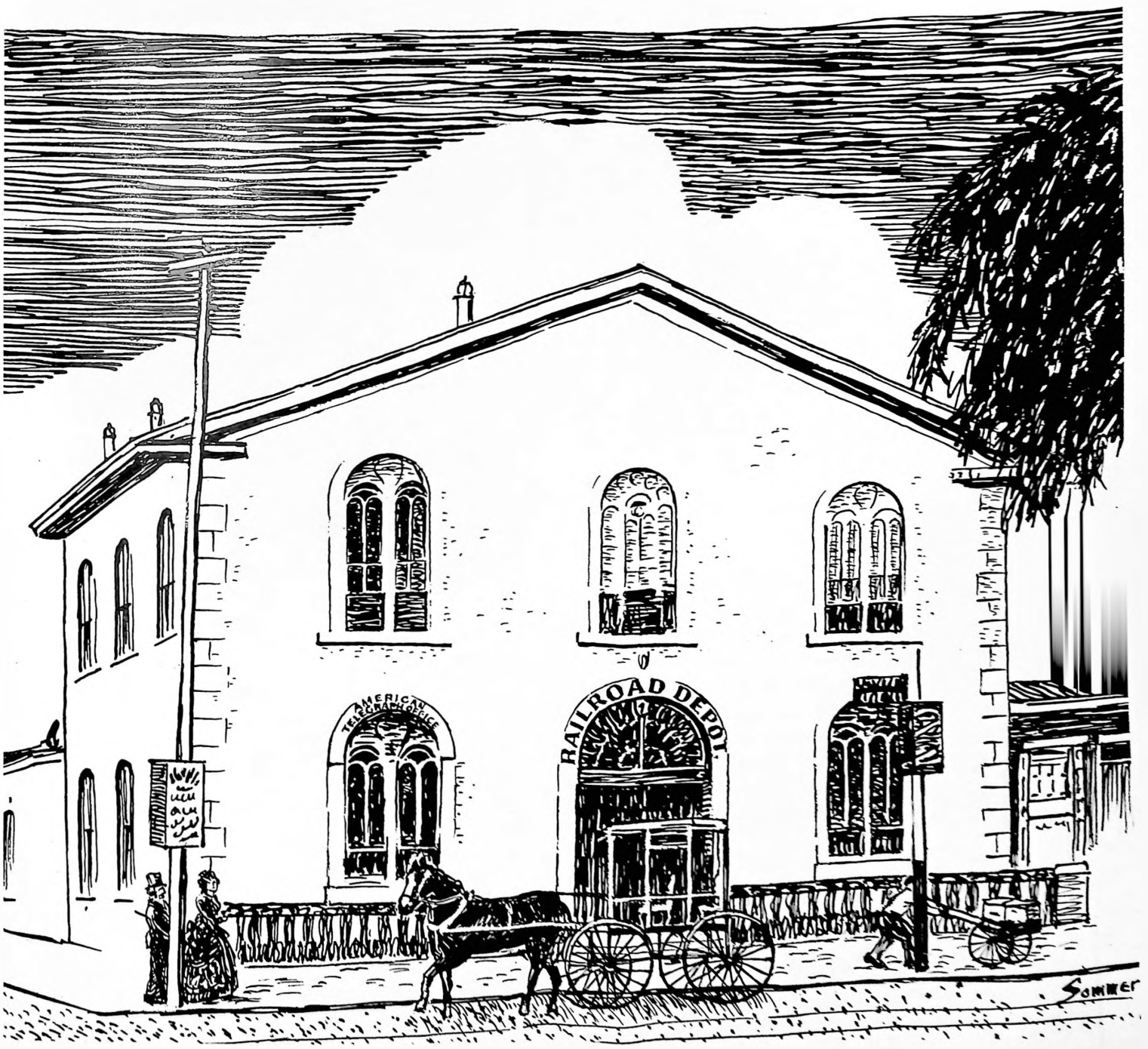
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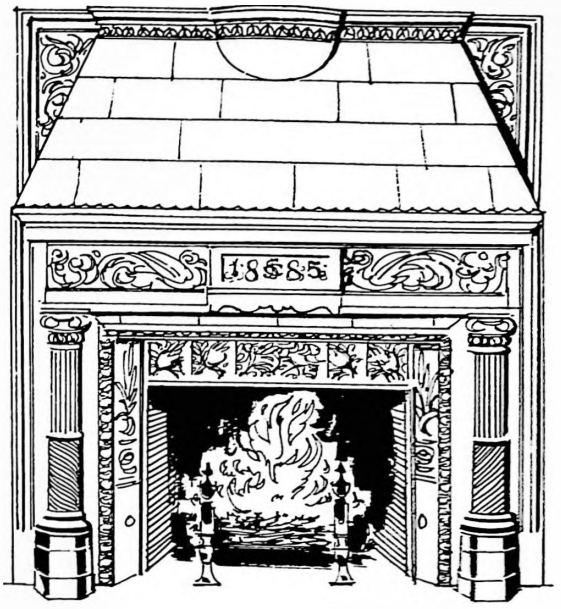
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The Germantown Historical Society is a nonprofit organization dedicated to sustaining and promoting the cultural traditions of Germantown—through the preservation of historic landmarks; the maintenance of a museum of relics, a costume museum, and a library; the sponsorship of lectures and tours; and the publication of articles relating to local history.

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SCHEDULE OF MEETINGS

March 18, 1965—Mr. W. Damon Childs, Chief of the Division of Renewal Planning of the Philadelphia City Planning Commission: "The New Plan for Old Germantown."

April 22, 1965—Miss Jean Lee: "Chinese Furniture."

June 10, 1965—The "Little Choir" of Germantown Friends School, performing in the garden of the Historical Society's museum (or, in case of rain, in the parish hall of Trinity Lutheran Church).

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Volume 17 | MARCH, 1965 | Number 1

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THE EBENEZER MAXWELL HOUSE

AT THE regular monthly meeting of the Germantown Historical Society held on February 18, 1965, it was announced that the Society had just completed negotiations to obtain a ten-year lease of the property known as 200 West Tulpehocken Street, with an option to purchase the premises at the end of that period. The announcement came as the climax of a spirited campaign to preserve the picturesque Victorian mansion which occupies the premises, and which had been scheduled for demolition by its owner, the Unitarian Universalist House of the Joseph Priestley District.

The campaign to stave off the bulldozers was spearheaded by the Germantown Historical Society, the Philadelphia Historical Commission, and Colonial Germantown Inc. Particularly notable were the efforts of architect Henry J. Magaziner, a member of the board of the Germantown Historical Society, whose coordinating influence was largely responsible for the favorable outcome of negotiations to save the historic structure.

In recent months this Tudor Victorian architectural gem has been the object of a widespread and unprecedented surge of interest in the Victorian heritage of the local area. The house has been publicized in many newspaper articles published not only in Philadelphia, but in other large cities as well. It was also featured on a local television program and as part of a tour of Germantown houses.

The twelve-room building has frequently been referred to as the "Charles Addams house," being nicknamed for the well-known cartoonist whose macabre sketches for *The New Yorker* magazine depict a spooky house which strongly resembles the building on Tulpehocken Street, and which may, in fact, have been inspired by that building, as Mr. Addams was at one time a resident of Germantown. Actually, the structure at 200 West Tulpehocken Street might more properly be called the Ebenezer Maxwell house, as it was built for a merchant of that name in 1859.

The Germantown Historical Society plans to use the building as a Victorian museum, where it will display furniture and other artifacts of the appropriate period, many of which items will be on loan from the Philadelphia Museum of Art. While the exterior of the Maxwell house has remained practically unaltered since its construction 106 years ago, the interior of the future museum building will require extensive restoration, and the Germantown Historical Society has set the goal of obtaining $100,000, which will be needed to lease and restore the structure. Donations, which are tax-deductible, are urgently requested. They will be gratefully received by the Society's treasurer, Mr. Wallace S. Martindale, Jr., 720 Westview Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19119.

OLD LOVE LETTERS

By ELIZABETH REEVES HUMPHREYS

In the hidden places of the heart,
Hung with the tapestries of life,
Are golden memories,
Stored away
Against the day
Of need.
Here the spirit lives again
Its rainbow hours—
Sees the faces, sees the hands,
Of those who wove these strands
With the soul's invisible powers.
I hear a melody of voices,
A symphony of laughter,
And always—always—the lilting lyric of love—
And my heart rejoices.

Through all life there runs
A darkened thread,
But in these living letters,
Dear beyond belief,
The shining filament of gold,
In all its radiant glory,
Calls out to grief,
"Behold!
Love cannot die!"
And into the heart's deep-hidden place
Reaches the hand of ineffable grace.

HISTORIC GERMANTOWN

HISTORIC GERMANTOWN FROM THE FOUNDING TO THE EARLY PART OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, an authoritative book on local history and architecture, is recommended to all who have an interest in Germantown. This book (150 pages, 9½ by 12 inches), published by the American Philosophical Society in 1955, was written by Harry M. Tinkcom, Margaret B. Tinkcom, and Grant M. Simon.

Photographs of historic buildings in Germantown, Mount Airy, and Chestnut Hill, descriptions of the architectural features of these structures, and measured floor plans of the buildings, drawn by Mr. Simon, comprise a large part of the book. Also included is a concise general history of Germantown by the Doctors Tinkcom, a detailed map showing the locations of local historic sites and landmarks, and a bibliography of Germantown.

This substantial volume is available for $5.00, plus a mailing charge of 50¢. Orders for the book may be sent to:

Captain Edmund A. Crenshaw, Jr.
519 Pelham Road
Philadelphia, Pa. 19119

Checks should be made payable to Captain Crenshaw.

MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

The Germantown Historical Society welcomes new members. Privileges of membership include attendance at all lectures, tours, and other functions sponsored by the Society. Members also receive current issues of the GERMANTOWNE CRIER without charge. Society dues are as follows:

Life (payable quarterly or at once)	$100.00
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Annual	6.00
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Interested persons are invited to obtain further information by contacting the chairman of the Membership Committee:

Mrs. Arthur E. Weil
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SMALL-TOWN BOYHOOD

By Judge Harold D. Saylor

Illustrations by George W. Sommer

SOME years ago an extremely successful New York businessman told me that he was sorry his son had not had such a youth as he had himself enjoyed in a small town in Massachusetts. He said that Tommy had all the advantages of a luxurious life in New York, attended the theatre and the opera, danced with debutantes until all hours of the morning, and generally enjoyed the life of a city-bred young man with wealthy parents. But, said my friend, Tommy had never had any real fun. At no time had he been on his own roving the countryside in all seasons, getting chased by dogs while stealing fruit, falling through the ice on a pond while skating, and going home soaking wet. He had never fished for his dinner or run errands for his mother. He had never known a swimming hole, a dose of poison ivy, or a stomach ache from eating green apples. Those things were fun, and no boy should escape them. In short, Tommy had not lived a boy's life, and now he could never be anything but a matured man.

Often I have thought of those remarks and have realized what a lucky fellow I was to have been born and raised in a small town—not too far from the city to be denied its facilities and amenities at times, and not too near to lose constant contact with the simple life and the world of nature. I grew up close to that world. Never have I ceased to love it.

Never have I regretted that, whatever happened to me in maturity, I had a happy boyhood. What though there were attacks of the mumps, measles, chicken pox, whooping cough, and even congestion of the lungs and typhoid fever in the days when there were no miracle drugs—I always got well. The family doctor, in league with nature and a good physical inheritance, pulled me through each time. One learned to respect his body and to take care of it as the only vehicle one would ever have for what he wanted to be during a long journey through life. We read of the Greeks and the early Romans and marvelled at their accomplishments. Their sculptured figures made us anxious to copy their interest in games so that we might have healthy bodies like theirs. As Christians, nevertheless, we felt sorry for the millions of them who must have died without salvation, having lived before Christianity came to mankind. With that added convenience and solace to life we figured that we could keep healthy and grow to be over a hundred years old and see three centuries of life in our wonderful country.

Without forethought or plan, however, as boys we did the things that other small-town boys did, and we enjoyed to the full the life of our town and of the nearby countryside. It was the easiest thing in the world to lead there a wholesome, active, vigorous boyhood.

Public school began when we were six. The kindergarten days were over. Our first pair of suspenders came in first grade. It was not later than seven o'clock in the morning that we appeared in them at school to show our contemporaries that we were now big boys. Hopscotch was given over to the girls. Tag and other schoolyard games launched us into the life of happy play.

