(1)

Rivers:	Houghtalings	Page 60
Schuylkill Water	Ledger Almanac	1873 Page 17
Mill Creek	Ledger Almanac	1879 Page 9
Schuylkill River	Ledger Almanac	1879 Page 11
Schuylkill Flood	Forecast Vol 4	3/6/1902
Schuylkill Steamboats	Forecast Vol 7	8/6/1903
Schuylkill Pollution	Forecast Vol 11,	8/10/1905

Note: Houghtalings, a small booklet possessed by A.C.C.
Ledger Almanacs, possessed by A.C.C.
~~Files of Forecast, possessed (Temporarily) by A.C.C~~

Chronicle & Advertiser
Aug. 7, 1873

Prefer Colored Help.

On Monday Messrs. A. and P. Roberts & Co., of the Pencoyd Iron Works, inaugurated a radical change in the laboring force there which they have had in contemplation for some time. For several years past the Irish and German day laborers around the yards have been quietly laid off, and their places filled with Italians, Poles and Hungarians. With the advent of the new men the wages had been reduced from $1.75 per day to $1 and $1.10, only the best receiving the extra 10 cents.

The general stupidity of the foreigners and their ignorance of the English language have caused numerous accidents and mishaps around the place, causing a large loss to the firm, and have necessitated the employment of numerous sub-bosses, one for every gang of four or five of the cheap laborers.

Negotiations have been pending for some time past with men who control negro hands through the iron districts of Virginia, Tennessee and Alabama, to have them take the place of the foreigners. The firm tried to engage the men at the old rates, $1 10 per day, but now they have agreed to pay $1.50. Notices have been given the Poles and Hungarians, who were unable to speak or understand English, to leave the houses of the company and already many have left or are making preparations to leave. A large consignment of the negro laborers have arrived, and are seeking boarding houses around Manayunk. Thirty of them began work on Monday.

The storekeepers in Manayunk are much pleased over the change, as are those of Pottstown, with the prospect there. Many Poles and Hungarians are employed at Phoenixville, but it is believed that they will be gotten rid of, following the example of the other big iron industries in the Schuylkill Valley.

Weekly Forecast
June 19, 1913

INDICTED FOR DUMPING ASHES IN RIVER

American Bridge Company Held on Eleven Bills

Indictments were returned by the federal grand jury last Thursday against a number of mill owners along the Schuylkill River, who are charged with dumping ashes in the stream in violation of a federal navigation law.

The mill owners indicted and the number of bills against each are: Charles McDowell, whose mill is on the east bank of the Schuylkill at Manayunk, four bills; Martin and William H. Nixon Paper Company, three bills; Philadelphia Paper Manufacturing Company, eight bills; American Bridge Company, Pencoyd, Montgomery county, eleven bills.

It is declared that the Schuylkill has been reduced in width by distances varying from ten to seventy-five feet in a number of places in Manayunk. The dumping of cinders, it is contended, has been practiced by the mills for the last ten years, and in addition to saving the cost of having the ashes hauled away, in some instances retaining walls have been built and valuable "made ground" acquired by the mills at the expense of the width of the stream.

(2)

Germantown Guide 8/26/1916 (3)

GERMANTOWN GUIDE.

SATURDAY MORNING, AUG. 26, 1916

A TRUNK LINE OF THE OLDEN DAYS.

Hotels Flourished Along Bethlehem Pike. Flourtown as Junction Point or Relay Station.

Travelers along the old and still frequently used highways into the city, roads that were used from the earliest Colonial days and prior to that in many instances were Indian trails winding through the wilderness, often comment and express wonder at the number of ancient looking hotels in cases without seeming present reason or necessity for public accommodation. As the old wayside inns pass away one by one or something occurs to indicate a precarious existence, those acquainted with the changing conditions of the times need only to note the causes or the opportunities that led to their establishment many years ago and the changed lines and modes of travel and transportation of the present. Formerly these places were regarded as thriving places of business, necessary for public entertainment and accommodation of man and beast. Now the traffic, if it goes that way at all, simply passes by, while wayside houses, with local patronage insufficient, feel the effects.

In Flourtown, in Springfield township, along the Bethlehem pike immediately beyond Chestnut Hill four or five hotels have existed from and prior to the Revolution. Changing times have varied their uses and their fortunes. Four are still in existence there, including the Wheel Pump, named from the kind of pump that for many years stood in front of it, still bearing evidences of former prosperity, the more recent cause of which was the existence of the former Chestnut Hill Park, the terminus of the Lehigh Valley Traction Chestnut Hill line and the attraction of many people to that vicinity. It is located in what was originally known as Heydrick's Hollow and later as Heydricksdale. It was occupied as a store by Abraham Heydrick, son of Balthasar Hendrick, the immigrant, in 1767. In 1776 Jacob Neff, then collector of taxes, conducted the place as an inn and in 1785 John Kenner was the keeper of the hotel. There is also record of the Ottinger tavern, near the present railroad in 1792. Licensed houses were kept in Flourtown by Michael Spiegel in 1760, by John Kenner in 1767, John Streeper and Philip Miller in 1773, Joseph Campbell, Fred Kohlhoffer and Christopher Mason in 1779. Nicholas Kline, postmaster in 1810, kept the "Wagons and Horses," a noted stopping-place for farmers.

One-time flourishing inns were merely an incident in the history of Springfield township and Flourtown, its largest village. Christopher Ottinger purchased land there from Herman Greathouse as early as 1706 and it was still held by him in 1734. His son, also named Christopher, married Mary Greathouse, daughter of Herman Greathouse, and in 1743 erected a stone building with a pent roof, which is still standing near the middle of the village. A stone marker in the front of the building bears the inscription "C. O., M. O.—1743," referring to the Ottingers, Christopher and Mary. A story handed down in the family says that it was at one time used as an inn.

As far as location was concerned no place was in better position to benefit from the mode of traffic of the long distance kind in the colonial days and the infant days of the republic than was Flourtown. German settlers bound for the then undeveloped sections to the north and northwest of Philadelphia, upon their arrival at this port immediately sought out the German settlement at Germantown or were met and looked after by Christopher Saur, noted printer and artisan of that day. Thence they pushed out to make their homes, subdue the wilderness and develop the country. Balthasar Heydrick and his wife Rosina, thus arrived from Sicily in 1734 and settled in Heydrick's Hollow. The one-story log cabin, such as built about 1745 by the early settlers, located about the center of Flourtown was known as the Heydrick house, having belonged at one time to one of their descendants. It was supposed to have been built by David Acuff, who married Mary, daughter of Christopher Ottinger. It remained the only one of its kind in Springfield township until a few years ago.

The Yeakel family is another whose history is linked with the early doings of Flourtown. Christopher Yeakel arrived in America in September, 1743. He was a cedar cooper. His house, built in the old log house style in 1743 at Sommerhansen, was torn down on March 29, 1906. It was the last of its kind in Philadelphia county. While the family settled in the Cresheim section they owned property at the foot of the hill in Springfield township and the family burying ground is in that township, back of the Home for Consumptives.

Flourtown, it is believed, received its name from the mills located in that vicinity. Farmers from Salford, Franconia and other sections in surrounding counties brought their wheat there, often in four hourse teams, to be ground and exchanged for flour. The village thus came to be regarded as a wheat market of considerable pretentions. According to the Pennsylvania Archives it was called Flourtown in 1781. In 1795 it had sixteen or seventeen horses. In 1832 it is mentioned as containing twenty houses, five taverns and two stores. Before the time of the railroads, stage coaches, drawn by four horses and carrying the mails passed through. In 1820 there were nine arrivals of such stages from Philadelphia and there were two tri-weekly lines between Flourtown and Bethlehem. Calculating twelve as a stage coach load when they carried their capacity it meant that Flourtown was the point of arrival and departure of about 240 persons a day on one of the principal lines of travel of the day. Oftimes it is recorded the yards of the taverns were so crowded that there was an overflow on market days into the roads and it was at times difficult to pass. There were the market teams coming down from the country above with their produce and often stopping over night to get an early start for the city market next morning. There were the wheat carriers to the mills, the hay teams, clothing wagons taking garments out for making by industrious country women, and persons who traveled in their own conveyances, all making more or less business for the hotels all along the line, which thus became public necessities for the travelers as well as for the teams with which they traveled. That made business that multiplied the taverns. When the railroads diverted the traffic of passengers, when the marketers and others used the railroads and automobiles as quicker and more convenient means of reaching their destinations or the markets, when mills felt the competition of the big western mills and greater wheat markets absorbed the crops, when even the rich deposits of iron ore in Springfield township proved insufficient to cope with larger operations, the keepers of the numerous inns were thrown upon their own resourcefulness to keep their places going.

But beyond all that Flourtown and all that section are rich in their old memories. The old Peifer mill, which ground flour and meal for Washington's army during the Revolution is on the Wissahickon only a short distance away.

In the Union cemetery at the upper end of the village repose the remains of Captain or General Henry Scheetz. He was the great grandson of Johann Jacob Scheetz, one of the members of the original Frankfort company, the owners of the Germantown settlement. Captain Sheetz was commander of the Montgomery brigade, sent to assist in putting down the Fries Rebellion in Lehigh county in 1798. He retained his interest in military affairs and was later appointed a major general in the state militia. He was born in 1761 and died in 1848. His father, also named Henry, was active in public civil life before him.

The autoist, speeding by, perhaps casually stopping at one of these road houses so redolent of other plainer and prospering days, seldom takes the time to think of the part this important highway played in the development of the remote interior that now seems so near and familiar or of the comparatively great stream of travel and trade that flowed up and down the Bethlehem pike, pausing for a short time, sometimes the portion of a night, upon the threshold of the city, before a visit that to many was an event in their lives, too burdensome or expensive to be often undertaken.

Roxborough News
Feb 9, 1927

(4)

AT WORK ON BRIDGE

Structural Steel Arriving and Bank of anal Being Cleared

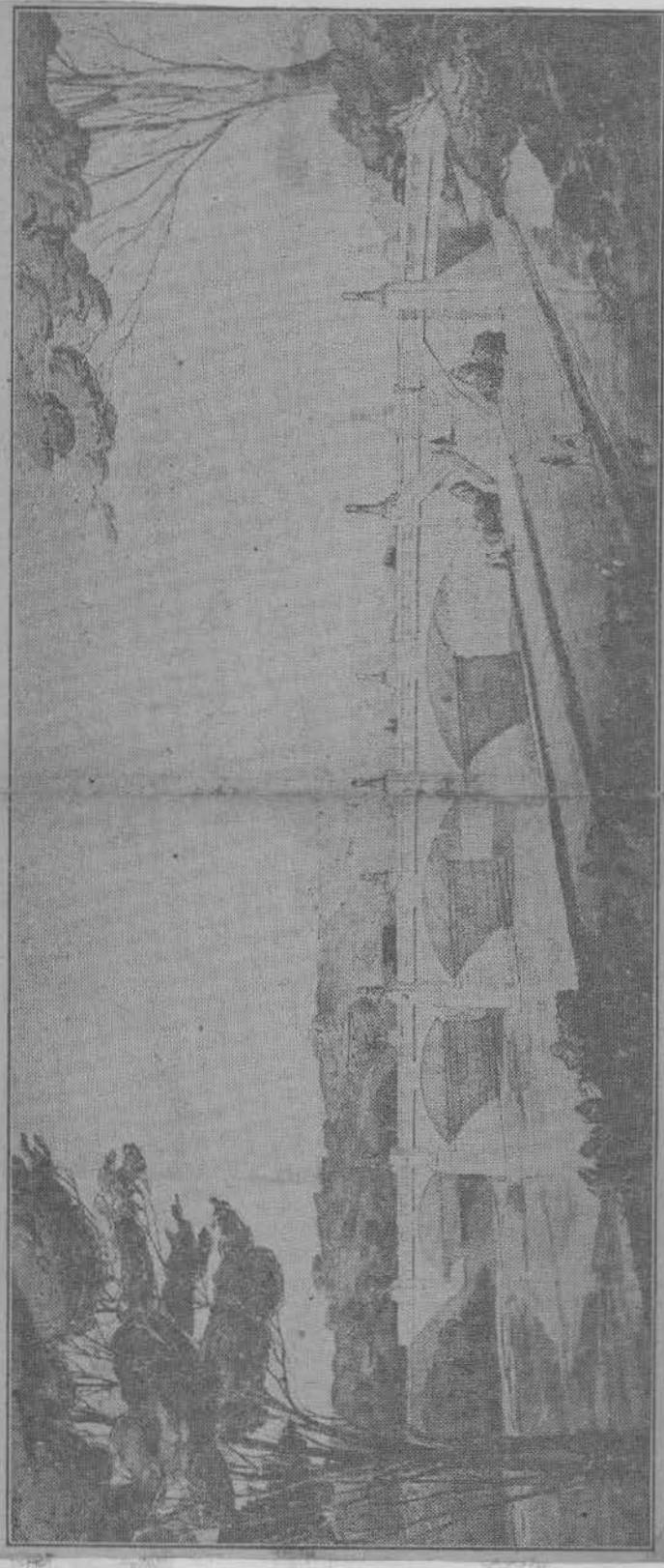
Seeds & Durham who have the contract to erect the new inter-county bridge across the Schuylkill River have begun work in earnest. The river bank is piled high with structural iron work, a large locomotive crane is at work and every inch of space is needed for storage purposes

The old Pearson Finishing Works building on the canal bank which was partly demolished to make way for the new Pennsylvania Railroad bridge was torn down in a novel way. The workmen used the locomotive crane for a battering ram and the building fell into the cellar in a short time.

After the lot is leveled off it will also be used for storage. Several car loads of new lumber arrived Friday, and the Old Eagle Mill will be roofed over to be used as a cement mixing factory and carpenter shop to make the brick forms .

Roxborough News 2/16/1927

THE BRIDGE TO WEST MANAYUNK AS IT WILL SOON APPEAR



The above picture was made from an architect's drawing presented to us by K. W. Granlund, of the local survey office. It supplements the article which appeared in a recent issue of the ROXBOROUGH NEWS.

Roxborough News 5/11/1927

5

BELMONT AVENUE TO BE IMPROVED IN W. MANAYUN

Will Develop West Manayunk and Make Wonderful Gate to 21st Ward

BRIDGE IS PROGRESSING

Manayunk's Biggest Event is coming they say:—well so is West Manayunk's While we do not know just what Manayunk's Biggest Event is, we will lay dollars to doughnuts that it is a vastly different affair from West Manayunk's Further, we will bet even money that Manayunk will benefit just as much from West Manayunk's Biggest Event as West Manayunk will from Manayunk's.

The big noise in Manayunk is still a secret, but the big day of the town across the river may be announced right now. It will be the day when the new river bridge, and the improvements as shown in the drawing on this page are completed. In a recent issue of the News, the handsome concrete arch bridge was described and a picture of it, as it will appear, was printed. In reference to the bridge, therefore, it will be sufficient now to say that the actual construction work has started on the canal bank, where concrete is being poured into the foundation of the pier that will rest in the island. On the Manayunk end the excavation for the abutment has reached bed rock, and will shortly be filled with concrete.

Bed rock has been reached also in the excavation for the abutment on the West Manayunk side and a steel coffer dam has been sunk. A little difficulty is being experienced with an old concrete wall, which has been unearthed and it is necessary to use pneumatic drills to demolish it. As soon as the two abutments are poured, work will start in the river bottom, preparatory to the erection of the piers.

In West Manayunk radical improvements will be made in Belmont avenue, to widen it, straighten it, provide it with sidewalks, and to eliminate the death trap where it passes under the Reading tracks. In the first place it will be widened to thirty-six feet between curbs, and with a nine foot sidewalk on each side, will have an overall width of fifty-four feet. This is the same width as the new bridge will have. On leaving the bridge it will be carried straight to, and under, the Reading Railroad without bearing to the right as at present. This will necessitate a new railroad bridge, located ninety feet south of the present "tunnel." As the end of the new bridge will be eight feet higher than the present one, Belmont avenue will drop in a mild grade, slightly over three per cent, in order to pass under the tracks and join with Jefferson street at a point about ninety feet beyond the railroad bridge. Jefferson street will be extended southward some 110 feet in order to make this junction, and will be provided with six foot sidewalks on each side.

At this point Belmont avenue will start to rise in a grade of 3.069% and will merge into its present line some 800 feet further West, as shown on the sketch, at a point not far below Rocky Hill road.

In order to effect this smooth grade a cut, as indicated on the map, will be necessary. This cut will average about six feet in depth, tapering out at either end. East of the railroad a fill will be needed to carry the grade up to the bridge portal. This fill will stand as high as fourteen feet and will run north along the River road for a distance of three hundred feet, and South along the private road into Dr. C. A. Rudolph's estate, about two hundred feet. The incline will give the River road a grade of six per cent. None of the grades above mentioned are particularly awesome, and the reader may obtain some conception of them by comparing them to that of Queen lane hill which is thirteen per cent. at this stepest part.

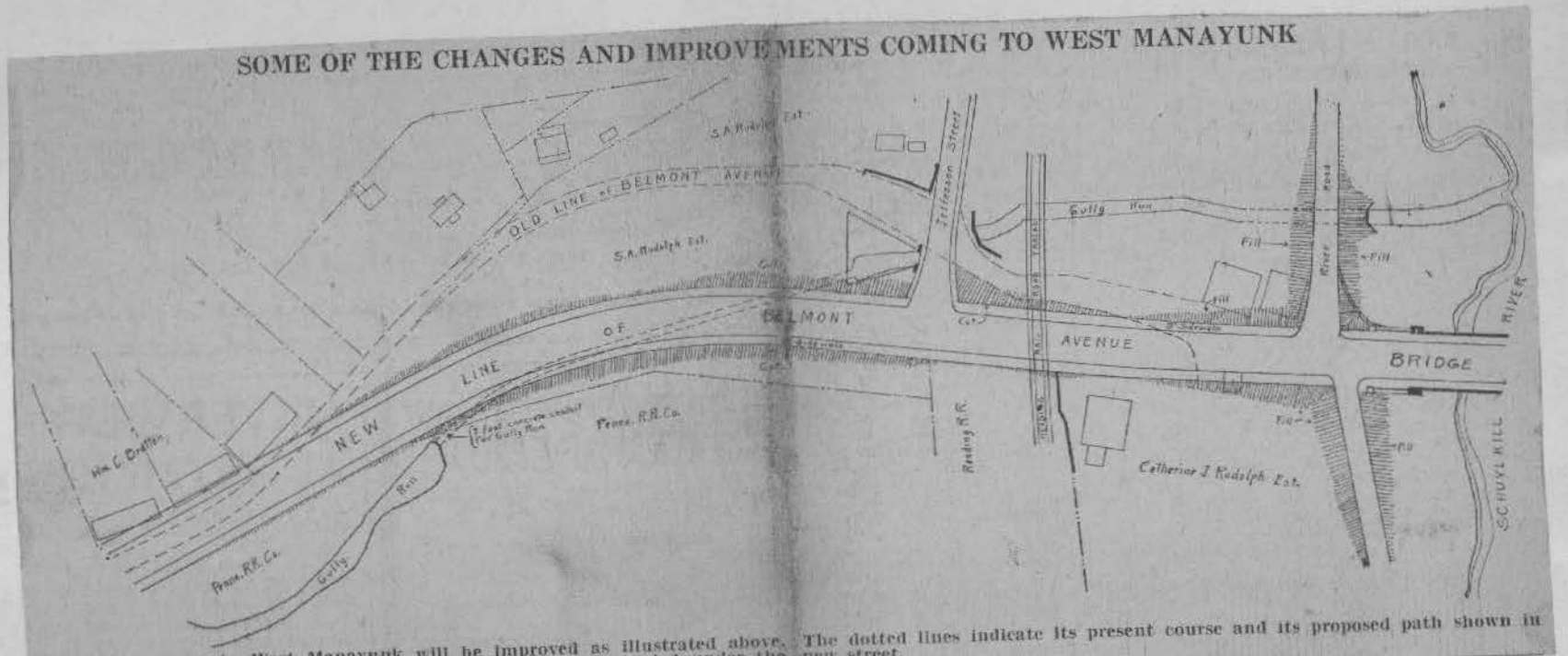
The River road fill would seem to indicate the demotition of several buildings now standing at the West end of the bridge; and the increased width of Belmont avenue will take toll from three buildings standing near its junction point with its present location.

Another change that will alter the appearance of things across the river is the piping of Gully run or Trout run as it is sometimes called. A seven foot concrete viaduct will carrry the stream under the new roadbed to the present location of the little waterfall.

The approximate cost of the improvement, exclusive of the river bridge will be about $130,000 of which the Reading Railroad will pay $67,000; and Montgomery county and Lower Merion township together $63,000. These figures do not include property damages which will be appreciable.

Roxborough News, May 11th 1927

SOME OF THE CHANGES AND IMPROVEMENTS COMING TO WEST MANAYUNK



Belmont avenue in West Manayunk will be improved as illustrated above. The dotted lines indicate its present course and its proposed path shown in solid lines. The sketch also shows how Gully run will be carried under the new street.

Roxborough News 7/27/1927

FLOOD WRECKS ANCIENT DAM

Sweeps Away Gully Run Construction Dating Back to 1777

HIGH WATER IN STREETS

Rudolph's Dam, West Manayunk, which was constructed in 1777, by members of the Levering family, to furnish power for a spinning mill, broke under the tremendous rush of water last Saturday morning.

The dam was the lowest one of four which formerly held back the stream known as Gulley Run.

The Rudolph dam furnished power to turn the wheel of the spinning mill which afterward was converted into a lumber mill, then into a logwood, or dye mill and lastly into the Ashland Paper Mill.

Seeds & Derham, contractors on the new inter-county bridge, had a large force of men at work Saturday afternoon salvaging boats, barges, pumps and timbers.

The sudden rise in the river caused the frame work of the last coffer dam to be washed away.

The east wall of the stock yard fell down, causing several piles of new lumber and heavy timbers to slide to the waters edge.

The barge with the hoisting engine was swept down stream and secured to stout trees in front of the Rudolph mansion.

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Rox Times 6/28/1928

"Sick" Tak

BY JOHN M. SICKINGER

Crossing the new Manayunk bridge last Sunday evening, I walked up Belmont avenue to Rock Hill road and out through the quarries to the Conshohocken State road. At the Merion cemetery I watched several Chinamen worship their dead. They placed a bundle of clothing, a basket of food, and lit several candles of pink, on some few of the many graves in this stony cemetery. From the cemetery I came to the fork of Manayunk and State roads and noticed that Lower Merion township has erected a sewage disposal plant at that point, which was formally a swamp. Up State road I went past many beautiful mansions, until I arrived at the home of A. R. Roberts, former owner of the Pencoyd Iron Works. His home, is his castle, as it is a reproduction of a Western Iron Master's castle built in Scotland. It stands high on a rocky terrace with a dreamland of flowers surrounding a fountain, a beautiful sight to behold.

Then walking down State road I came to Mill Creek where stands the ruins of Humpries Mills, erected in 1825, as a gun factory. Mills on this site were burnt down five times, the last time in 1902 never to rise again. About a quarter of a mile below the Humprie's mill stands a power house that furnishes electricity for the Robert's estate. It was known, seventy years ago, as Godds Mill, and is a huge three story structure where, for sixty years, Henry Derringer made the guns and pistols, which caused his name to become a word in the English language. No old fiction, of adventure seems complete without drawing, at close range, of his trusty Derringer. The Derringer type of firearms was used all over the world and the Government took complete charge of this mill during both the Mexican and Civil wars.

The next mill down the creek is the Rose Glen, or Nippes Mill, formerly owned by Booth and Barker and now run by the Barker family, who have been mill owners in the valley for many years. The Nippes family made guns in the mill for the Revolutionary War and the war of 1812. Old patterns and moulds and even an old Nippe gun are preserved by William Booth, of Narberth, who married into the Nippe's family. The mill burnt down in 1886, but part of the present walls date back ao 1814. For generations it has been a woolen yarn mill and is used for the same purpose today.

A short walk from the Rose Glen Mill took me to the Chadwick mills, now the property of Dr. S. D. W. Ludlum, who beautified the place and turned it into a private hospital. On the hill side to the west still remain the old powder magazines. These mills came into the Chadwick family in 1836; Sarah Chadwick married Christian Sharpe, who invented the Sharpe rifle, which became a standard in both the Confederate and Union armies. In the early sixties Virginia first fought these rifles from Robert Chadwick, when the John Brown raid threw that state into a turmoil of fear from a slave uprising. The Sharpe rifle was not made at the Chadwick mill but the amunition for them was. They were among the first breech loading rifles ever invented.

After leaving the Chadwick mill I rounded a sharp turn on Mill Creek road and saw before me the ruins of another factory. A large growth of willow trees that grew up in the center of the ruins. I learned it was formally a paper mill owned by the Stillwagons, and was destroyed by fire in 1882 never to be rebuilt.

I then walked under the railroad arch and found myself at Criger's Picnic Grove, later run by the Boyles, It was here that a boat load of picnickers floated away to meet their deaths by drowning on Memorial Day 1901. Since that time the grove has been under police ban, and was cut up into boat house sites, and a colony of bungalows now stands there.

Walking down river road I stopped at the Hollow road and gazed east and beheld the City of Philadelphia's most expensive child, the Shawmont Water Water Works. Along this stretch of water of the Schuylkill Yale, Penn, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell and many other colleges fought for rowing honors in the late seventies and early eighties. Next I passed the Flat Rock Dam where the upper Schuylkill tumbles over into the lower river beneath a cloud of spray and foam.

Next came into view a house standing beside a great hole in the side of a small mountain. It was built in 1836, and was called the Flat Rock tunnell and is almost 1000 feet in length. The house mentioned was a tavern or inn and was called the Domino House. At this place a bridge crossed the river from the Manayunk turnpike, and the farmers on their way to and from market would pass away the long evenings playing dominos.

Rounding the bend at the side of the tunnel I beheld the old town of Manayunk before me, in the distant I saw the new Pennsylvania R. R. bridge and along its base the new inter-county bridge now under construction. Looking southwest of the river one sees, on the mountain top, the village of Ashland Heights. The golden sunset was now shining on the glass windows and the same sight greeted the eye when directed east towards Roxborough. A picture no artist could paint!

I now arrived at the old Randolph mill, at the west end of the Manayunk bridge and gazed at the old pipe and brick that are being unearthed by a contractor, who is now erecting an office building, stables and coal wharf for a local ice company. The brick and pipe were brought here from England in 1794 by Anthony Levering, who built the first mill in this section.

In all I covered five miles in four hours and recommend this route.

tes a Walk

Suburban Press 2/28/1929

8

Old Mills of Schuylkill Have Interesting Story

About the year 1800 there was a great deal of talk devoted to the subject of domestic manufacturing and a real effort was made to become independent of the nations of the Old World, so that in case the United States would become embroiled in another war, the citizens could avoid the difficulties they had experienced during the Revolution.

Thomas Jefferson, who draughter the Declaration of Independence, and who afterward became President of the United States, was a personal friend of Philip Hagner, who lived at the Falls of Schuylkill, and imbued Hagner with the manufacturing fever to such an extent that the old German, who had emigrated to America in 1745, procured some antiquated machines for spinning cotton. This machinery was previously used for making candle-wick, which was at that time in great demand.

Hagner became the owner of two mills on the Falls creek—now covered by the Dobson Mills—one of which was a short distance below the old Falls Hotel, which still stands to this day. This mill was on the same side of the road as the tavern and was used for the manufacture of paper, being one of the first of its kind in this country. He also erected a mill on the other side of the Ridge road, close to where the Reading railroad now crosses that thorofare. Farther up the creek, which was dammed at what we now know as Scott's dam, was a stone-cutting mill owned by a man named Traquar. This mill was equipped with a number of saws for cutting marble. They were not the conventional circular saw that we now possess, but were similar to the old "buck" saw and swung back and forth across the stone that wes being cut.

Still farther up the creek there once stood the remains of an old powder mill. The stream of water that swept down from the high places of Germantown, furnished sufficient power to drive at all times a pair of five foot millstones, while at times it would collect enough energy to turn two pair, and occasionally three pair of the ponderous wheels.

The stream has almost entirely disappeared, but if one traces out the topography of the land in back of the Dobson plant and along the Port Richmond branch of the Reading lines, he will find the valley that was cut down, through the ages, by the waters of the old creek. Beyond Scott's dam, there still flows a little stream that has twisted and trickled its way down along the Chestnut Hill Division of the Pennsylvania railroad, and across the fields to the dam. The dam itself will more than likely soon be a thing of the past, for it is from a point somewhere near the dam that Henry avenue will start from Hunting Park avenue to end up in Roxborough. It is said that the Wissahickon creek is small in comparison to what the old Falls creek used to be and when we pause to consider this circumstance, we are led to believe that in the early days the Schuylkill river must have been a mighty stream indeed.

During the period following the war for freedom, Robert Morris, who successfully financed that conflict, and a partner named Nicholson, erected on the west side of the Schuylkill, opposite Midvale avenue, a glass house where they began the manufacture of glass. Just how long it was used for that purpose is not known, but in the year 1808 the building was altered by John Thoburn, who made it into a calico printing establishment, and later it became one of a group of structures owned by William Simpson and known as the Washington Print Works.

On a map showing the Falls of Schuylkill in 1750, there appears a sickle mill at the mouth of the Falls creek. Farther up the Schuylkill, at the mouth of the Wissahickon was the Robeson Mill.

Old deeds, show that as early as 1668 a "corn mill" was operated at the mouth of the Wissahickon, and that in 1689 there was "saw and corn mills." Andrew Robeson acquired these mills between 1691 and 1703, and he and succeeding generations of his family were the owners of the Wissahickon Mill.

Andrew Robeson became the proprietor of 500 acres surrounding this mill site, the place being known as "Sumac Park", extending from the Schuylkill river to Wissahickon avenue, and from School lane to a boundary, a short distance northwest of the creek. The larger part of Sumac Park is now included in Fairmount Park, but there are still some parts of the tract that are in the possession of members of the Robeson family.

The Robeson's not only ground the corn of the farmers, and made flour, but they also utilized part of their plant as a saw mill and historians tell us that they also started the first cut nail mill in the United States. The building, known as Colony Castle, which is used by the Philadelphia Canoe Club is believed to have been originally the foundry. At one time it was the club house of the State in Schuylkill, still existing as the oldest social organization in the world.

At the time of the War of Independence, John Vandaren, or Van-Deering ,operated the Wissahickon Mill, but this must have been under lease, or possibly the family sold him the mill and then repurchased it from him, for it is recorded that in 1786 Jeter and Jonathan Robeson, two brothers, were the owners.

The Duke de la Rochenfoucalt Liencourt, who visited America in 1796, mentioned the Robeson Mills in a descriptive book of his travels. Like many others he mispells the name as "Robertson. "In a rather lengthy description of the mill and the miller appears the following; excerpt:

"He appears to be more skillful as a miller. His mill, which is said to be the first built in America, is worked by a rivulet called Wissahickon, which turns twenty-five other mills before it reaches Robertson's. It has three separate water courses and three separate mills, two of which are for the manufactory, as they call it, and one for the public. The latter grinds all the corn which is brought thither without the least alteration of the millstones, in its passage from the grain to the flour, which naturally renders the meal very indifferent. The miller's due is one-tenth, according to the law of the land. Robertson does not grind any Indian corn on his own account, nor has he any kiln to dry it. Meal from this corn is not bad if speedily used, but it is not for being kept long, and yields but little."

But more of the mills, anon.

SCCAFF.

March 7th 1929

The raine on Monday and Tuesday again caused a rise in the Schuylkill River which caused the home holders along its banks considerable worriment for the past few days. The raine are what the farmers call a penetrating downpour, that soaks into the earth ~~that is~~ now minus frost and only for that reason the river would be much higher. An official report showed a rise of about five feet above mean low water and from a record copied from Conlson's Advertiser, dated March 7th 1829, just one hundred years ago; "The ice and freshet of the Schuylkill came down on the night of the 5th and yesterday at daylight it was five feet five inches in depth upon Fairmount Dam. Tumbling over in awful majesty it had fallen about 13 inches by clock last evening. This is the greatest freshet except one that has occurred since the dam was erected. That one, if rightfully recollected, was 8 feet falling over the dam. No material damage is heard of although the freshet was more than double the depth at Flat Rock dam, supposed about eleven feet. The stores on the Schuylkill had about six feet of water on the lower floors. A most remarkable thing that one hundred years ago, on the same date, month, years, and that the water was just the same height. Again history repeats.

John M. Sickinger

Philadelphia Inquirer
2/27/1929

Girard's Talk of the Day

I WAS reminded by that distinguished American of Welsh blood, Owen J. Roberts, that on March 1 the Welsh Society of Philadelphia will celebrate its 200the birthday.

Getting old! The Welsh were the first racial group to organize here a club or society.

The Sons of St. George, who are pure English, and the Patriotic Sons of St. Patrick, who are Irish, and the Netherland Society, who are Dutch, are no babies either. Swedes have their organization and so have the Germans.

The Huguenot Society keeps ever green memories of France. There are Sons of the Revolution, Sons of the War of 1812, G. A. R. and even an organization of those whose ancestors fought in the Colonial wars.

But those Welsh who celebrate on St. David's Day represent the oldest of these racial or war societies.

* * * *

JUST about two centuries old also is that bon-vivant, the State in Schuylkill.

It knows no racial lines and never did, but it ever knew its food and choice beverages, including its most honored one, the redoubtable "fishhouse punch."

In 1729 those Welsh colonists in and about Philadelphia were a conspicuous group. Some of them came on the heels of Penn.

No mere town lot was big enough for the Roberts, Evans, Williams and Owens. They bought from Penn tracts of 10,000 or 20,000 acres at a clip.

Some of this old Welsh barony tract is still in the hands of descendants who purchased it 240 years ago.

You find an Evans occupying a place in Gwynedd Valley which was bought from Penn by his ancestor, Evans, more than 240 years ago.

* * * *

NOT only are Welsh family names such as I mentioned still going strong as ever, but dozens of place names near Philadelphia are theirs.

Gwynedd, Bala, Cynwyd, Bryn Mawr, Radnor and many others were imported directly from Wales.

The Welsh very nearly landed a President of the United States in Charles Evans Hughes. And the Welsh of Pennsylvania have produced topliners in all the learned professions, in industry, railroading and finance.

President Coolidge knew precisely what he was doing when he selected Owen J. Roberts, a Philadelphia Welshman, to prosecute the oil cases for Uncle Sam.

* * * *

THE recent eight-inch snow showed to thousands how the city breaks its own laws while citizens obey those laws.

I walked a mile along North Broad street two days after the big storm. Property owners had their sidewalks clean of ice, slush and snow.

Only one small blot along that entire mile of city street. The slice of pavement beside the grotesquely named Reyburn Plaza was a solid field of unbroken, but uneven ice.

That pavement is the city's to keep clean, but it dodged obedience to a city snow ordinance, while individual taxpayers had observed to the letter the snow-removal law.

How many thousands of dollars does the city yearly pay out for broken bones and other injuries as a sequel to its failure to obey its own ordinances?

* * * *

WHEN that eminent Philadelphia lawyer, orator and scholar, Hampton L. Carson, was a little boy his father took him for long walks through fields and forests near the city.

Dr. Joseph Carson, the father, was a noted teacher and botanist. In those rambles with his son—future Attorney General of Pennsylvania—the father would point out the wonders of nature.

Mr. Carson has told me that his father could see something of interest in every tree, leaf, bird, flower or weed. "Besides," he added, "I suppose he wished to teach me the importance of close observation."

And how well that bright boy learned his lessons! As an observer of men and things and as a deducer of interesting conclusions from what he sees, I know no man who excels Hampton L. Carson.

But did you know him as a poet? No? Well, perhaps you knew Joseph Wharton only as a financier, ironmaster and philanthropist and yet he, too, was a poet.

* * * *

MR. CARSON goes to Atlantic City, as do multitudes of others. His habit formed in boyhood of seeing all sides of all things enables him to see things at this most famous American resort, which the herd overlooks.

So his poem "Impressions of Atlantic City" is full of color, facts, dreams. But just gaze at the different races Mr. Carson saw on the Boardwalk:

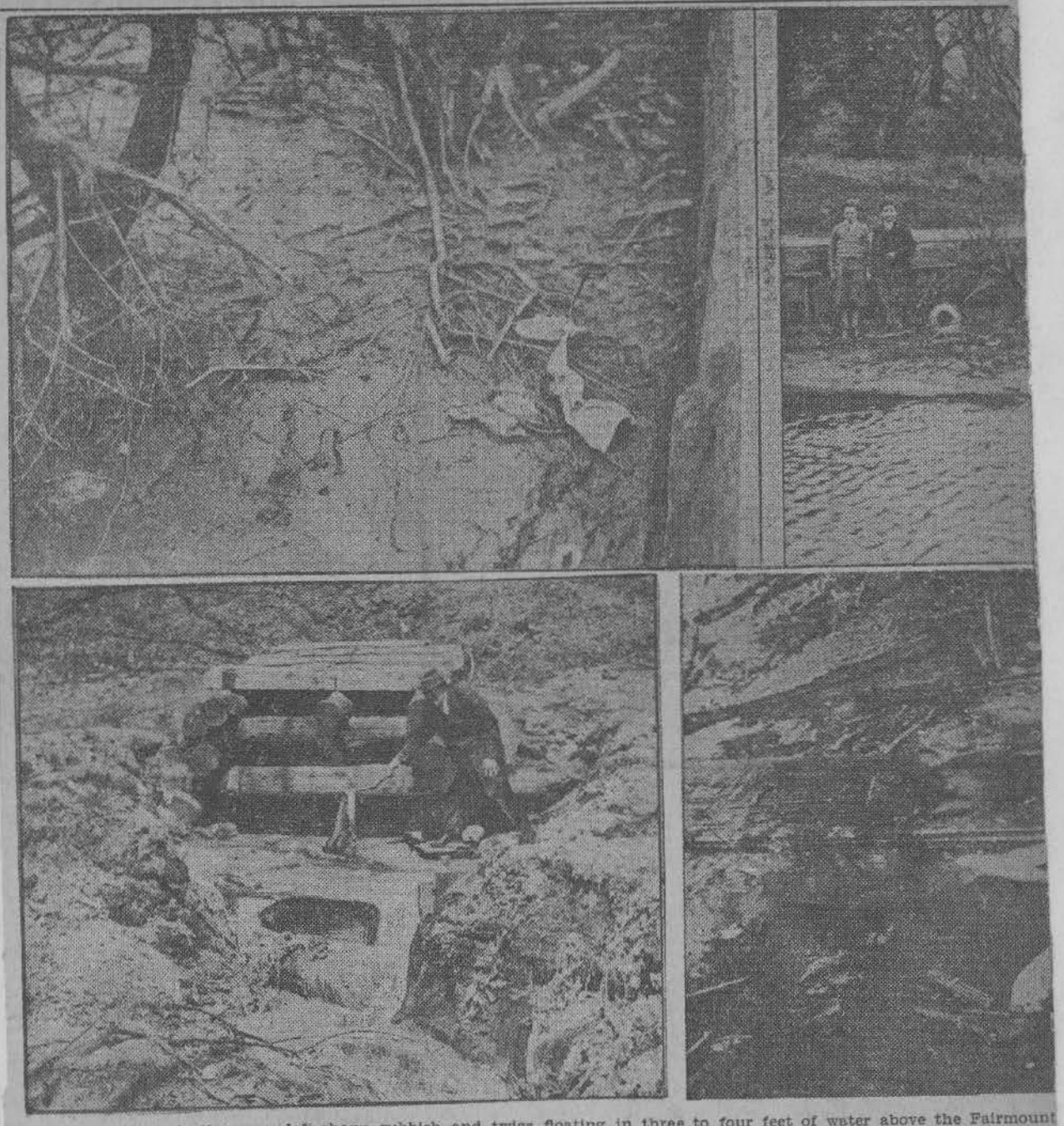
"On every hand, upon the strand,
I see a multi-colored band;
All nations of the earth are there
From dark-skinned races to the fair;
Tunisians, Algerines and Kurds,
Egyptians, Greeks and wandering Serbs,
Armenians, Turks and Japanese,
Italians, French and Portugese,
Spaniards and Swedes, Hindoos and Medes,
English and Dutch and Argentines,
And even from the Philippines,
With here and there amid the crowd,
An Indian or a Chinaman."

GIRARD

Phila Record April 7, 1929

11

Why Philadelphia's Water Tastes That Way—Scenes Along



The picture in the upper left shows rubbish and twigs floating in three to four feet of water above the Fairmount
the scene at the same place a few days ago. Both were taken at high tide. Rubbish and coal dust have made
is a sewer at Norristown pouring a fountain of filth into the water from which comes 40 per cent. of Philadelphia's
area of 150 feet, near Fairmount Dam. They were killed by poisons in the water.

Beautiful Schuylkill Turned Into a Shimmering Sewer

All One Must Do to Get 'Philadelphia Cocktail' Mixed of Factory Acid, Offal and Dead Animal Stench Is Turn on the Faucet.

Once upon a time the Schuylkill was one of the most beautiful rivers in the State. It still is—if one doesn't look too closely.

from the rear. They were built to give access to the water.

Dead Rabbit Floats By.

Now they lead to wide mud flats

carried into the stream from which Philadelphia gets its water.

Across the river and a short distance below, at Miquon, is a paper mill. For a long time a ditch of yellow waste water, containing dangerous acids, flowed into the Schuylkill.

Many contestants in swimming matches nearby became so sickened that they were forced to quit.

A Foul Dump.

On the same side of the river and not far above is one of the largest and foulest dumps on the entire river. It is filled with waste of all sorts and a breeding spot for disease. Surface water seeps down through the [illegible] and finds its way into the Schuylkill. The dump is squarely on the bank of the stream and the filth

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—Scenes Along

Banks of the Schuylkill River

am, near Boathouse Row. It was taken June 8, 1928. Alongside is
ud flat sufficiently strong to bear the two boys. Below, on the left,
er supply. On the right are a mess of fish found dead within an

our feet of water above the Fairmount
. Rubbish and coal dust have made
comes 40 per cent. of Philadelphia's
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Sanitary Water Board to be more
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to make a survey of his own
to get information from the
Department.

explanation of the board's atti-
ever has been given publicly, but
are lots of rumors. They
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...ent made a ...for rowing and canoeing. It still does—only the water takes the varnish off the boats.

Fish once swarmed in its waters. They still do—only most of them are dead.

Swimmers used to delight to pit their skill against its current. But how can a swimmer hold his nose while in action?

Beautiful Sewer.

The Schuylkill is a lovely sewer. It winds in graceful bends through a setting for the most part of great beauty. Trees incline gracious branches over its banks and cast benignant shadows on the slop. Soft winds whisper a requiem for the dogs and cats and fish and rats that float by united in the common bond of death.

In its waters can be found all the gorgeous hues of the rainbow. Slaughter houses contribute a rich crimson that turns to yellow and green through the alchemy of nature. Dyeing and bleaching plants contribute awe-inspiring blends. And the liberal supply of oil scum lends a glittering iridescence.

It is from the Schuylkill that the famous Philadelphia cocktail is compounded.

The cocktail is the only one known that completely evades the Volstead act and yet retains a tremendous kick. It kills fish and eats the lining out of locomotive boilers, but, with a little doctoring, it is the daily beverage of 40 per cent. of the residents of Philadelphia. Men, women and children drink it. Babies cry for it.

Here is the recipe:

The base is H2O, to which are added, in varying proportions, ...pickling acids, phenolic and tar ...astes, canal filth, wool scourings, ...ater from laundries, bleaches ...hter house refuse, ... All liberally thickened with coal culm.

Turn on the Tap.

But there is no need for anyone to go to all that trouble. Matters have been so arranged that kindly manufacturers and plant owners may mix it in bulk, right in the river.

So that if you live in West Philadelphia, or Manayunk, or Roxborough, for instance, all you have to do is turn on the water tap.

It won't kill you. If you have a very strong stomach you may not feel it for a long time. The water is carefully filtered. No need to be afraid of finding pieces of "mice and snails and puppy dogs' tails" in it.

The taste may nauseate at first. But that can be counteracted by eating something. The odor may be distasteful, but you can hold your nose—or catch a cold.

True, the filtering can't get all the acids out of it. But no need to worry about that. The human stomach has tremendous assimilative and recuperative powers. Locomotive boilers haven't.

The fact that chlorine is often used to doctor the water needn't cause any worry. Chemists aren't sure yet that its continued use will hurt the stomach.

Daily thousands of gallons of poison, waste and filth are being poured into the Schuylkill from its source to as far south as the Manayunk mills.

Silt, largely coal screenings from the mining region, is steadily piling up in the river. The stream has become black and sluggish, and the condition rapidly is growing worse.

Within ten years, according to Major ...J. Blew, detailed from the City Bu... of Engineering to get facts on the ...tion of the river, conditions will ...h that they seriously will affect ...bor of Philadelphia.

...ouse Row, just above the Fair... ...am, is a glaring ex... ...lead...

dotted with lagoons. A ... floated peacefully in a few ... water at the foot of the ste... club at high tide yesterday.

Cattails now are springing ... where shells and sculls formerly were launched. All but three boathouses at the upper end are blocked from access to the river. Judge Martin ironically declared that:

"I'm going to build a golf course on the river, with the boat landing as the first tee."

Up in Manayunk a paper container manufacturing plant discharges steadily from a two-foot pipe a chemical mixture which trickles into the stream, discoloring the water as it spreads.

A wilderness of waste paper, scrap iron, dead wood and rags litters the steep bank, washed there by high tide. The scraps hang grotesquely from twigs and olumps of dead grass, killed by the acids.

The worst stretch is along the Schuylkill Navigation Canal from Bridgeport to a point between there and Conshohocken. Millions of gallons of polluted water flow out of the canal into the river.

It reaches Philadelphia and is pumped, filtered and processed to be served as drinking water.

An observer gives this description:

"The outflow from the canal contains human sewage, offal from a packing establishment, phenol, soda ash, wool scourings, dye waste and a picturesque assortment of other substances.

"There is a lock about midway in the canal. One day when a party stopped at that spot the members found floating on the backed-up water about 2000 square feet of waste material, junk and decaying matter. Ancient mattresses, coverlets, a couple of dead chickens, some fish, matted waste paper, broken barrels, tincans, driftwood, all jammed tightly against the floodgates. A breeding place for disease, and from which arose a sickening stench. There were huge froth spots, said to have come from blood waste at the packing house above.

"Several yarn and wool industries are located close to the canal. Most of the material that is emptied into the river from these plants is soda ash and soap employed in scouring the wool, and also dyestuffs. The quantity is large in the aggregate.

Boilers Ruined.

"A few years ago one of the plants located along the canal used the water for its boilers. By-and-by conditions got so bad that when the water was employed for steaming purposes it foamed and nearly ruined the boilers."

It has been charged that the Schuylkill is worse than the Susquehanna. The Pennsylvania Railroad recently was forced to abandon the use of Susquehanna River water because it damaged the locomotive boilers.

Up near Conshohocken, oil and tar waste and creosote from a chemical plant flow into the river. Philadelphians have been able to taste it in the water.

Below the plant is a pond five feet deep filled with waste tar. It seeps in sticky black streams to a ditch, and, following each rain, is

...sewage, raw, u... ...ing, flowing int...

"Formerly th... building close... where the sewage ... treatment. This was ...

"Not long ago there ... been a break in the outlet p... the foot of the railroad embank... ment, for a great hole has been opened and out of this spurts a fountain of filth. A ditch was hastily cut and the mass now finds its way into the river through the cut, stopping on its way in a small bay, eddying in lazy putrescence."

The descriptions are only fragmentary—enough to give a general idea. Besides that the sewers of Norristown and other cities and towns north of Philadelphia pour their sewage into Philadelphia's drinking water. Some of it is not treated at all; the rest of it to varying extents.

The condition is general throughout the State. Surveys have shown that of the 100,000 miles of streams in the State only 16,000 remain unpolluted. And that figure gives the polluters the benefit of the doubt. Some surveys show only 10,000 miles of unpolluted water.

The Alpine Club recently completed a survey, which, according to its president, Henry W. Shoemaker, shows a 3.9 per cent. increase in pollution in less than two years.

The rate of pollution in the Schuylkill is such that in 10 years, it is estimated, it will have to be abandoned as a source of water supply. That will cost the taxpayers of the city of Philadelphia hundreds of thousands of dollars.

There is a State Sanitary Water Board which is supposed to act against concerns which persist in polluting the water. It was created and empowered to stop pollution.

The board, however, has refused to enforce the law. It relies on "conferences" and "persuasion" and what it calls "voluntary constructive co-operation."

The results of this method were ... negligible that a storm of protest was raised. The city of Philadelphia fought in vain to get the board to act. The board refused. It also hampered the city when the city sought to bring action.

When Grover Cleveland Ladner, special assistant City Solicitor in charge

...tedly that not one v... son not passing the bill has been ...anced. He has charged that ...liating legislators were in fear political reprisal if they passed bill. He as much as declared ...t the lives and health of citi... were being made the pawns politics.

Tend This Session.

...vertheless, the McCrossin bill is as far as this session of the Legis... is concerned. Despite hard fight... by its friends to force it out of ...mittee, it still is in the hands of Senate Committee on Light, Heat Power.

...ere it is doomed to stay. The ...ture adjourns April 18.

...little good has been accom... however. The aroused public ...it, it is expected, will force the

Fish Facts, and Other Data About the Schuylkill River

Suburban Press Apr. 25 1929

Catfish, which used to be so plentiful in the Schuylkill river, and which still disport in the upper reaches of "the Hidden River," may among "the finny tribe," be considered natives, although they are decendants of the yellow variety that swarmed up the stream before the erection of the dams erected by the Schuylkill Navigation Company around about 1825. Whether those caught last year measured 24 inches in length were of that breed I cannot say, having neither seen them or had them described, but it is more likely that they were either the blue catfish of Lake Erie or the spotted catfish of the West, which I understand were planted in the Perkiomen a few years ago by the Montgomery County Fish and game Association.

Concerning shad and catfish in the Schuylkill and its larger tributaries, like the Perkiomen, there is a pitiful story of the complete destruction of a valuable, not to say an exceedingly large fishery industry, by the erection of dams and the pollution of the waters in the city of Philadelphia. Prior to 1825 the number of catfish in the Schuylkill River was almost unbeleveable. According to old records more than 3000 catfish were often taken by one man with a dip net in a single night. Thirty to 50 pounds taken with a single hook and line in a morning was declared to be not unusual. The catfish in the Schuylkill were famous all over the country and it was the fish that gave Philadelphia its widespread reputation for catfish and waffles.

In those early days the Schuylkill river ranked next to the Delaware for its abundance of shad. In spring they swarmed the entire length of the river and all its larger tributaries. Shore fisheries dotted both sides of the stream, the Darby Creek, the Perkiomen and the Tulpehocken. One large one was at Manayunk and another nearly as large at the mouth of the Perkiomen and in these fisheries it was not unusual to take more than a hundred shad at a single haul. William Penn, in a letter, mentioned that 3000 were taken on one occasion from the Schuylkill with one sweep of the seine. So abundant were the shad that the inhabitants not only along the banks, but for some miles back on each side, had no difficulty in catching for themselves enough to furnish their families with them until the next annual return.

The very first Pennsylvania legislation for the protection of fish was for the benefit of the shad in the Schuylkill river and its tributaries and this legislation led to what was called the shad war and a "naval battle" on that river near the mouth of the Perkiomen. The uproar was brought about by an act passed in 1724 for removing "Fishing Dams, Wears and Keddles set across the Schuylkill," and another enacted in 1730, to "Prevent the erecting of Wears, Dams, etc., within the Schuylkill."

The fishermen refused to obey the provisions of either of these acts, and in consequence a force of men who navigated the river in large canoes transporting grain and other supplies took matters in their own hands and backed by a Constable of Amity township named William Richards with a warrant started on the river with a fleet of boats to destroy the weirs, dams and other obstructions. A desperate fight followed in which clubs and oars ended in a defeat of the navy. Constable Richards made a report under oath of the battle of which the following is an exceedingly interesting extract:

"About the number of two hundred then came down on both sides of the said river and were very Rude and Abusive & Threatened this Depon't & his Company, that the s'd Depon't expecting from the ill Language and threats given that some mischief or a Quarrel would Ensue, he took his staff in his hand & his warrant & commander the s'd men in the King's Name to Keep the Peace & told them that he came there in a peaceably Manner & According to Law to Move the Racks & Obstruction in the River upon which some of the said Men Dam'd the Laws & Lawmakers & Cursed this Deponent and his Assistants. That one James Starr knocked this Deponent in the River with a large Clubb or Stake, after which several of the Men Attack'd this Deponent & Company with lar Clubbs & Knocked the s'd Robert Smith, the Constable, as also several of this Deponent Assistants; that one John Waenright, in company with this Deponent was Struck down with a Pole or Staff & lay as Dead with his body on the Shoar & his feet in the River. That this Deponent & Company, finding that they were not able to make Resistence, were Obliged to make the best of their Way in order to save their Lives.

"As they came near Parkyooman Creek they found another set of Racks, which were guarded by a great Number of Men, that this Depon't & Company Refused the s'd Men to let them go down the River & if they would Suffer them to pass, they would not Meddle with their Racks, upon which the s'd Men absu'd & Cursed this Depon't in a very Cross Manner, telling the s'd Depon't & his Company that they should not pass by them. That one of the s'd Men called aloud & offered Five pound for Timothy Miller's head, the s'd Timothy being one of the Depon't's assistants, and another of the s'd men called out to the s'd Timothy to make haste away. And afterward tht s'd men pursued this Depon't & company, who for fear of being Murthered made the best of their way with their Canoes to the mouth of the Parkyooman Creek & there went ashore & left their Canoes there with several Cloths, which Canoes are since Split in Pieces (as Reported & several of the Clothes turned a drift on said River."

Dr. Thomas Lynch Montgomery, librarian and corresponding Secretary of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, who is also a member of the Board of the Free Library of Philadelphia, tells me that the weathervane on the Falls of Schuylkill branch of the library, is formed of the figure of a catfish, and that the design of a waffle iron can be seen in the windows to commemorate the old fishing village of Fort St. David's, which was once located at what is now East Falls.

