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PENNSYLVANIA POWER & LIGHT COMPANY

Personals

Kenneth Eltz, 922 S. 7th St., celebrated his 22nd birthday on Thursday.

Jean A. Kressley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kressley of Lyon Valley, will celebrate her 10th birthday anniversary tomorrow.

Mrs. Sue H. Seiler, 32 N. 14th St., will observe her birthday anniversary on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Konald of Bethlehem R. 3 are the parents of a son born at 7.40 a. m. Friday at the Allentown hospital.

Ladies of Golden Eagle Install Officers Tonight

Installation of officers will be conducted at a meeting of Allen Temple, No. 42, Ladies of the Golden Eagle tonight at 8 o'clock in the Marine band hall, 29 S. 7th St. Mrs. Bertha Eckert, president, will open the meeting.

Officers will be inducted by the deputy, Mrs. Flora Iobst, assisted by her team. Refreshments will be served by the entertainment committee.

MALE QUARTET SINGS SUNDAY FOR BIBLE CLASS SERVICE

A male quartet composed of Harold Kindt, Bruce Davies, Arthur Mensinger and Richard Brey will sing several selections at the weekly service of the Friendship Bible class of Dubbs Memorial Reformed church Sunday school at 9:30 Sunday morning. The lesson will be taught by George B. Reinert and group singing will be led by Paul B. DeLong.

Hostess on Birthday To Group of Friends

Mrs. Earl Kistler of 26 S. 8th St., yesterday afternoon entertained a group of friends at her home on her birthday anniversary.

Bridge was played with high honors going to Mrs. Agnes Kistler and Mrs. Charlotte Siegfried. Later a luncheon was served by the hostess. Mrs. Kistler received a number of gifts.

Those present were Mrs. Dot Beitler, Mrs Agnes Kistler, Mrs. M. Christman, Mrs Margaret Erie, Mrs. Pearl Smith, Mrs. Charlotte Siegfried, Mrs Hilda Christman, Gladys Smith and the hostess, Mrs Kistler.

Deaths

MEYER—In this city, Jan. 6, 1939, John Meyer, husband of Laura, nee Fritsch. Meyer, aged 59 years, 9 months and 28 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from the the William J. Weber funeral home, 334 N. 2nd St. at 8:30 a. m. Monday. Requiem mass will be offered at 9 o'clock in the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Interment in the Sacred Heart cemetery. Viewing Sunday from 6 to 9 p. m. Weber.

METZGER—In this city, Dec. 6, 1939, Mrs. Annie E. Metzger, aged 71 years.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral at 11 o'clock Tuesday at the Bachman funeral home, 1030 Walnut St. Interment in Union and West End cemetery. Friends may call from 7 to 9 p. m. Monday. Bethlehem paper please note. C.D.B.

FAUST—In this city, Jan. 6, 1939, Edwin J. Faust, aged 52 years, 2 months, 25 days.

Relatives and friends and members of the organizations with which he was affiliated are respectfully invited to attend the funeral services from the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Milton J. Faust, 838 Third St., Fullerton, Monday at 2 p.m. Interment in the Hillside cemetery. Friends are invited to call Sunday 7-9 p.m. Oliver S. Burkholder.

JACOBY—At Bath, Jan. 6, 1939, Morris R. Jacoby, son of Emma, nee Mann, and the late Irvin Jacoby, aged 19 years, 10 months and three days.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services at his late home, Main St., Bath, Tuesday at 2 p.m. Interment in Greenmount cemetery. Viewing Monday from 7 to 9 p.m. Bartholomew.

KRAUSE—In Wescosville, Jan. 5, 1939, Francis S. Krause, aged 83 years, 9 months and 8 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend services at the funeral home of L. O. Heintzleman and Son, Slatedale, Monday, at 2 p. m. Interment in Heidelberg cemetery. Friends may call Sunday from 7 to 9 p. m. L. O. H. and Son



"DAD SAYS you'd better get busy—take care of that cold—remember it's inside and that's where to treat it. He knows: He's used Father John's Medicine."

It is not "just another cold remedy." It not only helps break up colds, but builds up the body. It's healthful, nourishing elements aid in maintaining strength, vigor and vitality. adv

Obituaries

O. O. Jarrard, 75, Of Mauch Chunk

President and General Manager of Heat, Power and Light Co.

O. O. Jarrard, president and general manager of the Mauch Chunk Heat, Power and Light Co., ill for the past two weeks, died at his home, 95 Broadway, Mauch Chunk, late Thursday night. He was 75 years of age.

A native of Philadelphia, he moved to Mauch Chunk at the age of 15. He attended the Philadelphia public schools, was a graduate of Mauch Chunk High school, and the Baltimore Business college. In his younger days he had served as a telegrapher on the Central Railroad of New Jersey.

He had filled the position of general manager of the Light Co. since its incorporation Feb. 28, 1889, and had served as vice president and a director for 15 years. In 1937 he was elected president. A member of St. Mark's Episcopal church he had served several years on the vestry.

Fraternally he was for 52 years a member of the P.O.S.of A. lodge, and a member of the Masonic order. He was also chief engineer of the Marion Hose Co.

Survivors include his wife, the former Mayme Brown of Mauch Chunk, and one son, Bowman, at home.

Funeral will be held at 2:30 this afternoon from his residence on Broadway, with Rev. Frank Stanford Person, pastor of St. Mark's church, officiating. Interment will be made in a Lehighton cemetery.

Janice M. Heldt

Month-old Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Heldt, East Weissport

Janice M. Heldt, age one month, a twin, died at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Heldt, East Weissport, yesterday morning at 6:20 o'clock following a short illness.

The infant is survived by her parents, twin sister Janette, and her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schaffer and Mr. and Mrs. Milton Heldt, East Weissport.

Funeral services will be held tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock at the chapel of Heller and son, Weissport. Burial will be made at Union Hill cemetery. Rev. Russell Mayer, pastor of Jacob's Reformed church, Weissport, will conduct the services. Friends may call at the chapel tonight from 7 to 9 o'clock.

Anthony Sharp

Retired Tinsmith Passes Away at Bechtelsville

Anthony Sharp, a retired tinsmith, died Thursday at the home of his son, John, Main St., Bechtelsville. He was 83 years old.

Mr. Sharp retired from business about 15 years ago. He was a son of Henry and Ameli (Wingert) Sharp, formerly of Mahanoy City. Mr. Sharp had been a resident of Bechtelsville nearly all his life.

He was a member of the Church of the Most Blessed Sacrament, Bally. Surviving, besides his son, are two grandchildren and two great grandchildren. His wife and several children preceded him in death.

The funeral will be held from his late home on Monday at 8:30 a. m. High mass of requiem will be sung in the Church of the Most Blessed Sacrament, Bally, at 9:30 a. m. and interment will follow in the adjoining cemetery.

Mrs. Caroline Schadler

Resident of Crackersport Was 79 Years of Age

Mrs. Caroline, nee Yenser, Schadler, widow of Alfred Schadler, and a former resident of this city, died at her home in Crackersport, Allentown R. 3, Friday morning. She was aged 79.

A native of New Smithsville, Lehigh county, she was born Sept. 15, 1859, the daughter of Levi and Harriet, nee Jones, Yenser.

She first married Joseph Wiedner and the couple lived at Kline's Corner, Berks county. Following his death she moved to Allentown and married Alfred Schadler, who preceded her in death 17 years ago.

She then liv[illegible] with the family of John and Robert Peters, Krocksville, where she remained for 16 years. Eighteen months ago she went to live with her daughter, Mrs. Annie Schraden, Crackersport.

Mrs. Schadler is a member of the Lutheran wing of Cedar church, Cetronia. Rev. Joseph B. Mohr, pastor will officiate at funeral services to be held at her late home on Tuesday at 2 p. m. Interment will be made in Cedarville Union cemetery.

