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GERMANTOWN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Volume 10 . . . Number 1 **25c** Per Copy MARCH 1

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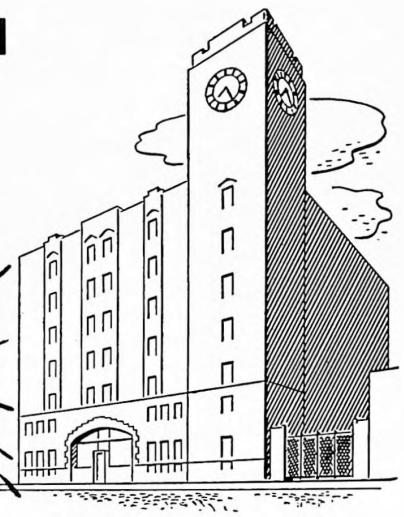
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The Germantown Historical Society is dedicated to the fostering of the cultural traditions of Germantown, the preservation of its historic landmarks, and the maintenance of the Society's Museum of historic relics.

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

Membership dues are:

Junior, Teacher, or Librarian Membership	$3.00
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The Historical Society is a source of pride and interest to many Germantowners, even outside its membership, but while enthusiasm and interest are most valuable assets, the actual necessities of operation need something sterner and more tangible.

"The Society functions on an amazingly small budget in maintaining its Museum in the Hacker House and its Library and publications offices in the Baynton House next door. Properly caring for and safeguarding these buildings and their contents, and operating the Morris House, with which the Society is proud to be entrusted, impose an arduous financial burden."

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SCHEDULE OF MEETINGS

Thursday, March 20, 1958

Mr. Earl J. Heydinger of Middletown, Pa. will speak on "The Schuylkill Life-Line to Valley Forge."

Thursday, April 17, 1958

The speaker for the meeting on Thursday, April 17th, is Robert P. L. Frick, Field Curator of the Pennsylvania Farm Museum near Lancaster. His subject will be "The Pennsylvanian Farmer —His Toils and Tools." The lecture will be illustrated with slides.

Mr. Frick was Historian at "Woodlawn Plantation" and Director at "Kenmore," Fredericksburg, Virginia. He is Research Associate at the duPont Winterthur Museum in Delaware.

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Members admitted since issue of Vol. 10, No. 1

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GERMANTOWNE CRIER



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The Publications Committee is now located in its new offices in the Bayn-ton House, 5208 Germantown Ave. Office hours will be announced later.

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SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS

Complete sets of the Germantowne Crier consisting of (31) all numbers issued to date, are being offered (on order) at $4 per set plus 50c postage if mailed.

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

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

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

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

The books are 9½ by 12 inches, bound in hard covers, and are available at cost of $5.00 per copy delivered, or $5.25 by mail to any address. Please address requests accompanied by check to. order of Germantown Historical Society to: Captain Edmund A Crenshaw, Jr., 519 Pelham Road. Philadelphia 19, Penna.

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

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NEWS OF THE SOCIETY

FOLLOWING the Christmas holidays there has been an increase in the number of visitors to the Museum. Early in January a history class of the Frankford High School finally paid us a visit after two postponements due to heavy snow. Later in the month a large class from the Roosevelt Junior High School spent most of one morning inspecting the Museum.

On January 27th the Eastern District Conference of the Mennonite Church held their quarterly meeting in Germantown and following an afternoon service at the Mennonite Church many of their members visited our Museum where they were met and shown around by several of our members.

At their evening service the same day the congregation was addressed by our President, Judge Saylor and by Mr. Pastorius a member of our Society.

On February 8th the Museum was visited by a most interested Boy Scout Troop, which is sponsored by the Second Baptist Church of Germantown.

Mrs. George P. Darrow has just presented to the Museum a large collection of scrap books and correspondence pertaining to the services of the late George P. Darrow, Member of Congress from Germantown. These are donated in his memory.

Early in April we are expecting a visit from the history classes of the Eastern Montgomery County schools, headed by Dr. Allen Harmon, Assistant Superintendent. These classes are making their annual tour to Germantown will hold their conference here and particularly wish to visit our Museum and the Morris House. We will need the assistance of several members both morning and afternoon for this event.

Regular monthly lectures as listed elsewhere in this issue have been scheduled thru the month of April, as usual and there will be an entertainment at the Garden Party at the Museum early in June.

During Germantown Week this Society will conduct a tour of Historic Houses on the afternoon of May 17th —rain or shine. Ten Houses will be open to the public with hostesses in costume in attendance at each one. Appropriate events portraying Colonial period activities are planned for each house. Tickets will be on sale in advance through the Society and through the Germantown Community Council.

There have been quite a number of donations to the Museum, recently, including a set of framed Pennell etchings from Judge Saylor, a most interesting photograph of the 5200 block of Germantown Avenue from Mr. Earle Barber, a complete set of china from Miss Groff, and other items not yet classified.

Several new Members have been welcomed to the Society and a number of others have helpfully taken out Life Membership. We hope that every member will try to bring in at least one new Member during the year in order to still further strengthen the Society.

The "No Parking" restriction in front of the Museum has now been removed due to abandonment of the Fire House opposite.

This year marks the 275th anniversary of the founding of Germantown and several celebrations of the event are being planned by organizations concerned. According to present plans this fact will be especially featured during our annual Germantown Week in May there will probably be an additional celebration on the actual date of the founding—October 25th.

OUR COVER

This interesting group of buildings stood until recent years on the west side of Germantown Avenue at Ashmead street. The house in the center was occupied by the artist Gilbert Stuart from 1796 to 1800, here he painted his best known portrait of George Washington, called the Athenaeum.

Washington rode out from the city to pose for it. Sometimes General Knox would accompany him, or pretty Harriet Chew would enliven the sittings with her presence. Stuart was delighted with the resulting picture, with more life into Washington's expression. He never finished the background. When Mrs. Washington asked for the portrait he could truthfully say that it was not finished. Stuart sold seventy copies of this portrait and could have sold many more. Mrs. Washington had to put up with a copy.

His studio was the second floor of the barn in the rear of the house, the whole lower floor was used to mix paints, etc. At this studio, according to John Fanning Watson, Stuart also painted a full length portrait of Cornplanter, the famous Indian chief.

The building standing in front of the property was occupied in 1809 by Samuel Bringhurst, making iron for carriages. It later became the first school house used by Jacob Bockius, a noted teacher.

REFERENCES

Guide Book to Historic Germantown, By Charles F. Jenkins
America's Old Masters, By James Thomas Flexner
Germantown, By Edward W. Hocker

GERMANTOWNE CRIER

Volume 10 MARCH, 1958 Number 1

Germantown Turnpike

From the Files of the Germantown Historical Society
and
"Germantown," by Edward W. Hocker

OF ALL the persons who have in one way or another become prominently known in the history of the town, it would be difficult to mention one who in his time had a more extended range of acquaintance than Enos Springer, the last keeper of the old Germantown Toll Gate, at Main and Rittenhouse streets. For years he was the most familiar object along the line of the turnpike, to those who, in pursuit of their vocations, used as a means of reaching the Philadelphia Market with the product of their farms. His close attention to business, his constant good humor and his ready wit made him hosts of friends among those who travelled along the old turnpike.

The old toll house was, during his incumbency, a resort for citizens who desired to while away an hour or so, or an evening, and Enos was always the center of attraction to those who gathered there and being of a philosophical, as well as genial, disposition, his advice was sought by many on almost any and every conceivable topic. He had ever a ready answer for every question, no matter what might be their import. Although an oracle, he was still better known as a humorist and practical joker, and there are few of our citizens who ever had dealings or acquaintance with him who at some time or other have been made the subject of his sport.

He turned the toll house into a sort of bazaar in which almost anything could be bought in the way of knicknacks, and a large part of the space was devoted to the keeping of fowl and game, which he sold either alive or dressed. An old engraving will give to those who never saw the old toll house an idea of a few of the articles he had on exhibition or for sale. In twelve years he had accumulated about $14,000. He owned the property on the north side of Germantown Avenue in part of which the "Progress" grist mill now stands, and through which he opened a street which bears his name. (Springer Street.)

George, the father of Enos Springer was born February 18th, 1786. His wife was a daughter of George Trollenger who kept the large hotel at Trollenger's Lane, now Carpenter Street, and Germantown Avenue. His family consisted of Enos, Sophia, John, Mary, Simon and Maria. John and Mary were twins. The former is a prominent citizen of Quakertown. The sister died quite young. Sophia was the wife of Amos Jacoby and went to live at Sellersville.

His father was a chair maker and he was originally a tailor, but afterward became a wood turner and cabinet maker. For a number of years he made the wood work for coffee mills for John Rittenhouse which were brought to Germantown by the wagon load. Rittenhouse manufactured and added the hoppers and they were then sold to dealers in Philadelphia. Enos was born in Sellersville, Bucks Co., Pa., March 28th, 1809. He served at wheel wrighting for six months and spent six months in a tannery but afterwards worked for himself as a millwright, repaired wheels which operated machinery.

Although in later years he became stout, in his younger years he was quite an athlete and very active. Those who knew him then say that he had few equals as a jumper in that section, being able to kick about nine feet high, to run and jump a distance of twenty feet. He could jump over a stake his own height, 5 feet, 11 inches, and delighted in wrestling, frequently engaging in the sport for a half day at a time.

Before coming to Germantown he had a sale of his effects and the day being rainy, the sale was not large.

The photograph on the cover of the December 1957 issue of our Germantown Crier shows the house which stood on the opposite side of Germantown

Road from Enos Springer's one story building, from which the gate was operated.

Before the turnpike was chartered, Germantown Road was often declared to be the worst road in the United States. There were times when in traveling from Philadelphia to Germantown it was necessary to make a detour by way of Frankford because of quicksands, mud, and other obstacles in the direct highway. It used to be said of Ruben Haines, living at Wyck, that when he wanted to call on a neighbor on the opposite side of the road he sometimes found it desirable to saddle his horse and ride to the neighbor's house because the mud was too deep to permit crossing the highway on foot.

"With the purpose of improving the main road through Germantown a charter was obtained in 1801 for the Germantown and Perkiomen Turnpike Company. This was the second company of the kind in Pennsylvania, the Lancaster turnpike having been built a few years earlier. The corporation of 1801 obtained control of the entire length of Germantown road from Third and Vine streets, Philadelphia, through Germantown and Chestnut Hill to Perkiomen Bridge, where Collegeville is now, in Montgomery County."

"Though there had been long and vehement complaint about the old road, there was also objection to the proposed new pike. Some tradesmen in Germantown and Chestnut Hill feared a smooth highway would divert business to Philadelphia. Farmers in the same region were alarmed lest they should encounter competition from Montgomery County farmers that would cut down prices. Nevertheless the stock of the company was soon sold, most of the subscribers being residents of Germantown. Benjamin Chew, was the first president, and John Johnson, treasurer, both were Germantowners."

The improved highway of that time was a crude attempt compared with the good roads of late years. A width of eighteen feet was macadamized. Stones in large chunks were hauled to the roadbed and broken with hammers. Then the fragments were leveled and covered with dirt. That constituted the pike, passing vehicles being expected to wear it smooth. Probably with a view to having it well rolled, it was required that four-wheeled vehicles, carrying more than two and a half tons, must have wheels with tires at least four inches wide.

Tollgates were established at Turner's lane near Fairhill; Nicetown lane, now Hunting Park avenue, Rittenhouse street, Germantown, and Evergreen avenue, Chestnut Hill, besides several in Montgomery County. For a one horse vehicle with two wheels the charge was 6 cents at each gate; for "each chariot, coach, phaeton or chaise," 12 cents when four horses were attached. Three cents a horse had to be paid for sleighs.