Ponlson's Advertiser, an early Philadelphia newspaper, dated January, 26, 1829, has this to say concerning Manayunk, the Schuylkill River's famed mill town:

"MANAYUNK—This thriving manufacturing village is situated on the Schuylkill Canal in Philadelphia county, five miles from the city. The water power here is very great and is contributing to the wealth of the industrious and enterprising individuals who make use of it. Nearly two miles above the village, and in sight from the Flat Rock Bridge a dam is erected across the Schuylkill, which flows the water back a considerable distance, and conducts it by the canal through the village on a high bank. Between the canal and the bed of the Schuylkill is the location of several superior manufacturing establishments which, for excellent machinery and the quality of the boods made, will probably vie with any in the State, perhaps in the Union. Every convenience is afforded by the canal for the receipt of the raw material and the removal of the manufactured fabric. The fall of the water and the hum of the spindles and spools is music to the ears of the friend of the best interests of his country. Here new buildings are rising, the streets are improving, the road from Flat Rock improving the road from Flat Rock Bridge to the Ridge turnpike will be McAdamized, new mills and factories are progressing towards completion, industry meets a due reward and a banking institution is expected to afford facilities for the extension of business. The following is a list of the establishments in Manayunk.

Richard Rush and Co.'s, cotton factory. It employs 115 hands.

Grist mill belonging to Smick and Gorgas—5 hands.

Mr. Rowland's mill for granding and polishing saws—9 hands.

C. Hagner's mill for grinding drugs, carding and spinning wool, etc.—20 hands.

Mr. Darrach's mill for making wool for hats—55 hands.

Mr. Rising's cotton mill—75 hands.

Mr. Brooke's woolen mill—12 hands.

Mr. McDowell's paper and cotton mill—45 hands.

Borie, Laguerenne and Keating's cotton mill—215 hands.

Wagner and Brother's cotton mill 100 hands."

So when you wander down to the banks of the murky old Schuylkill, think of these past glories of the old stream.

SCCAFF

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Whitemarsh is in 3rd Place Among Townships in Co.

Next Census Should Give It First Class Rating—Early Records Show Trade and Industry—Great Increase in Land Values

William J. Buck, in his history of Montgomery county published in 1877, wrote, "After Upper and Lower Merion and Upper Providence, Whitemarsh is the most populous township in the county. In 1800 its population was 1085; in 1830, 1924; in 1850, 2408, and in 1870, 3151. Taxables n 1741, 89; 1828, 379; in 1858, 659, and in 1875; 786. The real estate for taxable purposes was valued at $1,453,684, and eleven public schools contained 713 scholars. In May, 1876, licenses were issued to seventeen stores, including one hardware, one stove and one boot and shoe store, besides seven dealers in flour and feed, and one lumber and two coal yards. The township in 1858 contained ten inns, fifteen stores, six grist mills, three furnaces, two marble quarries, one paper mill, and one auger factory. In 1785, five taverns, five grist mills, three paper mills, two tanneries and two slaves."

According to present statistics, Whitemarsh holds third place among the townships in the county. Its population is growing steadily and indications are the decennial census, to be taken next year, will show a sufficient number of inhabitants to advance the township automatically to first class status.

In 1920 the population of Lower Merion was 23,866; Upper Merion, 7,005; Upper Providence, 3,057, and Whitemarsh 3,436.

"According to Thomas Holme's map of the original surveys, Major Jasper Farmar owned all the land in the present township south of the Skippack or Church road. North of this tract all the land in its limits was owned by John Green and Samuel Rolls. The township line road, leading from the Schuylkill to Conshohocken and running the whole length of Whitemarsh, also is the original highway and is so marked on the aforesaid map" Mr. Buck said.

The Farmar family, the earliest and most extensive buyers of land in the township, arrived here in 1685. The purchase of Jasper Farmar's tract included 5000 acres for which he received a patent from William Penn, dated January 31, 1683. From Colonial records it was learned that he had a number of servants living on this tract, and that John Scull was his overseer several months before his arrival. On a petition of Nicholas Scull, father of the surveyor general, a road was ordered to be laid out by the Council, May 19, 1689, for the purpose of hauling lime from the kilns to the upper part of Germantown. This is believed to be the present highway leading from the village of Whitemarsh through Chestnut Hill. It also was ascertained from this that the bed of the present Germantown and Perkiomen turnpike from Plymouth Meeting previously had been opened. From the records of Plymouth Meeting we learn that before 1703 John Rhoads, Abraham Davis and David Williams had settled in this township near that vicinity.

Edward Farmar at the death of his father became the owner of about three-fourths of his purchase, settling near the present community, Whitemarsh. He early acquired a knowledge of the Indian language, and on several occasions acted as interpreter for the government. His settlement in 1708, if not earlier, was known as "Farmar's Town." and several years before this he probably had erected a grist-mill on the Wissahickon, which is known to have had an extended reputation in 1722. Commissioned one of the Justices of the Philadelphia county courts, in 1704, he continued to hold the position for nearly forty years. In addition to presenting the lot on which St. Thomas Episcopal church, Bethlehem pike, was built he took an active part in its erection.

Elected to the assembly in 1710, he served in that capacity for twelve years. From the Penn-Physick manuscripts it was learned that he furnished lime and flour from here to Thomas and Richard Penn in the city at various times from 1735 to the period of his death, occurring November 3, 1745, aged 73 years. Interment was at the St. Thomas cemetery, where a stone is erected to his memory.

The village of Whitemarsh is probably one of the oldest settlements in the township. Before the Episcopal church was built in 1710 a grist-mill had been built by Edward Farmar. The Rev. George Whitefield in his Journal, observed, "set out April 18th, 1740, about 9 o'clock for Whitemarsh, twelve miles from Philadelphia. Had near 40 horses in company before we reached the place and preached to upwards of 2000 people." Lewis Evans, drawing a map in 1749, denoted the place as situated at the forks of the road leading to Bethlehem and Skippack. From 1785 to 1797 the elections were held in Whitemarsh for thirteen townships. The Morris mill was operated in the vicinity in 1758, and a post office was established before 1827.

Before the revolution the electors, not only of Whitemarsh township, but of the whole county, voted at an inn opposite the state house at Chestnut street, Philadelphia. By an act passed June 14, 1777, the election of the township and aljoining townships was required to be held at the public house of Jacob Coleman, Germantown.

By an act of assembly passed September 13, 1785, the county was divided into three districts. The voters of the townships of Whitemarsh, Springfield, Cheltenham, Abington, Moreland, Upper Dublin, Horsham, Gwynedd, Montgomery, Towamencon, Hatfield, Lower Salford and Franconia were required to hold election in the tavern of George Eckhart in the present Whitemarsh.

By an increase of the number of districts in 1797, the townships voting at Whitemarsh were reduced to Whitemarsh, Springfield, Upper Dublin and Horsham. The district in October, 1802, polled 176 votes; in 1883 the townships of Whitemarsh, Upper Dublin and Springfield still voted here, the house being kept by Jacob W. Haines. Springfield continued voting here until 1847, when elections of that township were ordered held at Flourtown by an act of assembly passed April 18, 1853.

By a decree of the court, Whitemarsh township was divided into two districts, eastern and western, July 2, 1875. Then elections were ordered held at Barren Hill. The voting place for Whitemarsh was designated as the Clifton House at Sandy Run, below Fort Washington. About forty years ago the third district in the township was created; Barren Hill was designated as the middle; Whitemarsh, east, and Spring Mill, west.

Large quantities of iron ore were obtained in Whitemarsh for some time. In Gabriel Thomas' "Account of Pennsylvania," published at London in 1698, mention is made of the discovery of ore in the province several years previous, but the locality is not specified. Near the present Edge Hill village in Abington township mines were known to exist in 1725.

Before the navigation of the Schuylkill river in 1826, considerable ore was shipped to New York. In 1827 Spring Mill contained seventy-five per cent. of pure iron. A royalty of fifty cents per ton was paid on the ground and when delivered in the city the charge was $4.50.

Henry S. Hitner, in 1858, attained to a depth of ninety-five feet perpendicular, using a steam pump to remove water. This mine was believed located at Marble Hall. Great quantities were mined in Barren Hill, Harmanville, Marble Hall, Cold Point and Lancasterville.

In the census of 1870 it was shown nineteen mines were being operated in the county. The number of men employed was given as 227; tons produced, 52, 179, and valuation, $152,736.

One-third of this production was

Conshohocken Recorder
5/7/1929

made in Whitemarsh township.

Another early occupation in Whitemarsh employing a large number of men was the operation of marble quarries. In 1858 the Hitner quarry at Marble Hall measured 242 feet in depth.

The Fritz quarry was opened before 1800 and fifty-eight years later it was 175 feet deep. Other quarries were those of Dager and Lentz and Potts'. Various colors of lime, different in quality, were produced, of white, blue and clouded, the first named was the most valuable. The marble used in the erection of Girard college was obtained from the Henderson and Hitner quarry.

In 1870 the census showed five marble quarries were located in Whitemarsh and Upper Merion. The foremr had the larger production.

In 1686 lime was burned in Whitemarsh and twelve years later at Plymouth Meeting. Whitemarsh produced lime valued at $51,458, according to the census of 1840. This production was increased in 1840 by the extension of the railroad to Oreland.

ARTICLES ON SEVEN COMMUNITIES

Fourth Article, Appearing Today, Tells of Growth

With a comprehensive sketch of the early development of Whitemarsh and Plymouth townships and a brief outline of present growth, "Seven Communities," an historic sketch, began Tuesday, April 9, in the Conshohocken Recorder. The fourth article, describing early occupations and first elections, appears in today's paper.

In the second article the origin of the name Barren Hill was discussed and records revealing the name as original were presented. That the German Reformed church was organized here before St. Peter's Lutheran church was formed in 1752 to 1762 was set forth and a movement to change the name of Barren Hill was described. A feature writeup of one of the original "one hoss shays" also appeared.

Last week the number of business places, schools, sport centers, religious denominations, etc., received attention. The first improvement in the community was described and the names of the early settlers and early incidents occurring in the township, including the story of Indians preferring charges against agents of the founders and then failing to appear for the hearing even though the defendants wouldn't have been present because the messenger carrying a warrant was lost in the woods between here and Philadelphia, were given at length.

The story of the founding of the Cold Point Baptist church and its program of services marking its seventy-fifth anniversary also appeared last week.

Considerable interest has been shown in this new weekly feature. Many more interesting stories will appear. In the event residents of Barren Hill, Cedar Heights, Cold Point, Harmanville, Miquon, Plymouth Meeting, and Spring Mill have not arranged to have the Recorder served regularly at their homes it will be advisable to notify carriers at once, and there is a carrier in each one of the communities.

German Reformed Church Established in Days of Penn

Congregation Organized June 4, 1710—Services Held for Years Previously—Classis Validates Acts of Lay Preacher

Before Dr. Henry Melchoir Muhlenberg organized St. Peter's Lutheran church, Barren Hill, a German Reformed congregation existed in Whitemarsh for nearly a century.

Although the group was active long before the Lutherans banded together in 1752, no statistics are available to indicate the strength of the congregation. If one will ascertain where the home of William Dewees was locatd in Whitemarsh township, the location of the meeting place of the Reformed members will be established for in the Dewees home church services were held for many years.

Statistical tables of the denomination were not published in the minutes of the Synod until 1816 and these are imperfect.

Members of the group began to emigrate to Pennsylvania soon after the province was confirmed to William Penn under the Great Seal, March 4, 1681.

In the province were 15,000 Germans and the Pennsylvania Reformed church laid claim to one-half of the whole number, according to a report made by the Synod of South Holland, at Breda, in July, 1730. When the emigrants came to America they brought hymn books and various other books with them and also pious school masters.

The first knowledge of the congregation having existed in the community was found in the records of the Rev. Paulus Van Vlecq, pastor at Neshaminy and Germantown.

While there are variations in tradition as to where the group met, it is believed the Dewees home was located where St. Peter's church now stands. And this adds weight to the contention that Barren Hill received its name as the result of having this particular section designated as a convenient meeting place.

June 4, 1710, Paulus Van Vlecq visited and organized the congregation. December 25 in the same year he ordained Evert DeHaven, of Whitpain; Isaac Dilbeck, Jr., for elders, and William Dewees and Jan Aweeq, deacons.

Arriving here September 21, 1727, the Rev. George Michael Weiss found John Philip Boehm preaching without license and without ordination and that Boehm had been serving as preacher since 1720. A petition to the classis of Amsterdam at New York in July, 1728, resulted in having his acts declared just and valid and in his subsequent ordination November 23, 1729. He served until his death in April, 1749.

After the death of the Rev. Mr. Boehm, the Rev. Michael Schlatter, the first missionary sent to this country by the Synod of Holland, assumed charge of the pastorate.

On Easter Monday, April 12, 1762, Dr. Muhlenberg came to Barren Hill. He was accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Schlatter. After the service holy communion was administered at the union school, a short distance from the place of religious worship.

Neatness in dressing was one of the characteristics of the early settlers. Short gowns and aprons were permitted at every service.

When the Rev. Schlatter preached at the church, he proceeded up the isle toward the pulpit in a hurried manner. One Sunday, without warning, he stopped suddenly as he walked toward the pulpit, and, without saying a word, seized one of the clean aprons to wipe dust from his glasses.

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The Schlatter family is interred in the Barren Hill cemetery. Harbaugh, in the "Annals of the Rev. Michael Schlatter," wrote, "Mrs. Schlatter lies buried at Barren Hill church: but—my pen falters!—without a stone to mark the grave."

The congregation did not build an edifice. Records maintained by the

William Taylor; man in the moon, Adam Didonato.

The program:

Music, "Dream Land Lantern," by the chorus; "Little Cobbler," Elves chorus; solo, "Dreams," George Pitman.

"Fairies," Rainbow chorus; solo dance, Laura Brokowski; "Star Child" Rainbow chorus; "Old King Cole," Messenger chorus. "Tinkerbell, Cry

and records revealing the name as original were presented. That the German Reformed church was organized here before St. Peter's Lutheran church was formed in 1752 to 1762 was set forth and a movement to change the name of Barren Hill was described. A feature writeup of one of the original "one hoss shays" also appeared.

Last week the number of business places, schools, sport centers, religious denominations, etc., received attention. The first improvement in the community was described and the names of the early settlers and early incidents occurring in the township, including the story of Indians preferring charges against agents of the founders and then failing to appear for the hearing even though the defendants wouldn't have been present because the messenger carrying a warrant was lost in the woods between here and Philadelphia, were given at length.

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The congregation did not build an edifice. Records maintained by the church officers were burned. From other sources it has been learned the congregation sought to unite with the Germantown Reformed members.

In the meantime the Skippack congregation t shanded and the Whitemarsh group grew weaker. After the death of Mr. Dewees, who served as an officer for thirty-four years, a number of members attended services at Germantown. Pastor Boehm went to the Falkner, Swamp, Providence and Whitepain congregations.

Thus passed the first church in Barren Hill.

It is peculiar to note that records of the church were not discovered in Whitemarsh, but more than 4,000 miles away at the Reformed church of the Netherlands.

Suburban Press 5/23/1929

15

Schuylkill River Islands Once Bore Strange Names

We recently ran across a reference to the islands of the Schuylkill river, which was written some eight years before we were born, and as we found it informative, we are going to pass along to those of our readers who take an interest in such things.

League Island, which is situated in the Delaware river and stretches eastward from the mouth of the Schuylkill is laid down upon Peter Lindestrom's map of 1654 in size nearly as large as it is at present, but has no name assigned to it on the Swedish cartagrapher's drawing. This island was granted in 1699, to the London Company, which ten years afterward conveyed it to Thomas Fairman. It was simply called in that deed an island, but in the deed of 1671, it was called League Island, supposedly because it contained about one league of land.

Long Island is in the Schuylkill opposite Sweet Briar Mansion, or as most present-day readers will know it, below Columbia avenue bridge, on the western side of the stream.

Manasonick Island, as it was known of old, is at the south end of that part of the city, between the Delaware and Schuylkill, fronting on the Schuylkill and extending as far as the west point of League Island, bounded by the Schuylkill, the Back Channel and Hollander's Creek.

Hog Island, which is one of the many islands which serve to hide the mouth of the Schuylkill river, is in the Delaware and was originally called by the Indians, "Quistconck," a fact which Mrs. Woodraw Wilson considered when she named one of the huge fleet of ships which were built there during the late conflict with Germany. On Lindestrom's map he labeled it Keyser Island, or Isle des Empereures. It lies at the end of Tinicum Island, opposite Andrew Boone's Creek, and east of the mouth of Bow Creek. It was bought by Ernest Cock, of the Indian proprietor, in 1680.

Mud Island, which is also situated in the Delaware, in front of a portion of the old State Island, and between Hog Island and the mouth of the Schuylkill, appears on the early Swede's map, without a name. In January 1762, after war was declared between England and Spain, the Assembly of Pennsylvania made an appropriaof five thousand pounds for the erection of a fort on Mud Island, to be mounted with twenty cannon. The fortification was called Mud Fort, and it remained one of the defenses of the Delaware at the breaking out of the Revolution. It was defended in 1777 by Lieutenant Colonel Samuel Smith, Major Simeon Thayer and other commanders against the British fleets, and batteries erected at the mouth of the Schuylkill, from September 27th to November 10th. Two hundred and forty-three guns were brought to bear against the work, which was defended at the time when the garrison was the strongest by not more than three hundred men. The bombardment was terrific; two hundred and fifty men were killed and wounded. The palisades, block houses, parapets and other works were knocked down and the guns disabled by the enemy's attack. Major Thayer set fire to the barracks and ruins, and with fifty men safely crossed the Delaware to Red Bank, on the night of November 16th. The fort was afterward rebuilt and named after General Thomas Mifflin, officer of the Revolution who afterward became the first governor of Pennsylvania under the Constitution. Mifflin lived for may years at the Falls of Schuylkill.

Musk-Rat Island was in the Schuylkill near the eastern shore, opposite Sedgeley Point.

Peter's Island, which is familiar to lovers of boat races still forces the Schuylkill into two courses just above the Columbia avenue bridge. It received its name from the Peters family, who lived at Belmont.

Sayamensing, in the Schuylkill, near the mouth of the river, was between Mulberrykill and Sayamensingkill, and was granted by Governor Lovelace in 1671 to Baers Peterson. It contained three hundred acres. It is north of Schuylkill Island, and bounded by the Schuylkill, Minquas Creek and the branch of Boone's or Church Creek, which flows into the Schuylkill.

Yokum and Chambers Neck rose from a marsh on the west side of the Schuylkill, just above Neckhornskill or Creek, which ran into the Schuylkill on the west sde of the bend and north of Penrose Ferry. It is now a part of the main land.

There was in Manayunk an old island, in the rear of the Main street properties which face Grape street, an island which was used by shad fishermen in the days before the building of the canal drove the members of the finy tribe to find a newer and more available spawning ground.

The Schuylkill Navigation Company was responsible for the forming of Venice Island, in Manayunk, which is bounded by the Canal and the Schuylkill.

So much for the islands of the Schuylkill. In a later tale we will try to tell you of some of the old-time ferries.

SCCAFF

Conshohocken Recorder 5/28/1929

William Dewees, Sr., and the Reformed Dutch Church at Whitemarsh

By S. Gordon Smythe

If one will ascertain where the home of William Dewees was located in Whitemarsh township, the location of the meeting-place of the Reformed members will be established, for in the Dewees home church services were held for many years."

Such is the challenge sent forth from The Recorder in an article which appeared in its issue for May 7th, 1929. In answer to this the writer, from orginal and various data-offers a solution concerning what is known at "The Church of Whitemarsh" with which William Dewees was so long and intimately associated; and a church which was one of the earliest found in the history of the Reformed Dutch Church in America.

When William Rittenhaus, in the vicinity of Germantown, established the first paper mill on the Wissahickon, one of his apprentices was William Dewees. Who later, in partnership with his son-in-law, Henry Antes, set up their enterprise, the second paper mill on the same stream a few miles to the west of Rittenhaus' mill. In passing it may be stated that Henry Antes later came to be known as "The Reformed churchman of Frederick;" and it was he and William Dewees that were the founders of the congregation at Crefeld which subsequently became the Whitemarsh church; but Antes removed to another township because the founder of the Reformed church at Upper Hanover; he was the man who Col. Henry Antes, became the eminent civitian and militarist of the Falckner Swamp region, as noted in the early history of Montgomery County.

The home of William Dewees with its accretions of building as developed by succesive generations of the family,and with its scanty evidence of former prosperity-stood facing the east within a few yards of the Wissahickon, on the right hand side of the road leading into Chestnut Hill; its gable end opposite the present St. Joseph's Convent and School, and within the angle formed by the City Line and the Germantown pike. The writer remembers it well-a long, stepped-up, stone-and-plaster house nestling under a group of Sturdy sycamore trees, and a sunny, sheltered exposure, then the only remaining vestige of a home of former comfort and prosperity, in an environment of neglect and decay; its ancient lawn now a weedy meadow, and the dwellin tenanted by lebor ers a dilapitated tement and so remaining until the old mansion was torn down, and its trees extripated some years ago. Today there is nothing visible to indicate that it was the habitation of one of the most influential and prosperous settlers of Whitemarsh township, for it was at this house of William Dewees that the Reformed society had its origin under the spiritual guidance of its earliest deacon, and whose wife was Ann Catrine, daughter of its first elder-Hans Hendrich Meels, William and Ann Catrine Dewees. As a matter of fur their interest to the maker of the above inquiry the writer will proceed to show William Dewees connection with the Reformed Church at Whitemarsh, and what became of him and it.

Aside from the historical origin of the Reformed Church in America, its development and infulence among the early Dutch settlers in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania through the ministrations of its early and historic clergy-we come to the time when the local church was organized by domine Rev. Paulus van Vlecq who came across from Bensalem, in Bucks Co., itinerating and baptising some time previous to the 4th., of June, 710 on which date he organized the congregation at the house of William Dewees, and thereupon van Vlecq was chosen pastor for the time being.

Between 1711 and 1720 the constituents of the Reformed congregations of Flackner's Swamp, Skippack and Whitemarsh had been celebrating the Lord's Supper in communion with the Presbyterian church at Norristown, midway, and on the direct line of communication between Whitemarsh and Falckner's Swamp. It was not until the 23rd., day of December, 1725, that it was first partaken at Whitemarsh, and by 24 persons, and it was solemnized by Rev. John Phillip Boehm, who for the first time, officiated as a minister though he was not ordained to the ministry; and when the time came for this ordination, delayed until 1728,it was William Dewees who accompanied him to New York to meet the Reformed Dutch Council: it was then found that this body would not ordain until after it had referred the matter to the Reformed Classis in Holland. Boehm was finally ordained by its order, in New York, on 23 November, 1720, and William Dewees attended as the represenative of the congregation of Whitemarsh.

From this time until his death in 1745, William Dewees name was upon the records at different times as: William de Wees; Wilhelm Dewese, in other variants of the name.

In 1740, elders William Dewees and Christopher Ottinger reported to the Church authorities in Holland that "the congregation at Whitemarsh comprised a very few families and is for this reason Willing to unite with the congregation at Germantown." Some of its members had already fell away to join St. Thomas church in Whitemarsh which was founded by Edward Farmer.

It continues a matter of interest to know where, in those early times, the local church people fourd suitable places to worship, and it is learned from a letter written to Holland on the 20th., of April, 1744, just what the situation then was-"in the congregation at Whitemarsh we have as yet nothing at all in the way of a church, but during all this time we have made use of the house of Ouderling elder William de Wees for holding divine service without any unwillingness from his honor, or the least expectation of payment. The worthy man cherishes a contented and pious hope that God will yet provide the means to build a church. "The death of William Dewees occurred the following year, and again Jon Pillip Boehm writes to the Classis at Amsterdam under date of23rd. November, 1746, to say that- "the White marsh congregation which at all times consisted but a few members has, through the death of the aged, faithful elder Willem Dee Weesen, come to a standstill, because his home at all times was our church, but since his death it can be no longer, nor is there opportunity at hand to worship elsewhere, much less the means to build a church. The lower portion of the membership has gone to Germantown."

Thus passed away the Whitemarsh Reformed church; in church annals its name is no longer found; but elder Dewees had been on office bearer for 34 years; he was not there but his spirit remained a quickening one among that people.

Some facts te Dewees family may be added in conclusion.

William Dewees the papermaker and elder married Ann Catrine, daughter of Hans' Hendrick Meels who was the first elder of the Whitemarsh church.

One of the sons of William and Catrine Dewees was Wm. Dewees, 2nd., who was baptised at the Whitemarsh church by Rev. Paulus van Vlecq, 8th. July, 1711; this son married Rachael Farmer, daugiter of Edward Farmer who died 23rd of November 1745, and who was the son of Jasper Farmer, the original owner of 5000 acres of land in Whitemarsh which tract was called "Umdilicamense," and upon which Conshohocken now partly stands; he was also the founder of Farmers town; the donor of the ground upon which St. Thomas, church of Whitemarsh now stands, and the operator of Farmer's Mill which stood in its immediate vicinity.

William Dewees, 2nd, was an attorney, justice of the peace, and the sheriff of Philadelphia County prior to 1777. One of his sons-William Dewees, 3rd. married first Sarah Potts; second Sarah Waters. Thomas Dewees, a brother of William, 3rd., married Hannah Potts, sister to William's wife, both were daughters of Thomas Potts, Jr., of Pottstown, Pa. Thus the two brothers William Dewees and Thomas Dewees, married respectively the two sisters Sarah and Hannah Potts William because the Colonel of the 4th. regiment Pennsylvania Continental Line in the War was in iron-master at Pottstown Pa.

Conshohocken Recorder
6/4/1929

Disastrous Blaze Brought Permanent Fire Protection

Barren Hill Fire Company Organized July 11, 1916.—Company Owns House and Modern Fire Fighting Equipment

Organized thirteen years ago following a disastrous blaze, the Barren Hill Volunteer Fire Company has grown to the extent that it is now a modern fire-fighting unit with 163 members.

Interested in their own welfare and the welfare of their neighbors, a group of public spirited men held a meeting July 11, 1916, at Fred Schupphaus' hotel, on Germantown pike, and organized a fire company. Officers elected were Arthur Harrison, president; Stephen Laubert, vice president; Frederick Schupphaus, treasurer; Charles Wagner, secretary, and Walter Hansell, chief.

For four years the firemen held meetings at the Schupphaus hotel and at homes of the members. After serving for four months, Harrison removed from Barren Hill and in his place as president came J. Franklin Goshen, who remained in office four years.

Charter members, most of whom, like the vice president and chief, still are active, were: Joshua B. Kerper, Arthur Harrison, Stephen Laubert, Charles Wagner, Frederick Schupphaus, Walter Hansell, Alva Lightcap, Harold Buchanan, J. Franklin Goshen, Howard Cressman, John Danzisen, William Nuneviller, Calvert Beam, Alva S. Engle, W. H. Schimph, J. A. Staub, Jr., Wilfred Pfleger, William Culp, Harry P. Gilinger, Daniel Kirkner, Joseph Kirkner, John Gunldach, Charles L. Oberle, George Oberle, Jr., Max Shermer, Frank Knapp, Eugene Tarbutton, Clarence Wood, Irvin Gilinger and Louis A. Nagle.

In 1920 the firemen moved their headquarters to the old school house, now the fine parsonage of Rev. and Mrs. H. M. Bower and the dwelling of the Harold Graham family, Church road.

Steadily, rapidly, the company grew. In the year that the volunteers moved to the old school house, they purchased a new Ford apparatus. In 1921 they housed the apparatus in Milton Lebold's garage, Ridge pike near Church road, and shortly afterward established a fire station at that place. With the purchase of the engine, they brought 500 feet of Eureka hose in the fall of 1920.

Records show the first treasurer reported at the first regular meeting $14 on hand. There were about thirty-two members enrolled. Now, with a splendid new apparatus in a large brick building at the "Y", Barren Hill, the reports of Stephen Laubert, treasurer, will show $325 in the treasury. The company places the value of the property it owns at $25,000, a conservative estimate.

A large auditorium with a seating capacity of approximately 600 and a basement of like dimensions were dedicated February 28, 1925. In that year the firemen moved from the Lebold garage to their new home. With a gala parade and appropriate exercises, the company's $6500 Hale triple four combination, purchased in November 1926, was rolled into the auditorium by the Gilbertsville Fire Company, June 18, 1927. Judge Harold G. Knight, of Ambler, and Rev. E. Allan Chamberlain, former pastor of St. Peter's Lutheran church, now of Trenton, N. J., were principal speakers.

A siren was erected in December, 1926, and in the spring of 1927 the company added 600 feet of fabric hose. Recently a stage was constructed in the auditorium by the Ladies' Auxiliary.

Present officers are: J. A. Staub, Jr., president; Samuel Wallack, vice president; Stephen Laubert, treasurer; Floyd Carver, secretary; Edgar Mitchell, assistant secretary; Arling C. Rose, financial secretary; Walter Hansell, chief; Walter Gilinger, chief engineer; Frank Hiltner, Jr., first assistant chief; John Gundlach and Clarence Christman, assistant chiefs.

Trustees include J. Adam Staub, Jr., chairman; Walter Coulston, William DeMars, Samuel Wallach and Charles Watson.

A remarkable distinction for service marks the record of Walter E. Hansell, who was chosen chief at the first meeting and has since served continuously in that capacity. A similar honor has been bestowed upon Stephen Laubert, who was elected treasurer at the last annual meeting held in March after having served in an official capacity virtually each year since the group was formed.

To the chief and treasurer belongs considerable credit for having fire hydrants installed and maintained. Only a few months ago their efforts were responsible for the installation of a hydrant in front of the Barren Hill consolidated school.

At present, with the assistance of Clarance Knode, who retired in March as president after serving in that capacity for two years, they are putting forth an effort to install fire plugs in Marble Hall, a steadily growing village adjoining Barren Hill.

The first hydrants were placed in the community in November, 1923. The service was entirely a public interest, inasmuch as the firemen, with a firm faith in the people of the community, took upon themselves the responsibility of maintaining the plugs at a rental of $60 each per year.

Presidents who have devoted their full time to the work of the firemen, ready to respond to a small task with as much vigor, intelligence and reasonableness as commanded by a serious blaze or gigantic undertaking, include J. Franklin Diamond, Charles Glanding, Frank Knapp, F. W. Goshen, C. Harry Glanding, Clarence Knode and J. Adam Staub Jr. Other officers who likewise have been faithful in community trust and service include John W. Diamond, Harry Gilinger, Jr., Franklin Diamond, William Schimpf, W. Bishop, A. Rose, and Floyd Carver, former secretaries; J. Wesley Diamond, Irvin Gilinger and Frank Hiltner, Jr., former treasurers.

One hundred and eight members now enrolled are:

Alvin C. Alderfer, J. M. Bill, Sr., J. Button, C. R. Beam, William Wolfenden, Alvin Bunzel, Ernest Bunzel, William Brett, James Boyd, Robert Blair, Benjamin Byerly, M. Wesley Detwiler, William A. DeMars, Lewis Dreisbach, D. H. Dager, F. B. Davidson, John W. Diamond.

Harry Gilinger, John Gundlach, Irvin Gilinger, Charles Gally, George Glanding, Charles Gilinger, Harry Gilinger, Sr., J. Franklin Goshen, Sr. and Jr., C. Harry Glanding, James Grauel, Harold Graham, Sr.

Ralph E. Carmen, Clarence Christian, Walter Coulston, Charles Carmen, A. G. Carver, Emerson C. Custis, George Collins, Charles Conlon, Reuben Corner, Floyd Carver, Alvin Engle, George Elwert, W. P. Pfleger, Alan W. Frankenfield, J. Fulginiti, Samuel Finkelstein, Arthur Fries, Richard Fahy.

J. G. Hesley, Frank Hiltner, Jr., J. Horning, J. Herron, W. E. Hansell, C. Haebner, Walter D. Hershey, William Hughes, Gilbert Hoffman, William Hughes.

Frank Knapp, Clarence Knode, Richard Kahoe, Louis Killmer, Nelson Kauffman, James Kane, F. Miller, Paul B. Mitchell, J. D. Mitchell, Jr., Edgar Mitchell, Elmer Mumenthaler, John Mansfield, Edward McNelis, Rudolf Miller, E. W. MacMullen, T. MacPlaren, James McCuen, Charles Newman.

Thomas O'Neill, George Oberle, Mason Osborne, George Ponsart, William Pfleger, H. Peacock, S. Peacock, J. A. Staub, Jr., J. A. Staub, Sr., William Starke, E. Steinmetz, John Sague, Raymond Sague, William Spear, W Russell Staub, J. Oscar, Samuel Wallach.

Robert Slagle, C. S. Terhune, Charles W. Watson, Edwin Watson, William Wilson, William Wolfenden, Charles Wagner, Jr., Robert Wood, Samuel Wood, J. Wolf and Charles Young.

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More Data on 2d Paper Mill

6/4/29 Cons. Recorder

J. Howes Humphreys Writes of Location of Early Industry and Home by Wm. Dewees.

(Editor's Note: Completing in detail a writeup appearing May 7 in the Conshohocken Recorder on the "Lost Church of Whitemarsh," S. Gordon Smythe, historian, contributed an article in last Tuesday's issue. J. Howes Humphreys, secretary, Andorra Nurseries, Inc., who has devoted considerable time to historical research work, after reading the article by Mr. Smythe, sent the following communication to the Recorder:)

To the Recorder:

"Regarding the article headed "William Dewees, Sr., and the Reformed Dutch church at Whitemarsh," and published last Tuesday in the Recorder, I should like to make the following notes.

"The second paper mill which was set up by William Dewees and his son-in-law, Henry Antes, is now the small yellow plastered cottage at the corner of Wissahickon and Barren Hill road. The outlines of the old mill race which furnished the power can still be distinctly seen, running out the Barren Hill road and it was fed by the small stream which now runs in a new course.

"The home of William Dewees was directly opposite the present Germantown avenue entrance to Mount St. Joseph's Academy, standing on the northwest side of the Wissahickon Creek. This was not a plastered house, but an all stone house, standing beneath enormous English Elms which were secured for Dewees by his friend, Maupay, who at that time had a nursery at Rising Sun on the Germantown pike.

"I have made this note because it was stated the house stood under a group of sturdy sycamore trees. It happened to be a group of English Elms.

"This house stood in fine condition until it was torn down, after the property was take nover by the Fairmount Park Commission.

"You will also find in records of the Montgomery County Historical Society that this Whitemarsh congregation met constantly in the home of William Dewees. The date of the origin of the congregation I have not been able to locate, but the Rev. Van Vlect, a Holland minister, was installed the pastor of the Dutch Reformed church in Germantown, now the churches at Bensalem and Neshaminy. It was some time after this that he took over the charge of the congregation at Whitemarsh.

Very Truly Yours,
J. H. Humphreys."

Conshohocken Recorder
6/25/1929

18

Famous "Bubbling" Springs Never Known to be Dry

Early Settlers Discovered Spring Unaffected by Weather.—Caused Mill to be Located in Spring Mill

In Montgomery county one of the most interested natural curiosities is the mammoth spring at Spring Mill. When first settlers came here, they soon learned that the supply of water never failed, even in the dryest weather. Nor did the temperature vary greatly.

A petition presented to the Court of Quarter sessions in 1715 requesting that a road be opened from Gwynedd through Plymouth Meeting to the Schuylkill river at Spring Mill set forth: "Access to the mill at Spring Mill is desirable because the mill is operated by water flowing from a spring which neither the drought of summer nor winter's frosts hinders from supplying the neighborhood when all or most of the other mills are dormant."

Philadelphia is said to be considering whether to obtain water from the Perkiomen. Long ago Benjamin Franklin, after inspecting the "bubbling springs," suggested that the city obtain its water supply here.

Peter Legeaux, who started one of the first commercial enterprises in this state, lived at the palatial home which is now owned by the Spring Mill Fire Company on North lane. December 31, 1819, he recorded the following in his diary:

"Dry and cold. So dry that great many springs and all wells in this neighborhood (except my own) were dry, and the people were obliged to come here to Spring Mill from six, seven and ten miles every day for water provision."

Among the many stories handed down by people of the village about the peculiarities of the underground streams is this: About a century ago the owner of a farm attempted to fill up a well on his property. Although he emptied into it tons of earth and stone, its depth apparently remained unchanged.

Women of the household decided to see what they could do about it. They reasoned together that it was house cleaning time, they needed a convenient place in which to throw their refuse and the well was just the place.

They proceeded to toss large quantities of refuse into the old well, according to the story. And one day several old mattresses were dropped into the opening.

Investigation the next day developed the refuse, including the mattresses, had gone. And where?

Later, when those of the household were talking with other residents, they learned the straw was found in virtually every spring in a distance of two miles. That solved the problem about the disappearance of the earth, stone and refuse and revealed the extent of the underground flow of water.

A half century ago, when Charles Heber Clark, writing amusing stories under the pen name of "Max Adeler," he wove several tales thout the underground streams of Whitemarsh. One af the stories concerned the unsuccessful attempts to bury a man. Every time the coffin was interred in the cemetery it managed to travel somehow into one of the subterranean creeks and out into the river.

The water bubbles up over a territory of about half an acre. Since 1896 it has been confined in a series of pools. The principal spring is enclosed. When the W. C. Hamilton and Sons Riverside paper mill acquired the land, a pipe was laid a distance of two miles to the mill where the purity of the water makes it useful in the manufacture of paper.

The temperature of the water usually is fifty-one degrees. The flow of the water from the springs is estimated to amount to 4,500,000 gallons a day. All of it is not taken to the paper mill and the overflow, forming a good size stream, continues 1500 feet to the Schuylkill and midway in its course supplies power for the grist mill that has been in operation here for two centuries.

Suburban Press 8/15/1929

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West Manayunk Orchards Suffered From Boys' Raids

By JOHN M. SICKINGER

Were you ever guilty of stealing? I have been and was caught at it, though not by the police, but by the injured person himself and he so impressed it on my mind that I steered clear of his place forever afterwards.

In 1771, J. J. Jones built a homestead and barn in West Manayunk. Jones' name is in the early history of this section. According to Watsons Annals, a ferry crossed the Schuylkill river where the Green lane bridge stands. It was built, owned and operated by the Jones'. That was over a hundred years before our time.

About thirty-five years ago, the Oak street gang, composed of small boys, used to go over the river and raid apple orchards. The Jones place was occupied by a gentleman of the Owld Sod, one Patrick Regan, who was blessed with a wife, two sons and two daughters. Living with him was his sister, called "Aunt Mary", and old Dennis, the hired man.

Old Dennis had a beautiful red nose and he told old Captain Shields, that it was like a gas meter, it registered more than it consumed. Captain Shields was the toll collector on the old pay bridge and when collecting from Dennis he would kid him about his cherry-red nose.

Tolls over the bridge meant nothing to the orchard raiders. They would get down on their hands and knees and duck pass the toll window then stand erect and take it on the run. If the raid was a success the return home was made over the old horse bridge, or the "Pennsy" Snake bridge.

The Regan farm, as well as the Lyle farm adjoining, were the two finest in the section. Regan had a large herd of Holstein and Jersey cows, and several wicked dogs to guard them. Old muzzle-loaded shot guns filled with rock salt were the main line of the Regan's defense. And when the Regan kids discovered the raiders on the place, word was passed along the front and the entire household would turn out under command of old Aunt Mary, who would flourish a long lashed cart whip.

If any one was caught they would be locked up in the corn crib, just outside the door of the barn, beside the old moss covered pump. The corn crib was covered with chicken wire to reinforce it and at milking time the prisoners would be taken out and ordered to man the pump to keep the trough filled for the cows that were driven in to be milked.

A herd of fifty cows or more could drink plenty of water without counting the many buckets full that was used in those days to water the milk.

The prisoners would again be returned to the corn crib and when darkness approached old Dennie would pretend to sneak up from the house and advise the captured boys to try the floor for a loose board and the surprised prisoners would slip out of their jail and make tracks for home. The agreement would be "never mention this to anyone," because if we get caught again we will know our way out. But Regan claimed those floor boards were never nailed down.

On the adjoining Lyle farm, it was different. We kids would be permitted to climb the trees and shake them to our heart's delight, providing we would help to gather the ripe fruit for the cider presses. Between eating the apples and sucking the juice through straws out of the cider press, we received many a belly-ache.

The Regan and Lyle farms have disappeared. On one farm is beautiful Belmont Heights, while the Regan farm is the Ashland Heights section.

But remember the 11th commandment—"Do what you want but don't get caught at it."

Suburban Press
9/26/1929

Critic Tells Of New Book On Audubon

Gives Facts Concerning Every Day Life of Great Naturalist

WRITTEN BY MUSCHAMP

Schuylkill Valley Character Leaped Over Failure To Success

Philip Atlee Livingston, recently submitted a review of Edward A. Muschamp's book, "Andacious Audubon," which was written about one of the Schuylkill Valley's greatest characters, that is worth passing along.

"A century and a quarter ago people of the Philadelphia countryside watched with admiration the skating and dancing ability of a dapper, handsome youth. A century ago the country saw but little noticed a young man with hair reaching to his shoulders, wearing the battered garments of the woodsman.

"Today America and the world look upon John James Audubon as a cerative genius, an artist, and a pioneer naturalist. What manner of man was this paradox of success and dismal failure, this man who broke the rules which hamper most of us—and succeed nevertheless? In "Audacious Audubon" Edward Muschamp tells the story of Audubon, the man, and the tale is a vivid one.

"To the Philadelphian the life of Audubon is of keen and personal interest, for it was here, at Mill Grove on the Perkiomen near Norristown, that he made his first home in America. Philadelphia was the scene of his first work as a pioneer bird artist, and here he met, courted and married Lucy Bakewell, whose strength, courage and ability served as the anchor to the career of a trully audacious husband.

"History tells us of the adventures and labors of Audubon, and much of America's bird lore is based on his prodigious masterpiece. "The Birds of America," but Mr. Muschamp has gone deeper than a mere recountal of the man's adventures and accomplishments. Audacity, we we are told, was the keynote of his career, but the reader of this book finds that limitless courage and versatility played an equal part.

"Audubon, we are told, "fell far short of being the husband that contemporary world thought he ought to be, frittered away his time and money, and failed miserably in all his commercial and merchantile undertakings." Yet today we pay $10,000 for a set of great plates he executed, our bird protective societies are named in his memory, and American scientists build from his work as a pioneer.

"The reader need be neither art collector nor naturalist to find inspiration and exciting reading in this new biography. Audubon failed in business and was jailed for debt. Rats ruined several hundred of his drawings, and he courageously spent years drawing them anew. He was a jack of all trades, yet tenaciously struggled to success in his chosen field. The book is a text in courage and plain, old-fashioned "nerve."

Suburban Press 1929

Schuylkill Was Once Great Mecca of Izaak Waltons

By JOHN M. SICKINGER

In my early boyhood days when the Schuylkill river was free of filth, when the water was clear as crystal, coming direct from the mountain springs up through the valley, there were all descriptions of fish to be caught. I don't believe any one will disagree with me when I say that Sun fish which are cousins to the bass, was as game as any large fish.

The best bait I ever discovered for sun fish was small hoptoads. The sun fish would nest in clear sand on the edge of the river grass, or celery as it is some times called, and as soon as the angler cast over his hook baited with a hop toad, his cork or floater would disappear beneath the surface like a submarine. With a quick arm movement the fisherman would often land a "sunnie" as large as the palm of your hand, big wall-eyeds, if I remember the name correctly.

Opposite Flat Rock Tunnel in what was called "the Duck Falls," where the water went tumbling over large rocks, was the haunt of bass, both black and striped. Here they would rise to a worm, fly or helgamite.

We kids took great delight when the river was very low, swimming about "the Duck Falls," recovering dipsies, or sinkers, which would become fast on the rocky bottom. One afternoon several of us recovered two hundred and ten sinkers, all lead and made in different shapes. We, river hounds, never lacked for dipsies at any time.

Night-fishing, with a stretch line, was another favorite sport. We would tie a heavy cord or clothes line to trees on each bank then slip knot a short line and hook baited with a minnow about every five feet apart. We used a boat for the purpose and I recall the name of one of the boats, "The Roscoe." Every hour we would go over the line, remove the fish and rebait the hooks. Our reward would be a washtub filled with eels and "catties." We had a ready market for the "catties," back along the Wissahickon Creek, where the menu at the roadhouses was catfish and wafiles. The landlords would give a bonus price when they were delivered alive, because they could then place them in their private ponds at the rear of the hotels. Catfish had to be within reach at all hours, because that was the main dish along "the Creek," hence the private ponds.

The eels we caught were cut up in lengths, five inches long and salted down in an old lard firkin, to be used for snapper bait. Snapper fishing was another night sport but one would have to add the afternoon to it, getting all set for pastime. First we went into the woods and cut a few bundles of saplings, about seven feet tall. The heavy end we sharpened like the point of a pencil, so they could be rammed down two feet in the bank. Along the pond or river heavy fishing line or mason line would be tied within six inches of the top of the saplings and a heavy sea hook was placed, baited with a piece of salted eel. The line would be thrown overboard to await results. To while away the time, a card game would be played by lantern light. After a few hours we went over our lines and gathered in the harvest. Big snappers and diamond back terrapins they ere, too.

We cut the lines close to the poles and bridled the snappers with the same line by running it through their mouth, drawing their heads into their shells and tying the line tight under their tails. When a snapper finds himself hooked he goes for the mud bottom and buries himself in the soft mud and the lines tied high in the air on the saplings prevents them from going to the mud bottom.

Whenever a farmer began to miss his ducks, or geese, it was a sure thing that his lake, pond, dam or creek was infested with snappers and "our crowd" would be invited to fish his water hole out. Transportation in an old hay rick, with breakfast at the old farm house thrown in for good measure, never failed in induce us.

Spring and autumn was the time for Sucker fishing. This species requires very cold water to make them edible. Following a freshet, when the river would start to rise, and become muddy, the suckers struck out for the small streams of spring water that empty into the river. The suckers gathered in schools at the joining of the clear and muddy waters and could be caught by tubfulls. German carp were caught and were saleable to Jewish families, if sold alive. Corn meal is used as bait for carp. The Schuylkill River at the present time has no edible fish of any kind on account of the pollution.

Press 1/16/1930

WASTE FLAVORS SCHUYLKILL PUNCH

The promised improvement in the taste of water in certain sections of the city began to be noticeable on Tuesday.

The disagreeable taste, according to Water Bureau officials, was caused by waste products of a Conchohocken coke plant getting into the Schuylkill last Friday.

Residents of Roxborough, Manayunk, Wissahickon, East Falls and portions of the central section noticed the unusual taste. Water Bureau officials said the substance in not poisonous.

Phila Record 2/2/30 4

LETTER SHEDS LIGHT ON AUDUBON'S DEATH

Ridgway Library Yields Document Giving Details of Last Illness.

The musty archives of the old Ridgway Library in Philadelphia have yielded another treasure.

The "find" is a letter which will probably throw more light upon the later life of the famous artist-naturalist, John James Audubon, his last illness and death, than any other document. It was written to Dr. S. G. Morton, who, in 1851, was a noted Philadelphia physician and president of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences.

The letter was written by Audubon's son, Victor, and saluted Dr. Morton as one of Audubon's oldest and staunchest friends. It is dated February 3, 1851, from New York, where the artist lived and completed his celebrated works, notably the "Birds of America," which brought him international renown and financial independence.

The letter reads:

"I know you have seen the various notices of the death of my great and good father. I feel it due to you, however, from your friendship to him and us, to write you some particulars not in the papers.

"The first attack he had was apparently a slight apoplectic, and was followed by a partial paralysis. Fever supervened, and on Sunday erysipelas in the head had progressed so that he was in great pain. We had but little hope, but until half past 2 o'clock on Monday no decided change occurred. Soon after that hour he began to sink rapidly, and his face was somewhat contracted. Before he died he opened his eyes, which had been almost closed for some time, and gave my mother, John and myself a wistful and clear look—turning his head slightly to gaze on us—this was his farewell glance upon those he loved so well. He expired at quarter past 10 o'clock without a struggle or a groan, and my mother closed his eyes. She bore up very well, and we are now all more quiet and composed. You will, I know, sympathize with us. Give my respects to Mrs. Morton, and believe me

"Yours, dear sir, truly,

(Signed) "V. G. AUDUBON."

Suburban Press
Feb. 6, 1930

THE WEATHER

The groundhog strode from his winter lair,
To take a whiff of the bracing air;
Foretelling coming weather;
He scanned the sky and then the ground,
And used his eyes to look around,
And placed the facts together.

He wore no mortared cap or gown,
He'd dwelt alone, afar from town,
While Bliss went off to college;
He never went away to school
To learn to live by rote or rule;
Assembling useless knowledge.

Last Sunday was his day of test,
And once again he done his best,
To chase the skies of gray,
He basked beneath the shining sun,
Which proves that Winter isn't done,
And Spring is far away.

Perhaps, some day, the time will be,
When we will learn the same as he;
Predicting as a knack.
And on our Schuylkill Valley hills
We'll take our favored liver pills,
Without an almanac.

But while Marmota Monax, gay,
As weather prophet still holds sway,
We'll bow to his decree.
The sun appeared, so understand,
Six weeks of winter o'er the land
Is what we're goin' to see.

A. C. C.

Press 3/20/1930

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Canal Was Once Busy Thoroughfare

Large Number of Local Men Found Employment on Boats

114 YEARS OLD

Freight-Laden Craft Are Seen No More in Manayunk

By JOHN M. SICKINGER

The thrill that comes "once in a life time," recalls the days of boating on the Schuylkill Canal, which was the greatest of any to the kid who could not resist the temptation to hitch on behind the rudder of a canal boat as it passed through Manayunk. Another way of boarding a moving boat was to hang by the hands on the bottom rail of one of the numerous mill bridges, that cross the canal, and drop on the deck for a ride up or down to the locks.

In the early 80's Joe Philips, who lived at the corner of Jefferson and Washington streets, was the canal superintendent, while Bill Van Fossen, of Domino lane, was one lock tender and Dan O'Leary, Jr., Terrace below Cresson street, was the other. O'Leary, well up in years now, is still stationed at the Manayunk Locks.

When Mike Dowd, of Cresson street and Shurs lane, left the office vacant, O'Leary became his successor. Ben Knarr, of 4332 Main street was a boat builder by trade and had a small marine establishment along the canal, in the rear of his home.

In those days every mill along the canal used boats for transporting coal, wood, lime, etc. A veteran boatman who owned a fleet, which sailed out of the port of Manayunk, was Joseph Hendren, who lived on Ridge avenue, above Gorgas lane. He was skipper on his own boat, called the "Josephine Hendren," which was named in honor of his wife.

Other boats from this port were the "Martin and William Nixon," "Dove," and the "Sarah Ann."

The "William Rambo" was a four mast wind jammer, from Bridgeport, and was used in the transportation of lime only. As soon as "the Rambo," reached tide water its sails were set and it became a coastwise schooner, but while in transit between the Delaware river and Norristown, the vessel was a canal boat.

The men from this section who were boatmen and pilots were: Joe Kelly, and Dan Baliff, both who lived on Ezekiel street; Humphreys Baliff, 4154 Apple street; Jack Blackburn, River road, West side; Jim Caviston, East and Terrace streets; John Cline, 136 Mechanic street; Bill Gilsenin, Allison and Apple streets; Jack Levins, Cresson and Shurs lane; Denny Miller, Penn and Cresson streets; Chris Reamshart, 132 Cedar street; Sam Tickner, Dupont street; Jack Willover 6 Lock street; Bill Wolfington Cresson and Dawson streets; Griff Yarnall, Pechin street; Jack Wolfington, 156 Cedar street, and George Wright, 4606 Washington street who held a license as a sea boatman, which today means he was a sailor.

The canal was dug through Manayunk in 1816. It was necessary to build seventy-one locks in its length of 108 miles, to overcome a drop of 618 feet, from Tamaqua to Fairmount. Other locks nearby are located at Conshohocken, and Bridgeport. The boats were drawn by mules and it was nothing for a small boy to walk twenty-five to fifty miles driving the "jacks" along the tow path before some one would relieve him. When approaching a lock the pilot, or deck hand, would blow on an old horn or bugle to warn the lock-tender of the boat's arrival, and if another vessel was in the lock chamber, the pilot of the approaching boat would have to keep his craft out in mid stream to permit the other boat to have free use of the channel. It took a skilled pilot to handle a boat when in mid stream, on account of the swift current, which fell over the nearby dams.

Every lock house was built near a dam breast and the mule driver did "some tall swearing" at his "jacks" to get the boat back into the channel after the other one passed.

The only steam craft seen in those days were the tugs "Catfish" and "Schuylkill," which were used for dredging the channel Floats with clam-shell buckets, were lowered into the water and brought up full of black slimy mud which was dumped into scows and as soon as they were loaded the tugs would haul them out into the river and drop the load far out from the channel.

A coal-laden boat had a draft of ten feet and if the channel was not kept at its proper depth the boat would stick in the mud and jerk the mules down on their haunches and some times overboard.

Boating on the canal is past history. The canal is now one hundred and fourteen years old and for the past twenty years no boats have been seen in the channel, but pleasure craft which are scattered along the canal along the entire route to the coal regions.

Evening Bulletin
March 3/1930

Men and Things

Former Student Under Dr. Joseph Leidy Pays His Tribute to the Noted Zoologist and His Contributions to Natural Science

CITY Hall Plaza long since ceased to be an ideal spot for Philadelphia's Hall of Fame, and there have been from time to time suggestions that the statuary memorial of some of the distinguished sons of Pennsylvania or others whom Philadelphia sought to honor might find better location than on the generally begrimed and dirty and sometimes actually unkempt stretch of pavement which surrounds the City Building. Operations incidental to the reconstruction of the Market Street subway under City Hall have necessitated the removal of the statue of Dr. Joseph Leidy which has stood near the western portal, and the occasion has been taken for its resetting on Logan Circle, facing the hall of the Academy of Natural Sciences, which in every way will be a more worthy location.

Dr. J. Percy Moore, corresponding secretary of the Academy and professor of Zoology at the University of Pennsylvania, who was a student under Dr. Leidy, contributes in this connection a story of this great Philadelphia naturalist, revealing the personal attributes of a scholar and a student who ought to be something more than a name to this and succeeding generations.

Rare Values Of Schuylkill Now Ruined

He early discovered in the Schuylkill river and its affluents and described a fauna and flora the richness and interest of which has found an equal nowhere else in this country but which unfortunately has been almost totally destroyed through subsequent pollution of these waters. His monograph on the fresh-water Rhizopods is a masterpiece of scientific observation and artistic beauty. His "Fauna and Flora Within Living Animals" was a revelation of an unsuspected world of new life within the digestive tracts of insects and centipedes. His early discovery of the Trichina of the pig was the basic factor in the discovery of a method of control of the dreadful parasitic disease Trichinosis of man.