In addition to her daughter, Mrs. Schadler is also survived by another daughter, Ellen Derr of Wernersville; two brothers, Ellsworth Yenser, Allentown, and Charles Yenser, Wernersville; two sisters, Mrs. Louis Hornin[illegible], and Mrs. Lizzie Heckroth, both of Allentown; 10 grandchildren and 16 great-grandchildren.

Earl A. Laub

Former Resident of Emmaus Dies in Jersey City

Earl C. Laub of 29 State Normal Place, Jersey City, a native and former resident of Emmaus, died shortly after midnight yesterday in the St. Francis hospital, Jersey City, after an illness of about 18 months. He was 29 years old.

For the past 10 years Mr. Laub was a resident of Jersey City and for half of that time was employed by the shipping department of an exporting and importing firm. Ill health made it impossible to work for some time.

Born in Emmaus, he was a son of William P. and the late Rosa, nee Regan, Laub. He was graduated from the Emmaus High school with the Class of 1927.

Surviving are his wife, Helene, nee Miller, Laub; his father, William P. Laub of Emmaus, and four brothers, John H., William D. and Timothy R. of Emmaus, and Edward R. of Jersey City.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 2 p. m. at the Ritter and Buzby funeral home, 38 S. 5th St., Emmaus. Interment will be made in the Northwood cemetery, Emmaus. Friends may call Sunday from 7 to 9 p. m. Rev. D. E. Schaeffer will officiate.

Morris R. Jacoby

Moore Township Young Man Is Victim of Heart Ailment

Morris R. Jacoby, son of Emma, nee Mann, and the late Irvin Jacoby, died of a heart ailment at 3.50 p. m. yesterday at home, Main St., Bath. He was aged 19 years, 10 months and three days. He had been ill one week. The young man was born in Moore township, Northampton county. He was a member of Christ Reformed church, Bath, and up to last November he was employed by the WPA.

His father died last Nov. 23.

Besides the mother, there survive a brother Russell, Bath; two sisters, Mrs. Herbert Schoenenberger of Nazareth and Mrs. Joseph Sperlbaum, Allentown.

Funeral services will be held at his late home Tuesday at 2 p. m. Interment in Greenmount cemetery. The Rev. R. H. Helfferich will officiate.

Earl J. Fegley

Former Resident of Allentown Dies at Pottsville

Earl J. Fegley, 59, for many years a resident of Allentown, died at the Warne hospital, Pottsville, Thursday morning after a lingering illness. His wife died just one month ago.

Since the death of his wife, he had lived with his brother-in-law, Guy Diefenderfer, of Auburn, near Schuylkill Haven. The only survivor is a brother, Guy Fegley, of Philadelphia.

Funeral services will be conducted at 1:30 p. m. Sunday from the D. M. Dittle funeral home, Schuylkill Haven. Interment will be made in the Red church cemetery. Viewing will be held from 7 to 9 p. m. tomorrow.

Mrs. Anna E. Metzger

Tremont St. Woman Dies After Lengthy Illness

Mrs. Annie E. Metzger, 1837 W. Tremont St., for a number of years an employe of Hess Bros. prior to her retirement twelve years ago, died last night at 6.15 o'clock following a lengthy illness. She was aged 71 years.

Mrs. Metzger was born in this city, a daughter of the late George and Elmira, nee Balliet, Metzger and attended the public schools of Allentown. She was a member of Christ Lutheran church.

Surviving Mrs. Metzger are a daughter, Mrs. C. Ellis Lehr of Bethlehem and two grandchildren, Anne Lehr and Ellis Lehr, Jr., Bethlehem; a sister, Caroline F. Metzger and a brother, Edgar G. Lehr, both of home.

The funeral will be held at 11 o'clock Tuesday at the Bachman funeral home, 1030 Walnut St., with the Rev. G. Harold Kinard officiating. Interment in Union and West End cemetery.

Mrs. Mary E. Lachman

Easton Woman Succumbs After Week's Illness

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Lachman, 58, wife of J. Frank Lachman, 1131 Washington St., Easton, died Thursday night in Betts hospital, Easton, following an illness of one week.

She was born in Princeton, N. J., a daughter of the late John and Mary Van Kirk and resided in Easton since 1911.

She was a member of Calvary Memorial Methodist church. Her husband, two sons and two daughters survive: Mrs. Howard Heller, of Easton and Jesse, Mary and Franklin Lachman, all at home. Two grandchildren also survive.

The funeral will be held at 2.30 p. m. Sunday with services by the Rev. Irvin S. Seitz in the Shillinger home, 801 Lehigh St., Easton. Burial will be made in the Easton cemetery.

Mary Catherine Buss

Widow of James H. Buss, Bethlehem, Was 90

Mary Catherine Buss, 90, widow of James H. Buss, died Friday afternoon at her home, 214 W. Fairview St., Bethlehem.

Born in Plainfield township Nov. 9, 1848, she was a daughter of Andrew and Emmaline Stocker Kessler and was a member of Christ Evangelical and Reformed church.

Survivors are two sons, Stewart A., of Bethlehem; Harvey A., Nazareth; a daughter, Minnie, at home; two brothers, Peter and Ephriam, Plainfield township; two sisters, Mrs. Owen Lerch, Nazareth; Mrs. Edna Engler, Kesslerville; three grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Monday at the late home. Burial will be made in Fairview cemetery.

Francis S. Krause

Native of Heidelberg Township Was in 84th Year

Francis S. Krause, a native of Heidelberg township and a former resident of this city, died Thursday night at Wescosville after a lingering illness. He was in his 84th year.

Born in Heidelberg township, he was a son of the late Levi and Marina, nee Miller, Krause. He spent the early part of his life in Youngstown, O., and later moved to Philadelphia where he lived for a number of years. For 15 years he was a resident of Allentown. He was a member of Marlin lodge, No. 20, Jr. O. U. A. M. of Philadelphia.

Surviving are several nephews and nieces.

Funeral services will be held at the funeral home of L. O. Heintzleman and Son, Slatedale, Monday at 2 p. m. Interment in the Heidelberg cemetery. Friends may call Sunday from 7 to 9 p. m. Rev. E. S. Kidd will officiate.

(Continued on Page Thirteen)

Ernest B. **Zimmerman**
New Funeral Home
1124 Walnut St.
Phone 2-5534

Profits on Thrift in 1938

During the year ending December 31, 1938, accounts in our Interest Department earned more than $100,000.00 in interest. Depositors have benefited not only by this profit, but by the steady growth of their accounts resulting from systematic saving. We invite you to use the safeguards and convenient banking facilities we offer for the deposit of your personal thrift funds.

ALLENTOWN NATIONAL BANK
ESTABLISHED 1855
MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

Deposits in this bank are insured in the manner and to the extent provided under the terms of the Banking Act of 1933, as amended



DIE HARTSCHTE NISS HEN DIE SIESSESCHTE KAERNE

Book Review

GEZWITSCHER—Published by the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society. Volume Three. 1938. Schlechter's Press, Allentown, Pa.

The outstanding feature of the third Yearbook of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society is the collected poems of the well known dialect poet John Birmelin. Dr. Barba, editor of 'S Pennsylfawnisch Deitsch Eck, in which the poems of John Birmelin first saw the light of day, has himself written an eleven-page introduction that tells you far more than I can about Mr. Birmelin's life and the relation between his poems and Pennsylvania German verse and Palatine poetry.

This introduction tells us of the poet's importance in the musical history of Lehigh County and his approach to the writing of dialect poetry through the compilation of a riming dictionary of the Pennsylvania German dialect. This technical knowledge of music and poetics makes these poems stand out among our dialect writing. Many of our earlier poets were clergymen, and frequently their poems, however good, were limited largely to the four-line verse form of familiar hymns. Their collections too often betrayed their lack of variety in tunes and their fondness for a few melancholy themes.

