This Issue is Dedicated to the Memory of the Founder of the Society, Hon. W. W. Porter

Published by the Society of the Descendants of the Schwenkfeldian Exiles
The Exile Herald


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The basis of membership is descent from one of the exiles. The dues are $3 a year. This includes payment of subscription to the Exile Herald, a quarterly publication.
Life Membership for $50

At a recent meeting of the Board of Governors a motion was adopted, after considerable discussion, whereby members of the Society may pay $50 and be exempt from further dues for the rest of their lives. This sum invested will return the $3 annually which constitutes the present dues. Before the meeting had adjourned the treasurer, Dr. Getelman, had sold three life memberships. It is expected that a good many members will at once join this group. The money from these memberships will be kept in a separate fund and invested for the Society. Who will be the next to become a life member?

Women to Hunt Members

The four women members of the Board of Governors have been assigned the task of adding fifty members to the Society by December 1. Mrs. Farrell is chairman and in addition to having the help of Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Maxwell and Mrs. Jones, will call upon other women to seek out Descendants who have not yet joined the Society. There are many children in the families of members who should be brought into the fold. Every Society grows best by the constant addition of young members. Hunt up friends or relatives who are eligible and help them to become members.

Recent New Members

The following recently joined the Society: Charles K. Heebner, Mrs. Florence Schultz Genszler, Earl Wismer Heebner and William Yeakle. Be sure to read the complete list of members at the end of this issue of the Herald. If there are errors or omissions, please report to the secretary.

Loan Is Repaid

Annual report of the treasurer as presented to the Governors showed that the loan of $200 needed a year ago has been repaid and on February 12, the date of the meeting, there was on hand $354. Expenses for the year consisted of cost of issuing this periodical, semi-annual meetings, rent, invitations, storage space for records, etc.

June 1, Collegeville

The spring meeting of the Society will be at Ursinus College, Collegeville, Saturday afternoon, June 1. Arrangements are
under way with the weather man to insure a cloudless day; but if it does rain, the college has plenty of room for us all, and the roads into Collegeville are hard. Plan to come. Further notice as to speakers and extras will come. Let all the clan gather!

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We Are Late

The Editorial Committee should be dismissed. This issue is over a month late! We will try to do better next time. This is supposed to be a quarterly, but the Editor noticed some weeks ago that last year only three issues were printed. Anyone else notice it?
In Memoriam

Judge Porter, First Vice-President of our Society, died on the date of the latest meeting of the Society, November 16, 1928. Dr. Anders, President of the Society, at the request of the editors, prepared the following tribute:

WILLIAM WAGENER PORTER, a native of Philadelphia, departed this life at “Porter Farms,” Valley Forge, November 16th, 1928, at the age of seventy-two years. The death of Judge Porter marked the passing of a notable figure of the legal profession of Pennsylvania. He was descended from an unusually distinguished ancestry, many of whom were eminent in public life. His great-grandfather was General Andrew Porter, a member of General Washington’s staff during the Revolutionary War. His grandfather was David Rittenhouse Porter, twice Governor of Pennsylvania. The father of the subject of this brief biographic sketch, held successively the offices of sheriff, district attorney and city solicitor of Philadelphia before being appointed to a judgeship in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and Court of Alabama Claims, Washington. Mr. Porter’s mother was Emma Wagener, a member of a prominent Easton family.