In his many papers on vertebrate fossils lay the foundation for what has become the most astounding and fascinating development of American zoology. To a skeptical world he demonstrated the former presence in abundance in North America of such Old World types as camels, horses, rhinoceroses and many others, of such new mammalian types as Oreodons and Uintatheres, of equally remarkable extinct fishes and reptiles, including the great Hadrosaurus of New Jersey, the reconstruction of whose skeleton was the first successful attempt of the kind to be made in this country and which still occupies a prominent place in the public museum of the Academy.

Suburban Press
6/19/1930

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Pencoyd Was A Thriving Community

Old Village Along River Road Once Scene of Great Activity

HAD MANY HOMES

Colored Church-folk Held Baptisms in Schuylkill's Icy Waters

By JOHN M. SICKINGER

River Road, in West Manayunk, from Robert's Rolling Mill to the Green Lane Bridge, had quite a hamlet of its own some forty years ago.

It was composed of dwelling houses of men who worked in Pencoyd and had a village school house, a general store, where the employees of the rolling mills obtained provisions and had their bills deducted from their pay envelopes, and two churches, one which was a branch of the Mt. Zion M. E. Church, of Manayunk. The Superintendent of the Sunday School was James Hardman, and his assistant was Irvin Kerkeslarger. The secretary was James Cascaden; treasurer, John R. Bradshaw; librarian, Solomon Steinruck, and eleven teachers taught one hundred and nine scholars. The Sunday School met in the old Pencoyd school building, on River road, south of the Mule Bridge.

Another congregation which met in a private house on River road was the Pencoyd African Baptist Church.

The Pencoyd Iron Works were at this time bringing many negroes up from the South to work in the rolling mills and very naturally the membership of the Baptist church gained rapidly.

In those days the river would freeze over and remain in that condition for many weeks of the winter and this was the time each year that the converts "in the Navy branch of the Lord's Army" would be baptised. The parson, a tall, pious man, with a Bible under his arm and an axe in hand, his long frock tail coat blowing to the winds, would walk out on the thick ice and chop a hole of considerable size. The parson would then jump into the cold icy water and offer up a prayer and then call the converts by name, reaching up as he grasped their hands to assist them into the hole. Standing waist deep, he would most likely say, "Sister Jane Jackson, I'se now baptise thee in the name of dee Lord, Amen!" The remainder of the flock would then sing a hymn.

I don't know whether it was the cold, icy river water, or if the sin was imbedded so deep in her soul that it hurt so much when it was being washed away, but any how Sister Jackson would yell like a son-of-o-gun, to the delight of five or six thousand white men, women and children who lined the old Mule Bridge and both frozen shores of the Schuylkill River.

Those were the days when hot dogs were unknown. A hustling man today selling hot dogs in a crowd like that would make a fortune.

Around the high cliff, that is known as West Laurel Hill, was an open road that ran from the Schuylkill River to State Road, known as Levering Mill Road, but commonly called Clegg's Lane, after [illegible] which stood beneath a frame trestle that carried the Pennsylvania railroad across the deep gorge. The railroad has since filled in the hollow, burying the mill and dwelling houses under tons of earth.

Another woolen mill stood on River road and was known as Campbell's Mill. Then came rows of dwellings familiar as Higgins Row," "Connors Row," which was occupied by the families of rivermen iron and textile workers; and attractive, unattached homesteads of the Maxwell's; Barrett's, Reeds', Hoffmans, and last of all the home of the late C. A. Rudolph, known as "River View," which is the only building standing of that once busy settlement.

When Pencoyd was taken over by the American Bridge Company, the new company needed more ground to use for stock and storage purposes. House after house became the property of the corporation until it owned everything but the Rudolph Estate. Instead of a busy wrecking crew demolishing the houses, the Lubin Moving Picture Company staged a fake rebellion with actors and the houses were laid level with bombs and explosions. The beginning of the moving picture industry helped to bring about the end of the Pencoyd village.

Suburban Press 7/17/1930

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Tells Story of Great Dam at Flat Rock

Many Lives Have Been Lost By Boats Going Over Falls

STRONG CURRENT

Fishermen Has Peculiar Experience When He Falls to Sleep

By JOHN M. SICKINGER

When a person tells me that they know "to a gallon" how much water falls over Flat Rock Dam, I know the answer will be "four quarts," but when inquiring how many persons have lost their lives in going over Flat Rock, then I can give them a more detailed answer. Records show the number.

If it were not for records this world would be a nation of dumbbells. Away back in the 70's, when there were no scandal tabloids, to play up fake stories like the present age, only to contradict themselves in the next edition, records were reliable.

The archives of 1870 show that on June 13th, two brothers were drowned at the dangerous dam. Earnest, aged 10 and Alfred, aged 11 years, of a family named Whitworth. On September 13th, a rowboat containing two men and two women was swept over "Flat Rock." Frank Carver and Mrs. Minnie Tuful were drowned and the other two were saved. In 1901, on Memorial Day, a boat containing six girls and two men went over the falls. One man was rescued and seven were drowned.

In 1893, a man of Polish descent, who lived on old "Harrison street," now called St. David's street, had peculiar experience. If memory serves me right his name was "Stanie" Wolwiskey. He almost lost his life while fishing at night. During a nap, while lying flat in the center of a row boat, his anchor rope parted, leaving his boat drift over the falls. Day break found him still asleep in his boat below the Falls of Schuylkill by park police. His bottle of "Polinsy," a white liquor now called white mule, was still in the bottom of his boat. But Stanie never could explain the sensation of going over Flat Rock Dam and living afterward.

It is strange how death comes to many person when swept over the falls. I have sat on the abutment of the dam breast and watched schools of suckers and other fish swim up over the water fall into the upper river. Perhaps the old dam itself was responsible. It was partly destroyed during a freshet and when it was rebuilt it was made to reach from shore to shore on a straight line instead of having a box-break in the center. The old construction tended to create a stronger current for the water fell over five places at the same time.

Today the dam breast is dry; in fact every summer sees the dam sticking up high above the water. Heavy rains may fall and cause the river to overflow its banks, but a few days later the old dam will be seen high and dry again.

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Sub. Press 7/17/1930

NEAR THE WISSAHICKON

There's a little stone house, on a little green lane,
And a little old gnarled dogwood tree,
That spreads out its arms toward the stone house
As a mother to child—lovingly.

There's a half-hidden spring near a moss-covered rock,
Where water, cool, sparkling and clear,
Is obtained by the thirsty, who pass by the place
And furnishs cups of real cheer.

There's a little worn door, to this quiet little house,
And a stepping-stone, crumbling and gray,
That is grooved with passing of young, restless feet.
That have pressed it and gone on their way.

There's a faint little path, that is holly-hocked rimmed,
That leads from the old dogwood's shade,
To a gate where the children once swung back and forth.
And a lad kept his tryst with a maid.

There is magic which draws to the little stone house,
From afar, wherever they roam,
The hearts of the women, the world-wearied men,
Who have known it and loved it as "home."

They see the door open, the lights shining bright,
Gleaming out on the worn stepping stone;
Not the sagging old roof, or the age-beaten tree
Keeping vigil, these long years, alone.

A. C. C.

TARZAN, HIMSELF

MICHAEL DRAMIS
Of 131 Jones street, West Manayunk, who has been perched in a tree, on Belmont avenue, since 10 a. m. Saturday, July 19th. Some spectators say he is a "peach", while others murmur "cuckoo", but our thought is that his determination and endurance are worthy of comment.

Still Aloft In Tree-Top

7/31/30
Suburban Press

Michael Dramis, of West Manayunk, Has Been in Air 278 Hours, up Until Press Time.—Intends to Break all Existing Records.

West Manayunk has its own Tarzan, who is still up in his tree-top perch at Belmont avenue and Jefferson street.

On Saturday, July 19th, at 10: A. M., Michael Dramis, 131 Jones street, climbed into the "johnnie-smoker" tree with his black and white mascot kitten in an endeavor to break all records.

The police departments in different sections have ordered all tree sitters to vacate their perches. Camden, which was the birth place of the fad, saw its champion come down after making the record of 30. hours. Dramis, in an interview with a Press reporter claims he will stay up until Labor Day to make a record of 1200 hours. "The first week," says Dramis, "was my hardest until I received a copy of the Suburban Press; then I knew I had missed but little since I began to sit for the record. My ground crew is doing everything to make me comfortable. Nightly vocal, and musical concerts via the R. and C. radio keeps me in touch with the out side world, and I am very confident that I can remain here until September 1st, if it becomes necessary to stay that long, to break other records."

Evening Bulletin 7/31/1930

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SCHUYLKILL RIVER JUST A MUD HOLE TO BARNACLE BILL

Rollicking Tar, on Exploration Trip, Decides He Never Saw a Stream So Dirty

EVEN BLOWS DUST IN EYE AND ONE LITTLE DRINK FLOORS HIM

BY CY PETERMAN

"Who's that standing on the shore?
Who's that guy without an oar?
Who's that knocking on our door?"
Asked the boat club member.

"It's me, yo-ho, since you gotta know,"
Cried Barnacle Bill, the Sailor,
"And I'm not too slow for Boathouse Row,"
Sang Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"Sign me up in the Schuylkill Navee,
Varsity eight, the sculls or jay-vee,
'Twill tickle me pink to sail on gravy,"
Sang Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"What do you mean, gravy?" we demanded of the rollicking tar, as he barged along the river drive.

"Just wot I says," he replied. "The Schuylkill's not a river. It's a lot of bug juice. Many's the time I've seen dirty water—back in China, India, Kamchatka and the Wind'ard Islands—but blow me down this stuff sticks and won't stir!"

"It can't be that bad or it wouldn't go over the dam," we argued, more to hear the old fellow's reaction than to defend the grimy river.

"Say mate," he challenged. "Tell you what. We'll just take a bit of a cruise up and down this hog wallow and I'll show you. Do they have boats in these parts or do they shove off in snow shoes?"

We procured a boat, manned by Tommy Aikens, of the Bachelors Barge Club, and one of the young coxswains, Tommy Quinn, 861 N. 21st st., who tied a canoe behind the good ship "Gale," and off we set. Up forward was Barnacle Bill the Sailor with his sounding line, an old tin can filled with "oil," and astern sat Nefarious Newt, a cronie, while we took notes on the voyage.

We saw Barnacle Bill rise up and knew he was to burst into song again. We were right. He leaped on the poop deck and, waving his arms in a frenzy, bust forth:

"I've sailed the pond to Timbuctoo,"
Cried Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.
"I've shipped, b'gosh, when the moon was blue,"
Sang Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.
"I've seen the water run red with blood,
I've lived through drought and I've lived through flood,
But I never believed there could be so much mud,"
Sang Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

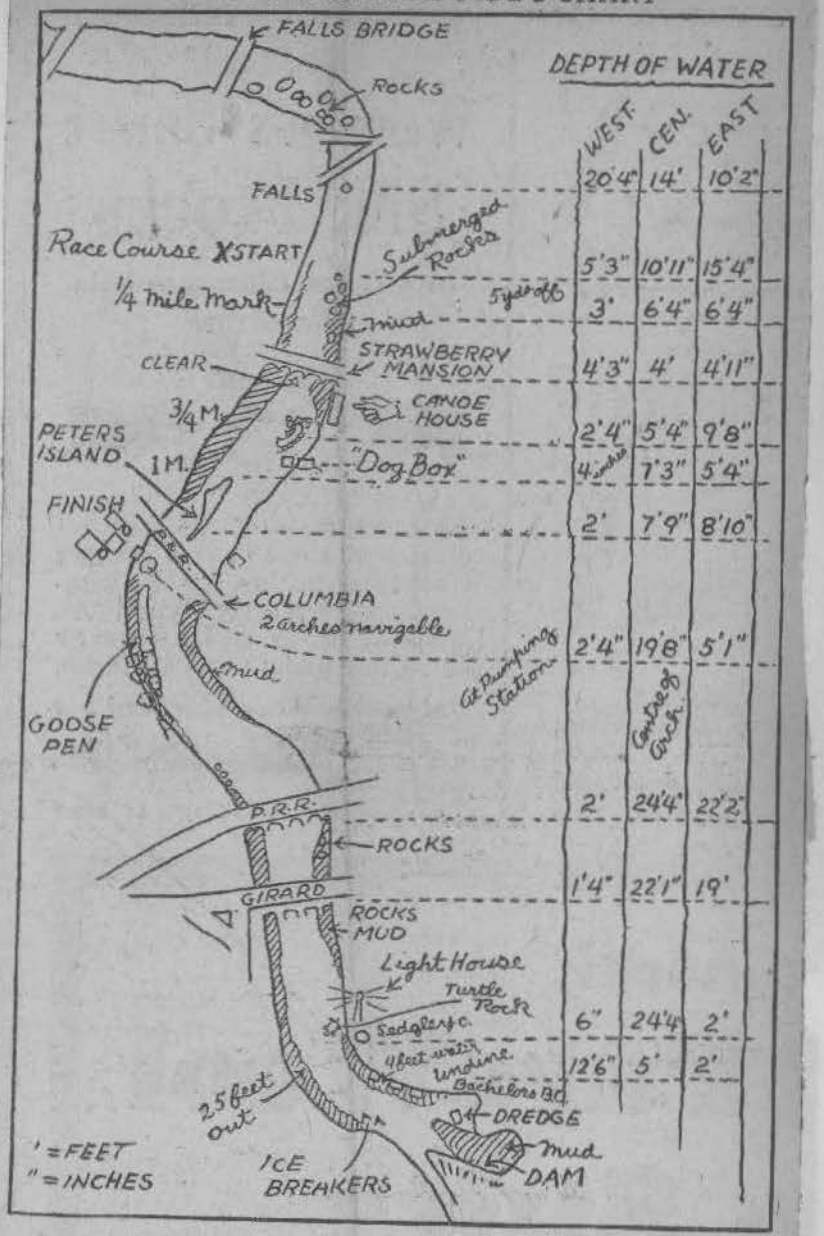
The old boy stirred, sampled the can again, and lifting his head toward the leafy banks, broke forth once more:

"Garbage and garters and buckets of suds,"
Cried Barnacle Bill, the Sailor,
"Bustles and corsets and old ladies' duds,"
Sang Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.
"Sewage and duffle to make a swab shiver,
Wagons and buggies, a broken down flivver,
All are thrown into this dod-rotted river,"
Sang Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

Aikens looked up in amazement, thinking he had a crackpot aboard, but we reassured him.

"Well, you ain't seen nothing yet," he warned, whereat Barnacle Bill took a powerful swig from the oil can and moodily prodded a catfish out of an

HERE'S BARNACLE BILL'S CHART



Rocks, mud and more mud, endangered the doughty sailor man on his voyage on the Schuylkill from Fairmount dam to the falls. Depth of the water varied from 4 inches across from the "Dog Box" above Peters Island to 24 feet 4 inches in the centre of the stream opposite the Sedgley Club and at the centre arch of the Pennsy Railroad bridge.

SCHUYLKILL RIVER JUST A MUD HOLE TO BARNACLE BILL

(Continued from the First Page)

the channel with which only old heads like Aikens and other Boathouse Row coaches are familiar.

Egg Crate to Starboard

"We'll have to go slow past the Sedgeley Club, 'cause it's full of mud flats along here," Aikens warned, cutting down the speed.

"There's the Girard av. bridge; the water is really quite deep along this point," Aikens said. But Barnacle Bill paid no heed. He was in a deep thought, probably brewing up another verse, we figured. Even the sight of two old egg crates, some banana peels and a patch of yellow scum made by an oil deposit on the river, failed to

we neared the racing course mile mark.

"Board me for a soggy scow, but I got a cinder in me eye!" he bellowed. Sure enough, the coal soot, screenings and other light materials tossed into the river upstate clung to the surface in a fine scum the like of which is to be found only on coal region streams. Many oarsmen, Aikens told us, have been annoyed by getting particles in their eyes, a feature that Mr. Ripley might well mention, since the Schuylkill is perhaps the only river . . .but we'll repeat Barnacle Bill's version and you'll get the idea. He removed the cinder and shouted:

"I've sailed the seas since 'ninety-three,"
Cried Barnacle Bill the Sailor,
"And I thought I'd seen all there was to see,"
Sang Barnacle Bill the Sailor,
"But shiver my timbers and let me bust,
And hope to die, if die I must,
I never saw water that kicked up dust,"
Sang Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

Stagnant Odors Annoying

"They ought to dredge under the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge north of Girard av.," Aikens continued. "We used to be able to navigate any of the arches but now only the centre one is safe."

Goose Pen Island, once one of the beauty spots of the river, slid past, overgrown with weeds, cat-tails, willows, and goodness knows what. The little rustic bridge that leads from the isle to the west shore is tumbled down, no longer needed, for Goose Pen is not an island any longer, huge deposits of silt from the river long since having made it part of the mainland.

Acres of "Goo" Around Island

We had reached the Columbia av. bridge, only two of whose arches are now open to motor launches, although shells may squeeze through another if they care to take a chance on rocks or mud flats. Just above is Peters Island, once the haven of regatta crowds, but now hardly fit for anything but blue herons and mud turtles, since the deposits have surrounded all but one side with acres of goo.

"We used to be able to put shells there for the night and it was a favorite place for canoeists to stop," said Aikens, "but it's so overgrown now that it affords few landing spots. The west channel is all filled in; we used to use that for boats and launches but no more."

Strawberry Mansion bridge has two navigable arches. There is a small island forming in front of the public canoe house, although as yet there is plenty of water to allow boats to land.

We were now at Falls of the Schuylkill, about as far as the good ship "Gale" could navigate. The river was rocky here and even Barnacle Bill, tough as he was, had no appetite to get out and "change a tire" at this point. He agreed he had seen enough and was ready to take soundings.

Dropping a heavy lead over the side his first measurement showed the water was twenty feet, four inches of water on the west side of the river below the Falls bridge, but only nineteen in the middle and ten feet, seven inches, along the east bank.

"We'll go downstream, take measurements five yards off each shore and in the middle," we explained. "This will show how irregular the channel is, how dangerous to rare shells, and how the silt coming constantly down the river is filling it until in time the water will trickle like a creek in a swamp."

Try Downstream Course

We proceeded down stream seven hundred yards, Barnacle Bill busily jotting a map on which we made notations of the various depths of the water. It was surprising how they varied, there being but four feet or so under Strawberry Mansion bridge, while just opposite the "Dog Box," the spot where oarsmen "let out" the last reserve strength for the final sprint, the west bank showed a miserable four inches of slimy ooze among the reeds.

To these points Tommy Quinn took us, while Newt and Barnacle Bill shouted uncouth suggestions for safety, Newt being a dubious swimmer and Barnacle Bill much too averse to losing any of the peculiar fungi from which he gets his name. His map, however, turned out pretty well and we determined to reproduce it in toto.

There came a sudden roar of anger from the old fellow, however, just as around the Belmont pumping station, where they play a big force stream into the river regularly to wash away enough mud and slush to permit the intake lines to function, it smelled stagnant. Barnacle Bill vowed the river was worse than the Yang-tse-Kiang in which the Chinese bathe by the millions.

We were finished at length, hot and thirsty from the voyage. But just as we swung toward the pier Barnacle Bill and Tommy, who were now in the canoe, swung a bit wide and slid onto a sticky mud bar, pitching both into the river. They came up sputtering, but Barnacle Bill was groggy. He had, poor fellow, swallowed several mouthfuls of the water and had a dark brown taste not only in his mouth, but in his stomach as well.

"By the great hornspoon I'll take a sample of this bilge to a chemist," he howled. "I'm going to find out what percentage is water and how much debris I just drank."

Then a funny look came into his eyes, he swayed unsteadily, clambered with difficulty onto the dock and lurched toward the shell room. Barnacle Bill had tasted something stronger than all other liquids his colorful career had encountered.

"Who's that lying near our door?
Who's that woozy looking Boer?
Who's the owner of that snore?"
Asked the boat club member.

"It's me, you swab, a drunken gob,"
Cried Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
"My head's athrob, I'm just a slob,"
Sang Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
"For kiss me with a belaying pin,
The Schuylkill's stronger than bootleg
I drank it straight, and it's done me in,"
Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

Suburban Press
7/3/1930

ISLAND HAS NO OWNER

In the Schuylkill River located between Rose Glen and Miquon is an island which for many years has been the spot used by campers and swimming parties. No one has ever questioned the ownership of the plot recently. Albert Lee, real estate assessor for Lower Merion township, was asked for information concerning its owner. His reply was that it must belong to the Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company, because of the fact that the Schuylkill Navigation Company which controls the river, was a part of the Reading Company.

Now it turns out that the railway company disclaims ownership and the party who sought the information traced back the records and as far as 1709 no record can be found concerning the island.

Evening Ledger
8/9/1930

SCHUYLKILL EBBS; OLD-TIMERS SIGH

Drought Lowers Stream Until Paul Jones Bridge of 1818 Reappears

Never before in the memory of the older residents of Manayunk has the Schuylkill been so low.

Old-timers are sadly shaking their heads and pointing to undeniable signs of the unprecedented scarcity of its waters.

As if to bear them out, several large corporations that rely upon the river's waters for their supply of power with which to turn their machinery have shut down until the river rises.

First Firms to Suffer

Among these concerns are the Charles McDowell Paper Company, on the canal bank at the foot of Levering street, Manayunk, which has been manufacturing paper products on this site for the last century. The Kelly & Lampe Company, and the Joseph F. Adams Company, both large yarn producers, were the others to suffer at the hands of Ol' Man River. The plants shut down Thursday afternoon and yesterday.

The Philadelphia Hydro Plant, on the canal bank at the foot of Dupont street, was forced to send all its employes home when the water became too low to turn the huge turbines.

These companies use water power to make their electricity and need about twelve feet in the canal, which parallels the Schuylkill, to run their motors. At present the waters are near the eight-foot mark, leaving the paddlewheels high and dry, or covered by insufficient water to turn them.

Another thing that points to a shortage of water in the river's flow is "Duck Island," which normally lies in the middle of the stream at about the center of Manayunk.

"I've never seen the island so large," William Morrow, 60, said. "Ordinarily it is only fifteen yards in length, but now it stretches five city blocks. It is so large now that the boys are playing ball on it. That is out of the ordinary."

Ed Carr, a retired Bureau of Water watchman nearing his seventy-first birthday, pointed to old stone pilings showing out of the Schuylkill fifty yards above the new Green Lane Bridge.

Jones Bridge Bobs Up

"Look at Jones Bridge," he said. "That was built in the early part of the nineteenth century, about 1818, I'd say, by Paul Jones, a descendant of the John Paul Jones of American naval fame.

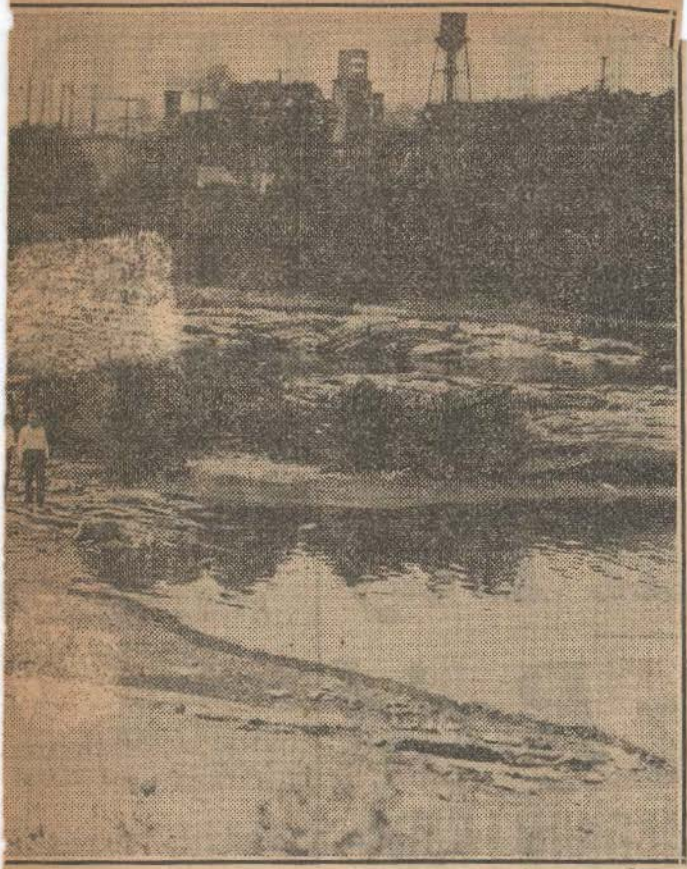
"I've never seen those pilings show like that before. That means the river is below normal."

The stone pilings were the foundation for a plank bridge that connected Manayunk to Montgomery County in earlier days. Normally under the surface, they are several feet out of the water now.

LOW WATER AT MAN 26

The Schuylkill at Manayunk, which has b operated by power obtained from the cana is pictured here near the Green Lane Bridge tennial Rocks, most of which normally are dicate the heig

AYUNK WHICH CLOSED MILLS



Ledger Photo

en affected by the drought to such an extent that several mills
l paralleling the stream were forced to shut down this week,
. The men are standing on the dry river bed around Cen-
partly submerged by the stream. The bushes to their right in-
it to which the water usually rises

11/13/1930
Suburban Press

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Early Paper Mills Are Recalled

Little Known Factories Stood Near the Schuylkill

THRIVING INDUSTRY

McDowell's One of Those Few Which Still Survive

BY JOHN M. SICKINGER

Philadelphia is the birth place of the paper industry in the United States. It is a matter of common knowledge that William Rittenhouse erected the first paper mill in North America, on the banks of a small stream which flows into the Wissahickon, in the boundaries of the 21st Ward, in the year 1690.

The first paper mill in the Schuylkill valley, however, was built by Henry Katz, in the latter part of the 18th century, on a tiny stream called "Trout Run," which emptied into the Schuylkill river at a point where the W. C. Hamilton & Sons Mill, at Miquon, stands today. Katz was a former paper maker at the Rittenhouse Mill. He chose the Miquon site for his mill and started out in business for himself. The mill is a thing of the past, but the ruins of his homestead, with the capstone bearing his initials may be seen even yet.

Next to build a paper mill in the valley was John Hagey, a son of a Germantown watchmaker. A famous Revolutionary character, Hagey learned the art of paper making in the Katz Mill, and eventually became the husband of the proprietor's daughter. Hagey afterward built his own mill farther down the stream. A house, built by John Hagey, in 1792, still stands in a well-preserved condition on Manor road. Later Hagey erected another mill farther up the little glen, along Manor road, and also a dam for water supply and power. Manor road was surveyed by William Penn to provide a thoroughfare through his possessions near Whitemarsh, to the Schuylkill river.

In 1827 the McDowell Paper Mills were established at the foot of Levering street, in Manayunk, on the banks of the canal, and are still in operation in the original building, which, however, has since been considerably enlarged.

The American Wood Pulp Company conducted the mills on the upper bend of "Venice Island," but closed down in the late "eighties" and remained closed until 1896, when they were put into operation again as a card-board plant. Today this manufactory is the property of the Container Corporation of America. Next to "the container plant" are the idle mills of William H and M. Nixon, known as the Flat Rock Paper Mills. The original Nixon family having died off and the heirs with no desire to manufacture paper, sold or leased the place to others, who since have left it vacant, throwing many men and women out of work.

Down the stream, along the canal bank, midway between the Pulp Works and the McDowell Mill, stood another paper mill, at the old "Yellow Bridge," across the canal, at the foot of Leverington avenue. This mill was owned and operated by the Stillwagons', and was called the Schuylkill Paper Mills and used for the manufacture of roofing paper, known to the public generally as "tar" paper. To the Stillwagons' it may have been "The Schuylkill Mills," but to the members of the local fire companies, it was better known as "the Blazing Rag," on account of the numerous fires which broke out due to the tar and pitch used in the paper. The Schuylkill mills moved to another section in the early "nineties," and the former mill has been used as a textile warehouse ever since.

Over the river, in West Manayunk, on the site now occupied by the Glen Willow Ice Manufacturing Company, stood the Ashland Paper Mills, which were operated by the Rudolphs'. Newsprint was made here for the Philadelphia Record for many years. Later the mill was used as a wall paper plant. The original building was one of the first erected in Schuylkill Valley by the Leverings', who obtained their land grants from agents of William Penn.

Back along the Wissahickon Creek, the Megargees' conducted a paper mill until the ground was taken over for Park purposes. The last named firm also operated another paper mill on Mill Creek, and this was known as the Rose Glen Paper Mill. It was destroyed by fire in 1883 and never rebuilt.

Press 11/13/1930

WANDERING DEER

A large buck deer has been reported as roaming about the woodlands along the Schuylkill hillsides at Shawmont. Housewives state that they have seen the animal often, grazing close to their back yards in the early morning.

The deer has apparently chosen the Dearnley Park section as his permanent home.

Pennsylvania State Game Protectors belive that the many forest fires, which occurred this year, have driven the animals out of their native haunts, and by following the Schuylkill river this particular specimen has arrived in this vicinity.

Bryn Mawr Home News, Dec 6, 1930

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THE LIFE OF CHAS. THOMPSON

Historical Sketch of Secretary of Continental Congress, Who Was Bryn Mawr's Foremost Citizen.

In honor of the 201st anniversary of the birth of Hon. Charles Thompson, a special patriotic service was held in the Lower Merion Baptist Church on last Sunday morning. The pastor, Rev. G. Morton Walker, D. D., read the following historical sketch of the life of the patriot of Colonial days:

Two centuries ago a lad was born in the North of Ireland, destined to be one of the pioneer patriots of the United States of America, the Hon. Charles Thompson, Secretary to the Continental Congress and also the first American to translate the Bible into English. Bereft of a mother's care in his infancy, he lost his father off the Capes of Delaware, whose dying prayer was for his six children, nearing their future home, "God take them up." To add to their trouble the captain embezzled their money. The children had to be put out to service. Though an orphan in a strange land, and penniless, Charles rose to honor and renown as scholar and statesman. He was ambitious to be a scholar, rather than a blacksmith, and ran away. A lady overtaking him on the road, and finding out his ambition, helped him to an education, and one of his brothers stood by him financially. Charles Thomson married Ruth Mather, a member of a leading family in Chester, Pa., and by her had two children, who died in infancy. He also lost his wife. His second helpmeet was Hannah Harrison, of Bryn Mawr, daughter of Rich-Harrison, a wealthy slave-owner and a Friend, whose plantation was known as Harriton. The second Mrs. Thomson had no child. Charles Thomson lived to the ripe age of well nigh ninety-five years, and his body was buried in the Harriton family cemetery, later to be removed to Laurel Hill, Philadelphia.

Charles Thomson was an eminent scholar. As a youth he showed great eagerness for knowledge. For instance, he walked from New London, Chester County, Pa., to Philadelphia, overnight, to secure a copy of the "Spectator," returning in time for classes, and he walked to Amboy to meet a sea captain who knew the Greek language. First a teacher in a country school, he later taught in what is now the University of Pennsylvania, and later had charge of the Latin School of the William Penn Charter School. The minutes of these institutions show recognition of his worth. Pennsylvania and Princeton Universities bestowed upon him Doctorates of Law. He was deeply interested in scientific subjects, and that over a wide range, including astronomy, geology and natural history. He collaborated with Franklin, Jefferson and others along these lines, as ample records testify. Jefferson sought and received his co-operation in the well-known treatise on Virginia, so highly did Jefferson value his criticism constructively. Thomson has left writings dealing with even such subjects as animal magnetism and the problem of the Hessian fly, besides a good description of the northern lights and a discussion of rock formation. His book on the Indian question shows wide information and shrewd insight. His rank in philosophy may be judged from the fact that he was Secretary of the American Philosophical Society. But Biblical scholarship was his special forte. He wrote "A Synopsis of the Four Evangelists," of which Thomas Jefferson affirmed, "This work bears the stamp of that accuracy which marks everything from you, and will be useful to those who, not taking things on trust, recur for themselves to the fountain of pure morals." Charles Thomson's crowning work was the translation of the Bible from Greek into English, which not only marks him out as the first American to do this monumental thing, but on it own merits has ever been regarded by scholars with admiration, all the more so because it was by one man, working alone, in a new country. Provost Penniman, of the University of Pennsylvania, an authority along this line, attests its excellence. The American Standard Version of the Bible follows the trail blazed by this patriot, who was also a scholar.

Charles Thomson was a successful business man. Evidently there was not enough financial inducement in teaching, for he entered into business as an importer of dry goods, hats, etc., and to this added an interest in the Batsto Furnace, Egg Harbor, N. J., as well as being a shareholder in the Pennsylvania Bank. He resided in a mansion at Spruce and Fourth streets, Philadelphia. To public causes he was a generous benefactor, such as for street improvement in Philadelphia, and he put up a bond of $15,000 for the patriot army. Out of gratitude to his brother, who helped him, he gave him a farm. This scholarly statesman succeeded in business.

Charles Thomson was a great patriot. Time and again the authorities turned to him for help in dealing with the Indians, and he did much to foster friendly relations. The natives named him Wegh-wu-law-mo-ennd The man who tells the truth. At a crisis Tedyuscung, on behalf of the tribes represented, insisted that Charles Thomson keep the minutes, which was done to the satisfaction of all. Some previous minutes were not satisfactory to the natives. When the desire for freedom from the oppression of Britain began to find expression Charles Thomson became a leader of the Liberal Party, and he was also a valued member of the Committtee of Correspondence, which played such a necessary part in the organization of the new movement. Combining caution with progress, Thomson believed that time would help the patriot cause more than radical action, and so restrained the bolder spirits lest the Tories and those opposed to war on religious grounds might unite adversely to the advent of freedom. He even made an extreme speech, at a critical meeting in Philadelphia, in order that a more moderate motion might prevail, with the support of some not yet fully committed to the cause. The same caution led him to favor the Penn constitution rather than a new instrument for this State. He was a member of the Assembly of Pennsylvania. On the other hand, from the time of the Stamp Act onward, he was one of the foremost spirits in the fight for freedom. One of the Massachusetts patriots wrote back that Thomson was the inspiring leader for liberty. He was politically minded enough, too, in strategy, and visited the Germans in the border counties, that he might strengthen the cause. When the Continental Congress met Charles Thomson was immediately sent for to become Secretary, and, though only just arriving in town, and having been married but a few days previously, he went straightway to Congress and reported his willingness to serve. For some fifteen years he filled this most important office with devotion, ability and the fine comradeship of the great leaders of the Nation, as can be seen from their correspondence. The Congressional records were splendidly kept, with painstaking accuracy, and are treasured by the Nation. He also kept the secret journal of foreign affairs, and had charge of correspondence with representatives abroad, as well as keeping up a secret correspondence favorable to the cause at home. One account points to Charles Thomson as the reader of the Declaration of Independence, and the records show his going to Mt. Vernon and notifying George Washington of his election to the Presidency, returning with the new Chief Executive. Congress presented Charles Thomson with an urn as an expression of its appreciation and regard, and George Washington voiced the sentiment of contemporaries and of posterity when he wrote: "The present age does so much justice to the unsullied reputation with which you have always conducted yourself in the execution of the duties of your office, and posterity will find your name so honorably connected with the unification of such a multitude of astonishing facts, that my single suffrage would add little to the illustration of your merits. Yet I cannot withhold any just testimonial in favor of so old, so faithful and so able a public officer, which might tend to soothe his mind in the shades of retirement. Accept, then, this serious declaration, that your services have been important as your patriotism was distinguished; and enjoy that best of all rewards, the consciousness of having done your duty well."

Charles Thomson was an earnest Christian. He was a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia. Retiring to Harriton, Bryn Mawr, he encouraged religious services in the Meeting-house connected with the estate. He was specially friendly with the Rev. Horatio Gates Jones, our first Minister, and regularly entertained him in his home, even when too feeble to attend church, sending his negro servant to invite Dr. Jones to come. When baptism was observed the Minister had the use of the Thomson dwelling. Charles Thomson and the nephew to whom he and Mrs. Thomson had willed the estate, Charles McClenahan, joined in donating the ground for this Meeting-house and the first part of the Cemetery. In this old Baptist Meeting-house Charles Thomson regularly worshipped, he was a generous contributor to the cause, laid the corner-stone, and from thence was buried, Dr. Jones preaching the funeral sermon. The beautiful window to his memory which adorns this edifice was presented by the late George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia Ledger. Charles Thomson showed his Christianity in his life and work. It was a common saying that a thing was as true as if Charles Thomson had said it. He at one time found a deed missing which he knew of and insisted that the Governor of the State add it to the list which he had given to the Indians, to make the right. His principles can be seen in his statement, "I had resolved, in spite of consequences, never to put my official signature to any account for the accuracy of which I could not vouch as a man of honor." Even in these days of detraction of the fathers the name of Charles Thomson has not been assailed. He was, indeed, from the standpoint of character as well as scholarship, worthy of his fame as translator of Holy Writ, which, indeed, constituted twelve years of consecrated Christian testimony.

"His course had been
On those high places where the dazzling ray
Of honor shines: and when men's souls were tried,
As in a furnace, his came forth like gold."

On his monument we read: "This

monument covers the remains of the Hon. Charles Thomson, the first and long the confidential Secretary of the Continental Congress, and the enlightened benefactor of his country in its day of peril and need. Born Nov. 29, 1729; died August 16, 1824, full of honours and of years. As a patriot his memorial and just honours are inscribed on the pages of his country's history. As a Christian his piety was sincere and enduring, his Biblical learning was profound, as is shown by his translation of the Septuagint. As a man he was honoured, loved and wept." We do well to honor the memory of a great American.

Catholic Standard & Times 1/9/1931

29

Walks and Talks: By The Rambler

Tyrone Power, Popular Irish Actor, Visiting Philadelphia in 1833, Was Struck by Peacefulness of Shady and Clean Streets. Ride Up East Bank of Schuylkill to Manayunk Particularly Enthralled Him

IT IS useful, entertaining and sometimes instructive to see things through the eyes of another. This applies to places as well as persons, and it is highly interesting to picture old Philadelphia as it appeared to those Europeans who visited it for the first time. In the early days every intelligent traveler who came to this country from abroad made it a point to come to Philadelphia. There were many reasons for this, and one of them was that it was the chief city of the country and had been its capital.

Among the distinguished visitors who came here during 1833 was Tyrone Power, the popular Irish actor. His purpose was to fulfill a theatrical engagement, but in the intervals between his professional performances he managed to see a great deal of the New World and later he set down his impressions in a series of articles. Mr. Power came to this city from New York and was struck by the peacefulness of "the shady and clean streets of Philadelphia." He declared that it was one of the most attractive looking towns he had ever beheld and he calls attention to the progress of improvement as evidenced by the fall of the hammer and chisel. He speaks of the city being confined to the space between the Delaware and the Schuylkill, and adds:

* * *

"Touching Market street I ought to know something, since, on two occasions, I got out of my bed to visit it at four A. M. I am curious in looking upon these interesting 'entrepots' whence we cull the dainties of a well-furnished larder, and a view over this was truly worth the pains; for in no place have I ever seen more lavish display of the good things most esteemed by this eating generation, nor could any market offer them to the amateur in form more tempting. Neatness and care were evident in the perfect arrangement of the poultry, vegetables, fruit, butter, etc.; and the display of well-fed beef, with the artist-like way in which it was dressed, might have excited our giblets' spleen even in the Christmas week."

During the day he was in the habit of rambling about the city. And speaking of this he says: "One of the pleasantest visits a man can pay in Philadelphia on a hot day, is to the water-works at Fairmount, on the Schuylkill: the very name is refreshing with the mercury at 96 in the shade and, if there be a breeze in Pennsylvania, you will find it here. No city can be better supplied with water than this; and I never looked upon the pure liquid, welling through the pipes and deluging the thirsty streets without a feeling of gratitude to these water-works, and of respect [illegible] which the Philadelphians enhance the excelling comforts within.

* * *

"Now the houses of Philadelphia are as clean and neat in all the detail of the exterior, as they are well-ordered and admirably furnished. The mountings of the rails and doors are either of polished silver plating or brass, and kept as bright as care can make them. The solid hall-door in hot weather, is superseded by one of green lattice-work, similar to the window-shutters, which answers the purpose of keeping out every intrusive stranger, except the air,—air being at such seasons, as most strangers are at all times, especially welcome to Philadelphia, which is about the hottest place I know of in the autumn; the halls are commonly flagged with fine white marble, are spacious, lofty, and well fitted-up."

Mr. Power calls attention to the fact that the houses averaged three stories but in the best streets "those of the first class are run up to five and six and are of great depth." This sounds rather surprising because while many of the old-fashioned dwellings were three and four stories high, they were the exception rather than the rule. It is possible that Mr. Power might have had in mind the business establishments on Market and Chestnut streets. At any rate he was confident that the inhabitants of the city generally enjoyed greater space in their lodgings than is afforded by those of any other large capital.

"Where population increases rapidly rents are necessarily high," he says, "and a good house in Philadelphia costs about as much, independent of taxation, as a dwelling of the same class in London."

While Tyrone Power was in Philadelphia he acted at both the Chestnut and Walnut Street theatres. He was much impressed with them and speaks in glowing terms of these two houses. He was particularly impressed with the fact that they fronted on two of "the finest streets in the city in every way easy of approach" and were "not stuck in obscure alleys as so many of our theatres are." He preferred the Chestnut because it was smaller and had a pit nearly on a level with the stage. He is quite complimentary in speaking of the character of the audiences which greeted him in the City of Brotherly Love. He adds: "With the tragedian, who strains after what in stage parlance is called 'points,' and calculates upon being interrupted by loud clapping before the sense of the sentence be complete, or else wants breath to finish it, a Philadelphia audience might prove a slippery dependence, since they come evidently to hear the author as well as the actor, and are attentive that they may hear."

...ns reg... ...ndour. The ... taste, too, in the quiet ... spo-sition of the ground a... ...voirs connected with the ma...ery; the trees and plants are well selected for the situation, and will soon add to the natural beauty of this very fine reach of the river.

"Mounting the east bank of the stream, from this to the village of Manayunk, you have a very pretty ride; and crossing the bridge at the 'Falls of the Schuylkill,' falls no longer, thanks to the dam at Fairmount, the way back winds along by, or hangs above, the canal and river, here marching side by side; offering, in about four miles, as charming a succession of river views as painter or poet could desire. It is a lovely ramble by all lights, and I have viewed it by all,—in the blaze of noon, and by the sober grey of summer twilight; I have ridden beneath its wooded heights; and through its overhanging masses of rare foliage, in the alternate bright cold light and deep shade of a cloudless moon; and again, when tree, and field, and flower were yet fresh and humid with the heavy dew, and sparkling in the glow of early morning."

* * *

On the occasion of his first visit Mr. Power was here for twenty-one days. "I feel," he remarked, "that but little can be really known in so short a time of a place containing two hundred and twenty thousand souls and having in a rapid state of advancement various alterations and improvements, including nearly five thousand new buildings all immediately required: although there are persons gifted with such power of intuition, that, as I learn from their own showing, they are enabled in half the period to decide upon the condition of the whole state of Pennsylvania; to discover the wants of its capital, the defects of its institutions, the value of its commerce, the drift of its policy; to gauge its morals, become intimate with its society, and make out a correct estimate of its relative condition and prospects compared with the other great divisions of the Union, surveyed, I presume, with equal rapidity, judged with equal candour, and estimated with equal correctness."

After reminding us that Philadelphia is built upon a peninsula, formed by the two rivers and divided by Market street, he says:

"The side-walks throughout are broad and well-ordered, neatly paved with brick, and generally bordered by rows of healthful trees of different kinds, affording in hot weather a most welcome shade, and giving to the houses an air of freshness and repose rarely to be met with in a populous city.

"The dwellings are chiefly of brick, of a good colour, very neatly pointed; and nothing can be more tasteful than their fitting-up externally. The windows are furnished with latticed shutters, these, when not closed, fold back on either hand against the wall, and being painted green and kept with much care and freshness, would invest humbler dwellings with an attractive air, especially in the eyes of an Englishman, accustomed to the dingy aspect of our city residences, which look as though the owners had resolved on making them as forbid-ding as possible and

Suburban Press
11/13/1930

Mount Pleasant

"Mount Pleasant," the old Mansion, on the heights above the Schuylkill, below the Dauphin street entrance to Fairmount Park, has so long been known as the one time home of the traitor, Benedict Arnold, that some folk are apt to forget that it was also in possession of other men who were famous in history. It was built and first owned by Captain John MacPherson and has quite as frequently been called "the MacPherson mansion," as "the Arnold mansion." After Arnold's ownership it was occupied by the celebrated Baron Von Steuben, of the American army of Revolutionary fame. Arnold's life interest in the place was sold to Colonel Richard Hampton. General Jonathan Williams became the purchaser in 1796, and resided in the house for many years, after which his family retained possession until it was secured by the city authorities.

Captain MacPherson purchased the land in September 1761, and built the mansion according to the style of the best country houses of the day. Looking at it from a modern point of view, it must have been very uncomfortable. The rooms are small, but it must be conceded that the stairways, especially at the landings, are large. In the best rooms are fireplaces, with not very handsome chimney pieces, but with pretentious panels above them. The woodwork is old-fashioned and the general effect is of olden times. East and west of the mansion were detached buildings which were used for kitchen and laundry purposes.

To this country seat, when it was finished, MacPherson gave the name of "Clunie," after the seat of his clan, but the name was changed to "Mount Pleasant" before the Revolution.

During the war for Independence MacPherson became tired of the place and advertised it for sale, and while awaiting a purchaser, leased it to Don Juan de Merailles, the Spanish ambassador to this country. There was no acceptable offer for the purchase of the estate until the spring of 1779, when General Benedict Arnold bought it for the purpose of making it a marriage gift to his intended wife, the famous Margaret, or "Peggy" Shippen, the daughter of Chief Justice Edward Shippen.

In 1781 the property having been confiscated on account of Arnold's treachery, it was conveyed to Colonel Richard Hampton. He held it for two years, when it passed into the possession of Blair McClenachan, a merchant who disposed of the premises in 1784, to Chief Justice Shippen. In 1792 it was conveyed to General Jonathan Williams, for many years a recognized leader of the Philadelphia Bar, and others of the Williams family retained possession until the place was sold in 1853. The city obtained title to it in 1868, and the estate became a part of Fairmount Park.

SCCAFF

Suburban Press
1/15/31

30

Irish Actor Admired The Schuylkill

Columnist in Catholic Standard and Times Recites Tale

VISITED MANAYUNK

Tyrone Power Penned Experiences of 100 Years Ago

"The Rambler", columnist of The Catholic Standard and Times, last Friday, told an interesting tale concerning Tyrone Power's visit to Philadelphia in 1833, at which time the popular Irish actor enjoyed a trip up the Schuylkill river.

Powers spent some time in this country filling professional engagements, and later set down his experiences in a series of penned articles.

While he was in the Quaker City, the Celtic thespian was in the habit of wandering about the environs during the day, and in referring to this, Powers wrote:

"One of the pleasantest visits a man can pay in Philadelphia on a hot day, is to be the water-works at Fairmount, in the Schuylkill: the very name is refreshing with the mercury at 96 in the shade and, if there be a breeze in Pennsylvania, you will find it here. No city can be better supplied with water than this; and I never looked upon the pure liquid, welling through the pipes and deluging the thirsty streets without a feeling of gratitude to these water-works and of respect for the pride with which the Philadelphians regard their spirited public labor. They have evinced much taste, too, in the quiet, simple disposition of the ground and reservoirs connected with the machinery; the trees and plants are well selected for the situation and will soon add to the natural beauty of this very fine reach of river.

"Mounting the east bank of the stream, from this to the village of Manayunk, you have a pretty ride; and crossing the bridge at the Falls of Schuylkill; falls no longer, thanks to the dam at Fairmount; the way back winds along by, or hangs above the canal and river, here marching side by side; offering in about four miles, as charming a succession of river views as painter or poet could desire. It is a lovely ramble by all lights, and I have viewed it by all, in the blaze of noon, and by the sober grey of summer twilight; I have ridden beneath its wooded heights; and through its overhanging masses of rare foliage, in the alternate bright cold light and deep shade of a cloudless moon; and again, when tree, and field, and flower were yet fresh and humid with the heavy dew, and sparkling in the glow of early morning."

Suburban Press 3/12/1931

Old School Is Historic Landmark

Lower Merion Academy Was Erected Over a Century Ago

IN WEST MANAYUNK

Many Prominent People Were Educated There

Much of the worthless Continental currency turned out during the Revolutionary War was destroyed by the Government on part of the land now occupied by Lower Merion Academy, Cynwyd, one of the famous landmarks in West Manayunk, Lower Merion Township.

The Academy was built in 1812 as the result of a bequest by Jacob Jones, who left ten acres of his land for the support of a school at which a certain number of pupils were to be educated free of charge.

The building is on the rim of Rock Hollow at the lower end of which stood the paper mill of Lloyd Jones, where the Government destroyed the Continental currency.

The academy was conducted as a boarding school with day students, the latter being admitted without charge. The course taught was classical and no sex discrimination was made in accepting students.

The teacher was paid by the boarding pupils and was allowed to occupy the dwelling and grounds of the academy as recompense for instructing the free scholars.

Soon after the opening of the school on this basis considerable friction developed between the paid and free students. Those who paid tuition felt themselves superior to those who received their education gratis. So bitter did the squabble become that the first teacher, Joshua Hoopes, a Friend, resigned and went to West Chester, where he conducted a Friends' school for many years afterward.

The friends of the founder in whose charge the administration of the academy was left, considered building a separate building for the free students, but on second thought it was decided that, since the founder had explicitly expressed the desire that free students attend, it would be more in keeping with the terms of the bequest to eliminate the paid students. That was done while John Levering served as teacher. Besides his work of instruction, Levering was a noted antiquarian.

Among the students at the academy who later attained prominence were Charles Naylor, Representative in Congress from Philadelphia in 1840; Joseph Fornance, Representative in Congress from Montgomery County in the early '40's; Dr. Richard Jones Harvey, one of the pioneers to California in 1848, and George B. Roberts, a former president of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Mrs. William Lang, of Lemonte street, Roxborough, wife of a prominent florist, received her education at the old Academy, among others, who now live in this section.

Today the old academy is used as living quarters for the janitor of the new school, which is separated from the academy by an athletic field. Because of the wording of the original bequest it is impossible to use the structure or grounds for other than school purposes. The broad porch, with its brick floor and flagstone border and steps, and the general exterior of the structure, with its heavy board shutters, remain virtually in their original state. The datestone on the gable is hidden by a profusion of ivy that covers the entire end of the building. Inside, partitions have been set up to increase the number of rooms.

Suburban Press 4/2/31

Old School To be Sold By Sheriff

Educational Center on Righter's Ferry Road to be Auctioned Off

SALE NEXT TUESDAY

Members of Roberts Family Received Early Training in Building

Those who were born and raised in the old village of Pencoyd, before the iron plant octopussed its way all over the surrounding land, will receive a pang, when they hear that their childhood school-house, on the west side of the Schuylkill, opposite Manayunk, is to be placed on the auction block.

Many men, who afterward reached the heights in the industrial world, received their early education in this old building, among them being the younger sons of Roberts family, who became internationally famed in the iron and steel business.

The sad notice which appeared in newspapers recently, reads as follows:

"School building and Lot on the Southwesterly side of Righters Ferry Road, Pensoyd, as hereinafter described, will be sold at Public Sale.

TUESDAY
APRIL 7, 1931
AT 12 O'CLOCK NOON
ON THE PREMISES
Description of Propehty

The lot of ground and school building thereon erected situated in Lower Merion Township, consisting of more than one-half acre of lot described as follows:

Beginning at a stake set at the intersection of the middle line of Monument Road and Righters Ferry Road South 44 degrees, West 100 feet to a stake at corner, thence by other land of the said George W. and John M. Miller the following two courses and distances to wit: South 25 degrees, East 213 feet and fifty-four one-hundredths of a foot to a stake at a corner, and North 67 degrees 15 minutes, East 93 feet and forty-three one-hundredths of a foot to a stake in the middle of Monument Road and thence along the middle of the said Monument Road North 25 degrees, West 253 feet and five one-hundredths of a foot the place of beginning, and beginning at a point in the middle of the said Righters Ferry Road, said point of beginning being at a distance of 100 feet Southwest from the intersection of the center lines of Monument Road, thence extending along the center of Righters Ferry Road South 44 degrees 11 minutes and 30 seconds, West 54 feet 6 inches and three-fourths of an inch to a point at a cover, thence extending Southeasterly 143 feet 6¾ inches to a point in the line of said land, and thence extending North 25 degrees, West 153 feet 7 inches."

Suburban Press 4/16/1931

Ice-Cutting at Shawmont Was Once a Great Industry

Grandparents of Present Generation Enjoyed Watching Large Groups of Men Gathering Mother Nature's Refrigerant

By JOHN M. SICKINGER

Don't laugh at me, girls, I'm sensitive, but "believe it, or not," this story is true, every word of it, and if you doubt my word, ask your Pop's Mom, or your Mom's Pop, and I know they will back me up, word for word.

Scientists claim that there are but two lost arts: tempering copper and embalming bodies so that they will last for ages. But I go a little bit farther then the sages, and say that there is another profession which has gone into the discard, as far as this section is concerned, and that is cutting ice on the Schuylkill river.

Many years ago, say about half a century, grandma's sweetheart was apt to knock on the door, instead of sitting in a car outside and honking a horn which seems to utter, "Thirtee five bucks!" and after entering would be more than likely to say, "Put on your wristlets, heavy woolen stockings, and we'll hop into the sleigh and drive up along the river and watch the men cutting ice."

That may be a laugh to you, but it was real sport in those days. Nowadays no one ever sees a girl wearing woolen hosiery—and the men in those days didn't either—but if one looks at a modern miss to see what she is covering her lower limbs, he has to blink his eyes several times to be sure that there is anything on them or not.

But, back in the late seventies, things were different. The lovers of that day, finally arrive at the river front, between Shawmont and Miquon, where the great ice houses are located. They drive to McCarty's Hotel, which was situated about midway between the two villages, the horse and sleigh are "parked" in the barn at the rear of the hostelry, and Romeo and Juliet enter the inn and pick a table close to a window facing the river.

A roaring log fire is blazing in the open grate hearth. Hot drinks and food are ordered and while the couple enjoy the feast, they watch a vast army of workmen, out on the wide stream, measuring and cutting Mother Nature's, refrigerant into cakes which are poled through a narrow channel opened through the frozen surface, to the "gig," a machine like an elevator, that hoists the cakes into the mammoth storage houses which look like castles along the river bank.