But in these "warblings" variety is a notable feature. Listen to Mr. Birmelin's light-hearted rippling tune, "Im Moi."

"Im Moi, do kumme
Die Bletter un Blumme;
Was iss es doch immer im Moi so schee!
'S iss alles blessierlich,
Un des iss nadierlich,
Im frehliche, seeliche, glickliche Moi!"

And now, for contrast, listen to a few lines about "Der Haerbschtwind."

"Er rauscht am Baerrig un er braust im Daal,
So wie'n gewaltich diefer Aergelklang,
En mechtich Lied, en grosser Weltchoraal."

Read these two passages aloud and you can feel the range of his lyrics from the twitterings of birds to deep organ tones.

Or turn to the 23 poems which Mr. Birmelin has translated from Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verse." Translation is a test of a poet's technical skill, and many a beautiful lyric has turned prosy and wooden in the hands of a translator. But Mr. Birmelin not only reproduces the ideas accurately; he keeps Stevenson's own meters, finds corresponding rhymes, and achieves a smooth effect. Stevenson wrote:

"I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me."

And Mr. Mirmelin translates:

"Ich hab en gleener Schaade, der geht mit mer nei un raus."

Could anything be more faithful to idea and rhythm than that?

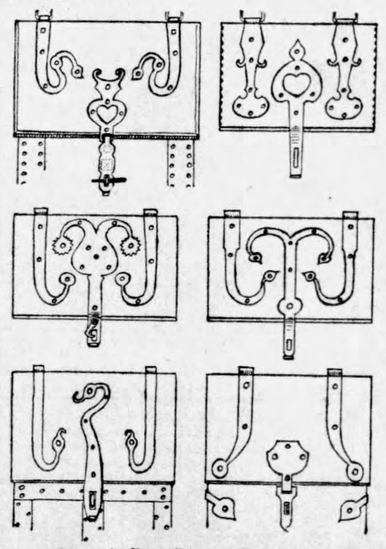
The ten sections in which the poems are arranged show versatility not only in form but also in subject matter. The poems "in aernscht" vary from the pathos of "Der verlore Suh" to the dialogue of "Heiraadsdruwwel" and the contemptuous "Schtinkbriefsch.eiwer." The poems "in G'schpass" are sometimes slap-stick, sometimes fantastic. The poet offers two Aesop fables, four ballads ranging from "Regina Hartman" to "Mei Model T," three Christmas songs, and seven adaptations from the Palatinate verse of August Heinrich. Truly there is more variety in this collection than in Mr. Birmelin's "Five Kinds of Mice"—Hausmaus, Fensemaus, Fleddermaus, Schpeckmaus, and Kaerchemaus.

The poems are interesting also for the unusual amount of customs, proverbs, and folk material that they contain. The belsnickel, the powwower, and the groundhog are treated, as are gossiping quilters, dispensers of home-made cures, and mere "rumhockers." The individualistic spellings of the dialect are humorously discussed. The ballads record several old Pennsylvania legends.

In short, here are 33 translations from Stevenson, Heinrich, Aesop, and S. F. Smith—a large and notable addition to our library of translations, done with fidelity and smoothness. And here are more than 40 original poems that reflect Pennsylvania German life with great variety of mood, technical skill, and melodic beauty.

The second part of this volume consists of a 32-page essay on "Early Marriage Customs of the Moravian Congregation in Bethlehem, Pa.," by Clarence E. Beckel. Mr. Beckel defends the modified use of the lot in choosing spouses, and gives details of some of the "Great Weddings" at which as many as 28 couples were married.

The third section of the book is Anita L. Eyster's 41-page compilation of advertisements by German and Swiss settlers in search of lost relatives and friends, in Pennsylvania newspapers between 1742 and 1779. The advertisements, which sometimes run over 200 words in length, provide excellent source material for a study of social conditions among the Pennsylvania colonists. Both this article and Mr. Beckel's are of value for genealogical study.



Ironwork on toolbox lids of Conestoga wagons, Showing heart, tulip and dove motifs.

The fourth and final section is a 15-page essay on "Conestoga Wagons and their Ornamental Ironing" by Henry Kinzer Landis, co-owner of the famous Landis Valley Museum. After a few introductory pages, Mr. Landis discusses the craftsmanship of specific items such as hounds bands, tool box irons, wagon jacks, and stay-chain hooks. Numerous drawings illustrate the article, with heart, tulip and dove motifs predominating.

Although the nature of the contents of this volume does not demand the large number of illustrations that were in the Society's first volume and in Dr. Stoudt's "Consider the Lilies" (Volume two), the same high quality of the preceding books has been maintained. Eleanor Barba's lifelike portrait of Mr. Birmelin is reproduced as a frontispiece. Appropriate drawings and illuminated initials decorate the beginnings of the four sections. At the end of Mrs. Eyster's compilation is a reproduction of the announcement of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, as printed in the Pennsylvanischer Staatsbote, July 5, 1776.

There is, however, one feature of the book that will annoy scholars somewhat: the separate sets of page-numbers for the four different sections and the lack of such numbers in Dr. Barba's introduction and on a few other pages. While this arrangement is of no consequence to the average reader, the student who wants to call attention to specific pages will run into difficulties. We hope for a return in future volumes to the plan of the first volume in which a number of separate sections were paged in one consecutive series.

But except for this minor matter, we feel that the Folklore Society has again scored a notable success. This book will attract and interest many through its melodious verse, its useful information, and its artistic arrangement and ornamentation.

Printed on tweed weave parchment and bound in heavy gray linen, this handsome volume conforms with the other yearbooks of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society. The title design printed in red upon a gray cover is from a drawing by Eleanor Barba. This book is a credit to the printing house of Schlechter.

W. L. WERNER.
Pennsylvania State College.

Skizze vum Langschwamm

Vun Shamrock nuff, uff em Baerrick, schteht die Langschwamme Kaerrich. Mer kann sie vun weitem sehne, un ich wees noch gut wie mer als die Glock g'heert hen, weit im Daal drunne. Des iss schun mee als fufzig Yohr zerick!

Des iss schun die dritt Kaerrich wu dart schteht, un iss eens vun de schenschte Colonial Kaerriche, das aeryets zu finne iss. Sell is ennihau was sie saage. Mei Daadi war eens vun de Schreiner gewest. Die Holsaerwet inside schwetzt far sich selwer. So Aerwet war immer sei greeschti Freed.

Die Kaerrich iss im Yohr 1852 gebaut warre. Die erscht iss im Yohr 1748 gebaut warre un die zwett in 1791. Die erscht hot g'schtanne wu nau's "Tool House" schteht, un die zwett war graad g'schwische daerer un der wu heit uff em Baerrick schteht. Wie die zwett gabaut sei hot solle, hen die Vetter net eenich warre kenne, wu sie hie g'schtellt sei sott. Um eenich zu warre, hen sie die Hiet in die Luft g'schmisse, un wu der greescht Haufe vun Hiet war, dart iss die Kaerrich hie gebaut warre! Wie viel besser waer's doch heit wann, statts beese Warde un zwar noch Kuggle, die Hiet in die Luft g'schmisse daete warre! Sie kumme all widder runner!

Die Gemee iss awwer doch elter als die erscht Kaerrich. Sie iss net weit vun zwee hunnert Yohr alt. Wann mer draa denkt wann unser Voreltere kumma sin un wees wie 's in selle friehere Yohre wor, wu noch ken Kaerriche wore un dass sie Gottesdienscht in ihre Heemete g'halte hen—dann waerd manches glor warre. Die Voreltere hen Grischtendum g'hat un hen aa an ihrem Handwerk g'schafft!