Improvement of the road greatly increased travel through Germantown. About 1812 James Stokes counted 500 wagons passing over Germantown road in one day. Many of them were Conestogas, some drawn by six or eight horses.

The Settlement of Germantown and the Beginning of the German Migration to North America

By Hon. Samuel Whitaker Fennypacker L.L.D.

President Judge of the Philadelphia Court of Common Pleas, No. 2 and Senior Vice-President of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania

Lancaster, Pa. 1899
Page 175
Chapter VI

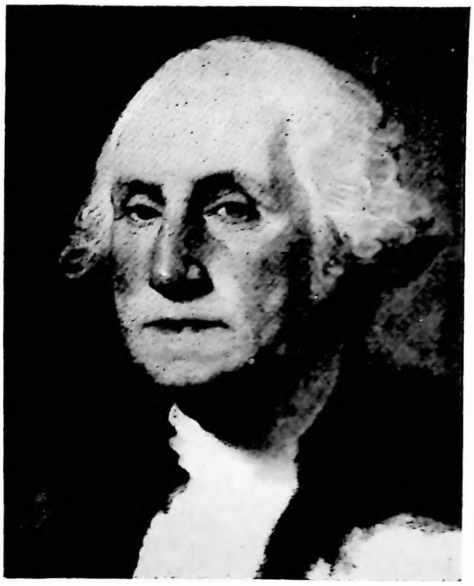
It was the wish of the Germans, when they made their purchase from William Penn, that their lands should all be laid out in one tract and upon a navigable stream. When they arrived here they were offered a location upon the Schuylkill, where are now Manayunk and Roxborough. They objected to the hills and asked for the ground to the eastward, where it was more level. The request was granted and on the 24th of October, 1683, Thomas Fairman measured off fourteen lots. The following day the thirteen families selected by chance the places of their new homes, and at once began to dig the cellars and erect the huts in which, with some hardship they spent the winter.

Pastorius reported that the new town of Germanopolis was located upon a rich black soil, well supplied with springs, that the main street was sixty feet wide, the cross street forty feet wide, and that each family had three acres of ground. It was covered with oak, chestnut and other nut trees, and there was a good meadow for cows. Whichever way we turn, he wrote "Itur in antiquam Sylvam," it is all overgrown with woods, and he often wished that he had a pair of strong Tyrolers to cut down the thick oak trees.

On the 20th of February, 1684, the land was again surveyed by Fairman and a thousand acres which stretched to the Schuylkill were cut off. Since the contract was that their land was to be on a ship-bearing stream, it looks as though somebody was taking advantage of them. A more accurate survey, December 29th, determined the quantity of land in Germantown to be five thousand seven hundred acres, and for this a patent was issued. It was divided into four villages: Germantown with two thousand, seven hundred and fifty acres, Crisheim (Kriegsheim) with eight hundred and eighty-four acres, Sommerhausen with nine hundred acres, and Crefeld with one thousand one hundred and sixty-six, and thus were the familiar places along the Rhine commemorated in the new land.

Gilbert Stuart In Germantown

From "Germantown" By Edward W. Hocker



Athenaeum portrait of Washington

Because of the yellow fever epidemics many Philadelphia families bought summer homes in the Germantown region or became accustomed to spend their summers here in hotels or boarding houses.

Among the visitors attracted to Germantown about this time but not in consequence of the yellow fever, was Gilbert Stuart, noted portrait painter. Stuart, born in Rhode Island in 1755, had studied art in England and come to Philadelphia in 1794, chiefly, it is said, with the desire to paint Washington's portrait. Three different Washington pictures resulted. Of the first, painted in September, 1795, Stuart made only a few copies. This is known as the Vaughan Washington, the first owner of the original having been Samuel Vaughan, of England. This portrait was painted at Stuart's studio, at the southeast corner of Chestnut and Fifth streets, Philadelphia. Though he detested sitting for painters, Washington was induced to pose once more for Stuart, early in 1796. From this sitting resulted the full length portrait known as the Lansdowne Washington.

Interruptions from visitors to which Stuart was subjected because of the great popularity of his Washington portraits led him to move to Germantown. Charles F. Jenkins, who has carefully investigated this phase of Stuart's life, believes Stuart came here early in the summer of 1796, just after he had completed the full length portrait. No doubt he made copies of that portrait in Germantown, and from persons who saw them in his studio came the story that the original was painted there.

The Germantown house which was Stuart's home was at 5140 Germantown avenue. Samuel Bringhurst owned it during Stuart's occupancy. In later years it was the home of William Wynne Wister and was known as "The Corvy." Stuart fitted up a studio in a barn behind the house. Fire ruined the barn in 1854, but the walls remained until about 1890.

In some reminiscences which a daughter of Stuart wrote she says Stuart's third Washington portrait, the socalled Athenaeum portrait and the most famous of the three was painted in the Germantown house. It is this portrait which has been reproduced so often that it is fixed in the popular conception as the one and only authentic portrait of Washington. Germantown traditions which John Fanning Watson gathered in the third decade of the nineteenth century also say Washington sat for his portrait at the Bringhurst house. Stuart made many copies of this portrait. He used to call it his "$100. bill," for whenever he was in need of $100., he would paint a copy and sell it.

The sitting must have taken place before March 4th. 1797, for on that day Washington retired from the presidency and thereafter he lived at Mount Vernon.

Washington's diary makes some mention of his sitting for Stuart in Philadelphia, but the only allusion to Stuart's Germantown Studio is the following under date of January 7th, 1797. "Wind at No. West and cold with clouds. Rode to Germantown with Mrs. Washington to see Mr. Stuart's paintings."

Stuart never completed the background of the original picture resulting from the third sitting, and at his request Washington permitted the painter to keep the unfinished portrait. After Stuart's death in Boston, in 1828, the portrait, and a companion picture of Mrs. Washington were sold for $1500. to the Washington Association, which, in 1831, presented them to the Boston Athenaeum. Later they were hung in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Germantown traditions of Stuart's stay here, deal with his temperamental peculiarities, his love of good living and his improvidence. When a piece of beef bought from a near by butcher was not satisfactory, Stuart kicked it along the road all the way back to the butcher's shop. He is said to have painted a sign for the King of Prussia Inn, where he was a regular patron at the bar. The sign bore a representation of the Prussian ruler. When the sign faded, after the lapse of years, a new proprietor of the inn had it painted over, the figure of the king being obliterated and lettering substituted. The old sign was given to the museum of the Germantown Historical Society.

Charles Willson Peale . . . and Germantown

1810—1826

CHARLES WILLSON PEALE was in his sixty-ninth year when he bought the farm in Germantown. The land was once part of the Stenton tract and was known as the "Nevie Place." At the time of the sale it belonged to Richard Nevie, to whose forebears it had been deeded in 1708.

On it was a small stone mansion which Peale hastened to alter extensively to suit the needs of his large family.

He called the place "Belfield" and it is significant that "Belfield" was the name of the Hesselius estate in Maryland, across the Severn from Annapolis, where Peale had been apprenticed to a saddler.

In exchange for Peale's "best saddle with its furniture," John Hesselius allowed him to watch while he painted two portraits, then finishing half a face, let him paint in the other half.

Later, Peale was to outdistance this teacher in his own field, returning from his European studies to develope his style in the realism of early American tradition. He richly deserved the reputation he earned of being its most popular and charming exponent, the last and greatest of the painter-craftsmen of his time.

When he acquired the estate in Germantown in 1810, a long list of achievements lay behind him. In turn he had been a saddler, an upholsterer, a chaise maker, a watch and clock maker, and a painter, both in life size portraits and in miniature. He could make mezzotints, model in clay, wax, and plaster, and had boasted that he had "cast a set of stirrups in brass."

Willing to try anything new in order to make money for his growing family, there was no craft with which he came in contact that he did not learn something of its skill, often having to make his own tools and teach himself their use.

When the revolution came to America he had no wish to be a military hero and he hated brutality but his sense of duty forced him to enlist in Washington's army. As a captain he saw to the wants of his men and their dependent families, personally attending to buying their food and when they were without shoes he obtained some hides and turning the fur side in, made moccasins for them with his own hands.

Between engagements in battle, Peale resumed his painting, as one veteran remarked, he "fit and painted, painted and fit." The small sketches of the famous men he thus secured during the war were later enlarged by him into full size portraits and displayed in Philadelphia. This was the first public exhibition of paintings in America.

His painting of George Washington made at Mount Vernon in 1772 was the first portrait of that country gentleman ever painted and the forerunner of many others for Charles Willson Peale alone was to paint him fourteen times.

In spite of Peale's activities in other directions he also assisted David Rittenhouse in his experiments with telescopic rifle sights on the proving ground at Norrington.

Obtaining some natural curiosities Peale advertised in the Pennsylvania Packet, July 18th. 1786, that he would make a part of his house a repository for such objects. This brought him the offer of an Angora cat which had died opportunely at the moment. The cat, a species hitherto unknown in America, had been brought from Paris by Benjamin Franklin. Failing in its preservation through lack of knowledge, Peale immediately set out to study taxidermy. Thus was born the first Museum of Natural Sciences in America. In the course of years it outgrew his home at Third and Lombard streets and was housed in the Philosophical Society building at Fifth and Chestnut streets. Later after repeated requests for support from the State Legislature, Peale was granted permission to occupy the second floor of Independence Hall at a nominal rent. The museum was moved to this building in 1802 and remained there until some time after his death.

Peale anticipated modern museum practice by many new devices to interest the popular mind. He invented the habitat group, discovered new methods for the preservation of birds and beasts which are still being employed today. He did not merely "stuff," as his predecessors had done but used his ability as a sculptor to model the bodies on which the pelts were placed.

Here he exhibited the "mastodons," the prehistoric bones he had acquired at Newburg, New York, excavating many of them himself and reconstructing all with consummate skill.

His advanced ideas caused him to exchange specimens with institutions in Europe, and thus obtain a fine collection of purely European fauna. The reputation of this educational work, which he accomplished almost single handed, drew the attention of all American naturalists to Philadelphia. The museum ranked with the best in the world and this standard was upheld as long as Charles Willson Peale himself was in charge.

While Peale was establishing his museum he was also busy spreading the knowledge and technique of

painting. Having been successful in teaching art to seven members of his family, he now undertook to found a school and establish a permanent art gallery. Ahead of his time as usual, his idea of a class where pupils could draw from nude models proved to be a shock to the moral code of the day. In spite of this serious set-back he finally succeeded, with the help of his friends, in creating "the great and glorious enterprise," the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. Its charter in 1806, which still exists, was dated two years before that of its rival academy in New York.

Satisfied that his work in these fields was in good hands he now started on what he called his "hobby Horse," his garden at "Belfield."

Thomas Jefferson wrote to him, "I have heard that you have retired from the city to a farm, and that you give your whole time to that. Does not the museum suffer? And is the farm as interesting?"

The farm, supplying a variety of occupations and taxing his ingenuity could not help being of interest to one of Peale's disposition. His autobiography, written in the third person, states, "it was in the beginning a very difficult business to prevent it" (the garden) "from ruin, when heavy gusts of rain occurred, but by making drains in many parts thus dividing the streams into five passages the evil in a measure was overcome."

With seven springs originally on the place and Wingohocking creek in the valley below a major problem was the control and use of water.

He continues, "having a good spring-house the water from it supplied a small fish pond in which he put many cat-fish brought from the Schuylkill, and although they lived and perhaps might be bred there, yet being pets, never were served at his table."