Outdoor Games and Diversions

Hide-and-seek came first. One counted from one to ten or twenty-one while he leaned his head against a tree or a pole. The latter was sometimes preferred as the hum of the electric current coming down through the wood was an attraction. As we grew older, we counted in fives up to a hundred, and fast work we made of it once we got into the rhythm.

Run-sheepie-run and prisoner's base came next. The former did not seem popular in our town. Prisoner's base was most conveniently fitted into the road area of a wooden bridge over the deep cut where the railroad ran. The space was just right, and the electric arc lighting was perfect. The only thing we did not like about the place was the horse manure that seemed to accumulate over the years in great drifts at the corners of the bridge, where "home" or "base" was marked off. When a player was imprisoned there, he was allowed to lay down his cap and coat to extend the prison boundary. With his foot touching the extended sleeve, he stood closer to his side, which made his release easier. But how fast we ran out from our base line to intercept a would-be rescuer! Of course we would not tolerate a prisoner using any coat or cap other than his own.

Mumbly-peg and "pussy," sometimes called duck-on-a-rock, were also games. A stout broomstick bat and a tough broomstick "duck," sharpened at one end, were much in demand. What joy it was to sock the duck far, far away and make it harder to throw it back to the "rock" accurately.

Our mothers made bags for us, in which we kept our marbles—clay pellets that came painted in a variety of shiny reds, greens, blues, tans, and browns. The "aggies," or, as some called them, the "glassies," were of glass, stone, or china of mottled color or plain white. A circle drawn with a stick, a hole for "trollers," a knee pad perhaps, and a bag of marbles were all that one needed. And how good it was to come home some days with more of the common marbles than one

set out with. How humiliating to lose the whole lot and to have to make a resolution not to take all to a game thereafter, but to hoard the bright, shiny ones over the winter to give the pleasure of anticipation of the day when spring would come again.

In the spring and summer there were expeditions into the surrounding country. A favorite route was up the valley of some small brook, where passage was easy and only an occasional barbed-wire cattle fence presented any difficulty. We had all day to ourselves, so we took sandwiches. Sometimes we halted at a flat spot where high- and broad-jumping contests could be held. In the meadows we ran foot races. In the autumn the broomstick bat of duck-on-a-rock came in handy for knocking down the chestnut burrs. Yes, we had chestnuts in our childhood, before the blight came.

When we were big enough to go on all-day expeditions, we were big enough to own air rifles. The first one came after delivery of $2.40 raised from the sale of twenty-four "valuable pieces of jewelry" at ten cents each. After a week of intense effort among friends of the family, the greenish, brassy stickpins and rings were turned into bona fide United States currency, and the rifle arrived. What a joy to knock off the sparrows that abounded in the horse-and-buggy age, following John Bardsley's importation of them to destroy the Philadelphia caterpillars.

One day there was real tragedy. Aiming at a sparrow in a nearby maple, I shot and missed. Down from another branch fluttered a robin. How in the name of common sense could that be? I loved robins and would not harm one. Out there limping along the edge of the privet, the beautiful robin was easily captured. There was a small mark on one side of its breast. I had hit it. All of our nursing and feeding of chopped-up earthworms and bread crumbs was of no avail. It died. The funeral was properly conducted.

How could it have happened? The next time I went out to shoot sparrows I noticed a slight kink in the soft metal of the rifle barrel. Then I remembered how once I tripped over the rifle and must have bent it a bit. I sighted to the point of the kink and then saw that the far sight was off to the right of the line formed by the rear sight to kink. So the poor robin was perched precisely at the fatal spot. No one would believe my explanation, despite my willingness to swear to its validity.

When nearing our middle teens, with a .22 calibre rifle, we graduated from sparrow-shooting with an air rifle to sewer rat- and squirrel-hunting. In our opinion, killing the filthy, bedraggled rats was a real service to the community. We had our doubts, however, about doing away with red squirrels. One day we saw such a fellow high in an osage hedge. What a thrill for the hunter to come upon the hunted at rest! We took turns. Mine came first, and I missed; Stanley also missed. Each of us missed again. Was it a



dummy put there to discourage us? No, the tail moved! Or was it the wind that moved it? Were the little bullets that whizzed by causing a bit of hypnotism? The fifth shot struck—down came the squirrel, dripping blood. Now what to do?

My parents forbade firearms. My friend's parents did not. He had the carcass cooked at his hotel and had squirrel for dinner. I got the hide, which I tacked on a board. I salted the inside and cured it in the sun. It was a lovely addition to my bureau top, until the moths took over.

Years later I shot a rabbit and this time had it for dinner. Since then I have never, to my knowledge, harmed an animal. I still remember the little red squirrel. The bigger, badder gray ones which have driven off his relatives of later generations are trapped now and released far from the scene of their raids on bird feeders and the suet stick.

In the evenings, after supper, we boys took over the main street cartway for the kind of athletics our elders practiced. We borrowed tennis racquets and batted balls high into the air to be caught baseball fashion. In the fall we kicked footballs up and down the street. When a punt was caught, the receiver was allowed five steps forward, starting from the point where the catch was made—no nonsense about a running start to make the five steps longer. As the abler punter advanced down the street and approached the cross wires which held the copper wire for the trolley cars,

he attempted a drop kick. If he succeeded, he had five points.

Even after a horse and buggy came along at a fast trot and knocked me down and ran over me, I was not willing to give up those wonderful evenings in the dirt roadway. With the coming of the automobile, the borough fathers did something about the potholes and the ruts. Iron slag road material, which disintegrated with the rains, and over-abundant top-dressing, which was always either dust or mud, gave way to stone base and later to concrete. In time, what had been a handy athletic field became a modern highway where four-lane motor traffic took over permanently.

Naturally there was baseball. When, by common, if unspoken, consent, it was time to open the season in the spring, there was first the throwing of the ball back and forth in the side yard to get our arms limbered up. Then a bit of "one o'cat" with a string ball, or even a ball covered with skin. Always it was our hope to have not merely a twenty-five-cent ball but the regular horsehide "dollar and a quarter" that the leagues used. Once or twice we got scarred balls from the field where the local professional team played. This was not often, as finances did not permit any wastage. The one sure way to get through the gate to see the game was to retrieve a foul that had come over the fence or the stands behind the catcher. As I got along in my teens, however, I became friendly with one of the players, our postman, Ross, who let me carry his team's bats into the ballpark. What a thrill to be honored over those of my fellows who had to be content with a knothole, which might be too high for comfortable use!

Spectator sports were not then the big thing that they seem to be today. Even when the Cuban Indians came to town, we preferred our own game. Each of us was a potential star and had his own team, which meant that he was pitcher. Weren't Rube Waddell and Chief Bender great men? My team was called the American Association. It played when my turn came—perhaps three times in a season. Naturally, at other times I played on my friends' teams when their turns came, sometimes on the bases or, ignominiously, in right field. These games ran occasionally into such high scores that the local newspapers had doubts about publishing them, but publish they usually did. All of the little articles that we wrote for them contained an obligatory sentence, reading, traditionally, "A feature of the game was the pitching of ————," the captain of the day.

What memories come back with the smell of a baseball glove saturated with neat's foot oil, or with the feel of a hickory bat, or the sight of a onetime pasture where my team won a game! Even a steel-storage yard cannot altogether obliterate from the mind's eye such scenes of a happy youth.

Skating, Fishing, and Swimming

There was a substantial amount of snow some winters. Sleighs and burden-sleds came out of the stables and from the farms. What fun it was to ride to the Yellow House for chicken and waffles in the evenings and return home in the clear, sharp air. One could then see the stars while travelling at night. There was nothing to shut out either the cold or the view of the sky and of the black and white hills that the motorist in his heated car knows nothing about. With buffalo robes and a hardy body used to the out-of-doors, one did not mind the cold and the wind.

Snow-men and snow-forts were built whenever the materials were at hand. After a thaw the application of water, which would freeze during the night, made these creations longer-lasting. Snowballs were made in quantity to supply our arsenals, and they were used in battle or for sniping at unwary passers-by. We threw them at all and sundry males, but not at women and girls. For the latter, fresh, light, clean snow was the thing—especially for rubbing on the face or dropping down the back of the neck. Coal was used by some boys to make a hard core for a snowball, but most of us avoided that as not fair under our unwritten Marquis of Queensbury code.

When rain came in the winter, oftentimes it made an icy covering on the brick sidewalks which were universal in my boyhood. We grasped the chance to skate to school with a zest not experienced when we had only shoe leather against the ground. Wash-day draining and other water in the street gutters and at certain places on the sidewalks froze to give delight to those who never could get enough of the fun of long slides on the way to and from school. Slipping and falling into piles of sliders never called for anything but the jolliest of exchanges. Of course that was before the days of sanitary sewers in our town.

In the ponds along the Schuylkill we not only skated but we thrilled with what we called "tilly-tinker" as we moved over the ice fast enough to keep from going through it. The ice was just strong enough to hold us for a split second and thin enough to roll in waves as we flashed by. When on the river itself, we had to learn that where we swept the snow into piles the ice became too thin to bear even the weight of a boy. The lack of this knowledge often resulted in wet breeches. Then undressing by a wood-fire was the thing to do, however difficult it was to get into wet shoes after our other clothes were dry.

The old Schuylkill Canal was drained in the fall, and shallow water only a yard or two wide remained. When that froze, it was time for expeditions on skates. No mere skating around and around in a circle was good enough for us. We took off to Laurel Locks, to the northwest, or down the canal to Frick's Locks, halting at times to gather tender twigs of birch to chew the bark on our way. As the sun began to set, we built wood-fires on the bank to give additional glamor to an afternoon in the good, clean out-of-doors.

In summer that same canal or the Manatawny

Creek was the place for fishing. Suckers and carp were not sought, and, when caught, they were not welcome. Sunfish, white perch, bass, and catfish were our goals. An eight-inch "sunny" was just the thing to keep in the bathtub overnight (if we could get away with it), so that we might have fresh fish for breakfast. Who could quarrel with such provisioning of the family larder?

For some reason which even we never throughly understood, yellow perch were taboo. Where could we have gotten the idea that they were not edible? Surely getting our hands punctured by the sharp, spiny fins hurt us no more than did the fins of the "sunnies" or the stings of the "catties." Perhaps they were no different from what we called white perch. But there was the taboo just the same.

What hunger those fishing expeditions generated! Off soon after dawn, we walked miles to the favorite fishing holes. Whatever our luck with the coarse bamboo rod, the brightly painted bob, and the hook, we were always ravenous by ten o'clock, and the lunch was eaten. That meant that one of us had to hike back home to get more food, for it was unthinkable that we should quit fishing until late afternoon or early evening, whether the fish were biting or not. One time we even stayed on until dark, as we had put out what were known as night-lines, which, of course, had to be watched. When a father arrived with a hired carriage after considerable searching for our whereabouts, we had to give up and return regretfully with whatever supply of fresh fish we could bestow on our families.

Bait. That was always a matter of considerable discussion and moment. Earthworms were standard. Grasshoppers, baby toads and frogs, worms from a certain kind of tall reed in wet land, and grubs from rotting maple trees were always choice bait if they could be had. There were several aged maples whose trunks, properly probed near the base, yielded the fat, blackish-gray grubs. Rolling up the sleeve and reaching into the sawdust of the carpenter ants was a job that yielded worth-while results, and somehow running a hook through such a grub seemed less cruel than curving it through the back of a toad that might one day have become useful to a garden. We liked the fat "belly-go-rumpers," as we referred to the greenish-yellow bull-frogs that one member of our group mistook one night at a Y.M.C.A. camp on the Perkiomen for a cow in the camp field.

Of course there was swimming. My father had said that he would teach my brother and me how to swim, but it seemed that, busy lawyer that he was, he never had the time. We took the matter into our own hands and learned without any difficulty. The place was Manatawny Creek, near the old stone bridge that carried the pike to Reading. There older boys taught us the breast stroke. When we "made it" alone from midstream back to the grassy bank, we were swimmers from then on.

We taught others in turn. One day in the canal Stacy and I were showing a bigger boy, who was between us, how to use the breast stroke with proper timing of the leg thrust. He was doing so well that Stacy and I decided to race. Forgetful of our charge, we went nip and tuck up the canal side by side until we gave up exhausted, only to hear cries from our friend, who was floundering in deep water. Somehow we got back to him, but in our weakness we lost grip on the drowning boy and were ourselves borne down by him as with his arms around our necks we struggled together toward the bank. Meantime, Leonard, who was smaller than any of us, ran frantically up and down the towpath, screaming in utter helplessness.

