum.

By the terms of a will executed two years earlier, Josephine Crowson inherited her uncle's entire estate. But freedom, apparently, came too late. She and her sister Mary retired to the two bedrooms on the second floor front, where they lived for three years, with shutters drawn against the Main street and with no light except for a small crack in this barricade. They are not known to have ventured into the near half-acre of garden still remaining to the house.

That is how the Elkintons found them in 1920, when Howard and his wife "Kitty" went to inquire about buying the place. Josephine was cordial to their proposal, and delighted when they offered her $10,000 and a second mortgage.

That May, the young couple, both members of prominent Quaker families, became the seventh owners of the Mason House, which they promptly renamed "Honey Run."

The Crowson sisters moved into a row house which Josephine owned, in or near Montana street. With all her inherited property, she had found herself "land-poor."

Now began a period as happy as the Christopher Mason one in the long life of this house. Although the neighborhood to the north and east of old Strip No. 11 had deteriorated more than most under the ugly influences of commercialism, the adventurous Elkintons saw only a noble home surrendering to time and the elements, a spacious garden wasting to weeds.

Loose wallpaper festooned the dining room. Dark brown paint shrouded all woodwork. "It was as dark inside as a cave," the Elkintons said.

Howard Elkinton was 29 and his wife 28 when they went to work cleaning, repairing and preserving the century-old handiwork of Jacob Roop. That he and other German craftsmen of his day built for posterity is demonstrated by the durable beauty and handsome simplicity of woodwork and fixtures remaining from their day.

In order to avoid destruction of the essential old-time atmosphere of Roop's house, the Elkintons kept their remodeling to a minimum. They had a natural instinct for the right in such matters.

Even in the kitchen, which was the first floor of the pre-Revolutionary house, no attempt was made to turn it into a replica of a new one in some suburban development.

The wooden ceiling cupboards and closets were retained. The coal stove was used as a utility table and cupboard. Pine paneling took the place of enamel and wall linoleum. The kitchen has a look of antiquity that isn't faked.

Over the years, the Elkintons furnished their cherished home with antiques, mostly early Quaker and country pieces.

Probably their most enlightened accomplishment was the landscaping of the yard, which they beautified with sweeping lawn, trees, gardens, arbors, unobtrusive statuary and urns, stone walls and rustic fencing.

For the Elkintons, taking over the Christopher Mason House was, if not quite like a homecoming, at least a taking up once more with old, familiar things.

Howard West Elkinton, a lifelong member of the Arch Street Friends Meeting, was born in Media, a member of a family with roots in the North Society Hill area. His grandfather, Joseph A. Elkinton, who switched from making soap to chemicals, was a founder of the Philadelphia Quartz Co.

Eighteen years after moving into the Mason House, Elkinton resigned from his position in the company's purchasing department to go with the American Friends Service Committee. Some time later he retired altogether. For the last 10 years of his life he was executive director of the Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation, a German-American understanding group.

He and his wife owned a large lodge and extensive lot at Pocono Manor, a Quaker resort in which his family had long taken a supervisory interest. This retreat had belonged to Mrs. Elkinton's father.

Howard Elkinton died suddenly of a heart attack in 1955, at the age of 63.



Katharine Elkinton starts a garden, Spring, 1920.

His wife, the former Katharine Wister Mason, was the daughter of Samuel Mason, first president of the old Germantown Trust Co. She, her father, and her grandfather all attended Germantown Friends School, and she was a 1912 graduate of the Westtown Friends School.

In the late 1920's, Katharine Elkinton was a founder of the Chestnut Hill Friends Meeting. She was a member of numerous historical societies and of the Library Committee for the Germantown Friends Free Library, where she followed her mother and grandmother.

In 1944, she helped to save the 163-year-old Federal mansion, "Upsala," on Germantown Avenue across from the Chew mansion, from wrecking crews already on the scene. She was a founder and the secretary of the Upsala Foundation. She was chairman of the committee for the Arch Street Center, a boarding home for elderly Quakers, which closed in 1960.

For nearly four years after moving into the Mason House, Kitty Elkinton ran the "Germantown Book Shop" from the north front room on the first floor of the old dwelling. A sign to that effect hung from the pent roof. A side doorway was made for the use of customers.

After their marriage, the Elkintons were housekeepers at "Ivy Lodge," 29 E. Penn street, a mid-19th Century mansion used as a home for present and retired women teachers at Germantown Friends.

The book shop was given up on the arrival of Katharine Elkinton's first child, in 1923. Peter West Elkinton, whose name has since been changed to Elkington, was born in the second floor bedroom of the little house in the rear.

His home today is a 40-acre farm at Penn's Creek. A graduate of Germantown Friends, he was a history instructor there and at Penn Charter School.

After three years as registrar at Susquehanna University, Selinsgrove, he has taken a two-year leave of absence to work on his doctorate in history. He is married to the former Harriet Franche, of Hicksville, L. I. They have four children.

In 1927, Kitty Elkinton gave birth to her second child, Theodora. The daughter is the wife of Thomas Waring, principal of Cambridge (Mass.) Friends School. Both are graduates of Germantown Friends. They have five children.

The highlight among social events at the 166-year-old "Honey Run" was the charming wedding reception held there on the lawn for Theodora in 1946. The many friends and relatives of the Warings and Elkintons, both old-line Philadelphia Quaker families, turned out in large numbers for the event.

On October 9, 1961, in the quaint old second-floor back bedroom with its early hinges and latches, Kitty Elkinton was found to have died in her sleep.

The previous day, she had gone on an open-house tour in Chester County, returned to shop at a nearby grocery, and gone to bed. She was pronounced dead by her brother-in-law, Dr. Joseph Stokes, Jr., who



"Honey Run" shortly after the Elkintons bought it in 1921.

said she had passed away painlessly. At her death she was 68, and six years a widow.

From July, 1962, to June, 1963, the Mason House was rented by Philip W. Silver and his wife Kate, a native of Scotland, and their two small daughters. After completing an instructorship in Spanish at Rutgers University Extension School, in Camden, N. J., Silver moved with his family to Oberlin College, Oberlin, O., where he is now a Professor of Spanish.

For eight months, from the early summer of 1963 to February of 1964, the old landmark remained deserted. It became once more down-at-heel. It is in need of scrubbing, roofing, painting, patching, papering, pruning, carpentry, masonry and gardening.

The suns and blizzards, the water of Honey Run below the ground, the traffic that shakes the area around the Great Road, all do their best to hasten the return of the 166-year-old house and its yard to Mother Earth.

But the charm is basically inherent, and there for a discerning eye. A magnificent larch tree waves over the high stone wall that shields the property from traffic on Germantown avenue. There are horse chestnut trees, a weeping willow, and an ancient silver maple, 20 feet around at the base.

Within, there are usable fireplaces in the kitchen, in one of the bedrooms, and in one of the two studies on the north side of the first floor. The second floor has four large bedrooms and two baths. The Elkintons put in a complete self-contained apartment on the third floor.

The Historical Society plans to paint the exterior in the spring, and to make repairs throughout the house.