The same tenderheartedness extended to the pigeons. "Mrs. Peale's delicate feelings would not suffer them to be killed, and accordingly they were returned to the pigeon-house."

Quoting again from the autobiography, "finding a spring in the garden he followed it up the side of the hill until it became of some depth and among large stones—having at this place made a considerable cavity in the bank round the source of the spring" he thought to wall it up and arch it over as a place to keep cabbages and turnips during the winter. "But on trial it was found too moist and warm" and the vegetables sprouted.

"This trial gave him the idea of building a green-house and joining it to the arched cave—and that green-house kept exotic plants perfectly without the aid of stoves in the severest winter."

"Below the green-house he made a round basin to receive the water from the cave back of it. From the fish-pond near the spring-house to this basin in the garden is a fall of fifteen feet. In order to have a fountain in the basin, he put log pipes underground and thus had a jet thirteen feet high."

This terraced garden on the hillside overlooking Wingohocking creek "became the admiration of numerous visitors. Although every precaution was made to prevent trespass, yet it could not always be prevented when the multitude was admitted at all times, but at last he found it absolutely necessary to shut the Gates on Sundays" as then all the laboring classes of society were let loose and it was impossible to restrain them from plundering the fruit, the farm, and the garden," which were liberally stocked by naturalist son Rubens with the "most choice of every sort."

Between paths lined with box, planted by Peale himself, were places to sit and rest, roofs overhead warded off the beams of the sun. One of these summer houses of Chinese design was dedicated to meditation. Lettered around the walls within were elevating sentiments on which to ponder.

Peale decorated one of his more elaborate summer houses with figures of allegorical and political significance, these were painted on boards and ornamented the upper part of an arch and their outlines were cut out around them so that they stood apart like statues. Below the arch was painted the western sky. In order that the meaning of the figures might be understood by visitors he decorated the pedestals of the arch and incorporated in one of them the explanation.

An obelisk at the end of a walk bore these inscriptions; "Never return an injury, it is a noble triumph to overcome evil by good;" "Labour while you are able, it will give health to the body, and peaceful content to the mind;" "He that will live in peace and rest, must hear and see and say the least;" and "Neglect no duty." These he said were to "remind him of his duties—and he declared them to be the sacred laws by which to govern himself."

Peale bought the best stock and implements but failed to make money from his farm. He constructed corn-huskers, butter churns, and straw cutters but they all cost money and he was continually employed in fixing them. "Therefore I call them my follies," he wrote, "and great follies they have been except that while contriving and making them it afforded me amusement; but to complete the climax of my follies I wanted a wind-mill to pump water."

Again and again he erected his structure on top of a hill, each time with some new safety device but sooner or later a high wind would spring up and turn the sails so fast that the whole wind mill would come tumbling down.

His children by his second marriage thought it was time that their father should retire into a dignified old age and disliked his perpetual tinkering, especially when he would rush out in every storm to watch his mill. Each time a loud crash would be heard and he would return drenched and discouraged. The next morning Peale would start cheerfully at his tinkering again. Seven times the mill fell till, he writes, "The patience of my family and friends was exhausted."

Then Peale invented an apparatus that would make the sails shut together like the petals of a flower when a high wind blew. No sooner was it installed, he

writes, than "I saw a dark cloud in the West and in a short time after I heard the wind whistling, when I ran out and had the pleasure to see that the violence of the wind did not increase the velocity of the sails,—on seeing this I almost danced with joy,—the invention of these sails for mills and that of my wooden bridge I consider the most important of any mechanical works of my invention."

Peale urged the city council to pump all the water for Philadelphia, by means of such mills. A reply came from a committee of the council saying "the whole front on the Schuylkill belonging to the corporation at Fairmount would not afford sufficient room for one half the number that would be necessary."

Peale's children thought now at last with the mill running smoothly their father would be content to settle down; to their dismay, on a visit to Baltimore, he saw a "fast-walking machine" that had just been invented in Germany.

As soon as he returned to the farm he began making the same kind of machine for himself. It was much like an old fashioned bicycle but lacked pedals. At first he experimented with iron and then with wood.

The American Daily Advertiser of 1819 prints, "This whimsical pedestrian accelerator having excited much curiosity, Mr. Peale has made one which is now deposited in the museum. He rides it around the walks of his garden and gets great pleasure from his expertness in maneuvering it about."

To his children's indignation he rode it into Germantown, "disregarding the stare of the multitude," he writes, and adds, "it was pleasing to gratify the children." Evidently it was the children of the town who were pleased for records tell that his own sons and daughters watched in horror while the seventy-eight year old painter coasted whooping down the hills, his coat tails flying. He was very happy.

It was at Belfield he embarked on the final phase of his art, learning at the age of seventy, a new technique of painting from his son Rembrandt, who had just returned from studies in Paris. These canvases with highly glazed colors are regarded by some critics as his best work.

Peale sold the farm to William Fisher in 1826 and it has since been in the possession of his descendants.

Peale's beautiful garden still remains in Germantown as a proof of the joy he took in it. The large additions he made to the house, the big room in which to paint, are still there. The drains can be seen today as shallow grooves across the garden. There are the terraces, and the steps of native stone, the summer houses, the green houses, and the ponds. Gone is the obelisk but its site can be seen and the great hedges of box, in some places six feet high continue to mark the original borders of the paths undisturbed since Peale set them there.

Descended from clergymen of the Church of England Peale absorbed the spirit of the pioneer in America, the land of his birth. He sought new adventures to the end.

If his tinkering bothered anyone he was unaware of it for in his autobiography he stated, "His inventions pleased himself, and they gave pleasure to others and offended none—being perfectly innocent, but the economist will say, it was time misspent. He answers that happiness is worth millions."

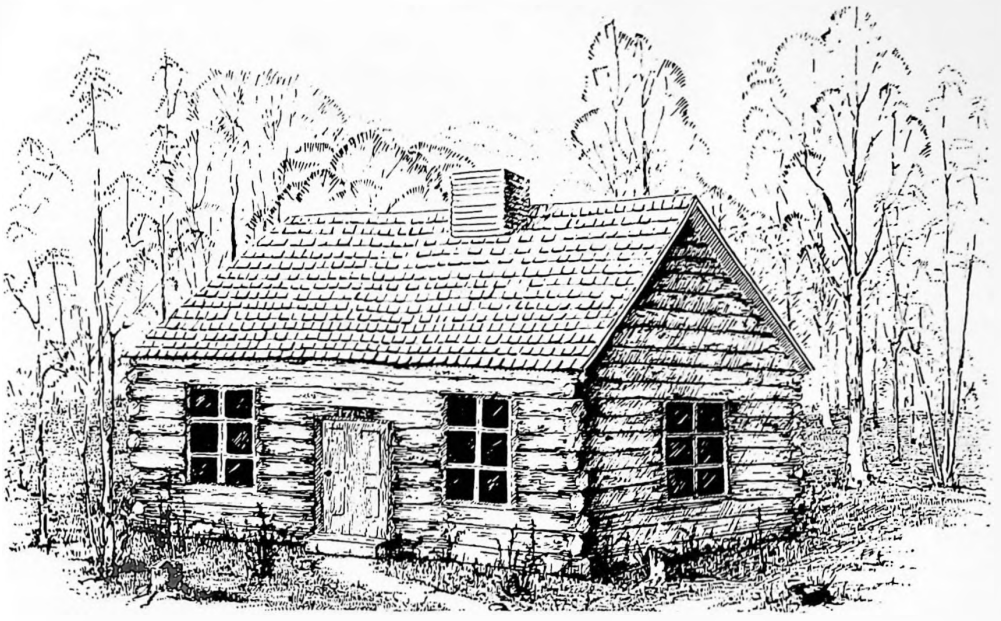
Printed May, 1947 in "News Bulletin" of the Germantown Historical Society, with permission of Mrs. James Starr from "History of Belfield" and credit given to "America's Old Masters" by James Thomas Flexner. Our society owns four portraits by James Peale, son of Charles Willson Peale.

SNOW SCENE

Lisl Stork

The earth was bleak as it is in mid-winter
And as I left the wood I saw it.
In shape like a rainbow, only solid and dense
Leaving below it a half-bowl of turquoise.
It was slightly mottled like stone
But no medieval building never had
An archway so wide, spanning so many miles.
If only I could have watched
Its gradual encroachment upon that clear patch
But it was too slow for my patience,
The process too imperceptable.
Then to be there in the early evening
When the first flakes fell,
The first, that are so starlike, so crisp
And tinkle as they give their herald's warnings.
How soon they loose their intricate shapes
And hurriedly merge, forming a blanket
Over meadows and fields, though sculpturing freely
Where earth shapes permit.
Why is our spirit's fiber so weak, our
Our flesh quite so pitiful?
Why only see the prologue,
When a miracle play is afoot?

Lisl Stork, the former Elizabeth von Pausinger, born in Salzburg, Austria, is the wife of Charles Wharton Stork of Chestnut Hill. Mrs. Storks' father was court painter to the Emperor Franz Joseph. She is an artist of distinction.



Old Log Meeting House of 1708
drawn by Gladys McHenry Hugo
originally drawn from traditional descriptions by Elizabeth Klare, Samuel Rittenhouse and others.

Historical Sketch of

THE GERMANTOWN MENNONITE CHURCH

By William Henry Shelly

On the celebration of the 275th Anniversary of the coming of the Mennonites to Germantown, Pa. and their first settlement in America. 1683-1958

TO CLEARLY understand and appreciate the rich spiritual heritage that has come down to us from thoseear ly settlers of Germantown, let us first consider who these people were and from whence they came.

One group came from Crefeld (Creyfeld), a city located on the lower Rhine near the borders of Holland. This city of Crefeld is known as the center of factories for silk and other woven goods. The weaving industries were established many years ago by the Mennonite people, who had emigrated from the lowlands of Holland. William Penn visited Crefeld on his missionary journeys. He was graciously welcomed and invited to come again, but did not return. When he became the owner of a large tract of land in the new world arrangements were made for them to purchase some. In a brochure prepared by Penn there was an invitation for them to become a part of his new settlement, promising that this was a country where war was unknown, where there would be freedom of worship, and the rights of property would be observed. This interested them because war in their country never seemed to hold back her cruel and bloody hand. Business was poor and the trade with foreign lands was halted. Francis Daniel Pastorius, Penn's agent for the Frankford Land Company offered them a tract of land north of Philadelphia, on a navigable stream as they requested. But the land proved too hilly and they chose a level tract to the northeast.

The group of thirteen families, comprising thirty-nine persons, nearly all of them related to each other by family ties, prepared to come to America. They sailed from London, Gravesend, England on July 4, 1683 on the good ship "CONCORD", William Jeffries, Master, a ship of five hundred stone burthen. After a pleasant voyage of seventy-four days they landed at Philadelphia on October 6, 1683. Upon their landing they were welcomed by Francis Daniel Pastorius who had preceded them with the Frankford group in August, the same year.

Let us get acquainted with the heads of the families. They were: Lenart Arets, Abraham op den Graeff, Dirck op den Graeff, Herman op den Graeff, Willem Streypers, Thones Kunders, Reynier Tyson, Jan Siemens, Jan Lensen, Peter Keurlis, Johannes Bliekers, Jan Lucken and Abraham Tunes. All these men were originally Mennonites. The three op den Graeffs were

References used, books by Gov. Samuel W. Pennypacker and from historians of the Mennonite Church, Rev. Nathaniel B. Grubb and Rev. Silas M. Grubb, D.D.

brothers; they were accompanied by their mother, Greitjen K. op den Graeff, and their sister Margaretha. They were cousins of Jan and Willem Streypers who were also brothers. The wives of Thones Kunders and Lenart Arets were sisters of the Streypers, and the wife of Jan Lucken was the sister of Reynier Tyson. Peter Keurlis was also a relative. On the voyage a baby was born to the Blickers'. Soon after their arrival the mother of the op den Graeffs died. Most of their names, it is evident, are Dutch, rather than German.