When we got ashore, we took turns raising each other by the legs, so that the water could pour out. We all vowed never to tell anyone what had happened. Imagine our surprise when, hours later, standing on the street, we were told of a double drowning that afternoon in the canal. We pinched ourselves to make sure it was not about us that the talk was running. Then we learned that two boys and two girls had upset in a canoe only a hundred yards from where our near-tragedy had occurred an hour earlier.

Part of the fun of swimming was to hold the nose and to run and jump into the water with the cry, "Last one in's a sissy." Diving came later. That was hard to learn, as shallow water called for a shallow dive, and no one wanted either to strike bottom or do a belly-flop. Preferably a swimming hole had a tree overhanging the creek, with a wild grapevine on that tree to be used for swinging out over the water before dropping in. Left alone on the bank, a boy or two could indulge in the fun of tying shirt sleeves and long black stockings into knots, hard knots, causing



the owner to "chaw beef" in releasing the knots in order to dress.

Swimming was an all-day affair. In very hot weather we set out early in the morning for the Manatawny Creek or the canal. By noon we were on our way home for dinner, only to walk miles back to the water to swim again in the afternoon, and sometimes to repeat the process after supper. By that time we were practically waterlogged, and energies had diminished. That led to the less active exercise of standing on bottom and cracking stones together to give some slightly excruciating pain to those swimmers whose ears were under water.

Chores and Treats

Of course, life was not all beer and skittles, or "fun and games," as the expression now goes. There was work to be done. The least interesting and most intolerable chore was weeding the flowerbeds and the lawn. There were no chemicals to kill off the dandelion and plantain. A direct personal attack was necessary. On our knees for hours, we plied wide-tipped screw drivers to get down to the bottom of the roots and pull out the hated weeds. We knew that dandelions were pretty and that it was pleasant to rub the flowers beneath girls' chins, as we did with buttercups, but for us they represented drudgery and humiliating toil when creeks and woods of distant country lured us, or the baseball bat was heard cracking nearer home.

I suppose the most pleasant work was carrying the market basket. My mother loved going on Saturday morning to the market, where the farmers had good food to sell. There was scrapple and sausage, head cheese and cottage cheese, corn meal ready to be sliced and fried, tender garden lettuce, etc. After these had been bought I was given a large, round ball of golden popcorn stuck together with burnt sugar—food for the gods. No real chore going to market with mother.

There were many errands to run. In the days of my bicycle they were not chores either. They were opportunities to use the bike, a real coaster-brake, and to see what was going on about town.

There were pears to be harvested. In my grandfather's garden the tall Bartlett trees with a wealth of fruit just called for a small boy to pick it. Up one went on a ladder carrying a basket with a hook to be fastened to a branch. A wire plucking basket at the end of a short handle was used when the big pears were beyond hand's reach. My grandfather, with his white chin-beard, stood below me, looking up to watch my progress and to receive the basket when let down on the rope and to warn me from time to time to take care. This job was thrilling. It had a touch of danger to it, and, besides, the pay was twenty-five cents a tree, and there were two trees. That was the first money I ever made, and it was the best. We boys had no allowances until we were well on toward college age. Allowances were not always earned, then or now.

There were handouts, to be sure. On a Saturday night we sat on the Oriental rug on the front steps at grandfather's or at our own house. There came a time when watching the carriages and the pedestrians go by no longer held much attraction. Then a nickel from Aunt Sis or Mary or Grandpa would come in handy indeed. For five cents we could get six dippers of "dewdrops," three on one square piece of paper and three on another. These cool, sweet, cone-shaped desserts looked like ice cream, but, being made of skimmed milk, were far inferior in quality and could be sold for a penny a dipper. When the dewdrops were gone, the wet paper was occasionally slapped against boys' faces, but never in anger.

Other confections came along in time. There was the Klondike, a hard, frozen cube of ice cream, wrapped in waxed paper; the sorbetto, or frozen custard sandwich, peddled by an Italian from a cart that had a bell; and, in the candy shop, the all-day sucker and the jaw-breaker, at a penny each, with what seemed hours of enjoyment for each penny. Long pieces of licorice, resembling shoestrings, were also favorites. Plaited mint bars, lemon sticks, and mint canes were as much relished as the little nonpareils, thin chocolate lozenges with hundreds of tiny white mint beads on top.

At the drugstores we bought lime, lemon, cherry, and horehound drops, all nicely wrapped in small pieces of paper after being properly weighed. No packaged goods in those days. Part of the fun in spending a penny or a nickel for candy was in examining the trays of it in the showcase or the big glass jars on the shelves, coming to a decision, with difficulty, as to the choice, and then watching the wrapping-up before the rush out to the street and the beginning of the sugar orgy.

Likewise so in the grocery stores, little, if anything, except cornstarch or baking soda, came in packaged form. Canisters of tea and coffee, yellow mustard and ground ginger, dried peas and prunes, and nearly everything else from sugar and flour to pickles and herring, saltines and sweet cakes, came in bulk, ready to be measured out and put into paper bags. Down in the cellar was the molasses that could be pumped out of the barrel and the coal-oil for the lamps. What good smells, all mingled into one grand grocery smell! When the cellar doors were opened to the street, how welcome that smell was to the passer-by. How different from that of the paint store, the dry goods and the cobbler's shops, the pastry and the butcher shops, all of which had their distinctive and pleasant odors.

Food, Rabbits, and Drink

When fruit was in season, we knew where to find it at its source. Cherry-stealing it was, but we never thought of it that way. When we invaded someone's orchard and climbed a tree to enjoy oxhearts or well-ripened pie-cherries and to fill our blouses with them, we were really no different from the robins—not until

the "old woman" came at us with a stout broomstick, and we had to jump. With hundreds of cherries about our waists and a ten-foot drop to the ground, more or less in panic, it was an easy thing to strike the chin with the knees and to cut our lower lip. One day John not only did that, but knocked his jaw out of joint as well. After running a safe distance he awkwardly mumbled that he couldn't move his jaw properly. But he began to chew cherries, and the jaw went back into place.

In grandfather's garden were some small pear trees having fruit within our reach that we thought superior to ambrosia, whatever that was. Was the pear a comice or a beurre d'Anjou? No such name ever came to our town, but the pears were there, pink-cheeked and yellow and full of juice. When eaten, they left only a small core, just right for throwing at one of the chickens which annoyed us with their everlasting scratching away at the graves of our favorite rabbits.

Rabbits! What a memory they recall. Jack and Jill, Brownie and Pinkie, they came and went; sometimes mysteriously, but never without regret did we lose one of them. No guinea pigs for us; hamsters had not been heard of. White mice, that was sissy stuff. Easter without a rabbit was like Easter without dyed eggs.

Well, we started off with a pair, and then another pair came, and then a pair arrived from a far-sighted neighbor whose children failed where we succeeded. Our grandfather had plenty of space for a rabbit house, custom-built would be the word today, where our pets were made comfortable in roomy cages, sufficient in number to permit separating the couples at the proper time. In a year and a half there were fifty-four rabbits. We knew a man who dealt in rabbits. Now and then, as the need arose, we carried a rabbit or two to him and got thirty-five cents a head. That was ours. Grandfather had only built the house and paid for one bale of clover-hay after another. But the rabbits were ours, and he did not object to our pocketing the proceeds.

As age grew upon us, we neglected the rabbits, and there was an end to the project. Rabbit house and rabbit smell all went out of our lives forever. Cats became more important. Not pet cats, but alley cats that harassed the chickens and scratched the bark off the new flowering trees my father had planted. The .22 rifle was the means of dispatching these heartless marauders. Perhaps it was a death deserved, but I had doubts about disposing of the bodies in a neighbor's back-yard privy. The possibility of even one more of the eight remaining lives worried me.

When it came to eating, we flourished on the kind of food made famous by the Pennsylvania Germans. For breakfast in the winter there was fried corn-meal mush to be eaten with molasses or maple syrup. There was soft mush to be mixed with sugar and milk in a bowl, and, of course, we had scrapple, accompanied by pickled cabbage stuffed in peppers, or sour red beets, or perhaps a bit of horseradish or tomato ketchup. Doughnuts or fastnachts dipped in cocoa were delicious, although for dunking we preferred the sweet breakfast cake our mother made every Saturday. How good it was when she was baking to clean the mixing bowl and the pans that always had margins of baked cake to scrape off and eat.

In the spring we revelled in tender dandelion cooked and served with a hot egg dressing mixed with small pieces of bacon. Baked ham, Sunday roast beef, an occasional steak, potatoes (German fried), etc., were the staples. Baked beans, full of molasses when they went into the oven, were always better on the second day, when they had that warmed-up purée consistency that rivalled the best of chestnuts.

When the first shad came up the Delaware, we were blessed with a fat roe shad brought to us by a relative from the city. He and his wife came in the late afternoon in an open touring car, wearing linen dusters, caps, or veils and goggles, after a more or less hazardous journey over the dirt road up the Schuylkill Valley. I am afraid that we were more concerned with their safe arrival than with their journey home after dinner, although, as we saw them disappear in the dark beyond the arc light, we did have some qualms about their getting there at last after possibly hours on the road.

When visitors came to the house of an afternoon, my mother had her own fruitcake and red currant wine for their refreshment. Every season she made the wine from our garden currants, and what the bees did not get from the brown jugs in which it was fermenting was a treat to our callers. Wine-making came to an end, however, when it was discovered that the supply in the cellar had been diluted with water by the man who had whitewashed the walls.

At Christmas time there was much activity in the kitchen, as cake-making took over the household. Sand tarts, kisses made of white of egg and sugar, nutcakes, chewy Scotch cakes much like oatmeal cookies, later on what we call brownies, maccaroons of hickory nuts or of black walnuts, and, above all, fruitcakes in quantity were the products. Nothing in this line was bought at a shop. Food materials came from the grocery or the nut trees. The cracking of the nuts and the chopping of the citron and the seeding of the large raisins called for work by the children that was made easier by the opportunity to sample the ingredients as well as the finished cakes.

Desserts included charlotte russe (with the right to lick the cream beater), floating island, tapioca in various forms, blanc-mange, cup custard, apple, blackberry, raisin, and shoofly pies, and, above all, strawberry shortcake. There was the sweet cake in two layers with beaten white of egg studded with berries on top and then browned in the oven. There was also the true shortcake, a bit sweetened and crowned with whipped cream. The success of either variety was due to the complete saturation of the space between the layers with chopped berries and their juice with a bit of butter and then, on top of all, an overwhelming amount of whole berries. Oh, joy!

Then too there were apple dumplings cooled with milk, sticky cinnamon buns, gingerbread covered with confectioner's sugar, and cherry pie, waiting to be cut so that the red juice could run out and sweeten the dough. No pie filler or overdose of cornstarch, such as factory pies possess to satisfy restaurant trade and avoid dispute as to the distribution of cherries and juice among the slices. Lemon meringue pie had plenty of lemon in the custard, which came out soft and inviting. Our slices were large and not walled stiff with only a suspicion of lemon.

What a loss to a boy's world when home-baking went out so generally! Bread was bread in those days. None of this anaemic stuff like foam-rubber, completely free of the wheat germ which has to be put back in the diet from jars despite the "enriching" of the lifeless bread by the squirting in of vitamins and other artificial rejuvenators of the staff of life.

Liquid refreshment came from lemonade or root beer made on the premises. There were no "belly-washes" of water and sugar and a label, with or without a tax on them. On a hot evening the block of ice in the refrigerator was scraped to make mounds into which was poured a fruit juice to provide a cool, sweet refresher.

Grandfather's house was two blocks up the street. It was a good place to run to, preferably impersonating a railroad engine, with or without a train. It was always necessary to run in order to save time, and sharp whistles were in order at each street crossing. Arrived there, we helped Grandpa cut up the fallen apples into schnitz for the winter pie supply, or we gathered twigs and branches for the fire under the great iron cauldron that came into action at the fall butchering or when the soap was made. As the soap cooled it was cut into manageable pieces to be put on newspapers in the attic to dry out. Not far away were the green Bartlett pears coming ripe under the eaves. Hams, sausages, and scrapple came from the butchering together with "speck" or bacon slabs. The rind, in time, was good for rubbing on our saws to keep them in trim. The scrapple was full of meat, and not doctored with too much corn meal. When we wanted scrapple we wanted meat and herbs. Corn meal came to the table on its own, a golden lot of energy.