Mr. Porter was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, as A. B., class of 1875, and three years later received the degree of Master of Arts from the same institution; he enjoyed the distinction of having been chosen the biennial orator out of two classes. Upon leaving the University he began the study of law in the office of his father, Hon. William A. Porter, and was admitted to the bar several years later. He early specialized in insurance and will cases. His practice grew rapidly until it became quite extensive and embraced the settlement of some of the largest estates filed during that period. Notwithstanding these active years of his professional career, Judge Porter found time to enrich the literature of his profession by such notable contributions as a text-book, “The Law Relating to Bills of Lading” and “Legal Responsibility—Solemnizing Marriages in Pennsylvania,” as well as other brochures. His legal attainments were recognized by Governor Hastings, who appointed him to the Superior Court bench in 1897, to succeed Judge Willard. After serving in that capacity for six years, during which time he was elected for a full term, he resigned in order to devote himself to the practice of law in his native city. At this point in his career he became the head of the legal firm known as Porter, Foulkrod and McCullough, and so continued until June, 1928, when he withdrew and took an office at 1500 Walnut Street, where he proposed to establish a consultation practice only. But soon thereafter he was stricken and died after a brief illness. Judge Porter’s fame as a lawyer reached an enviable
height and, like the great emancipator, Lincoln, "he would decline to take a case if he thought his client was in the wrong." He thus set a fine example to the younger members of the legal profession. The writer admired him greatly for his sagacity, but even more for his sterling character and richness of soul. His hosts of surviving friends can testify to his thoughtfulness for others, his kindly disposition and sound judgment, which combined to make him an impartial counsellor and one in whom they could go with great freedom.

Judge Porter's interests covered a wide field; for example, among benevolent organizations he served as manager of the "Union Benevolent Association," "The Midnight Mission," "The Philadelphia Tract and Mission Society," and the "Pennsylvania Society to Protect Children from Cruelty." He was a member of the Second Presbyterian Church, which he served as a trustee for many years.

Mr. Porter belonged to numerous societies and clubs, among which were the Union League of Philadelphia, the Rittenhouse Club, the Merion Cricket Club, the Philadelphia Country Club, the Sons of the American Revolution, the Sedgeley Club, the Society of the Cincinnati, the Lambs and Wolves, the Pennsylvania Scotch Irish Society, of which he was a former president, the Lawyers' Club, the Law Association of Philadelphia, and the Society of The Descendants of the Schwenkfeldian Exiles. He was the founder of the latter society, and intimately associated with its growth and development from its organization to the time of his passing away, and his genius, in large measure, guided its activities. Mr. Porter was also the first vice-president of this society throughout its career, and a member of the Board of Governors, in which capacity he was ever striving to maintain its ideals at the optimum level. He was also a regular attendant upon the semi-annual meetings of the Society of The Descendants of the Schwenkfeldian Exiles, and the members of the organization will recall his interesting and oftentimes eloquent remarks on those occasions. No meeting of the society was quite complete without his constructive, cheering and inspiring talks. The address which Judge Porter delivered before The Society of The Descendants of the Schwenkfeldian Exiles, on October 8, 1921, on the subject of Silesia was quite notable; it represented much painstaking research and will be long remembered by all who were privileged to hear it.

He was the orator at the unveiling of the great Washington Monument in Philadelphia, an occasion in which President McKinley also participated as a speaker. On the occasion of the 1927 annual meeting of the Alumni Society of the University of Pennsylvania, held at the residence of Mr. Henry Newbold Woolman, near Valley Forge, Judge Porter was one of several speakers, all of whom presented the claims of that unique historic spot as a future site for the University. Unquestionably, his address was the most eloquent and forcible, replete with
convincing arguments. He spoke at many public gatherings in this city and elsewhere, always inspiring and captivating his audiences. His addresses were characterized by an undemonstrative sense of humor and pertinent wittiness.

Besides being a noted orator, Judge Porter possessed both a logical and an analytical mind and those who came into contact with him were, as a rule, inspired by his striking and delightful personality.

For a time after the failure of the Real Estate Title and Trust Company, of which he was one of the directors, his life was a difficult struggle, but there never was the slightest hesitancy or indecision on his part as to the course to be pursued. He promptly mortgaged his home and converted all his possessions into cash, and continued his best efforts in behalf of the company until it was practically restored to its former position of confidence in the community. Those who really knew his character, knew how intensely loyal he always was to the highest ideals. Judge Porter had vision and seemed to delight in tackling problems that bristled with difficulties and, as a rule, solved them with marked success. He possessed the ability to go directly to the heart of things by his straight, sane thinking. Again, he had a wide outlook, while his sympathies were broad and inclusive for one occupying his station. He gave to life a meaning beyond the mere struggle for position, power and material ends. Many honors came to him, but he never sought them, and public office apparently never entered his thoughts. Judge Porter, however, played a prominent part in clubs and societies. For example, the Scotch Irish Society, the Society of the Cincinnati, the Union League of Philadelphia, and others. He lived up to the best traditions of his distinguished ancestry, and his essential qualities gave him a real claim to distinction. Those who were privileged to work with him could not fail to realize that he was in touch with the source of strength and power for the elevation of mankind.