Die folgende Ansiedler sin aakumme in Philadelphia, an de Zeit wie do aagewwe iss:

Joseph Biery, 27. August 1739.
Sam Burger, 3. September 1739.
Jacob Burger, 3. September 1739.
Philip Burger, 3. September 1739.
Robert Kreber, 3. September 1739.
Theobald Carl, 3. September 1739.
Joseph Fenstermacher, 9. September 1738.
Fred. Helwig, 12. October 1741.
Philip Fenstermacher, 30. August 1737.
Johannes Deal, 27. August 1739.
Peter Butz, 9. November 1738.
Nicholas Schwartz, 3. September 1739.
Nicholas Mertz, 28. September 1733.
David Mertz, 28. September 1733.
Peter Mertz, 28. September 1733.
Henrich Bollinger, 5. September 1738.
Christian Ruth, 30. August 1737.
Michael Neitener, 3. September 1739.
Bernhart Fegely, 28. August 1733.
Jacob Long, 30. August 1737.

Der Naame im erschte Deed war: "The German Calvinistic Congregation of Longswamp Township, Berks County." Ferwas "Longswamp"? So viel wolle vun Sache schreiwe vun denne sie nichs wisse. 'S Township iss kenne Familie nohg'heese warre. In friehere Zeit war's Daal vun wu Topton nau iss bis nunner an die Northampton County (nau Lecha) Line, 'n grosser Schwamm—sumpich Land—gewest, un doher der Naame "Longswamp." Topton iss graad in der Mitt g'schwische Reading un Allentown un iss aa der Gippel, so dass die Leit dart saage kenne, "Nunner noch Reading" un aa "Nunner noch Allentown." Hinner Topton fangt die glee Lecha aa un aa die Grotte Krick. Die fliesse Oscht un wennich weiter West geht's Wasser der anner Weg.

Die glee Lecha geht darrich's Longedaal un kummt dann hinne rum darrich Nieder Longschwamm un geht iwwer 'n halwi Meil nordlich un dann widder Oscht. Die Grotte Krick iss weiter nordlich un geht darrich Hancock un Mertztown nunner bis sie dann im Butze Daal in die glee Lecha fliesst.

An der gleene Lecha ware die Hilberts Miehl un Saegmiehl, schpaeter die Fritche Miehl; die Philip Bastress Wollkratz Miehl (schpaeter war der Marcus Long der Eegner); un dann dem Joseph Biery sei Mahl-un Saegmiehl; dann schpaeter die Trexlers Miehle un Gaerwerei; dann weiter im Daal drunne die Egners Miehle, schpaeter die Waghenost Miehle. Awwer wu sin die Miehle heit? Die menschte sin "Only a memory!"

An der Grotte Krick hot's ken Miehle g'hat. 'S iss yuscht 'n Winter Krick. Im Summer dhune ewwe die Moschgieter verdarschte! Doch wann 's reggert, geht's wie's Leschers Miehl: "Nau kann ich mir selwer helfe." Sie waerd so luschdich as wie 'n Haersch wann die Hund ihm nohgehne. Wasser! Wasser! Ich denk! Doch kens far's Vieh wann's Vieh am darschtichscht iss!

In de erschte Yohre war des Land im Daal vun viele verhasst gewest, un deswege hen sich viele an die Baerrye g'henkt un sin aarm gebliwwe. Die awwer wu weiter naus geguckt hen, sin iwwer der Schwamm naus gange un sin gut aakumme.

Ferwas heesst 's Shamrock?—Nee, 's hot ken Irische dart g'hat. In 1859 hot der John Peter Fegely en Schtor un Waertshaus gebaut. Der Platz war von seller Zeit bis net lang zerick en grosser Shippingplatz gewest. Wie noh der East Penn Riggelweg geaatt iss warre, do hot en Naame beigemisst. Die Nadur hot do dezu g'holfe. Die scheene Kleefelder rings dart rum hen der Irish Superintent an sei alti Heemet gamahnt un er saagt: "Des iss Shamrock." Die G'schicht vun der Gegend iss interessant un mer kennt viel devun schreiwe.

Es wor ken Poschtoffice do bis am 14 Moi 1884.

Mertztown iss der Mertz Familie nohg'heesse warre in 1857. Die Mertze hen schun iwwer 'n hunnert Yohr frieher dart gewuhnt. Weilerville, naegscht an der Langschwamm Kaerrich, iss im Yohr 1812 gegrind warre. Der Richard Wertz hot viele Yohre lang 'n Waertschaft dart g'hat un der William Weiler 'n Schtor. Der Schqueier, William Schubert, war aa 'n bekannter Mann. Er war Vorsinger, Orgelschpieler un Schulmeeschter, Landmesser, Graabschteehacker un was net?

Fufzig Yohr hot er der Langschwamm Gemee getrei gedient. Er war en waerklicher Musikant un dief gelehrt in de Schproche un Kinschte.

Die Eiwohner vun Langschwamm in 1800 ware 863; in 1900, 2.507.

Getaxt:	1885	839	$1,111,986
	1908	916	$ 905,015
Geld uff Intresse:	1885		$ 239,340
	1908		$ 89,462

In 1885 ware die Eise Mines am heechschte Gippel gewest. Was die Zeit doch Verennerung bringt! 'S iss nimmi wie's mol war!

CHARLES A. BUTZ.

Was iss der Unnerschitt?

Alle Monet kumme sie zamme,
Die Ladies vun unsre Gemee,
Un bete far die Heide,
Un schwetze so wunnerbaar schee.

Sie naehe, sie gewwe Suppers,
Un dune sich waerklich weh,
Die Heide zu bekehre
Weit iwwer Land un See.

Doch driwwe in sellere Alley
Wuhnt en Nieger alt un krumm;
En Fraa mit halb Dutzend Kinner,
Un niemand baddert sich drum.

Sie runzele ihre Naase,
Die Ladies so fei un so gut,
Iwwer all die dreckige Mensche —
Die sin vun annerm Blut.

Verleicht iss es leichter schaffe
Far Mensche weit eweck,
As wie far die naegschte Nochbere
In ihrem Schmutz un Dreck.

—Louise A. Weitzell

DER WINTER

Der Winter iss en Yaahreszeit
Wu Froscht umschleiert die Erde weit;
Die Beem, die hen ken Bletter meh,
Es Gras verdaerrt, iss nimmi schee.

Ken Blumme hot's meh in der Wiss,
Ken Veggel singe meh in de Bisch;
'S iss alles dod un alles schtill,
Wu Lewe waar in aller Fill.

Der Norwind blost in eis'ger Kraft,
In Feld un Wiss waerd nimmi g'schafft;
Die Welt leit do im Winterschlof,
Es scheint als wie en grossi Strof.

Die Kieh un Schof sin nimmi im Dahl,
Der Baschdert iss gans blott un kaahl;
Sie weede nimmi uf griener Au,
Die Weed iss all vergange nau.

Die Sunn schteht nidder am Himmelszelt,
Ihr matter Schein beleicht die Welt;
Der Daag iss karz, die Nacht iss lang,
Un's waerd net Licht mit Veggelg'sang.

Des iss en dunkles, diest'res Bild,
Das em mit Schmaerz un Wehmuth fillt;
Dass alles dod iss um uns haer,
Wann's lewe uns viel liewer waer.

Es braucht em doch net sei verleed,
Der Winter hot doch aa sei Freed;
Des Yaahres Zeite hen all ihr Blatz,
Un yede bringt em Mensch en Schatz.

Der Winter iss die Zeit der Ruh,
Mit Schnee deckt Gott die Erde zu;
'S iss doch net alles gschtarwe gaar,
Was frieher so lewendig waar.