The Knickerbocker Company had two ice houses and stacks, with a capacity of fifty thousand tons. The structures were constructed of stone and had four compartments, each of which was seventy five feet square, and thirty feet high. The ice that was cut on the river weighed about one hundred and fifty pounds. The company started cutting operations when the ice was about six inches thick, and sometimes it ran to eleven inches. The houses were packed to the roof as the "gigs" ran the cakes into the houses at the rate of forty per minute. However, no matter what precautions were taken—and I suppose the same is true of the manufactured product today—about one-third of the harvest melted away.

The Schuylkill river, at Shawmont, is some seven hundred feet wide and ice was once cut on a two mile stretch. About four hundred men were employed to gather in the wintry work of nature. The men were divided into "gangs," one crowd driving mules, hooked to scoops, that cleared the snow and soft ice from the surface of the river. Another crew went along measuring the ice, to be cut into blocks measuring twenty-two inches in size. Yet another group followed up, sawing out the cakes which were poled by a fourth company of men to the gig. Inside the houses was still another small army of laborers, who stacked and sawdusted the cakes, for storage.

Those were industrious days along the river, but the winters have apparently become milder, as the years have passed, and the once thriving business has been abandoned. The huge storage houses fell into decay, and left to the elements. One by one, they eventually set attacked by flames, through one source or another, until nothing is left but the crumbling foundation walls.

The site of the old Knickerbocker buildings is now occupied by a colony of boat houses and summer bungalows. The stone piers which were utilized to fasten the "gigs" along the water's edge, may still be seen, but the Hotel has disappeared, but Grand Dad and Grand Ma are not likely to forget those old-time sleigh rides and McCarty's hospitality.

Suburban Press 5/14/1931 32

AT VALLEY FORGE

The dogwoods bloom at Valley Forge,
And brighten up the heights; the gorge;
Their outspread petals catch the sun
Of waking Spring; where Washington
And colonists of patriot days,
Trod wearily those sacred ways
Beside the Schuylkill; silent stream;
To wait fulfillment of their dream.
The blossoms, white, now veined with red,
Recall those heroes; long since dead;
Who streaked the snow with bloody feet,
As winter closed on their retreat.
The dogwoods bloom, to cast a glow
Around the hallowed hills, and grow
In mem'ry of a sacrifice,
On which we cannot place a price.
Oh, Glorious Flowers we must bless
The beauty of your Springtime dress;
For when your loveliness is viewed,
Each pledge of National faith's renewed.

A. C. C.

Ledger 4/26/1931

OLDEST DINING CLUB TO MARK BIRTHDAY

'Fishing Company of State in Schuylkill' Will Celebrate 200th Anniversary

FEASTS NOW ON STEAKS

Some fish-stories are whoppers. But not the story of the Fishing Company of the State in Schuylkill. That's two centuries of authentic Pennsylvania history.

This ancient and honorable company of fishermen—who no longer fish—has created a Historical Committee, headed by J. Somers Smith, to plan a fitting celebration of the 200th anniversary of the founding of the organization. It was established May 1, 1732, when George II ruled over the American Colonies and when a 9-week-old baby boy by the name of George Washington was playing with his toes in a cradle in Virginia.

This Historical Committee, on the basis of documentary, archelogical and paleographic evidence, believes that the Schuylkill Fishing Company is the oldest fishing club in the world. Not only that, but in the whole planet there is no other social club alive which has flourished without a break for two long centuries.

True, the Sublime Society of Beefsteaks, of London, began its career earlier. But it died out and was not revived until 1735. So the Schuylkill Fishing Company is its senior by three years.

Only a year remains to prepare for that momentous bicentennial celebration. John W. Geary, governor of the club, will summon the members to assemble at their ancient castle Friday, May 1, the 199th anniversary of the founding of the fishing company. That will be the first "fishing day"—without any fishing — for the thirteen "fishing days" which end with the first Wednesday in October.

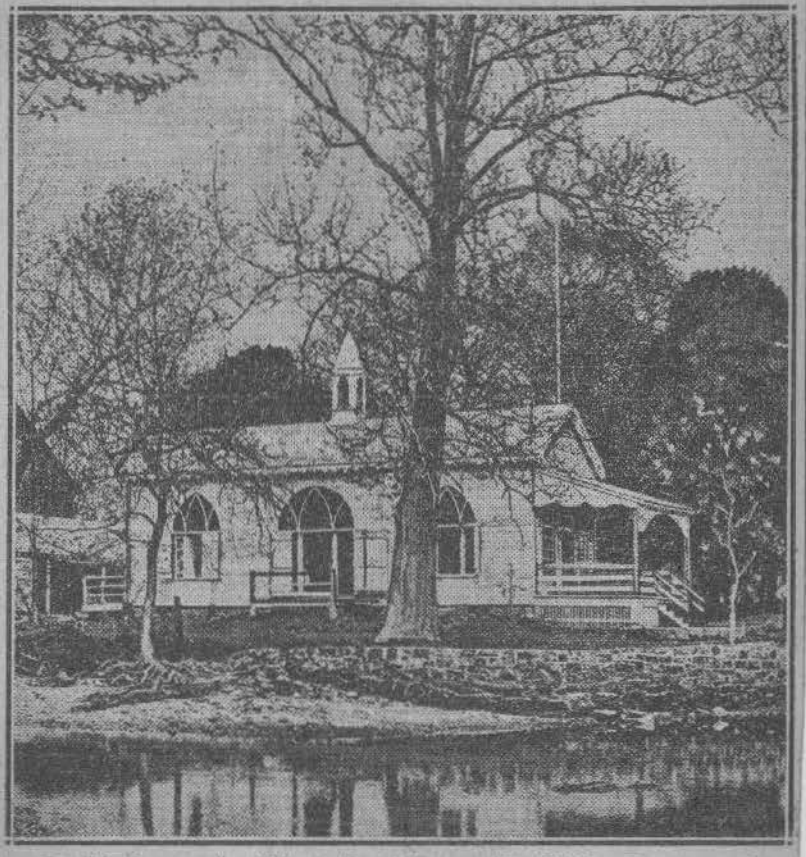
Moreover, it will be the feast day of the "Illustrious Saint and Patron, St. Tammany," yearly celebrated by the Schuylkill Fishing Company in memory of the famous chief of the Lenni-Lenapes, who once held sway in this region. Those thirteen fishing days will give ample opportunity to plan next year's bicentenary.

Fish Are No More

Fortunately, there are no longer enough fish in the Delaware between Eddington and Cornwell's, the region where stands the company's castle, to distract the citizens' attention from thoughtful consideration of the preparations.

Time was when the citizens used to fare forth on the river and re-

Fishermen Plan Bicentenary



In this famous "castle" on the Delaware the Fishing Company of the State in Schuylkill will gather May 1 to discuss plans for a fitting celebration, in 1932, of the 200th anniversary of the founding of the oldest social club that exists anywhere

he was admitted to full citizenship in 1898. The chair in which he sits as Governor was a gift of William Penn to Thomas Stretch, first Governor of the State in Schuylkill.

The other citizens, with the years of their admission to citizenship, are as follows:

William T. Wright, 1900	John Wagner, 1918
J. Somers Smith, 1903	J. Franklin McFadden, 1919
Benjamin Chew, 1905	George P. Tyler, 1919
Robert Hare Davis, 1906	John H. Packard, 2d, 1921
Charles Wheeler, 1906	Gouverneur Cadwalader, 1922
John K. Mitchell, 3d, 1909	Dr. Arthur H. Gerhard, 1923
W. Plunket Stewart, 1909	Joseph Wood, Jr., 1922
Stevens Heckscher, 1910	Graham Roberts, 1923
Thomas Cadwalader, 1912	Fitz-Eugene Dixon, 1924
W. Frazier Harrison, 1913	Thomas Hart, 1926
James E. Hood, 1913	Clement B. Wood, 1927
J. Vaughan Merrick, 1914	Robert S. Bright, 1928
Robert L. Montgomery, 1914	W. Joyce Sewell, Jr., 1928
A. J. Drexel Paul, 1915	Samuel Welsh, 1930
	Alfred Harrison Geary, 1931

An apprentice must serve as such "one full fishing season" before being admitted to citizenship—but most apprentices have to wait five or six years before a vacancy in the thirty citizenships permits of enfranchisemen. The present apprentices are:

James [illegible] Gowen	J. Somers Smith, Jr.
William Coxe Wright	Alexander J. Cassatt
Charles [illegible] Morris, 2d	Joseph P. Sims
Robert [illegible]	

game-laws prevent [illegible] the May to October season when the citizens assemble biweekly at their castle.

But the teakwood table, shaped like a fish with head and tail severed, where the citizens dine together on each of their fishing days, still is as bountifully spread as in the days of long ago when their own hooks and guns filled the larder.

Each of the citizens in turn serves as caterer for a fishing-day dinner. There are no servants—only one caretaker. But in addition to the thirty citizens who rotate as caterer there are apprentices—at present seven—who spend long years acquiring skill in broiling beefsteaks over the coals, roasting suckling-pigs on spits, or flipping fish in a long-handled skillet, as prerequisite to admission to the full rights of citizenship.

Apprentices Serve Meals

Seldom do less than a score of the citizens sit down together at those fishing-day dinners. The apprentices serve the feast, and not until all the citizens have sated their hunger are the timid apprentices given gracious invitation by the master of the feast to be seated and to taste the fare they themselves have aided in preparing.

George Washington often was a guest of the Schuylkill Fishing Company. When General Lafayette came back to the United States in 1825, half a century after his first arrival as a gallant youth, he was initiated as an honorary citizen of the State in Schuylkill. A century later General Pershing received a like honor. Ten or more Presidents of the United States have been guests at fishing-day dinners.

When founded, the Schuylkill Fishing Company of the Colony in Schuylkill—so it was known until "Colony" was changed to "State" in the Revolutionary War period—fished in the Schuylkill. Its first castle stood on the west bank of the Schuylkill in William Warner's estate, Eaglesfield, near where the Girard avenue railroad bridge now lands.

A fire did havoc. Then the present castle was built in 1812. In 1822, because the building of the Fairmount Dam had ruined fishing above it, the castle was placed on two flatboats and floated down the Schuylkill to a site near Rambo's Rock, on the east side of the Schuylkill near Grays Ferry. In 1887, because industrial wastes in the Schuylkill had ruined fishing, the castle was removed to its present site on the west bank of the Delaware about three miles above Torresdale.

No lights ever are permitted in the castle to protect it and its historic contents from danger of fire. But in October, when darkness comes early, the final fishing-day dinner is served in the century-old "Clock House," which already stood on the present site when it was acquired by the company.

No Women Admitted

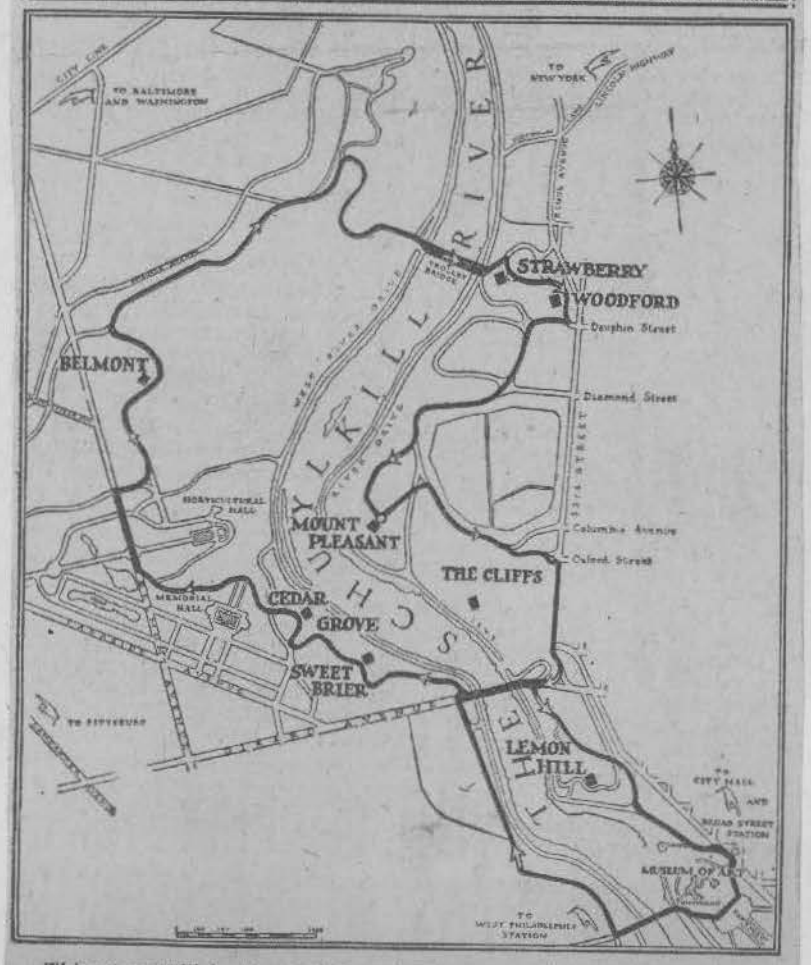
No woman ever is permitted to set foot in the castle.

The present officers of the State in Schuylkill are as follows: Governor, John W. Geary; Counselors, William T. Wright, J. Somers Smith and Benjamin Chew; Sheriff, Robert Hare Davis; Secretary of State, Stevens Heckscher; Treasurer, John Wagner; Coroner, Charles Wheeler.

Governor Geary has the honor of [illegible]ority [illegible]tate in Schuylkill—

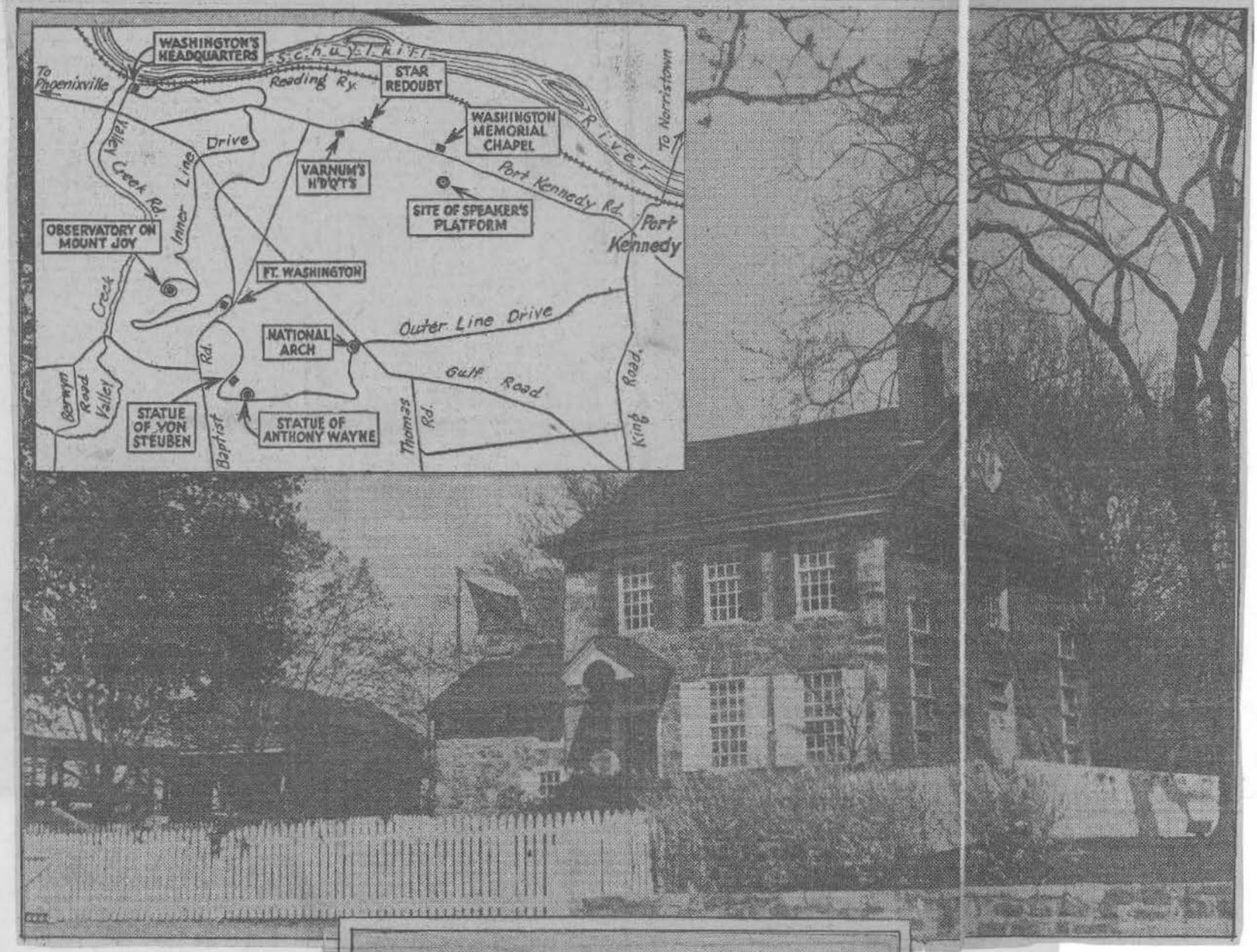
Ledger May 10, 1931

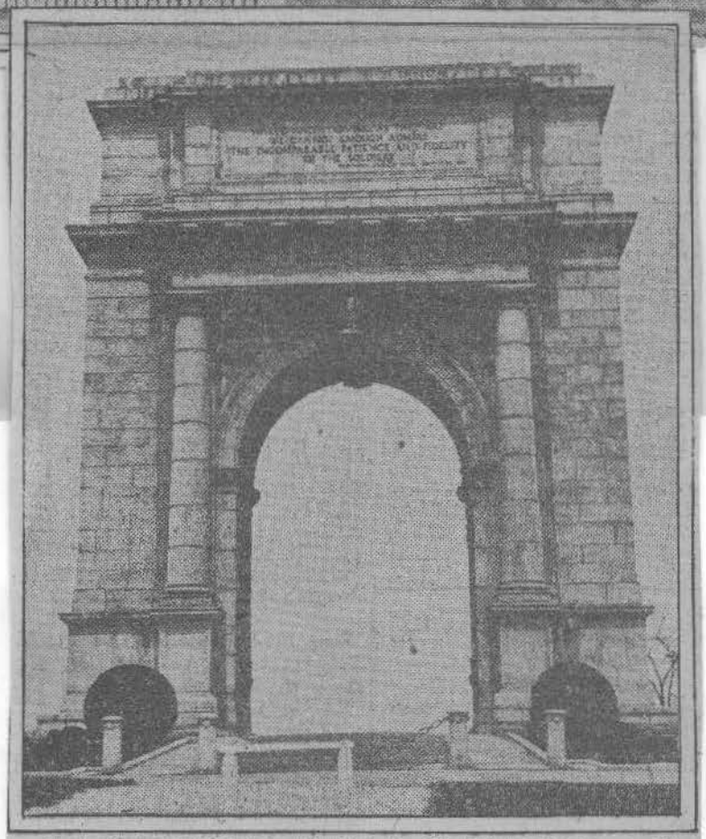
Colonial Days Revived



This scene will be re-enacted next Tuesday and Wednesday in historic Mount Pleasant, when this old mansion and seven others in Fairmount Park will be open to the public. In the picture are Mrs. F. Woodson Hancock and Mrs. E. Bissell Clay. The map shows locations of the eight old mansions

Scene of President Hoover's Visit to Valley Forge May 30





Among the points of interest which the President will view on his Memorial Day visit are the Washington Headquarters and the National Arch, erected as a memorial to the officers and private soldiers of the Revolution. Map shows the principal historical spots at Valley Forge

Suburban Press 5/21/31

Old Mortgage Held by Stephen Girard is Satisfied After 108 Years

Document Covered Loans to the Schuylkill Navigation Company.—Was First Lien Upon Organization's Property.—Over Century Old

An interesting document closely related to the industrial and transportation life of Philadelphia of a century ago was presented last week to the Recorder of Deeds for satisfaction. It is the original mortgage given by the Schuylkill Navigation Company to Stephen Girard, financier, under date of Feburary 18, 1823, to secure a loan to the navigation company of $230,850.

The mortgage securing this loan was the first lien upon all of the property of the Schuylkill Navigation Company. Mr. Girard kept this mortgage in his possession until his death and it was then transfered to the City of Philadelphia, as trustee under his will, and so held until about 1885, when it came into the possession of the predecessor of the present Reading Company.

The Schuylkill Canal was constructed under a charter granted an act of the General Assembly approved March 8, 1815. The construction of the canal began in 1816, with the building of a dam below the Falls of the Schuylkill.

It was the Schuylkill Navigation Company that laid out in 1821 the town of Manayunk, now in the Twenty-first Ward of Philadelphia, upon land owned by the navigation company.

The canal, extending from Philadelphia to Mount Carbon, near Pottsville, a distance of about 108 miles, was opened for its entire length on May 20, 1825, although sections of the canal had been put into use prior to that time.

The Schuylkill Navigation Company enjoyed its greatest prosperity in the period between 1835 and 1841. After that time it was not able to compete successfully with the railroads which then were being constructed from the mining territory in Schuylkill County to tidewater. By 1900 it had virtually ceased to function.

The money required to pay the mortgage of 1823 was provided through the condemnation by the city of Philadelphia of a tract of land at 30th street and the Schuylkill to be improved in connection with the new station being constructed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company at that point, and upon which property mortgages of the navigation company were a lien.

This mortgage, it is said, probably holds a record for having an active existence with a construction lien for more than a century.

Evening Bulletin 6/29/1931

FIND HIDDEN ROCK IN SCHUYLKILL

Expected to Aid In Geological Map of Ledge Underlying City

STUDIED BY S. G. GORDON

(Illustrated on Picture Page)

Beneath the murky waters of the Schuylkill river, from Girard av., to Grav's Ferry road, there has lain for many millions of years a great ledge of rock hidden from the eyes of geologists by twenty to thirty feet of water and a layer of uninviting sand and gravel.

The secret, guarded by the river for so long a time has now been disclosed, the quality and type of rock comprising the ledge analyzed and duty catalogued. The result is expected to aid materially in shaping a geological map of the basement rock underlying the city. Such a map will be invaluable to contractors and architects in planning large office buildings of the future and in assuring their safety.

The nature of the river's bed rock was disclosed by Samuel G. Gordon, associate curator of the Department of Geology and Minerology at the Academy of Natural Science, 19th st., and the Parkway. Mr. Gordon, taking advantage of the excavations undertaken in laying the foundations for the Market st. subway under the river, went down into the cofferdam of the central pier wher the rock has been exposed.

The bottom of the cofferdam, thirty-five feet below the surface of the river, resembles a subterranean lake. Great slabs of blue-gray rock jut out from a floor of dark, forbidding water.

The entrance to this little under-the-water world is from the new temporary Market st. bridge.

The rocks are of the Wissahickon Gneiss formation, so-called because they are so well exposed along the lower valley of the Wissahickon. The word "gneiss" means rock of sedimentary or igneous origin which through heat and pressure and hot solutions has been squeezed into layered or banded rock. The principal minerals in the rocks were found to be quartz and mica, with the mica arranged in bands permitting the rock to split into thin slabs.

The age of this formation is a matter of dispute, some holding that it dates from the Ordivician age—about 480,000,000 years ago—and others that its origin was in the Precambrian age which was several hundred million years earlier. Probably the only way the age can be determined definitely is through a measurement of the radio-activity, a study requiring the most careful analysis and one that has never been undertaken with any of the rock formations underlying Philadelphia.

The study of rocks is made through a petrographic microscope. In this process a chip of rock is ground until it is no thicker than a piece of tissue paper and is practically transparent. When placed under the instrument, the different minerals can be distinguished. By placing a prism under the lens each mineral is given a different color, and provinces designated by color. Further study is made by chemical analysis in the laboratory. At the Academy of Natural Sciences, this work is done by Horace Hallowell, chemist.

somewhere near river. He and boss had fight for mon, and he kill boss and wife. He go then to Californy, make plenty mon, but lose it gambling and went to Mexico, where he die very poor; never marry, always in trouble. At night he talk much about Bartle in his sleep. I come New York, week ago, and tell you he die in Mexico as he ast me to. He very sorry for Bartle wife and baby."

As near as could be ascertained the signature which was much blurred from rubbing, was that of "Mike Narjola."

Lieutenant Lush did not put much faith in the genuineness of the note, which he believed was a hoax, as in 1866, or 1867, the late Roxborough historian, Horatio Gates Jones, stated that a man died in Connecticut who was credited with confessing on his death bed that he was the murderer of the Bartle family.

It's a cold trail now, but if they were given a break, we believe that Detectives Costello and O'Brien of the present staff at the Manayunk station, could unravel some more of this old mystery.

* * * * * *

We often wonder what became of the old seal of the borough of Manayunk. Possibly there is a reader somewhere in the 21st Ward who can enlighten us concerning its whereabouts.

We are aware that it was in existence in this section in 1893, when in September of that year it was unearthed from a heap of old iron in the vicinity of Main and Levering streets. The seal, at that time, was presented by the finder, to the late James Milligan, editor of the Manayunk Chronicle and Advertiser. It had evidently lain in the junk pile for a number of years and was supposed to have reached that place when a junk-man purchased the metal at a public sale.

The seal, which was engraved upon a circular piece of brass, was mounted upon a piece of wrought iron five inches long and two inches square. Upon its face it bore a representation of a loom, beside which stood a female weaver. Around the outer edge of the circle,

Name. I returned home, giving up the idea of working, and after helping flags at half mast over Simpson's Mill, and the Lincoln and Johnson Club, in company with Joseph B. Walker, I went to the city.

"On Chestnut street, from Seventh to nearly Fourth, one of the most sorrowful, and at the same time most excited gatherings I have ever seen, was assembled. Every man's nerves seemed to be stretched to the utmost tension, and all that was needed was a leader to direct the crowd in wreaking vengeance upon any supposed enemy of the murdered President.

Mutterings of wrath were heard on all sides; the crowd packing the street surged back and forth and seemed at every surge to become more bent upon doing something in retaliation of the great crime. The muttering, accompanied by threats and curses, became more and more audible every moment; and just as they were developing into a cry and action, a gray-haired man pressed through part of the crowd carrying a paper.

"He advanced to the main entrance of Independence Hall, took a hammer and tacks from his pocket, and tacked the paper to the door frame, and then retired. The crowd watched the procedure and pressed to the place; one after another reading the notice and then calmly departing.

"The man was George H. Stuart, president of the Young Men's Christian Association. The notice read, 'A prayer meeting will be held at noon, in the Church of the Epiphany. Come!'

"That simple notice quieted the crowd. As one after another read it, their attention was lifted from their despondency and grief to God. Some, on reading the notice, articulated: 'The Lord God Omnipotent

When she cried out again I called to a kind-hearted sergeant of Marines, and appealed to him to permit me to get her out of the crowd, which he did. A passage was opened and I led the woman down Sixth street, and around the crowd, leaving her on the south side of the Hall. I then walked around to Fifth street, and here with a ruse, in conjunction with an Irishman, I made some more progress, by hollering 'Watch your pockets!' when the Celt and myself pushed forward close to the ropes where we were halted by two cavalry officers.

"I told the Irishman to step over the rope, which he attempted to do, but only succeeded in getting one leg over, the other being held fast by the crowd. The soldiers were soon there attempting to chase him away, so I yelled, 'Don't strike him, his leg will be broken. I'll help him out!' The soldiers had to watch others of the crowd, and permitted me to free the Irishman. As soon as I saw that he was in no danger of being hurt, and while the uniformed men were still occupied, I walked up to one of the windows of the building through which people were passing in single file. Clambering through the window, I passed slowly by the casket, and looked for my first and last time upon the face of one of the greatest men the world has ever known, a face wrinkled from the cares of a nation, with an expression that was both calm and superb. It appeared like the face of one, who, after accomplishing a great task, was enjoying a refreshing and well-earned sleep."

SCCAFF

Suburban Press 5/24/1931

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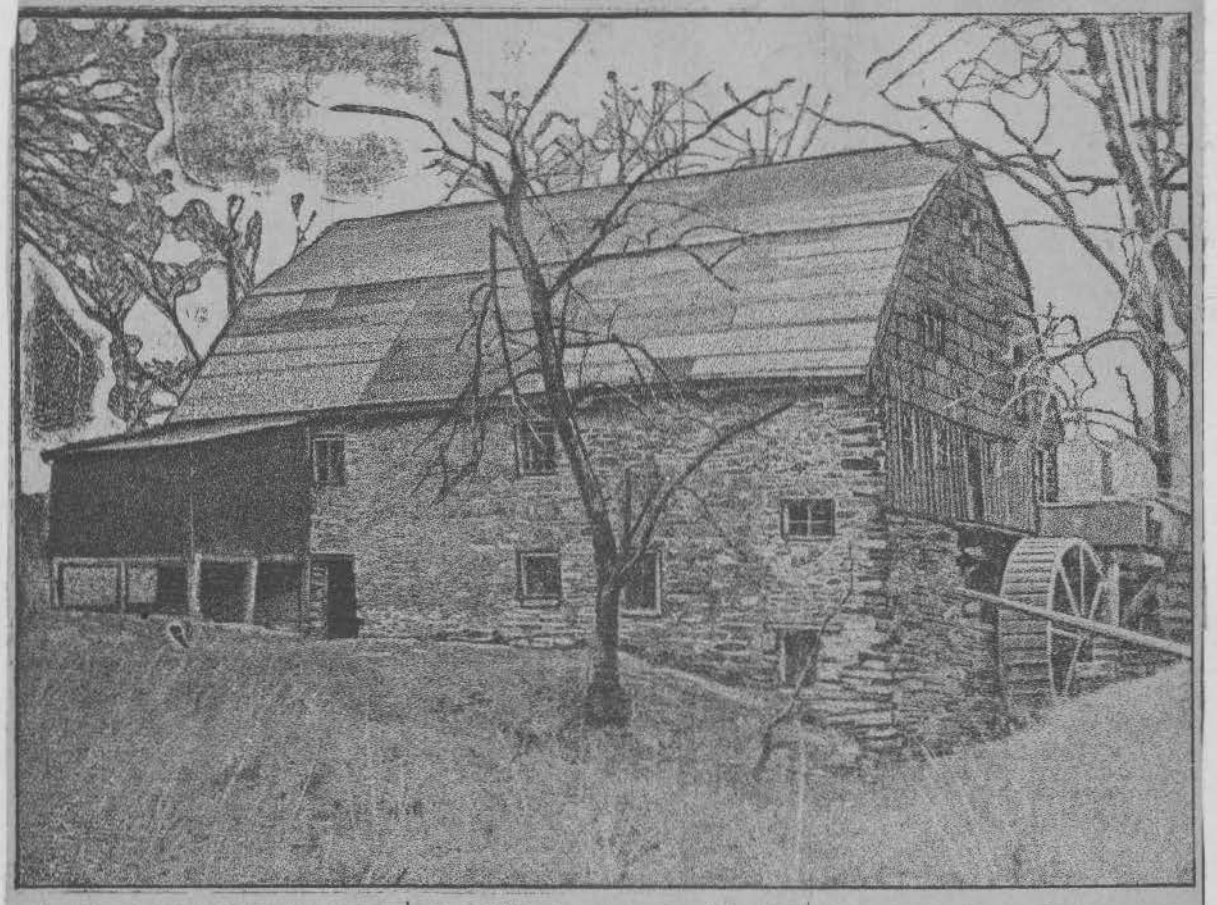
Quaint Old Spring Mill Grist Mill Turns Continuously for 219 Years



Two hundred and nineteen years continuous turning!

This virtually unequalled record in America is held by the picturesque Spring Mill grist mill, which was built in 1712, and has defied summer drought and winter's rigor, ever since. The mill, located but a stone's throw from the railroad stations at Spring Mill, lends a breath of Colonial beauty and quaintness to the Spring Mill section.

The mill is remarkable for the fact that, unlike the majority of early mills in this section, its wheel has never been halted by vagaries of temperature. Summer's heat and attendant drought, and winter's freezing breath have never treated it harshly. Always, the sparkling water sang past it, and kept the big wheel active.

A magic hand seemed to direct the waters of the Bubbling Springs that revolved it. Day in, and day out, the stream flowed on. The mill-wheel moved. Flour poured from its grinders. In those days, it was the only mill within a radius of fifty miles that was not "temperamental."

The popularity of the little white mill, soon created a demand for a more direct method of reaching it from northerly and easterly sections. Cumbersome farm-wagons, laden with their golden burden of wheat, had to travel almost to the Schuylkill River on Conshohocken turnpike, before a road was available, that moved eastward along the river to the mill. Several unnecessary miles had to be covered. Accordingly, sometime about 1730, a petition signed by names that now appear like a blue-book of early settlers in the section, found its way to the Assembly, in Philadelphia, asking that body that a more direct road be created, running from Conshohocken Pike, somewhere between Ridge Turnpike and the Schuylkill, east to the grist mill.

The petition was favorably received. Early settlers donated the land, the Assembly bore the cost, and there resulted North lane, running diagonally off Ridge pike, for a distance of two miles, to the Spring Mill grist mill. The road, now 200 years old, still holds to its original course, but has been modernly reconstructed.

The sparkling purity of the water of Bubbling Springs and the enormous quantity of it, caused Benjamin Franklin, in 1787, when it was then owned by Peter Legaux, famed French scientist, who resided at Mount Joy, now the Spring Mill Fire company property, to recommend it as a water supply for the city of Philadelphia. Legaux also concurred in the idea.

The relative purity of the Schuylkill River, at that time, however, made the water problem a minor one, and the excessive cost of conveying the water to the metropolis by the then approved method of hollowed-out tree trunks, discouraged its utilization for the purpose.

The Spring Mill grist mill was probably the most important producer of flour for the soldiers' bread, during the Revolutionary encampment at Valley Forge. Wheat was also ground at the Gulph Mills grist mill, but here, freezing temperature oft stilled the wheel.

Today, the ancient old mill at Spring Mill is the mecca of many visitors who have heard of its unusual history and picturesque appearance. Numerous artists, too, have made it the subject of their canvasses.

Suburban Press 5/28/1931

Memorial Day Tragedy of 30 Years Ago is Recalled

Manayunk Was Scene of Great Excitement When Seven Girls Were Drowned at Flat Rock Dam.—Put an End to Picnic Grove at Rose Glen

By JOHN M. SICKINGER

On May 30th, 1901 two gaily decorated trucks and a small delivery wagon, filled with lunch, proceeded on their way to Boyle's Picnic Grove, at Rose Glen, on the Schuylkill river a mile above Manayunk, to celebrate the day in a great outdoor frolic.

The crowd was singing "Sweet Annie Moore, Sweet Annie Moore, We'll never see sweet Annie, anymore; She went away, one summers' day, and we'll never see sweet Annie, anymore."

The picknickers attracted consideralbe attention as they passed through Manayunk. But not nearly as much then, as they did later in the day. Shortly after noon, seven girls and two men, hired a boat to row on the river, which was very high at the time owing to a spring freshet. They were advised to stay off the stream, as there was great danger, but they pleaded and coaxed James Boyle, the keeper of the grove and in charge of the boats, so much that he finally gave in to them. He warned them to keep close to the shore, but they soon forgot his advice and went straight across the river to Shawmont.

As soon as the boat touched the east shore, one man jumped out and refused to enter again. The party gave him the laugh and shoved off, only to be drawn into the swift-running current. They were carried at a fast rate to Flat Rock Dam and disappeared over the breast in a cloud of spray and foam. Several seconds later the boat was seen about a hundred yards below the falls, with only one human being hanging on its side.

As the craft shot down the rapids, "Teddy" Watchorn and "Ed" Mulligan, who lived in Raynor's Row, hearing the cries of the man, lauched a skiff and rescued him. The man was badly injured from being dashed against the rocks during his swift ride in the torrential stream. He was rushed to the Memorial Hospital, where he gave the name of John Moore. The seven girls were drowned and their bodies were not recovered for several days. Some were found as far south as the Fairmount boat houses.

Employees of the Shawmont Pumping Station, seeing the disaster, notified the police who were soon rushing to the scene. Downtown patrol wagons, loaded with row boats, and harbor police, came dashing up Main street. The "North American," a daily newspaper of that period, erected a large tent near the dam on Nixon's dump, which was used as a temporary police, hospital and news station.

Captain Clark, the red-shirted hero of the Atlantic City Beach Patrol, was sent to Flat Rock. He dove down under the waterfall, and recovered the first body, that of a girl named Bond. Another named Sullivan, was recovered by Sergeant Peter Metzler, of the Manayunk police force. The harbor police recovered two more downstream, in the rear of the paper mills, while Sergeant Ward recovered the fifth near the Ripka Mills. Still another was found floating at East Falls, and the last was discovered under a boat house landing near Fairmount Dam.

The ill-fated boat was found drifting near Riverside Mansion, and was carried to Kemp's Hotel, at the junction of Main street and Ridge avenue, where it was later filled with earth and used as a flower box.

The courts of Mantgomery County closed Boyle's grove, and the Elm Social Club, which received a body blow on that Memorial Day, was the last organization to hold a picnic there.

Irony was found in the fact that the man who was rescued—John Moore—went home for his family to see him, but the rest of the party but a ban on the song about "Annie Moore."

West Manayunk.

MEMORIAL DAY EXERCISES

Saturday May 30th 1931

Ashland School Grounds

Ashland Ave M E Church

OPENING PRAYER Rev. Harry Boughey

SINGING - - AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrim's pride!
From ev'ry mountain side,
Let freedom ring!

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

by Peter C. Hess
Township Treasurer

READING OF WAR RECORDS

ADDRESS Major H. A. F. Hoyt

SINGING - - THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

Oh say! can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.

Oh, say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

Oh, thus be it ever when free men shall stand
Between their lov'd homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Pow'r that has made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"

And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

CLOSING PRAYER Rev Henry Augstadt.

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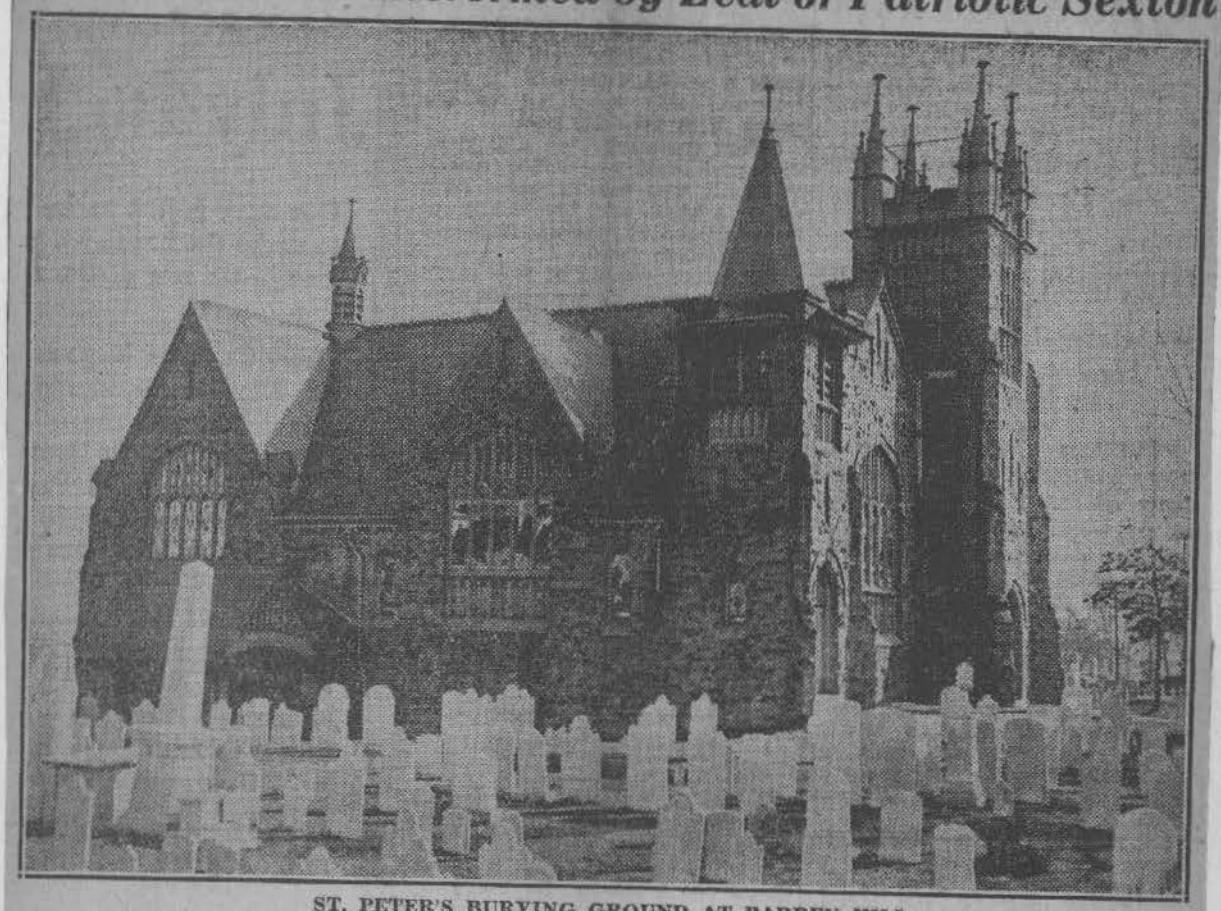
Neglected Graveyard at Barren Hill Church Transformed by Zeal of Patriotic Sexton



ST. PETER'S BURYING GROUND AT BARREN HILL

This is a story of the patriotism of a church sexton who, after five years of indefatigable effort and in the face of many discouraging obstacles, has seen his dream come true. He has made a beauty spot of the one-time neglected and weed-grown burying ground of historic St. Peter's Lutheran Church at Barren Hill.

Old St. Peter's was founded in 1752 by the Rev. Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, fighting pastor of the Revolution. It was torn down in 1849 and a new building of Gothic architecture was erected. This building burned down in September, 1899, after which the present church took form.

General Lafayette, with 2200 troops used the cemetery back of St. Peter's as a refuge when surrounded by British soldiers. By ruse he succeeded in outwitting the British and joined forces with General Washington at Valley Forge by crossing the Schuylkill at Matsons Ford.

In one section of the old burying ground are the bodies of six soldiers who fell in the engagement that preceded Lafayette's successful retreat, and in another rest the remains of four of the Indians who served as scouts with the American detachment.

William A. de Mars became sexton of St. Peter's in 1925. In some parts of the grounds the head stones could not be seen for rank undergrowth and weeds. Many of the relatives of persons buried in the cemetery had long since moved away from Philadelphia and vicinity.

A rough cart road with heavy ruts on either side, well nigh impassable for automobiles in wet weather, was the only means of entering the grounds.

When he learned of the historic importance of the spot the new sexton got busy. Painstaking cleaning of the stones revealed names which furnished clues to living persons. Hundreds of letters were written, urging the decendants to subscribe to a fund providing perpetual care to the plot. Recently, Robert Dager, a 90-year-old Norristown man, whose wife is buried in St. Peter's, gave the church $2000, and a substantial road now runs through the grounds.

Enough funds have been received as a result of De Mars' appeals to establish a small trust fund of about $5000.

"The fund is altogether too small," the sexton said yesterday, "to take care of the entire cemetery, but it is better than nothing.

"When I first came here it grieved me to see how the place had been neglected. I was laughed at when I announced I was going to raise money to clean it up. Washington Camp of the P. O. S. of A. of Roxborough has generously provided markers for graves of Revolutionary soldiers buried here, and these graves are decorated each year by the Philadelphia Chapter of the D. A. R. The Montgomery County Historical Society has erected a large stone marker on Ridge avenue, drawing attention to the fact that Lafayette encamped here.

"While not a member of the Lutheran faith, Robert Dager, of Norristown, has been the largest single supporter of the restoration movement. Recently he sent us $300 to cover the cost of the two Japanese cedars which mark the Ridge avenue entrance. These trees, which he calls Robert and Mary, for himself and his deceased wife, are very rare in this country. In Japan they are used as decorations before the temples.

"I wish every one who has a relative buried here would back up his patriotism by sending St. Peter's Church Council a check. Money so received is deposited with a Norristown Trust Company and becomes a part of the trust fund."

When De Mars first came to Barren Hill the total income from the cemetery was only $1381. Now the annual receipts are $3600. Except for his small salary as sexton and a feeling of satisfaction at having achieved something worth while, De Mars has not profited from his work of patriotism.

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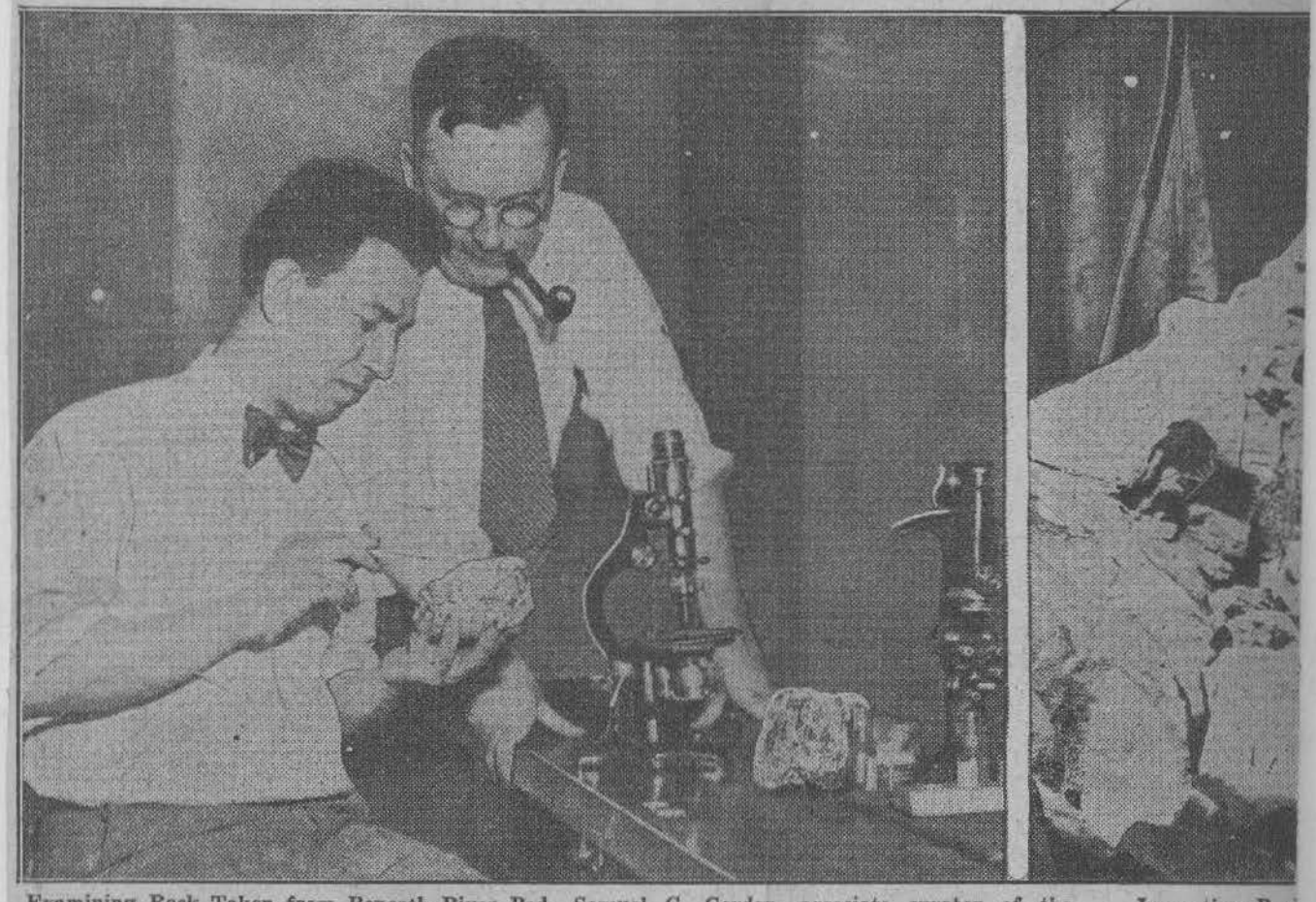
Rock Ledge Buried Millions of Years B



Examining Rock Taken from Beneath River Bed—Samuel G. Gordon, associate curator of the Academy of the Natural Sciences, and Horace D. Hallowell, chemist, are shown making the anaylsis at the Academy which showed the rock to be of Wissahickon gneiss formation, prevalent along the lower Wissahickon Valley. Gneiss means rock of sedimentary or igneous origin, squeezed into banded rock by heat and pressure. The instrument pictured is a petrographic microscope used by geologists to determine the quality and type of minerals contained by rocks.

Inspecting Roc
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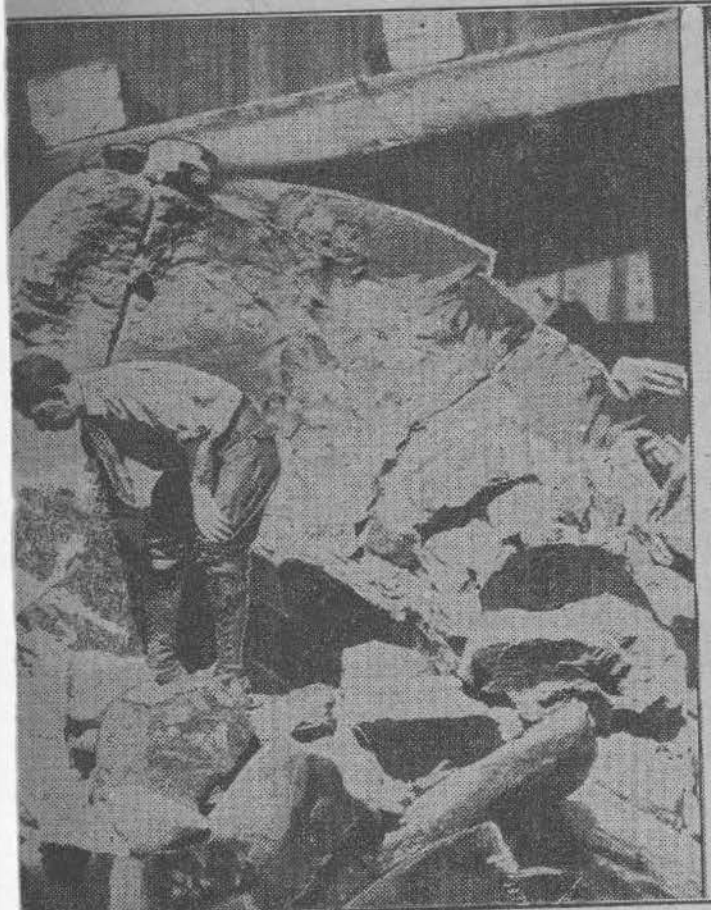
eneath Schuylkill River Exposed by Market St. Tube Excavations



k Ledge Bared by Tube Diggers, who are extending the Market st. rd under the Schuylkill's bed to 30th st., a project being carried out with the building of a new Market st. bridge. Associate curator Gordon ck thirty-five feet below the river bed bared by tube diggers. Analysis aid in forming a geological map of rock formations under the city.

Loading Ledge Rock from Bed of River into Hoisting Bucket—The workmen are shown in one of three caissons or cofferdams of double walls of steel sheathing which were filled with tons of sand and gravel before being sunk in the river. The workmen at this point are about fifteen feet below the river bed and about thirty-five feet from the surface of the water. The rock is loosened by blasting and removed on barges. Pumps are continuously at work removing the water which leaks through the sides of the cofferdam.

June 25, 1931
Sub. Press

The Schuylkill

Many have been the tales we have heard concerning the Schuylkill River, some of which may be familiar to the readers of this publication, but here is a different one which we ran across the other day which we believe is worth passing along to the other residents of this locality.

The Schuylkill river is supposed to have been discovered by Captain Hendrickson, in the year 1615, in the yacht "Onrust," meaning "restless". He belonged to Captain Mey's expedition, and was assigned to the work of exploration of the streams in the neighborhood of the coast.

On Hendrickson's map of his discoveries, Fort von Nassonene, or Fort Nassau, is marked, which must have been placed there after Hendrickson's time. There is an island opposite the Fort, but nothing like a river such as the Schuylkill is shown. It should be understood that Fort Nassau was built by the Dutch, on the east side of the Delaware river, about 1626. It is supposed to have been situated near the present Timber Creek, and therefore almost opposite the mouth of the Schuylkill river.

Upon the map of Peter Lindestrom, the Schuylkill is called the Menejackse Kyl, or Le Riviere de Menejackse. In the Lindestrom map published by the Pennsylvania Historical Society, accompanying the "History of New Sweden", by Israel Acrelius, it appears as Meneyackse Kyl, or Schuylkill River. In the same map, given by Thomas Campanius Holm, this river is set down as "Skiar eller Linde rive The word "eller" means "or", a this designation is therefore "Ski river", "Skiar Kyl", or "Linde River". Skiar seems to have been a method of spelling the word which Achelius renders "Skookly" In the Swedish language "Skora" means "to make a loud noise."

Mr. S. Henry is quoted as having stated that one of the Indian names of the stream was "Lenn Bikhi", or Lenni, which he derived from "Bikhi" (a t whose bark peels freely) which he case with the linden. He als called it the "Lenni Bikunk"—"a high place where houses are erected covered with linden bark"—and "konk"—"a place or locality"—. Lenni meant not only a "man", or "Indian", but also "common, plain, pure, unmixed", as sometimes "high".

This would seem to indicate the origin of the name Linde river, as laid down on the Lindestrom map. The river was sometimes called Manayunk, which is supposed to have derived from Manasonk, the name of t land at the mouth of the river.

This wor means "our place of drinking". Heckewelder gives as one of the names of the river "Ganshewen"—"it roareth"—or "Ganschowehan", and "Der rauschende Strohm"—"the stream which makes a noise"—which is similar in meaning to the Swedish "Skora."

The name Schuylkill is supposed to have been applied by the Dutch and is said to mean "schuyl"—"hidden"—and "kill"— "river"—hence "the hidden river", because at its mouth it was almost invisible to persons coming up the Delaware.

Upon a map of the British possession in North America, engraved in England by Herman Moll, in 1715, and upon another of the possessions in New France, in 1720, the Schuylkill is called "Perquemuck" and "Perquemuk".