These will be supervised by Mr. and Mrs. Paul G. Neff, who with their two small sons moved into Honey Run on Washington's Birthday, February 22. Paul and Nancy Neff, on a three-year lease, are busy decorating and repairing the homestead that hasn't had serious attention since 1955, the year Howard Elkinton died.

Neff, 32, a native of Boston, is a producer-director at WHYY-TV (Channel 12), the educational station. His pretty wife is the former Nancy Mead, of College Point, Queens, New York City.

I REMEMBER . . .

By Florence T. Reid

IT WAS more than fifty years ago, but I remember it as though it were yesterday. I was one of a group of children who walked several miles to school. As we neared Walnut Lane on our way down the avenue, one of us would be sure to say, "Let's hurry so we can see the little men go in and out."

All of us would gather around Mr. Jansen's store, pressing noses flat against the glass and fingerprinting his sparkling clean windows. Our eyes would be fixed on the little shelf off to the side on which stood a little clock that looked to us just like a cathedral. At an appointed time—probably on the hour and at the half-hour—tiny little doors would open and a parade of little figures in vari-colored robes would go round and round. We'd stand and watch them so long that the last few blocks had to be raced in order to beat the school bell.

While all of us were fascinated by the apostles on the clock, some found the man facing the window worthy of our attention. He always wore a black cup-like instrument fastened to one eye—a thing that no one else we knew ever wore. He had a long black beard that flowed down over his chest and side whiskers that added still more to his quaint appearance. And in his hands was usually a clock, or a watch, because Mr. Jansen was a well established clock maker who also obliged his clientele by mending their broken timepieces.

After all these years, I still can see Mr. Jansen and the wonderful clock he brought with him from Sweden. I'm glad my memory is so vivid because Mr. Jansen's store was long ago replaced with a different kind of business. Mr. Jansen has been dead for many years and the clock has disappeared. I often wonder if there's somebody else who turns the key and keeps the mechanism in working order so that the tiny doors will open and the apostles will go round and round as they walk. I do hope so.

MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

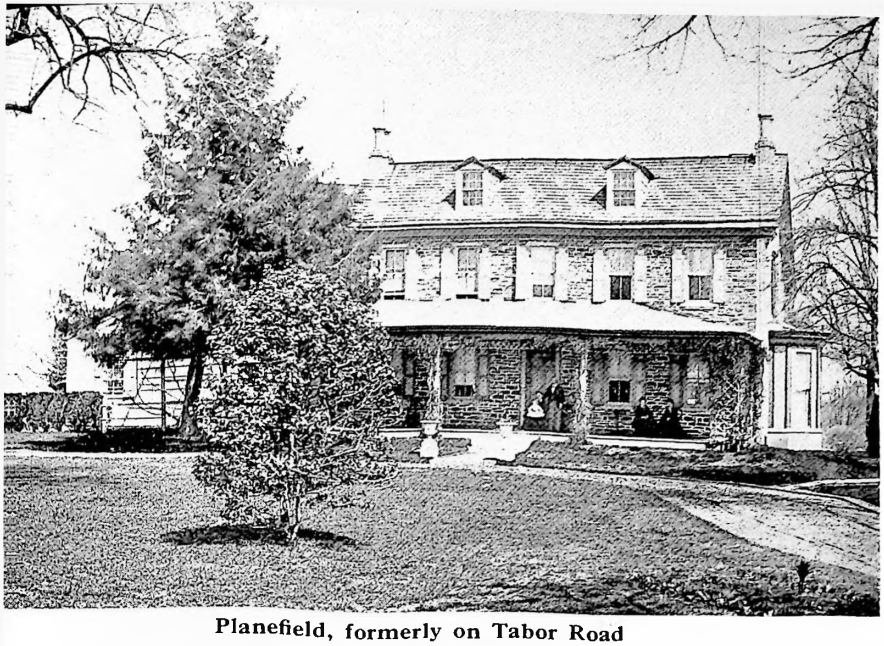
Mrs. Arthur E. Weil, Membership Chairman

435 School House Lane, Phila. 44, Pa.

TELEPHONE: VIctor 3-1067

Society Dues are:

Life (May be payable quarterly)	$100.00
Sustaining or Business	10.00
Annual	6.00
Junior (Under 21 years old), Teacher or Librarian	3.00



Planefield, formerly on Tabor Road

EDITOR'S NOTE . . .

The following nostalgic account of her family and its activities was written by Kitty Elkinton in 1956. As far as we can ascertain, this warmly narrated story was never published. The typed manuscript was found among papers left in the Christopher Mason House at the time our Society made settlement for the property.

THE FAMILY

By KATHARINE ELKINTON

THE third Samuel Mason to bear the name, was born at his father's home, Planefield near Olney, on the 15th of October 1859. His older sister, Edith Mason Smith was born in a house now 718 Franklin Street, two years earlier, and their father must have moved to "Planefield" (the home of his father, Samuel Mason 1st) shortly afterward. His aunts Elizabeth and Sarah continued to live in this Franklin Street house during the winter, while next door was the home of John Stokes, my mother's grandfather.

"Planefield" must have been a happy home for a little boy as it was deep country at that time, what is now a solidly built community back of the Jewish Hospital on Tabor Road. On the property beside his father's house was also that of his first cousin, Samuel Mason Bines, son of Ann Mason and William Bines of Ohio. Their three sons, S. Mason, William H. and David A. were companions in mischief with our father, and many a deviltry they practiced together. Altho I never fully improved the opportunity to extract stories of that gay boyhood, yet now and then some tale would come to the surface and be thoroughly enjoyed. For example, the story of the slow freight that used the North Penn Branch of the Reading Railroad which ran in a deep cut by the side of their ground crossing the front gateway on a level at one place, the boys would gather apples on the top of the bank and as the slow freight puffed along would catch the engineers eye and tempt him with the apples pretending to toss them into his cab. Alas for the gullibility of engineers—his outstretched hand was the signal for a volley of half ripe fruit from his tormentors who danced out of reach on the bank above him. Again, in the fall they would make a Jack-O-Lantern out of a big pumpkin and when darkness fell would put the lighted pumpkin on the cross ties between the rails and then hide. Along would come a flying express, then the squeal of brakes as the engineer seeing the light attempted to stop—then silence and the hurrying feet of the brakeman as he ran forward to learn the worst. By then the boys thoroughly frightened, had taken to their heels. Underneath the tracks and at right angles to them was a wooden trough either for drainage or a cover for switch rods. This trough fascinated the boys and they used to dare each other to lie down in it and let the train go over them. Time after time, one or another would lie in it, but at the sound of the approaching train and the ringing of the rails they would lose their nerve and scramble out just in time.

Our Grandfather Mason (like his father before him) was very fond of good horses and usually had a pair or two of fast trotters in his stable. In early manhood he was known as a good judge of horses and the story is told of two men driving up the then dusty York Road from town,—Said one to the other, "Why don't you go by that Quaker up there and not eat his dust." Said the other—"It's plain you don't know who that is. You can't go by him, that's Samuel Mason."