On their arrival arrangements were made by Pastorius to house the settlers for the winter in caves which were dug out of the banks of the Delaware River. It was in such a cave that Pastorius lived.

On October 25th of the same year the heads of the families met with Pastorius in his own cave. (Pastorius' cave was located at what is now known as No. 502 South Front Street, Philadelphia.) There they looked over the chart of the tract and drew lots for each family. Thus October 25th, 1683, has been accepted as the date when Germantown was founded. The German Township had in 1683 an area of nearly eleven square miles and was co-extensive with the Twenty-second Ward of the City of Philadelphia.

The building of their homes was begun by digging cellars; the first houses had to be built of logs, but even in 1684 Pastorius looked forward to the use of bricks for constructing dwellings. There was clay in the neighborhood and Penn promised to give the Germans land bearing deposits of clay where kilns might be erected for baking bricks. The locality, it was found, possessed extensive deposits of building stone, so that this stone was used for the more substantial type of dwelling when they replaced the log houses. This same micha schist constituted the walls of many of Germantown's historic houses, and also the present Germantown Meetinghouse.

Mennonite settlers in Germantown were mostly mechanics and linen weavers, unlike the later Mennonites who came to America, "not given much to agriculture." They founded a village, cultivated the soil on a small scale at first, but soon turned to weaving as their chief industry. Although they first passed through a brief period of hardships, they were free from Indian dangers and disease epidemics, fatal to so many colonial experiments. Mennonite immigrants to Germantown were not numerous; in all there were perhaps not more than fifty families.

About the year 1690 the group began holding their meetings for worship in the home of Jacob Isaac Van Bebber, and in the substantial stone house of Thones Kunders. In the year 1688 Dirck Keyser, a silk merchant of Amsterdam, Holland, came to Germantown and soon became an important factor in the congregation and the community. In later years, perhaps 1710, he was chosen one of the Ministers together with Nicholas Rittenhouse. His remains lie buried in the cemetery adjoining the present stone church, in an unmarked grave. In the same year, 1688, Willem Rittenhouse (William Rittenhouse) also from Amsterdam, came and joined this little colony. He was by trade a paper maker. He set to work at once to erect a paper mill on Monoshone Creek, a tributary of Wissahickon Creek in what is now a part of Fairmount Park. This was the first paper mill in America. In 1707 he erected a substantial stone dwelling nearby. This latter dwelling still stands and will stand for many more years.

In 1690 (or perhaps 1698) the little group called Rittenhouse to become their minister, and in 1703 he was made a Bishop, the first in America. However, he did not live long enough to perform the duties of a bishop, for he passed on February 18, 1708.

On October 8, 1702, Jacob Gaetschalk (Gottschalk) and Hans Neues were also chosen ministers. On April 20, 1708, two more ministers were chosen. They were Hermann Kasdorp and Martin Kolb. In 1710 two other ministers were selected as ministers; they were Dirck Keyser and Nicholas Rittenhouse, the son of William Rittenhouse.

In 1701, William Rittenhouse conveyed a part of Lot No. 19 (on plan of 1689 copy of which is in our possession) on Main Street, to Arnold Van Fossen, who in turn, on February 10, 1702–03, conveyed that part on which the little Log Meetinghouse stood, a lot 16.5′ by 49.5′ to Jan Neues as Trustee on behalf of the Mennonites. This lot was located at what is now the Northeast corner of Germantown Avenue and Herman Street. The land contained three perches of land and was given for the use of the building of a meetinghouse. On September 5, 1714, thirty-five more perches were added for a place to bury the dead.

After the death of William Rittenhouse, Jacob Gaetschalk was made the Bishop of the group. On May 9, 1708, in the log meetinghouse, the first baptismal service was held. Bishop Goetschalk administered baptism to eleven members. This was the first baptismal service among Mennonites in America. This was followed by the celebration of the Lord's Supper two weeks later, on May 23rd, at which fifty-two members communed. This was the first Communion Service among Mennonites held in America.

On October 3rd, 1708, a letter was signed by Jacob Gaetschalk, Harman Karsdorp, Isaac Van Sintern, Martin Kolb, and Conrad Jansen, to Amsterdam, "a loving and friendly request" for "some catechisms for the children and little Testaments for the young." They added "that the community is still weak and it would cost much money to get them printed, while the members who came here from Germany have spent everything and must begin anew, and all work in order to pay for the conveniences of life of which they still stand in need." They asked William Bradford, printer in New York, concerning the publication of a

(Continued on page 22)

A Word Portrait of a Gentlewoman

By Sophie Weygandt Harris

ELIZABETH MARGARET MACFARLANE MELLOR was a gentlewoman in the fullest sense of the word, by heritage and by her own innate character.

Her immigrant ancestor was one of three brothers named MacFarlane who lived on the ancestral acres in Argyleshire. One stayed at home, one went to South America, and one, James, Mrs. Mellor's grandfather, a Scotch Presbyterian, came to Canada "in kilts, the story goes" and settled in Kingston, on Lake Ontario. He owned the newspaper, was the chief magistrate of the town and was active in the militia. In 1834 he married one of the Carrington sisters of Oswego, New York. Her name was Isura, an unknown name then and now. Isura and the handsome young Scotchman had two sons, and Isura died after the birth of the second. The two little boys went to Oswego, New York, to be brought up by the Carringtons.

As I write there lies on my table a book, bigger than an old family Bible, bound in red leather, written in longhand, illustrated with pictures of people and their homes, the story of a remarkable family, the Carringtons. It numbered among its members, lawyers, a judge, and a mayor of the town. The pictures of their homes, especially "The Castle," the house of the mayor, are charming. There are photographs of bridal suppers and other festivities. One, of Dr. MacFarlane's library, is especially interesting. It is filled with books, oriental rugs on the floor, and on the wall a certificate of membership in the St. Andrews Society, dated 1840, and a later one of Mrs. Mellor's dated 1922.

The judge and his wife brought up Mrs. Mellor's father with "love and understanding."

They were a traveling family. When Mr. MacFarlane, Mrs. Mellor's father, married "sweet little Louisa Baker," they sailed for South America. An uncle, in Uruguay, had offered him a job, and his wife writes a touching farewell. Mr. MacFarlane's advice to travelers of his time is deeply interesting and, of course, being of such a family he mentions the need of books.

Arriving in Montevideo, no Uncle John met them, so home they returned in a short time. But his wife has written most interestingly of life in South America and counts her trip south as "one of God's blessings." They seemed to have made friends everywhere.

Before I leave the account of this generation, I would like to mention her uncle, the young doctor, who served at the front during the Civil War. and his story are the most interesting of her many forebears. He ends one of his letters, "You may tell them (his family) that though I have turned Yankee, yet the blood that makes Scotchmen love Scotland thru his children and children's children, still flows thru my veins."

A letter from a cousin, Mrs. William J. Owen, gives a charming picture of Mrs. Mellor's childhood:

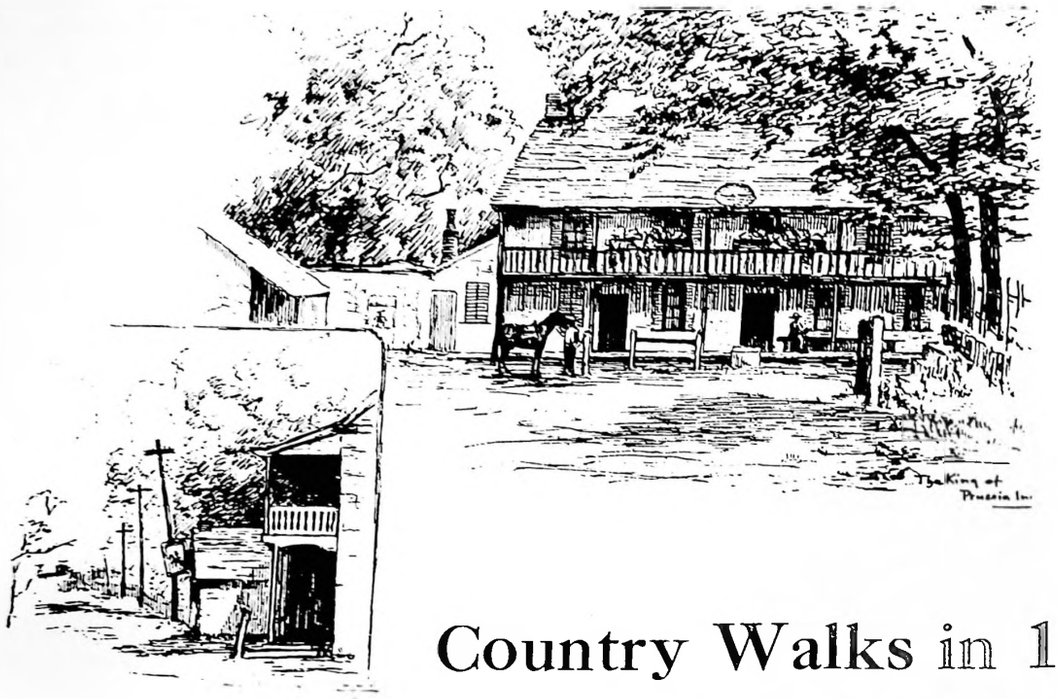
"She returned from her elegant home in Oswego to live in her mother's old homestead near Morristown, New Jersey. Her mother had married Andrew J. Smith (known as the peace-maker of Monroe County, New Jersey). Here, living with a group of four younger children, she led us in our play. She was full of imagination, but one of the rules she laid down was, you cannot talk ill of anybody and none of us dared do or say a mean thing because it would hurt Elizabeth. From such gentleness of spirit grew the woman we all loved and revered for her goodness and justice and wisdom." . . . "She became a great reader, and adored a spinster aunt who made her home there also and with whom she read the English Classics through the 'long winter evenings.' Also they read aloud a great deal of poetry. She had a private tutor, shared with six other girls, and then went to boarding school in Rochester for two years. Thence to New York, to Miss Hunter's Kindergarten classes. When the school needed a play, she wrote it, when they needed a spring song, she wrote it, when they needed a prayer for little children, she wrote it. Miss Hunter called her a rare spirit." . . . "As I think of the long years together, it was her awareness of what was in another's mind and heart and her willingness to share sympathetically with their joys or troubles that made her so beloved."

She married Norman Mellor in 1919 and had three sons, Norman, James MacFarlane, and Harrison Clay.

As the boys were growing up Mr. Mellor rented the Richardson homestead on the Academy Road, Byberry that the boys could roam at will thru the woods and by the stream during the summer holidays.

My own friendship with Mrs. Mellor became most intimate in our work for the Study Class—an old Germantown reading club. She was a marvelously well-read person. In preparing Study Class programs she would always bring forward some interesting book none of us had read. She was invaluable in finding titles for our papers and had a genius for quotations.