Es Lewe schloft yuscht unnig em Schnee,
Im Friehyaahr kummt es raus gans schee;
So wie der Schlof der Mensch erfrischt,
So nooch em Froscht nei Lewe schpriesst.

Wie schee iss aa die Winterzeit,
Wann Schnee bedeckt die Erde weit,
Wann Grick un Pann zug'frore sin,
Un alles leit im Sunnlicht drin.

Wann's aa im Winter Glatteis gebt,
Un Beem un Fens sin mit bedeckt;
Wie schtraahlt's un funkelt's in der Sunn,
'S waerd Feld un Busch beleicht devun.

In alle Farwe sicht mer's Licht,
Als wann die Sunn darch Wolke bricht,
Un mer en Reggeboge sehnt,
Der Himmel un Erde mitnanner vereent.

Der Froscht, der Storm, es Eis, der Schnee,
Sie sin wull rau, awwer doch aa schee;
'S iss ebbes drin das aaziehend iss,
Erfaahrung lehrt uns des gewiss.

Dann loss uns Winter hawwe bei Zeit,
Die Erd bedeckt mit weissem Kleid;
Mer freen uns iwwer der Schtarm un Schnee,
Es helft der Erd un macht sie schee.

—PARRE ISAAC S. STAHR.

Personals

Frederick Milton Long, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Frederick Long, 37 S. St. Cloud St., is celebrating his 8th birthday anniversary today.

E. D. Clauss, 2310 Tilghman St., an instructor in the Allentown High school, is today observing his birthday anniversary.

Robert, aged 8, and David, 5, children of Mrs. Minnie DeReemer, 913 N. 6th St., are ill with chicken pox.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Fink of Annville were visitors in this city on Thursday. Mrs. Fink is the former Ruth Nonnemacher of this city.

Laura B. Heilman, 1328 Walnut St., will observe her birthday anniversary today.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clauss and daughter Lois have moved from 2402 S. Law St. to 583 Penn Ave., Sinking Springs. Mr. Clauss has been employed at the Berkshire mills in Wyomissing since last August.

Charles Bickert, this city, is celebrating his birthday anniversary today.

S. Jane Bachman, 960 Hamilton St., will celebrate her birthday anniversary on Sunday.

Blanche Sherman, 205 N. 7th St., observed her birthday anniversary yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Weil, 1223 Lehigh St., will celebrate their 29th wedding anniversary Sunday.

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Deaths

ROSS—Near Stiles, Jan. 13, 1939, Harry Ross, husband of Bessie, nee Albert, Ross, aged 68 years and 5 days.
Due notice of funeral.
Schmoyer.

MOYER—Along Orefield R. 1, Jan. 12, 1939, Mrs. Theresa (Sauhumel) Moyer, wife of Frank P. Moyer, aged 67 years, 11 months, 11 days.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend services from the Schisler funeral home, 2119 Washington Ave., Northampton, Monday at 9:30 a.m. and the requiem mass at St. John's Catholic church, West Coplay, at 10 a.m. Interment in the parish cemetery. Friends are invited to call at the funeral home Sunday 1-9 p.m.
Schisler.

LUTZ—In this city, Jan. 13, 1939, Carl E., son of Elwood E. and Violet, nee Roth, Lutz, aged 2 years, 1 month and 5 days.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services at 1 p. m. Monday at the Snyder funeral home, New Tripoli. Interment in the Friedens Union cemetery at Wessnersville. Viewing from 7 to 9 p. m. Sunday. Reading papers please note.
Snyder.

CHILTON—At Quakertown, Jan. 13, 1939, Charles Chilton Jr., husband of Helen, nee Martin, Chilton, aged about 26 years.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services at the C. R. Strunk funeral home, 821 West Broad St., Quakertown, Tuesday at 2 p. m. Interment in the Trumbauersville cemetery. Friends may call Monday from 7 to 9 p. m.
Strunk.

BERG—In this city, Jan. 13, 1939, Phillip Berg, husband of Elena, nee Schifreen, Berg, aged 44 years, 10 months and 5 days.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services at his late home, 27 N. 17th St., Sunday at 2 p. m. Interment in Laurel Hill cemetery. Friends may call Sunday from 1 to 2 p. m.
Weber.

STECKEL—At Coplay, Jan. 13, 1939, Preston J. Steckel, husband of Laura T. (Roth) Steckel, aged 70 years, 1 month, 15 days.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services from his late home, 1105 Oak St., Coplay, Tuesday at 2 p. m. Interment Coplay cemetery. Friends are invited to call Monday 7-9 p. m.
Schisler.

Obituaries

Philip R. Berg In His 45th Year

Securities Salesman Had Been in Ill Health for Ten Days of Grippe

Philip R. Berg, well known securities salesman and prominent among Allentown Jewry for the past two decades, passed away shortly before noon Friday at his home, 27 N. 17th St.

He was aged 45, and had been confined to his home during the last 10 days with the grippe. Death was believed due to a heart attack.

An employe of Allen E. Beers and Co. as a securities salesman, he was



PHIL BERG

also one of the organizers of the Prudenee Bond and Mortgage Co. of this city.

When he first came to Allentown about 20 years ago, he held an engineering position with the Atlas Portland Cement Co., and later with the U. R. T. Lund Ribbon Mills, in Catasauqua.

A native of New York City, he was the son of Max and Elizabeth Berg. He was educated in the public schools of the metropolis and attended Columbia university, from which he graduated in 1917 with an engineering degree. Following this he spent several years in Michigan copper mines, prior to locating in Allentown.

He was active in local communal affairs, and fraternally was a member of the B'nai B'rith, the Lions, Clover club and the Jewish Community Center. At the Center he was a member of the Troop 4 Boy Scout committee. At Columbia he was affiliated with Phi Beta Delta fraternity.

He was a member of both the Sons of Israel and Keneseth Israel congregations, and Rabbis Solomon Krevsky of the Sons and Harry Caplan of Keneseth, will officiate at services.

In addition to his parents, Mr. Berg is survived by his wife, Elena, nee Schifreen, formerly of Catasauqua; a daughter, Shirley, and a son, Robert L., both at home; one sister, Mrs. Lydia Jarvis, of New York City, and three brothers, Seymour of Verona, N. J., and Murray and Jack, both of New York City.

Funeral services will be held at his late home on Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Burial will be made in the Jewish Cemetery, Fullerton.

Edward Murray

Silkworker, 49 Years Old, Was Native of New York

Edward Murray, 106 N. 12th St., Allentown, husband of Carrie, nee Roth Heberling, Murray, died at his home Friday following an 11 day illness of pneumonia. He was 49.

Mr. Murray, an unemployed silk worker, was born in New York City, a son of the late Peter and Anna, nee Connelly, Murray. He has been a resident of Allentown for the last 25 years and had married Mrs. Murray about 15 years ago. He was a member of the St. Catherine's Siena church.

Surviving are his wife at his late home and two brothers, Peter and John of New York.

Alvin A. Fogle

Native and Lifelong Resident of Northampton Was 66

Alvin A. Fogle, 66, who resided with Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Young, 955 Lincoln Ave., Northampton, died at 6 a. m. today in the Haff hospital, Northampton, where he had been a patient since Jan. 5.

Mr. Fogle was born in Northampton a son of Jonas and Emma, nee Kichline, Fogle. For many years he was the proprietor of the Swan hotel in Northampton, retiring in 1918.

Mr. Fogle was a member of Holy Trinity Lutheran church, of Northampton and was affiliated with Alliance Volunteer Fire Co. No. 1, Northampton and Allentown Aerie, No. 110, F. O. E.

His wife, Rosa, nee Rice, Fogle, died in 1924. Surviving are his father, of Allentown R. 4; two brothers, Frank and Robert, both of Northampton, and two sisters, Mrs. Tilghman Fatzinger, Allentown R. 4, and Mrs. Ralph Lerch, Northampton R. 1.