One day in 1866, he and his wife, Jane Edge, (who was with child) were returning from a drive. He had climbed out and was holding the horses by the lines and was about to assist Grandmother, when the horses suddenly started off for the stable dragging Grandfather with them. He eventually got them under control, but he cut his face and both he and Jane were much upset by the occurrence. That night their third child, Alfred Cope Mason, was born prematurely.

The love of horses was inherited by both Edith and Alfred, and again in the next generation by several of

his grand children. But father seemed to lack it entirely, perhaps due to the tricks of a small horse belonging to his sister which their father had bought for them to drive to school in Germantown. I remember listening with delight to the stories concerning this pony. Loving its understanding mistress it had no use for a lot of scrubby hard riding boys and would buck them off whenever possible. Once, having enough of father, the pony bolted for the barn cutting sharply into its stall almost impaling its rider on a large harness hook that was fastened in the post. Another trick was to flop down in any puddle that came in its way—covering itself and its harness with mud and enraging the stableman who had to clean up the mess. But the prize story was of one outstanding drive to school on a winter day when the sledding on Fishers Lane (now Logan Street) was at its best. In those days heavy bob-sleds holding five or six boys and steered by the feet were popular. Father, as driver, grew tired of pulling into the gutter and letting the sleds have all the road, so on this day he drove straight up the hill turning neither to right or left. Whooping and yelling down came a heavily loaded sled, and the boys seeing father was not turning aside, began to roll off the sled, which left unguided slewed around and came broadside at the pony. Right there and then might have been the sad ending of the story, as the sled was heavy enough to break such slim legs as his. But ponies are smart and this one seeing the risk, jumped completely over the sled and pulled the small wagon after him—bump—bump, with its occupants clutching the seats inside. Needless to say the sledders gave them right of way after that.

This daily drive to school, (Germantown Friends School, then as now on Coulter Street), took them down the hollow back of the farm to Fishers Lane and up the long hill to Main Street and thence to Coulter. The pony was high strung and always started off going or coming at a gallop. This was annoying, so father let him gallop till he got tired, when he applied the whip and made him gallop the remaining distance. Father was not exactly en rapport with horses.

The pony eventually was given to the Pennsylvania Hospital, where with the small Germantown wagon, he became the first ambulance. History does not say whether he continued to lie down in every mud puddle he encountered.

The Bines cousins apparently did not go to G.F.S. but attended a private school at Chew and Chelten Avenue under the care of Yardley Warner. That this did not do them much good was evident, as they all came to a rather sad end. At this time, however, they were the recipients of sleds, bicycles, and other toys which father longed for and complained of, to his father. Grandfather told him that some people could afford those luxuries, but as far as he went he didn't have money enough to live that way! It appeared he had been subsidizing cousin Sammy Bines for months. When father was fourteen, his father sold "Planefield" finding the distance from school and meeting too difficult, and moved to one half of a white plastered house that stood forty feet back from Main Street, where the Dairy Maid store now stands, on the corner of Maplewood Avenue. Here they lived while their new home was being built on the corner of Wayne and School Lane, now the Fairfax Apartments. This house was three stories high with a mansard roof—homely but comfortable and here both grandfather and grandmother Mason lived the rest of their lives. Grandfather brought his horses with him and the stable is still to be seen at the rear of the next property on School Lane. Father used to say that he could see Awbury from the 3rd story window at this time. All around this house lay fields and farm houses very different from the present outlook. Here father spent his youth playing with his two first cousins, Jim and Ed Comfort who lived a few squares away on Knox Street, and finishing at Germantown Friends School.

One of the great pleasures here was to hang over the high back fence and watch the operations of George Rose's slaughter house, situated next door. In 1876 when he was seventeen he was sent to Haverford College together with his cousin David Bines, as grandfather wanted to give his great-nephew an equal opportunity with his son. David, however, lasted just one year in the class of 1880. Father went on to graduate, having studied in four years the following: Latin, Greek, French, Anglo Saxon, Astronomy, Surveying, Physics and Chemistry and no doubt other subjects—nearly all of which he had forgotten by the time his children came along. Isaac Sharpless (later President) was a professor at that time and taught mathematics and surveying, and often took his classes across country to lay out various base lines. One day while on one of these expeditions, father, wishing to butter his bread on the right side said, "Professor Sharpless, I want to tell thee how much I enjoy surveying; I believe I can say that I prefer it to any other branch of mathematics." Isaac looked at him with his tongue in his cheek and replied, "Perhaps it is because it is the easiest, Samuel."

Beside this full program of lessons, father had plenty of time and energy left for games, at which he was very good. He told me of being on the large teams that played the first game of football against Swarthmore and of breaking one of his opponent's arms in the ensuing tussle. The victim grew up to become a judge and father jokingly said he always avoided his precinct when driving, for fear he might be hauled before this same judge and recognized as the perpetrator of the broken arm after some 50 years. He also was a good cricketer, playing wicket keep and being captain for his last two years. My brother Samuel Mason IV, followed in his father's footsteps and also played wicket keep during his three years at Haverford—but the game has lost in interest and S.M. V took no part in it while at college. Maybe

it will revive in time for S. M. VI to learn to enjoy, what was once called "a gentleman's game," in comparison to "base-ball"—who knows.

Grandfather Mason had no use for smoking and whipped his older son, aged ten, for sneaking off behind the barn to indulge in this evil course. However after the punishment he said that if father did not smoke till he was 21 he would give him $100. a large bribe, which father earned, and then became a constant smoker until he died in 1947 at the age of nearly 88 years.

After graduating from Haverford he continued to play cricket at the Philadelphia Cricket Club often against the English mill hands who worked in the spinning mills about Germantown and Tioga. He also played at Manheim, which I remember very vaguely. Tin types of him at that period show a thin young man with a heavy moustache, dressed in a scarlet and white blazer and cap—the former called a "Zingarry."

About this time he began to think about marriage, his father having died in 1883, and he having therefore inherited some money to enable him to support a family. His first job at the Provident Life and Trust Company paid him the munificent sum of $3.00 a week, but far more important, instilled sound bank principles that stayed with him all his life. On January 6th, 1886 he married Katharine Evans Stokes, the charming nineteen year old daughter of Francis and Katharine E. Stokes who lived at 704 Locust Avenue, a home they had built in 1867. Some 7 years younger than her husband, she always said that her suitor came to visit and talk happily with her mother, who was an entertaining hostess, while she sat quietly on one side with little to add to the conversation. Needless to say she herself soon became a gifted hostess with a charm of manner that completely won her guests of either sex, and I am delighted to see this in-born ability passed on to her granddaughter, my daughter. Their first home was at 724 Locust Avenue, a little frame house called "Hearts' Ease," belonging to Miss Hannah Ann Zell, a strong minded Hicksite Friend. Here the very young bride lived for a year—having her mother and her dear Aunt Hannah Evans right next door to help her out, and having great attacks of homesickness when that home was rented for the summer and all the family went to Meadow Farm as they regularly did, leaving her at home alone. Samuel Mason IV (or Jr. as he was called) was born here April 19th, 1887, and a very minute and delicate child he was for the first year of his life, altho his active life ever since has proved the lie to this poor start.