(Continued on page 27)



The King of Prussia
Drawings by Elizabeth
Moore Hallowell

Country Walks in 1889

From "Inns and Outs"

By Charles Francis Saunders

The King of Prussia and the Green Tree

JUST OVER the hills that skirt the Schuylkill at Bridgeport, and stretching far away to the West in unbroken fertility and beauty lies the "Great Valley." What ever may have been the charms of "Sleepy Hollow," it is hard to believe that old Baltus Van Tassel's fruitful acres could have looked more enticing to the hungry eyes of Ichabod Crane, than does this fair valley "when the frost is on the pumpkin and the corn is in the shock." Even honest old Watson, the famous author of the "Annals," grows eloquent about it, and commends it "as well worth a visit from the youth of our city." From the summits of the hills that enclose it, he ingenuously says "there are sometimes very extensive and beautiful views—such as might lead out the young minds to conceive of those much greater elevations, the Blue Mountains and the Alleghenys."

And yet tho Peace and Plenty now have their abode here, time was when tragic scenes were enacted on its borders. A hundred years ago, these hills rang with the clash of flintlocks, and patriotic blood was being spilt where men are plowing now. The roads which lately echoed to "My Linda Cinda" and "There is a Tavern in the Town," once shook beneath the roll of artillery trains and the weary tramp of ragged Continentals. For among the hills that form the Northern boundary lies Valley Forge, and nearby opposite on the South stands the little monument that marks the scene of the Paoli Massacre. This too is the native heath of one of the most romantic figures in our Revolutionary history "Mad Anthony Wayne," whose birthplace is just without the Valley and whose ashes lie buried not far off in the graveyard of the little old Welsh Church, St. Davids of Radnor. The Triangle made a pilgrimage there one afternoon in a Snow Storm, and played "Old Mortality*" for half an hour among the tombstones.

The old Main Street of Bridgeport begins its short career by climbing a hill, and after lingering a bit upon the top, as though to take breath, passes thru a toll gate and becomes a common County turnpike, leading down into the valley.

It was along this road on the Thanksgiving morning aforesaid, that the Triangle filed. The weather was not of a kind that usually tempts people to an outing—black clouds hung low upon the hills and a raw wind was blowing off the river. In short the clerk of the weather was trying to scare the Triangle home again, but in vain. The Botanist* whose unvarying attitude towards nature is one of cheerful approval of all her moods, smiled contentedly as some rain drops

INNS AND OUTS was the name of a WALKING CLUB organized by a group of young people in the last decades of the eighteen hundreds. The narrative was written by Charles Francis Saunders. The name OBJECT was given to the member whose work it was to choose the site to be visited. PLATES was evidently the man with the camera, photographs then being made on glass plates. The BOTANIST was the one who knew about wild flowers, then plentiful in fields and on roadsides. She may also have drawn the delightful INNS.

We are grateful to the Friends' Historical Library of Swarthmore College and its librarian Frederick B. Tolles for the use of this material.

pattered on her cheeks.—The Object* resignedly shook out the folds of his umbrella, and Plates* calmly said he guessed we would have a good day after all. Where upon, the clerk threw up the sponge in disgust—here and there in the Sky bits of blue appeared—the sun came sulkily out, but seeing how good humored the Triangle was concluded to be a boy again himself, and entered into a game of hide and seek with the clouds, which he kept up the rest of the morning.

The Bridgeport Pike is not the sort of road to keep a drowsy man awake with excitement, but it should always command respect because it leads to the "King of Prussia."

The Triangle knowing that each step brought them nearer to that famous hostelry, took a lively interest in what little there was to see, a wagon load of hay, which passed them en route for Norristown—an old blacksmith's shop, some limekilns and quarrys, which they explored as thoroughly as tho they had the owner's permission, trifles like these were of vital importance for the nonce. To gratify the Botanist whose heart always goes out to the misty land of adventure lying just beyond the first bend of a by-path, a slight detour was taken up someone's grassy lane, past acres of scrub oak across a couple of fields and so into the "King."

To the eye of the traveler who has never been in England the village of the "King of Prussia" looks like an English hamlet. As you enter you pass a number of neat little dwellings, each with its old fashioned garden, a shady old bridge over the shady little creek that runs through the middle of the shady little village, there comes the blacksmith's shop, the store, the Doctors and opposite the latter the "King of Prussia Inn"—which for a century and a quarter has dispensed good cheer to man and beast.

The old sign still hangs there and depicts Royalty in a cocked hat, pig tail and blue coat, astride of a pawing charger. This sign is the Subject of reverent solicitude on the part of its owners, for the "King of Prussia" is one of the few old taverns, whose present proprietors feel a pride in their house and take pleasure in preserving its antique flavor. There are inns which have fallen into evil ways, and whose landlords are careless of their looks—there are others which have been modernized into an appearance of hopeless conventionality—but the "King" has made no effort to accommodate itself to the changing fashions of the times. Well meaning people have talked of renovations and suggested that the Shingles and dormer windows be taken down and replaced with a mansard roof but mine hostess has always declined to entertain the idea.

As it stands at the present writing it is a comfortable looking structure with capacious chimneys, pleasant porches, plenty of shade and a pump. As like as not the landlady, a buxom widow of forty-five meets you at the door and invites you in. An old fashioned hall clock ticks in the hall and the floor slants invitingly to the sitting room whose low ceiling and broad window seats carry back to the time when George, the third was king. The cheerfulness of the sitting room is enhanced by the fact that one end of it serves as a dining room and it is one of the most delightful things in the world to sit in your rocking chair and watch the Princess in curlpapers, set the table, the sunlight meanwhile streaming thru the red window curtains and suffusing her person with a roseate glow like a Goddess in Vergil.

The tramp of horses hooves attract your eyes to the window in time to see a scarlet coated huntsman canter by—and you become aware that there is a remarkably pretty bit of country rolling away north, with a glimpse of blue hills beyond. All the time the landlady is probably telling you about her flowers or the trouble she has had with her "help" and when she stops the Princess will prattle to you about other domestic matters including her brother who is in the city. Then perhaps the spoiled Darling will drop in from the Doctors for a few minutes and give a fresh turn to the conversation. All of which is extremely cosy and calculated to make the sociable guest feel glad he has come.

The meals at the "King of Prussia" are of the Country kind—plain well cooked and substantial and apt to terminate in three kinds of pie. If you come to supper you will probably have waffles, than which no pleasanter fate can befall you, particularly if the Princess superintends the making. The "King of Prussia" waffles enjoy an enviable reputation in the neighborhood and there seems to be something of a rivalry between the landlady and the Princess for the championship thereof.

Another cheerful feature of supper at this inn is the milk pitcher which circulates in the most unrestrained manner, your glass being filled as soon as it is emptied and before you have a chance to ask for more, a delicate attention that won the Objects heart at one swoop. The kitchen which supplies the table with the delectables referred to is one of the kind you read about—with big old fireplace and crane and ceiling ribbed with smoky rafters. Plates who has made himself solid with the landlady by sending her photographs of the inn taken on a previous occasion was allowed to penetrate this culinary sanctum and take a flash light of the fire place, which he did to the mingled delight and terror of the assembled family, who lined the walls of the room during the performance.

"Welcome the coming—Speed departing guest is not written on the portal of the "King" but that old time maxim is never the less practiced there. When you are ready to leave the Landlady and the Princess attend you to the door and bid you goodbye and if you cross the bridge on your way out of the village you turn and take a last look at the ridiculous old sign which the bending road withdraws from your sight, ten to one you will feel glad you have been there and sorry you are leaving so soon.



The White Horse At Norwood

A WAIL IN G FLAT MINOR—
AD—AGRA PATETICO I LAM

NORWOOD is one of the new settlements along the line of the P W & B Railroad that have been started by land speculation within the last few years.

Midway between a couple of gaudy, villages on the Chester Turnpike, like an aristocratic old lady in a company of rude young upstarts, from whom she holds aloof, stands the White Horse Inn. This was Plates' particular pet—he had discovered it by himself, he had taken its photograph by himself—later on he had piloted the Triangle out to see it. There was no denying it was a good one altho at first sight the Object regarded it rather coldly and secretly thought it did not come up to his specialty, the Red Lion on the Poquessink.

When he came to write it up, he found a foeman worthy of his steel. It defied description. The walk there had been singularily uneventful and as for historic interest, the sign might have displayed with perfect truth the word of Cummings knife grinder, "Story, God bless you, I have none to tell, Sir."

Even the Object: imagination failed him and he would sit for hours of a night staring at the blank sheet before him neatly headed, "The White Horse at Norwood" until his eyes ached and his brain reeled, while by day it obtruded itself like the Death's head at a feast. Upon every festive occasion, on pleasant afternoons in Spring, when all nature invited to idleness the sweetness of far riente would be embittered by the sound of a ghostly neigh bourne on the winds from Norwood. Did the Object endeavor to seek distraction in a novel the White Horse would be there too and grimly whisper, "Read of Me." At midnight when all the world was sleeping, the unfortunate animal would turn into a nightmare, and planting its hoofs upon the victim's breast, would hourly say, "Everything is quiet now, write me up"; but try as he would, the Object could find nothing to write up. To be sure he heard that Washington had once spent the night there, but that Washington racket, he thought in despair, is about played out.

Farmers and Drovers Of Barren Hill

HISTORY expends her choicest language on those she claims and gives the cut direct to a poor little wayside inn that has no illustrious associations. Hence the present historian, who had to copy all his facts and not permitted to invent, has nothing to say about it. Farmers and Drovers of Barren Hill, and leaves to fate with his best wishes to the artist.

Half a mile from here is the village of Marble Hall noted for its deserted quarries from which a considerable portion of the marble was gotten for Girard College. On a lowering day these quarries are the embodiment of desolation. They are no longer worked and the people whose livelihood was gained by delving in them have many of them gone elsewhere, leaving more than one tenantless house to bats and vermin, its walls crumbling, its floors rotting and its windows glassless and staring like the sockets in a skull. Blocks of half dressed marble are lying about, overgrown with weeds, in ramshackle sheds, here and there, are wagons going to decay and pieces of machinery eaten deep by rust, where rain and neglect make the scene.



Farmers and Drovers, Barren Hill

The quarries themselves are sunk deep in the black hills, great irregular holes with perpendicular sides partially covered with moss and clinging vines. At the bottom of a sheer descent are deep pools of water, which invite the morbid to suicide. If a man were to walk over the edge of the largest of these quarries, as he might very easily do on a dark night, he would fall a hundred feet or so and have about as much chance of getting out alive as a blind kitten in a bucket of water.

To stand on the brink and throw bits of rock into the abyss, even when the sun is shining, is enough to make one's blood run cold. A dull roar comes reverberating up from the depth when the waves, stirred to action by the falling stone, begin to beat against the stones with mournful sounds and the hearer is petrified with horror, until he finds it is the cooing of pigeons which make their nests in crevices in the rocky sides.

Fort St. David

By Richard Ferree Smith

HEMMED IN by the Schuylkill River, the Wissahickon Creek and steep hills, East Falls has developed a tradition of provincialism that is still referred to with satisfaction by its present residents. Even though some of these are first and second generation Italians and Poles, they speak glowingly of their "tight little community."

East Falls owes its creation as an identifiable community to a group of wealthy Welsh gentlemen who enjoyed fishing. In the 1730's, these sportsmen built a lodge of "hewn timber," which they called "Fort St. David" in honor of the patron saint of the Welsh.

The "fort" was located near the Falls of the Schuylkill, head of the tidewater. The falls were about five or six feet high and when the tide was out could be heard several miles away. They disappeared in 1821 when the Fairmount Dam was constructed three miles down the river. Today, they are marked by a rock on which the eastern end of the Reading Railroad bridge is built.

The tiny community above the falls was soon called Fort St. David and became "famous as a place of recreation and residence, with picturesque taverns and houses." Charles V. Hagner in his book, *The Early History of the Falls of Schuylkill*, comments "for beautiful scenery, romantic beauty and fine fishing no place in the vicinity of Philadelphia could in the least compare with Fort St. David."