Judge Porter married Miss Mary Augusta Hobart, of Brooklyn, who survives; also two sons, W. Hobart Porter, Esq., and Andrew W. Porter, a banker, and one daughter, Mrs. William J. Clothier.
Two “Remarks” by Judge Porter

In the records of our Society are stenographic notes of two of the delightfully witty addresses which Judge Porter was wont to make at most of the meetings of the Society. Both reveal the whimsical quality which always delighted the audiences. The first was at the meeting at Valley Forge chapel, June 4, 1927, and the second at the mid-winter meeting, November 14, 1924.

MAY I ask a favor of those present? As I look over this company I wonder whether we are all Exiles; some are not, I think. Those who are members, would you mind holding up your hands? I assume that those whose hands are down are not members. May I go a step further and assume that those who are not members of the Society do not really know what the Society is about? There are some members of the Society who are none too clear on that subject, and I wonder if it would not be fair to tell these good people just what this Society means.

There are a number of people in this country, some of whom have personally attained success, but a great many more who have attained greatness because they were hatched from the Plymouth Rocks. There are others who came through other channels, but they all predicate their greatness from those who came to this new country because of persecution in the old. I do not intend to be mean or depreciative of these other Societies; they have excellent people, and those who did come made a record, but I stand here to say that there is not a single Society, predicated to descent from those who came to this country because of persecution for religion, comparable in the slightest degree to the Descendants of the Schwenkfeldian Exiles.

I feel a little embarrassed because my great-grandfather was Irish, but my great-grandmother was a Schwenkfeldian. My grandfather was here, walking around in his bare feet the same as George Washington was; so I became enthused and interested and have made my home here.

Here's the great thing about our history; the country from whence we came never was a union—it was a territory, part of it governed by Poland, the other part by Germany. The Schwenkfeldians were almost Lutherans, but not only were they persecuted by the Catholics but by the Lutherans also, until they could not stand it. They were driven out of their country, largely by the persecutions of the Germans, and went to Holland and from there by ship to the Delaware River, Philadelphia, and disembarked. All their names are recorded at Harrisburg in the archives.

What happened then was the big thing. Frederick William, finding what good people had left and realizing their character and value, issued a proclamation saying to all who came over—“Come back, we will give you back all you left behind—restore your property, re-instate you in all ways.” To these people in this nation, then fighting hardships physical and spiritual, there
comes a royal invitation to come home, and you can easily understand why I have a feeling of pride and warmth in my heart when I say that not one went back, and you will look in vain for any other Society, or any other group of religious exiles in this country, to which such a thing happened.

There is one place in America that no American should die without having seen—that is Valley Forge; none should die without having seen and worshiped in this chapel. You can find nothing in the United States more inspiring than that—inspiring to patriotism, inspiring to reverence for ancestry of the type we have—and I want to say with a spirit of devout thankfulness that the good God did well by us when His servant, Doctor Burke, was led to come here and captain this enterprise to its great success.

What I have said is to some a twice-told tale, but to others it is new, and when we go out and cock our noses in the air and walk with a swagger they will know who we are.

Dr. Anders: Dr. Donohoo, I am sure I express the unanimous sentiment of the audience when I say we thank you for that splendid message from the honored past. I had hoped on this occasion to slip into a back seat with Mrs. Anders, we are both small as you know, without being seen and really to enjoy the occasion and the program. My scheme failed. I had asked our distinguished vice president to preside on this occasion, but he respectfully declined, insisting that I should do so, but finally agreed to introduce the second speaker of the evening, and I will ask Judge Porter to come forward and fulfil his promise. We do not feel our meetings are quite complete without hearing a few words from our distinguished vice president, Judge Porter. I want him to remember, however, that I claim the honor and privilege of an acquaintance with the next speaker, which I deeply appreciate.