In 1888 the young couple moved to a large red tiled double house on Chew Street between High and Walnut Lane. Chew Street then being a dirt road and nothing but open country lying north of the house and to the west. Here on April 24th, 1890, was born Henry Stokes Mason, a handsome big red headed boy, and following him a girl named for her grandmother Stokes on December 4th, 1892, and a second girl (named by Aunt Hannah) the unusual name of Evelyn, on April 26th, 1896, making a well rounded family group.

Having left the Provident some time prior to this, Father was approached by a body of men who had started the Germantown Trust Company which stood at the South East corner of Main and Chelten Avenues, where Rowell's store now does. Mr. Frank Firth and Grandfather Stokes had been the instigators of this new venture and they wished father to be the second President after Mr. Firth. He thus became a very young President of an institution of which he knew little, so in two years' time he resigned in favor of Edward Mellor an older man with more executive experience—remaining however on the Board of Directors as long as he lived.

Sam tells of being taken into the strong room at the rear of the building and being shown a heavy canvas bag which father would empty on the table. There must have been five pounds of five dollar gold pieces in the pile. At each Board Meeting a new five dollar gold piece was placed before each attending member, and this hoard came from years of faithful service. Sam remembers later, the rage with which Father received Franklin Roosevelt's orders to turn over all gold, at the cancellation of the gold standard. How he hated F.D.R. for this and other policies.

Leaving the Trust Company as an officer, (altho it always remained one of his pet concerns, and jokes with regard to it were NOT appreciated), he became involved in 1895 in the lumber business along with some partners whose names are lost to us. They purchased a large tract of virgin woods in West Virginia, on which grew much white pine, spruce and hemlock cut off in that order of value, later the hardwood was removed.

After Uncle Will Silver lost most of his money just before he was married, he and Aunt Edith went to the mills at Hulings to supervise the work and here Francis was born in 1898.

The organization consisted of two parts; one the "Beaver Creek Boom & Lumber Company" and the other, the "Otter Creek Lumber Company." The mills were on opposite sides of the Dry Fork branch of the Cheat River and the hemlock bark was used in a tannery situated there also, nothing being lost, save everything of natural beauty and value. The names of the two Creeks, Beaver & Otter were changed later into something more appropriate as neither animal will thrive amidst desolation. Soon after this there was trouble at the mills, and a legal decision handed down by a prejudiced West Virginia judge took "Beaver Creek Lumber Company" out of their hands for good. Uncle Henry Stokes, about this same time, was President and manager of the "York Haven Pulp and Paper Company" situated on an island in the Susquehanna River opposite York Haven. Father had invested a good deal of money about 1880 in the "Susquehanna Power & Paper Company" be-

low Glen Cove, Harford Co. and when this failed in 1901, he, among all the stockholders kept his water rights, the others including Grandfather Stokes, Uncle Jossie Smith, and Uncle Will Silver, letting theirs go. When the new Conowingo Power Company were acquiring the land and water rights, they came upon father's lien on the water power, and had to pay him handsomely to clear their title.

But at this earlier date, father invested at York Haven and did well under Uncle Henry's able leadership—becoming Treasurer of the company. They did so well that a New York firm sent representatives down to buy them out. After a number of refusals Uncle Henry sold the whole plant at a large profit but without H. W. Stokes as President and Manager, the new company soon failed. I remember with great pleasure the one York Haven bond I had with both Uncle Henry's and father's name as officers, on it, which continued to pay $50.00 a year in coupons for many years, and was finally wound up with regret on my part.

Apparently at this time (altho it was before I can remember), the bicycle had newly come into its own and Father, Mother and Sam each had one. Very well I can remember that Christmas morning in the dining room at the Chew Street house and Sam's new bicycle in all its shining glory holding the center of the stage. Our family at this time was made up of our parents, Sam, aged about eleven years, Henry Stokes, a big boy of eight with lovely copper hair, myself, a toothless little six year older, and Evelyn, the family beauty, at three, with blond curls and big china blue eyes.

Mounted on these well cared for bikes Father and Sam would often ride to little Abingdon Meeting going out Haines Street to York Road—up Forrest Avenue thru the woods, and into the meeting yard, hot and tired. Often they were accompanied by Cousins Jim and Ed Comfort, dressed in knee pants, wool stockings —caps, under which perspiring red faces, told of the hard run. My memories leap a few years here—for when Evelyn and I were ready to go to meeting, father took us on the trolley up Chelten Avenue to York Road, getting off at Forrest Avenue and walking the rest of the way, but even then Cousin Jim and Ed would be there, mopping their faces and winking at us younger cousins to our infinite embarrassment and pleasure. Uncle Alf at this time had graduated from a bicycle, to a runabout with rubber tires drawn by several pet horses in turn. Uncle was a great pet himself and a most indulgent relation. I liked to copy his stance in a runabout, the left foot always negligently hanging out of the carriage body, as if prepared to jump in case of a runaway—it looked racy. This dear Uncle always provided an expensive Christmas present, usually toy horses, which I at least loved devotedly. Once two large blacks on stands with wheels, Black Beauty and Black Jack—then a brown and a yellow with real horse hair—Brownie and Kismet. The only crocheting I ever managed was to make blankets for these precious horses, and they took the lead of all the other toys in my estimation.

To ride to Meeting in this turn out and hitch under the horse sheds with various other rigs that came at that time, was joy indeed, and an invitation was always warmly accepted.

In 1900 Henry, within a month of his 10th birthday—died of spinal menigitis. I well remember being taken in by father to see him as he lay in his cot by the window but whether he was already dead at that time, or nearly so, I do not know.

All I remember was the shock I received at seeing my chief playmate lying so white and still with no response for me, his chum. And afterward sitting on father's lap in the nursery, being rather embarrassed as to what my role should be. I hope he was comforted by my presence, altho even then it was hard for me to express my feelings. How often since have I wished too late that I had not been so reserved.

Soon after Henry's death, the city began to lower the level of Chew Street from Haines to Walnut Lane to go under the then grade crossing. Up to this time it was unpaved and often a sea of mud with no sidewalk save a narrow board walk and gravel. Now the blasting broke out windows, so before the road was impossible we moved to 522 Locust Avenue in the fall of 1904, renting for $600.00 a year from Miss Hetty Garrett, where we lived for the next seventeen years. The present brick Chew Avenue is the finished product of the work begun 56 years ago.

From here father continued his work at the Land Title building with Samuel Dyer his Secretary, and every morning and evening he walked to and from the Chelten Avenue Station up Locust Avenue. He was a most conscientious person never letting his frequent sick headaches keep him from the office. On First Day morning he wound the grandfather clock and others, at 10 precisely, and if we were not going to Abingdon we prepared for Germantown. Father blacked all the family shoes each First Day on the blacking box in the bathroom, a real job as we only had one pair apiece and these were usually filthy. Walking to meeting—Father in front with his cane over his shoulder looking, as I thought, like an Army officer, and the rest tagging on up Church Lane, cheered somewhat by the chimes of St. Lukes. Our Meeting seat was first on the very last bench in the house, then as we improved in conduct, up to the middle bench, and finally when father sat facing the gallery and then took a seat in the lower gallery—Ev and I deserted him for the middle aisle family seat on the woman's side of the house. But not before one occasion when he sneezed nearly twenty times, with vain efforts to stop the paroxysm—I can see him yet, and how I suffered for him and now I do it myself.