SCCAFF.

Suburban Press 7/2/1931

Clipping Tells of Early Settlers on "Hidden River"

Swedish Explorers Located at the Falls of Schuylkill Two Hundred Years Ago.—Fort St. David's Was Built and Named by Welshmen

A friend, last week, left the following newspaper clipping, dated about forty years ago at our office:

"Shortly after Penn had settled upon the banks of the Delaware a company of Swedes, who had previously arrived at Chester, journeyed up the river till they reached the confluence of Manayunk, the stream which the aborigines had, for untold ages, named as their place of drinking, and which, from its constant windings and wooded hillsides, the Swedes dubbed Schuylkill—hidden river—a name that still clings to the stream and by which it will probably be known, till the end of time. What became of these early explorers history gives no record and the traditions are extremely meagre, mentioning only that some of the number continued up the valley and settled a short distance above, what is now Norristown, and which is termed Swedeland.

"At least one family remained in the neighborhood of the Schuylkill Falls, and settled upon a magnificent pastoral back from the summit of the hills towards Germantown. Andrew Garrett was the pioneer of the family that is still represented in the immediate neighborhood, where the old cabin, in which his descendants lived for more than a century and which a few years ago was transformed into a cow stable, still stands. Others of the family took up tracts of land in what is now West Fairmount Park, along the old Ford road that continued from the river to the old Lancaster turnpike, and which for many years was known as Garrett's lane.

"The falls, which prior to 1821, when Fairmount dam was constructed by the Schuylkill Navigation Company, tumbled over a ledge of shelving rocks that extended from shore to shore on an almost direct line with the Reading Railroad's magnificent stone bridge, became obliterated when the dam was built by the backing up of the water.

"In 1700 or thereabouts a number of well-to-do Welshmen, attracted by the beauty of the waterfall and its surroundings, established a fish house at the base of a mountainous hill on the east side of the falls and named it Fort St. Davids, presumably in honor of their patron saint.

"This is the generally accepted reason, yet there are descendants still living in the vicinity who claim that the term applied was given because the dome-shaped hill, towering high above the water, much resembled St. David's head on the coast of Wales. The dome-shaped knoll in after years was discovered a source of wealth to those who worked the once celebrated quarry from which were taken stone for building a number of prominent structures in the city, including the Eastern Penitentiary.

"Fort St. David's, originally a log cabin, formed the nucleus of what afterwards became a thrifty village but which, after the Revolutionary war, became known as the Falls of Schuylkill, a name still retained by that romantic suburb. In the long ago the eastern shore or embankment of the river for a considerable distance above the falls was of gentle slope, and was very advantageous for the purpose for which it was used, that of shad and herring fishing.

The old fishermen, the most prominent of whom was Godfrey Shronk, who, when a lad, came to Philadelphia from Germany, and on getting acquainted with several Swedes journeyed out into what was

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then scarcely more than a wilderness and settled upon the east bank of the river, where he was married and raised a large family. He was a natural born waterman and in fishing he found both pleasure and profit. After arriving at Fort St. David's he showed such ability as a fisherman that he was given charge of the club house. Subsequently he purchased a large tract of land along the river, where he established, perhaps, the most profitable and noted shad fisheries that the upper Schuylkill had ever known.

"When quite an old man the dam at Fairmount was built and his business destroyed. He in behalf of himself and other well-to-do owners of fisheries entered suit against the Navigation Company for consequental damages. The suit was won in the lower court, but lost by a technicality. When it was tried in the Supreme Court, Chief Justice Tilgeman rendered the adverse decision, a decision which was quoted as a precedent a few years ago in the suit for consequential damages against the Pennsylvania Railroad by property owners along Filbert street.

The old Falls of Schuylkill, with its colonial and Revolutionary memories, is rapidly disappearing. The place and its inhabitants have greatly changed and but few of the old landmarks remain. The old fishery front of the Schuylkill will soon be entirely obliterated. The construction of the river drive in the Park removed most of the old lines, and with the filling in to the river wall, that will extend from the city frame bridge, along the east shore of the river, to the Reading Railroad bridge, every vestige of the old shore will have passed away.

"The Mifflin mansion, whose grounds once extended from the river for a considerable distance east of the Norristown railroad, still forms one of the attractions of the place, though much of the property has changed hands. The old colonial structure, shaded by lofty plane trees, has recently been purchased by a well-known builder, who will probably demolish the mansion to make room for a number of modern dwellings.

Here, by the banks of the Schuylkill, the Indians dwelt in uninterrupted peace, and mingled with the white intruders, whom tradition says, treated their copper-skinned brethren in a spirit of fairness, and here the old braves lingered longest before they moved on towards the setting sun. They took their last drink from their beloved Manjunk and moved away. It being the last place deserted by them in the neighborhood of Philadelphia."

SCCAFF.

Jones Family Came to This Section Before the Arrival Of William Penn, in 1682

Some Interesting History of West Manayunk, Which Was Originally Called Glanrason.—Descendants of First Settlers Still Reside Here

By JOHN M. SICKINGER

A place, named by the Indians, Wiessakitkonk, situated on the west side of the Schuylkill river, is mentioned in a grant of land made by the Upland Court, in 1677. The site, shown on a crude map, is supposed to have been opposite the mouth of the Wissahickon creek, where the blast furnaces of the Pencoyd Iron Works are now located.

On March 4th, 1681, King Charles granted William Penn a tract of land in the New World. Shortly afterwards Penn granted a parcel of ground to his beloved friend, John Apt Thomas, who was a gentleman landowner of Laithgwin, Merionethshire, Wales. One Edward Jones, a surgeon, of Bala, Merionethshire, also shared in the gift of a home in the land across the sea. All preparations were made for the long journey, but on the eve of departure, John Apt Thomas, whose health had been failing, was too ill to risk the trip. Edward Jones, the surgeon, and his party, set sail from Liverpool, with the understanding that they would prepare some sort of a home for John Apt Thomas and his family, who were to follow later. They sailed on the vessel "Lyons" (or Lion) on May 1682, and arrived on August 13th, 1682, two months before William Penn sailed up the Delaware.

The "Lyons" with her passengers sailed up the Schuylkill river as far as the present Falls of Schuylkill, near Wiessakitkonk, where everybody landed and walked back from the stream, or up the river banks, picking out the choicest lands, then called Wincoro.

A large portion of ground was set aside on the west bank of the Schuylkill river, running three miles along the river, two miles back, then extending parallel with the river for six miles. The tract comprised four thousand acres. This land was called Glanrason, and was set aside for John Apt Thomas and his family.

Others who came over on the "Lyons" founded the Bala, Merion, Narberth, Radnor, Goshen and other nearby communities of the Main Line section. When the "Lyons" returned to Liverpool, it was learned that John Apt Thomas had expired. The widow, children and servants, numbering twenty persons, set sail for America. They were brave and thrifty people, and made friends with the Indians, who supplied them with fresh meats.

When the widow and her party arrived at Glanrason, she was presented with a deed to the tract, but the name of John Apt Thomas was written in the deed as "Thomas Jones". Their home was in a corner of the tract, in a large barn-like structure, which is standing today, on the corner of Price street and Ashland avenue, in what is familiar to us, as West Manayunk.

Horace J. Davis, of Ashland Heights, which is a part of the old Glanrason, who is executor of the Jones' Estate, has in his possession an old parchment deed, which has been in the Jones' family for ten generations. The family still owns land in West Manayunk.

The settlements of Belmont and Ashland Heights, are laid out on the land of Katherine Jones, widow of (John Apt Thomas) Thomas Jones. The deed reads: "Robert the elder, second son of Thomas and Katherine Jones; to Robert, his son, 1746; father of Paul Jones, in 1795; Robert Jones, second, son of Thomas Jones, married Ellin Jones, sister of David Jones", who was a justice of the peace, a member of the Provincial Assembly, and very prominent among Friends.

Thomas Jones and family, and Edward Jones, the surgeon, were the builders of the Merion Meeting House. The barn, at Ashland avenue and Price street, has been partly demolished. One-half was converted into a dwelling several years ago, and is now owned and occupied by a Mrs. Lentz. The other part of the main structure still remains standing. It was built of field stones and long narrow slits in the walls take the place of windows.

When the Jones' first arrived, window glass was unknown in the New World, and the long slits were covered with oiled rags, or paper to admit light. On the plastered walls are many curious inscriptions, one being "John Bartley, 1711." Dozens of others can be seen very plainly. There were no wooden door frames in the early days, so the door swung from the outside, hanging on iron hooks which still remain in the walls.

The generations of Jones', as taken from the records of the Merion Meeting House, run as follows: "Robert, second son of William Apt Thomas (Thomas Jones) married Ellin Jones, daughter of David Jones in 1693; Peter Jones married Jane Martin in 1695"; and so on down the line.

C. Brooke Jones, who resides on a part of Glanrason, is a descendant of William Apt Thomas. Mr. Jones

nducts an electrical and radio usiness on Levering street, in Manayunk. The stone in the cener of Mrs. Lentz' home, which is a portion of the original Jones' homestead reads, "J. P. and P. 1682-1771". The Jones' were Friends but the history of the past wars of the United States shows two of them listed as heroes; "John Paul Jones" and "Captain Paul Jones", commander of the "Wasp", during the War of 1812.

Jones' Ferry is shown on Hills' Map of 1808, as crossing the Schuylkill river at Green Tree Run, which is now known as Green Lane, and when the waters of the river are low, the piers of a queer bridge can be seen. This bridge was erected by one of the Jones' and its history may be found at the Stevens Memorial Library in Manayunk.

Next year will be the 250th since the Jones' clan came up the River Schuylkill, and an appropriate anniversary should be held to honor the founders of West Manayunk, formerly called Glanrason.

It is believed that William Penn was a visitor at the Jones' homestead, because of the fact that he preached from the pulpit of the Merion Meeting House, which is still used for worship.

West Manayunk is rich in old history and traditions. Anthony Levering erected the first mill in the New World on the west side of the Schuylkill, and used a ford to get his materials across the river. The site of the Levering mill is now occupied by the recently erected plant of the Glen Willow Ice Manufacturing Company, at River road and Belmont avenue.

The old homestead of Anthony Levering is still standing, just over the road from the Glen Willow offices, and is now in possession of the Rudolph family.

The old farmhouse that stands on a rocky cliff, overlooking Joseph Miles & Son's lumber mills, is another Jones' landmark. History shows that one son, Paul Jones, was commander of a warship during the War of 1812. The house is now the property of the Theresa Lyle Estate.

If you ever happen to be in the neighborhood of Price street and Ashland avenue, stop in and visit Mrs. Lentz. She will be glad to show you the interior of the first Jones' house, and the many inscriptions which still adorn its walls.

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Widespread Damage Caused By The Storm Last Week

The violent electric storm of last week put telephone and electric lights out of service at its very beginning, making it impossible to obtain correct reports of the damage until late in the following day, Wednesday.

The Schuylkill river changed from its normal condition to a roaring torrent. At midnight, on Tuesday of last week, it had overflowed its banks at many places in Manayunk and East Falls, flooding the basements of buildings and the park drives.

The distress siren of the Container Corporation of America was heard between the peals of thunder. The fire alarm system failed to function properly and Fire Engine Company No. 59 and Truck Company No. 18, of 22nd and Hunting Park avenue, responded, to find that the electric wires at the paper plant had been charged with a heavier current than their capacities permitted, causing flames to burst out among bales of stock.

Another call of fire brought the engines of Manayunk, Roxborough, East Falls and Tioga to Main and Dawson streets, where the storm caused a high tension wire to fall into the street, which at that point, was then under a foot of water.

Other damages reported the following day, by policemen in their check-up, included lightning striking Kaufman's Plush Mill, at Mitchell and Pennsdale streets; the retaining wall at the rear of 190 Dupont street; mud and cobbles, four foot deep, at Main street and Leverington avenue; a six foot gully in Fountain street below Umbria street; wall at the rear of 4600 Canton street, fell on the Reading railroad tracks, carrying with it garages and an automobile.

A crevasse, 35 feet deep, was washed in Umbria street, at Parker avenue and Umbria street, at its upper end was impassable. Tons of dirt and rocks littered the sidewalks on Roxborough street, and other tons washed down into Manayunk Park, ripping a gulch through the grass plots and tearing down the retaining wall, and fences at the Cresson street side.

A retaining wall on Boone street was torn away, letting the bank wash down into that thoroughfare. Leverington avenue suffered badly when a half a block of the paving was buckled up into a hump between Boone and Silverwood streets. The sidewalk was carried away from in front of Pearson's Mill. A wall at the Repel-a-rain Cloth Factory, at Wilde and Mallory street, fell, carrying a large warehouse with it.

Pavements along Shurs lane disappeared like magic.

Maple, School, Ashland and Lyle avenues, and Flat Rock road and other streets in West Manayunk were covered with uprooted trees and other debris.

The Schuylkill river reached a new high level, when it climbed fifteen feet in four hours. The canal, at Manayunk, overflowed its banks and it and the river became one stream. The last time this occurred was in the spring of 1900. Many piles of lumber, boats of all descriptions, hogs and hog pens, chicken coops and even small bungalows, came floating down the river on Wednesday.

At Flat Rock Tunnell, several dead hogs were seen along the river banks.

Main street business houses were flooded and it was late on Wednesday evening before the merchants had their basements pumped out.

Dirt roads in Roxborough were badly washed out, and the Wissahickon Drive came in for its share of trouble. An automobile, owned by Samuel R. Wray, Hector street, Conshohocken, was marooned at Manayunk and Lyceum avenues, and was partly destroyed.

The section of Wissahickon drive between Ridge and Wissahickon avenues damaged by last Tuesday's storm, remained closed to traffic over the week-end.

Repair crews were out at daylight each day last week working on the damage done by floods that swept over the roadway. They removed tree limbs and dirt washed down from the banks above. A railing which protected the drive from Wissahickon creek below Rittenhouse street had to be replaced. Supporting walls, undermined by water were also re-inforced.

Meanwhile traffic that usually moved along the drive, one of the chief roads between the central part of the city and Germantown and Chestnut Hill was forced to detour by way of side streets to Ridge and Wissahickon avenues, where the East River drive through Fairmount Park begins.

This is the second time this year that traffic has been barred from Wissahickon drive. In January the road was shut off when the falsework of the partially completed Henry avenue bridge buckled.

The damage at East Falls was mostly centered around the foot of Midvale avenue. The PRT Company is laying new rails on this thoroughfare, east of the Reading railroad, and the torn-up street was in no condition to withstand such a heavy rain. After the deluge had subsided, it was found that many of the new track sills were piled up at various sections of the street, down to Ridge avenue. Dirt and stones went with them.

Most of Mill street found a resting place on the Reading Railroad tracks, piling up almost eight feet. Section hands were compelled to work for many hours in order to permit trains to pass.

The East River Drive, between Midvale avenue and Ferry road, was flooded.

Numerous trees were stripped of branches, and walls fell all over the territory served by The Suburban Press, making the storm one of the worst which has been recorded in this section for more than a score of years.

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Notable Spans Erected Over The Schuylkill

Bridges Needed to Cross Stream During War for Independence

1 NEAR VALLEY FORGE

First Chain and Wire Suspension Structures Built at Falls of Schuylkill

Bridges are erected as ways of public convenience, and represent a triumph of man over matter, beside being a sort of Exhibit "A" for the courage and ingenuity and "stick-it-to-iveness' required to evade the law of gravity.

From such structures, particularly the greater bridges, the picturesqueness of most, spanning rain and spring filled streams, from one tree clad shore to the other, and the architectural beauty of a majority of them, we cannot help feeling that every bridge is an inspiration for the pen of the historian, and that the builders of such spans must have assured themselves of, at least, local immortality, and often hope to find poets moved by what the historian fails to register.

The Schuylkill River is justly entitled to a large place in the annals of bridge building. Its first bridge was one of the most ingenious of all floating bridges, and while thrown across the river for temporary needs, it lasted until, nine months later, military requirements demanded its removal.

This floating bridge was known as Putnam's floating bridge, and was erected at Market street, Philadelphia, or "the Middle Ferry." Whether it was suggested by Judge Richard Peters, of Belmont fame, or by ship's carpenters, is a moot question, but its construction was an achievement with which Israel Putnam's name could have been honorably connected. Yet no biographer of "Old Put" apparently ever heard of that bridge.

But the story of Putnam's bridge is told by many local historians in substantially the same language, and none of them tells what his source of information is, except Fred Perry Powers, a local historian. This source is a pamphlet entitled "A Statistical Account of the Schuylkill Permanent Bridge." It was prepared in 1806 and issued as a pamphlet in the following year, and a year later it reached the office of Dennie's "Portfolio." It was written by Judge Richard Peters, promoter and president of the Permanent Bridge Company, or else under his inspiration and supervision, and is practically a contemporaneous record. It was written by a man associated with Putnam in the construction of the bridge, and was penned some thirty years after its erection:

"In December, 1776, when the British troops had overrun and nearly subjugated the state of New Jersey, General Washington, apprehensive of being forced to retreat with the shattered remnants of his patriotic army, wrote to General Putnam, then commanding in Philadelphia, directing him to take measures for the speedy passage of the Schuylkill, in case of urgent necessity."

Judge Peters' account continues: "Having advised with some shipwrights, a bridge of boats was at first thought of; but finally one of ship carpenters' floating stages, used for graving ships, was concluded upon. This plan being suggested by him (Judge Peters) to General Putnam, was instantly adopted and promptly executed."

Over this Putnam's Bridge, Washington's army marched on its way to meet the British Lord Howe. The orders issued from headquarters at Stenton, in Germantown, on August 23rd 1777, for the march through Philadelphia from the camp, on the Queen Lane Filtration plant site, at the Falls of Schuylkill, directed that "all the rest of the baggage wagons and spare horses are to file off to the right, to avoid the city entirely, and to move on to the bridge at the Middle Ferry."

Over that same bridge, the Americans retreated from the Battle of Brandywine, to their old camp on Queen lane. In the Orderly Book, of the American army, it states:

"Head Quarters, Chester, September 12th, 1777—The troops are to march in good order through Darby to the Bridge over the Schuylkill, cross it and proceed up to their former ground near the Falls of Schuylkill and Germantown and there pitch their tents."

Another Revolutionary Bridge was one known as the "Sullivan Bridge" near Valley Forge. From Providence, on November 20th, 1778, General Sullivan, of Washington's forces, wrote to the General Assembly:

"As I had the honor to Direct the Construction of the Bridge over Schuylkill near Valley Forge, and wish it to stand for the benefit of the Inhabitants of Pennsylvania, I take the Liberty of Recommending the Filling up of the Piers or Boxes with Stones, also a number of Stones to be thrown Round the Boxes to prevent the Sand washing away Round the sides. These precautions being taken I flatter myself that the Bridge will stand till the lumber decays."

But sometime later, when the river rose and bore down great ice cakes, there was not room under Sullivan's bridge for them to float by, and they took much of the structure along with them. In a letter to the President of Congress, dated at Valley Forge, on December 22nd, Washington wrote: "I have it also in contemplation to throw a bridge over the Schuylkill near this place, as soon as it is practicable, by means of which I hope we shall be able in great measure, with the help of the militia, to check the excursions of the enemy's parties on the other side."

On January 6th, 1778, the Orderly Book records: "One captain, one subaltern, two sergeants, two corporals and forty-eight men to parade tomorrow morning at sunrise on the grand parade; from thence to Fatland Ford, where they will receive General Sullivan's orders."

On February 21st Washington wrote in a letter to William Duer, "We have one bridge nearly completed. Defects in the quarter masters department have delayed it hitherto." But at that it was a remarkable expedition if the bridge were nearly completed in six or eight weeks of boisterous weather, in spite of the fact that the army had been without a Quartermaster General for several months.

The Pennsylvania Historical Society has a picture of a chain suspension bridge which once stood at the Falls of Schuylkill. In "The Port Folio" a Philadelphia magazine of June 1810, it was stated, "There are eight of these bridges erected now, the largest of which is that at the Falls of Schuylkill, 306 feet span, aided by an intermediate pier; the passage eighteen feet wide, supported by two chains of inch and a half square bar."

This bridge was erected by Messrs. Kennedy and Carpenter. An act of 1811 recites that they had transferred all their interests to trustees and authorized the creation of a stock company. Another act, two years later, permitted the Schuylkill Falls Bridge Company to increase its tolls one-fourth until the profits should reach 6 per cent. Evidently the bridge was a non-paying venture.

The "United States Gazette," of January 19th, 1816, contained an article which read: "The Chain Bridge at the Falls of Schuylkill fell down about five o'clock on Wednesday morning. This unfortunate occurrence is said to have been occasioned by the great weight of snow which remained on it, and a decayed piece of timber. There was no person on the bridge when it fell."

This chain suspension bridge at the Falls was erected in 1808, or 1809. The location is described in a poem as

"Where Schuylkill o'er his rocky bed
Roars like a bull in battle."

Which fact gives the present site of the Reading Railroad Company's Stone Bridge, as the scene of the old chain bridge.

But that was before the Fairmount dam had backed the water up over the falls of the Schuylkill and over Flat Rock dam, since which time the waters have silently slid seaward. The patents for this, the first suspension bridge in the United States, were held by a man named Finley. It is said that in 1734 the army of the Palatinate of Saxony built a chain bridge over the Oder, near Glorywitz, in Prussia. When we get our feet planted on solid fact we find that the earliest chain bridge in Europe that anything is known about, was a foot bridge across the Tees, built

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about 1741. Mr. Cumming, an English engineer, who labored faithfully to conceal the American origin of the suspension bridge, provided a picture of the Tees bridge, which he says was made upon the spot in 1824. It differed in nowise from the ancient bridges of Thibet and Peru, except in the use of chains instead of rawhide ropes. So that the Finley chain bridge built at the Falls, in 1808 was erected long before the Tees bridge of 1820.

Samuel Breck, for whom the public school at East Falls is named, in one of his notebooks, describing a trip to Washington, says under date of September 27th 1809:

"We crossed the Brandywine, on a bridge just building, suspended on iron chains upon the principle of the one lately constructed over the Falls of Schuylkill."

White & Hazard, wire manufacturers, after the destruction of the Finley bridge, built a suspended foot bridge over the Schuylkill at the Falls, which is described in a magazine article of June 1816, as follows:

"It is supported by six wires, each three-eights of an inch in diameter—three on each side of the bridge. These wires extend, forming a curve, from the garret windows of the wire factory to a tree on the opposite shore, which is braced by wires in three directions. The floor timbers are two feet long, one inch by three, suspended in a horizontal line by stirrups of number six wire at ends of the bridge and number nine wire in the center, from the curved wires. The floor is eighteen inches wide, of inch board secured to the floor timbers by nails, except where the end of two boards meet; here, in addition to the nails, the boards are kept from separating by wires—The distance between the two points of suspension is four hundred and eight feet."

And so, to White and Hazard goes the credit of erecting the first wire suspension bridge in the world, at the Falls of Schuylkill.

At Flat Rock there once stood another notable bridge. It was authorized by Legislature in 1809, and capitalized at $10,000. It was a single span, roofed, wooden structure, 187 feet between the abutments and 21 feet wide. On September 13, 1833, it fell between two loads of marble with thirteen horses. It was about to be taken down and replaced, but was repaired, according to Sharff & Westcott, the historians, and stood until September 1st, 1850, when the Conshohocken bridge was carried away, and took the Flat Rock Bridge with it.

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Walks and Talks: By The Rambler

John James Audubon, Naturalist, in Addition to Writing About Birds, Became a Painter of Them—His Disastrous Financial Venture in Louisville Related—Long-Contemplated Trip to Europe Told

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, the naturalist, of whom we wrote last week, was married in 1808, and taking his bride with him, journeyed to Louisville, where he opened a general store. In addition to writing about birds, he became a painter of birds. He had a partner named Ferdinand Rozier. We are told that Rozier was always to be found behind the counter of the store attending to whatever business was to be done. What was the whimsical Audubon doing? Well, most of the time he was wandering around the country, with the clerk of the store, in eager pursuit of rare birds. He was also a great fisherman and supplied the table with the fruits of both rod and gun.

While he was in Louisville he become acquainted with Daniel Boone and the two men formed a lasting friendship. But the business was not a success and finally went to the wall. Audubon, who was the heaviest financial loser, was sent to jail for debt and when he was finally released had only the clothes on his back, his gun and his original drawings. He went to New Orleans and worked as a tutor and drawing master. Mrs. Audubon obtained a position as a governess "and took upon her shoulders the burden of the needy family—a burden she sustained for twelve years."

* * *

The fickle goddess of chance smiled on them, however, when the naturalist came back to Philadelphia in 1824. His journal tells of his progress with an eloquence which could not be improved upon by any biographer. Here are some day-by-day extracts:

April 5—I purchased a new suit of clothes, and dressed myself with extreme neatness; after which I called upon Dr. Mease, an old friend. I was received with kindness, and was introduced to a gentleman named Earle, who exhibited my drawings. I was also introduced to several artists, who paid me pleasant attentions, and I also obtained entrance to the Philadelphia Athenæum and Philosophical Library. I was fortunate in obtaining an introduction to the portrait painter Sully, a man after my own heart, and who showed me great kindnesses. He was a beautiful singer, and an artist whose hints and advices were of great service to me. I afterwards saw Sully in London, where he was at thirty dollars per month. A visit from Rembrandt Peale, who liked my drawings, and asked me to his studio, where I saw his portrait of General Washington, but preferred the style of Sully. Had a visit from Mr. McMurtrie, the naturalist, whose study of shells has made him famous. He advised me to take my drawings to England. I labor assiduously at oil painting. I have now been twenty-five years pursuing my ornithological studies. Prince Canino often visited me and admired my drawings. He advised me to go to France. The French consul was still warmer in his sympathies and kind in his encouraging assurances."

Through the kindness of friends, Audubon now had sufficient money for his immediate needs and he resolved to take a long-planned trip to England. Before leaving he visited Joseph Bonaparte, the former King of Spain, who was then living in Philadelphia. When he was ready to start for Europe he found himself in possession of a large number of letters of introduction from Sully, the painter; Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, DeWitt Clinton, of New York, and others.

In England he met with a genuine ovation and honors were heaped on him. He was taken up by the Royal Institute and preparations were made for publishing his works. One amusing incident happened. Audubon always wore his hair long and it fell about his head in ringlets. His friends told him it would be better if he wore it in the English style. He wrote the "obituary" of his hair in these words:

EDINBURGH
March 19, 1827.

This day my Hair was sacrificed, and the Will of God usurped by the wishes of Man.

As the Barber clipped my locks rapidly, it reminded me of the horrible times of the French Revolution, when the same operation was performed upon all the victims murdered by the Guillotine.

My heart sank low.

JOHN J. AUDUBON.

He traveled all over Europe and finally returned to this country in 1[illegible]. He came to Philadelphia for a brief stop and we find these two entries in his journal:

* * *

"Sept. 18—I found the country

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"Rambler" Tells Tale of Schuylkill's Naturalist

George Barton, in Catholic Standard and Times, Relates Interesting Story of John James Audubon, of Mill Grove

Stories which concern the Schuylkill River have always been of interest in this section of Pennsylvania. This is natural because of its connection with the history of Penn's colony, since the beginning of things in this part of the country. And one of the most interesting tales which has been written about the river, relates to John Audubon, the American naturalist, and appeared in "The Rambler's" Column, of the Catholic Standard and Times, of last Friday.

George Barton, "The Rambler," says of Audubon:

"Not the least among the many eminent writers who have lived in and around Philadelphia was John James Audubon, the world famous naturalist, who has won the love and affection of bird lovers in every part of the globe.

"When he first came to America from his native France he established himself on an estate in Montgomery county which was owned by his father. It was a farm of 285 acres known as Mill Grove. It was and is located on the banks of the Schuylkill river, only a few miles from Norristown. It is at this point that the familiar Perkiomen creek joins the river. In our own time the name Mill Grove has been changed to Audubon in honor of the man who lived and worked there for many years. The entrance to the estate contains a marker, placed there by the present owner, so that the wayfarer may know that he is passing historic ground.

"Audubon was a frequent visitor to Philadelphia, while he lived at Mill Grove and the character of his work brought him into familiar contact with many eminent citizens of the day and generation. One of the men he met was Alexander Wilson, at that time regarded as the foremost ornithologist of this country. The little Scotsman and the newly arrived Frenchman did not "hit it" very well and one of the reasons assigned for their lack of congeniality was mutual jealousy. Audubon was highly gifted, but he had his oddities of temperament and was cautious in making friendships. Yet he found many persons to his liking as he trod the streets of the city which had boasted of so many men of genius. One wonders what his reactions might have been had he come earlier and met John Bartram. The botanist and the naturalist, would surely have found much in common in studying the secrets of nature.

"The devoted wife of Audubon, who first met him in Montgomery county, has written the story of his life and she tells of his experiences when he first came to this country and began to communicate with each other. A series of signals, chalked on boards and hung out of the windows, was one of the methods. Lucy Bakewell taught him English and in return he gave her drawing lessons. During all of this time he was mooning over his great work on American ornithology.

"Audubon speaks of his life at Mill Grove as being in every way agreeable. He had ample means for all his wants, was gay, extravagant, and fond of dress. He rather naively writes in his journal, "I had no vices; but was thoughtless, pensive, loving, fond of shooting, fishing and riding, and had a passion for raising all sorts of fowls, which sources of interest and amusement fully occupied my time. It was one of my fancies to be ridiculously fond of dress; to hunt in black satin breeches, wear pumps when shooting, and dress in the finest ruffled shirts I could obtain from France." He was also fond of dancing and music, and skating, and attended all the balls and skating parties in the neighborhood. Regarding his mode of life, Audubon gives some hints useful to those who desire to strengthen their constitution by an abstemious diet.

He says: "I ate no butcher's meat, lived chiefly on fruits, vegetables, fish, and never drank a glass of spirits or wine until my wedding day. To this, I attribute by continual good health, endurance, and an iron constitution. So strong was the habit, that I disliked going to dinner parties, where people were expected to indulge in eating and drinking, and where often there was not a single dish to my taste. I cared nothing for sumptuous entertainments. Pies, puddings, eggs and milk or cream was the food I liked best; and many a time was the dairy of Mrs. Thomas, the tenant's wife of Mill Grove, robbed of the cream intended to make butter for the Philadelphia market. All this while I was fair and rosy, strong as any one of my age and sex could be, and as active and agile as a buck.

"In the meanwhile Audubon had a business difference with the man who was in charge of his father's property and hurried home to France to have it out with his parent. The future Mrs. Audubon claims that this agent even went farther, and attempted to intrefere with his proposed union with her on the ground that it was "an unequal match." He remained in France for a year. The business dispute was adjusted and the father also gave his consent to the marriage with Miss Bakewell. But when he returned to [illegible]

[illegible] arrived in the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave. At the outset she writes: "On landing in New York he caught the yellow fever, by walking to the bank in Greenwich street to cash his letters of credit. Captain John Smith, whose name is gratefully recorded, took compassion on the young immigrant, removed him to Norristown, and placed him under the care of two Quaker ladies at a boarding house, and to the kindness of these ladies he doubtless owed his life. His father's agent, Mr. Fisher, of Philadelphia, knowing his condition, went with his carriage to his lodging and drove the invalid to his villa, situated at some distance from the city on the road to Trenton. Mr. Fisher was a Quaker, and a strict formalist in religious matters; did not approve of hunting and even objected to music. To the adventurous and romantic youth this home was little livelier than a prison, and he finally escaped from it. Mr. Fisher, at his request, put him in possession of his father's property of Mill Grove, on the Perkiomen creek; and from the rental paid by the tenant, a Quaker named William Thomas, the youth found himself supplied with all the funds he needed."

"At Mill Grove he found everything he required for study in his chosen pursuit. "Hunting, fishing, and drawing occupied my every moment," he writes, and it was while on one of his hunting trips that he first met the father of the girl who was to be his wife. Let him tell of the incident in his own words:

"I was struck with the kind politeness of Mr. Bakewell's manners, and found him a most expert marksman, and entered into conversation. I admired the beauty of his well trained dogs and finally promised to call upon him and his family. Well do I recollect the morning, and may it please God may I never forget it, when, for the first time I entered the Bakewell household. It happened that Mr. Bakewell was from home. I was shown into a parlor, where only one young lady was snugly seated at work, with her back turned towards the fire. She rose on my entrance, offered me a seat, and assured me of the gratification her father would feel on his return, which, she added with a smile, would be in a few minutes, as she would send a servant after him. Other ruddy cheeks made their appearance, but like spirits gay, vanquished from my sight. Talking and working, the young lady who remained made the time pass pleasantly enough, and to me especially so. It was she, my dear Lucy Bakewell, who afterwards became my wife and the mother of my children.

"The courtship between them was idyllic. The intimate friendship of the two families was illustrated by the means employed by the young man and young woman to communicate [illegible] shrewd father of the girl advised the naturalist to obtain some knowledge of commercial pursuits before getting married. This business of fooling with birds was all right but it did not seem to Mr. Bakewell as the sure way of making a living.

"He followed this advice and also journeyed through the South. Audubon has left us a description of his appearance at this period of his life. He says: I measured five feet ten and a half inches, was of a fair mien, and quite a handsome figure; large dark and rather sunken eyes, light-colored eyebrows, acquiline nose and a fine set of teeth; hair, fine texture and luxuriant, divided and passing down behind each ear in luxuriant ringlets as far as the shoulders. There appears excellent reason to believe that Audubon quite appreciated his youthful graces, and, with the innocence of a simple nature, was not ashamed to record them."

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painting a portrait of the Queen of England, and had an opportunity of returning his kindnesses.

"April 10—I was introduced to the Prince Canino, son of Lucien, and nephew of Napoleon Bonaparte, who examined my birds, and was complimentary in his praises. He was at the time engaged on a volume of American birds, which was soon to be published; but this did not prevent him from admiring another naturalist's work.

"April 12—Met the prince at Dr. Mease's, and he expressed a wish to examine my drawings more particularly. I found him very gentlemanly. He called in his carriage, took me to Peale, the artist, who was drawing specimens of birds for his work; but from want of knowledge of the habits of birds in a wild state, he represented them as if seated for a portrait, instead of with their own lively animated ways when seeking their natural food or pleasure. Other notable persons called to see my drawings and encouraged me with their remarks. The Prince of Canino introduced me to the Academy of Arts and Sciences, and pronounced my birds superb, and worthy of a pupil of David. I formed the acquaintance of Le Sueur, the zoologist and artist, who was greatly delighted with my drawings.

"April 14—After breakfast met the prince who called with me on Mr. Lawson, the engraver of Mr. Wilson's plates. This gentleman's figure nearly reached the roof, his face was sympathetically long, and his tongue was so long that we obtained no opportunity of speaking in his company. Lawson said my drawings were too soft, too much like oil paintings, and objected to engrave them. Mr. Fairman we found to be an engraver better able to appreciate my drawings, but he strongly advised me to go to England, to have them engraved in a superior manner.

"April 15—I obtained a room, and commenced work in earnest. Prince [illegible]

[illegible] proved, do[illegible] and the Dela[illegible] me handsomer th[illegible] Philadelphia at six [illegible] found Dr. Harlan wai[illegible] the wharf, and he took [illegible] carriage to his hospitable house, where I was happy in the presence of his amiable wife and interesting son.

"Sept. 24—Went to the market with Dr. Harlan at five o'clock this morning; certainly this market is the finest one in America. The flesh, fish, fruit and vegetables, and fowls, are abundant, and about fifty per cent. less than in New York; where, in fact, much of the produce of Pennsylvania and New Jersey is taken now-a-days for sale—even game! I bought two soras (cedar birds) for forty cents, that in New York would have brought eighty cents."

Audubon left Philadelphia eventually and settled in New York. He made himself a home on the banks of the Hudson near Fort Washington and here he spent his declining years with the members of his family. After 1848 his mind failed him entirely and his later days were rather pathetic. He died on January 27, 1851, but now, after three-quarters of a century, the estate on which he lived near Philadelphia still remains as a memorial of the man and his work.

[illegible] his drawings intended for publication, but my terms being much dearer than Alexander Wilson's, I was asked to discontinue this work. I had now determined to go to Europe with my 'treasures,' since I was assured nothing so fine in the way of ornithological representations existed. I worked incessantly to complete my series of drawings. On inquiry, I found Sully and Le Sueur made a poor living by their brush. I had some pupils offered at a dollar per lesson; but I found the citizens unwilling to pay for art, although they affected to patronize it. I exhibited my drawings for a week, but found the show did not pay, so determined to remove myself. I was introduced to Mr. Ensel, of Boston, an entomologist, then engaged upon a work on American spiders. Those interested in Wilson's book on the American birds advised me not to publish, and not only cold water, but ice, was poured upon my undertaking. Had a visit from my old partner Rozier, who was still thirsting for money.

"May 30—My dear friend Joseph Mason paid me a delightful visit today. Showed all my drawings to Titian Peale, who in return refused to let me see a new bird in his possession. This little incident filled me with grief at the narrow spirit of humanity, and makes me wish for the solitude of the woods.

* * *

"June 12—Giving lessons in drawin

Suburban Press
12/13/1951

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Water Is Subject of Strange Tale

Water Works Established at Shawmont in Early Seventies

STOKLEY, MAYOR

aced Old Wells and Pumps Throughout 21st Ward

By JOHN M. SICKINGER

Attracted to the intersection of two principal streets in the Roxborough section, some time ago, by a large crowd of unemployed men who were watching an emergency repair gang of the Bureau of Water making repairs to a broken water main, I over-heard one man remark that he believed that the old pipe had been in use over one hundred years.

There are no water mains in this section any older than sixty-one years. It was in the early seventies when the Water Works, on the upper Schuylkill River, was built to supply Roxborough and Manayunk with water. A small auxiliary engine was erected near the Basins in Roxborough to force the water over into the Mount Airy basin.

The local water works were almost completed when His Honor, Mayor Stokley, Chiefs McFadden and Dickinson, members of City Councils, newspaper men, and many others made a visit of inspection to Roxborough. They found that a large retaining wall would have to be built on the north side of the basin where a leak existed.

Down on the river front they found a wharf under construction, just outside of the works, and the ashes from the boiler room was being used for a "fill-in."

Two neat dwelling houses, for the engineers had been built of granite trimmed with sand stone. The stone used for their construction was quarried from the site of the houses. These houses adjoin the railroad station.

The inspection party thought that it would be suitable to grade the ground around the works and make other improvements. After the inspection the delegation was handsomely entertained at the home of Colonel Charles T. Jones, on Ridge avenue.

The advent of the city water mains throughout the 21st Ward was the exit of the old water bucket and community pumps that were scattered here and there. Pumps were located at the following places: ker street, between Center street d Green lane; Spring street, between Wood street and Spring Alley; Wood street, top of Oak; Thompson, corner of Oak street; in an alley on the Kaufman property, Oak above Baker street; Penn street, between railroad and Apple street; front of the Bramble's United States hotel, on Main street. There was another in front of Wyatt and Lackey's shoe store at the top of Green lane; in front of John H. Levering's residence on Green lane below Wood street; and another in front of Bowker's Hardware Store, Main below Levering street.

1873 was the year of the Local Option fight and the drys placed tin cups and dippers at each pump. The battle waxed hot. Slogans were printed, reading thus: "Who the tavern keepers have to push their tickets, we do not know, and do not care, as the color of their noses will be badge enough for them."

Dr. Trites was leader of the dry forces while "Joe" Yeakel a newspaper publisher, was leader of the "wets". The result of the election held October 14th, 1873, showed the following results for licenses, 1149; against licenses, 980.

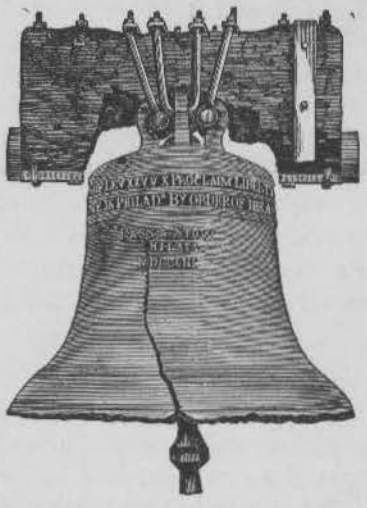
Then the village pumps began to disappear and were replaced by city water which gave the old town better fire protection as well as a regular bathing day.

Each week, Saturday night, if I am not mistaken, was set aside for the bathing contests. Recently, our City fathers thought about increasing the water taxes, and as usual a loud howl went up from the property owners. Prohibition today is to some people an issue between the major political parties. Back in "73", conditions were the same. The City fathers took the pumps away from the drys and made them buy their water, while local option arguments wax warm even yet. Doesn't history repeat?

PATRIOTIC PILGRIMAGE

to

VALLEY FORGE



GULPH MILLS. After passing under the tracks of the Philadelphia and Western Railway one is soon on the route of Washington and his army on the march to Valley Forge. On the left is a boulder placed by the "Sons of the Revolution." It records that here Washington and his army encamped from December 13, 1777, to December 19. After keeping December 18, as appointed by Congress, as a day for "public thanksgiving and prayer," on December 19, the march to Valley Forge was begun.

THE OVERHANGING ROCK. The Overhanging Rock, Pennsylvania's greatest natural memorial of the heroes of the Revolution, was presented to the "Valley Forge Historical Society" on the 147the anniversary of the march to Valley Forge by Mrs. J. Aubrey Anderson. This was done to prevent its destruction by the Highway Department, which was anxious to remove the rock as a menace to traffic. Very wisely the Department has widened the road at this place so there is no longer any necessity for any vehicle to go under the rock. Thus there has been saved from destruction Nature's memorial of the famous march to Valley Forge. Under it, and over ice and snow the barefoot soldiers passed, "tramping the snow to coral where they trod."

After crossing the bridge over the tracks of the Philadelphia and Western Railway on the bank on the right is the first of the old milestones —marking 15 miles to Philadelphia. After passing the 17, King-of-Prussia, with the old tavern on the left, is just ahead. The Inn was there when the defeated troops marched by. Just beyond the 18 milestone the road surmounts the crest and the hills of Valley Forge become visible,— *"Liberty's Own Lair."*

The dirt road straight ahead is the real road upon which the Army plodded its weary way—the road which the Nation so nearly lost. It is the Nation's Via Dolorosa, soaked with the blood of the heroes and patriots, now uncared for and neglected. Tourists take the road bearing to the right to the entrance of the Valley Forge Park and down into the modern village of Port Kennedy, but first crossing Trout Creek, with Morgan's Headquarters on the hillside above it, on the left, and Muhlenberg's further down stream on the right. His Brigade was near the entrance to the Park, on the left, while beyond it were the Brigades of Weedon, Paterson, Learned and Glover, extending as far as the National Arch.

In Port Kennedy we turn left on the road to Jenkins Mill, passing by the homes doomed to destruction. Beyond is the Cantonment. Before reaching the site of the picket, which was about where a lane leads to the left, we pass on the right the proposed site of the National Washington Hall, and for which the Daughters of the American Revolution the country over are now raising the money by giving a dollar and having other Americans give a dollar.

Toward the left is Mount Joy, girt with earthworks erected by the American Patriots in 1778 and surmounted by an Observatory. On its shoulder is Fort Washington, and straight ahead is Fort Huntington. The white house up the road on the left was Varnum's Headquarters, now in the care of Philadelphia's Chapter, D. A. R., and hidden by the woodland on the right is the unfortunate reproduction of Star Redoubt. On the crest of the hill was the North Carolina Brigade. To the left was Fort Huntington. The Connecticut Brigade was located near it, and next to it a Pennsylvania Brigade, formerly Conway's. Across the Gulph Road was Maxwell's New Jersey Brigade, now honored by a memorial shaft. Here the great Thanksgiving Service was held on May 6, 1778, in celebration of the French Alliance. The plain in the valley was the Grand Parade, and the noble shaft rising on the hillside was erected by the Daughters of the Revolution in 1901 to the "Unknown dead who sleep at Valley Forge." At is base is the only named grave at Valley Forge, although more than 3000 men lie here, men who made the great sacrifice for us.

The Washington Memorial Chapel is on the right, in the woodland, with its tribute to Washington and those who won our freedom, its testimony to the power of prayer and its invitation to prayer.

President Wilson named the Chapel "The Shrine of the American People," and Wilfred Powell called it "The American Westminster."

Over the front door is the great Washington Window, being given by the Pennsylvania Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, in the sum of $25,000 in memory of General George Washington.

The Valley Forge Historical Society cordially welcomes all Patriotic Americans to the Valley Forge Museum of American History, with its great collection of Washington relics, including his Marquee and the flag that gave the Stars to Old Glory, Washington's Headquarters standard. It invites every loyal American to become a member of this, the largest Historical Society in America.

VALLEY FORGE—THE NATIONAL SHRINE!!!

Amid the hills of Norriton
By the Schuylkill's placid stream,
You'll find the shrine of Valley Forge
More precious than life's dream.

America's most sacred ground,
Where many years ago—
The Father of his Country dwelt,
Oppressed with grief and woe.

And with him were his faithful men
A patriotic band,
Who suffered long that we, today,
Might hold our cherished land.

Brave, noble-hearted men were they
Though humble—yet so great!!!
We'll honor them, and praise their names,
Their glorious deeds relate.

—Emeline Henry Hooven.

Suburban Press, Jan 21, 1932

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Success of Audubon Was Long Delayed

Famous Naturalist and Painter of Birds Lived Along Schuylkill

MARRIED HERE

Home at Mill Grove Recalls Struggles of His Young Manhood

January 27 will be the seventy-ninth anniversary of the death of John James Audubon, the naturalist.

Much of Audubon's life story is familiar to every school child. His paintings of the birds of North America, reproduced in colored prints, are to be found in schoolrooms and attics, on remote farms and in library files. Audubon societies flourish in every State and in many European countries. His five volumes of American Ornithological Biography, with their 1100 life-size drawings of wild birds, received the acclaim of naturalists (if not of all scientists) when it was published in 1838. Audubon began to watch birds and to draw them before he was 5; he continued both habits almost to the day of his death.

Audubon senior wished to make his son a mathematician and a great scholar, but finally surrendered to that son's entreaties to be allowed "to live in the woods and paint birds." Born in New Orleans May 4, 1780, the child of a French naval officer and a Spanish creole, John James Laforest Audubon spent his first years among the magnolia blossoms and mocking-birds of the old French town. Soon after his mother died he was taken back to the ancestral home in the seacoast town of Nantes, France. Here, under the tutelage of a lively and talented step-mother he studied music, dancing, drawing, geography, fencing and other accomplishments deemed necessary for a son of a naval officer in the days of the first empire. He also studied mathematics to please his father, but hated it, and at the first opportunity would race into the woods to listen to the songs of the birds.

Aptutude with pencil and brush finally won young Audubon a course of study with David, the painter of Napaleon I and his court. So Audubon, as became a student, painted portraits and miniatures during this period, as he continued to do occasionally throughout his life. Once his ability was especially useful when hard pressed for money in a strange American city. But, birds, not people, were the chosen subjects.

Reconciled at last to the thought that his son would neither follow the sea like his forebears nor become a great mathematician, Admiral Audubon sent the boy back to America, where he settled. Near here an estate had been purchased by his father in the early days of the Revolution—Mill Grove, at the confluence of the Schuylkill river and the Perkiomen creek, a pleasant place of babbling brooks, long meadows, hills and heavy woodlands. Flowers grew in profusion along the moist banks of streams, and birds, birds by the thousands, sang and nested, reared their families and taught them to fly in the woods where Penn's people had settled.

"I had no vices," wrote the youthful Audubon of this period. "Fond of shooting, fishing and writing ... I ate no butcher's meat." Vegetables and fish were his chief diet, he drank no alcohol. He was "active and agile as a young buck." With the assistance of his father's agent he tried to become a good farmer and manage the family acres creditably, but the song of wild birds lured him into the woods at all hours. He found a cave at Mill Grove in whose entrance flycatchers and other small birds built their nests. The rock studio became his daily haunt, and in it he spent many hours studying the feathered songsters and sketching them as they flew in and out, and went about their daily business of house-building and housekeeping.

Audubon liked to paint birds on the wing and in action. And it was for this tendency, that frequently imparted an unnatural appearance and questioned the merit of his pictures. That Audubon himself questioned his earlier work and tried hard to improve it is shown from his diaries, which pokes sly fun at his youthful scratches.

"And Oh, what bills and claws I did draw! My drawings were at first made altogether in watercolors, but they wanted softness and a great deal of finish. For a long time I was dispirited at this. Then I recollected that when a pupil of David I had drawn head and figures in different colors so I resorted to a piece of that material of the tint required for the part, applied the pigment, rubbed the place with a cork stump, and at once obtained the desired effect. My drawings of owls and other birds of similar plumage were much improved by such applications. Indeed, after a few years of patience some of my attempts began to please me, and I have continued the same style ever since; and that now is for more than thirty years."

Soon after Audubon settled at Mill Grove he met Miss Lucy Bakewell, whose father, an Englishman, owned the adjoining plantation. Frequent neighborly calls soon led to a proposal of marriage. An obdurate father-in-law, however, demanded that the naturalist prove he could support a bride before he took one, so Audubon forthwith got himself a job in a New York counting house and went to work.

He was not a success as a clerk, and a speculation in indigo wiped out his small capital. He returned to Philadelphia and sold Mill Grove, married Miss Lucy and set off for Kentucky. There, in the town of Henderson, he bought a store and once more endeavored to make money enough to support a family.

The years that followed the Kentucky venture were more or less haphazard. Audubon spent little time behind the counter of his store selling sugar and molasses to villagers. He spent a great deal of time in neighboring woods, however, seeking new species of birds and sketching all those that crossed his path. Oriole, wren, black-wing and the rest of his loves he followed day after day. In Kentucky, too, he gathered much of the material that went into his book "Episodes of Western Life," for Audubon became a story-teller as well as a naturalist.

But spasmodic shopkeeping did not bring in money enough to keep the wolf from the door. The ornithologist was forced to take up portrait painting and his wife became a tutor. The shop was closed. A journey to Philadelphia in an effort to sell his ornithological drawings, now developed into a large collection, failed to win a publisher. Audubon returned to Kentucky, where, fortunately, he found his wife successfully established as a teacher. With his customary versaltility and adaptability he started a dancing school.

Audubon was a middle-aged man before his books and drawings received the recognition that he believed from the first they merited. In 1826 he made a journey to England and in Edinburgh was entertained by the Antiquarian Society, a body of scientists and other learned men. His books and drawings began to arouse interest, if not enthusiasm. Sir Walter Scott came to an exhibition of his work and proved cordial. In London, King George looked at the pictures and Baron Rothschild made an offer for them which was not accepted. There was still no sign of a publisher for the monumental work of many volumes.

But in Paris, finally, Audubon received the applause and commendation he had hoped to receive in Great Britain. The head of the Jardin des Plantes received him pleasantly and he was given a desk in the museum. The anatomist Cuvier became the champion of Audubon's work, and he was heralded at the foremost naturalist of America.

After his return from Paris the painter settled in Philadelphia and continued his bird drawings and study of natural history. In 1842 he bought an estate on the Hudson River in New York. There he established Audubon Park and built a house.

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Lock Tender Observes His 79th Natal Day

Winfield S. Guiles, of Flat Rock, Says He'll Stick to Job

CONTENTED WITH LIFE

Has Been Employed Along Schuylkill River For Seventy Years

Captain Guiles is still on the job.

Last Sunday the lock tender at Flat Rock Dam celebrated his 79th birthday—in the harness.

For 48 years Winfield S. Guiles has tended the locks in the Manayunk Canal, and 70 years he has been working along the Schuylkill River.

Captain Guiles no longer thinks of retiring. He intends to work "so long as they treat me right."

He is known to the citizens of this section as the "sleepless wonder." In the days when there was heavier traffic along the canal than there is now, his little lantern could be seen at night in any weather, blinking beside the lock gate.

For more than 25 years he never slept in a bed. With a 24-hour-a-day job, he was compelled to develop a technic for sleeping in a chair in his office at the lock house, but was always wide awake when a boat came along.

"Tell the world for me," he said, "that sticking to one job is the best way to attain happiness. I've got things down to a system here, no worries, lots of fun, plenty of friends.

"This view up the river means everything to me. I can't find any fault with the world. It's the folks who roam around who are unhappy. What I haven't seen is never going to worry me."

In 1861 Captain Guiles, then a child of eight, went to work at the little Reading Dam to help his father tend the locks. He worked there for 14 years and in 1875 went to the dam at Conshohocken. A year later he was tending the locks at Spring Garden street, when the canal ran that far, and in 1881 he started three years of service on a tugboat, which earned for him the title of captain. In 1884 he went to Flat Rock Dam.

Traffic on the canal now is mostly canoes, rowboats—pleasure parties—and this traffic is concentrated in the summer time. The main part of Captain Guiles work is watching the rise and fall of the water. One error on his part and every mill on the canal would be flooded in less than five minutes.

MARK 250th ANNIVERSARY

Pencoyd Celebrates Founding With Patriotic Meeting —Peter C. Hess and Henry Wynn Deliver Addresses

Marking the 250th anniversary of its founding, Pencoyd held a patriotic meeting in the Pencoyd School Monday night. Speakers included Peter C. Hess, township treasurer and Republican leader, and Henry Wynn, descendant of the physician to William Penn. The meeting was sponsored by Pencoyd's Men's Neighborhood Club and Ladies' Community Club.

A place, named by the Indians "Wiessakitkank," is mentioned in a land grant by the Upland Court in 1677. Opposite the mouth of the Wissahickon Creek, it is where the blast furnaces of the Pencoyd Iron Works are now located. On March 4, 1681, King Charles granted William Penn a tract of which Penn soon granted a parcel to his friend, John Apt Thomas, of Laithgwin, Merionethshire, Wales. Sharing in the gift of an overseas home was Edward Jones, a surgeon, of Bala, Merionethshire.

Without Thomas, who was ill, Dr. Jones and his party sailed from Liverpool on the "Lyons" or Lion, May, 1682, arriving August 13, the same year, two months before William Penn sailed up the Delaware.

The "Lyons" sailed up the Schuylkill to the present falls, near Wissakitkonk, and the passengers soon selected the choicest lands, then called Wincoro. Set aside for the ill John Apt Thomas was a tract of four thousand acres, running three miles along the Schuylkill and two miles back, then extending parallel with the river for six miles. This was known as Glanrason. Thomas died, and his widow received a deed to the tract with the name "Thomas Jones" erroneously written in place of her own. Her home was in a corner of the estate, in a large barn-like structure standing today, on the corner of Ashland avenue and Price street in what is now known as West Manayunk or Ashland Heights.