Dry breakfast foods were unheared of until Force came on the market. Sunny Jim persuaded us to eat it with sugar and milk to make bone and muscle so that we would be big and husky. It was better than bread and milk, our former hot-weather breakfast dish. While it may not have made blacksmiths or athletes of us all, Force prepared us for shredded wheat and grape-nuts and all the other good, dry cereals that in time came to our table.

Holidays

New Year's Day meant little to us except an unusually good dinner. We were not concerned with resolutions, for we had nothing to resolve about. There was no wrong in what we did day by day and no need to turn over a new leaf. So we let the grownups make their resolutions and break them.

In February there were the birthdays of our two great Americans, Presidents Lincoln and Washington. Who could choose between them? We celebrated their birthdays by going to school as usual, but at home on February 22 we received hatchet-shaped boxes filled with hard candy-like cherries.

Valentine's Day was another matter. For mother and the girl we were taking a fancy to at the time, delicate lace-like creations of paper were the things called for, delivered by mail. For an unpopular teacher or the run ofour schoolmates, it was absolutely necessary to select a "humorous" valentine and to place it in the desk discreetly. Printed in colors on a single sheet of paper, bearing an explanatory and most libelous rhyme, and selling for a penny, this kind of vilifying missive was delivered to friend and foe alike. As for those received, it was fun to figure out who it was that sent them. No harm done, anyway, but an important day celebrated.

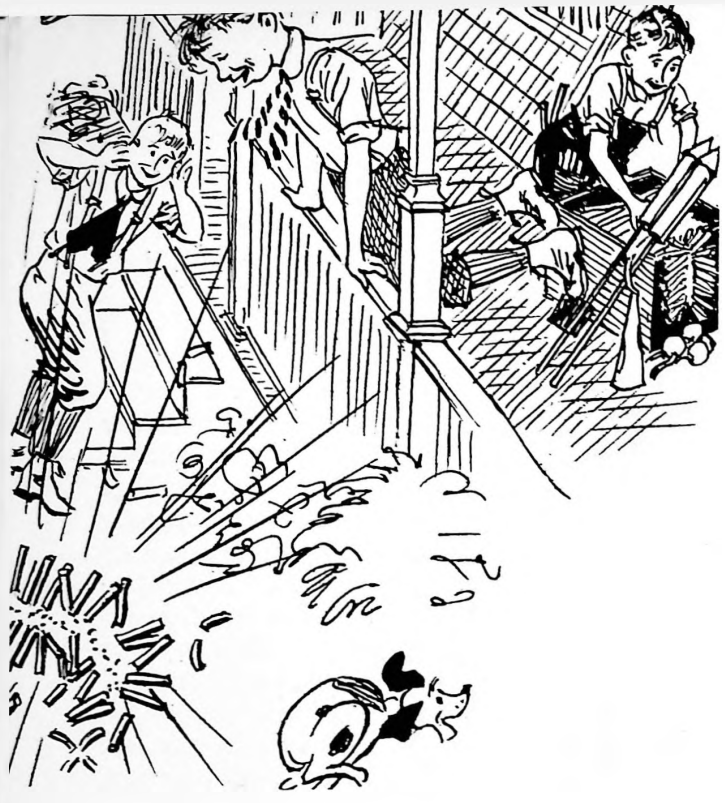
Easter Day meant the delivery to the Sunday school of the Lenten offering box of nickels, dimes, and quarters garnered here and there, especially from the sale of home-made fudge at thirty-five cents a pound. The family supplied the chocolate, milk, and sugar, while we children worked at the hot, coal-burning, kitchen stove and turned out a fair product that seemed to be more readily saleable than the "valuable merchandise" that came in reply to an inquiry inspired by an ad in the *Youth's Companion*.

On the great day itself there were nests of dyed hard-boiled eggs and chocolate-covered vanilla eggs filled with coconut and an especially sweet yellow "yolk." Best of all was the fun beforehand of helping the girls at Kitty Schwab's bakery decorate the chocolate eggs with curlicues and names and peeping into the huge egg in the store window where fairyland was seen.

Memorial Day was Decoration Day a half-century ago. The local G. A. R. Post mustered a hundred men, more or less, for the journey on foot to one of the cemeteries to place flowers on the graves. Spanish-American War veterans in felt campaign hats, blue flannel shirts, and khaki breeches joined the procession.

The war with Spain is remembered in a vague sort of way. One evening as the news of the battle of Manila Bay got around, we ran two squares to the Daily Ledger Building to read, written in chalk on a bulletin-board, the report of Dewey's victory. A few years later we were busy in the sand box when we were told that President McKinley had been shot by a madman with an unpronounceable name.

Well in advance of the Fourth of July we boys were busy acquiring an adequate supply of fireworks, principally noise-makers. The fireworks displays after dark, arranged by our elders, were interesting, but not as soul-satisfying as the firecrackers we ourselves set off. Chinese firecrackers in their red paper wrapping



and cannon crackers were our main requirements. For weeks before the great day we accumulated several shoe-boxes full of black-powder explosives. There was keen delight in unravelling the plaited fuses of the small crackers and in counting and recounting the larger ones that came singly. The best of the lot were the Old Glory Salute and Vesuvius No. 1. Either one of these cannon crackers could blast apart the stoutest wooden hitching post in town, and well we knew it. And either one, under a biscuit tin, could hurl the tin into the air to land on a roof, perhaps a hundred feet away.

When we were all set for the Fourth, we scanned the newspapers to see if the burgess had made a proclamation. Usually he did. Usually he forbade the discharge of firearms or firecrackers until dawn of the glorious day. Dawn, when was that? Was it when it grew perceptibly light, or when the sun came over the horizon? And on a cloudy or rainy day (unthinkable weather for a Fourth of July) how could one tell whether it was at five or six or seven o'clock? We had to make sure about this so as not to waste any time and let any other boy get into action before we did. That meant an early rising and a rush for the front door. My brother, who was older than I, was usually the first one out, but once I got ahead of him, only to be given a fast shove that sent me down the stone steps to land on my forehead. An egg appeared there, as it had done on other occasions, but it did not interfere with the main business of the day. Off went cannon crackers and little crackers, and the street began to smell like a battlefield without any dead or wounded.

Up the street, Mr. Taylor got under way with his celebration by mid-morning, when we were called in to help set off whole yards of crackers strung from tree to tree in all sizes and colors but all on one long string. What a banging that made, and when it was over, all too soon, the street was red with bits of paper.

There were other sources of noise and general bedlam. At the drugstore we bought bags full of sulphur and saltpetre, mixed the two in cigar boxes, and then carefully put spoonfuls of the mixture on the trolley tracks. When the car came along there was a steady succession of explosions. It was particularly gratifying when a row of our minor bombs was suddenly struck by a trolley car loaded to the running boards with passengers on their way to the ball game. How they jumped! If we exhausted our supply of the mixture, we fell back on round packages of paper caps that were almost as effective as noise-makers when discharged in bulk.

The real thunder, however, came from our armories of revolvers, fondly cleaned and oiled during the year and proudly worn in holsters on ammunition belts on the great day. Blank cartridges were fired from these lethal weapons, and a battery of six or eight of the .22, .32, or .38 calibre revolvers made quite a noise if all were rapidly discharged under the wooden awnings that used to cover sidewalks in front of the stores.

We were told that these "pistols" were dangerous and that it was a bad thing to parade them about. But we knew, of course, that they were not nearly as dangerous or as treacherous as a carelessly ignited "old glory salute" or a "whizz bang" or "whistling bomb" or even a "hisser." Sometimes our home-cured cat-o'-nine-tails had enough smouldering fire in it to set off a fuse when we thought it had gone out, and, before we knew it, off went the firecracker, with powder burns on the fingers resulting.

We were all a lucky lot in those days, for I do not recall that a single one of our crowd was ever really hurt—however close a call he may have had. No doubt we were a rather self-reliant lot, for we were on our own a good bit of the time and early in life learned how to take care of ourselves.

On Halloween we did not dress up, nor did we prolong our mischief over three evenings as pent-up youth now do. We worked havoc here and there in a short time. Wooden stoops and garden gates were carried away to a vacant lot. Privies were up-ended by the use of clothes-line poles properly applied at the eaves with two- or three-boy power at the other end of the pole. Well-ripened osage oranges were hurled against front doors. Cold Potatoes, the hack-driver, had to suffer the dumping of the seldom-used one of his two station carriages into a shallow spot in the Manatawny. Indoors, if there were a party, there was such tame amusement as bobbing apples. We never went in for pouring hot lead into anyone's keyhole.

It was not a matter of "tricks or treats." It was simply and solely tricks on Halloween, without warning. The damage we did was easily undone, and our field of activity in pre-automobile days was rather restricted. It was unthinkable, however, that we should not give vent to our inborn talent for creating mischief,

(Continued on page 26)

Rebuilding Germantown

A Progress Report . . . March, 1965

By Jack Hornung, *Executive Director*
Colonial Germantown Inc.

They shall rebuild the ancient ruins;
they shall raise up the desolations of old;
they shall renew the wasted cities. . . .
—Isaiah 61:4

ISAIAH'S directive to the ancient Hebrews is our challenge today. For, despite its many wonderful assets, Germantown has suffered certain "desolations": the exploitation or neglect of lovely old buildings; the impact of the automobile on a community which was laid out in the days of the horse and carriage; the psychological and economic shock on its "downtown" created by the development of outlying shopping centers; the rapid shift of a large proportion of the community's population; and the problems created for its institutions as a result of these factors. The mission of Colonial Germantown Inc. is to attempt to solve some of these inherited and accumulated problems.

Origins, Purposes, and Operations of the Corporation

Formed in 1956 for the purpose of restoring Market Square and its historic buildings, Colonial Germantown Inc. took on a broadened membership and scope in 1962 to spearhead the Germantown renewal effort. Stated in its simplest form, our objective is to make of Germantown an upgraded community of houses, apartments, businesses, industry, and institutions which will be second to none in the metropolitan area. Underlying this practical program are the principles of preserving our historic heritage and encouraging attractive, modern development. To realize these objectives, the Corporation's role is to initiate the necessary public and private programs, to be of assistance in the development and planning of these programs, and to do all within its power to see that these measures are actually carried out.

A broad and firm commitment to the renewal effort is reflected in the Board of Directors of Colonial Germantown Inc., which includes prominent individuals in the community and representatives of major businesses and key civic organizations. The members of the board and the organizations which they represent are as follows: Dr. Robert D. Anderson (Hamilton Savings and Loan Association), Earle N. Barber, Jr. (Germantown Community Council), Samuel M. Bodle (Fidelity-Philadelphia Trust Company), M. H. Callender (Girard Trust Bank), J. Melber Clarke (First Pennsylvania Banking and Trust Company), William A. Clarke (William A. Clarke Associates), Joseph K. Coxe (Reliance Federal Savings and Loan Association), E. M. Cushmore (Germantown Insurance Company), J. Marshall Delamater (Provident Tradesmens Bank and Trust Company), Miss Elma O. Dunning (C. A. Rowell, Inc.), L. Gene Gatter (Public Finance Service, Inc.), J. Malcolm Henderson (Kirk and Nice, Inc.), Nelson Jones (Girard Trust Bank), Hess Kline (George Allen, Inc.), Charles M. McCallister (National Drug Company), John Quereau (Leeds and Northrup Company), Alan Resendorph (Germantown Federal Savings and Loan Association), Arthur O. Rosenlund (Germantown Insurance Company), Judge Harold D. Saylor (Germantown Historical Society), Honorable William A. Schnader, Mrs. L. M. C. Smith, Mayor James H. J. Tate (City of Philadelphia), Edward J. Thomas (Germantown Saving Fund Society), Harry Williams (Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania), Charles H. Woodward.

The major policy of the Corporation is decided upon at quarterly or special meetings. Between full board meetings, the activities of the Corporation are guided by a five-man Executive Committee, which, acting within the broad framework of policy laid down by the full Board of Directors, is empowered to act for the Corporation. Present Executive Committee members are Messrs. Rosenlund, Thomas, McCallister, Barber, and William A. Clarke. On special problems the expertise and talent of various board members is drawn upon. Supplementing and assisting the Executive Committee are two special subcommittees, one on Zoning and the other on Community Relations.

Soon after its reorganization, the Corporation took measures to raise funds and employ a qualified professional staff. The solicitation of community support resulted in the pledging of almost $100,000 to finance the first three years of the Corporation's

Restored to its early appearance, the Bringhurst House, 5448 Germantown Avenue, is headquarters of Colonial Germantown Inc.