Judge Porter: Mr. President, fellow members. It will be a long time before any of us will hear anything approaching the eloquent tribute to the State which to most of us is a native state, such as we have heard in the last fifteen minutes. I feel so proud of being a Pennsylvanian that I am not at all sure that I care to speak to anybody from any of the other forty-seven States. Every word of it was true, and most eloquently presented. That address differed from almost every other address we have had here. Almost all of them have been about genealogy and our ancestors, and when I received this mandate from the president to say something, I commenced to turn over in my mind what we have been getting here, and more and more it came to me, why should we start with Silesia for our ancestors? There were certainly people behind that time. So I took a big jump and I thought of Noah and what he would say in these days of the Volstead Act, when his big trouble was with water. But I am going to take a still further jump back to our first
ancestor, Adam. Sometimes we think he had a pretty hard time, but he had an easy job to start with, and without blaming his wife entirely, he dropped into pretty cold water. He was the first man of all of us that had to get his living by the sweat of his brow, and that usually means the sweat of the brain; but nowadays brawn and not brain seems to be on top, and that is a distinction which is not always adequately marked in our time. Brawn is on the pinnacle, and brain in the slough. But Adam had some things for which to be thankful. He spent the early part of his life in most pleasant surroundings. He had none of the difficulties of getting his clothes fitted by the tailor, and his wife never came home with unpaid bills for her garniture. He had no mother-in-law. He had no obligations to provide, for all was provided.

A lovely wife Eve must have been to Adam, because she was part of him, even if she was only the rib. Not a man standing round of whom to be jealous. Eve had rather a good time of it. She never was reminded that her biscuits were not the kind that mother made. She had none of the trials and criticisms of her sex as to the style of her “fig leaves.” Taking it altogether, this couple had a very nice time. I feel some satisfaction that these of our ancestors as of their time were of the highest class then known. They were in the best social circle in existence.

But there is one thing Adam had, that I do not believe he half appreciated. There was something for which he should be thankful. He had no ancestors. Think of it! Think of what we have to put up with in order to live up to our ancestors. Believe me, when I go away from these meetings, and think of what all the people who came over from Silesia in 1734 went through, what they achieved, and the glorious posterity they have given to the world, I cannot face the future or the present without an enormous sense of obligation to these ancestors.

The man who is going to speak next is a relative of mine, he is a “brother-in-the-law.” I am a little fearful about him. I was partly the means of inducing him to come here tonight. You will remember that he was the head of the men making four-minute speeches in the drives for Liberty Bonds. One said that by reason of this experience, Mr. Ludlow cannot speak more than four minutes now on anything. That may be a relief, but it would be a disappointment to me in our speaker this evening.

When our earliest ancestor got his sentence, it was a life sentence. There was no lightening of the term for good conduct. There was no statute by which a judge could give a maximum sentence of fifty and a minimum of twenty-five years. We have that privilege in Pennsylvania, and the man who procured the passage of that act by the Legislature was Mr. Ludlow. In doing this, he may have been shrewd, for he got more publicity out of it than anything else he has done.

He has selected as his topic, “My Job as an Ancestor.”
do not want to be personal, but I think it is a fair assumption that four or five causes exist which might bring that thought home to him. I think it was Roosevelt in one of his addresses who said he would rather be an ancestor than a posterity. What are we doing that our posterity shall get an equal impulse of high purpose and decent character from the record of pioneers, not as against the red savage, but the red savage as known to our modern time, the man whose complexion may be white, but who is advocating red doctrine? There is a duty and a big thought behind Mr. Ludlow's subject, the "Job of Being an Ancestor." There is a duty to posterity. I have the greatest pleasure and satisfaction in introducing a man who is known to his seniors at the bar as a man of rare oratorical accomplishments. Mr. Ludlow, this is your introduction. Will you join me on the platform?
Reformers by Force – and by Practice

Before the Society of the Descendants of Schwenkfeldian Exiles,
November 10, 1922.