Others who came over on the "Lyons" founded Bala, Merion, Narberth (for years known as "Elm"), Radnor, Goshen and other nearby communities in what has been termed the Welsh Barony.

The family of Thomas Jones (John Apt Thomas originally) and Edward Jones, the surgeon, were the builders of the Merion Meeting House. William Penn, who preached from its pulpit, is believed to have been a visitor at the Jones' homestead.

The barn-like house at Price street and Ashland Avenue has been partly demolished. Half of it was converted several years ago into a dwelling occupied by a Mrs. Lentz; a stone in the center of it reads: "J. P. and P. 1682-1771." The other part of the main structure remains unchanged. It was built of field stones and long narrow slits in the walls in the place of windows, which were unknown in the New World of that time. The long slits were covered with oiled rags, or paper, to admit light. On the plastered walls are many curious inscriptions, one being "John Bartley, 1711." Because there were no wooden door frames then, the door swung from the outside, from iron hooks still in the walls.

Also in this section was the first mill in the New World, erected by Anthony Levering, whose site is now occupied by the Glen Willow Ice Manufacturing Company, River road and Belmont avenue. Across Belmont avenue from the Glen Willow offices is the old Levering homestead, now in possession of the Rudolph family. A nearby landmark of the Jones family is the old farmhouse that stands on a rocky cliff, overlooking Joseph Miles & Sons' lumber mills, and now in possession of the Theresa Lyle estate. One Jones son, John Paul, won fame in the War of 1812. Jones' Ferry is shown on Hill's Map of 1808 as crossing the Schuylkill at Green Tree Run, now Green Lane. When the river waters are low, the piers of a queer bridge can be seen. It was erected by one of the Jones' and is described at the Stevens Memorial in Manayunk.

The Green Lane Bridge, connecting Manayunk and Ashland Heights, is a monument marking the first settlement of Pennsylvania.

Pencoyd, over a mile south of Ashland Heights, is a separate and distinct community from it, and is highly individualistic. Its postmaster William M. O. Edwards, has published several historical articles telling of the Bala-Cynwyd and Pencoyd of Merionethshire, Wales, 250 years ago and now. While other Main Line communities have grown since before the War, Pencoyd is no more populous than at the beginning of the century. For years no new dwelling has been erected in it. Its chief industries are West Laurel Hill Cemetery and the Pencoyd Iron Works, whose present head is Percival Roberts, Jr., of the family which included the late Algernon Roberts, first president of the Lower Merion Township Commission, and George B. Roberts, one time president of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Suburban Press 8/10/1932

Washington Celebration At Pencoyd

Community Club Entertains Crowd in Lower Merion's "Happy Valley"

ROBERTS' SCION SPEAKS

Picture, Song and Oratory Make Evening One to Be Remembered

One of the most interesting and varied of the Washington Bi-Centennial observances which has been held in this vicinity took place last Monday evening, at the Pencoyd Community Club, in Pencoyd, Lower Merion.

The historical features and entertainment, as arranged by a committee of the club members, headed by Samuel Bleakly, Robert Lawson and Mrs. A. B. Macoley, sustained the interested attention of the two hundred, or more, persons who filled the appropriately-decorated auditorium, from the singing of "America" until the entire group hymned "The Star Spangled Banner," as a finale to the evening's program.

Frederick Roberts acted as master-of-ceremonies, at the affair, which was opened with the singing of "America" and prayer by Rev. Herbert Bieber, pastor of the Pesbyterian Church of the Covenant, Cynwyd.

Ethel Eckard, soprano, who studied under Frank La Forge, and is a member of the Strawbridge & Clothier Chorus, contributed vocal numbers which were heartily and lengthily applauded. These included "Sweet Mystery of Life," and, with Robert West, baritone, a duet, "Song of Love."

The Boyer family, of Germantown, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Z. Boyer; their daughter, Dorothy; and son, Edward Boyer, provided the piano and violin music. In their brace of splendidly rendered numbers, were "Berceause," by Caesar Qui; "The Old Refrain," by Kriesler; "Mother from Maryland," and "The Star Spangled Banner."

Peter Q. Hess, treasurer of Lower Merion Township, represented the local government, and made a short address in which he told of old maps disclosing that Pencoyd was the first part of the township which was settled; mentioning the family names of Roberts, Evans, Wynne, and Williams, as Welsh pioneers who came to this section 250 years ago. Mr. Hess also spoke of present-day Lower Merion, as being Pennsylvania's finest township; with the lowest tax rates, the best roads, and other municipal improvements, and a good place in which to live.

Through the courtesy of the Philadelphia Electric Company, the United States Government moving picture, "The Life and Times of George Washington"—which was the principal feature of the observance—was shown, with the story explanations being made by Josephine L. Reed Hopwood, of the Electric Company's staff. The career of Washington, from boyhood until the time of his death at Mount Vernon, on December 26th of 1799, was splendidly portrayed, in the four reels which comprise the film epic.

Later in the evening, another picture—an "Our Gang" comedy—was displayed by the same lady, much to the delight of young and old onlookers.

Hiram L. Wynne, a lineal descendant of Dr. Thomas Wynne, physician to William Penn, also made an address, mostly concerning early reminiscences of Lower Merion Township, in which his ancestors had settled, and also where the speaker himself had spent his boyhood.

Marie Fischlis gave a character presentation, in which a German woman was delineated as attending a great metropolitan theatre to witness the Shakespearian play of "Romeo and Juliet," which convulsed the audience with laughter.

Logan M. Dayton, past commander of Hattal-Taylor Post No. 333, Veterans of Foreign Wars, sang "Little Mother of Mine," as being appropriate to the Lindbergh kidnapping news of the day, which offering was received with prolonged hand-clapping by the audience.

Little Miss Regina Love, a diminutive resident of Lower Merion's "Happy Valley," recited an original poem, "The Pencoyd Pioneers," which was written by William B. Edwards.

Robert West, baritone, who himself is a descendant of Thomas Hart, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, had as his part of the evening's enjoyments, a splendid rendition of "Mine Alone."

T. William Roberts, a direct descendant of the first Welsh settlers, who came to Lower Merion and established Pencoyd in 1682, and more recently created the great iron works here, recited some of the early history of the community. A total of 50,000 acres of land was granted to the early Welshmen, by the State's founder, William Penn, in tracts of 5000 acres each to companies, led by the Roberts', John Davie, Thomas Wynne, Dr. Edward Jones, and others. Mr. Roberts also told of the origin of the name Pennsylvania, after the first suggested name of "New Walesylvania" had been discarded as being too lengthy. The present head of the house of Roberts, then fell into a reminiscent mood and told of some personal experiences around Pencoyd village, in his youth.

Another of the speakers, who touched upon the growth of Pencoyd, was Lloyd M. Smith, of the West Laurel Hill Cemetery Company, who called upon his hearers to "live the traditions of the past, in order to make better, the present era."

After singing "The Star Spangled Banner," benediction was pronounced by Rev. Franklin Duncombe, pastor of the Bala-Cynwyd-Merion M. E. Church, and the audience dispersed, each person receiving a candy-filled Washington hatchet as a souvenir, and happy over being present at the affair, which will long be memorable.

Bryn Mawr Home News
3/11/1932

SUPERINTENDENT S. E. DOWNS PRESENTS SCHOOL DISTRICT SURVEY

Interesting Statistics on Growth of Activities in Lower Merion Township During Past 18 Years—Big Increase in Every Department With Enhanced Value in Grounds, Buildings and Equipment.

The transfer of the Lancaster and Montgomery Pikes from private to public control and the removal of the many toll stations on these shortly after 1914, together with the development of the automobile as the chief medium of local transportation, greatly enhanced the desirability of Lower Merion suburban residence as did also the more satisfactory train service following the electrification of the Main Line. The consistently progressive policy of our Township Commissioners has also stimulated home building and all wholesome community enterprises. The erection of modern churches and community libraries and the extension of the facilities of our many colleges, parochial and private schools have also, during these years, encouraged many desirable citizens to locate here.

The consolidation, the enlargement and the modernization of our public school system through the wise planning of the Board of Education, the devoted service of a corps of excellent teachers and the encouragement and active support of a community public opinion have made available to Lower Merion children the best now obtainable in buildings, in equipments, and in instruction.

Without well educated, professionally trained, experienced teachers no schools can render major service. To present members of our faculty who have served throughout this entire period and to others who died in service here, full recognition is due as also to the greater number of newer members of our teaching force, who have brought additional stimulus to all of us. Of the eighty members of the faculty in 1914 twenty-one continue in active service, thirteen have completed life's work and five are retired on state or local pension.

Township Schools 1914

Eighteen years ago the Lower Merion school system included the following buildings:

Ardmore Avenue—Both of the present buildings were in use, the annex having been constructed the preceding year.

Ashland—The old stone structure located on a half acre plot, on a steep hillside, included seven class rooms, air furnaces, a condemned well in the cellar and outside unsanitary toilets.

Bala—The present building was intact but without modern heating and ventilating plant, electric fixtures, sanitary toilets, or completely graded playground.

Bryn Mawr—The school was housed in the building between Lancaster Pike and the railroad, now occupied by the Moose Lodge. This contained fourteen class rooms but play space and modern heating, lighting and toilet facilities were lacking.

Cynwyd—The school of four rooms was housed in the old Academy building now used by the janitor. No part of the present playground or athletic field was graded.

Fairview—Seven grades of school were conducted in a two room building since sold.

Merion Square—The front of the present structure, including four class rooms housing eight grades, was used to capacity. The plant was provided with outside unsanitary toilets and the water supply was furnished from a well later condemned by the Board of Health.

Mt. Pleasant—The one room building, still owned by the District, contained five grades.

Pencoyd—This building, since sold, housed four grades under the control of one teacher.

Wynnewood—One teacher taught four grades in this small rural building.

Lower Merion High School—Two hundred and twenty-one students were enrolled in the four classes, grades 9 to 12. The property included four acres of ground and the front section of the present Senior High School.

There were then, as now, eleven school buildings but a comparison will make clear the changes instituted and the additional assets included in the school plants at present. In none of the buildings listed above, except in the Senior High School and the Ardmore Avenue annex, were there electric lights, modern toilets or gymnasiums. Playgrounds were either non-existent or were wholly inadequate and the many conveniences now regarded as necessities were then unknown.

Township Schools 1932

Ardmore Avenue—Improvements include installation of electric lights, a rotary fire escape, domestic science and lunch departments, movable furniture and the refinishing with composition of the entire playground.

Ashland—The new school, located on a five acre plot, surrounded by close mesh fence and retaining wall, is modern in all departments and contains gymnasium-auditorium, manual equipments, showers and lockers, cafeteria, corrective rooms, offices and retiring rooms and class rooms sufficient for six hundred (600) pupils.

Bala—The replacement of the old with a modern heating plant, the improvement of playgrounds through grading and the erection of retaining walls and fence, the installation of electric fixtures and the redecoration of the interior have made this building attractive for class room purposes although it does not contain the facilities now available in our new buildings. The public playground, equipped by the Township Commissioners, adds to the recreation facilities available during the late spring and early fall.

Bryn Mawr—As a replacement for the old, inadequate, unsanitary building located at a dangerous point between Lancaster Pike and the railroad, Bryn Mawr now possesses a modern fireproof school, situated on a six acre plot, with all departments fully equipped for academic and manual work, including cafeteria, offices, retiring rooms and a large auditorium-gymnasium.

Cynwyd—In place of the old four-room Academy, now used as the home of the janitor, Cynwyd possesses a modern brick building, located at the intersection of Bryn Mawr Avenue and Levering Mill Road on a plot of ground of nine and one-half acres. The school contains equipments similar to those at Bryn Mawr. The retaining walls, sloping terraces and well graded athletic field add to the attractiveness and the utility of this plant.

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Bryn Mawr Homenews 4/1/32

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MEMBERS of the Roberts and Wynne families, with some of their neighbors, met this week at Pencoyd to commemorate the 250th anniversary of the settlement of that section, by John Roberts, a Welsh Quaker, from Pencoed, in the parish of Llyn, in the mountainous district of Caernarvon, in the northwestern part of Wales. From Thomas Wynne, the fellow Welshman and Penn's physician, who had crossed on the "Welcome," and from John Ap John, Roberts purchased a large tract on the upper Schuylkill and began the development of the estate to which the name of his ancestral home was given. His descendants have lived there to this day, while to the large industrial establishment, founded 80 years ago by Algernon and Percival Roberts, was given the name of the Pencoyd Iron Works that grew from a small beginning to be one of Philadelphia's major industries, drawing many of its workers from Manayunk and the Falls of the Schuylkill.

Pencoyd's Ancient Ancestry

The Roberts, who trace their ancestry back to Colwyn ap Tangno, Lord of Llyn and founder of the Fifth Noble Tribe of North Wales, have played a conspicuous part in the life of the city and State. John Roberts, who married Gaynor, the daughter of Robert Pugh, who had come from Llwyndedwydd, near Bala, in Wales, to settle in what is now Merion, Pennsylvania, was one of the original purchasers of the 40,000 acres of the great "Welsh Tract" which has given many Welsh names to that section of the State.

He was a miller and prosperous and his son, Robert, was also a miller. A great-grandson, Algernon Roberts, took an active part in the Revolution, serving as a Lieutenant Colonel of Pennsylvania Militia and as a Supply Commissioner for the Army. His son, Algernon Sydney Roberts, prospered in the wholesale drug business, became interested in coal and iron, and was one of the founders of the Pennsylvania Railroad, of which his nephew, George B. Roberts, later became President. He started the Pencoyd Iron Works on its career as a maker of car wheel axles and later of bridges and structural iron work shipped to all parts of the world.

Through marriage the Roberts and Wynne families are related, as are also the Evans, Jones, Price, Warner, Owen, Carpenter, Cuthbert, Groome, McFadden and Brownings.

What Pencoyd—the word meaning Three Tops in Welsh—was like when John Roberts came there has been preserved in his own recording. Writing that in the year 1683 he transported himself, with many of his friends, to Pennsylvania where he settled on the place which he afterwards called Pencoid, "where we now abide," he added, "being then a wilderness, but now by God's blessing on our endeavors, is become a fruitful field; So to God's name be the Praise, Honor & Glory, who is worthy of it for ever & ever more."

Phases of the Park Question

This is the first of a series of ten letter articles written by William J. Serrill, President Community Health and Civic Association, and addressed to George F. Curwen, chairman of the Highway Committee of the Lower Merion Township Board of Commissioners.

Understanding that our recent proposals regarding the acquisition of Parks in the township have been referred to your committee, we now propose to address to you a series of brief letters covering phases of the Parks question. We have the impression that considerable confusion exists in the minds of the public regarding the principles which govern the acquisition of parks, and some uneasiness on the part of the land owners affected. This confusion and uneasiness are only natural when one considers that the formation of parks in the suburbs of Philadelphia is altogether a new undertaking, with which our citizens have so far not had any experience. It is important that all phases of the question should be clearly understood.

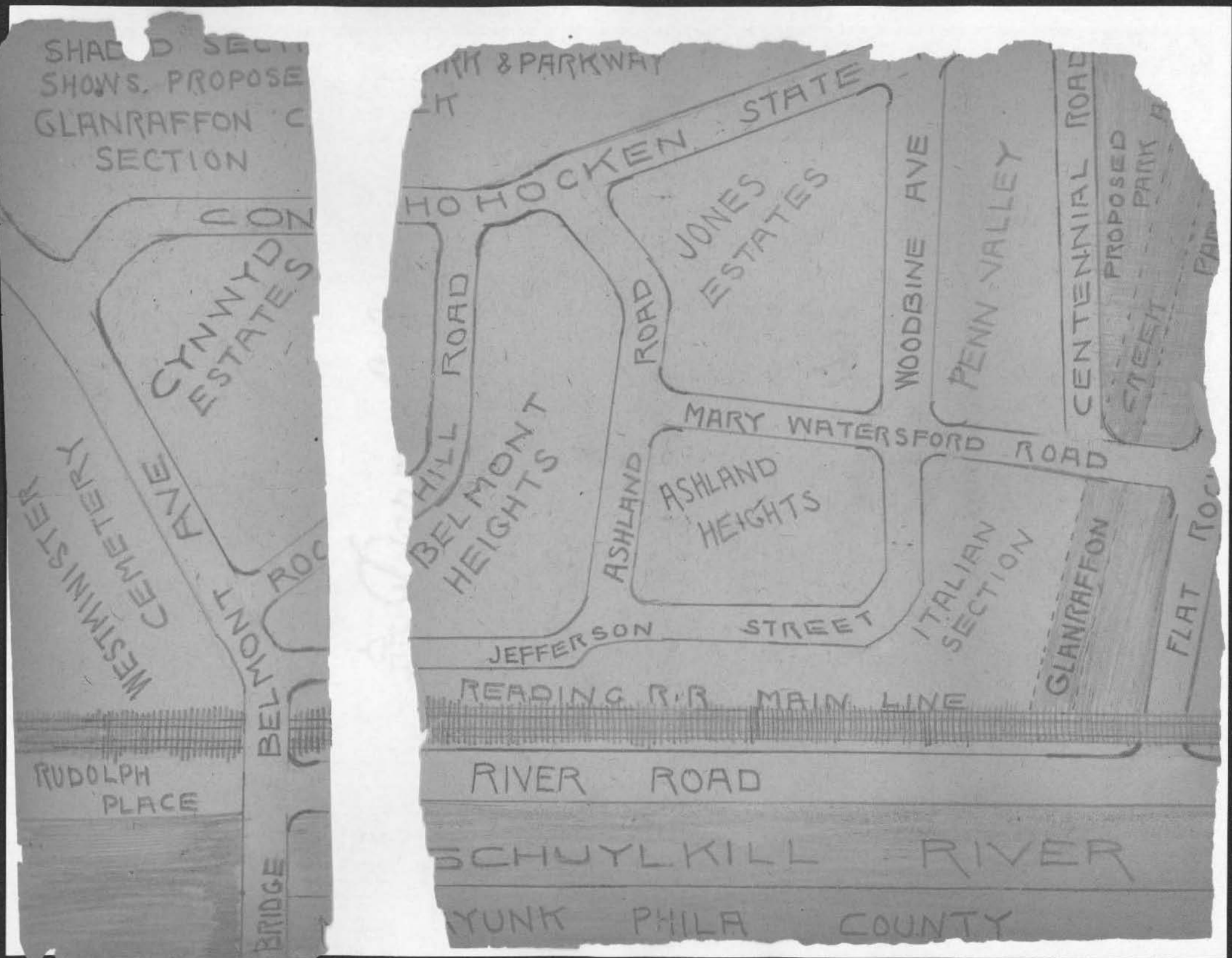
Making parks of the valleys of creeks forms so large a part of the whole park problem for Philadelphia's suburbs in the completed plan of the Regional Planning Federation that I propose at first to deal only with the principles which bear on the creek valley problem, ignoring for the time being the other types of proposed parks. Especially with reference to Lower Merion Township, which has so many attractive creek valleys terminating in the Schuylkill River, it seems desirable to consider this particular class of proposed parks separately from any other.

Between West Manayunk and West Conshohocken there are seven of these valleys, differing from each other in length and size, but all with heavily wooded slopes, and of such natural beauty that all of them should be preserved indefinitely in their natural condition for the benefit of the citizens of the future. These valleys are Glanraffon Creek, Hollow Run, Mill Creek, Soapstone Run, Youngsford Creek (two beautiful branches, each with its valley) and Spring Mill Run. These valleys are all of the type of the well-known Wissahickon Valley, with steep heavily-wooded slopes on each side. The government, in converting these valleys into parks, should control both sides of each valley, entirely to the top of the slopes. Such steep land is not well suited for building purposes; it is thus the least valuable part of the owner's land. If the park boundary is located part way down the slope, dumping from above is apt to roll across th on to park land, and to sightly in the park. The of the valley should be

The basic principle wh the conversion of these c into parks is that it is a process of conservation. The main object is to preserve the valleys with their fine old trees and natural beauty from the kind of destruction or desecration which is bound to overtake them unless they are protected. Sooner or later their slopes will be denuded and converted into quarries or used as dumps, unless some power which can control commercial considerations will preserve them. The only power which can thus be effective is the government. In other words unless these valleys are secured and maintained by the government as parks they are bound to be destroyed.

If the government should preserve these valleys it seems almost a matter of course that it should open them as parks for the enjoyment of the people. This second principle, almost a corallary to the first, yet is really separate. The preservation of the beauty of the valleys is the main consideration; their use by the public, although it seems naturally to follow, is really a secondary consideration. And the point we wish to make is that a separation of these two basic principles, conservation on the one hand and public use on the other, has an important bearing on the methods used by the government in acquiring the property, and therefore, on the whole problem as it affects the property owners.

(This subject will be pursued in Letter No. 2, to be published next week).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JONES ESTATES
WOODBINE AVE
PENN VALLEY
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PROPOSED PARK
STREET
MARY WATERSFORD ROAD
ASHLAND
ASHLAND HEIGHTS
ITALIAN SECTION
GLANRAFFON
FLAT ROC
JEFFERSON STREET
READING R.R MAIN LINE
RIVER ROAD
SCHUYLKILL RIVER
YUNK PHILA COUNTY

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4/8/1932

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Phases of the Park Ques'ion

by William J. Serrill

In Letter No. 1, published last week, we pointed out that the main object of converting creek valleys into parks is to conserve the natural character of the valleys, and that the use of the valleys by the public, while very desirable, is secondary. We will now continue the argument.

It is natural for anyone to assume, when the government proposes to acquire a creek valley for a park that it must forthwith secure title to all of the land lying in the valley, and at once dispossess and reimburse the present owners. However, if we correctly understand the methods by which governments work in such cases, they do not follow the such a course. The government's methods are dictated by practical considerations, largely those of availability and of economy. The government naturally hesitates to take any man's land for park purposes against his will. It naturally postpones the making of the outlay for a piece of property as long as it can feasibly be postponed. If the government can accomplish its main purpose; namely, the preservation of the valley, by a slow process, which will not hurt the feelings of any land owner, and which will convert its reimbursement to the land owners into a series of payments spread over an indefinite period, it is only reasonable to suppose that the government will adopt this course.

Now it is evident that the preservation of the valley as a park does not demand the immediate purchase of all the land by the government. All that the government need ask of the owner of a piece of property in the valley is that he will agree not to cut down the trees or otherwise deface his land in the valley, or build on it. So long as he preserves his land in its existing condition the government has no desire to disturb him in his ownership of it. In fact it would prefer to postpone the payment for the land as long as possible. We think it is safe to say that no owner of land in any one of these valleys need fear that a decision by the government to make a park of the valley need disturb him in his ownership of that portion of his land which lies in the valley, as long as he may live.

It is of course true that most owners of land are very much disturbed if they fear that any of their land is to be forcibly taken from them by the government. Under the conditions described above owners of land in these creek valleys need not be so mentally disturbed. They may rest satisfied that so long as they and their heirs maintain their land in the valley in its pristine condition they will not be disturbed in their ownership. Their agreement with the government not to desecrate their land in the valley thus becomes a restriction, similar to the restrictions not uncommon in deeds, and in zoning ordinances. None of these restrictions deprives the citizen of his ownership of the land; they merely restrict his use of certain portions of it. Furthermore, the steep slopes which form these creek valleys are usually not well adapted to building purposes; they really constitute, from the owner's viewpoint, the least valuable portion of his land. It is therefore no real hardship to ask him to agree to a restriction as to his use of this least valuable part of his property, especially when it is realized that the existence of this valley park adjoining his more valuable land is a distinct asset, tending in the long run to increase its value.

Sub. Press 5/5/1932

Storm Made New Dam A Necessity

Flat Rock Dam Was Re-Constructed After Heavy Rain in 1904

OLD BREAST RUINED

Navigation Company Forced to Rebuild Great Structure

By JOHN M. SICKINGER

After a few rainless days, winter or summer, one can see Flat Rock Dam standing like a stone wall, without any overflow falling across its breast, but behind it is dammed many thousands of gallons of water.

This present-day dam is not constructed like the original one which stood there, which burst following a heavy storm in the spring of 1904. The old one was built in box-shape and the water fell over five breasts at the same time. The center breast was torn away causing a great flood below the dam.

The lower floors of the mills and homes along the banks of the Schuylkill river were submerged for several hours until the tide below Fairmount receded. Then the Manayunk pool fell below normal and a large hole, some two hundred feet wide, was revealed in the Flat Rock dam breast.

The Schuylkill Navigation Company soon rushed a large force of workmen to Shawmont to repair the break. The upper river, from Flat Rock to Conshohocken drained itself to the size of a brook, leaving wide mud flats, from the normal shore line to the edge of the water, on both sides of the river.

The workmen remained at their tasks, night and day, building coffer dams and cribs, but when they were about ready to put them in place, another storm broke loose, washing the cribs away.

Residents of Manayunk, Roxborough, Chestnut Hill and Germantown, were advised to use water sparingly, by officials of the Water Bureau, because the intake pipes at the Shawmont Pumping Station were above the water line, and the consumers were fast reducing the water that had been stored in the Roxborough reservoir.

Every mill that used water power was forced to remain idle. Many of the textile workers were put to work by the Navigation company as laborers, and a force of several hundred men were employed in repairing the break.

At the time the river was at its lowest, persons residing along its banks were treated to some rare sights. Catfish were seen with heads as large as those of an ordinary house cat. Eels that were as thick as a man's limb and several feet in length were common. Carp the size of a full grown school boy were numerous, and so were many other strange denizens of the river. Rocks were exposed to view that the oldest resident had never known. After many years the bed of the stream was seen as it probably was during the time the Redmen lived along its shores.

Six weeks of hard labor was put in by workmen before the coffer dams were again ready to be sunk; the cribs built and floated into place and submerged with many tons of rocks.

The following account, clipped from a Philadelphia newspaper, discloses the amount of work required to make the repairs:

"After six weeks of hard labor the Schuylkill Navigation Company's workmen have succeeded in closing the breach in the broken dam at Flat Rock. It took over four weeks' time to construct a double row of abutting piers on each side of the break, built of stone cribs weighing 35 tons each, to form an apex thus reducing the apperture to 22 feet in width. On Friday a strongly-built wedge shaped crib was successfully floated into place and the breach was closed. The crib will be gradually filled with stone and when sunk will cause a sort of coffer dam. Then the real work of repairing the 200 feet of broken structure will begin.

"While the work of closing the apperture has been underway the remaining part of the dam has been strengthened in many ways, and when completed it is expected to stand the pressure of all freshets for two years, when, it is said, a new dam will be erected farther down the stream.

"Mill owners at Manayunk, whose plants have been kept idle four weeks on account of the break, were notified to get ready to start up on Monday, when it was expected that the water would have risen sufficiently for them to use the water for motive power.

Bryn Mawr Home News 5/29/1932

Phases of the Park Question

by William J. Serrill

In letter No. 7, we mentioned the River Road skirting the Schuylkill River. We now recommend for the consideration of the Board of Parks the following project.

For a distance of about two miles, —from the end of the valley of Glanraffon Creek up stream to the end of Waverly Road,—the River Road lies between the railroad and the river. Above the Flat Rock Dam; i. e. for the greater part of the whole distance, the river is full breasted, and has the characteristics of a charming lake. For this distance the River Road is substantially on the level with the river, and close to it. We thus have, ready made to our hands, a scenic "lakeside" drive, such as other communities spend millions to obtain, and yet, so blind have we been to the beauty of landscape and waterscape, to its value as a civilizing influence and as a means of enjoyment, that we fail to take advantage of it. One frequently made criticism of our beautiful country-side in Philadelphia's suburbs is the lack of water views. Here is a good one, ready made. Until recently, the River Road has been unpaved, and practically impassable except during the summer season. This last year, however, the lower half of this road has been paved, and only now have the wonderful possibilities of this potential parkway drive become apparent.

Now, what work is needed to convert this road into a parkway drive? The strip of land between the road and the river varies in width, but throughout it is only a fairly narrow margin to the river. It is already attractively wooded at places throughout it length. This strip is, however, at the present time, marred by an almost continuous row of boat-house shacks. The presence of these unsubstantial buildings ruins the roadside for the purposes of a pleasure drive. Their complete abolition, on other grounds than those on which we now urge it, is desirable. Tear these buildings down, rake up and burn the accumulated debris, sow grass seed where needed and this strip of land is redeemed.

On the other side of the proposed parkway—the railroad side—for the greater part of this two miles, the railroad level is ten to fifteen feet higher than that of the road. The road is thus bordered either by a wall of massive masonry, resembling a cliff, or by a steep embankment. English ivy planted at the base of the wall, a grading to an even surface of the embankment, with grass and appropriate shrubbery, constitute all that is needed on the railroad side of this parkway drive. The physical work is thus simple and inexpensive.

How about the control of the land? Fortunately the land, on both sides throughout the length of this stretch of road, belongs to only two owners; and considering who these owners are, it is not probable that, in order to clean this land up for parkway purposes, the government would need to purchase the land. The owners are Mr. Percival Roberts and the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company. These two owners will probably welcome the improvement, and either present the land to the government or lease it on nominal terms. We do not anticipate that the Board of Parks will experience any difficulty in negotiating a satisfactory arrangement with these two owners. Could anything be more unfortunate? A multitude of small holdings would have meant numerous negotiations and probably costly purchases—now happily not needed. Fortunate community! to possess so beautiful a pleasure drive obtainable at so slight expense!

We understand that the University of Pennsylvania has under consideration the holding of regattas and intercollegiate boat races on this stretch of the river above Flat Rock Dam in place of the old course in Fairmount Park. In case this plan should be adopted, it will surely be up to the township to clean up this shore of the river. The shacks which now deface the shore surely cannot be permitted to remain in face of the crowds who gather to witness a boat race.

Suburban Press 7/7/1932

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Canvas Shows West Side

"Spring in Manayunk" Is Scene of Hillside Farms Across the Schuylkill. — Now Hangs in Metropolitan Museum, New York.

Among the nine canvasses recently purchased by the Metropolitan Museum of New York, which were the subject of an editorial in the Philadelphia Inquirer of Monday June 27, was Francis Speight's "Spring in Manayunk." This was mentioned in last week's issue of The Suburban Press.

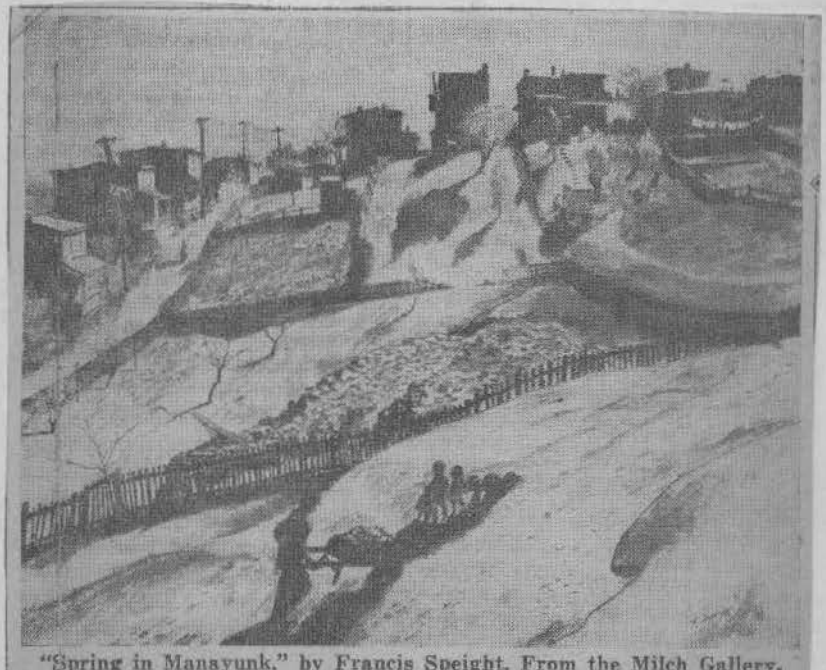
The painting, a newspaper reproduction of which appeared in The New York Times, of Sunday June 26th, is apparently a view of West Manayunk, taken from a hillside of the Ashland Heights section.

An unpaved road ascends on the left hand side of the picture, with the dwellings having the appearance of steps, spaced far apart, while along the top is another row of various-sized homes.

The garden plots are large and run up the steep hillside, and the fences are of the wood pailing style. In some of the gardens, the earth has a freshly-turned appearance, and in the foreground can be seen a workman with a wheel-barrow. Toddling in front of the barrow are three small children.

The shadows of the trees, and [illegible] subjects run from the upper [illegible] har[illegible]

New York Times 6/26/1932



"Spring in Manayunk," by Francis Speight, From the Milch Gallery.

Bryn Mawr Homenews
7/1/1932

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INTERESTING HISTORICAL SKETCH OF BRYN MAWR AND VICINITY

Few Communities More Closely Connected With Nation's Early History—How Bryn Mawr Was Named and Facts About Original Purchase of Lands by Roland Ellis, of Wales—Entire Section Rich in Lore of Revolution.

By Gordon M. Burlingame

Few communities are more closely connected with the early history of our nation than Bryn Mawr. Several volumes could be filled with the accounts of the early settlers, their trials and tribulations, but the purpose of this article is to point out places and people prominent in the affairs of the country during its emergence from a province of the Crown of England to a State in the United States; that period when this section was a veritable "No Man's Land," an area under cultivation by peace-loving, industrious members of the Society of Friends, beset by both the British, who were at the time in possession of Philadelphia, and the highly nationalistic Colonials in possession of the stern and forbidding hills of Valley Forge.

But let us first consider the name of our town. "Bryn Mawr" was the name of the farm near Dogelly, Dyffrydan township, in Merionethshire, Wales, on which was born Rowland Ellis, a minister among Friends. One of the first purchasers of ground in the new settlement in America, he sent, in 1683, his farmer, Thomas Owen, to have his land laid out and cultivation commenced. Four years later Ellis first arrived in this country and after a short stay returned to his native heath. We find that in 1696 he again left for the new world, arriving at Philadelphia in four months—1697. He resided for several years in a little house, which had been erected by Owen and in 1703 had his holdings in this vicinity surveyed. This survey disclosed that he was the owner of about 800 acres which lay north of what is now known as Bryn Mawr. About 1704 he erected a pretentious two-story stone mansion on his "Bryn Mawr" farm, which is still standing. This dwelling is now occupied by Mrs. Ralph D. Colton, the name of the farm having been changed to "Harriton" by an owner subsequent in the title to Rowland Ellis.

In 1708 Mr. Ellis conveyed 300 acres of his holdings to Rees Thomas and William Lewis, who in 1717-9 sold 700 acres, of which the 300 acres was a part, and apparently "Bryn Mawr," which lay on what is now known as Gulf road or Roberts road, to Richard Harrison, of Herring Creek, in Maryland, whose second wife, Hannah, a Friends' minister, was a daughter of Judge Isaac Norris and a granddaughter of Governor Thomas Lloyd. The purchase by Mr. Harrison comprised about 710 acres.

Mr. Harrison changed the name of the farm to "Harriton" and the name of Bryn Mawr disappeared until the relocation of the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad, during the time when Mr. George B. Roberts, the then president of the railroad and a lineal descendant of the early Welsh settlers of the section, renamed a few of the stations of the railroad for places in Wales from whence had come these pioneers. He gave to the town, which at that time was called "Humphreyville," the name of Bryn Mawr, and named Rosemont after the farm of the first settler in that vicinity, Rees Thomas. The Thomas farm is now occupied by the Misses Ashbridge.

Mr. Harrison's son-in-law, Charles Thomson, well known as Secretary of the Continental Congress, lived in the stone house built by Rowland Ellis. He was buried in the Harriton Cemetery, a private cemetery which stands in the woods in the rear of the Lower Merion Baptist Churchyard, in 1824.

Mr. Charles Thomson was not only Secretary of the Continental Congress, but was in charge, as well, of all of the foreign correspondence. He was a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly, a professor at what is now known as the University of Pennsylvania, an authority on Indian affairs and the first American translator of the Bible from Greek into English.

In the nearby cemetery of the Baptist Church, which ground was donated by Charles Thomson, lie many heroes of the Revolution and a tablet has been recently erected at one corner of the cemetery in their honor. There are sixteen descendants of William Penn the Founder buried in the yard as well as many other distinguished personages. It would be worth the while for interested people to browse around in this ancient and revered spot.

In so fertile a country as the Welsh Tract, lying as it did between the contending armies during the Revolution, its farmers did not escape the forced levies of both the Americans and the British, each side helping itself freely to the goods and property of the Friends. It has been said that the British were more welcome to the goods which they took, as they paid in cash whereas the American forces paid only in notes or orders on a treasurer who was usually unavailable when wanted. It is true that the American forces were more severe with the Quakers as several strict orders emanated from Valley Forge, aimed at the non-combatant farmers who were accused of being Tories. These poor people seem to have had their troubles, for when one examines the records of the various meetings it will be found that the British were as prone to avoid payment for the goods, which were commandeered, as were the Colonials.

It is hard to imagine why the Friends as a class were called Tories. They were not rabid partisans, it is true, but in their quiet and dignified manner they favored the patriots who were their countrymen. The teachings of their faith would naturally prevent them from taking an active part in the war even to overthrow the British tyranny. The younger members of the Society, however, were not so orthodox in their views.

During the Revolution many Merion Welshmen served in the Philadelphia County Militia. The Seventh Battalion of Associators of Philadelphia County was recruited in Upper and Lower Merion. This outfit then consisted of only four companies, but was subsequently reorganized and recruited up to eight companies, of four classes each. The First Company was composed of all Lower Merion men, with Llewellyn Young, captain; David Young, first lieutenant; Isaac Williams, second lieutenant, and William Addihi, ensign.

Many of the young men forfeited their membership in the Society in order to bear arms for the new-born nation, but the older members of the faith observed strict neutrality, except when forced to provide food and other things for either army.

In order to break up the practice of the inhabitants of the section selling goods to the British, General James Potter, of Northumberland county, was ordered to the west side of the Schuylkill to guard all roads and waterways. In the early fall of 1777 General Potter and his command was working back into the interior of Chester county and was encamped on what is now the estate of William H. Donner, in back of Ithan, when word came to him of an expected surprise attack by the British on another American force. The English commander of Philadelphia had heard that Washington was about to break camp at Whitemarsh. Lord Cornwallis was dispatched early on the morning of December 11, 1777, with about 4000 men, to cross Lower Merion and turn the flank of the American army which was expected to cross the river at Matson's Ford, now Conshohocken. General Potter, hearing of the British movement, hastened to take up a position on the "Harriton Farm," at the time owned by Charles Thomson, sending forth a few battalions to engage the British. The advance party of the British and the forces of General Potter met at the Black Horse Tavern, located at what is now Fifty-fourth street and City Line avenue. Due to the superior numbers of the British force the American detachment was forced to give ground and retreated to the next rise of ground, where they were reinforced by another battalion sent by Potter. Again yielding to the British they retreated to the next hill and so on from hill to hill until the last stand was taken on the hill to the east of the Gulph Valley. Here a terrific hand-to-hand attack took place, which finally ended in the rout of the Revolutionary forces after one of the bloodiest skirmishes in the whole war.

In the meantime General Sullivan, commanding the advance column of the American Army had effected a crossing at Matson's Ford and was proceeding up the valley toward what is now the junction of Montgomery ave. and Gulph Road. Cornwallis' forces, having successfully repulsed the American attack under the command of Potter hid in the hills until the strategic moment, when all American advance forces under Sullivan would be in the valley. When this took place the British light horse plunged down the sides of the hills and after a fierce attack caused Sullivan to withdraw his entire force to the east side of the river. Here the American Army right flanked and proceeded to Swede's Ford, now Norristown, where the river was finally crossed. The British then withdrew to Philadelphia, but the Americans proceeded from Swede's Ford to the Gulph, where they went into camp on December 12, 1777.

General Potter seems to have taken his post again at "Harriton" for we find that he wrote the following report to President Wharton, of Penn-

sylvania, on December 15, 1777:

"Last Thursday the enemy march out of the city with a desine to Furridge, but it was necessary to drive me out of the way; my advanced picquet fired on them at the Bridge; another party of one Hundred attacted them at Black Hors. I was encamped on Charles Thomson's place, where I staeconed two Regements who attacted the enemy with viger. On the next Hill, I staeconed three Regements, letting the first line know, that when they were over powered, they must Retreat and form behind the second line, and in that manner we formed and Retreated for four miles; and on every Hill we disputed the matter with them. My people Behaved well espealy three Regements, Commanded by the Cols Chambers, Murrey, and Leacey. His Excellency Returned us thanks in public orders. But the complement would have been much more substantiale had the Valant Generll Solovan Covered my Retreat with two Devisions of the Army, he had in my Reare, the front of them was about one half mile in my Reare, but he gave orders for them to Retreat and join the army who were on the other side of the Schuylkill about one mile and a Half from me, thus the enemy Got leave to plunder the Countrey, which they have dun without parsiality or favour to any, leaving none of the Nessecereys of Life behind them that they conveniantly could Carry or destroy?"

It would seem that the British force might have been under the direct leadership of General Howe, as it is recorded that on December 11, 1777, he went out as far as Matson's Ford and returned, passing the night at the Humphrey's Mansion House, which is situated at what is now known as Ardmore Junction on the Philadelphia and Western Railway. This mansion was then occupied by Charles Humphrey who was a prominent member of the Pennsylvania Assembly and a deputy to the First and Second Congresses. In his diary, Christopher Marshall says "12 Dec., 1777—News of the day is that General Howe is come out again from Philadelphia, with an army; crossed the Schuylkill at middle ferry; marched up Lancaster Road to Sorrel Horse (Now the Geo. McFadden property) thirteen miles from the city, and then returned yesterday." It was in the Humphrey's mansion, which is on the left side of Haverford Road just before one crosses the trolley tracks when going toward Philadelphia, that lived Samuel Humphrey, known as the Father of the American Navy, for during his tenure of office as Chief Contractor for the U. S. Navy 1815-1846, the Frigates Constitution and Constellation were built.

But our section had been visited a few months prior by the Continentals under the leadership of General Washington, himself, subsequent to the battle of the Brandywine. He was at the time attempting to get between the enemy, which was proceeding from the recent battlefield through Chester county and Swede's Ford. W find the following excerpts from various diaries and orderly books:

Pickering in his Journal tells of the movement of Washington's army, the day following the defeat at Brandywine: "Marched to the Schuylkill (12 Sept., 1777,), part crossing and marching to our old camp by the Schuylkill Falls," on the east bank. He says that on the next day, "the rest of the army crossed, and the whole collected at the old encampment."

Washington's Orderly Book, under Saturday, 13 Sep., 1777, records the army as "At Schuylkill Falls, Philadelphia," but the General issued his address to his troops, complimenting them on their gallant conduct at Brandywine, dated "Head Quarters, at Germantown, Sep. 13th," and his order of march to "Swede's Ford," dated 14 Sep., was from same headquarters.

From Pickering's Journal we have the further information that on Sunday, 14 Sep., "the army marched up a few miles (from the old camp), and re-crossed the Schuylkill at Levering's Ford, the water being up to the waist. We advanced about five or six miles that night." This ford was at Green Lane, two miles above the falls, but according to historians, the crossing was made at Matson's Ford (Conshohocken), some six miles beyond the falls. In her diary, 14 Sep., 1777, Elizabeth Drinker also wrote a letter dated "at Buck Tavton has left the city and crossed the Schuylkill this day."

On Sept. 15th, Monday Washington wrote a letter dated "ta Buck Tavern, 3 P. M.," to the President of Congress, stating "We are moving up this road (now the Old Lancaster Road) to get between the enemy and Swede's Ford." This Tavern has been remodeled and enlarged and is still standing at the intersection of Lancaster ave. and Buck Lane. The old Lancaster Road passed along what is now the rear of the building. It has been related that a well used by the then owners of the inn was used every minute during the twenty-four hours that the Continental forces were there without showing any signs of becoming dry. The building is now owned by the Martin Estate.

The road now known as Old Lancaster Road but in those days known as the Conestoga or Conestogoe Road was the scene of many occurrences during the early days of the nation. It was first used as a road to bring the lime from the quarries in Chester county, and was then the only turnpike road from the Welsh settlements in this vicinity to Philadelphia. We find many references to it in the colonial records. It was used by the Continental Congress when that body fled Philadelphia, fearing British occupation, to Lancaster and York. It was used by a dissatisfied mob of soldiers in 1783 when they walked from Lancaster to Philadelphia and stormed the State House, where Congress was assembled, and so frightened the members that that body broke up its meeting and fled to Trenton. After Braddock's defeat in 1755, the shattered regiments of Dunbar and Hackett used this road to reach High Street (now Market st.) in Philadelphia.

The person interested in the history of our neighborhood should not overlook the interest attached to the home of Percival Parrish on Montrose ave., Rosemont. It was in this house, then owned by the James family, that the Radnor Methodist Meeting was organized about 1780. This organization, which has recently renovated its meeting place on the hill above, was the first Methodist congregation in Delaware county and is ranked in Pennsylvania by only two others, one in Philadelphia and the other at Grove in Chester county. The latter, however, was not the proud possessor of a meeting place of its own until after the Radnor Methodists.

The James plantation extended to what is now Lancaster ave., and it is reported that during the British occupation of Philadelphia, it was the scene of a great deal of marauding by the Hessians.

It might be interesting to note that at the Northeast side of the intersection of Spring Mill Road and he Conshohocken State Road stands property now owned by Louis R. Page, which between the years 1778 and 1800 was in the possession of Edward Shippen, who in after years was the Chief Justice of Pennsylvania; here his son, Edward Shippen, Jr., was said to have lived between 1788-9. It will be recalled that Margaret Shippen, a daughter of Edward Shippen, sometimes known as "Peggy," married Benedict Arnold.

We see that our community is rich in lore connected with the American Revolution. It would be of great interest if the members of the community would make pilgrimages to the places mentioned above and realize that the ground on which they stand has seen the change of our Nation from a wilderness to a highly developed suburban community, from a colony under the Crown of England to a section of a sovereign nation, the United States of America.

Phila Inquirer 8/7/1932

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STRIP IN RIVER AT MIQUON IS ARENA OF WAR

Lively Struggle Wages Between Cottagers and Occupants Over "Who Owns Hanlon's Island?"

Attempt to Keep Off Trespassers by Squatter Couple Precipitates Row Now on Three Years

By DOROTHY D. BARTLETT

Joseph Hanlon defines an island as a piece of land completely surrounded by water, trespassers and trouble.

Mr. Hanlon ought to know, for he adopted an island in the Schuylkill River two years ago.

But summer cottagers up along the Schuylkill near Miquon in Montgomery county say that Mr. Hanlon's definition of an island—of Hanlon's Island, at least—is all wet. They declare that the true description of a perfectly wild island on which no one pays taxes and to which no one holds a deed should be: "A piece of land completely surrounded by water whose circular shores offer hospitality to all and exclusion to none."

Thus because Mr. Hanlon, a plumber by trade and a fighter by inclination, and the summer cottagers at Miquon cannot agree on the character of "Hanlon's Island" war has been declared between them. Mr. Hanlon's allies are his wife and his lawyer. The summer cottagers claim for their side campers and would-be picnickers on the island and their latest recruit of all, a colored policeman from Lower Merion township.

Campers Resent Innovation

A long time ago the then unnamed island across from the Reading Railroad tracks on the Lower Merion township side of the river was a free-for-all for all comers.

Then one day the lonely wilderness of the little strip of land washed on all sides by the river took on a new aspect. Large red and yellow signs were planted at each end of the island. Some read: "Hanlon's Island, No Trespassing, By Act of 1905." Others announced: "Hanlon's Island, Private Property—Keep Off."

No one lived on the island, but erstwhile campers began to tell tales of seeing a man and woman in angry mood every time they sought to tie a boat or step a bare foot on the island. Apparently the Hanlons were out to see that the signs were obeyed.

"Who are these Hanlons?" the question round about began to be asked. "Why we've been camping on that island for 20 years before these Hanlons ever came around here. What right have they to tell us to keep off of an island that belongs to nobody?"

"And Then the War Began"

And then the war began. Real bullets started this fight, Hanlon claims. Real rifles and brick bats have been brandished in the fray, the summer cottagers declare.

The whole affair started almost three years ago. Hanlon and his wife, May, decided they could no longer stand the summer heat in the city, so they sought a tiny cottage up along the Schuylkill and left their winter home at 5203 N. 3rd st. each spring. They enjoyed their front lawn overlooking the alternately muddy and clear waters of the placid river immensely until things began to happen on the island that lay directly across from their cottage more than half way to the other side of the river.

Though warned that a reception at the Hanlon front door would be cold and possibly accompanied by a shotgun show, this interviewer took courage in hand yesterday and invaded the property owned by Mr. and Mrs. Hanlon. The welcome was most cordial and both husband and wife seemed eager to tell their version of the island saga.

Hanlons Describe "First Shot"

"I was sitting right here on our front lawn one afternoon when a bullet coming directly from the island across the way whizzed past my ear," said Mrs. Hanlon. "I was terribly frightened, for that was not the first time that bullets had landed in our front lawn from the direction of the island.

"My husband and I had been annoyed by the rowdiness of crowds on that island for the previous two summers. A very low class of people would come up there on Sundays and frequently both boys and girls would run up and down its shores wearing absolutely no clothing.

"Until all hours of the night campers and picnickers sang and shouted over there. But when these people began to fire shots at random that so narrowly missed hitting me it was time to do something."

"Yes, and I decided to do it." Here Mr. Hanlon took up his wife's story.

Efforts at Order Fail

"I went to the Fairmount Park Guards and to the Lower Merion police and asked them to patrol the island and see that the right kind of people were allowed to go there, and that the wrong kind were kept away. Neither the Park Guards nor the police listened to me.

"I then went to my lawyer. He asked me who owned the island. I went to Norristown to look up the records. I had the records in Harrisburg investigated. I had several searches made and no owner could be found.

"I went to a great deal of expense to find the owner, but the conclusion my attorney and I came to was that this was wild land subject to the law of 1905 which says that a person who keeps a bit of unowned land clear for 21 years and puts up signs warning off trespassers and announcing his intention of taking over the island may claim possession of it legally after 21 years.

Sets Up Claim to Island

"Two years ago I decided that in the interest of our personal safety I would claim the island. I had signs made and put them up. Everyone of an antagonistic disposition, my wife and I rowed over to the island and asked to leave. Persons of peaceful disposition who did not harm the birds or destroy the underbrush there we have never driven off. We certainly have never used either guns or brickbats to drive people away with. That is just some of the gossip that seems to have grown up around here about us.

"Nobody ever wanted that island until we decided to claim it. We are claiming it according to provisions of the law and only after we could not get the police to protect us."

Mr. Hanlon says that the first police recognition of "Hanlon's Island" came two weeks ago when Charles Hall, a colored policeman from the Lower Merion township station, and several small boys, anchored a motorboat just off the island and then jumped out and beat through the thick bushes.

Arrest Policeman as Trespasser

Mrs. Hanlon watched the procedure, became alarmed for the safety of the birds she is raising on the island, got out the family rowboat and went over. She and Hall had an altercation which resulted in Hall subsequently being arrested as a trespasser on the island and being forced to pay a $10 fine and costs. Hall had engaged an attorney and says he will appeal his case.

"We are glad of this test case because now once and for all our position toward this island will be made clear," said Hanlon. "The policeman was very surly and questioned our right to the island. If he appeals it, our right to take up land that nobody owns will be proved in court, we firmly believe and our attorney assures us."

Summer Cottagers Skeptical

But summer cottagers in that vicinity believe Hanlon to be a better business man than he lets on. They smile when told that the Hanlon defense concerning the island is one of personal protection.

William Slick, chairman of the house committee of the Philadelphia Swimming Club, when interviewed in the insignia of his organization, a bathing suit, declared that some day a bridge is to be built across the Schuylkill connecting Lower Merion township on one side with Whitemarsh township on

the other side. The island will make a perfect foundation for one of the giant supports of this bridge, Slick pointed out.

"I have been over on that island many times, but the Hanlons have never tried to drive me off," said Slick. "Of course, I never did any damage to the island.

"But I think that the Hanlons are smarter than they let on. They must know that a bridge is to be built just at the point where that island is some day and if they claim that island they may be able to make a good profit."

Club Members Invoke Records

Mr. Slick said that he and other members of his club have investigated to see who owns the island, but could find no records of any one owning it. He said that no taxes had ever been paid on it.

The same kind of interest in the island was evinced by Anthony Lawinski, secretary of the Sajo Club, also along the river.

He testified to his club having investigated the matter of the island's ownership.

"These Hanlons are just trying to apply the old-time squatters' rights to this island," he said. "They seem to be getting away with it, for everybody is scared to go over there. You see that old woman with a bat in her hand every time you go near the island. Or else some of the fellows say they have seen old man Hanlon with a gun keeping people off of what he claims is now his island."

Mr. and Mrs. Hanlon are nearing middle age. Hanlon's hair is gray and his complexion ruddy with constant sunburn. Mrs. Hanlon's brown, wavy hair shows no gray and her arms and throat had a healthy coating of tan. Her eyes frequently lighted with amusement as she talked of the "trespassers and trouble" she and her husband have met since going in for island owning.

Sue to Force County to Accept Tax

The matter of paying taxes is one which the Hanlons are handling in a brand-new way. While homeowners during the depression are putting off the evil day of tax collection as long as possible, the Hanlons have been beseeching Lower Merion township for two years to give "them the privilege of paying taxes on the island." Two checks for taxes on the island sent to the township have been returned to them. And now they have a mandamus proceeding in the courts to find out why they aren't allowed to pay taxes on property they claim for their own, "according to the law of 1905."

Phila

Phila Inquirer, Aug. 7, 1932

ISLAND "ADOPTION" STARTS SUMMER COLONY WAR

"Hanlon's Island," shown to the upper left, situated in the Schuylkill River in Montgomery county across from Miquon, is a bone of contention between Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hanlon, also shown in pictures, and summer colonists of that vicinity. The Hanlons have claimed the island for two years under an old law of 1905 applying to "wild land." Summer colonists want to fish and camp there. The Hanlons say "no." They expect to continue saying "no" for 21 years, to patrol the island, plant no trespassing signs there, and at the end of that time the land will legally be theirs, they say. Below is Mrs. Hanlon in the rowboat in which the Hanlons visit the island daily to clear out underbrush and keep away "undesirables." Their watchdog, Jake, is standing with his master beside one of the signs which have caused summer campers so much consternation.