Meeting lasted a good hour and then after much pleasant chat with friends and relatives, the carriages began to drive up, the ladies would be helped in, and off they would go. Mother usually drove

home in Grandfather Stokes' carriage behind Kismet or Chico—those two friends—but father and we children would walk around to School Lane and Wayne to which Grandmother Mason had returned promptly by cab to be ready for us. She would be sitting in her little rocking chair in the library, with an oblong reading glass on the table and a copy of "The Friend" in her lap. As she was very deaf, our main conversation consisted of yelling into her large ear trumpet "Hello Grandmother, how is thee?" and then retiring promptly to examine the lower drawer in the Book Case behind her, in which lived a remarkable story book of a dumb village whose mistakes were enormous and amusing and delighted us no end. Finishing this we were glad to follow Aunt Fanny, whose mysterious beckoning and promises of a "little tea and toast," always presaged a slice of delicious cake wrapped in a napkin in the cakebox of that long vanished pantry. Sometimes (after scouting) we discovered an ice cream bucket outside the back door and then we were most open to an invitation for dinner. That was an occasion—Grandmother sat at the head of the table. Uncle Alf at the foot. Aunt Fanny whose false teeth clacked with every mouthful on one side—the red cheeked and hot tempered Bella waiting on us. Beside ice cream we sometimes had lemon jello cut in squares and all a-quiver in its cut glass bowl, a real treat to me, as it looked rather magic. Father always had a business conference with grandmother at this time going over her investments, etc. I rather think she was quite a shrewd old lady, and I do know she left each of us $75.00 for educational purposes. Mine went into a trip to Jamaica with the Scattergoods in 1912, just after graduating from Westtown.

On Sunday afternoons father was always in the habit of taking us for a walk, thus giving mother a breather I think, and himself some exercise. Sam speaks of his exploring old historic Germantown with the aid of the "Guide Book to Historic Germantown" 1902 edition. It must have been this same book with which father and I went on just such another thrilling series of walks. Beginning at Stenton we would come up Germantown Avenue stopping to read the history of each house still standing and of those that had been torn down, and only a blank left. In those days of the early 1900's there were many more lovely old homes standing along Main Street—if the tide of appreciating their value had only turned twenty five years sooner Germantown would be a richer place today. At any rate these early walks inculcated in me a love of the ancient lore that has grown with the years.

Father had become interested in photography in 1900 and bought a Kodak as well as a complete developing and printing outfit. He did his work in the pantry at Chew Street and many rather faded prints remain to show his skill. Apparently he was a handy chap with tools—making things for and with Sam, and starting the latter off on similar lines as he grew older. With me he played ball along the Locust Avenue pavement, trying to get it between the other's wide spread legs on a bounce or throw. He had been a good athlete all his life in sports requiring coordination. A good cricketer, a long jumper at college (like his Irish ancestor) played a fine game of billiards winning many cups, very good at golf until he stopped playing at 75, and was hard to beat at small games requiring dexterity. And so he encouraged the athletic skills of his children, in which we all took part with pleasure. In the evening he played checkers with me and read to us from the "Youth's Companion," a weekly paper that he enjoyed as much as we did. The one book I remember him reading was "Masterman Ready"—a story of shipwreck and adventure. I think mother must have given me my love for imaginative and poetical tales, for father had no use for literature, and poetry fairly sickened him.

The Stokes tradition on the other hand was all for ballads, songs, romance and blood stirring fiction, so being half Stokes I at least, absorbed both with equal pleasure.

At the time of our move father joined the "Ozone Golf Club" consisting of about thirty friends, mostly Quakers. The club met once a month at various golf links around Philadelphia or in New Jersey—each member inviting the others to his home club. Once a year they went to Atlantic City as the guests of Daniel White of the Traymore—Harry Leeds of the Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, Walter Buzby of the Dennis and along with their wives and often a daughter were given a royal time over the week-end. The party often numbered 65 or 70—a party that the same hotels would not face now. Father usually made a

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Katharine Elkinton at Ivy Lodge, shortly after her return from France in 1919.



Philadelphia's Theatre Heritage

By Derek Naabe

THE attitude of Philadelphia's founders toward the theatre and other artistic undertakings is graphically portrayed by an episode that happened when I was six years old. I was asked by a group of the elders of our church what I planned to be when I grew up. I replied without hesitation, and in a very firm voice, that I intended to become an actor. Had I said bank robber I'm sure the shock wouldn't have been so great. After my father recovered, he turned to his fellow elders, and with a sickly smile, attempted to explain that "He must have gotten that crazy notion from his mother's side of the family. She has a brother that paints pictures."

This is 1964 but has the attitude or the thinking changed so very much regarding the theatre and what it stands for? With some individuals and even whole groups of people we must agree that it has not. This article is being written to point up the great fight for existence that the Philadelphia Theatre has been faced with since its inception.

The earliest settlers were the Quakers, soon followed by the Germans. These two stocks were the backbone of early Philadelphia, with the government largely in their hands until the Revolution. In their attitude towards the arts the Quakers and Germans were strengthened by the large Scotch-Irish immigration, which brought with it the Presbyterian fear of the arts as "snares of the devil."

Something of the tone of the town in those early days is indicated in Franklin's Autobiography when he says, "In order to secure my credit and character as a tradesman, I took care not only to be in reality industrious and frugal, but to avoid all appearances to the contrary. I dressed plainly; I was seen at no place of idle diversion."

Our historians date the Philadelphia Stage from 1700. They feel certain that strolling players were already playing here, although any records of their comings or goings are practically non-existent. Perhaps one of the most significant clues is a record of the Assembly of Pennsylvania passing a law in 1700, prohibiting "stage plays, masks, revels" and other "rude and riotous sports." The immediate reason for the law is not certain. Either the players were already here, or they feared the approach of a player by the name of Richard Hunter who had a license to play in New York at the turn of the century. At any rate the law was repealed in England in 1705.



Walnut Street Theatre—oldest in America.

A very interesting struggle existed between the Assembly of Pennsylvania and the British government concerning the enactment and the repealing of this law. The fight continued until 1789, when the theatre lovers were able to acquire sufficient votes to establish a theatre and make theatre-going legal.

The first break-through came in 1723. James Logan, the Quaker Mayor, wrote to a friend, "But as . . . ye Gov (Sir William Keith) himself resorts thither, I can by no means think it advisable to embroil myself with the governor to no purpose" especially as the governor had already "excused himself from prohibiting the stage-playing." This proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that there were professional strolling players by 1723. We are certain of this when a newspaper advertisement appears the following year, 1724, announcing "the New Booth on Society Hill." The single announcement tells of "Roap Dancing" and "your old friend Pickle Herring" advertised for his "Comical Humor."