Shorty before the American Revolution, John Dickinson, author of the *Farmers Letters*, joined the Fort St. David Society. His membership in the group convinced the British that the organization was subversive and that its "members hatched treason." Early in the Revolution the Fort was burned by the Hessians.

During the war, Continental troops camped in the vicinity of the falls both before and after the Battle of Brandywine. A monument at the corner of Queen Lane and Henry Avenue commemorates one of these encampments.

After the Revolution, the village gradually became known as Falls of Schuylkill. It continued to grow as a vacation resort for Philadelphians and as a commercial fishing center.

According to Hagner, fish were so plentiful that it was not unusual for one man to catch 3,000 a night.



Wissahickon Creek

Perch, shad, rock fish and a black and white migrating species (referred to as "cat fish") headed the list of available catches.

Members of the Society of St. David (revived after the Revolution) were particularly fond of the "cat fish" and often ate forty dozen at one feast. The society eventually merged with another esoteric fishing club, the Schuylkill Fishing Company of the State in Schuylkill. This organization is still active and maintains a lodge at Andalusia on the Delaware River. The May, 1957, issue of *Holiday Magazine* shows a picture of a member preparing to enjoy one of their traditional feasts.

Industry appeared in the little village in the early 1800's. First, a flour mill was converted to spinning cotton for candle wicks. Later, a rolling mill was built to manufacture iron nails and wire. This mill was one of the first to use anthracite coal. The owner, Josiah White, exploited his success with anthracite by starting the Lehigh Navigation Company to transport "the black stones" to Philadelphia.

East Falls also claims to have had the first drug manufacturing mill in the country. Founded in 1818, this company was one of the ancestors of the present Merck organization. Merck & Company, Inc. maintained a plant in the Falls until a few years ago, when it was sold for the site of the present public housing project. A whiskey mill appeared in the middle of the 19th Century. John Hohenadel founded his brewery there shortly afterward.

A major community problem for the Falls were its bridges. Hagner reports "the bridge building operations at the Falls were peculiarly unfortunate; the first one, a chain bridge, broke down in 1811 with a drove of cattle on it; the second fell from the weight of snow accumulated in a snowstorm in 1818; the third floated

(*Continued on page 27*)

Richard Ferree Smith is a member of Coulter Street Friends' meeting. His articles have appeared in the "Friends Journal." He is a son of Mrs. Manning Smith and a brother of Manning Smith Jr.

Through his mother he is descended from Madam Marie Ferree, a Huguenot, who emigrated with her family to Esopus, Hudson Co., New York in 1709. On the death of her husband, Daniel, she came with her three children to Paradice, Lancaster Co., Pennsylvania in 1712. In 1718 she is recorded as owning 2,300 acres of farm land in Pennsylvania.

Samuel Emlen

A Quaker Seer

DURING the period of the American Revolution, and for many years after, a neatly built man of slender person, and a light quick step, might have been often seen treading the streets of Philadelphia. His dress was generally of a drab color, and very neatly made. When the weather rendered an overcoat necessary, he wore one of a dark mixture, which he was wont to keep folded over his breast, by the pressure of his left arm. This man was Samuel Emlen. Sometimes, while passing along the street at his usual quick pace, he would suddenly fall into a slower motion, and his steps almost cease. On such occasions he would frequently turn into some neighboring dwelling; and soon—sometimes while still in the entry—commence ministering in Gospel power, and in the true spirit of prophetic discernment, to those within.

This man was considered the seer of that day. So remarkably was he at times favored with an insight into the character and condition of those he met with, that many who were conscious of secretly withstanding the operations of grace in their hearts, were afraid to meet him. Many instances are recorded of his quickness in detecting, and promptness in rebuking evil. A young man of a high, proud, self-sufficient spirit, has recorded in a letter, a short sermon preached to him by Samuel Emlen. His residence was near the northern line of Pennsylvania, but being in Philadelphia, he called at the Counting-house of an elder of the Northern-District Monthly Meeting, where he found this man of spiritual discernment sitting by himself. As he drew near, Samuel, whose eyesight was very defective, perhaps thinking he was some one with whom he was acquainted, thus addressed him: "Who art thou of lofty stature?" By the time these words were uttered, he was dipped into the state of the young man, and without waiting for an answer, continued his discourse. "An empty vine, thou bringest forth fruit unto thyself." A few more sharp, pithy sentences followed. Most emphatically true was this character, given by a man who from outward information knew him not. He brought forth fruit to himself, in a youth characterized by a headstrong following of his own inclinations; and he brought forth fruit unto himself, in a maturity of disgraceful servitude to the love of strong drink.

Samuel Emlen was born in Philadelphia on the fifteenth day of the First month, 1730. His parents, having themselves submitted to the restraints of religion—the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ—felt the obligation of endeavoring to preserve their children from evil. As ability was furnished them from above, they labored for the good of their offspring, seeking to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Very early in life the youthful Samuel was acquainted with the visitations of the Holy Spirit, very early did he love inward communion with his Maker, and receive instruction in heavenly things.

He was blessed with excellent natural gifts. As a scholar he was apt, and especially in the acquisition of languages, being acquainted with Latin and Greek, besides several of the tongues spoken by the modern nations of Europe. After receiving his education, he was placed as an apprentice in the counting-house of James Pemberton, where he acquired a knowledge of mercantile business; but having a sufficient patrimonial estate, he never engaged in trade on his own account.

Soon after he arrived at manhood, he accompanied Michael Lightfoot to the meetings of Friends in Virginia and North Carolina. In 1756, he paid his first visit to Europe, sailing in a vessel for Ireland, with Catharine Payton and Mary Peisley, who were returning from religious labor in America, and with his relative, Abraham Farrington, who was going to visit the churches in Great Britain. In Ireland he accompanied his cousin to many meetings, and while with him first spoke as a minister. He returned to America in 1758. It is needless, in this brief sketch, to trace his labors minutely; but we may say, that he subsequently visited England six times, on only two instances remaining over two years.

Samuel Emlen was of a cheerful temper, and having his memory stored with interesting anecdotes—which in conversation he freely brought forth—his society was very pleasant to young people.

Of the many anecdotes told of the spirit of discernment which characterized him we may relate a few. A valuable Friend, a member of another Monthly Meeting, paying a visit to Philadelphia, brought his son with him. The young man, having heard that Samuel Emlen could see into the inward state and condition of those he was with, was particularly desirous of avoiding an interview, having, as he thought, sufficient reasons for not liking to be seen just as he was. The father attended the Northern District

From Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes of members of the Religious Society of Friends.

Philadelphia. Published by the Tract Association of Friends, No. 304 Arch Street. 1871.

*From this time the records are uneventful. There is no date of the changing of the meetings from three to two weeks. On 4th month, 8th, 1764 the Secretary writes "the meetings were concluded for the season, and we separated, I think, with increased feelings of affectionate friendship for each other."



Quaker Gentleman of the period

Meeting, to which Samuel Emlen belonged, and the son could not refuse to accompany him, although he felt no little fear at the prospect of being in the same house with this discerner of spirits. He kept, however, as far from the gallery as possible, and felt comfortable at the close of the meeting, that he had so far escaped a public rebuke. But he soon found cause for fresh uneasiness; for Samuel Emlen kept close to his father, and said, when the latter accepted an invitation to dine with William Savery, "I will go along." Dinner passed sociably and pleasantly, and when the company afterward gathered into the parlor, the young man took the farthest corner of the room from where the object of his dread had seated himself. All his plannings, however, were in vain. Soon Samuel fell into silence, and the word of exhortation and reproof was put into his mouth. He addressed himself at once to the trembling youth, with such a soul-searching testimony as unveiled all that the latter most wished to be hidden. But there was consolation as well as rebuke in the testimony, and holy resolutions were awakened, which through the Lord's assistance were measurably kept.

We have alluded to the dimness of outward vision of this extraordinary gifted man. We have spoken of his inward quickness of perception. The following anecdote shows that his inward sense was more to be depended on for direction than the outward sight of others.

A Friend, late a valuable elder in this city, when young in years, waited, on a stranger somewhat advanced in life, to pay Samuel Emlen a visit. While sitting together, Samuel fell into silence, became religiously exercised, and soon began to preach powerfully to the state of some person young in years. There were but three persons in the room, and the youthful elder knew that the communication was fitted to neither of them. He became nervous and uneasy. He thought his spiritually gifted friend had for once made a mistake. At last as Samuel continued his discourse, his uneasiness became so great he could no longer retain his seat. He arose and quietly approached the half-opened door to make his escape, when he perceived standing behind it, in the adjoining room, a young man weeping bitterly. Relieved of all his faithless fears, the elder returned to his seat with the substance of this text impressed on his mind: "The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy."

We have spoken of Samuel Emlen's knowledge of languages. On one occasion, in his public ministry of the Gospel, he addressed a learned audience in Latin: and during his travels on the continent of Europe, his French and German were frequently called into exercise. During one of his visits in England, a female, amused at his primitive dress and diminutive person, speaking in French closed her foolish remarks about him with, "I wonder if it can talk?" "Yes," said Samuel, turning his intelligent eye on her, "yes, it can talk a little Latin, a little Greek, a little Hebrew, a little Spanish, a little German. Which of these wouldst thou like to converse in?"

Letter from Boy Scouts of America

Troop 249, Boy Scouts of America
2nd Baptist Church of Gtn.
Germantown Ave. and Upsal St.
February 9, 1958

The Germantown Historical Society
5214 Germantown Avenue
Philadelphia 44, Penna.
Gentlemen:

We would like to express our deep appreciation to the Society for helping us to make a success of our historical hike of Germantown on February the eighth.

The hike taken by fifteen Boy Scouts along Germantown Avenue from Wayne Junction to Upsal Street, stopping at historical sites, was highlighted by their visit to the Society's museum. Having the opportunity to see the tools, clothes and furniture of the past was a tremendous aid in helping them to visualize the mode of life in the old town. Needless to say the collection of swords and guns was the greatest attraction for the boys.

We would especially like to thank Mr. Thomas von Trott for his time and interest in helping to plan the tour and conducting the scouts through the museum.

Sincerely yours
Kenneth G. Hettler, Jr.
Assistant Scoutmaster
Troop 249, B. S. A.

Germantown Mennonite Church

(Continued from page 15)

"confession of Faith," but found that it would cost so much that the purpose had to be abandoned. The letter to Amsterdam bore fruit, because "The Christian Confession of Faith of the harmless Christians in the Netherlands, known by the name of Mennonite" was printed in Amsterdam, 1712 in English, "at the desire of some of our Fellow believers in Pennsylvania" and was re-printed in Philadelphia by Andrew Bradform in 1727.

The Log Meetinghouse was also used as a school in 1740 and it was here that Christopher Dock, "the pious Schul-meister of the Skippack" taught, in addition to the schools in Salford and Skippack. The bench and table which he used as his "desk" are still in use in the present church building; the table was the property of Thones Kunders who brought it over from Germany in 1683.

Additional settlers arrived every year. The large group that arrived in 1684 came from Kreisheim, Germany. These, with the Crefelders, composed the families who became the members of the Log Church when it was erected.

It was in 1688, before the erection of the Log Church, on April 18, that the first protest against the holding of slaves was drawn up and signed in the home of Thones Kunders. This memorable paper was signed by Francis Daniel Pastorius, Gerrit Hendricks, Dirck op den Graeff and Abraham op den Graeff. The table on which the protest was drawn and signed is the identical table which is still used in the present Mennonite Meeting House as a Communion Table.