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Suburban Press 1/19/1933

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Franklin Was "Self-Starter" Of America

Poor Richard Inaugurated Many Things and Movements in His Day

VISITED THIS SECTION

Philadelphia Owes Number of Its "Firsts" to Great Sage

Benjamin Franklin, whose birthday was celebrated on Tuesday of this week, was in his day a visitor to this section of Philadelhia, having at times been a guest at the home of Thomas Mifflin, the first governor of Pennsylvania, who resided at the Falls of Schuylkill, and very possibly at rare times at the home of Rev. William Smith, the first provost of the University of Pennsylvania, who resided in a building which still stands on Indian Queen lane, although through most of their connection with the University Poor Richard and the Provost were at dagger's points. But in the end the Rev. Doctor delivered a remarkable eulogy over the great American philosopher.

Benjamin Franklin was the first newspaperman to use cartoons, and the same man was the first engraver of the paper money of the United States. He started the business of weather forecasting. He didn't invent the carrying of the mails, but he was the nation's first postmaster. Old Benny was the original American self-starter, for he wanted to start the American Union twenty years before it really got going. At the suggestion of George Washington, the convention which framed our constitution greeted Franklin by standing up when the veteran was carried into the room in a chair.

He perfected a wood burning stove; he sent a wireless wave of electricity across the Schuylkill, which traveled the great distance of 100 feet. He discovered that Northeast storms came from the Southwest, and he proved that oil poured upon waters stilled them.

His curiosity led him to find out that the Gulf Stream is warmer the other waters of the Atlantic Ocean, and that it flows like a separate river through the greater body.

Franklin created an ingenious machine for copying letters many many years before Miss Typist made her appearance in fur coats. He was America's first foreign ambassador and his like should be in Paris now to do a little collecting. He was a colonel in the French and Indian War and knew his military tactics. It was he who gathered the wagons and horses which enabled Braddock's Army to be fed on the way to battle.

The print shop he started will always remain famous; the Saturday Evening Post goes on, and on, and as for advice for the present depression, wasn't it Franklin who told the Signers of the Declaration that if "they didn't hang together they would hang separately?"

Benny suggested daylight saving and he slept with his windows open at night, despite the red flannels for daytime wear. It is said that the man who received the "razzberry" from the first girl he saw in Philadelphia, introduced rhubarb to America, and also broom-corn. And the day before he breathed his last he wrote an article against slavery.

Such was Benjamin Franklin, whose birthday was observed by thinking people last Tuesday.

SCOAP.

Sub. Press 5/25/33

Irish Poet Is Recalled By Birthday

Thomas Moore Liked the Old Quaker City of America

HERE TEN DAYS

Penned Songs of the Schuylkill After His Departure

Saturday will be the hundred and fifty-third anniversary of the birth of Thomas Moore, that strangely brilliant creature who, born in a Dublin grocery store, lived to walk with Kings, to rival the fame of Byron and Shelley and to die at last, insane, obscure and poor. It is not easy today to understand the reputation which Moore enjoyed among his contemporaries: the "Irish Melodies" are charming and musical enough, but they are not great poetry. Moore was a man of varied attainments, however, whose voice was as lovely as his music, whose wit redeemed his sentiment, and he was a member of that magic circle which included Byron, Sheridan, Rogers and Campbell. He deserves the notice of posterity.

Especially is he deserving of the notice of Philadelphia, for, after a tour of this country which included such cities as New York, Washington, Baltimore and Boston, he wrote: "The only place that I have seen which I had one wish to pause in was Philadelphia." The young poet, who had only lately come out from London, where he was the protege of the obese and aging Prince Regent, was mortified by the coldness of his reception in this country. And so, setting the fashion for generations yet unborn, he returned home to write his impressions of the new democracy. The nature of these impressions is sufficiently indicated by his own comment upon them: "Though prudence might have dictated gentler language, truth, I fear, would have justified severer."

Americans of that day were perhaps afraid of Thomas Moore. He had been described by Jeffrey, the famous critic of the Edinburg Review, as "the most licentious of modern verifiers and the most poetical of those who, in our time, have devoted their talents to the propagation of immorality." Jeffrey, as it happened, lived to repent of his hasty judgment, and certainly Moore's gentle verse seems innocent enough today. But the Scottish reviewer, no doubt, was of scant help to the poet's reputation on this side of the Atlantic.

In Philadelphia, at any rate, he was lionized to his heart's content. He spent ten days in the city, and every evening he would repair to some or other fashionable drawing-room where, the center of an appreciative throng, he would drink and crack jokes, read his own poetry and sing his own songs. When he left he wrote the lyric, "Alone by the Schuylkill a Wanderer Roved," which contained, among others, this intriguing stanza:

The stranger is gone—but he will not forget
When at home he shall talk of the toils he has known:
To tell, with a sigh, what endearments he met
As he strayed by the wave of the Schuylkill alone.

The inspiration of these lines was a certain Mrs. Joseph Hopkins, the wife of a Philadelphia journalist of considerable repute. And to Mrs. Hopkins belongs a great deal of the credit for the pleasant things Moore found to say of Philadelphia. While she was listening to him sing one of his own melodies she burst into tears. This was altogether too much for the poet, who could never resist beauty in distress, least of all when it was in distress over his own poetry. He was compelled to celebrate the occasion with some verses. It was just the sort of thing that he had crossed oceans to find and of which he had felt himself so grievously cheated in the rest of the United States.

Suburban Press 8/31/1933

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RIVER ON RAMPAGE

Showing the high water mark of the Schuylkill at the foot of Midvale avenue, on Thursday morning of last week, when the rising waters put a halt to traffic on the East River Drive and caused much damage to mills and other properties along the banks of the usually tranquil stream.

Rain Causes Schuylkill To Overflow

"Old Man River" Rises to Show His Might Over Man

PLENTY OF DAMAGE

PRT Company Establishes Temporary Bus Line to Manayunk

Residents of Roxborough, Manayunk, Wissahickon, East Falls and West Manayunk spent last weekend in repairing some of the damage caused by the worst rain and windstorm which has assailed this section in 31 years.

The Schuylkill river, rising at the rate of several inches an hour early last Thursday morning, following three days of continuous rain, overflowed its banks and caused many thousands of dollars of loss. Hundreds of trees were stripped of their branches.

Corn in the fields of Upper Roxborough and West Manayunk was laid flat. Electric light service was interrupted early on Wednesday evening at various places. Thousands of phones were put out of service temporarily.

Trees in Fairmount Park were prey to the wind and rain and felt the fury of a storm for the third time this year. That part of the East River Drive above Strawberry Mansion was roped off after several trees fell across it making travel impossible.

The river and the canal at Manayunk were one stream, old-timers recalling the last time such an occurrence took place, in February 1902, and other previous highwater dates. Nixon street was flooded for about half a mile, down to Leverington avenue. Employees of the mills on Venice Island were for a time forced to take rowboats to reach their work. Motor cars were submerged in the torrent.

On the west side of the Schuylkill the same conditions prevailed. Residents of Rayner's Row, fled to safety as the first floors of their homes were flooded. Mrs. Clara Rudolph, who lives in the old Rudolph Mansion at the west end of the Green lane bridge, insisted on remaining in her home, where she had carried everything of value to the upper floors. Neighbors in a row of houses nearby left when danger threatened.

Main street, Manayunk, was covered with water, from Shur's lane to the Pencoyd bridge. Two street cars were abandoned by their crews at Main and Pensdale streets, on Wednesday evening, and the PRT Company immediately instituted a shuttle bus service to Ridge and Midvale avenues, which was as far as the Route 61 cars were able to proceed towards Manayunk. The busses ran Wednesday night, all day Thursday and Friday, before street car service was resumed. The route taken by these busses was from Main street and Leverington avenue, south on Main to Pensdale street, east to Cresson, south on Cresson to Seville street, east to Terrace street, south on Terrace street to Ridge avenue, and thence to Midvale avenue, where emergency transfers were given to the passengers who desired to proceed into the city centre.

At Wissahickon Creek, during the height of the flood, no dam was visible at Ridge avenue, the water flowing on a straight line under the Ridge avenue bridge, which it barely cleared. The old State in Schuylkill fish house, better known as Colony Castle was flooded above the first floor, and many boats tied up at the landings were endangered. Water covered the triangular park area at the confluence of the Wissahickon Creek and the Schuylkill.

On Wednesday afternoon of last week, an electric wire fell across Ridge avenue, above Port Royal avenue, and police detoured motorists around the break, over Port Royal avenue, to a dirt road west of Ridge avenue, and thence to Manatawna avenue. Several heavy laden trucks in endeavoring to permit opposite-bound traffic to pass, slipped off the road and were mired causing much confusion and delay.

The Schuylkill river, however, proved to be the great attraction for sightseers after the fury of the storm had abated. All day Thursday and on Friday, crowds viewed the swollen stream. Early on Thursday morning hundreds of huge metal casks floated down in the swift current, as well as many feet of new lumber and other debris. At Flat Rock dam there was 9 feet 8 inches of water going over the falls, with about four A. M. the water started to recede. The rush became so strong when it was at its height, that it was necessary to shut down the hydro-electric plant at Manayunk. Salvagers of wood and other flotsan were lowered on boatswain's chairs from the concrete bridge at Green lane, in an attempt to save some of the wood and other valuables.

At Midvale avenue, the East Falls office of the Commercial National Bank, fell victim to the rising river, when the basement of the building was flooded, causing much damage. William M. Turner, undertaker, was one of many who hurried to their garages along the River Drive, in the early morning to remove their automobiles and other property, temporarily parking their cars on high ground. Charles H. McIlvaine, another undertaker was not so fortunate and suffered much property damage when the basement of his place of business filled with water.

The highwater mark at Midvale avenue, which was a record one for 31 years, made old residents recall the freshet flood of February 1902, when ice was thrown up on Ridge avenue, and Michael Igoe met his death at Ferry road. On that occasion, all of the Igoe family except the father, who could not be induced to leave his home, was sheltered by Charles Deeney, who still resides near the scene of the sad occurrence. The 1902 storm started on February 28th, a Friday morning, with a slow drizzle, after a long cold spell. Shortly before 1 P. M. clouds rolled up and thunder and lightning came to signify a change in the weather conditions and the air became warm. Then came a veritable cloudburst, and about six o'clock the river began to rise. At midnight the Schuylkill had swollen to dangerous proportions and the ice began to break. The water reached its limits between 1 and 2 o'clock on Saturday March 1st, after which the day broke bright and clear, and the river subsided, leaving cakes of ice more than a foot thick, and many of six and eight foot lengths scattered all over the banks of the stream, the East River Drive, and up Midvale avenue as far as Ridge avenue.

Due to the traffic being blocked by the flood at various places, policemen had their work cut out for them in rerouting motor cars and other vehicles. A sergeant was in charge of the men at Ridge and Midvale avenues, and directed the driver of cars enroute along Ridge avenue to side streets, and to Henry avenue.

Railroad transportation to Norristown and other points along the

Reading Lines was greatly hampered by the tracks being inundated near Miquon, a temporary bus service being put into operation to accomodate the passengers on the electric and steam trains.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Rigler and their two children, and Mrs. Elizabeth Kennedy and her three children, from among the West Manayunk families which were forced to flee from their River Road homes, slept in the headquarters of the West Manayunk Fire Company for at least one night. The Miles' Lumber yard in West Manayunk was flooded, as was also the Glen Willow yard, where the horses were taken to safety.

False reports were circulated concerning the bursting of a dam at Reading, Pa.

A large number of the Manayunk mills suffered damages that will run into hundreds of thousands of dollars. Some of the plants, which were idle, had engines, motors, boilers, and other machinery buried under mud. It is reported that two of the factories narrowly escaped having boiler explosions, when the jackets of the devices cracked from the rush of cold water.

Among the mills affected by the flood were: The Container Corporation, Dill & Collins, the Dobson Estate, Collins & Aikman, William Spink & Co., National Milling Company, Simisters Mills, the National Waste Company, Hydro Electric plant, Joseph Adams Company, Charles Lachman, George Davis & Co., Charles McDowell, Pilgrim Laundry, Schofield's Mill, Krooks Mills, William Spink & Company, (lower mill), Sykes Brothers, Platt Brothers, Hardwick & Magee, and the Wissahickon Plush Mills.

At the old Hey mill, which is partly demolished, mud covered Main street for a depth of four or five feet, a steam shovel being required to remove the deposit in order to permit the trolley cars to resume running on their regular schedules.

Suburban Press Jan 18/1934

Locktender To Have 81st Birthday

Winfield S. Guiles, Flat Rock Riverman, Has Been on Job 71 Years

" SLEEPLESS WONDER "

Is Weather Forecaster For State and Federal Bureaus

Captain Winfield Scott Guiles, Manayunk's "sleepless wonder," whom three generations of boatmen tried fruitlessly to catch nodding, and tends the lock at Flat Rock Dam, Shawmont, will observe his 81st birthday anniversary next Wewnesday. He has been tender at Flat Rock for fifty years.

"In this valley you get to see more, staying in one place, than some others do traveling around all the time, and I let one of the young fellows do the running now. He's only been here forty years," he said last week.

Although he is 80 and has worked for the Schuylkill Navigation Company for 71 years, starting when he was 10, Captain Guiles has repented of annual threats that he might retire, he said.

"I thought I was going to, ten years ago, and I even built a little bungalow over here so I could be alone," he said. "Over here" was beside the river, near his lock, where he could hear the water running, and a few yards from the house in which he lives with the family of a son. His employers, however, asked him to remain.

Suburban Press 4/26/1934

Will Mark The Death of Lafayette

Wissahickon Valley Historical Society to Issue Cachet on May 20th

FITTING OCCASION

Envelopes Will Bear Postmark of Lafayette Hill Postoffice

May 20th, 1934, being the one hundredth anniversary of the death of General Lafayette, gives the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society an opportunity to issue a printed historical cachet, to be mailed from Lafayette Hill Postoffice, which should be of great interest to philatelists and cover collectors.

Lafayette was born September 6th 1757, about 200 miles south of Paris, France. When two years of age his gallant father died upon the battlefield of Minden. At 13, his mother died, leaving him a great fortune. At 16 years he married the daughter of one of the noblest families of France. At 19 years he was a captain of dragoons in the French garrison at Metz. It was there, at an entertainment given by the commandant in honor of a visit of the English king's brother, that Lafayette learned of the Congress of Rebels at Philadelphia having issued a Declaration of Independence. Before he slumbered he had resolved to devote his life and fortune to the cause of the United States.

After a stormy voyage of two months he landed at Georgetown, now part of the District of Columbia, and from there journeyed to Philadelphia to meet the Continental Congress.

He was 19 years of age, tall, slim, red haired, not able to speak anything but his native tongue and broken English, when he was coldly received by Congress, but the members of this body soon warmed to the Frenchman when he asked the privilege of joining the American forces as a volunteer, without command, and without pay.

On July 31st, 1777, his services were accepted and Congress gave him the rank of Major General of the United States. Next day he met George Washington, who was completely won by his engaging character.

Lafayette joined the American forces, on its march from Coryell's Ferry, to the encampment which was established in Philadelphia, on the site of the Queen Lane Filtration plant, at Queen lane and Fox street, just prior to the Battle of Brandywine. It was at this campsite that the Frenchman first viewed the American forces, on dress parade. He made his headquarters in the little house of Benjamin Morgan, which once stood at what is now the corner of Coulter and McMichael streets.

Lafayette was wounded in his first battle—that at Brandywine—and had to be carried from the field, as the army retreated up the Schuylkill river.

His deeds at Barren Hill, the post office of which very appropriately enough bears the name "Lafayette Hill" are well known to historians of this vicinity.

Suburban Press 5/17/1934

Anniversary of Death of Lafayette Being Observed

Patriotic Organizations Unite in Observances Honoring Gallant Frenchman Who Lent His Aid to American Colonists

Nineteen patriotic, military and Franco-American groups in Philadelphia, plus a delegation from the French and History Departments of the University of Pennsylvania, united last night to pay tribute to General Lafayette on the eve of the 100th anniversary of the death of the gallant Frenchman, which falls next Sunday.

The principal speaker at the dinner held at the Bellevue-Stratford at 7.30 o'clock, was M. Andre de Laboulaye, French Ambassador to the United States.

The anniversary will also be celebrated with a service in St. Peter's Lutheran Church at Barren Hill, Montgomery county, at 7.30 P. M. next Sunday, under the auspices of the Patriotic Order of the Sons of America.

Orrin E. Boyle, past national president, and director of the Minute Men, P. O. S. of A., will be the chief speaker. The Montgomery county members of the organization will be in charge of the service. Lafayette Hill is the name of the Postoffice at Barren Hill. Camp No. 50 placed a marker at the church a number of years ago, designating the spot where General Lafayette and his men camped during the Revolution.

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His deeds at Barren Hill, the post office of which very appropriately enough bears the name "Lafayette Hill" are well known to historians of this vicinity. Sent by Washington, from Valley Forge to reconnoiter the mvements of the British, who were then in Philadelphia, the march of the Frenchman and his mixed American and Indian troops was made known by Tory inhabitants to the British, who contemplated his capture and what such an occurence to the American cause would mean, with great glee.

However, the gallant Lafayette, by a ruse, at St. Peter's Lutheran Church, outwitted his enemy, and retreated down a sunken road—which is now Conshohocken, crossed the Schuylkill and returned safely to Valley Forge with every man and gun safe.

A cachet will be issued by the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, from Lafayette Hill to mark Lafayette's death, picturing the Lafayette Monument at Barren Hill, and bearing the Lafayette Hfll postmark.

Suburban Press 6/14/1934

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Pearls Found In Schuylkill

Only Fresh-Water Collection Was Obtained From Mussels in Upper Tributaries of Local Stream.—On Display at Academy.

Those whose birthdays are in June should get a special thrill this year in the collection of pearls loaned to the Academy of Natural Sciences, 19th. street and the Parkway, and placed on exhibit last Friday.

Romantic souls associate pearls with the South Seas and native deep-sea divers.

The source of this collection is the coal-mining country of Pennsylvania along the upper Schuylkill River.

It was made by Frank M. Ebert, who for 40 years fished the small rivulets near Tamaqua for the pearl-bearing mussel. Counting seed pearls, there are more than 100 in the collection.

"The last pearl was found in the Schuylkill about 12 years, ago," said Samuel G. Gordon, associate curator of mineralogy at the Academy. "The mussels have been exhausted and the streams polluted.

"When this collection is gone we will never be able to get another. These pearls are as extinct as the passenger pigeon and should be preserved in the museum.

"Although pearls were rather more scarce in Pennsylvania than some other states, this is the only known collection of fresh-water pearls."

Fresh-water pearls show a greater variety and intensity of color than Oriental ones and somewhat less lustre. They are pink, mauve, dark blue, black and white. Oddly enough, while Oriental pearls have always been highly valued in America, our fresh-water pearls were shipped to Europe, where they brought high prices.

Besides Pennsylvania and New Jersey, sources have been the streams of the Mississippi Valley and Maine.

The original pearl fisheries in the Schuylkill date from half a century ago, when the pearls were secured by farmers who used the mussel shells in removing hair from the hides of slaughtered pigs.

Fisherman sold the pearls for a few dollars—or a few cents. A Schuylkill River pearl purchased for 50 cents was later sold in Philadelphia for $125 and with a slight mounting was ultimately sold for $1,600.

You may search until you grow blind for pearls in Cape May salts, Lynn Havens or such oysters, but you will not find them. At least, no one ever has. The oysters we eat are not the pearl-bearing kind. The lumps one sometimes finds do not have the lustre of a pearl.

Suburban Press 6/24/34

66

HAROLD POOLE

Miquon artist and scientist shown with one of the many rare geological specimens in his unique "one-man museum" adjacent to the Miquon post office. While searching for specimens in the Miquon woods, Mr. Poole discovered relics of a crude Indian workshop, where redskins fashioned deadly arrow-heads of flint. The discovery is attracting wide attention in scientific circles.

Remains of Ancient Indian Workshop Found at Miquon

Remains of an ancient Indian workshop have been discovered on a wooded promontory at Miquon, a short distance from the Schuylkill River.

The revelation has just been made by Harold Poole, Miquon geologist, creator of the unique, "one-man geologic museum," and one of the founders of the Conshohocken Art League.

The workshop was discovered accidentally, as the geologist trod an isolated section of the woods in search of geologic specimens. Dozens of triangular-shaped pieces of quartz—or flint, as it is commonly known—their design undoubtedly the work of man and not nature, led to the disclosure of the site of the long-ago "arrow-head laboratory."

The quartz triangles have been verified as arrow-heads in the process of making by the Wagner Institute of Science, Philadelphia, and the circumstances of their discovery as pointing undoubtedly to a once-thriving Indian industry.

The workshop at present has the form of a four-foot hollowed out section of ground, which Poole points out has been scooped out by human hands. Those hands, Poole further states, were undoubtedly red-skinned. Records of the country about this section show that this high-set piece of forest land was never used for any formal purpose by white man.

The hollowed-out section is situated by the side of a generous strata of quartz, the stone used by the Indians of the eastern part of America to fashion their deadly arrow-heads. The strata runs from Ridge pike east to Schuylkill River.

In the hollow are huge chunks of the stone, broken off from the main vein by frost action.

Digging in the hollow brought to the surface hundreds of the three-pointed pieces of quartz, some of them already fashioned into arrow-heads. Poole points out that the profusion of quartz fragments, all bearing the same shape and design, could not happen in nature. Quartz is listed as fourth in the scale of rock hardness, and breaks only in large sections when the frost cuts into it, and never is found naturally in small pieces.

What was used to cut the hard quartz into the arrow-head designs has not yet been established. No metal tools were known at that time, it is stated, and few other stones were hard enough to cut the flint. Pieces of the same material may have been used to mould it, although some scientists are of the opinion that deer-horn, pressed hard against it, might have been successful in shaping it.

Occasionally among the triangular pieces, occurs a flatter, thinner piece, which it is believed were "scrapers," used to scrape animal skins clean of hair. Rounded bird-barbs, used to bring down a flying wood denizen, are also included in the find.

Some of the arrow-head pieces appear to have been cast aside as they were almost finished. "Come on Flat-Foot, your venison's ready," and forgot all about the lethal instrument he was fashioning.

A startling anachronism in the find, Mr. Poole points out is a P. R. T. token. "Well, I only hope that they didn't have the same trouble with the transportation system that we experience," Poole stated.

The discovery of the Indian workshop is attracting wide attention among geologists, archeologists and those interested in the study of Indian lore. A number of scientific groups have already made a pilgrimage to the site.

The latter was at one time part of the highest areas of land in the east, and originally just as high as the Rocky Mountains, but now worn down to its present altitude by the grind of the elements.

Mr. Poole is a graduate of the Wagner Institute of Art, has frequently lectured on geological matters, and is now engaged in highly specialized research work for the geological department of Princeton University.

His museum in the yard of his home, perhaps the smallest museum extant, but rich in treasure, is his own handiwork, built at night and on holidays, after he was finished his regular job in the Riverside Paper Mills, adjacent.

"This is one of the most interesting geological sections in America," Poole stated, "We are in the heart of one of the most important scientific regions in the Western hemisphere."

Sub. Press 7/12/34

Philadelphia Was Liked by Tom Moore

Great Irish Poet Admired People Who Lived in This Part of America

PENNED THOUGHTS

While Here He Often Took Hikes Along the Banks of the Schuylkill

Thomas Moore, the genial Irish poet and humorist, was born in Dublin, on the 28th of May 1779. In 1793, the British Parliament, having opened the university to Catholics, young Moore was sent to college, and soon distinguished himself by his classical attainments. In 1799 he proceeded to London, to study law in the Middle Temple, and publish by subscription a Translation of the Anacreon. The latter appeared in the following year, dedicated to the Prince of Wales. At a subsequent period Moore was among the keenest satirists of this prince.

On a visit to America Moore was greatly impressed with Philadelphia and the hospitality of Philadelphians, and several of his poems refer to this section of the country. One of the longest and best was entitled "To the Honourable W. R. Spencer," and was written from the vicinity of Lake Erie, after Moore had left Philadelphia. The last half of it reads:

"Yet, yet forgive me, O you sacred few!
Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew;
Whom, known and loved through many a social eve
'Twas bliss to live with, and 'twas pain to leave!
Less dearly welcome were the lines of lore
The exile saw upon the sandy shore,
When his lone heart but faintly hoped to find
One print of man, one blessed stamp of mind!
Less dearly welcome than the liberal zeal,
The strength to reason and the warmth to feel,
The manly polish and the illumed taste,
Which, 'mid the melancholy, heartless waste
My foot has wandered, O sacred few!
I found by Delaware's green banks with you.
Long may you hate the Gallic dross that runs
O'er your fair country, and corrupts its sons;
Long live the arts, the glories which adorn
Those fields of freedom, where your sires were born.
Oh! if America can yet be great,
If neither chained by choice, nor damn'ed by fate
To the mob-mania which imbrutes her now,
She yet can raise the bright temperate brow
Of single majesty, can grandly place
An empire's pillar upon freedom's base,
Nor fear the mighty shaft will feebler prove
For the fair capital that towers above!—
If yet, released from all that vulgar throng,
So vain of dullness and so pleased with wrong,
Who hourly teach her, like themselves, to hide
Folly in froth, and barrenness in pride,
She yet can raise, can wreathe the Attic charms
Of soft refinement round the pomp of arms,
And see her poets flash the fires of song,
To light her warriors thunderbolts along!—
It is to you, to souls that favouring Heavens
Has made like yours, the glorious task is given.
Oh! but for such, Columbia's days were done;
Rank without ripeness, quicken'd without sun,
Crude at the surface, rotten at the core,
Her fruits would fall, before her spring were o'er.
Believe me, Spencer, while I wing'd the hours,
Where Schuylkill undulates through banks of flowers,
Though few the days, the happy evenings few,
So warm with heart, so rich with mind they flew,
That my full soul forgot its wish to roam,
And rested there, as in a dream of home!
And looks I met, like looks I loved before,
And voices too, which as they trembled o'er
The chord of memory, found full many a tone
Of kindness there in concord with their own!
Oh! we had nights of that communion free,
That flush of heart, which I have known with thee
So oft, so warmly; nights of mirth and mind,
Of whims that taught, and follies that refined!
When shall we both renew them? When, restored
To the pure feast and intellectual board,
Shall I once more enjoy with thee and thine
Those whims that teach, those follies that refine?
Even now, as, wandering upon Erie's shore,
I hear Niagara's distant cataract roar,
I sigh for England—oh! these weary feet
Have many a mile to journey ere we meet!"

Moore's residence was in a cottage in Wiltshire, but he was very often in London, in those gay and brilliant circles which he enriched with his wit and genius. He died on February 26th 1852. Moore left behind him copious memoirs, journals and correspondence, but none more interesting to Philadelphians the three or four poems which apply distinctly to this locality.

Suburban Press 8/9/1934 48

Schuylkill Valley Naturalist Gained World-Wide Fame

John James Audubon Established Everlasting Renown Through His Study of the Birds of America

"The catbird sings a crooked song,
In minors that are flat,
And when he can't control his voice,
He mews just like a cat,
Then nods his head and whisks his tail
And lets it go at that."

And the amateur naturalist who visits the Wissahickon woods knows that this is true, as well as many other interesting tales concerning the bird-life in this vicinity. For the Wissahickon, for some reason known alone to the feathered creatures themselves, has become a sort of an unofficial bird sanctuary. The woodland songsters seem to know that that few humans, if any, will hurt them in this region.

It is a curious fact that the authors of the two greatest works on ornithology produced in America, John James Audubon and Alexander Wilson, were both inspired by what they found along the Schuylkill river and its tributaries.

Not much wonder in that when one considers that birds, like civilized human beings and red Indians thrive best in the lowlands where food is most plentiful. When man visits the top of lofty mountains with woodlands in all directions, he is astonished to see and hear fewer birds than he encounters where people dwell.

Audubon's father, a former French naval officer came to reside in Philadelphia, and purchased the place known as the Audubon farm of 280 acres along the Perkiomen Creek, at its confluence with the Schuylkill. The future naturalist was then nineteen years of age, and it was the year that George Washington was first elected President. There were birds everywhere and the lad, having been educated abroad, at once started his search for feathered prizes that stretched out for a half century.

Very early after his start on the study, Audubon wrote "Pennsylvania, a Beautiful State." He found the same luck that other authors of that period found; no publisher who wanted to produce the book. So it happens that the most celebrated work of its kind ever put into book form was printed in Great Britain. Each engraved plate was to reveal a bird, or a group of birds, dressed in their true colors. That stumped the Philadelphia publishers of that day. Never had such drawings been seen. Some were upon paper more than three feet long, since Audubon made each specimen life-size. Imagine a gigantic wild turkey, or an American eagle, and it can easily be understood why more space was required that would be needed to picture a wren.

When the first edition of "Birds of America" came out, in England, there were 180 copies which sold for $800 each. Only six of the sets came to America.

For a time Audubon was engaged in business in Philadelphia. But he neither liked it nor prospered at it. The wild woods held his ambitions and more thrills than the teeming metropolis. For a generation he tramped the United States and Canada. He visited the frozen North under the Arctic Circle. He dwelt in the hot lands of the South, where natural ice was never seen. He studied birds in their homes, watched their migrations, petted and painted them, and then embalmed them in an unequaled and immortal book. He was the first to discover many things about birds which to the high school student of today seems commonplace.

The call of the Bob White is a fighting challenge for all other Pallid Roberts to just try and come into the caller's domain. The Whippoorwill gives a plaintive bleat to encourage his wife to stay at home and watch her children. Audubon knew this, and also that the most astonishing sound ever sent forth by any bird or fowl is the shrill and loud-sounding note of the ordinary rooster, who struts around crowing about what somebody else has done.

A few years ago the archives of the old Ridgeway Library, in Philadelphia yielded some new information about this naturalist of the Schuylkill Valley.

The facts were contained in a letter, written to Dr. S. G. Morton, who in 1851, was a noted Philadelphia physician and president of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences.

The letter was penned by Audubon's son, Victor, and saluted Dr. Morton as one of Audubon's oldest and staunchest friends. It is dated April 3rd, 1851, from New York, where the artist lived and completed his celebrated works, which brought him international renown and financial independence.

The letter reads: "I know you have seen the various notices of the death of my great and good father. I feel it due to you, however, from your friendship to him and us, to write you some particulars not in the papers.

"The first attack he had was apparently a slight apopletic, and was followed by a partial paralysis. Fever supervened, and on Sunday erysipelas in the head had progressed so that he was in great pain. We had but little hope, but until half past 2 o'clock on Monday no decided change occurred. Soon after that hour he began to sink rapidly, and his face was somewhat contracted. Before he died he opened his eyes, which had been almost closed for some time, and gave my mother, John and myself, a wistful and clear look—turning his head slightly to gaze on us—this was his farewell glance upon those he loved so well. He expired at quarter past ten o'clock without a struggle or a groan, and my mother closed his eyes. She bore up very well, and we are now all more quiet and composed. You will, I know, sympathize with us. Give my respects to Mrs. Morton and believe me,

Yours, dear sir, truly,
V. G. Audubon"

And the birds of today along the Wissahickon, who instinctly know they fly about and dwell in a safe retreat, would have mourned, and sympathized in the death of Audubon, too, if they'd been here then, for the knowledge he gained of them has made their lives safer and fuller.

SCCAFF

Suburban Press
8/31/1933

LIFE AND THE RIVER

How much like life is the river!
As it flows in a storm-fed flood,
With a current appearing unending,
Its waters all darkened by mud!
For we find that this life is a fleet one,
As out on its stream we embark,
And not always bright are the waters
We sail on, as care makes them dark.

We're hurried along by cruel forces,
Over which man has little control,
We rush past old friends of our leisure,
As we seek to attain some new goal.
And the heartbreaks we cause, like the damage
That rivers produce when they rise,
Are faced with remorse at recession,
And weak souls laid bare of disguise.

The crowds line the banks at the flood-tide,
Like applauders of singular deeds,
Who like to review the unwonted,
And give the unusual its meeds.
But for lives that are tranquil and humble
There's no one about to approve,
And the quietest achievements, though greatest,
Move along in an unnoticed groove.

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With a current appearing unending,
Its waters all darkened by mud!
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We sail on, as care makes them dark.

A. C. C.

Suburban Press
9/4/1933

Old Bridge Is Mentioned

Newspaper of One Hundred Years Ago Tells of Collapse of Former Flat Rock Viaduct.--Horses of Teams Crashed Through Span.

In the United States Garette, of September 14th 1833, appeared the following item:

"We learn that on Thursday afternoon last, as two wagons drawn by 13 horses, had entered on the Flat Rock Bridge above Manayunk the whole structure gave away. Three horses of the front wagon had reached the abutment. Two of them escaped by breaking the tackling. All the others fell upon the frame work of the bridge. Six fine horses were killed and one of the drivers was much injured. A contract had been made for taking down the old bridge and erecting a new one in its place. The old roof had accordingly been removed."

The piers of this old bridge can still be seen, between the upper end of Venice Island, and River Road, opposite the foot of Domino lane.

On the west side of the Schuylkill was a hosterly which later was known as the Tunnel House," while at the eastern approach of the bridge, still stands the "Domino House," now occupied by Winfield S. Guiles, lock-tender at Flat Rock dam.

Suburban Press
9/12/35

Five Days Of Rain Brings Heebie Jeebies

Everybody Discouraged by Incessant Downpour Last Week

LITTLE DAMAGE

Schuylkill and Wissahickon Rise, But Not to Former Heights

Said Titus Andronicus: "More water glideth by the mill, than wots the miller of."

At least that is what Shakespeare had old Tight Andy say. But the Millers, Schofields, Smiths, Jones', Gallaghers and all the rest of the residents of this particular neck-of-the-woods knew all about water gliding by the mills last week, and even if they missed some of it they weren't very anxious to have, or know about, any more.

For it started to rain on Monday, and with but few little cessations during the nights and days, kept up until mid-day on Friday. The occurrence is set down here - - not so much as news - - but as a matter of record.

Monday, being Labor Day, was spoiled, as a holiday, by rain. Rain on Tuesday frustrated the womenfolk who had family washings to do, and business men were attacked by the "heebie jeebies". More rain on Wednesday started everybody worrying. Roofs, on houses, automobiles and even the PRT busses sprung hitherto unknown leaks. Thursday brought more of the "aqua", and a portion of the embankment at the foot of Robeson's Hill, near Ridge avenue and Main street, slid down to the pavement below.

Suburban Press Feb-28, 1935

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Cynwyd Estates Is A New Section With Long History

Land Along West Side of Schuylkill Opposite Manayunk, Pictured on Maps Made by Penn's Surveyor General.—Locality Has Seen Many Changes

By John M. Sickinger

It is doubtful whether many of the residents of what is now known as Cynwyd Estates, at the west end of the concrete bridge over the Schuylkill at Belmont avenue, know what a wild section of Lower Merion Township their section was in the past.

Prior to the arrival of William Penn, the first map of the locality was made by Penn's Surveyor General, Thomas Holmes, in 1681. It shows Cynwyd Estates as the plantation of Edward Jones, and a Welsh community of seventeen families.

On a Scull & Heaps map of 1750 is shown the same land, in possession of the Roberts and Tunis families, with one factory, Schultz' Paper Mill, northwest of the Merion Meeting House.

On John Levering's map, made in 1851, the same land is shown, as being owned by Perry Levering, 39 acres, 108 perches; Jonas Sugden, 14 acres, 26 perches; Henry Ogle, 47 acres, 113 perches; Samuel Ott, 19 acres; the estates of Davis Jones, 88 acres, and Charles Jones, 39 acres.

On this same map is depicted Rock Hill Road, leading from Mill Road—now Belmont avenue—to a short strip of lane out to the highway leading to Meeting House Lane. This is now Conshohocken, or State, Road, the main traffic artery through Cynwyd Estates.

A good many years ago a large body of water, called "Juniper Lake", was formed by Thomas Schofield. Following the Civil War, and after his marriage to Miss Martha Birkmire, a resident of the Falls of Schuylkill, Schofield went to Spring Mill and began the manufacture of textiles. Several years later he moved his plant to Manayunk. Subsequently a national depression, in those days a "panic", closed all of the local factories. Schofield retired from the textile business and removed to West Manayunk, buying the old homestead of Charles Jones, which property included a large meadow running along what is now State Road.

Realizing the needs of a long-suffering public, for pure ice, Mr. Schofield opened the quarries near his home, and with the stone from them, erected a huge dambreast across the meadow, thus harnessing Gulley Run, a stream of water that originates in a spring house on the old Magee farm, about one and one-half miles away.

The dam soon filled up and a beautiful lake was the result. Ice houses were built, and the Juniper Lake Ice Company came into existence. In extreme cold weather the men who labored in the Rock Hill quarries, for Schofield, would be transferred to the lake to cut ice, which was sold in ton lots at auction. In the summer months the stone taken from the quarries was used to pave streets, and erect buildings Manayunk and its vicinity.

Today the site of the lake, which was destroyed about 35 years ago following a cloudburst, is the location of two dwellings on State road; a community playground, and tennis courts. A large stone carpenter shop and wood mill occupy the site of the ice houses. Opposite the playground, where the late Patrick Lawler built a row of houses, stood a stone crusher, similar to a coal breaker, and several buildings such as a blacksmith shop, and a powder magazine.

The hillsides were covered with large chestnut trees. Where the Lawler-built homes are located was the farms of Samuel Gerber, William and Henry Ottinger, Garrett McMaster, the Hoffs, Hansells and Gregorys. In 1871 Charles Righter, a Roxborough builder, erected a frame residence for James Johnson, at Rock Hill. It contained 4 large rooms, two attic rooms, a cellar kitchen and a basement, with a well in the latter. The building still stands, in use as a nursery for the Cynwyd Estates. The frame structure that stands at the dead end of Rock Hill Road was erected in the late nineties by a quarry worker and is still occupied.

Gulley Run, a never failing stream, goes gurglingly along its way through the meadow, the same as it did before Juniper Lake was built to check its flow to the schuylkill.

The new community, Cynwyd Estates, will remain a memorial to its creator, Patrick Lawler, who died suddenly before all of his plans for the place had been completed. One of Mr. Lawler's great ambitions was to erect a large viaduct over Rock Hill Road to connect Cynwyd Estates with Belmont Heights especially for the benefit of children going to the Ashland School.

It was his intention to build this near the ruins of the Henry and Wolfington mill, which had been destroyed by fire in the late sixties.

Suburban Press 4/25/1935

71

Canal Boating Was Once A Profitable Venture Here

Boat Owners, Captains and Pilots All Made Wages That Were Considered High in the Old Days.— Railroading Killed the Business

By John M. Sickinger

Since canal-boating on the Schuylkill Valley has ceased, the United States Navy has lost many of the recruits it used to get from up along the stream. For, after coaxing mules along the tow-path for a distance of ninety miles or more, the new driver realized that it would require many years of service before he could hope to be captain of the "Mary Ann", that plied the waters between Port Clinton and Tidewater. About one or two trips between ports, found the would-be skipper footsore and weary, and on the next arrival at Tidewater he'd have his mind all made up to go "boating in a big way", and Uncle Sam added another name to his payroll.

The history of the Schuylkill Canal is an interesting one that dates back to the time when anthracite coal became known as a fuel. In 1819, Josiah White, who with a partner, had a wire mill at what is now the end of the two railroad bridges over the Schuylkill river at "the Falls", discovered how anthracite could be used commercially. It was his idea to organize the Schuylkill Navigation Company, and he was instrumental in having the first work done on the project. Later, he was politically switched out of the picture, as far as the Schuylkill Canal was concerned, and launched a similar canal along the Lehigh River, known as the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company. But it was his thought to have coal brought down from the mines to his mill at the Falls, in small boats powered by the current and guided by long poles.

This type of boat was used to some extent prior to the time of the canal, to bring grain and produce down the stream from up-State farms.

Before 1840 when the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad officials realized the future of the coal industry as a revenue producer, the shipment of coal was entirely done by canal, and canal-boating was a profitable venture. For many years after the completion of the railroad many barges loaded with 100 tons each, conveyed coal down the Schuylkill canal. They were towed by mules as far as Fairmount, and then hitched on, in trains and pulled by tug boats to many distant places. When the boats were in transient along the Schuylkill, they were simply "canals", but when they reached tidewater and were tied to the rear of a tugboat, they became "barges".

In 1870, President Frank Gowan, of the Philadelphia & Reading Company, negotiated the lease of the Schuylkill Canal for a period of ninety-nine years. Before this period there were many owners of a single or more boats. The railroad company boats, conducted on a more systematic and economic basis, finally drove these private owners out of business. The construction of large gondola cars and more powerful locomotives eventually led to the shipment of the greater part of the coal by rail, the boats being gradually abandoned.

Many of the boat-owners and captains were residents of Manayunk. In the heyday of canal-boating there were at least a dozen pilots who boarded the boats at Manayunk to steer "the canals" clear of Snyder's Rocks, at the foot of Shur's lane, and other obstructions, down as far as the Falls. For this service they received one dollar. Each of the pilots averaged three trips a day, making a wage that was considered very high in that era. The railroad company done away with all this by appointing salaried pilots who were given $5 a day, and had to make eight or ten trips between sunrise and sundown. At the Falls a man ferried the pilot ashore for ten cents a man. The railroad company instructed their pilots to steer near the river bank and jump ashore, thus working another economy.

As a proof that canal-boating was popular in the old days, is a police record of October 21st, 1871, being a report to Mayor Fox, which reads: "Officer Dennis Mullen, of the Manayunk District, has resigned to go boating on the canal." Even the cops couldn't resist the lure of the water.

There were several large canal boats that came to grief on the Snyder's Rocks, referred to previously. This obstruction was just below the Manayunk Locks and extended on an angle down the river to the rear of Wallace's Mill, at Shur's lane. In 1871, a large coffer dam was built around Snyder's Rocks, and they were blasted out with dynamite. Several other boats, during freshets, broke their moorings and were swept away.

Of all the men who worked along the Schuylkill Canal, in the Manayunk area, only three are still alive, and in the business. These are: The well-known Winfield S. Guiles, the lock-tender at Flat Rock, who started working along the river at an age when the present-day boy is entering the third grade at school; William Bostick, also of Flat Rock, who has been an assistant to Guiles for thirty years; and Dan O'Leary, who still sits at the Manayunk Locks, at Lock street, waiting to hear the call of the boatman's horn, notifying him to prepare the locks for the reception of a boat.

During the summer months a few motor boats and canoes make use of the Canal, but in all truth the business has been "shot to pieces."

OLD-TIMER

WINFIELD S. GUILES

Who is the most prominent of the three remaining men who worked on the old Schuylkill Canal in its palmiest days. He is still employed along the river at the Flat Rock Dam.

Suburban Press
May 2, 1935

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Mill Creek Valley Invites Historian And Nature Lover

Gun Factories Were Located Along Lower Merion Stream in Early Days of the Republic

By JOHN M. SICKINGER

When the very youthful United States of America decided to arm its military forces with standard American-made flintlock muskets, away back in 1795, the Charleville models of France of the date of 1763 which the aspiring Republic used to good advantage during the Revolution were adopted as the pattern. The first of these copies were made at the Government Arsenal in Springfield, Massachusetts. Contracts were let out in 1798 to a few independent contractors for the same type of firearm, but of course, that day being far removed from the standardization methods of today, each gunmaker used his individual ideas to some extent.

In 1801 a new arsenal was erected at Harper's Ferry, Virginia, where the manufacture of the 1795 model muskets was started. The supply of these was insufficient for the needs of the regular army and the state militias, and some of the States gave out private contracts. Virginia built a State Armory which began the making of flintlocks in 1799. Slight improvements created the Model of 1808, which was endorsed by the National and State ordnance experts, and some were made by contractors, many of whom went bankrupt attempting to fill their contracts.

Between 1812 and 1821 several different types were brought out. These later guns had lost almost all of their resemblance to the original Charleville models of 1763, but were patterned after the newer French muskets of 1821. The contractors also made some of the flintlock rifles which appeared in that period. In 1831 only slight changes were made, but in 1840 a new model, through more complicated methods of manufacture, reduced the list of manufacturers to a minimum.

The record files of the Government show that Winner Nippes & Company, of Mill Creek, Pa., was under contract to make guns, in 1808. Still another document records the fact that Henry Derringer and D. Nippes, both of Mill Creek held contracts from 1821 to 1831; and in 1840 appear the names of L. Pomroy and D. Nippes, of Mill Creek, as the last contractors to supply Government flintlock guns.

Today two of those old gun factories are still standing along the historic Mill Creek, in Montgomery County. It is related that a Tory miller, used one of them to grind glass into the flour to be supplied to Washington and his army at Valley Forge, in one of these ancient mills, which was then used as a grist mill. Its ruins remain in 1935, being known to historians as Nippes' Gun Factory, but to most local residents as the Rose Glen Mill. It is operated by Barker Brothers, manufacturers of carpet yarns. The oldest part of the building is the original gun works.

A short distance above the Rose Glen Mill stands the large factory now owned by A. P. Roberts, of Pencoyd Iron Works fame. Mr. Roberts took over the old mill many years ago and converted it into an electric light plant to provide electricity for his large estate, but in recent years it has been closed. This power house was the factory where Henry Derringer made guns for Uncle Sam from 1821 to 1831. Flintlocks were made in the Winner Nippes' Mill many years before they received contracts from the Government. The mill of Derringer later came into the possession of a Dr. Robert J. Dodd, who operated it as a cotton factory. A scattering of dwellings remain there and the section is known as "Doddstown," by young and old.

Mill Creek rises in springs on numerous private estates along the Main Line and flows through a wildly picturesque valley down between the hills, tumbling over rocky formations, until it reaches the Schuylkill river opposite Shawmont station. It is the "Wissahickon of Lower Merion"; its banks dotted with many old mills and their ruins, and little settlements of houses. A modern cement highway traverses the length of the little stream.

The home of George H. Earle, Jr., Governor of Pennsylvania, is situated on Gray's lane, near old Mill Creek. Gray's lane crosses the rivulet between Cherry lane and the old Gulph road, and runs past the Governor's home to Montgomery avenue.

Dove Mill lake and Trout Run empty into Mill Creek. Natives of that vicinity have for the past century traded with Manayunk shopkeepers and are called by their given names in Philadelphia's section of "hills and mills." They continue to remain neighbors and on Saturday nights and the eves of holidays travel to Manayunk to make their purchases. It has only been a few years since the Lower Merion Township commissioners replaced the former dirt road that runs up through Mill Creek Valley with an up-to-date highway that makes the Mill Creek route one of the shortest ways to reach Main Line towns.

From Green lane bridge, in Manayunk, the motorist can turn right up the River road along the west bank of the Schuylkill to Mill Creek, thence by following the creek, soon arrive at Montgomery avenue, between Ardmore and Haverford. Every foot of the route is over a hard concrete roadbed.

Suburban Press
8/29/1935

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Park First Intended To Insure Purity Of City's Water Supply

Terrane Draining Into Schuylkill and Wissahickon Purchased in Order to Keep Impurities From Flowing Into the Streams

The first acquisition of land by the City of Philadelphia within the bounds of Fairmount Park was made in the year of 1812, for the purpose of obtaining a supply of water free from the impurities of city drainage, and a site for a reservoir high enough to distribute this supply to the homes and business places of the town. Can you imagine how high a storage basin would have to be in this period of the city's life to reach the highest floors of our present-day office buildings?

The precipitous bluff known from the earlies days as "Faire Mount" was the nearest point sufficiently high for the plans of water made by our old city fathers: It was then outside the city limits and much too far away to be thought of as a resort for public recreation; the most remote spot reached by pedestrians of that day was the water basin on the Schuylkill at the head of Chestnut street.

By the first purchase only five acres was obtained, at a cost of $16,667, but additional ground was bought as it was needed until the whole tract, in 1828, consisted of 24 acres, the aggregate cost of which was $116,834.

When the Water Works had been established upon a scale, at that time, of unexampled magnitude and excellence, the good taste and judgment of the projector and lifelong superintendent promoted the adornment of the grounds by planting shade trees and covering the rugged cliffs with shrubbery and vines. All the surroundings were at that time rural. The view up the valley of the river brought in sight the elegant country seats of Lemon Hill and Sedgeley, on the east bank, and Solitude and Egglesfield and Lansdowne on the west. The factories of Manayunk had then no existence, and no town or cluster of houses bordered on the stream, with the exception of the Falls of Schuylkill, until it reached the village of Norristown, fifteen miles distant.

For more than twenty years after the foundation of the Fairmount Water Works, Philadelphians reposed in the belief of their unsurpassable excellence and their perpetuity; and indeed did not become fully awake from this pleasant dream for about thirty years.

Trade and human industry had broken in upon the quiet of the rural scene and had driven out the descendants of ancient dwellers at the country seats, some years before the city authorities made the unwelcome discovery that their cup of water was in danger of becoming a poisoned chalice.

No sooner did this suspicion take a tangible shape than the men of action urged prompt measures to put away the insipient evil; but with them, as with most other pioneers in social progress, the great difficulty was, not in doing the things they had liberally devised, but in getting clear of the hindrances ingeniously set up by the obstructive members of the community. But preservance brought success.

An opportunity offered itself for buying the estate known as Lemon Hill, containing 45 acres, lying nearer to the forebay of the Water Works than any other large parcel of open land, and so located as to pour its surface waters directly into the current that supplied the city reservoirs. In Revolutionary times it was the country seat of Robert Morris, the patriot financier; there he hospitably entertained many of the most eminent of his contemporaries; and there in later life, when financial ruin overtook him, he kept out of reach of the sheriff's writs. At the close of that century, this fine estate passed into the hands of a successful merchant and man of liberal tastes, under whose embellishment it attained that beauty which made Pratt's Garden the pride of Philadelphia. Mr. Pratt sold it in 1836, for $225,000, to men who intended to use it for investment purposes. While in their possession much of its adornment fell into ruin, but its natural beauties and many of its noble trees remained. A slump in the real estate market depreciated its value to one-third of the price which had been paid for it.

The favorable opportunity was not lost by the persevering advocates of pure water; they at once redoubled their efforts and the Lemon Hill estate became the property of the city in 1844, at a cost of $75,000.

In 1855, in an Ordinance of Councils, approved on September 28, it stated that the ground would be "devoted and dedicated to public use, as a Park, the Lemon Hill estate, to be known, by the name of Fairmount Park."

In 1857, by concerted efforts, subscriptions amounting to $60,000 were obtained for the purpose of buying and presenting to the city, the estate known as "Sedgeley", containing some 14 acres, situated between Lemon Hill and the Spring Garden Water Works; the price of which was $125,000. The land was bought and tendered to the city subject to a mortgage for the balance of the purchase money.

The Sedgeley tract, like Lemon Hill, had once belonged to Robert Morris, constituting the country seat designated by its owner as "the Hills."

On one of Holmes' old maps, dated 1681, on which is marked "Faire Mount" the place is located within the manor of Springgettsbury, which was a large proprietary tract situated north of Vine street, and extending from the River Schuylkill to some distance east of the road to Wissahickon (Ridge avenue) containing 1830 acres.

In 1718, the commissioners of William Penn sold 1084 acres of this land, which lay north of the present Fairmount avenues, and west of Ridge avenue, to Jonathan Dickerson, who, by his will, devised the same to his son by the name of the "Vineyard." In 1768 Tench Francis became owner of 400 acres of the "Vineyard" and 1770 sold to Robert Morris several parcels of land, including with others. Sedgeley and Lemon Hill.

Another section of the original tract, that lying between the Schuylkill and Twenty-first street, and Vine and Fairmount avenue, was divided between John Penn and John Penn, Jr., and later sold to Robert Morris and subsequently came into the hands of the Park Commissioners.

In 1868, an additional acreage of 310 acres was added on the east side of the river being bounded by the Reading Railroad, along the river to near Dauphin street, eastward as far as Thirty-third street, thence to Ridge avenue to South Laurel Hill.

A dedication was made in 1869 by Jesse George and his sister, Rebecca George, of "George's Hill" and at the death of these two benevolent persons their property came into the possession of the pary authorities.

In the same year the Wissahickon section was added to Fairmount Park, the boundaries being "along the shores of the Wissahickon creek, on both sides of the same, from its mouth to the Paul's Hill road, and of such width as may embrace the road now passing along the same; and may also protect the purity of the water of said creek, and by passing along the crest of the heights which are on either side of said creek, may preserve the beauty of its scenery."

From the foregoing the reader may grasp the fact that primarily the first ground which was purchased by the city, was not intended for park purposes, but for preserving the purity of the community's water supply. And now while we are proud of Fairmount and its wooded hills, rolling lawns and well-paved highways we have strayed away from our intention of keeping the Schuylkill's waters fit to drink.

SCCAFF.

Saturday Press
7/19/1935

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Ornithologist Resided Near The Schuylkill

Flood Damaged Area Once Roamed by John James Audubon

MARRIED NEIGHBOR

Inspired by Bird Life Found in This Locality

When the Perkiomen Creek, with other nearby streams, felt the full force of a sudden cloud burst last week, the flood wrought havoc with the place where America's greatest ornithologist, John James Audubon, spent twenty of the most fruitful years of his life.

Audubon called that long and rambling creek the Perkioming, and not as we say, Perkiomen.

It is a curious fact that the authors of the two greatest works on ornithology produced in America, Audubon and Alexander Wilson, were both inspired by what they found along the Schuylkill Valley.

Not much wonder because birds, like civilized human beings and red Indians, thrive best in the lowlands where food is most plentiful.

It was Audubon's father, a former French naval officer, who came to reside in Philadelphia, who purchased what for almost a century and a half has been known as the Audubon farm.

Its 280 smiling acres lay where the Perkiomen joins the river. When the father, for whom the son had an unbounding affection, bought that land in Lower Providence township, Montgomery county, the future famous naturalist was a youth of nineteen.

That was the year Washington was first elected President. Birds everywhere, and the lad, having studied abroad, at once began that quest for feathered prizes which did not end for fifty years.

One thing the youthful Audubon learned in France was to draw and paint.

Hardly had the bird student started upon his career when he wrote of "Pennsylvania, a Beautiful State."

It was in 1789, as it has remained 146 years later in 1935. Audubon married Lucy Bakewell, a Montgomery county belle, who was his near neighbor.

Audubon had the same luck found by many others in the century since he created his immortal bird book. He couldn't find anybody in Philadelphia who would publish it.

So it happened that the most celebrated work of its kind ever put into book form was printed in Great Britain.