The New Booth, the first theatre known in Philadelphia, is important. It was on Society Hill, probably just to the south of the city limits. All we know of the theatre itself is that there were performances on the stage, that there were admissions charged, and that it was called "The New Booth on Society Hill."

Between 1724 and 1749 we get partial glimpses of what was happening, theatrically, in Philadelphia. The first marionettes appeared in 1742, and Philadelphia's first picture show was given by a "Magick Lanthorn" at Joseph Barber's "at the Temple Bar in Second Street" in 1743.

The newspapers, in August, 1749, announced that a "Company of Comedians" was in Philadelphia, and that they were playing in a large warehouse owned by William Plumstead in Water (or King) Street between Pine and Lombard. No mention was made of the actors. The play they gave was "Cato," and it was performed August 22 and 23. Joseph Jackson, in his Encyclopedia of Philadelphia, shows a print taken from the archives of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, giving its approximate location. He states that evidence that these performances actually took place rests entirely upon an entry in the manuscript "Journal" of John Smith (who married James Logan's daughter Hannah) now in the Ridgeway Library. The entry runs: "Sixth month, 1749 Joseph Morris and I happened in at Peacock Bigger's and drank tea there, and his daughter, being one of the company who was going to hear the tragedy of "Cato" acted, it occasioned some conversation, in which I expressed my sorrow that anything of the kind was encouraged."

The origin of this company is obscure other than the fact that it was led by Walter Murray and Thomas Kean. Evidently they remained in the city until January 1750 when the Common Council attempted to "discourage" them. In February they went to New York. The Pennsylvania Gazette made history on March 6 by noting the arrival in New York of "a company of comedians from Philadelphia"—*the first time a Philadelphia newspaper had mentioned the existence of actors in our fair city.* It was finally divulged that a local girl by the name of "Nancy George" had joined the players, though "many fell out with her" for doing so. With the acknowledged appearance of the first theatrical troupe in America of which we have any detailed knowledge, the curtain hiding the Philadelphia stage begins slowly to rise.

By the time Hallam's "Company of Comedians from London" came to Philadelphia in 1754, the curtain is well up on the theatrical scene. Much has been written about Lewis Hallam—recognized as the "father of American Theatre"—and the American Company. Mr. Hallam was visited in New York by "several gentlemen from Philadelphia," who urged him to bring his company here and establish a theatre. But on his arrival, Hallam "found the city of brotherly love and passive peace divided into two hostile factions, as violent as the green and red of Constantinople."

The Comedians from London opened on April 15, with "The Fair Penitent" and "Miss in Her Teens." They played on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays until June 24.

The New Theatre in Water Street, at which the comedians appeared, was in William Plumstead's warehouse. You will recall that this very same warehouse had housed the Murray and Kean players of 1749–50. The building was a much better theatre than the term "warehouse" would suggest and it was still standing in 1849. It had boxes, pit and a gallery, but as to its comforts no mention has been made, only that physical endurance was a great and necessary asset to the enjoyment of the show—or I should say shows—that were presented. The doors opened at five o'clock and the performance started at seven. The bill included a full length play, an afterpiece of farce, pantomime, or ballad-opera and often singing and dancing. There was no heating system, of course, and the only means of keeping warm was to wear as much clothing as possible and huddle close to your fellow play-goer. In the summer it was just the reverse—it became so unbearably hot that the local fire brigade was called on to squirt water on the roof. As though that were not enough, the smell and the smoke from whale oil lights made their unpleasant contribution to play-going discomfort. I have an early Philadelphia newspaper in my possession, advertising a show where fireworks "will be used to great advantage," but that this should be no cause for alarm as a "hole will be made in the roof to leave the smoak out."

The comedians closed their season on June 24, 1754 and went to the West Indies where they formed a new company. Lewis Hallam died soon after, and his widow was to become the most important theatrical manager in Colonial America. The company came to Philadelphia, where it enjoyed a brilliant season of over six months, from June 25 to December 28, 1759.

Lewis Hallam's widow eventually married David Douglass, and his stepson, Lewis Hallam, no longer called "the Younger," had now become at nineteen the leading juvenile actor in America.

Douglass had received permission to build a new theatre on April 5, 1759. Named "The Theatre on Society Hill," it stood at Vernon and Cedar Streets, in Southwark, just across the line from the city. As far as we know, the Theatre on Society Hill was not used after 1759, when it housed a very brilliant season. Mute testimony to its strong construction was its proscenium arch, still in evidence as late as 1930.

After the season closed, Douglass and his company departed for Williamsburg, Va., after which he invaded New England and New York; then on to Providence, Rhode Island. Later Charleston, Annapolis, and Williamsburg welcomed him with open arms, but it must be remembered that these three cities were predominantly English and gave the theatre their full support. Eventually the company returned to England.

Not until 1766 did Douglass and his company return to Philadelphia, probably in the month of November. They now called themselves "The American Company" and built a permanent theatre.

This playhouse whose erection was causing such an outcry was "The New Theatre in Southwark." It was built just outside the city limits on a lot which was in South (then Cedar) Street, between Fourth and Fifth Streets, at a corner of a small street, since called Apollo (later Charles, now Leithgow Street). It was a large frame building with all the frame work

painted red, the prevailing color for theatres throughout the country. The building was an ugly, ill contrived affair, both inside and out—the stage lighted by plain oil lamps without glasses; the view from the boxes intercepted by large square wooden pillars supporting the upper tier and roof. It was contended by many, at the time, that the front bench *in the gallery* was the best seat in the house for a fair view of the stage.

On November 12, 1766, the theatre was opened with the play, "The Provoked Husband," and a musical piece, "Thomas and Sally." The most noteworthy and historical feature of the first long season was the production, on April 24, 1767, of Thomas Godfrey's "The Prince of Parthia." This was the first play written by an American to be produced upon the American stage by a professional company of actors. And on this fact, Philadelphia lays its claim to being the birthplace of the American Theatre. Charleston, and even Williamsburg, contend that they are much older in theatrical history. That may be because of the theatre records they can produce, but all of the plays presented were of English origin. Actually Charleston had only what may be called a theatre, and that was not built for any specific theatrical company.

During the British occupation of Philadelphia, winter of 1777–78 a company composed of British officers and soldiers' wives presented plays at "The Southwark." The leading spirits in this amateur corps were Major John Andre and Captain Delancey. Critics of the day claimed that Delancey was an excellent actor, but that Andre, despite all of his charm, was not. He was, however, an excellent scene painter and a drop-scene of his continued as part of the theatre's scenery until the fire of 1821. At that time the name of Andre, inscribed in large black letters on the back of it, was still much in evidence.

After the war the doors were opened once again to the Philadelphia theatre-going public, despite the constant protests that still prevailed. "The Southwark" never actually closed its door again until 1817, a few years after the erection of the "New Theatre" located at 605 Chestnut Street. According to Joseph Jackson, the building was still standing as late as 1902. In his Encyclopedia of Philadelphia he shows a photograph of what was left of the old Southwark, merely the stone walls with a new top added in order to house not a new theatrical company, but a distillery.