Services will be held at 2 p. m. Tuesday from the Newhard Funeral home, 812-14 Washington Ave., Northampton. Interment will be made in the family plot at the Allen Union cemetery, Northampton.

Mrs. Theresa Moyer

Was Resident of Orefield Sector Last Decade

Mrs. Theresa (Sauhumel) Moyer, wife of Frank P. Moyer, died at 9:45 o'clock Thursday night at her home along Orefield R. 1. She was 67 years of age and had been ailing for some time.

Born in Austria, she was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sauhumel. She came to the United States 16 years ago and had resided in the Orefield sector for the past decade.

She was a member of the St. John's Catholic church, West Coplay, and the Ladies society of the parish.

Survivors include her husband; a daughter, Mrs. George Fischer, New York City; three sons, Frank and Joseph, both of Reading; Herman, Austria; 11 grandchildren.

Services will be held Monday at 9:30 a. m. from the Schisler funeral home, 2119 Washington Ave., Northampton, with requiem mass at 10 o'clock in the St. John's Catholic church, West Coplay. Interment in the parish cemetery. Viewing at the funeral home Sunday, 1 to 9 p. m. Rev. Charles Ruffenach will officiate.

Mrs. Flora E. LeVan

Longtime Resident of Catasauqua Dies at Perkasie

Mrs. Flora E. Le Van, a lifelong resident of Catasauqua until this past September, died at 4:30 a. m. Friday at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Samuel Moyer, 317 Market St., Perkasie, with whom she resided. She was 60 years old.

Mrs. Le Van was born in Catasauqua, a daughter of Monroe and Elizabeth H., nee Ewalt, Kurtz, and was graduated from the Catasauqua High school in 1894.

For many years prior to the death of her husband, Harry E. Le Van, in 1927, she was a clerk in the Northampton post office. She was a member of the South Perkasie Reformed church.

There are no survivors. Services will be held at 2 p. m. Monday at the Charles H. Newhard Funeral Home, 567 Howertown Ave., Catasauqua. Interment will be made in the Greenwood cemetery, Howertown.

Charles Pfister

Easton Man Had Been Lifelong Resident of County Seat

Charles Pfister, 59, 152 W. St. Joseph St., Easton, died at 5:45 a. m. Friday in the Easton hospital where he was a patient since Dec. 30.

He was a native and life long resident of Easton and was a son of the late Herman and Leocartia Pfister.

Survivors are the folowing brothers and sisters: Herman Pfister of Easton, Jacob and Frederick Pfister and Mrs. Mary Gaffney, at home; William Pfister of Philipsburg, N. J., and Mrs. Earl B. Reimer, of Easton. He was a member of Zion Lutheran church.

Mary Sankovsky

Bethlehem Woman Survived by Six Children

Mary Sankovsky, widow of Michael Sankovsky, 526 Jackson St., Bethlehem, died at 12:30 p. m. Friday in St. Luke's hospital.

Survivors are the following children: Michael and John, Bethlehem; Andrew, Catasauqua; Anna, Alpha, N. J.; Jacob and Catherine, Europe. A brother, Michael Mulchany, Johnstown, also survives.

The funeral will be held at 8:30 a. m. Monday with requiem mass at 9 a. m. in SS. Cyrillus & Methodius church. Burial will follow in the parish cemetery.

(Continued on Page Thirteen)


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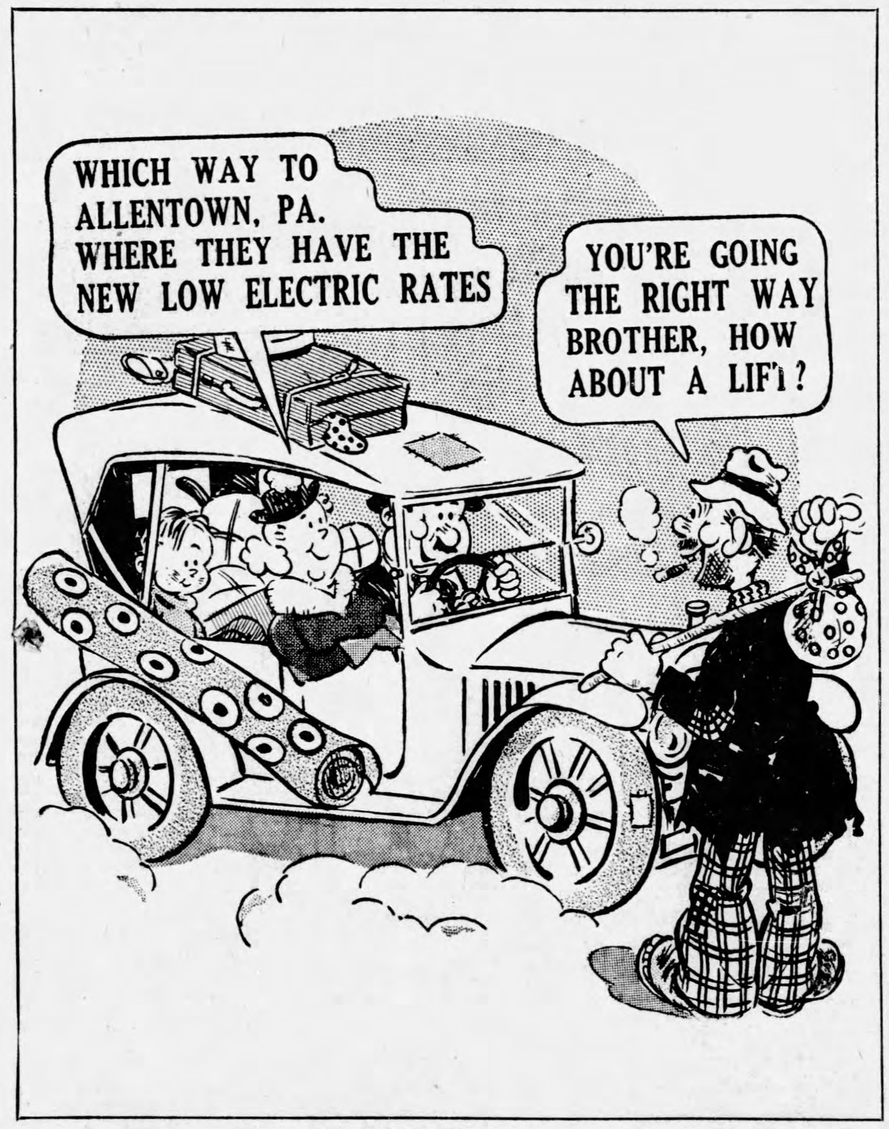

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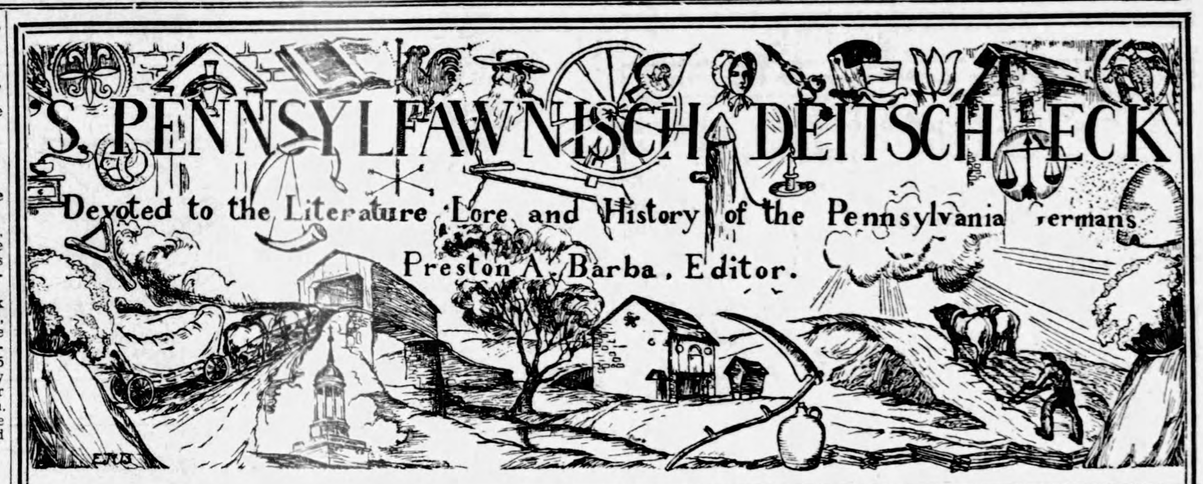

The Strange, Black Stones

1750

ELSIE SINGMASTER

It would spoil this story to tell you in advance what the strange black stones were.