Row houses at 39 East School House Lane, before renovation.

operations. The search for an executive director resulted in my coming with the Corporation in May of 1963. I bring to the work a background of professional training and experience in both governmental and private aspects of urban renewal. We have been fortunate in having, through the courtesy of the Old Philadelphia Development Corporation, the consulting services of that organization's executive vice-president, Mr. William L. Rafsky, formerly the City's Development Coordinator. We are also fortunate in having, as our legal counsel, Mr. William A. Schnader, of Schnader, Harrison, Segal, and Lewis. Completing our administrative set-up, Miss Mary Winstanley, an experienced and highly capable executive secretary, came with us soon after I arrived. Our attractive second-floor offices in the Bringhurst House, on Market Square, are provided through the generosity of the Saving Fund Society of Germantown.

Initial Activities

Simultaneously with the 1962 reorganization of the Corporation, we reached an understanding with the City to undertake joint local and city action programs. This understanding was reached with the backing of Mayor James H. J. Tate, who has maintained a strong personal interest and support for our effort. On our side of the agreement the first step was to secure a responsible educational institution to occupy, restore, and maintain the historic grounds and buildings of the Germantown Academy after the completion of that institution's move to Whitemarsh, in September, 1965. Many institutions were initially contacted, including Penn State and Temple Universities. Negotiations with the Missouri Synod of the Lutheran Church of Philadelphia, which were begun early in 1962 and concluded recently, have resulted in the agreement of that institution to establish in the Germantown Academy buildings a new Philadelphia Junior and Senior High School of the Lutheran Church, Missouri Synod, of Philadelphia. The plans for this school call for retention of the basic plant with minor modifications and full restoration of the four historic structures.

To carry out its part of the understanding with Germantown community leaders, the City's first step was to appropriate funds for a special planning study of Germantown. This study was carried out under the auspices of the City Planning Commission. The Commission retained the firm of Magaziner Architects, who, in collaboration with Wright, Andrade, Amenta, and Gane, completed the study known popularly as the "Magaziner Plan," named after its chief author, Henry Magaziner. This study, which constituted a necessary stage in the renewal process, produced many interesting and useful proposals and laid the groundwork for the second major step in the process.

Redevelopment in Central Germantown

This second step was the delineation of the new Central Germantown Urban Renewal Project and the application by the Philadelphia Redevelopment Authority for planning funds and a capital grant reservation from the federal government. The geographical area covered by the project consists of about 100.9 acres, located mainly south of Chelten Avenue and west of the Reading Railroad, and extending as far as West Penn Street and Wayne Avenue at its southern and western extremities. The public cost, to be shared by the city and federal governments, is expected to amount to seven million dollars, and private investment is expected to greatly exceed that amount.

The general objectives of this project are:

1. To assist four major institutions—the new Lutheran School, the Germantown Friends School, the Germantown Boys Club, Saint Luke's Church.

Row houses at 39 East School House Lane, after renovation—now used as the office of Hassinger and Schwam, architects.



2. To restore Market Square.

3. To improve the appearance and operation of the business district.

4. To provide increased parking space and eliminate traffic congestion.

5. To create additional employment.

6. To provide new and rehabilitated housing.

The City's application was approved by the federal government last September. The Redevelopment Authority has retained, as its major planning consultant, the firm of Bower and Fradley, Architects, and their work is now under way.

Closely related to the Central Germantown Urban Renewal Project is the adjacent Morton Urban Renewal Project, located to the northeast of Chelten and Germantown Avenues and now in the execution stage. When the two projects are taken together, it can be seen that about three-fourths of the heart of Germantown is under some form of renewal program.

Colonial Germantown Inc. is assisting in the development of plans for these projects, and, as the plans are completed in detail, we will be playing another important role—that of securing private investors to carry out the proposals. Under the renewal program, the government's role is to develop plans, remove badly deteriorated buildings, and install certain public improvements, such as roads. But the bulk of the development has to be carried out by private investors. It is in this area that a corporation such as Colonial Germantown Inc., public in purpose but privately sponsored, can help to bridge the gap between government agencies and private enterprise.

Related City Programs

Complementing the Central Germantown and Morton Redevelopment Projects are several closely related planning measures. Of these, the largest in scope is the Northwest District plan, which is now about half completed. In this plan, long-range programs are being developed for traffic, land use, public facilities, and zoning. The area covered stretches northwest from Wayne Junction to the city boundaries. This program of the City Planning Commission will have a direct bearing on the solution of many of our problems in Central Germantown. In addition, Central Germantown's continuance as the cultural and business hub of the northwestern area of Philadelphia will be closely related to these plans.

The Planning Commission is also developing detailed intermediate-range plans and programs for a large portion of Germantown, extending approximately from Wayne Junction to Sedgwick Street between the Reading and the Pennsylvania Railroads. The results of this study will guide us in programing future public and private renewal actions within Germantown and in prescribing the appropriate type of development for each neighborhood in the area.



Attractively maintained nineteenth-century houses at 126-128 West Queen Lane.

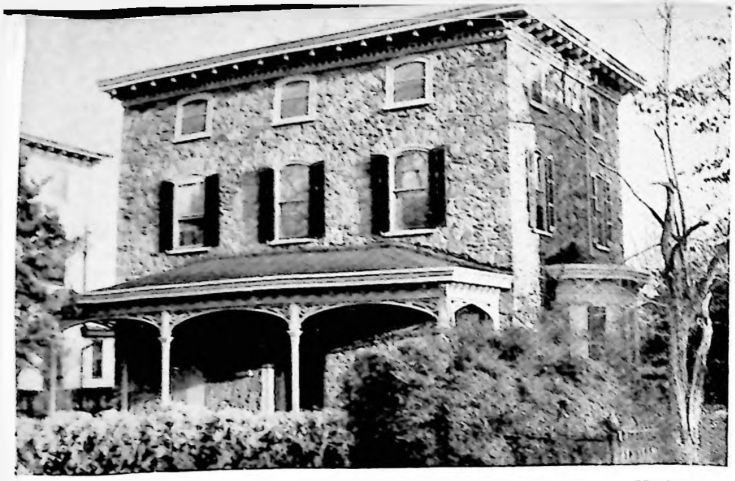
A key to the success of the general effort to upgrade our community is the special Ford Foundation-supported Germantown Schools Study. We know that if we are to maintain a cross-sectioned family balance, we need not only a good, but an outstanding public school system—one which is competitive in every respect with our best suburban systems. Therefore Colonial Germantown Inc. has helped to initiate and fully supports the efforts of the Board of Education in this most important undertaking.

The purposes of this study are to accurately project the public-school needs of the entire community and to develop a dramatic and high-quality program to insure that these needs will be met. We hope that the solution developed will focus on a cluster of school facilities in the heart of Germantown. The firm of Space Utilization Analysis, Inc., of Los Angeles, is the major consultant. Work is under way and is expected to be completed by mid-1965 in order to incorporate the recommendations into the 1966 capital program of the Board of Education.

Historical Preservation

In an old and venerable community such as Germantown, great care must be taken to insure that valuable historical buildings are not destroyed, but instead preserved, restored, and featured as a key part of a renewal program. To help provide a general framework and atmosphere for preservation, the Corporation cooperated last spring with the National Park Service in a special survey of Germantown. We hope that the survey will result in a large section of the community being declared a National Historic District, providing both prestige and publicity for the old town.

Another important historical-preservation measure is being undertaken in connection with the Central Germantown Renewal Project. To help guide the Redevelopment Authority and its consultants, the Authority has contracted with the Philadelphia Historical Commission to do research, inspection, and evaluation of all possible historic sites and buildings, including Market Square, within the project area.



A pleasant Victorian dwelling at 120 West Tulpehocken Street.

In this way, these sites and buildings can be integrated into the renewal effort. Incidentally, this contract is the first formal arrangement of its type in the City's renewal effort.

We also work on important historic buildings with a view toward getting them into responsible and good use. Our work on the Germantown Academy campus is an example of this. Another example is the effort we are making to locate the permanent postal substation for Germantown into the building formerly used as the Reading Railroad station, at Germantown Avenue and East Price Street, a building of historic value which could be handsomely restored. We also try to encourage and be of general assistance to persons desiring to purchase historic houses for their own residential use. All of these efforts complement, rather than duplicate, the fine work being done by the Germantown Historical Society and other groups working in Germantown.

Private Development

In recent years there has been a good deal of private, individual renovation work undertaken in Germantown. While perhaps less dramatic than redevelopment programs, these developments are equally important because they reflect new people, new investment, and a resurgence of confidence in the community. Examples of such improvements in residences, businesses, and institutions can be seen in many parts of Germantown.

Two private residential projects deserve special mention. The first of these, which is now almost completed, consists of the construction of ten new town houses and the rehabilitation of two adjacent houses on Queen Lane and Wissahickon Avenue. These handsome buildings replace a row of dilapidated garages and other buildings which formerly occupied the site. Even more striking will be the National Award-winning "Pastorius Mews" development, which will be under way this spring. The imaginative plans for this project, drawn up by Philadelphia architect Louis Sauer, provide for the retention and improvement of the large Victorian houses on West Walnut Lane and Tulpehocken Street between Greene Street and Wayne Avenue. On the unused rear lots of these houses, clusters of well-designed court or town houses will be developed around Pastorius Street, an old carriage lane. Insofar as possible, the existing carriage houses there will be renovated and integrated into the new development. These privately-sponsored and imaginative projects will have an impact on Germantown beyond the improvement of the immediate area in which they are located, for, as these projects prove successful, other developers will be encouraged to follow the example.

The Germantown Arts Association, with its location in the Shelmerdine Mansion at 269 West Walnut Lane, is another example of a fine private development which will do much to enhance Germantown as a highly desirable place to live. Not only will it serve the artistic needs of both professionals and the public, but already it has done much to strengthen community pride and involvement. Colonial Germantown Inc. fully endorses this venture and regards it as an important component of the general renewal effort.

Zoning

New development throughout Germantown is controlled largely by the city's zoning code and by actions of the Zoning Board of Adjustment. We therefore actively participate in important zoning cases in cooperation with the appropriate neighborhood group and the Zoning Committee of the Germantown Community Council. Our policy is not only to oppose unwise developments, but, wherever possible, to encourage solutions which we believe are consistent with good planning principles, are in the interests of Germantown, and are acceptable to both neighborhood groups and developers. Pastorius Mews, previ-

"Queenbridge" town houses under construction at 534-554 West Queen Lane.



ously mentioned, is an example of such a zoning solution. Another example is a new, attractive, and high-quality apartment house to be erected at Wissahickon and Chelten Avenues.

Publicity

A good deal of effort goes into publicizing both our Germantown assets and the renewal effort for the future. To this end we work closely with the *Germantown Courier* and the city-wide newspapers, as well as with other news media. In addition, several brochures are now under way or completed. One brochure, being prepared in cooperation with the Germantown Historical Society, is designed to attract visitors to Germantown. Another is an illustrated booklet explaining and illustrating the major architectural styles of Germantown. A third is a leaflet designed to attract new residents to the community. The Corporation also assisted in the development of a new "Guide to Philadelphia," which is being published by the *Greater Philadelphia Magazine*. A section of this guide will list all of our historic buildings and supply information about these structures.

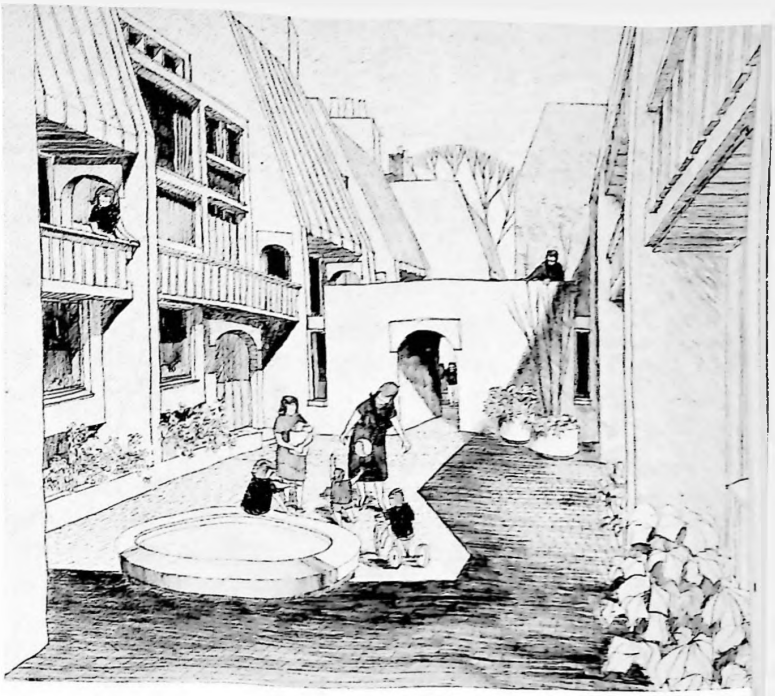
While newspaper articles and brochures are useful, we have not limited our publicity efforts to these media. We have spent considerable time meeting and talking with interested groups within our community and elsewhere. Some fifty-five talks have been given to neighborhood groups, business organizations, service clubs, and other interested parties.