The great dramatic event in 1794 was the opening of the New Theatre on Chestnut Street on February 17. (The precise location would be where the branch office of the Pennsylvania Company is located at 605 Chestnut Street.)

Now that the law of 1789 had finally been passed and theatre-going was legal in Philadelphia, two men decided that it was time to erect a theatre that Philadelphians could be proud of. Thomas Wignell and Hugh Reinagle formed a stock company. The stock was readily taken up by the liberal patrons of the drama and the building was started in 1791.

It must have been a very beautiful theatre according to early accounts of Dr. James Mease. In his "The Picture of Philadelphia," he states, "It presents a handsome front on Chestnut Street of ninety feet, including two wings of fifteen each. The stage has a depth of seventy-one feet and is thirty-six feet in width. The interior decorations excited the admiration of the spectators. It is a perfect copy of the Bath Theatre in England." In 1805 additions were made, when the colonnade was added. It was acknowledged to be the finest theatre in America at the time and held 2000 people.

Washington had often attended this theatre. It's a very interesting note that he usually could be expected if his favorite play was being produced, which happened to be "The Poor Soldier."

Another noteworthy piece of history took place at this theatre on April 25, 1798. It was the first presentation of, "Hail! Columbia," composed by Joseph Hopkinson, and sung by Gilbert Fox.

Wignell and Reinagle went to England and formed the finest company of players that was obtainable. Joseph Jefferson, the elder, made his first appearance in Philadelphia in 1803, followed by Thomas A. Cooper, and George Frederick Cooke, to name a few of the great actors of their day.

We are amazed and startled at the actions of our young people today when they are confronted with a motion picture star or a popular singer. If you think that their conduct is something to be deplored, allow me to quote an account of what took place in 1811, when George Frederick Cooke appeared at the above theatre. The following is related by Charles Leslie in his "Autobiography." Cooke was to open on Monday evening, according to Mr. Leslie and "the Sunday evening before the steps were covered with men prepared to spend the night there. Some actu-

Charlotte Cushman, famous Victorian actress, who managed the Walnut Street Theatre.



ally took off their hats and put on night caps. When the doors were opened at ten o'clock on Monday morning, the street in front of the theatre was impassable. Men literally fought each other, coats were torn off backs, hats knocked off and smashed; one fellow, swinging up on a bracket, ran over the heads of the crowd into the theatre.

"A placard was finally displayed stating that all persons holding tickets would be admitted at the stage door. This notice drew such a crowd to the back of the theatre that when Cooke arrived, he couldn't get in. He was forced to make himself known. 'I am like the man going to be hanged,' he said, 'who told the crowd they would have no fun unless they made way for him.' "

Needless to say, the theatre had come into its own as far as Philadelphia was concerned. But, despite its success, tragedy entered the picture in reality. Wignell died, followed shortly by Reinagle in 1809.

The final season for this theatre closed March 27, 1820. The company had gone to Baltimore, when, on Easter Sunday night, April 2nd, the building was totally destroyed by fire. (Scharf and Wescott state in their History of Philadelphia, that from 1799 to 1871, nineteen theatres, circuses, and museums were destroyed by fire, the amazing fact being that only one life was lost.)

The theatres, circuses, and museums that followed were many. Directly across Chestnut Street from the "New Theatre," the new Ricketts Circus was erected in 1795. It was renowned for its equestrienne feats, the most astounding of which was a man standing on his head on horseback. That, of course, doesn't sound very amazing, but this man had a special apparatus which permitted him to spin like a top while the horse went full gallop and jumped hurdles. Ricketts Circus lasted for a period of four years. It burned down in 1799 on the eve of George Washington's death.

In 1797, Lailson's Circus was erected on Prune Street (Locust), between Fourth and Fifth. It was a huge affair, taking up almost the whole block, and at its top perched a massive dome. Lailson's Circus lasted about a year and met with little or no success. One Sunday morning a loud explosive noise was heard. The dome, evidently too weighty for the structure, came crashing down. Fortunately no one was in the building at the time.

The history of the Walnut Street theatre is fairly well known. Two French men by the name of Pepin and Breschard erected the theatre around 1808, bought additional ground and enlarged the building in 1811. The new structure, called the Olympic Theatre was opened on January 1, 1812. The show was a combination of stage and ring performances but it finally closed down at the end of the 1818–19 season. It remained closed until 1820, when Warren & Wood took over the theatre and renamed it the "Walnut Street Theatre." A new theatre was being built on the site of the burned-out "Chestnut Street Theatre," and the new Walnut Street Theatre would be occupied by this company until its completion.

The history of the Walnut still continues. As of today it is not only the oldest theatre in America, but *the oldest in the English speaking world.* It out-dates all existing London theatres.

Another old theatre of particular historical significance is the Prune Street Theatre, located at Fifth

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Full page reproductions from 'The American Stage.' Only three copies of this book were custom made by Geddie and Company for the president, vice president and treasurer of the firm. There is no knowledge as to the whereabouts of two copies; the third copy is in the collection of the author of this article.

Ten well known theatre personalities are pictured in the book. A hand painted water color sketch depicting a scene from the play each made famous provides a frame for the photograph.



Julia Marlowe as she appeared in the famous play "Barbie Fritchie."



Maude Adams in "The Little Minister."

& Prune Streets (now Locust). It was here that "Home Sweet Home" was sung for the first time in 1820. This theatre eventually was known as the City Theatre, destroyed by fire in 1910.

The new Chestnut Street Theatre opened for the first time on December 2, 1822. It is affectionately remembered as the "Old Drury," and its history is so significant and important that in 1932 an entire book was written by Dr. Reese James as a thesis and presented to the University of Pennsylvania in partial fulfillment for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

The great stars of their days trod its boards; it was here that Junius Brutus Booth first played in 1823; it was here that Charlotte Cushman, Fanny Kemble, Jenny Lind and a list of the theatre greats of their day made their first Philadelphia appearance. It would be unpardonable not to mention members of its equally famous stock company. Joseph Jefferson and his family devoted almost their entire lives to the "Old Drury," as well as William Warren, William Wood, Mrs. Burke, Mr. Darley, Mrs. Placide, Mr. Durang and many others.

The Old Drury was actually the leading theatre of its day, holding sway over the theatrical world in America until 1823. The Park Theatre, New York, was its only serious competitor. But as we know too well, New York finally gained supremacy and has held it ever since.

On June 4, 1845, William H. Fry's Grand Opera "Lenora" was sung, being the first American opera worthy of being called an opera. This was one of many firsts with many plays and musicals first seeing the light of day here.

But like the first Chestnut Street Theatre, tragedy again reared its ugly head. The final curtain was rung down on May 1, 1855, not because of fire, but because it was thought to have outlived its usefulness. The city was expanding and the population was moving westward. Many people felt the Academy of Music, in the process of being built, would replace the "Old Drury" as a theatre. It never did, for the simple reason that in 1863 *another* Chestnut Street Theatre was built at 12th & Chestnut Streets. This was the third Chestnut Street Theatre and should not be confused with the Chestnut Street Opera House between 10th & 11th Streets.