THE STRANGE, BLACK STONES

Esther Henry heard the snapping of a twig and looked up from the washtub, turning her head like a startled bird. An Indian stood beside her, his musket in his hand, a deerskin sack over his shoulder. The sack appeared to be very heavy; he eased it slowly to the ground and looked into the smithy which occupied half the log-cabin.

He motioned with a back-turned thumb toward the woods to the north and Esther nodded. "Back soon," she said in German in a loud tone, as though by shouting she could make the Indian understand. She knew him—he had been here day before yesterday. Peter had told him he couldn't mend his musket because he had no charcoal. Perhaps the sack contained a gift with which he hoped to wheedle Peter into repairing it. Peter would have to repair it, it would be dangerous to refuse.

Peter might appear at any minute. By the greatest good fortune, a wandering charcoal burner had applied for work. He felled oak trees on Peter's land, cut them into lengths like fence-rails, stacked them in a cone and lit a fire beneath them. Over the cone he spread sod and brush so that they charred slowly but did not burst into flame and burn to ashes. He slept in a hut nearby so that he might tend the fires night and day. Peter had gone to see whether any charcoal was ready.

Burning charcoal was hard and tiresome work. In England there was a sort of coal dug from the earth called "stone coal" which we call "anthracite," but there was none. Peter was certain, in Pennsylvania, except a little brought from England. Peter had examined some in the hold of a ship. It was better fuel for a forge than wood or charcoal.

The Indian apparently understood what Esther said; at least he sat down on the bench before the smithy. He probably knew just where Peter was and why he was there. The Indians knew everythink—that was one of the reasons why they were so terrifying. Esther bent over her tub; she would not walk to the bushes and hang up the clothes, and thus turn her back on the Indian, she would stand here, her eye on the kitchen and the smithy, till Peter appeared.

She began to say, "Peter, come home! Peter, come home!" over and over in German. Between her unuttered remarks to Peter, she spoke to herself. "Don't be foolish!"

She and Peter had come a long way to this spot where they hoped to stay for the rest of their lives—down the Rhine, acrsos the English channel, then across the ocean. They had suffered war and persecution and danger of shipwreck and their first little child had been buried at sea. None of their misfortunes had terrified Esther as much as the neighborhood of the Indians terrified her. It was said that they had been friendly as long as William Penn lived, but his sons had cheated them, taking their lands by fraud. Peter and Esther lived on the very lands which the Indians still claimed.

The Indians had done nothing unfriendly here; it was their silence and quiet motions which frightened Esther. When she began her washing she had looked from side to side. Nothing had moved, either on the grassy road or at the edge of the forest. But there, all the time, the Indian had stood, his musket in his hand, his sack on his back, staring at her. He might have been here for an hour.

The smithy, which occupied half the cabin, was floored only with earth. It contained a raised brick hearth with a hood, an anvil and a rack of tools. In one corner there was usually a heap of charcoal, but now all had been scraped up and used, so that only the blackened earth showed where it had been. In another corner were stacked bars of iron, bent for carrying on pack-horses from Durham furnace. From the iron Peter hammered out horse-shoes and latches and hinges and cooking utensils. He had many articles ready, sorted neatly on shelves.

The kitchen into which Esther could look as she rubbed her clothes was as clean as it could be kept with the black dust sifting through the partition. Here, too, there was a brick hearth, over which hung black pots and ladles. At one side of the floor was a rough table with a bench on the side. Into the loft led a ladder. When at night Esther carried up the two little girls, Mary Ann and Sarah Ann, six and four years old, and laid them on the straw tick and drew the trap-door shut, she was not separated from them because they could look down through the knot-holes and she could hear every time they turned.

She did not look at the table or the loom as she rubbed her clothes, she looked at objects she could not see with her eyes—the baby in his cradle behind the bed and Mary Ann and Sarah Ann under the bed. She had taught the little girls to hide.

"But of course he knows they're there!" she thought, frantically.

The Indian sat motionless. Indians were not entirely human, they were half trees. She looked past him, up the road which a few yards away was lost in the forest. Covered as it was with grass except in the deep ruts, it was not much of a road. But the trees had been cut down so that there was ample room for a cart or even a coach.

Sometimes as many as twenty travelers passed in a day. Sometimes there were important men on their way from Philadelphia to Boston by way of Bethlehem. All stopped for a word and some stayed a long time while Peter shod their horses. It was known everywhere that Peter was a good workman. He liked to have travelers stop—they told interesting news, and he could practise his English. He did not repeat all they said to Esther—that would never do. They all said that the danger of Indian attack was increasing and that the colonies must unite to defend themselves.

The ladies sat with Esther in the kitchen. Some gave Mary Ann and Sarah Ann presents—a handkerchief edged with lace, or a Moravian cake from the bake-shop at Bethlehem. One lady, riding from Boston to Philadelphia and back, brought two dolls, carved from wood and dressed like princesses. The handkerchiefs and dolls were hidden away, wrapped in a linen cloth. Esther stuffed rag-dolls for everyday playing.

Occasionally, when snow-drifts closed the road, travelers stayed over night, glad to sleep in Esther's and Peter's bed while they slept with the children in the attic. Esther and Peter dreamed of some day adding another room—it would soon, they believed, pay for itself. They were happy and prosperous. If it only were not for these silent men, slipping through the woods like shadows!

Esther could not much longer pretend to be washing her clothes—even an Indian would know that they must be clean by now. Besides, the baby would wake and proclaim his hunger with a yell. Never was there a baby with such lungs! Mary Ann and Sarah Ann would forget their fear and creep out, and the Indian would be certain that she had hidden them. "Never show them you're afraid," Peter had said. "That offends them. It would offend you too, Esther, to know people were afraid of you."

Esther looked out of the corner of here eye. The road to the south was visible for a long distance—oh, that she could see a man walking, or a man on horseback, or a man driving a cart! They shouldn't have settled so far from everybody, even if the land was so cheap and there was a road. There wasn't a house for miles except a few cabins at a Moravian settlement called Nazareth.

Suddenly many things happened at once. The baby screamed, Mary Ann and Sarah Ann came rushing from the cabin as though shot from a gun. The Indian smiled as Peter himself stepped out of the forest, a huge sack of charcoal on his back. He had shoveled the charcoal into the sack and he was black as any collier.

His house looked so pleasant in the sunshine, and Esther and the children were so dear, and the howling of the baby was so loud that he laughed.

"Wie gehts?" said he to the Indian in German. "How do?" said he in English.

Grinning, the Indian held out his musket.

"I'll fix it," nodded Peter. The Indians must have firearms, he supposed, like everybody else. Otherwise they would still be using bows and arrows with which they could shoot far more accurately. Perhaps lives were saved by their having muskets.