To be sure, Philadelphia publishers in that day were quite staggered by what Audubon wanted to do.

Each engraved plate was to reveal a bird, or group of birds, dressed in their true colors.

Never had such drawings been seen.

Some were upon paper more than three feet long, since Audubon reproduced each specimen in its exact size.

When the first set of "Birds of America" came out in England there were 180 copies, which sold at $800 each.

The United States was satisfied with buying just six of them.

However, the celebrated Cuvier pronounced it "the most splendid monument which art has created in honor of ornithology."

The year that Clay and Polk ran their race for the White House an edition of this vast work was issued by Bowen in Philadelphia.

It consisted of seven large volumes and the price was $1000.

Congress purchased 100 to send to foreign countries. America was not yet peopled with multi-millionaires and few could pay $1000 for a set of books.

Christopher Sauer found how hard it was to sell that first Bible printed in America. It was a long time before he disposed of 1200 copies.

For a time Audubon was engaged in business in this city. He neither liked it nor did he prosper.

The wild woods held his ambitions and more thrills than a rich metropolis.

For a generation Audubon tramped over the United States and Canada.

Suburban Press
April 11, 1935

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Indian Relics Can Be Found In This Area

Boy Scout Sends "Pan" Mail to Writer of Stories of Old Times

SEEKS A GRAVE

Redmen Had Villages Along The Schuylkill and Wissahickon

By John M. Sickinger

Motion picture stars are said to be responsible for the term now familiar as "fan-mail." Every once in a while I receive a letter from some future voter, which could well be classified as "pan" mail. These are usually signed "Boy Scout." One that arrived at my home recently complained bitterly because I wouldn't go out into the nearby woods and locate an Indian grave for him, so that he and his pals could dig up relics of the redman.

Old maps of this region show several well-populated Indian Villages in the neighborhood of the Wissahickon Creek.

When John Apt Thomas, the Jones' and other local pioneers came from Wales in the good ship "Lyon" and sailed up the Schuylkill river as far as "the Falls", they landed near an Indian village named Wissakitkonck, which is shown on a grant of land made by the Upland Court in 1677. The village is located in the west bank of the Schuylkill opposite the mouth of a large creek —very evidently the Wissahickon— the property now being part of the Pencoyd Iron Works. There is also shown a small stream above what is now City avenue, that is named on the map "Indian Creek". This still flows down the gulley behind the west end of the Pencoyd bridge.

Another Indian settlement was located at the Falls of Schuylkill, some of the natives residing on one side of the river and others living across the stream. This was called Nittabaconck on Holmes' Map, which surveyor also shows Fort St. David's on the some site on one of his later drawings. The Indian village stretched out for some distance along the Schuylkill and the Wissahickon.

The natives were fond of their tobacco, but whether they raised the weed in this section or traded with Indians from other parts of the State is not known. They did, however, grow their own corn. The redman—or more likely his squaw—showed the white arrivals how to endure the hard winters. They had no animals to feed, but could obtain plenty of meat with their bows and arrows, almost from the opening of their own tepee. Their shelters were protected by shocks of the corn, and in rigid weather all they had to do was pull a few ears of the grain from the stalks which surrounded them. Or if fuel were needed, to throw the stalks on the fire. Wild animals, knowing in their own way, knew that where the Indians lived would be plenty of corn fodder when the valleys and hills were covered with snow. This was the attraction which drew them to their doom, and the soup kettle.

There are plenty of specimens of Indians implements and other relics to be found by those who search for them, but I would advise local explorers to look for them in the silt along the beds of the Schuylkill, Wissahickon and lesser streams. Being found in the creek doesn't necessarily mean that the Indian village was located on that particular spot, for heavy rains and other forces may have brought the relic to the water which washed it down toward the mouth of the brook or larger stream.

Trespassing on private property, of course, is forbidden, and the Park Commission very properly will not permit anyone to explore any section of the park domain with a pick and shovel. No one will object, however, to searches along the edges of the creeks and river, in the "washouts" or amid the roots of old trees that are uprooted during electrical storms. There are plenty of relics, but it's Nature that usually uncovers them.

The last known important Indian relic to be found hereabouts, was some twenty years ago, when workmen sunk a pit 25 feet below the surface of Main street, Manayunk, preparing to place foundations for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's concrete bridge over the Schuylkill. It was a battered piece of copper, and the contractor on the job presented it to the late C. A. Rudolph, of West Manayunk, who had the copper straightened out— a job which required much patience —and it was found to be a receptacle greatly resembling a round bottomed tin cup, with hammerings and other markings that indicated its age as being prior to the arrival of the white man.

As far as is known the cup is still in the possession of Mrs. Rudolph.

Suburban Press
10/17/1935

75A

River's Pollution Has Been Problem For Over Century

City Solicitor Charles H. T. Collins Once Instituted Law Suit on Subject

SEWER CONSTRUCTED

Condition Has Existed Since First Water Rights Were Sold or Leased

By JOHN M. SICKINGER

Recent discussions and actions relative to abating the pollution of the Schuylkill River are not new.

In April of 1872, when Charles H. T. Collins was the city solicitor, he had a bill in equity drawn and filed with the Supreme Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, which read as follows: "The City of Philadelphia, Plaintiff, vs. The President, Managers and Company of the Schuylkill Navigation Company, the American Pulp Company, Martin Nixon and Edward Stokes, trading as Nixon & Stokes, paper manufacturers, Robert Patterson, J. Bolton Winnepenny, Andrew J. Winnepenny, William Steel, William W. Harding, Seville Schofield, William Duckett, Thomas Schofield, Joseph Stellwagon, trading as Stellwagon & Son, James S. Preston, Edward Holt, Sidney J. Solms, Archibald Campbell and William Campbell, trading as Campbell & Company, Jacob D. Heft and Henry S. Ogle, trading as Heft & Olge."

All of the above were named as defendants with the exception of the Schuylkill Navigation Company. The remainder were factory owners whose mills were built on the river bank at Manayunk.

It was the City Solicitor's complaint that in an agreement, dated June 14th, 1824, that the City of Philadelphia, as plaintiff, possessed the right to use the water of the Schuylkill for power to raise water for use of the citizens of the city, for drinking and domestic and other purposes, and at the time of making this agreement the City of Philadelphia paid to the said defendants the sum of $24,000 and the agreement that they would furnish the City of Philadelphia with an abundant supply of pure water, and that it further agreed that whensoever thereafter the Navigation Company should sell or dispose of any water power produced by the dam or canal at Flat Rock, now called Manayunk, it would introduce into the deed, or other instrument of sale, such covenants on the part of the purchasers, lessees, or grantees, as would effctually restrain them and their assigns from suffering any dyestuffs, or any other noxious fetid or injurious articles or matter whatsoever to flow, pass or fall from their respective premises into the River Schuylkill and oblige them to confine such articles or matter within wells or other repositories at a reasonable distance from the margin of the river, or any other watercourse leading to the river, and that since that date the Navigation Company has leased to the other named defendants water power rights but failed to insert the above-named clause, and that the said manufacturers permit dyestuffs and other refuse to flow into the river and that they maintain closets built out over their forebays to carry the excrement into the river.

The City Solicitor was backed in this suit by F. Caroli Brewster, Attorney General of Pensylvania. When the sheriff and his aides arrived in Manayunk they served the writs on the mill owners, amid great excitement. The men, women and children who toiled in the mills believed they would lose their jobs if the Courts acted against the owners.

Through the efforts of local Councilmen, a special session of the City Fathers was called, and a resolution passed by Select Council, which agreed to direct the City Solicitor to suspend the suit until a report could be received from the Survey Bureau in regard to the cost of a sewer from Manayunk to below Fairmount Dam. The sewer was built several years later and is still in use.

But it did not entirely stop the pollution of the Schuylkill, for while few of the Manayunk mills are responsible for pollution today, there are sources of coal dirt and other refuse that are up-stream.

In foreign countries, each factory along a river is compelled to install an individual filtration plant of its own, before water from the mill can be discharged into the watercourse.

Suburban Press 3/19/36

S.P. 4/2/36

S.P. 7/16/36

76

Rains Cause Schuylkill To Overflow Banks

Stream Rises Rapidly Following Continuing Storm Through Night and Day

ROADS INUNDATED

Seventy-Six Inches of Water Flows Over Dam at Flat Rock

People residing near the river, here, were apprenhensive last Thursday when the Schuylkill overflowed its banks in Fairmount Park after almost 24 hours of steady rain.

At Midvale avenue, it came within one and one-half feet of the East River drive and kept rising at the rate of five inches an hour.

Seventy-six inches of water, only seven below flood stage, poured over the Flat Rock Dam at Manayunk.

Upstate communities prepared for floods as the Schulykill and other streams grew steadily higher anid the Weather Bureau predicted the rain would continue through the day.

At Reading the Schuylkill reached flood stage, 10 feet above normal, and Henry E. Hathaway, weather forecaster there, said it would climb at least two feet more. Lowland residents prepared to evacuate their homes.

At Norristown the Schuylkill rose five feet during the day and reached five feet above normal, but borough officials said they did not fear trouble.

Waters of the Schuylkill river subsided considerably on Saturday following a flood tide for three days with only forty-eight inches of water coursing over the crest of Flat Rock Dam. At the peak of the down-river rush Thursday night, it reached a depth of eighty-four inches.

Yesterday morning, after heavy rains in the interior of the State, the Schuylkill, once more, overflowed its banks.

HELPLESS MANKIND

I gaze at the Schuylkill; in turbulent flood;
Its waters so pitchy, with coal silt and mud;
And my thoughts wander off to the folk, who through Fate,
Lost lives, homes and all, in the towns up the State.
Then in fancy I think, in the long, long ago,
When the world was beginning in full flush and flow;
In the throb and the rush of a similar tide
I was flung by a river to marshes; aside;
By an undertow strong, which I couldn't resist;
Just left there to die, or to live, in the mist!
And the fin that I had was cloven in two;
Which I wished could be feet —when lo! there they grew!
To permit me to flee from the marshland away,
To the hilltops where reason commanded I stay.
Here I'm safe where the waters can never pursue,
Unless storms would come like the one Noah knew,
But still I depend on the God up on high,
Who, at will, could with winds, waft me off in the sky!

A. C. C.

#

S.P. 6/25/36

BESIDE THE SCHUYLKILL

High on our hills, we gaze below
To where the Schuylkill's waters flow;
To ponder on Life's mystery
Which links its name to history.
For when this Nation—great!—was born,
Into the town the sounds were borne.
Of Falls of Schuylkill's steady roar,
Caused by the flood in constant pour.

Today the case is in reverse,
(Some sing in praise, while others curse!)
Instead the Schuylkill's flowing on
In quietness, for its Falls have gone.
But from the town we hear the sounds
From Democratic stamping grounds,
As from our hills we gaze below
To where the Schuylkill's waters flow!

A. C. C.

SELFISH THOUGHTS

Within the week that just has passed,
We lost all sympathy,
For Eskimos with fur-lined clothes,
In iced frigidity.
Instead our thoughts of pity went
To torrid climes, to greet
The folk who live their days and nights
In unrelenting heat.

In polo shirt and slacks we sat,
And sweltered at a desk,
Our rotund form admittedly
A mass of flesh grotesque.
But what cared we for tailors' garb,
When Sol was merciless,
Our minds were more on comfort than
The niceties of dress.

We did not give a hoot or hang
For any critic's snub,
For fewer clothes gave entry quick
Into a cooling tub.
And many were the words of praise
That went aloft to show
Our gratitude for comfort piped
From Schuylkill river's flow.

We know that where the Arctic winds
Blow cold before the storm,
The Eskimos can somehow find
Some way of keeping warm.
But where in Hades can we get,
In palace or in cot,
A place of solace when the world
And all that's in it's hot?

A. C. C.

S.P. 7/23/1936

SAID THE WISSAHICKON TO THE SCHUYLKILL

The paths of our wand'rings are far apart,
For you, through the sloping hills are borne,
Past mine and fact'ry, and field of corn,
Beside the forges where hot flames dart,
And weariness watches men's hopes depart,
While I move nearer where greed is born;
The city, where feasts and youth's sighs forlorn;
Give no surcease to a lonely heart.

Our souls are separate, because of care
In tracing the paths, so hard, we trace,
That God has willed for us to dare;
Our birth's each made in a different place.
But we go, as one, to the Delaware,
To find in the sea our resting place.

John Walden.

Phila Record 7/19/1936

77

REDISCOVERING PHILADELPHIA

Schuylkill Navy, Like Other Armadas, Is Being Subjected to Some Limitations.

But Many a Cup and Platter Covered Its Course Back in the '80's and Gay '90's.

This is the ninth of a series about points of interest which have added to Philadelphia's fame throughout the nation. Another rediscovery will be published next Sunday.

By ROBERT REISS

BACK in the 1880's it was the custom of members of the Undine Barge Club of the Schuylkill Navy to bring their new-born sons to the up-river clubhouse, Castle Ringstetten, just above the bridge at Falls of Schuylkill. There they baptized them in a punch bowl and initiated the puling babes into the rowing sport by seating them for a moment in the tiny racing shell that still adorns the Castle walls.

It has been many years since the babies were thus introduced into the Schuylkill Navy, world's unique boating association, whose exploits are legendary wherever aquatic enthusiasts gather.

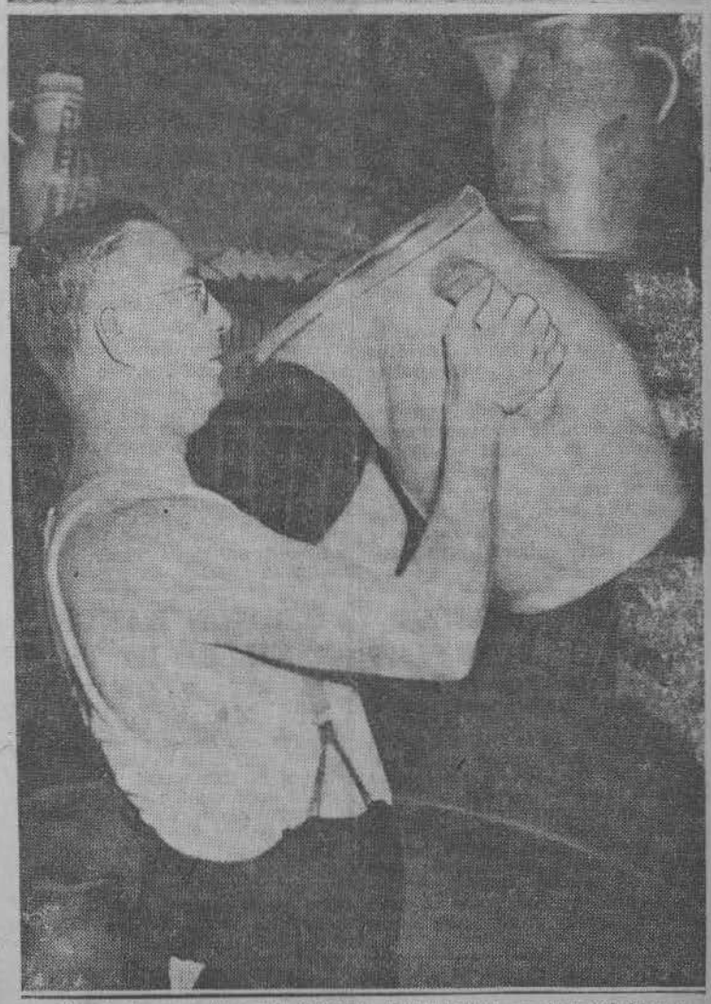
It has been long since a cream-fed pig was sacrificed in the Castle kitchen to sate the jovial appetites of hearty eaters, drinkers and rowers, but the Schuylkill Navy still rows on, just as it did the day it was founded, October 5, 1858.

Unique City Scene.

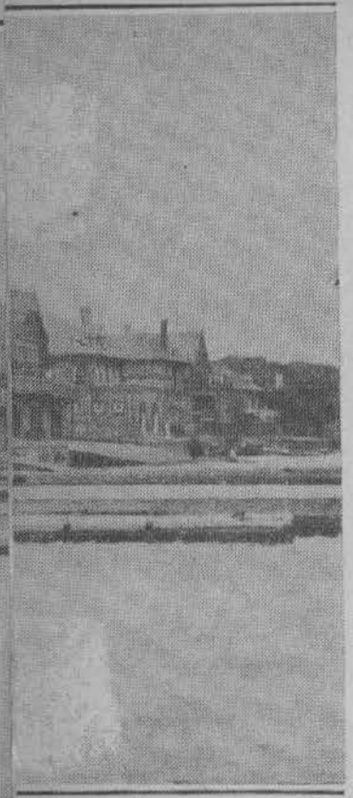
To a visitor crossing the Schuylkill over one of the railroad bridges the sight of single sculls, doubles, fours and eights plying swiftly through the water is pleasantly surprising. It's one of those scenes he can find in no other city of the world—although he may not be aware of that.

Philadelphians accept the busy river with traditional calm. There may be some Philadelphians who have never heard of the Schuylkill Navy, and some who stroll along Boathouse Row on a Sunday morning may be under the impression every big city must be similarly provided. But most of us know about our world-famous navy and as for the others—well, we won't go into that.

The origins of the river Navy can be traced back to a race above Fairmount Dam, April 14, 1835, between two clubs known as the Imps and the Blue Devils.



Frank Sperry, steward of Castle Ringstetten, up-river clubhouse of the Undine Barge Club, lifts a two-gallon jug in the manner of the 1880's. Smaller jugs are used nowadays.



Boathouse Row, home port of the Schuylkill Navy, with part of the University of Pennsylvania float and clubhouse in the foreground, followed by the Vesper Barge Club.

Navy may not be as brilliant as it nce was, its exploits on the water re greater than ever. In 1900 the Vesper Club's senior eight-oared shell won the International Regatta at Paris, but from then on such glories were few—until 1920.

In that year at Brussels Jack Kelly was the first American to win the Olympic singles scull, and then, he with his cousin, Paul Costello, also of Vesper, won the doubles. In the 1924 Olympics at Paris, Kelly and Costello again won the doubles, and in 1928 the same prize was taken by Costello paired with Charles McIlvaine, also of Vesper.

In 1930 a Penn A. C. eight won the international race at Liege, Belgium. In the 1932 Olympics at Los Angeles the Schuylkill Navy oarsmen again triumphed, W. E. Garrett Gilmore and Kenneth Myers winning the double sculls, and Charles Kieffer and Joseph Schauers with Edward Jennings coxswain won the pair-oared race.

They'll Shine Again.

Shortly the colors of the Schuylkill Navy, represented by two Undine members and five from the Penn A. C., will be seen once more in European waters, with living Olympic winners and ghosts of bygone great Schuylkill River oarsmen to cheer them on to victory in the Berlin Olympics.

lived in the estates along the river (and several other members brought

The Imps wore white trousers, red-and-white striped shirts and close-fitting red caps, while the Blue Devils were attired in white trousers, blue-and-white striped shirts and small round hats.

The affair was so successful other clubs were formed, and when the organization of the Navy was accomplished in 1858 it was the first of its kind in the world—and still is.

Nine Clubs in Navy Now.

Today the Schuylkill Navy, which has about 1000 members, consists of the Bachelors, College, Crescent, Malta, University of Pennsylvania, Penn A. C., Undine, University and Vesper. The Penn A. C., the newest member, which came in in 1925, is by far the largest, and is familiarly called the "octopus" by the smaller and older clubs.

The Bachelors Barge Club, which joined 77 years ago, entered 125 races and won 61.

Lack of funds is the usual reason causing a club to drop out, the dues being the smallest part of the money required. Shells are expensive, even a singles scull costing at least $250, while an eight costs at least $1200. The Navy is run by a Naval Board of Delegates, two from each club, the club paying $10 monthly dues for them. When the dues aren't paid promptly the club is fined $1. Deficits have to be made up by the well-to-do members, who are numerous in the Penn A. C., but not so numerous in the Undine.

They are still less numerous in the Vesper Boat Club, which not many years ago probably was the premier rowing group in the country. This was the club whose colors John B. Kelly wore in 1913, 1916, 1919 and 1920, when he won the senior singles championship of the Schuylkill Navy.

Internal dissension caused some of the most active members, including Kelly, Olympic winner and now commodore of the Navy, to withdraw from Vesper, and in 1935 his club—with a glorious record since it joined the Navy in 1870—resigned its membership because of lack of funds. The resignation has not been accepted.

One Oarsman Is 87.

Although 87-year-old Fred Plaisted, of the Penn A. C., still strokes a powerful oar, competitive rowing is essentially a young man's sport. Almost all the young men joining the Navy in the last few years have been in moderate circumstances, and many find it difficult to pay even the $15 to $20 annual dues for junior members.

Social life of the Schuylkill Navy is not quite as important as it once was, when all the clubs had up-river houses where huge parties and dances and drinking festivals were held. The Bachelors used to congregate at the Anchorage, now a public restaurant; the University Boat Club at the Lilacs, and the Malta at the Willows. The Undine Club—named after the water sprite of German Fable who received a human soul by marrying a mortal, Huldbrand, and living with him in Castle Ringstetten until he neglected her for a mortal wife—still carries on the social traditions.

For many years Undine Barge members did all their own cooking, each having a specialty which he cooked clad in chef's cap and white apron, following the custom set by the ancient and famous "Fish House" or Fishing Company of the State in Schuylkill founded in 1732. The State in Schuylkill in 1748 had a fishing fleet, its own club house about where the Girard ave. bridge now stands, and really was a state all by itself, its members comprising the gentry who [illegible] and who were so elegant they [illegible] rowed to their places of occupation in Penn's "greene country towne."

They generally stepped out of their barges at Middle Ferry, where the Market st. bridge is.

The log of Castle Ringstetten is worth perusal. At random one chooses the entry for May 1, 1880, at 8.30 P. M.: "Regular Saturday night—and no party here—only three disconsolators—T. Hart, Cheston, Steen:

No party—no shad,
No whisky—no beer,
No fun to be had—
So—we go off on our ear!!!

Then there's an entry for April 23, 1888, when George H. Earle, Jr., [illegible] some feminine friends to enjoy a dinner that consisted of planked shad, roe sauce, peas, beefsteak, potatoes and coffee. The host was the father of Governor Earle.

Plenty on Training Table.

Oarsmen of those days weren't so particular about training. Here is the menu for a party given January 21, 1891: Puree of tomato soup, boiled red snapper, shrimp sauce; boiled potato balls, roasted and broiled suckling pigs, apple sauce, sweet potatoes baked in ashes, roasted partridges with bacon on toast; lettuce salad, crackers, cheese, cigars, coffee. The wines and liquors weren't recorded.

Although the social life of the

Suburban Press 9/17/1936

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Traffic Demands New Bridge Over Schuylkill River

Task, Done Now, Would Prove of Great Benefit in the Future

FORMS "BOTTLENECK"

Construction of Modern Viaduct Is a Philadelphia Responsibility

Critics of the PWA and WPA, not remembering that in most of the projects the Federal Government is generally paying the cost of the labor, and that materials, etc., must be provided by the State or municipality in which the work is being done, feel that many of the jobs are what has been jocularly called "boondoggling."

Be this as it may, there are many genuinely beneficial tasks which could be performed if every agency; city, State and Federal; would amicably co-operate one with the other.

One local job, which will have to be done within the next decade or so, anyway, is the replacement of the present City Avenue Bridge. Since the recent widening of City Avenue, west of the Schuylkill, motor traffic is forced into a narrow roadway when it comes to the two-lane, out-moded, steel and wooden structure which carries the thoroughfare over the river. The old viaduct could very well be replaced by a modern concrete bridge (the upkeep of such construction being lower than any other type of span) and give employment to hundreds of men for many months.

A good many people are under the impression that the City Avenue Bridge is an inter-county responsibility. This is not so.

When the bridge was first constructed, in the "nineties," by a syndicate, of which the late J. Vaughn Merrick of Roxborough was a member, a three-cornered plot of ground was purchased from the estate of George B. Roberts, just south of City avenue, on the west bank of the Schuylkill. The highway was then straightened, which permitted the builders to erect the bridge so that both ends rested on the property in the city and county of Philadelphia.

City Line originally curved a short distance north of the west end of the bridge. There was a railroad station, just around the curve of the hill as the old City Line road proceeded on its way to join the River Road, which is now a thing of the ages, the ground being covered by a maze of railroad tracks in the yards of the American Bridge Company's Pencoyd plant. The station was finally moved further north and became known on the railroad maps as "Pencoyd."

There is an old tale to the effect that at the foot of Robeson's Knoll, where the eastern end of the bridge rests, during the American Revolution, stood an old grist mill operated by British sympathizers. The story goes on to say that in the mill glass was ground into the flour which was sold to the Continental Army. Fortunately, the activity was discovered before any great damage had been worked, and the plotters captured and punished according to the extent of their crime.

CANAL-BOATING A PROFITAB

Pilots Averaged From $18 to Workers Received (Longer and F

Sub. Press 11/12/193

Workmen, last Friday morning, had that portion of Midvale avenue, between Ridge avenue and the East River Drive, roped off while they were re-surfacing part of the roadway which skirts the Schuylkill River, thus making motor traffic detour to other entrances of Fairmount Park.

"I remember," said a graybeard who was watching the workers, "when there was little more than a footpath down from the Odd Fellows Hall, which we know today as Palestine Hall, to the banks of the river, which was in reality no bank at all, but just simply a shoreline.

"As a boy, I with others of my age, used to get a big thrill out of watching the many canal boats going up and down the river.

"About 1915 canal boating passed into the limbo of things grown old, and practically went out of existence. This was brought about by faster means of transportation, which lowered the number of canal boats in use, and the consequent neglect of the canal channel which gradually filled up with mud and silt.

"The history of canal-boating on the Schuylkill is an interesting one and goes back to the time when the use of anthracite coal was unknown as fuel. In 1819 Josiah White, who had a wire mill, about where the eastern abutment of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad bridge now rests, conceived the idea of organizing the Schuylkill Navigation Company. It was in his mill that anthracite coal was first successfully burned. Through the Navigation Company, which constructed the canal, he had coal brought down from the mining regions in small boats guided by long poles as they were propelled by the current.

"He built a small canal along the Schuylkill opposite the foot of Midvale avenue, here, so that the boats could get past the natural falls, which were formed by shelving rocks that extended out from the eastern shore, about where the Stone Bridge is located. Small boats carried grain and produce up the valley from the city, prior to the building of the Navigation Company's canal.

"Until 1840, when the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad was constructed from this city to the coal fields, the shipment of coal was done entirely by canal and canal boating was a profitable vocation for many years after the opening of the railroad. Many of the barges, each carrying 100 tons, conveyed coal to New York City, and Down East. They were towed down the Schuylkill by horses or mules, to the locks at Fairmount, from where, several at a time, they would be taken in tow by tugs to distant points.

"Up until 1870, when Frank Gowan was president of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad, and concluded the leasing of the Schuylkill Navigation Company's property for 99 years, there was a large number of boats owned and operated by private individuals. The railroad company introduced "company boats" which eventually drove the smaller operators out of the field.

"The introduction of larger cars and more powerful locomotices led to the shipping of coal by rail instead of by boat, and these were gradually abandoned. Doing away with the boats was a sad blow for Manayunk, where most of the small owners resided.

"At Manayunk, in the palmy days of canal boating, there were dozens of pilots who steered the boats past the rocks from the Manayunk locks to the Falls, for which service they charged one dollar. Each of the pilots averaged three boats a day, while some would make as many as ten trips. Those were mighty big wages in those days. The railroad company balanced the budget better by doing away with these jobs and appointed salaried pilots to take the boats down the stream, where there was a man who ferried the pilots to shore for ten cents. His position netted him about $5 a day, even at this small task. It wasn't long, however, before the pilots ran their boats close enough to the shore, to jump off on to the bank.

"Half a century ago, it was the ambition of most of the boys of this neighborhood, to become the owner or commander of a canal boat, many of them starting at the age of 10 to 12 years to drive the towpath horses and mules, so as to become acquainted with the river and the business. Now it has all gone!"

Suburban 10/15/1936

S.P. 3/11/37

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Great Industries Had Beginnings In Schuylkill Valley

Pennsylvania's Early Industries Started Close to "Hidden River"

FORGE BUILT IN 1716

Progenitor of Abraham Lincoln Was Among Valley's Early Pioneers

Much of the early history of Pennsylvania is closely related to the Schuylkill River and valley, in Philadelphia, Montgomery, Chester and Berks Counties.

Here was the beginning of the iron, coal and railroad industries of the State.

America's iron industry started in this region, organized anthracite coal mining began in the Schuylkill Valley, and the Reading Railroad System had its beginning as the result of these industrial babies crying for elbow room to grow in.

The first iron forge in Pennsylvania was located on the Manatawney creek near Pine Forge in 1716. It was known as Rutter's or Manatawney Forge.

The Coventry Forge followed in 1717. It was located near Coventryville, in Chester county, and is marked with a tablet.

Both of these forges were operated on the antique Catalan method, which extracted the iron direct from the ore. It made use of charcoal, was a very wasteful and expensive method and soon gave way to the furnace method.

The Poole forge was established in Amity township, Berks county, in 1725, by a company of prominent Pennsylvanians. Among them were Caspar Wistar, George Wittlin, W. Rawle, Alexander Wooddrop and James Lewis.

Early Pennsylvanians put the iron industry on what was then a modern basis. The first iron furnace in America was erected at Colebrookdale in 1720. Thomas Rutter & Company built the furnace. The site is about one mile southwest of Boyertown, unmarked.

The great, great grandfather of Abraham Lincoln was a member of the company which built the next furnace, at Rock Run, near Coventryville in 1726. The partners in this enterprise were Samuel Nutt, William Branson and Mordecai Lincoln. The Lincoln homestead still is standing in Amity township, Berks county, and has been marked. The site of the furnace has not been marked.

Reading Furnace was built on the south branch of French Creek in Warwick township. William Branson organized this project. The site is unmarked.

Business women were on the job in those early days, in spite of curl papers and stomachers. Mrs. Anna Nutt, widow of Samuel Nutt, organized the Warwick Furnace, in partnership with Samuel Nutt, Jr., and Samuel Savage, Jr. It was built in 1737, also on the south branch of French Creek. It was the largest iron furnace of its time, the Hopewell furnace ranking second. Its annual production was 1200 tons of pig iron.

It is interesting to note how these early ironmasters perpetuated their businesses by handing them down through the family, each generation becoming in its turn ironmasters. They also served their country well, for when the Revolution broke out the furnaces transformed their peaceful programmes into the manufacture of cannon, cannon balls and shells for the armies of Washington, exactly as modern steel kings turned their great plants into munitions factories in the World War. It is claimed that the Schuylkill Valley's iron industries played a major part in winning America's independence.

The fuel used in ironmaking was for many year charcoal only. As a result, hundreds of charcoal kilns sprung up in the heavily-wooded mountains of the Berks-Chester Montgomery section of the Schuylkill Valley. Boy scouts and other week-end hikers and motor picnic parties stumble on the blackened remains of these primitive charcoal pits to this day. Many of them are found in the hills on the Brooke estate in Southern Berks.

Anthracite followed charcoal. It was first used about 1840 and stepped up the pace of iron production enormously. Anthracite also set a new pace by starting the first coal road system in America. The early method of transporting pig iron was by canal boats, called arks. To take care of them the Schuylkill Canal Navigating Company came into being in 1815, although the Union Canal Company was organized in 1791. It was taken over by the Schuylkill Navigation Company.

But canals were not fast enough. So a railroad, operating by horse power, was built in 1833 from Port Clinton to Reading and Pottsville, thence to Philadelphia. George B. Keim, Mathias S. Richards, Isaac Hiester and James Everhart organized it. On December 6, 1833, a party of 100 reading citizens took an excursion train via. the horse-rail route to Pottsville. The train was five cars long and was drawn by five horses. The excursion started at 9 A. M. from Reading and arrived in Pottstown at 11.54. The report states that it took three hours to make the return trip, perhaps because of the grades. How far could we travel today in the same number of hours?

When steam succeeded horse power, the event was marked in Reading by a gala celebration. There were flags, three brass bands and refreshments all along the line.

MARCH WINDS

In March we have dawns of splendor,
With blue in the morning skies,
As lovely and deep and tender,
As the blue in an infant's eyes.
There is sunshine all over the hillsides,
Above where the Schuylkill flows;
And down where each busy mill hides—
But the wind it is cold, as it blows.

Tauntingly lashing our spirit
It speeds o'er the hills in its flight;
Each tree as the iced blasts draw near it,
Quails down as in terrored affright.
The shrubs near the houses all quiver;
The doors and the windows all quake;
We chillily shudder and shiver
As the world and its all seems to shake.

Like a sort of sorrowed miserere
It sobs and it blows and it blows,
Till all that is swaying grows weary,
And everything longs for repose.
But it's March—month of wind—we all know it,
And so are all used to the strain,
All conscious that when it will go, it
Will usher in April—and rain!

A. C. C.

S.P. 3/4/1937

EVERLASTING PEACE

We gaze out o'er the Schuylkill, to the West,
Where Laurel Hill provides a place of rest
For one we knew so well in days gone by,
Who did so much before the call, "Come nigh!"
Had summoned him from battle, and in peace
He waits the Judgment Day in calm release;
Why should we mourn for him?—he knows
The glory that we see not, in our woes.

He's there among the grasses and the trees,
—True symbols of serenity are these—
The flowers on his grave in faith he keeps
Close to his breast as endlessly he sleeps;
Our tears all trespass on this scene of rest,
For there the smiling sun is at its best;
The earth the greenest; and each budding bloom
Sends forth an incense like a sweet perfume.

A. C. C.

Suburban Press 12/10/1936

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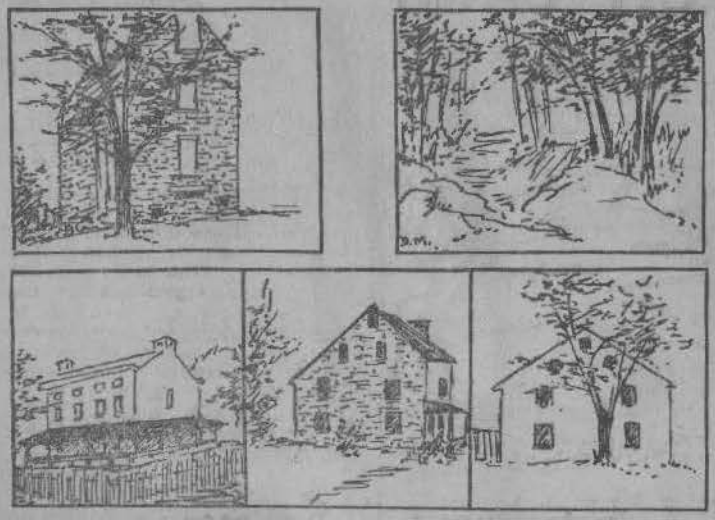
Illustrations of Old Buildings and Water marks in Novel



Showing scenes in and about Miquon paper mills of W. C. Hamilton & Sons, and watermarks identifying proprietors of mills on the same site, as shown in Christmas greeting folder being sent out by the present owners of the property and mills, the data being obtained through researches made by James F. Magee, Jr.

The folder makes up a novelty that local historians will appreciate having in their collections of papers, for the early watermarks, in many instances provide substantiation of dates and other facts concerning the lives and works of Americans of the past.

Historical Greetings

Through the kindness of James F. Magee, Jr., who penned the interesting series of articles concerning the mills of the Wissahickon Valley for The Suburban Press a year ago, there comes to hand a copy of a Christmas greeting folder, for 1936, that is being sent out by W. C. Hamilton & Sons, paper manufacturers, of Miquon, which is, indeed, a novelty.

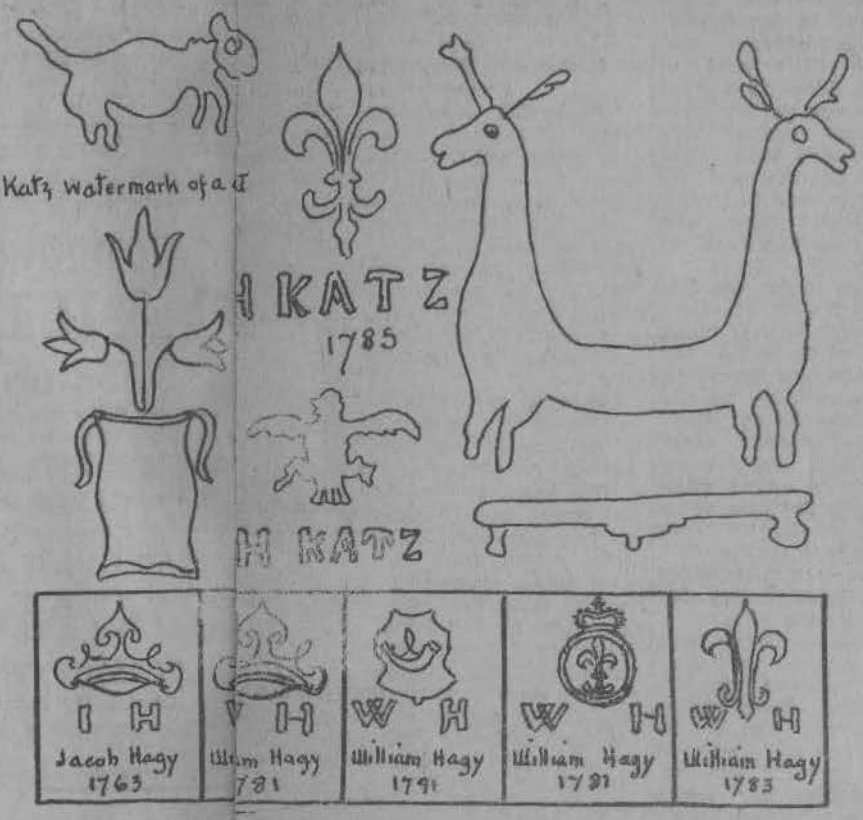
It consists of a number of pen and ink sketches of early buildings on or near the Hamilton mill site, and reproductions of watermarks used at that mill, by previous proprietors of the plant, accompanied by historical notations. It is understood that the folder was prepared by Mr. Magee.

At the top of the first page there appears the legend, "Christmas Greetings, 1936" and the explanation, " A study of the watermarks in paper, made in the Colonial paper mills located on Trout Run, Miquon, Montgomery County, Pa. The sites of these mills, (1747-1757) are today a portion of the W. C. Hamilton and Sons modern paper mills."

Accompanying this article are copies of the drawings which illustrate the little booklet.

Beside the watermark of an urn and tulips over the initials "H.K." is the notation: "The watermark of the Henry Katz paper mill. It appears in a letter written by Samuel Chase, signer of the Declaration of Independence, from Maryland, dated September 25th 1777. The design of the tulip is symbolic of the Trinity—Father, Son and Holy Ghost. The dower chest of a Mennonite bride was always decorated in the design of tulips—and the linens that filled the chest bore the same design."

Page Two carries an illustration of "the ruins of the Henry Katz mill; the original building was erected in 1757 by Nicholas Hassenbach, the first printer of Chestnut Hill. In 1760 Henry Katz purchased the paper mill and it remained in the Katz family until after 1812"; and another illustration showing where, "an Indian settlement was in a hollow among the hills above the Katz mill. A strata of very fine quartz appears on the surface. Here the Indians fashioned their arrowheads, axes and pestles to grind corn.



Many of these implements are found in the neighborhood." On the Page (2) there is also a watermark of a crudely-drawn cat; one of the fleur de lis and one of an eagle under which is the name of the maker and the year date. Beside these is the note: "H Katz' watermark of a cat in the paper of the Charming Forge, Bucks County day book, May 1st, 1775."

Page 3 has three reproductions of buildings and a date-stone at the top, and at the bottom are five copies of watermarks. The wording on the page is as follows: "Superintendent's house (with picket fence around it) site of W. C. Hamilton and Sons. Site of the Anthony Newhouse (1746-1752) and Jacob and William Hagy (1752-1786) paper mill. Dwelling of Jacob and Martin Hagy (3 and 1-2 stories, with porch in centre) Tradition states that Lafayette slept in this barn the night of May 1778 when the Americans were encamped at Barren Hill."

Just over the reproduction of the watermarks is the paragraph; "The W. C. Hamilton & Sons present paper mills and the Colonial mills of Newhouse, Hagy and Henry Katz, are in historic Whitemarsh Township. Early in 1683 Major Jasper Farmer, of Cork, Ireland, a personal friend of William Penn, purchased from the Proprietor, 5000 acres of land which formed the greater part of Whitemarsh Township. This tract formerly belonged to the Umbilicanense Indians. In William Penn, on horseback, visited this Indian settlement."

Page 4 bears fac-similes of other watermarks, above which is printed: "The Hamilton and Newhouse-Hagy mills are located in the extreme southwestern part of this tract. (continuing from Page 3) In 1746 Jonathan Newhouse, a paper maker from Roxborough, purchased 54 acres of this land on the Schuylkill River. It started north of the line of Guiliemina Penn's Manor of Springfield. He built his paper mill before 1752 as in that year he sold the property to Jacob Hagy, a paper maker from Germantown. Here Jacob Hagy and his son, William, manufactured large quantities of fine grade hand laid paper. In historical letters of the Revolutionary period the Hagy watermarks frequently appear. The emblem used were the fleur-de-lis, the ancient hunting horn, the double-headed deer with the star, and the crown of George the Third."

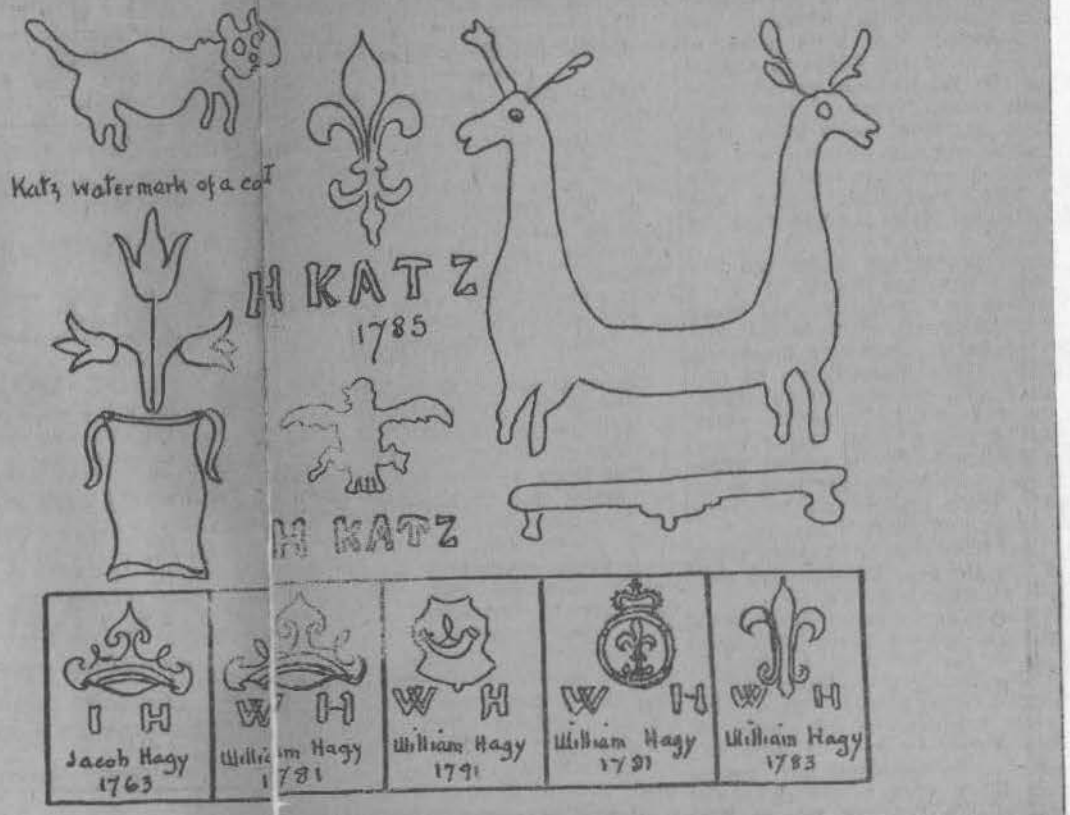
SCCAFF.

Suburban Press 12/10/1936

80

ld Buildings and Water marks in Novel

Christmas Folder



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SCCAFF.

Suburban Press
1/21/1937

Lock Tender At Flat Rock To Mark 84th Birthday

Captain Winfield S. Guiles Was Born on January 24th of 1853

LIKES HIS JOB

Has Been at Upper Manayunk Locks For 53 of 75 Years Service

"Steady work!" has been the cry of a large proportion of the population of this country for at least two decades, but which has never yet been once uttered by Captain Scott Guiles, the lock tender at Flat Rock Dam on the Schuylkill, whose 84th birthday will occur next Sunday.

For fifty-three years the Captain has been the guardian of the locks at Flat Rock, and for seventy-five years he has been employed in work along the Schuylkill river.

In 1861, as a child of eight years, he went to work at the little Reading Dam, helping his father tend the locks. He labored there for fourteen years and in 1875 went to the dam at Conshohocken. A year later he was tending the locks at Spring Garden streets when the canal ran that far, and in 1881 he started three years of service on a tug boat which earned for him the title of "Captain." In 1884 he went to Flat Rock and has been there ever since.

Traffic on the Schuylkill canal now is pretty light, consisting mostly of canoes and rowboats in summer time. The main part of Captain Guile's work is watching the rise and fall of the water. One error on his part and many of the Manayunk mills would receive a monetary loss in damaged goods that would amount to thousands of dollars.

He is known to residents of the neighborhood as "the sleepless wonder." In the days when there was considerable traffic on the canal, his little lantern would be seen at all hours of every night, in all kinds of weather, twinkling outside of the lock-house. For more than a quarter of a century he never slept in bed. With a 24-hour-a-day job he was compelled to develop a technic for sleeping in a chair in the office near the locks, but was always wideawake when a boat came along.

"Tell the world for me," he said, "That sticking to one job is the best way to obtain happiness. I've got things down to a system here, no worries, lots of interesting things happening, and plenty of friends. The view up the river means everything to me. I can't find any fault with the world. It's the people who live in it who are unhappy. What I haven't seen is never going to worry me."

Captain Guiles no longer thinks of retiring, but intends to "keep right on working as long as they treat me right, and want me to continue!"

Another Birthday

CAPTAIN W. S. GUILES

Lock tender at Flat Rock Dam on The Schuylkill River, who will be 84 years old on Sunday, January 24th. He has been stationed at his present post since 1884, watching tides in river to warn mill owners of approaching floods.

Suburban Press
7/29/1937

81

IN THE PICNIC WOODS

I strayed from the town
With its dust and heat,
To a picnic woods,
While the noon was near;
Where shadows were cool,
An the atmosphere
Was misty with fragrance
We love to greet,
From fallen leaves
That billowed sheer
O'er all the grasses
Green and sweet.

I peered through a vista
Of leaning trees
Dressed in a tangle
Of vines that swept,
Toward Schuylkill ripples
That answered these,
With vines in the waves
Like the vines in the breeze,
Till the yearning lips
Of the wavelets crept
And kissed them then
In great ecstacies,
And wistfully laughed
And in full joy wept.

A. C. C.

Suburban Press 9/16/1937

82

No Record of Building Date of Plymouth Friends Meeting House

Of all the churches and burial grounds in Montgomery County, there is none, probably, whose origin is as obscure as that adjacent to the Friends meeting-house in Plymouth Meeting.

The early settlers of the vicinity were from Plymouth in Devonshire, England. Because they were obliged to forego the pleasure of their youth, they gave the name of their home in the old country to the new abiding place. That studious thoughtfulness and serious reflection, which rightfully characterizes the membership of the Society of Friends, is suggested very much in the singularly restful appearance of the building and its surroundings.

It is an established fact that no meeting-house had been erected in 1703, for the records of Haverford show that the meeting was still in the Fox dwelling, which at that time was in the possession of Hugh Jones. Before the meeting-house was erected the Friends held their meetings in the homes of various members, generally choosing the houses which were located near the center of their community.

The exact date of the erection of the first meeting-house is not certain at the present time. However, it was undoubtedly built in the early eighteenth century, and some years before December 1714, when the Friends of Gwynedd and Plymouth were permitted by Haverford, the parent meeting, to hold the first monthly meeting for themselves at Gwynedd. Extracts from the records of various families show very conclusively that there was no meeting-house until some years after 1700, the most likely date being 1710.

The original structure still remains, although it has undergone considerable alteration, the oldest part being that section of the building nearest the older portion of the graveyard. From the appearance of the meeting-house, as it now stands, it is evident that it was built at two different periods, besides the alterations, and that different materials were used on each occasion. The older portion was built of limestone, while in the newer portion a brownish sandstone was used.

For the greater part of a century one end of the building was used for school facilities. This was due to the fact that the Friends have always layed especial emphasis on education. In almost all the Monthly Meetings and in some of the Preparative Meetings, then and for many years afterwards, there were bequests of money for schools, of varying amounts, some of them large. The Philadelphia Yearly Meeting once issued the advice to the Monthly and Preparative Meetings recommending that every member in the final disposition of his property should provide for the education of youth.

The Friends' schools were well attended, many of the pupils being other than members of the Society. Many boys came from great distances in the winter, when the farm work was done.

There is a tradition that David Rittenhouse, the eminent astonomer, attended the school at Plymouth Meeting, although that has not been verified. He was said to have come on horseback and barefooted, in his earlier boyhood. There is no doubt that many of the boys did so in early colonial days and even in later times.

Among the teachers in the old meeting-house were Jesse Williams and Josiah Albertson. Alan W. Corson, Dr. Hiram Corson, and many others of that generation attended there as pupils. Alan W. Corson recalled that in his boyhood days, there was a log stable in the meeting-house yard to accommodate the horses of pupils, who came great distances to attend the school. Some came from Whitpain and some from the upper part of Gwynedd Township. Later on, the Friends of Plymouth Meeting built the Eight-Square school house. It was erected in the yard, between the meeting-house and the sheds in that part of the grounds adjoining the newer part of the grave-yard.

The building of octagonal school houses was quite common at that time, due to the belief that they economized space. This belief has long been abandoned. Many persons also believe that another reason for the building of these school houses was the belief that the teacher could more conveniently reach the pupils than in ordinary rooms. Individual, rather than class instruction, was greatly favored in those days.

Coming down to more recent times, we learn that the burning of the meeting-house on February 13, 1867, was a calamity, in one sense, but led to its reconstruction, the old walls being used, so far as it was possible, for the new structure. The fire, which is supposed to have originated from the hot ashes deposited in the cellar, wood being used for fuel at that time, occurred during the morning. Changes and alterations have been made in the building since that time, but they have been comparatively unimportant and have altered its appearance very little.

Suburban Press
3/25/1937

Construction Of Fairmount Dam Ended Fisheries

Once Lucrative Business Wiped Out When Canal Came Into Existence

SHRONK A LEADER

State Supreme Court Rendered Adverse Decision Against Owners

A discussion, last Saturday night, concerning the industries established along the Schuylkill river, brought to mind the one-time fisheries, which in the early days provided lucrative employment for their owners.

The Roberts Fisheries were located on the west side of the Schuylkill, just above the Falls Bridge, on ground since filled in and used as storage yards of the Pencoyd plant of the American Bridge Company. They were owned, in times past, by Titus Roberts, the uncle of a past president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, George B. Roberts, who lived further up on the hills above.

Nearby, above the mouth of the Wissahickon Creek, was the equally as famous Jones' Fisheries, owned and operated by early members of the Jones family, of Roxborough.

Among the most prominent fisheries along the Schuylkill were those of the Sorber family, which were below the Falls Bridge, on the western bank; and probably the best known being that of Godfrey Shronk, which has been mentioned by the great chronicler, John Fanning Watson, in his "Annals of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania."

This Shronk Fishery had the best location of all those along the river, which brought it much success through buyers of fish from Germantown and North Penn Townships.

The grounds had a water frontage of 500 feet on the east shore, and extended back to Ridge road. The lower part, which for identification purposes was located opposite the 4251 Ridge avenue of today, was all that was used for fishing purposes, and there was a roadway 20 feet wide which formerly led from Ridge road to the river, for the use of market wagons.

The ground, located at the head of the rapids (then on the site of the Reading Company's Stone Bridge) was admirable for the purpose of the fishermen. There was in those days no dam at Fairmount, and tide-water extended up to and beyond "the falls" of the Schuylkill. The ground at the Shronk Fishery sloped to the water's edge and greatly expedited the landing of boats and nets.

The little roadway, or lane, which ran down to the stream from Ridge road, was primarily intended to remain in existence forever, but when the fish disappeared from the river, it was fenced off, at either end, and added to the garden of one of Godfrey Shronk's descendants, John W. Shronk. The old road adjoined the old hotel conducted in turn by Messrs. Evans, Tissot, and others, which afterward became known as the Cafe de la Riviere.

The fisheries continued to pay their owners a profit up until 1821, when the Schuylkill Navigation Company erected the Fairmount Dam to impound sufficient water in their canal to float the canal boats.

At that time it is said there was an agreement made, whereby the Navigation Company was to construct what is known as fish ladders, which would permit the fish to come upstream for the spawning season, and keep the river stocked with members of the finny tribe.

The agreement, however, was not lived up to, and as the backing up of the water encroached on the fishing properties a law suit was instituted by Shronk and his friends. It was carried to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, who rendered a decision adverse to the interests of the fishermen. This decision was rendered by Chief Justice Tilligeman, and was later used as a precedent when the Pennsylvania Railroad's Broad Street Station was erected, to the protest of Filbert street property owners.

Some idea of the kind of justice awarded owners of the fishing grounds can be formed from the fact that at one time on a farm having river frontage, up the Schuylkill, whereon, it is said, the canal company constructed a towpath, without asking the owner's consent. One day the farmer was fined five dollars, as a trespasser, for driving his cows across the towpath, the site of which had been wrested from him without payment.

The building of the Fairmount Dam, as stated before, put an end to the run of shad with which the river had once been thickly populated, and the failure to build the fish ladder entirely destroyed the business of the fishermen. Nothing was done about restraint of trade, or destructive competitive practices in those days—that is, as far as legal steps went! The least influential litigant just simply "took it on the chin."

Charles V. Hagner, early Falls of Schuylkill and Manayunk historian, penned a tale in which he stated: "On one occasion I saw Godfrey Shronk, with one sweep, catch 43 fine shad, while at the same time I saw many escape from the same seine."