An extensive slide collection has been prepared by the Corporation. This collection includes views of our historic houses, other interesting buildings, the Wissahickon Valley, major institutions, scenes of community life, and plans and sketches for the future.

Together with the Historical Society, we cooperated with the Board of Education in helping to arrange their new and extensive program to acquaint the school children of our community with their historical heritage. This program will involve special studies, illustrated lectures, and guided tours.

Prospects for Success

There are a number of larger forces which we believe are working in our favor to help us realize a renewed Germantown. We know that the population of our country is still rapidly growing, and that this growth is concentrated in the large metropolitan areas such as Philadelphia and its environs. Most of this population is experiencing a surprisingly high growth in real income, permitting a greater freedom of choice in selecting a neighborhood or house. Within this growing and affluent population there is a segment of undetermined proportion that desires to live in the city. This group, already represented by many present residents, wants neither center-city nor suburban living, but instead wishes to reside within the city in an identifiable community which combines the best features of both the city and the suburb.



Prospectus of the interior courtyard of Pastorius Mews, 239 West Walnut Lane, designed by architect Louis Sauer.

With its interesting houses representing many periods of architectural history, its open green space, its excellent public transportation and access to major highways, and its convenient "downtown" with depth-shopping and related institutions, Germantown physically meets these needs. In addition, the community offers a tremendous richness in its diverse and interesting population and its many types of associations and organizations. Underlying this social and physical richness is our incredible historical legacy, a history which is recalled and made vivid by many restored, ancient buildings. Thus, when we take stock of our assets and then look around this metropolitan area and others across the nation, making comparisons, we are impressed with the rare opportunity that is ours. It seems to us, therefore, that we have every reason to believe that Germantown has a future of unlimited possibilities as an extremely attractive residential community in one of America's great cities.

Conclusion

We stand today on the threshold of a new era for Germantown. A fresh spirit of confidence and pride is abroad in the old town. Our assets are recognized and will be strengthened. We have come to grips with our problems. In the years immediately ahead, the studies, analyses, and plans now under way will be completed and translated into action programs. They will be carried out by many agencies of government, private businesses, institutions, developers, and residents. To initiate and help develop these plans, to assist in their being carried out properly, to encourage healthy trends already under way, to prevent further deterioration in any parts of our community —these are the tasks to which we address ourselves. To these tasks and to the rebirth of a great community, the directors and staff of Colonial Germantown Inc. pledge their continuing and untiring efforts.

In the Shadows of Remembrance

By MARTHA D. TOURISON

Flushing Bay, Long Island, 1898
Site of the New York World's Fair, 1964

In the shadows of remembrance
The bay is surging toward me,
Semicircling the shore.
Wavelets, like errant children
Running swiftly from the parent,
Seek a calmer haven in the cove.
There too my spirit lingers.
No drone of flying airships breaks the quietude—
Only the sound of lapping water
And the cries of the gulls from the marsh.

Never return to those haunts of childhood,
Hidden now from the eyes forever.
Changed is the shore; gone is the cove—
Living only in the shadows of remembrance.

Report of the Relics Committee

THOMAS VON TROTT, *Chairman*

The Germantown Historical Society gratefully acknowledges the following gifts:

From **Miss E. Trotter,** formerly of Chestnut Hill, now of Norristown, Pennsylvania: an elaborate doll house, completely furnished, measuring three feet by five feet; complete seven-piece toilet set (Victorian, 1870); two-drawer blanket chest (period 1850); clerk's desk (period 1780); Victorian love seat (1850); Waterford hanging lamp for hallway (1770); oil painting, "Lions" (period 1880); and many other small items.

From **Mrs. G. Bruce Staples,** of Mount Airy: Forrestville clock (period 1840).

Publications of the Germantown Historical Society

Magazine

The GERMANTOWNE CRIER, published in March, May, September, and December, is available at the subscription rate of $1.00 annually.

Nearly all of the sixty-three past numbers of the CRIER are currently available. A complete assortment of available back issues may be had for $5.00, plus a mailing charge of 75¢.

Pamphlets

BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN..... 25¢
EARLY GERMANTOWN..... 25¢
by Judge Harold D. Saylor
WASHINGTON VISITS GERMANTOWN..... 25¢
by Charles F. Jenkins

Orders for the above publications may be sent to:
Edwin Iwanicki
1625 Rowan Street
Philadelphia, Pa. 19140
Checks, payable to the Germantown Historical Society, should include mailing charges as listed or 25¢ per order of pamphlets or single numbers of the magazine.

A Map of
Historic Germantown

Designed by J. Riegel, Jr.

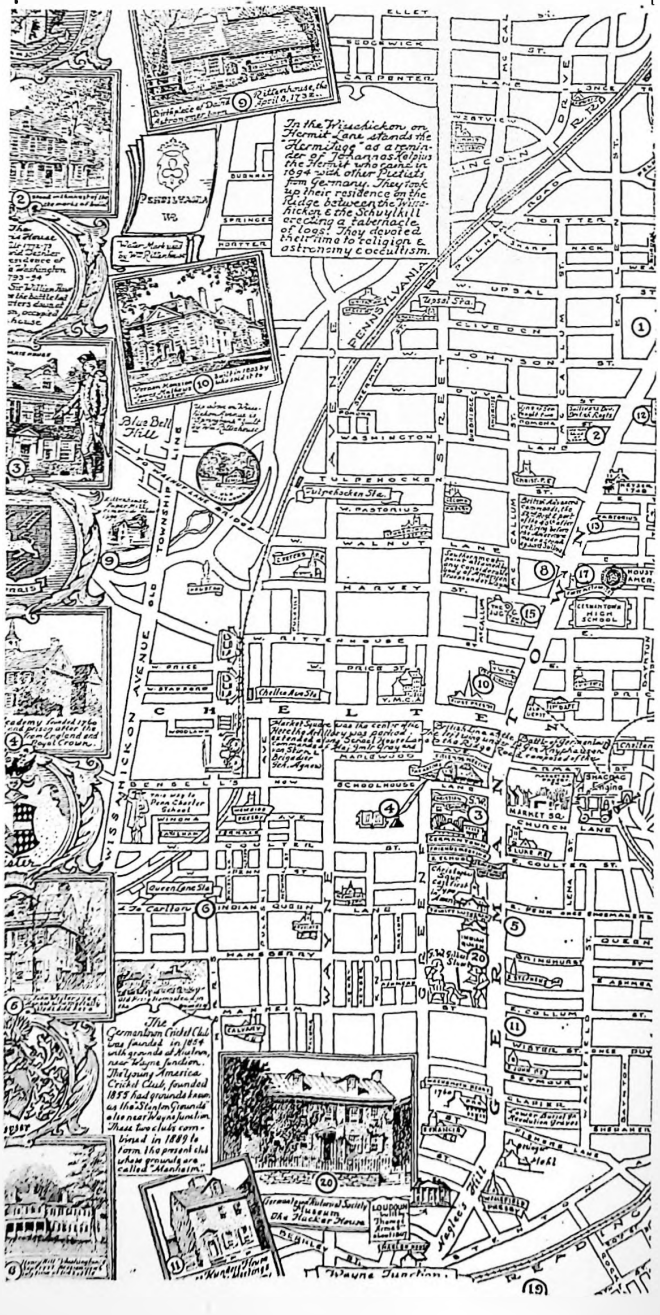
This detailed map, a portion of which is shown below, shows the locations of streets, historic buildings, churches, etc. It is replete with data concerning local people, places, and events.

Size: 19 by 25 inches
Price: Black and white, $3.00
Beautifully hand-colored, $25.00

The map may be ordered from:

Captain Edmund A. Crenshaw, Jr.
519 Pelham Road
Philadelphia, Pa. 19119

Checks should be made payable to Captain Crenshaw.



The Philadelphia, Germantown, and Norristown Railroad

By Edwin Iwanicki

IN THE early 1830's, the building of railroads was just beginning to become a popular project among businessmen in the United States. Venturous investors of the previous decade had been captivated by the thought of spanning the land with canals, and much progress had been made in promoting that mode of transportation. But, by 1830, the speculative mind was taking a new turn—a turn that indicated an exciting future for the railroad.

In Germantown, the spirit of enthusiasm for this new and promising type of enterprise clutched the imaginations of two forward-looking citizens, Edward H. Bonsall and Joseph Leibert. Their promotional efforts stimulated public interest to the extent that a meeting was called to consider the expediency of constructing a railroad to run from Philadelphia to Norristown, by way of Germantown. This meeting, which was held on November 13, 1830, at Jacob Mason's Golden Swan Tavern, at the present Germantown Avenue and McPherson Street, included inhabitants of Philadelphia, Germantown, Flourtown, Whitemarsh, Plymouth, and Norristown. Reuben Haines was appointed chairman of the meeting, and B. Chew, Jr., was chosen to serve as secretary.

The deliberations of the day resulted in a resolution, "That this meeting deem it expedient that a railroad be constructed from Philadelphia to Norristown, passing along the east side of the village of Germantown." To further this objective, the meeting appointed a committee, consisting of the following persons: Edward H. Bonsall, B. Chew, Jr., Peter Dager, Captain Daniel Davis, Thomas R. Fisher, Reuben Haines, Daniel Hitner, Samuel Maulsby, Charles M. Pastorius, Erasmus J. Pierce, Colonel A. L. Roumfort, Joseph Thomas, and Colonel John G. Watmough. This committee proceeded to have surveys made to determine a route for the proposed railroad to follow. Application was made to the state for incorporation of the company, and on February 17, 1831, Governor George Wolf approved an act of the legislature incorporating the Philadelphia, Germantown, and Norristown Railroad Company. (In the company's *Minutes* and in various documents, the name is often given as "The Philadelphia Germantown and Norristown Rail Road Company.")

Subscriptions to the stock of the new corporation were opened on March 31, 1831, and would-be investors found themselves competing with each other to purchase shares of stock, so popular was the venture. The eight thousand shares of stock which were offered for sale had a par value of fifty dollars each. On May 3 of the same year, the stockholders held their first meeting, at Heft's Tavern, which was located at the intersection of the present Germantown Avenue and Ashmead Street. Officers were elected at this meeting, and Colonel John G. Watmough was chosen to be the first president of the company.

Ground was broken for construction of the railroad on August 10, 1831. Within less than one year, track had been laid from Philadelphia to Germantown—or, more precisely, from the depot at Ninth and Green Streets, in Penn Township, just north of the city's northern boundary (then marked by Vine Street), to the Germantown terminal, at the present Church Lane and Baynton Street. On June 6, 1832, the railroad was opened, with proper ceremonies marking the occasion. Managers of the company, stockholders, and invited guests gathered at the Philadelphia terminal in the morning to witness the launching of the neophyte railroad. Crowds of spectators and a musical band lent a festive note to the scene as the invited dignitaries boarded the cars for the first ride on the Philadelphia, Germantown, and Norristown Railroad, getting under way at fifteen minutes past noon.

The railroad cars looked rather like stage coaches in shape, and their bodies were suspended on leather braces. Each of the cars that rolled that day had a name, the names of the cars being as follows: *Germantown*, *Benjamin Franklin*, *Robert Morris*, *Penn Township*, *Madison*, *Jefferson*, *Philadelphia*, *William Penn*, and *President*. Each of the cars was drawn by a horse, whose name is not recorded. It is a matter of record, however, that some slight difficulties were experienced on account of the horses' being unaccustomed to the employment of tugging railroad cars. At any rate, the five-mile jaunt to Germantown was completed by about one o'clock. Upon arriving at the destination, Edward H. Bonsall, then president of the company, delivered some pertinent remarks about the accomplishments and future prospects of the railroad, after which the guests adjourned to Heft's Tavern to enjoy their long-awaited luncheon. The return trip to Philadelphia started at half past three o'clock. It is interesting to note that in traveling from Germantown to the city, the cars moved by force of gravity alone as far as Ninth Street and Girard Avenue, at which point horses were attached to complete the trip.