In 1770 the Log Church was replaced by the stone church which is still used by the Mennonites in Germantown. On the 29th of January, 1770, pursuant to an invitation, "a number of the inhabitants of Germantown and people called Mennonites held a meeting and unanimously agreed to plan to erect a new meetinghouse, and appointed Jacob Keyser, Sr., Nicholas Rittenhouse, Abraham Rittenhouse, and Jacob Knor, managers of the said building." The cost of the tone building was 204 pounds, 4 shillings, 10 pence, (about $970). The matter of heating did not get their attention until the cold weather was upon them. The old stove that had been used in the Log house was then sold, and a new stove purchased for five pounds. It was probably a new "Crown in the Cannon" which was used in those days. It was fired from the outside. Perhaps this was correct because on the north side of the house there is a sagging in the masonry that shows that it had been tampered with in some way.

Poor as the congregation was there appears to have been a spirit of charity and helpfulness in the little flock. A year after the erection of the new building and until the year 1837 there are records of money expended for charity. Among the members mentioned in connection with the Charity Fund were: Nicholas Rittenhouse, Jacob Keyser and Abraham Rittenhouse. In 1771 a grant of five pounds was made as a charity to Abraham Swartz. The same year five pounds was paid for the freight of a newcomer, and two pounds for the freight of Jacob Swentzer. The above mentioned were probably redemptioners, that is, their services were sold for a period of years by the captains of the ships that transported them to America in lieu of fare money. Friends sometimes released the redemptionists by paying the obligations and thus saved them from a long period of what practically amounted to peonage.

At the time of the new building the membership was twenty-five. The next year ten more were added. In 1774 Rev. Jacob Funk, Jr. and his wife and daughter joined the group. Rev. Funk was selected as the minister about 1776 and served quite a long time. He and many members of his family are buried in the adjoining cemetery on the right of the walk into the church.

A report was given on April 6, 1712, stating that the congregation had extended its borders as far as the Skippack and now numbered ninety-nine members. Those who had removed to Skippack retained their membership until the Skippack meetinghouse was erected in 1714. Some of the names of the members on May 23, 1708 were: Bowman, Claasen, Conrad, Godshalk, Gorgas, Huberts, Johnson, Kasdorp, Kolb, Kassel, Krey, Klimpges, Kuster, Keyser, Nasselberg, Neuss, Rittenhouse, Rebenstock, Sellen, Tuyner, Tyson, Zimmerman, Van Vossen, Van Bebber, Van Sintern and Lensen.

The records after 1776 have been incomplete, but we do have a record that on May 31, 1789, the communion of the Lord's Supper was administered by Rev. Andrew Ziegler, a bishop from Skippack. On this occasion thirty members partook of the sacred elements, while sixteen were recorded as absent. The congregation was evidently without a pastor. Another record has been preserved which was drawn up by the Franconia Conference in 1796 which assigned their ministers to preach at Germantown once a month from December 4, 1796 to October 8, 1797. This was evidenced by a letter written October 27, 1796 by Jacob Oberholtzer of "frankony" to Abraham Kolb of Germantown. A postscript by A. Kolb reads: ". . . I would inform you that lot has been cast to decide which of the ministers shall conduct the services in Germantown and also the time when they shall serve:"

Dec. 4, 1796	Abraham Oberholtzer
Jan. 1, 1797	Hendrich Pannebecker
Jan. 29, 1797	David Ruth
Feb. 6, 1797	Joseph Schowalder
Mar. 26, 1797	Henrich Hunsicker
Apr. 23, 1797	Jacob Oberholtzer
May 21, 1797	John Hoch
June 17, 1797	Abraham Wismer
July 16, 1797	Jacob Gross
Aug. 12, 1797	Matthes Pennebecker
Sept. 10, 1797	Christian Haldeman
Oct. 8, 1797	Johannes Berge

More Red Letter Days

By Cornelius Weygandt

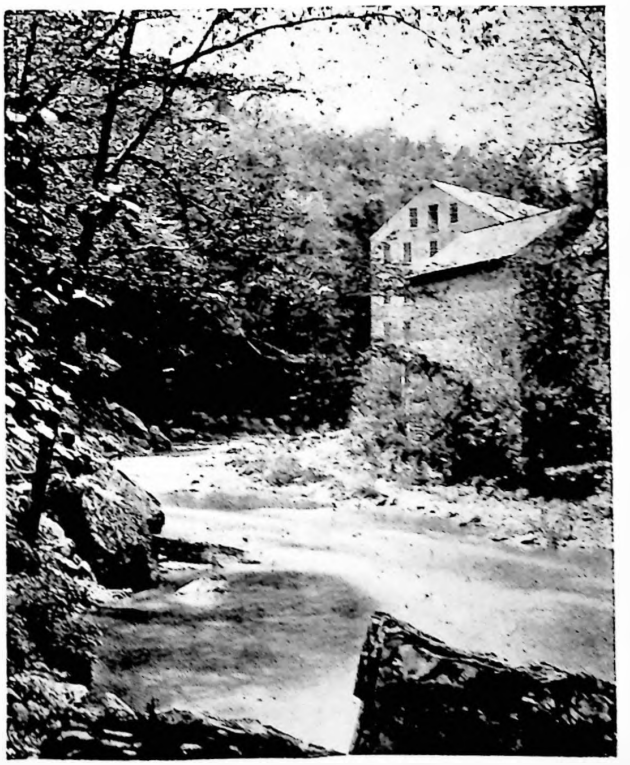
I had gotten back into college teaching at Pennsylvania in 1897. My years on newspapers, *The Philadelphia Record*, as a reporter for a year, and my four years on telegraph desk, theatres, and editorial writing and reviewing all gave me further facility in writing, but it was not until my *The Red Hills* (1929) that I came through with writing of any significance. At the Kutztown Festival of 1954 I was given credit for putting Pennsylvania Dutchland on the map, and for its artistry and folklore, distinctive, and the the most individual created in "The States." It took twenty-five years for *The Red Hills* to come into its own.

I had met John Sartain when, on Fanny Kemble's death, I had been sent to see him for reminiscences of her. He had been the boy that hit the footlights of the London Theatre in which she had made her debut as an actress. He was full of incidents of his friendship with Poe. When I went to see old Dr. Furness, the Unitarian minister, as a reporter on that same assignment, he told me of helping Ralph Waldo Emerson, in the one overcoat of the many-boyed household of the Emersons, to drive the Emerson family cow to graze on Boston Common.

My teaching at Pennsylvania brought some good things my way. Early in that teaching I was asked a question about Walt Whitman by a boy in class. I put down my notes, and talked the rest of the hour, perhaps twenty minutes, on Whitman. I had a memory in those days and reeled off line after line the revelation of which had made them stick in mind. Nothing, apparently, came of the outburst. At the end of the course, hours, after he had passed the examination in it, the boy of the question sidled up to my desk with a pile of books in his arms, a pile that began at his midriff and held his chin up at the top. These books were of editions of Whitman from the first to date, and pictures of "the good gray poet," and manuscript poems. The boy was the son of Thomas B. Harned, Whitman's life-long friend. It was the first time anyone at Pennsylvania had said a word in praise of the poet. I am an admirer of verses of his about the ox-tamer, the spider and lilacs, and another tenth of his verse, and of *Specimen Days*. I am not a Whitmaniac.

My acre on the Wissahickon Hills has brought me a large share of the happiness that has come my way. The little house built by a mason from the Moselle Valley in Germany, of blue gneiss, and plastered all over with Wissahickon sand of mellow buff, is cheek by jowl with one of the few remaining lanes that divided the strips of land reaching back from Germantown Road to the wood lots on the Wissahickon. Great black oaks, five of them that have been riven by lightning, but that have withstood the rivening and staid in staunch lustihead, overshadow the house. There are mazzard cherries about and sassafrases; pie cherries and apple trees; a hickory and a tulip poplar; dogwoods and English oaks from Jordans, where William Penn is buried; hedges of hemlock and of rhododendrons; white violets that creep through the grass in May; rabbits' ears and yellow primroses, lilac bushes and a wild crab tree.

All that is left of the Dorkings and Dominiques I used to cherish is a painting of Red Dorking cock by Blanche Roberts in our second story hall. Our taking our hens with us to our summer home in New Hampshire won us eight lines in Robert Frost's poem, "New Hampshire." We had 'possums on the place from 1900 to 1953. We still have a rabbit about now and then, crows every day and at the right seasons



Livezey Mills on the Wissahickon

The Reception at "Cliveden"

By Jane Campbell

An Address delivered before the Site and Relic Society of Germantown October 23rd, 1914

THE following chronicle of the year's happenings and recollections in verse of the reception given at the Chew Mansion, "Cliveden," in June, 1914, by the Site and Relic Society was read before the annual meeting of the Society, on Friday evening, October 23, 1914, by Miss Jane Campbell, the Society's historian.

Though I am not to-night to give a detailed account of events that have taken place in Germantown during the past year, it need not be inferred that nothing important has happened, for the year so near its close has been quite as distinguished for notable occurrences as previous years. We have had the same interest in politics, indeed so little change in this direction that some of the same candidates have signified their extreme willingness to return to the various law-making bodies of the city and state. About the same amount of property has changed hands without the consent of the original owners. The death-dealing auto and trolley have exacted their usual toll. An even greater number of Germantowners have been appointed to places of trust or profit than usual. Many noted people have visited us and lectured us on many subjects,—let us hope to our advantage. Blushing brides have been as numerous as heretofore. Silver and golden weddings have been celebrated. All the oldest inhabitants have been duly honored and their birthdays chronicled. Germantown had its full quota of tourists temporarily marooned in Europe at the outbreak of the war, and their adventures have been quite as thrilling as those of the residents of any other section of the city, indeed,—but I am not going to be so inconsiderate as to steal any of their thunder, the rumbling of which will be the accompaniment of their tales for the rest of their natural lives! Old buildings have been torn down, and multitudinous rows of new ones erected. There are more theatres of the five-cent calibre; more apartment houses. Germantown is still in its usual chronic state of demanding more lights on the highways, better paved streets, additional trolley lines, and more improvements generally. Among the very notable events, a few by their prime importance stand out more prominently than others, such as the dedication, etc., of the new high school on the Butler place, in the corner stone of which one of our directors, Dr. Keyser, deposited a complete historical Germantown library; the dedication of that unique, beautiful and most generous charity, the Presser Home for Retired Music Teachers; and the reception of the Site and Relic Society at "Cliveden." As this last directly concerns our Society, I will end by giving a brief description of it, and prose being too tame for such an event, like Silas Wegg I have "dipped into poetry"—

RECEPTION OF THE SITE AND RELIC SOCIETY AT "CLIVEDEN"

June 10, 1914

BY

Jane Campbell

Awake, my Muse, and strike your lyre,
Invoke your most poetic fire
And sing your very sweetest lay
To tell how it happed one fair June day,
The Site and Relic wended its way
To "Cliveden" that most historic spot,
And a more historic spot is not
To be found in the whole of Germantown
Though we search the Main street up and down.

'Tis hard to tell just where to begin,
With so much outside and so much within,
For the "Cliveden" grounds were a sight to see
With flower and shrub and stately tree,—
The very grounds that in days of yore
Were filled with soldiers and guns and gore
And other gruesome adjuncts of war.
Outside was the coach for all to view,
In which Chief Justice Benjamin Chew
Rode into town. I believe it is true
The great G. W. rode in it too.
And when he rode out to take the air
'Tis said, Philadelphia turned out to stare!