We, in Philadelphia, can be proud of our theatre heritage. I know I am. I became interested some years ago from the standpoint of a collector. The more I searched, the more interesting the subject became. I have a considerable collection and I doubt if my collection could be duplicated if I were to start out today. I make no pretense of being an historian, but I do fancy myself a student of this interesting subject. I never realized how many theatres actually existed in Philadelphia nor how many people were enthralled by the players in a make-believe world that came alive for a few hours each day. I have a record of 56 such establishments, but there were more, I am sure.

Unseen Power

By Elizabeth Reeves Humphreys

The wind is singing to me on this night
And playing on my heartstrings with its fingers,
I see again the flung gulls in their flight
And hear the sound of crashing sea which lingers.
I feel an old house tremble, just a quiver,
Before the screaming onslaught of the wind
Which rushed around it like an angry river
While hickory leaves blew off as if unpinned.

I see the people snug within those walls,
Hear laughter, feel the gaze of loving eyes,
Hear conversation tossed like colored balls
And music soaring to the troubled skies.
The singing wind with all its unseen power
Has shattered time and space for this one hour.

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A Map of

Historic Germantown

Designed by J. Riegel, Jr.

Showing twenty Colonial Houses and important locations of action during the Battle of Germantown October 3d 1777

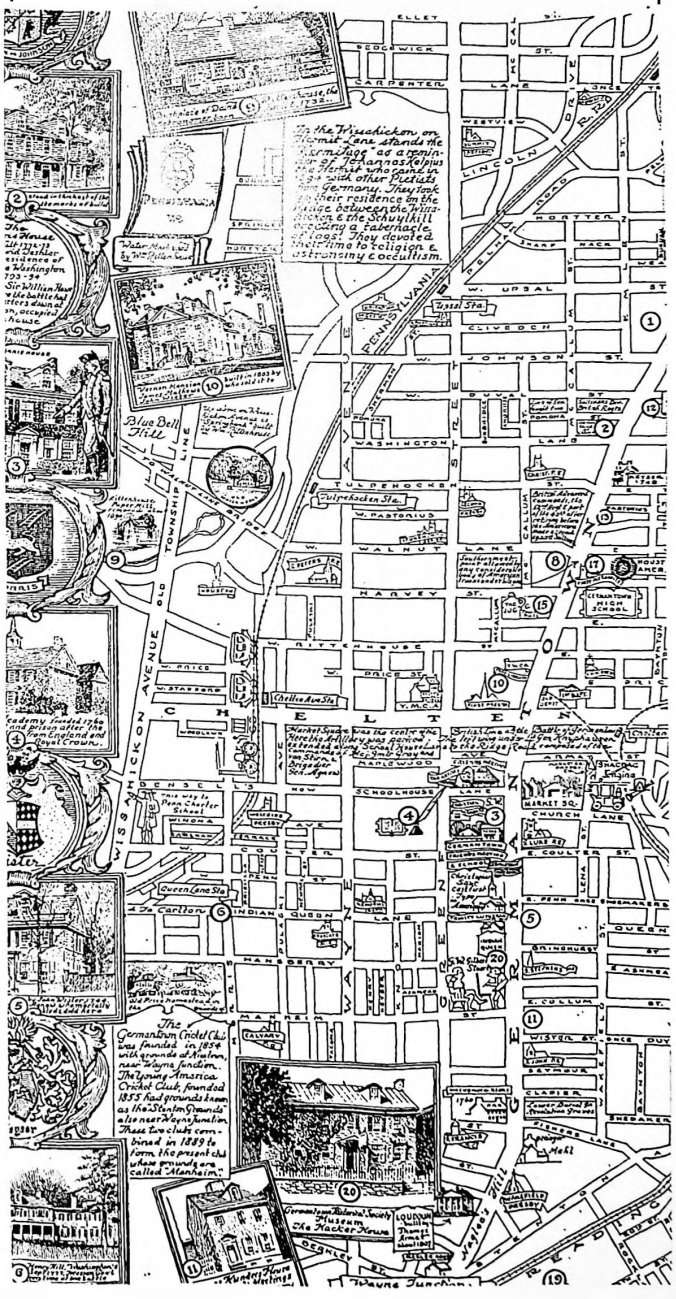
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 (*Continued from page 21*)

good score, and sometimes got his name on the cup. How proud I was of him and how handsome he looked in his tails and white waist coat, and how pretty mother was in her black lace dress and bunch of violets, a very good looking and popular pair.

Father belonged at Huntingdon Valley and played every Saturday and on holidays while he was still in business and several times a week when he retired. The fact that he got so much regular exercise kept him well and strong, altho his slim figure gave him a delicate appearance. He always looked well turned out in his clothes and was the tailor's joy in his well cut suits, which he wore for years. In later life his hair was a beautiful white, none of his children have as yet acquired such crowns.

About 1910 "the Otter Creek Lumber Company" folded up, and a few years later the "Beaver Creek Lumber Company" followed suit. Grandfather Stokes, mother and Sam went to Europe that year, with Cousin Harry Cope as their guide. Father, Evelyn and I stayed at home with side trips to Maryland and Jamestown. At this time father became a regular attender at Huntingdon Valley and the University Club while the Germantown Trust Company still continued his chief interest.

In October 1916 Howard and I were married and in June 1917 went abroad for what proved to be a two and a half year stay in France under the A.F.S.C. During this time, Grandfather Stokes having died in January 1917 mother thought it best to move into 704 Locust Avenue and take care of Aunt Hannah who with cataracts on both eyes, was living alone in the big house. Father accepted the change as he did with other inevitables and said nothing—altho he and Aunt Hannah did not get on very well together. He was fifty nine years at this time, and had declared that he had never been able to get his wife to live more than one half mile from her family—so I suppose he had given up the unequal fight.

However they lived on together apparently happily for many years. Aunt Hannah finally dying in November 1939 at one hundred years. I remember father saying when she died that as one of the older generation for the first time he felt his age—then 80 years. Sam and Evelyn were both married and all the seven grandchildren knew and loved their affectionate grandfather. In January 1946 their diamond wedding anniversary was celebrated with the help of some 80 guests, a closed in porch, and flowers everywhere. Mother's three bridesmaids were on hand—tho the three groomsmen were long since dead. Father made the quaint remark that "he thot they were too old for this sort of thing," but both he and mother looked beautiful and really enjoyed the party.



Mother at 704 Locust Avenue in 1920.

The first two grand children were married and the first great grandchild, Jane Mason Elkington, was born, named for father's mother much to his pleasure.

Father continued pretty well, going to town every day where he enjoyed his group of friends at the lunch table.

On April 25th he had a bad chest cold, but not being accustomed to coddling himself, would go to town in the rain. Apparently none the worse for a wetting, he spent the evening as usual reading by the fire until his regular hour of eleven. Sometime in the night, he fell in the bathroom, and the Doctor thought it a stroke. This proved a wrong diagnosis but he slowly became weaker and more hazy in his mind until at 7:15 P.M. on the evening of April 28th, 1947, in his 88th year he quietly breathed his last. Just seven months later, our precious mother followed him having declared on the day he was buried that "her life was over."

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