The month after this grand opening, the railroad offered to the public a Fourth of July excursion to Germantown, where "dinners, suppers, and collations" were to be served at the principal hotels, and a "Band of Music [was to] perform during the day in the beautiful woods near the village."

About September, 1832, the railroad was extended to the present Germantown Avenue and Price Street, and a depot was erected at the new terminus. And

on November 23, 1832, a most significant innovation occurred, when *Old Ironsides* was placed on the road. This steam engine, weighing over five tons, is said to have been the first locomotive manufactured in the United States. Built by Matthias William Baldwin (1795–1866), *Ironsides* marked the beginning of the famed Baldwin Locomotive Works. Passenger trains pulled by the engine departed from Philadelphia at eleven o'clock in the morning and at one o'clock and three o'clock in the afternoon. Departures from Germantown took place at noon and at two and four o'clock in the afternoon. In addition, cars drawn by horses departed at nine o'clock in the morning from Philadelphia, and one hour later from Germantown on the return trip. On days when the weather was not fair, all trains were drawn by horses—not because the managers of the railroad were being particularly considerate of their new engine, but simply because that cumbersome piece of machinery could not well negotiate curves when the tracks were wet and slippery. So it was the poor ponies that got drenched when it rained.

The fare was twenty-five cents initially, but in 1834 it was reduced to twelve and one-half cents. As might be expected, *Ironsides* ran far from smoothly during the early years of its operations. Some problems encountered with the locomotive are intimated by a member of the Haines family, who wrote in 1833: "We have had the steam engine in operation for some time on our railroad, which has attracted crowds of people to our village, but many complain of the sparks from the engine burning their clothes. A week or so ago passengers to the number of 300 (so stated) were carried half way to the city when the engine stopped and all the passengers were obliged to walk to the city. . . . I am fearful people will prefer horses to steam."

As implied in the name of the company, the intention of its founders was to extend the line beyond Germantown to Norristown. Several excavations were begun in measures preliminary to the building of such an extension. However, the upper Wissahickon Valley presented a discouraging impediment. The best place for bridging the valley seemed to be near the mouth of Wissahickon Creek. Thus it was decided that a branch railroad should be constructed along the Schuylkill River, to reach Norristown by way of Manayunk. The bridge which was built over the mouth of Wissahickon Creek was a wooden structure, 473 feet in length, with an elevation of about seventy-five feet. The road was opened to Manayunk on October 18, 1834, and by August 15, 1835, the line had been completed to Norristown. An 1836 timetable showed three round trips daily between Philadelphia and Norristown, the fare being thirty-seven and one-half cents each way.

New engines were soon added to the rolling stock of the Philadelphia, Germantown, and Norristown Railroad, the first of these additions being a locomotive named *Rocket*, which was built in England in 1837, by Braithwaite and Company, of London. It was placed in service in March of 1838. Other locomotives soon built for the company bore the names *Comet*, *Meteor*, *Fort Erie*, and *Superior*.

Further physical improvements to the railroad included the construction of station houses at various points along both the Germantown and the Norristown lines. Evidence of progress in this respect is given in the following entry in the company's *Minutes*, under date of November 6, 1848:

> Upon the Norristown Branch at School lane & Wissahickon Bridge, the Board have authorized the construction of Station houses, similar to those constructed upon the Germantown Branch last year. These houses afford protection to passengers in bad weather & will no doubt bring some passengers to the cars on days that are cold or wet. While at the same time they rent for the interest of the cost, to hands on the road. At no distand [*sic*] day these kind of houses should be built at every stopping place.

In 1847 and 1848, surveys were run for a projected extension of the Philadelphia, Germantown, and Norristown Railroad from Germantown to Chestnut Hill. However, in 1851, an independent company, the Chestnut Hill Railroad, was chartered to carry out the planned extension. In 1852, before the railroad to Chestnut Hill was completed, the property of the new company was leased to the Philadelphia, Germantown, and Norristown Railroad Company, and the Board of Managers of the latter company reported in their *Minutes* for November 6, 1854, that "The Chestnut Hill Rail Road is now Complete to its terminus on the Bethlehem Turnpike and Cars now regularly pass over the Road to that point." Having not nearly exhausted their literary bent with the foregoing statement of fact, the managers of the company, warming to the subject of Chestnut Hill, proceeded to expatiate as follows:

> It would require the pen of the poet in the pure air of this enchanted promontory, to describe the panorama before him, The view over the extensive Limestone Valley of White Marsh, teeming with rich agricultural products, dotted with the homestead, capacious barns and appurtenances of the industrious farmers, here and there enriched with the palace of an opulent citizen, who has left the noise and commotion of an overgrown population, to the sweet retirement of a country life, where trade and traffic, art and deception, and a long train of harrassing [*sic*] incidents, peculiar to larger cities, are at least comparatively shut out.

This same report of the Board of Managers mentions the need for a new depot at Germantown—a need which had been recognized as much as five years earlier, when the managers had reported that "Depot Buildings are much needed at Phil[a] & at Germant[n] & will soon be needed at Manayunk. . . ." The *Minutes* contain this entry for 1854:

> The inconvenience and disadvantages for want of suitable Depots for the accommodation of Passengers and Freight, and for the protection of Engines and Cars at Germantown, has been long felt, and the Company have fortunately succeeded in purchasing the property the estate of the late I. Chall at Germantown and joining the Company's property at the terminus of the Road on the Main Avenue of Germantown. This will give ample room for all the requirements of the Company at this point. It is the intention of the Board to put up, as soon as practicable, a suitable building for the protection of the Cars and Engines, which are now in a great measure exposed to the weather, subjecting them to serious injury, and exposing them likewise to

injuries and dangers from other causes. A suitable Passenger and Freight Depot will also be erected on the Chall lot as soon as possession can be had and suitable arrangements made for the purpose.

One year later, the projected improvements had been completed, and the Board of Managers gave the following report on November 5, 1855:

The Company have recently erected a large Passenger Depot at the terminus of the Road at Germantown. It is erected on Main Street 50 feet front by 33 feet deep two stories high of good proportion and neat architectural design it is connected with a house 256 feet long by 37½ feet wide with double track and a platform in the Centre So as to accommodate the Germantown and the Chestnut Hill Cars in separate tracks; to which also is attached an Engine House 55 feet square fronting on Price St; also a Turntable 40 feet in diameter: These are valuable improvements and were much needed the accommodation previously having been inferior and entirely inadequate for the business. The buildings are Constructed of good material and with economy, the whole expense independent of the ground not exceeding $13,000.

Architect Henry J. Magaziner calls the depot building, which still stands at Germantown Avenue and Price Street, "a quaint bit of Victorian architecture." Commenting on the interesting features of its design, he writes the following:

As so often happened in the ante-bellum period, various architectural styles were combined in an imaginative way to create an eclectic style. The pediment, including the pitch of the roof, more or less approximates that of a Greek temple. But the pediment itself is broken—a typical baroque device. Introduced into the pediment is the upper part of the central group of windows, which are "Romanesque."
The building exemplifies an architecture which is truly American. It borrowed heavily from European antecedents, but combined features which no true antiquarian or archeologist would ever have combined—such as the Greek temple form and the arch. The result was something uniquely different from the European styles from which it grew.

The treasurer's account, dated October 1, 1855, reports the costs of the "New Depot, Engine House and Car House, Germantown" as $10,195.57. It is interesting to note, by the way, that the secretary-treasurer of the company at that time was none other than John F. Watson (1779–1860), the author of Watson's famed *Annals of Philadelphia*.

Additions and replacements of rolling stock continued to be made, and in 1856 the railroad company had these engines in use: *Eagle*, *Eclipse*, *Fort Erie*, *Chestnut Hill*, *Chester County*, *Chester Valley*, *Downingtown*, *Consolidation*, *Norristown*, *Superior*, *America*, *Manayunk*, *Tioga*, and *Germantown*.

In 1864, the Germantown depot ceased to function as a train station, for the railroad was then rerouted to follow a course along the Wingohocking Valley, some distance to the east of Germantown's main thoroughfare. Thus the chugging of locomotives was gone from Main (Germantown Avenue) and Price Streets, and the building that had been erected as a depot came to be rented out by the railroad company to commercial tenants. A photograph taken about the year 1900 shows the building occupied by Walter J. Crowder, who dealt in coal and grain on the premises during the 1890's. Another photograph of the structure shows it to have been occupied, at one time, by the business establishment of Walter C. Shipley, a



purveyor of Lehigh coal. Even to the present day, the old depot is owned by the railroad company and rented to commercial users.

On December 1, 1870, the railroad and other property of the Philadelphia, Germantown, and Norristown Railroad Company was leased for a 999-year period to the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, which, in the 1870's, was the largest corporation in the world—capitalized at $170,000,000. The latter company, forerunner of the present-day Reading Company, thus increased its facilities to accommodate its growing business, and, at the same time, avoided costly construction work. Included among the properties covered by the lease is the stretch of track extending from Green Street to Chelten Avenue, which constitutes a portion of the Reading Company's present Chestnut Hill branch.

Since 1870, the Philadelphia, Germantown, and Norristown Railroad Company has not had to run trains, serve passengers, transport freight, print timetables, sell tickets, or perform innumerable other irksome tasks generally associated with the operation of a railroad. Nonetheless, it continues to do a profitable business as landlord of important segments of the Reading Company's trackage. The operating functions of the company, reduced to paper work by the deal of 1870, are now carried on in a small office overlooking Philadelphia's busy intersection of Thirteenth and Market Streets. The office staff is comprehended in the person of C. C. Wilson, Jr., secretary-treasurer of the railroad, who, like his father and grandfather before him, continues to make the name of Wilson synonymous with that of the Philadelphia, Germantown, and Norristown Railroad.

Bibliographical Note

The records of both the Reading Company and the Philadelphia, Germantown, and Norristown Railroad Company provided much pertinent information to the writer of the present article. Other sources include Dr. Naaman H. Keyser's paper entitled "Early Transportation to Germantown," published by the Site and Relic Society of Germantown (*Historical Addresses*, Number 2), and Edward B. Phillips' article, "Historian Sees Dazzling Spectacle," published in the GERMANTOWNE CRIER (Volume 11, Number 1). Relevant newspaper articles appear in the *Germantown Courier* (August 31, 1950) and in the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* (February 12, 1950). Photographs of the old Germantown depot are to be found in the library of the Germantown Historical Society and in the Campbell Collection (Volume 33), at the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

SMALL-TOWN BOYHOOD (*Cont'd from page 16*)

and create it we did. On other great days of the year our conduct had to be circumspect, but not on Halloween. We did not know exactly what Allhallows, or All Saints' Day, was supposed to be, but we probably had contrite hearts when it came with the dawn.

Under the heading "deviltry" I believe the 'round-the-year stuff was worse than our Halloween pranks. Sometimes we tied a string from a tree to a front porch, where we controlled it as someone passed so that his hat would be knocked off. Early in life we decided that a low string barrier to cause tripping was not quite the nice thing. Best of all was lying in ambush in a third-story porch at John's house, where, with long, tin pea-shooters, we peppered the girls' legs as they paraded in their best clothes after Sunday school.

We also took much glee in throwing rocks over the roof of a friend's house so that they would land on a greenhouse and destroy panes of glass. We threw tomatoes or over-ripe apples at teamsters, especially those driving slow-moving sleds. We devilled a cobbler into throwing his hammer at us. We were fiends by adults' standards, and, of course, well merited the punishment we received. We did think it going too far, however, when we were arrested for playing an innocent game of baseball in a much-neglected graveyard and taken to the Borough Hall for a lecture by the burgess. Fortunately we were not put in the lockup and housed with the local drunkards hauled there in the police wheelbarrow.

At election time we watched the torch-light parades of the marching clubs or participated in them as carriers of transparencies. Better still, we had license to operate on a large scale in the way of bonfires. Whatever the button we wore, Republican or Democrat, our interest in the outcome was not a serious one. The real business on Election Day was to accumulate all manner of faggots, wooden boxes from the rear of stores, and maybe a fallen tree limb or two. When the returns were shown on a large sheet at the front of a store property from slides in a second-story window across the street, we busied ourselves with building a bonfire smack in the middle of the street-car tracks. The cars were few and far between. Only when the heat endangered the copper trolley wire were the police called in to save the situation.