And here my Muse is free to declare
That she has heard say,
That if even to-day
Were the Chews to go about the land
In this old coach, once so very grand,
Or down Chestnut street drive to take the air
All Philadelphia again would stare!

Statues! No doubt once "rich and rare"
But now considerably the worse for wear
Were some of the curios also seen there
Now coach and statues were old and staid;
But a modern note outside was played,
For lady fingers and lemonade
Were served by many a fair young maid.

But haste, O Muse! We must go inside,
The great front doors are open wide,
And gracious and kindly stands Mrs. Chew
To greet the throngs of people who
Come in the old-time house to view,—
Greeting all with most cordial grace,
A perfect hostess in a perfect place.

Oh! how much was there for my Muse to see
All as antique as antique could be!
Drawing room, breakfast room, pillared hall,
Though the "muniment room" excelled them all,—
Which is what old-timers would the office call—
With its secretaries and cases high
Concealing from every curious eye
Deeds and titles and records galore;
An almost priceless historical store
Which any historian would love to explore!

There's scarcely time to mention all
The pictures hanging on every wall;
Of course Chief Justice Chew was there,
And more than once. Peggy Oswald, fair,
At least I think her name was Peg—
And if it wasn't, her pardon I beg—
And the father-in-law of Chief Justice Chew—
His name was Turner I know for true,
General Washington, Lafayette too,
And, Muse, Henry's picture do not forget
Of the reception given to Lafayette.

But precious and venerable as all these are,
The relic, which was the particular star,
Grim reminder of the old-time war,
Was the badly-battered old front door,
Riddled and broken by many a score
Of good American bullets, which tore
Destructive way through the stout old wood,
In a way American bullets could,
In a way American bullets should!

But hasten, Muse! The time grows late,
And much there is still to relate.
Of course you can't speak of everything,
As now the reception is in full swing,
As brilliant no doubt, and as fine a show
As Lafayette's ninety years ago!

Mr. Jenkins was there of course, for he
Is president of the Society,
And as he's president—could do no less
Than make the affair a brilliant success
By giving a happy historical address.
He did it! There was one other speech,
But a cold interfered, the voice did not reach
Very far and few heard, but still 'twas a gain,
To *see* a descendant of Anthony Wayne!

And who else was there on that memorable day?
Anna Johnson, of course. And I'll venture to say
Not any old General, in any old war,
Could have planned and arranged so successfully for
A reception like this. So credit is due
To Miss Johnson, who brought it so brilliantly through.
There was sweet Mrs. Chapman, who aided so much;
And the scene was given a medical touch
By Doctors Willits, Johnson and Burgin; and such
Other directors as Chapman and Bacon
Allowed it an air of officialdom to take on.
Messrs. Jellett and Howell kept thinking for sure
Accessions they easily now could secure.
Mr. Jellett wants books; Mr. Howell would lure
New members into the Society's fold,
Else why should it a reception thus hold!

Mr. Morris was there, distinguished and wise,
And he, as is known, a "ghost story" supplies,
For did he not in the days of his youth
See some one who had in his youth forsooth
Took tea with Washington; now this is truth.
The house, where this ghostly old-timer was met,
Is the house Mr. Morris occupies yet!
But halt now, O Muse! There is no time to name
Any more of the guests who that afternoon came
To the "Cliveden" reception, but all the same
If any one is most anxious to know,
To a City Directory straight let him go,
Plus our membership list, combined they will show
To a certainty all who attended that day.

But seven has struck. The guests haste away,
And as they depart my Muse heard them say,
"A perfect occasion and we hope that if e'er
The Society gives such another affair
'Twill invite us again—and we will be there!"

The lay is now ended, the song dies away,
In the hush that comes with the close of the day,
But still on the air a last lingering note,
Backward is heard like an echo to float,
And the echo will swell, till the ages resound,
With tales of the "Cliveden" reception renowned,
Which the Site and Relic once held on the ground
Where the Germantown Battle was fought, and so we
Through our Site and Relic Society,
Through "marking" and "saving" as well as can be
Are making good Germantown history!

For Every Crow . . . Three Pence

CHAPTER CXII. An act for the destruction of blackbirds and crows:

I. Whereas it manifestly apears, by the innumerable quantities of blackbirds and crows that continually haunt in the province and territories, to the great prejudice, hurt and annoyance of the inhabitants thereof, being very destructive to all sorts of corn and grain that is raised therein, so that people's labour is much destroyed thereby; And that the people may for the future be the better encouraged in their labour and industry, by destroying of such birds, thereby to hinder their great increase. Be it Enacted, That whosoever shall at any time hereafter kill either blackbirds or crows, shall, for all such BLACKBIRDS that he or they shall kill, have three pence a dozen, and for every crow—three pence. Provided that such person or persons as shall bring the heads of all such blackbirds or crows to such person or persons as shall, by the respected County Courts in each county within this Province and Territories, be appointed to receive and take an account of the same; which said County Courts are thereby empowered and required, yearly to appoint from time to time, as many persons as they think convenient for the service. And that such person or persons, who shall be appointed to receive and take an account of all such blackbirds and crows as aforesaid, shall have and receive for the same after the rate of ten per cent. All which said sum or sums of money, as the same shall amount unto, shall be defrayed and paid out of the public stock; to be levied and raised in such manner and form in each county, as other public charges of this government are to be raised and discharged.

II. Providing that all and every such person and persons who are so appointed to receive and take account of the heads of all such blackbirds and crows that shall be brought to them by the inhabitants as aforesaid be attested to the faithful discharge of their duties therein and to keep an exact account thereof which account, shall be deemed good and effectual; And such persons shall yearly bring in their accounts to the Court and Grand Jury, at such times as is by law appointed for the calculating the public charges of the county. Passed in 1700 Recorded A vol. I page 127, Charter 1701 Wm. Penn Gov.

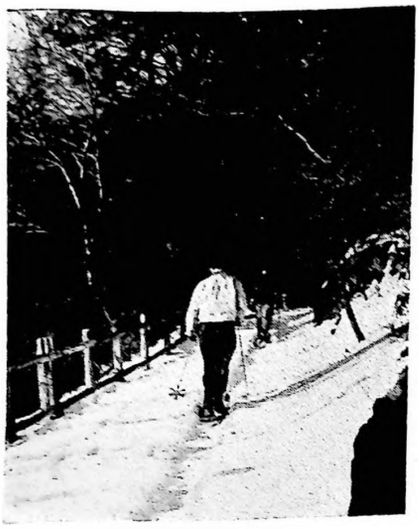
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Wissahickon path

of the year wood robins and catbirds, thrashers and robins, white-throats and little brown creepers, snowbirds and blue jays. The hawks now pass us by and eagles now visit us only now and then.

As a teacher I always gave those who sat under me all I had to give. I had my thanks when I was given the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters at the Pennsylvania Commencement of 1931. Mrs. Olga Samaroff, also honored, was sitting next to me. As I stood, waiting for the applause to die down, she said: "They are giving you an ovation!"

The two poets I have come to know well of recent years are Robert Frost and Ralph Hodgson. We have had Frost with us here in Germantown, and at Birch Interval and Fellows Hill in New Hampshire. Manuscript copies of "Stopping By Woods On A Snowy Evening" and "Come In" hang on our walls, and letters from Yeats and Masefield. I am proud to have Gogarty's "Non Dolet" in his hand among my treasures. Not less among what has counted for me was my long companionship with my colleague, Clarence G. Child. He opened up many fields of literature and introduced me to New Hampshire with its "rude poets of the tavern hearth."

As one to whom the past is always present the furnishings handed down to me by my forbears are a source of much satisfaction. The tall case clock for which my great-great grandfather, Cornelius Weygandt, made the case; his father-in-law, Johannes Bechtel's catechism that Benjamin Franklin printed; a rhinestone set in silver to be hung around the neck that harks back to the Germany of pre-Reformation days; the flutes and electrical apparatus; and a Windsor chair my father's father made—all these remind me the Weygandts of the past were of some consequence. My mother's grandfather's secretary bookcase of mahogany, to my left, holds eighteen books that I myself have written. A ball and claw foot mahogany dining table comes from my mother's forbears, and a rocking chair that was her grandmother Thomas's favorite. Books of Grandfather Thomas, Pope, Young, Gray, Goldsmith, Burns, are in the secretary bookcase. Oriental rugs that were my father's are on our floors. The red oak step at our front door is from the staircase of the Weygandt house at Tatamy in "The Forks Of The Delaware." There are a tall chest with a top drawer inlaid with tulips from Lebanon, and a Hepplewhite card table inlaid with tulips. A portrait of Uncle Jacob Weygandt looks down on slat-back chairs in our dining room. On our walls are seascapes by William T. Richards and Winslow Homer. Our pantry shelves are full of blue and white Canton. Brass andirons from Mother's side of the house are in our fireplaces.

Pets have been much to me, dogs, cats and hens. First of all was Hunt, a Labrador retriever that brought more happiness to my declining years than I thought possible to such years. As I have written of him at length in *On The Edge of Evening* (1946) I will only say here we have had no dog since his death, that he was a gentleman.

Second only to what wood robin song has given me is the sight of those wild swans, white over grey waters at the head of Chesepeake Bay. I have written of that sight with hills of dim blue in the far background, written of it many times. That welter of white wings, from hundreds of birds passing, was such a concentration of wild life out-of-doors has vouchsafed me but the once. No other defiance of cold, no other such vitality and warmth has lifted my heart, no other such spectacle of beauty has delighted my eyes.

Obituary

The Germantown Historical Society regrets the loss by death of two of its members, Mr. William H. Craven and Mr. Francis L. Bacob, and wishes to extend sincere sympathy to their families.

Four Things

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow-men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

Henry Van Dyke

Fort St. David

(Continued from page 22)

off the piers in a very high freshet in 1822, and the fourth was destroyed by fire."

During one of these periodic bridge crises, several citizens erected a temporary bridge across the river by suspending wires from the top windows of a mill on the east side to large trees on the western side, "which wires hung in a curve and from which were suspended other wires supporting a floor of boards 18 inches wide." Hagner proudly claims this as the first instance of wire being used in bridge building.

In the 1870's, the Reading built two stations in the vicinity of the Falls. One was named West Falls, the other East Falls. In spite of resistance by old timers, the community gradually acquired the name East Falls. The Philadelphia Housing Authority has resurrected the old name, turned it around and calls its 714 unit project "Schuylkill Falls."

The golden era of the Falls started with the arrival of James and John Dobson. These brothers pyramided a $100 investment into a $20,000,000 textile business. At its height, the Dobson mills worked 1,400 looms and employed 6,000 workers. Dobson blankets were used by the Union Army during the Civil War and the Dobson carpets were world famous.

The mills became virtually the life of the Falls and their closing in 1927 was a catastrophe for the community. Today East Falls is changing again. Public and private housing projects have doubled its population since 1950. However, the Falls tradition of provincialism will probably linger for many years to come.

Word Portrait of a Gentlewoman

(Continued from page 13)

She always wrote the quotations on the place cards for our Christmas luncheons. I recall one old member returning for that occasion saying, "It was worth coming back just to read the quotation on my place card."

I have asked friends and neighbours for their judgment of her. One said, "The best neighbour and friend ever, always interested not only in us but in civic affairs."

Then I recalled a paper she wrote on the founding of the Women's Club of Germantown (of which she was one of the founders), of her work for the Women's City Club, and the Women's Permanent Emergency Aid. She was also an invaluable chairman of a Committee of the Germantown Historical Society. Whenever a task was given her it was well done.

"Ave atque vale," dear friend.

S. W. H.

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