By Hon. John Weaver

The fact that your ancestors were members of a sect founded by Kaspar Schwenkfeld, one of the Protestant leaders of the Reformation, seems to me as important for you to remember as the fact that they were exiles from their native land and exiled on account of their religious principles. The individual courage of each man, woman and child of that remarkable group must have been very great, leaving their homes in Silesia in the wooded slopes of the foothills of the Sudetic Mountains or in the beautiful valley of the river Oder and journeying by land and boat until they could reach a sea port and then set out across the Atlantic to the colony William Penn had founded, and it may have been because the worship of God by the Quakers was very much like the worship of God by the Schwenkfeldians, or more likely the fact that Penn had founded his colony on the broadest plan of toleration. Here above any State, every one of its people could worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience without reference to any others.

It is rather a curious fact that the Reformation should have produced so much persecution not only on the part of the Church but on the part of one sect against another sect.

The Reformation started with violent protest of her own priests against abuses which had crept into the Church. There was John Wycliffe, called the morning star of the Reformation, who although protesting against the abuses, the sale of indulgences and other claims by the Papacy, remained a priest of his Church until his death, and was seized with paralysis while hearing mass, and died in 1384. So intense was the feeling against him that nearly fifty years later his bones were exhumed, burned, and the ashes cast into the river.

And then came John Huss, born in the same general locality that your own ancestors were born, who tried for years to bring about a reform of ecclesiastical abuses without separating himself from the Church. He was burned at the stake in 1415, and he has now become the patron saint of Czecho-Slovakia, that new country, which like a Phoenix has sprung into life out of the fire and ashes of the World War. The century that saw his martyrdom also saw the birth of some remarkable men. Erasmus, of whom it has been said “he laid the golden egg that Luther hatched,” and Martin Luther himself, who was born later in the century, was only seven years old when Kaspar Schwenkfeld was born. He founded the sect named for him, of which your ancestors were members, and they were persecuted not only by the Church, but by the Lutherans, as the Puri-
tans in our own country persecuted Roger Williams and the
Baptists and drove them out of Massachusetts Bay Colony.

It is difficult to understand the persecution of one sect of
Reformers by another, except that they had been persecuted so
long by the Church and so intense were they in their religion
they never thought of the toleration that William Penn advo-
cated in Pennsylvania and Roger Williams in Rhode Island.

The intensity of the religion of the Reformers is best
described, I think, by Lord Macauley in his tribute to the Pur-
tans in his essay on Milton, where he says of them:

"The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar
character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and
eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general
terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every
event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing
was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To
know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great
end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious
homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of
the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity
through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on His
intolerable brightness, and to commune with Him face to face.
Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The
difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind
seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval
which separated the whole race from Him on whom their own
eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superior-
ity but His favor; and, confident of that favor, they despised
all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If
they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and
poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their
names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were re-
corded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied
by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had
charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with
hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade
away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests they
looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich
in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime
language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests
by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them
was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance
belonged, on whose slightest action the spirits of light and dark-
ness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, before
heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should
continue when heaven and earth should have passed away.
Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes
had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had
risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty
had proclaimed his will by the pen of the Evangelist, and the
harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had risen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God.

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker; but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half-maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or in the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows; but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world, like Sir Artegal’s iron man, Talus, with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part or lot in human infirmities, insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain, not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

Macauley could have paid this tribute to other sects where religious work went to make up and bring about the Reformation, but you can be proud of the fact that your ancestors did not persecute other sects and always had that broad toleration that Penn had and believed that every man should have the right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience.
The Reformers adopted the cause of civil liberty, because it was the cause of religion.

Your ancestors played their part in the founding of this Democracy as the Puritans did, and this Government has stood the test of nearly 150 years. It has passed the experimental stage and yet the continuation of our form of Government depends, it seems to me, on the holding fast to those eternal principles of the religion of Jesus Christ which your forefathers brought to these shores.