Thanksgiving Day was spent at grandfather's, usually with the minister's family or distant relatives on hand to eat the noonday dinner. The turkey, white and sweet potatoes, boiled onions, lima beans, hot cole slaw, peas, cranberry sauce, pickles, nuts, mints, figs, dates, pumpkin pie, etc., that burdened the long table were eaten without regard to the relationship of protein to carbohydrates. We never heard of calories. Afterwards, in the best parlor, there were conundrums to solve, rhymes to make, or solemn discussions to hear, while trying to keep still on the slippery, black, horsehair upholstery. What a relief to break away with the pastor's two boys and do a bit of running about in the fresh air of the yard.

Hayrides to Bonnie Brae Park, near Phoenixville, to Valley Forge, or to Ringing Rocks Park, where we played tunes on the huge boulders by striking them with a hammer, were indulged in from time to time. Birthday parties, of course, were always in season. We never missed any occasions where spin-the-bottle, drop-the-handkerchief, and post office were the excuses for kissing the girl a fellow liked. Blind man's buff was also useful in that line. Pinning the tail to the donkey and jackstraws were for the extremely young. Crokinole, tiddledy-winks, and parcheesi were the games for three or four to play. Anagrams called for good spellers, and there were not many of them, despite the spelling bees that put boys and girls on their mettle.

Best of all, Christmas! Such preparations by every member of the family! There was very little exchanging of cards. In our small circle of friendships there was an exchange of greetings in person. Gifts seldom went outside the family, except to an adopted aunt or uncle here and there. How generous some of them could be!

Bringing in the tree, helping father shape the trunk into the gadget that supported it, and then draping it with long strings of tinsel and colored balls was real fun. At the top went the treasured star of Bethlehem. No electric lights in those days. Plenty of mint canes and shining balls of all colors. The pine or the balsam smelled so good that we never thought it fair to take the tree down until Easter.

On Christmas Eve came the Belsnickels in their costumes to sing carols and receive handouts. Finally came the great day and the rising in the darkness at six o'clock to hustle in the cold to church for the early morning service. Such a thrill to get indoors where it was warm and to enter the great room with the tree there in all its gaiety. Then after the service the rush home to our gifts and a breakfast that, no matter how good, wore off before it was time for the turkey and all that went with it. In the afternoon perhaps there was some skating or reveling in the snow, or at least some sliding on the ice in the gutters, for which one never had enough time on a school day.

Plays and Fakers

When the circus came to town there was much to be done. First, we had to see the train come in with its yellow-painted cars containing the acrobats and equipment—the cages on flat cars and the elephant in a high-ceilinged car that was feared to be too high to pass under bridges. Then the move to the circus lot and the setting up of the tent. One year we boys worked all morning carrying planks for the seats, only to be told at lunch time that pay came when the whole job was finished. We resented the injustice of such action when all the boards had been delivered at the designated place and big appetites urged us homewards well after the noon hour. We had previously disdained the gift of a pass or "comp," as the compli-

mentary tickets were called, which grandfather received as partial payment for the use of his field, but we nevertheless accepted "comps" for the show. Then for the sawdust ring, the clowns, and the pink lemonade.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" arrived in town once a year, and then there was always the excitement of the parade on the main street, when Simon Legree, Little Eva, and Uncle Tom could be inspected in true life by the citizens on the sidewalks. The thing to do was to try to get a job leading a bloodhound. Several years we youngsters tried that, only to be told we were too young and too small. We had to be content with wearing oversize coats covered with braid, sleeves turned up six inches, and fancy caps with a tassel on top that looked like the purest gold. We carried banners advertising the show. Of course we went to the performance with our "comps" and, while doubting the reality of Eliza crossing the ice (on soap boxes), we were enthralled by Little Eva ascending to heaven on a piece of steel cable pulled from the wings.

Other theatrical entertainment, including minstrels and magicians, was equally alluring. At school the theatre people circulated cards telling of the remarkable, once-in-a-century opportunity for cultured entertainment that they were bringing to our town and stating the rates of admission. A note was appended, indicating that if the card had a star printed on it in the upper left-hand corner, the holder was entitled to admission upon payment of a very nominal amount. That would be ten, twenty, or thirty cents, for which, in reverse order, one got a seat downstairs, in the balcony, or in the gallery. Generally it developed that our school was particularly favored by the theatre management's largesse, for every card we saw bore a small star. The "ten, twent', thirt' " show always gave satisfaction, and the thrill was never absent. How beautiful that magician's lady in the red tights seemed to those of us who never in our lives had thought of the lower half of the female form as being bifurcated. Even the women acrobats in the circus had worn some sort of skirt. One was not supposed to know that "ladies" had legs.

As we grew older, we saw real plays that were thought to occupy a place on the scale of culture a niche or two higher than "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which was primarily kids' stuff. There was "East Lynne," "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model" (or something of that sort), and "Paid in Full," with what we considered to be social involvements of a very serious nature. In the gallery of the Grand Opera House we sat, sometimes in droves, and had a royal time. When the villain threatened the young beauty with a fate worse than death, or the hard-hearted owner of the mortgage was about to evict the white-haired lady, we grew livid with rage at such injustice and frequently stamped our feet on the wooden floor in protest. We also, for a reason I never understood, occasionally threw pennies on the stage, being willing, no doubt, to forgo a dewdrop or an all-day sucker in our desire to embarrass an evil-doer.

Free entertainment was available on the streets. The little German band came tootling our way at least once a year. The swarthy man with a hurdy-gurdy and a monkey brought classical music to us from sunny Italy. The brave fellow with a dancing bear came along now and then and gave us something quite alien to the normal sights of the town. None of that entertainment cost money. Grownups might drop a nickel or a dime in the proffered cup, but we got the fun out of it gratis.

Best of all were the corner fakers who set up shop on Saturday nights at High and Hanover Streets. A wagon loaded with merchandise was driven to the curbside, the horse was unhitched and led away, one or two gasoline flares were set up, perhaps a sign was added, and the "professor" opened shop. Sometimes he dealt in snake oil, sometimes in gadgets. A fellow who claimed Texas as his native heath told of the wonders of an extract that came from the "famous bull snake." It cured rheumatism, colic, anaemia, or whatever else it was that ailed you. If it was a marvelous or amazing new discovery, such as a patented can-opener, razor-stropper, potato-parer, pan-scourer, or whatever, there was an unconditional guarantee of satisfaction or your money back. Nothing was said, however, about the faker ever coming back. A stooge in the audience started the ball rolling, and dollar bills and fifty-cent pieces moved up to the wagon as the spiel reached its climax. All this provided entertainment and sometimes even excitement for a small-town boy. The wide snakeskin belt worn by the faker brought to mind distant lands of enchantment; the idea that a new patent article was available to all and sundry made its purveyor appear to be a man of consequence. He seemed to be more stable than the gypsies or white tinkers who repaired pots or sharpened scissors. This sort of transient merchandising seems to have disappeared from the streets nowadays, and much color has gone with it One must now look at television commercials to learn of "amazing new discoveries."

New shops began to provide the town with goods which formerly were available only from peddlers or from stores in the city. The townspeople who went to the city only once or twice a year no longer needed the services of the messenger who had formerly been commissioned to purchase a variety of articles on his daily jaunts, by train, to the city. As times changed, one could get these sundry goods in town—even shoes, shirts, bonnets, etc., which in my early youth were made to order there.

So, in turn, went the fakers, whose lingo afterwards found its way into the advertisements in the newspapers, on the radio, and on television. We lost the advantage of getting the overstatements and blandishments directly out of the horse's mouth and seeing first-hand the sheep-like response to the flapdoodle by those who had coins burning in their pockets.

Today there are missing, too, the Armenians who came to the house with their Oriental prayer-rugs, fine

linens, embroideries, and other items imported from the fabled East. Our mothers simply could not resist buying this or that article that was rarely needed and soon found its way to a permanent place of safekeeping in the attic with similar vintages of earlier years. The beguiling merchant with his heavy oil-cloth bags has vanished from the scene. Likely he has an auction room on a seaside boardwalk.

Visits of tramps at the back door were rather frequent. They appreciated the cup of coffee and slice of pie that were handed out, and they came back for repeat performances. Furthermore, the good word went around. By way of chalk marks on the house front, those who came along later were guided to the kitchen door, where none was refused something to eat and drink. What was given to them was usually consumed then and there. We never learned the source of the food that was heated and served in tin cans and metal pots at temporary campsites in the woods along the Schuylkill River above town, where informal gatherings of the hoboes occurred at times.

Last but not least was the collector of old rubber, iron, and empty bottles, who flourished in the day when economy was a part of living and nothing was sent to the dump if it had any prospect at all of additional use. These collectors doubled at times in another field. The gathering on the streets of dog dirt for use, we were told, in cleaning kid gloves, gave the name of "doggie-diamond" to the humble seeker who today would spurn any such vocation in view of unemployment assistance, social security, and other blessings of the welfare state.

The performances on the stage and on the streets were always entertainment for us. In time there was added the moving picture. Our first contact was with Lyman B. Howe's exhibition of the "cinematograph," now conveniently called the movies. In the Grand Opera House once a year we had the privilege of seeing what life in the outside world looked like on the screen.

The first regular showing of such films came with the opening of the "Bijou" in the second-floor hall of one of my grandfather's store buildings. There, for five cents, one could sit on old benches and see the amazing "Great Train Robbery" and lesser films, not once but several times of an evening. Below the screen was a piano where a young man played bits of popular or classical music which he selected as the picture progressed. The somewhat stilted and awkward silent acting, supplemented by music, had an emotional appeal that made the exhibition a huge success.

Automobiles

When I was a small boy, the only way I had of getting around was on foot. In my teens I had a bicycle. Automobiles were owned by very few people, and oftentimes they did not work very well. In any case, they were put away in the autumn and not used again until spring.

My friend John's father had what was frankly called a "horseless carriage." It was just that. It was a buggy with the shafts cut off and the stumps rounded. A one-cylinder engine was attached at the front. The large wheels had hard rubber tires. The whip socket was empty. The patent leather dashboard was bare of instruments. The vehicle was steered by a mobile horizontal bar in front of the right-hand seat.

On many a spring evening John and I helped his father get the contraption out of the stable and into the back alley. There the owner, in Norfolk jacket and hunting cap, wheedled and cajoled the engine while John and I pushed from behind. The engine caught on to what it was supposed to do after much coaxing. If luck was with us, the clutch went in without stalling, and the auto went off with a rush, bound for no destination in particular. Holding the steering bar grimly, the proud owner careered up one street and down another. The clatter gave notice to all of what was going on in the once-quiet streets. The driver feared complete immobility if ever he shut off the engine, disengaged the clutch, or ran out of gasoline away from home base. We boys never got a ride in this new marvel of the age.

However, there were city people who ventured into our town, bound, perhaps, for another county or even another state, in automobiles that could be heard coming a block away. Whatever it was that we were doing in the side yard—playing baseball or weeding dandelions and plantain—was quickly dropped. All of us dashed to the front fence to see the mechanical ship from foreign parts. I remember once seeing a very large, yellow touring-car that was reputed to belong to Lillian Russell, presumably bent on going to what was then a resort hotel in distant Wernersville. What glamor!

When we grew older, we had friends whose fathers actually let them operate automobiles. In 1909, we were invited to drive to Haverford, thirty miles away, to see a football game. We left at 9:30 in the morning. Quickly we picked up a horseshoe nail. Unclinching a clincher tire, inserting a new inner tube, and pumping it up was a matter of an hour. Four punctures or blowouts followed at varying distances. At 4:30 we were twelve miles short of our goal. At ten o'clock that evening, having turned homeward at dark, we had our sixth puncture. No more good inner tubes. The trolley car was no longer running; there was no other traffic on the main road; and there was no place to stay. We took the coal-oil lights off the front of the auto, put on the isinglass windows, wrapped scanty blankets around ourselves, and tried to sleep in the auto. It was a bitter night. We kept from freezing by running up and down the road at intervals during the night. On Sunday morning the trolley cars resumed service, and a new inner tube was obtained in a not-too-distant town. Exhausted and famished, we got home for a late midday dinner and learned how the football game came out. Those who travelled by train had seen it.

Use of the word "car" came in later. It was always

"automobile" or "auto" until Ford got under way, and then other names came into use. "Car" was the word later on when "motor car" had already become the fashionable term. By that time, one could go as fast as thirty-five miles an hour if the road surface permitted. If the holes and ruts in the dirt and cinder topping were not too prevalent, dodging about was profitable. What a change black-top and concrete brought humanity! We got to know people who said they could just sit back and relax while driving. They did not have to lean forward and scrutinize the surface of the road to find a safe route. Of course, when glass windows came in and fenders moved higher, driving was no longer exercise or course-planning. It was well on its way to that state of relaxation and inertia now usual for the television worshipper.

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