The one danger in a democracy is the possibility of corruption. There will be no corruption among peoples who hold fast to those principles.

I have no time for the people who say that the Bible is an ordinary man's book and should not be read in the schools as was stated recently by a man in California. What an inspiration it was to hear Dr. Kriebel give an account of the founding of the school system by your ancestors in Pennsylvania and the first item was instruction in the Holy Scriptures. God grant that you and I will never see the day when the Bible is excluded from the schools, and we want a little more of the religion of Jesus Christ in our public life. Religion should not be like a cloak to leave at the church door on Sunday to take up again the next Sunday. It should be taken into your daily life and, above all, I want to see it in our public life, as much as it was when the Puritans and the Schwenkfelders came to the Colonies. Then there is no fear of corruption working into the system of Government and destroying our own American Democracy.
List of the Members
of the Descendants of the Schwenkfeldian Exiles

JANUARY 1, 1929

Adams, Mrs. Israel S., Pennsburg, Pa.
Amonson, Mrs. Emma, 922 West Marshall Street, Norristown, Pa.
Anders, Daniel M., 11 East Airy Street, Norristown, Pa.
Anders, D. Webster, 6372 Columbia Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.
*Anders, Hiram M., 341 Whitehall Road, Norristown, Pa.
Anders, J. Leidy, 1118 West Airy Street, Norristown, Pa.
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Anders, Morrell Z., 4935 Pulaski Avenue, Germantown, Pa.
Barrett, Mrs. Laura A., 30 East Freedley Street, Norristown, Pa.
Baylor, Mrs. John H., McEwensville, Pa.
Bean, Theodore Lane, 317 Swede Street, Norristown, Pa.
Bechtel, Dwight Earle S., 4912 Knox Street, Germantown, Pa.
Beyer, Alvin D., 1809 DeKalb Street, Norristown, Pa.
Beyer, Emma C., 1809 DeKalb Street, Norristown, Pa.
Beyer, Wesley B., 833 DeKalb Street, Norristown, Pa.
Bobb, Miss Minnie, Lansdale, Pa.
Brecht, Arthur M., 83 South Eagle Road, Manoa, Upper Darby, Pa.
Brecht, George K., 539 George Street, Norristown, Pa.
Brecht, Harold W., 83 Eagle Road, Manoa, Upper Darby, Pa.
Brecht, Mrs. Sarah K., 926 West Marshall Street, Norristown, Pa.
Brecht, Samuel K., 83 Eagle Road, Manoa, Upper Darby, Pa.
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Brown, Mrs. Nellie, 2929 West Lehigh Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.
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Buckenham, Miss Clara Virginia, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.
Buckenham, Mrs. John W., Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.
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Clothier, Mrs. Wm. J., Valley Forge, Pa.
Cook, Mrs. Helen, 243 High Street, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.
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Craven, A. Sanford, 505 Independence Avenue, Oak Lane, Philadelphia, Pa.
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Daub, Miss Sadie Seifer, 20 Huron Avenue, Norwood, Pa.
Daub, Samuel S., Green Lake, Maine.
Davis, Mrs. William A., 102 Onondaga Avenue, Syracuse, New York.
Delp, Miss Jane S., 223 Nassau Place, Norristown, Pa.
Derr, Mrs. Mary Y., 502 Haws Avenue, Norristown, Pa.
Dresher, Mrs. Ella, 523 Columbia Avenue, Lansdale, Pa.
Dresher, Raymond, 523 Columbia Avenue, Lansdale, Pa.
Druckenmiller, Joseph Y., Edge Hill, Montgomery County, Pa.
Essick, Frank C., Y. M. C. A., Elmira, N. Y.
Ettinger, James A., 414 Merchant Street, Audubon, N. J.
Fetterolf, Charles G., 2131 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
*Freyer, Edith K., 312 DeKalb Street, Bridgeport, Montgomery Co., Pa.
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*Deceased since January 1, 1928.