Esther breathed a long sigh of relief. She wrung her hands together, drying them as well as she could, then she wiped them on her apron and went into the kitchen and took the baby from the cradle. The little girls had of course rushed to the smithy—let them stay till their father sent them back. The mere sight of Peter banished her fears. She would nurse the baby, then she would hang the clothes on bushes in the sun, then she would make the stew for dinner. They had plenty of potatoes and cabbage and turnips to see them through the winter and Peter needed only to walk into the woods to get game.

She began to sing a German lullaby. In English it says:

"Bye, baby, bye!
What rustles the straw?
The pussy cat's dead;
The mice run to and fro."

Her mind filled with pleasant thoughts. She must begin to teach the little girls their English letters which fortunately sounded very much like the German letters. Perhaps someday she could go to Nazareth and visit the kind Moravians who had often sent her word to come. How fine if Peter and she could build the addition to the house and have pleasant guests and a little more money!

Suddenly she stood up, trembling. The baby was asleep, and she must have been asleep also. Peter was calling, "Esther! Esther! Come here, Esther!"

She walked unsteadily to the door, carrying the baby. She stood there for a moment, her hand against the jamb, getting her breath.

"Esther!" called Peter again. She thought that his voice shook. She knew that she could look through the chinks between the logs and see whatever dreawful thing was happening in the smithy, but to gain a little time she took four steps to the broad door.

The smithy looked as it always did. The edge of the hearth was red, the iron dull gray, the anvil, where Peter hammered it, silver. The walls and shadows were black. The smithy was a pleasant place when the sun shone in, or at night when the fire burned.

There was both sunlight and firelight now. Peter stood looking at the fire, a hand on the shoulder of each little girl, as though he were telling them to look also. There was, Esther saw instantly, something odd about the fire. The flames did not leap and crackle like those made by dry wood. There was no hot, quiet, red glow like that made by charcoal. The substance which was burning was neither wood nor charcoal but strange, black stones. The fire had been started with wood, but the wood had burned away. The flame was as hot as the charcoal flame and as beautiful as the flame of wood but quieter.

The Indian had brought Peter the stones for a present. If the write man pretended he had no fuel, he would bring him fuel; then he could pretend no longer. He had crossed the near by mountain to another mountain where the soil was hard and black, with a kind of oily sheen. This hard black hill would burn—even his grandfather had known that. So he had dug out some stones and brought them to Peter. He had pointed at the stones, at the hearth, and at his gun. Then he had gathered small sticks and lighted them and laid the stones on them. Peter had watched him, holding his breath.

Esther looked at the strange fire, then at Peter, then at the Indian. The Indian caught her eye at last. She had looked at him off and on, for an hour or more, but this was the first time she had looked straight at him. He was amused.

He pointed at the stones he had brought in his bag, now burning so brightly, and drew a great cone in the air with both hands. Esther shook her head.

"What does he mean?"

"This is stone-coal," said Peter, excitedly. "I told you about the stone-coal on the ship. He means that over the mountain, a day's journey away, there's a mountain of coal."

"Can it be true?" asked Esther, awed.

It was true—there were millions of tons of coal in the earth. But fifty years passed before people could be persuaded to use it.

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Die Singschul in dem Land

Milton C. Henninger

Die yunge Leit in unsre Zeit
Hen arrick viel Blessier;
Die Maed, die danse Daag un Nacht,
Die Buwe drinke Bier;
Es Kartespiele macht viel Schpass,
Un's Flirte mit de Maed:
Des sin die Schoass far City Leit,
Sie heesse die first rate.

Far mei Deel gleich ich net die Fun—
Geb mir die Land Singschul;
Dart geht mer hie far scheener Schpass,
Un folligt aa der Rule;
Dart singt mer oft en Kaerriche Lied,
Un scheene Songs dazu,
Wie "Johnny Schmoker," "Pat Maloy"
Un "Yankee Doodle Doo."

Dart gehne all die Mannsleit hie,
Die yunge doch es mennscht;
Die Maed sin aa bei Cracky do,
Vun der wieschte zu der schennscht;
Unnig die waern'n Singschul gor nix wert,
Un drucke aa debei;
En yeder hot sei Aag uff sie—
Do kummt die Music nei.

Es Singe waerd net arrick lang,
'S iss zimmlich g'schwind vorbei;
Der Teacher secht: "Ihr singe gut,
Desmol wart ihr getrei;
In eenere Woch iss widder Schul,
Kummt alle wann ihr kennt—
'Ehr sei dem Vater un dem Sohn',
Des singen wir zum End.

Wann des Lied nau g'sunge iss,
Was gebt es dann en Yacht;
Der Teacher mit der Geig in Hand,
Gebt ihne all "Gut Nacht";
Die Buwe schpringe noch der Dier,
Sie lossen en schmaler Weg;
Sie gucken all sehr greislich scharf,
Aus Furcht es gebt Mistake.

Die Maed dhun nau ihr Shawls all aa,
Des nemmt en guti Weil;
Der Weg, der iss so arrick schmal,
Sie gehn in single File;
Do hen die Buwe all ihr Chance;
Mit arrick wennich G'laerm
Sie froge noh die schmaerte Maed,
"Will you accept my Arm."

Die mennschte schpiele gut ihr Card,
Un gehne aa net letz;
Doch deel, die griene schee der Sack,
Sie finne net ihr Pletz;
Die gehne heem mit schwerem Haerz,
Un mache net viel Schpass;
De naegschte Daag sin sie so sauer
Dass wie en Essich Fass.

'S iss schpassich, dass die yunge Leit
Zusamme wolle geh;
Awwer 'siss so, sell iss aure genung,
En yedes muss es g'schteh;
Deel gehne uff die Frolics hie,
Un kratze uff em Sand;
Far mei Deel, geb mir immer noch
Die Singschul in dem Land.

From the manuscripts of the late Judge Henninger, graciously lent to us by his son, the Honorable James F. Henninger, Judge in the Lehigh County Courts.

AM SCHWARZE BAER

Die Singschul

LLOYD A. MOLL

Mit dem dass nie ken Kaerrich g'halde iss warre Sunndaag owets, hot der Argelschpieler Eugene Glase Singschul aafange zu halde im Schulhaus. Die Leit hen ken Blatz g'hat fer schunscht hie geh un so war's Schulhaus g'schtoppte voll. Der Ed Case war Mundaag owets in der Barschtubb un hot ne g'saat er waer in der Singschul gewest.

"Du singe!" lacht der Dokter. "Ich wett des hot schee gelaut, graad as wann eens vun meine Kaelwer blaerrt, wann mer 's abgewehne will."

"Was hoscht du mol widder aag'schtellt? Du gehscht net an so'n Blatz aus eenicher gute Ursach. Ich wett du hoscht der Rocksack voll roter Peffer g'hat. Hen sie recht geniest?" frogt der Hi.

"Well, ich hab Peffer g'hat, awwer ich hab mich rum b'sunne. Die hen beidemmt recht schee g'sunge. Un bis 's faerdich wor, hawwich aa mit eig'schtimmt. Un ich will eich saage, do kann mer ebbes laerne."

"Schee g'sunge?" saagt der Al Schtettler, "Ya, ich hab's g'heert—ich hab gemeent der Seischnitter waer driwwe uff em Dokter seinre Bauerei. Un du, was singscht dann du, Tenor odder Bass? Ich wett mer muss dich uff en Schimmel hocke fer die Weis zu reite."

"Well, ich weess net wie mer 's heesst, awwer ich hab newich d'r Selinde Schmeckly g'sotze, un ich hab g'heert, dass mer so zimmlich gut g'schtimmt hen minanner."

"Ha ha!" lacht der Hi, "newich der Selinde—ich denk ihr hen g'sschtimmt."

"Ya, awwer net de ganse Owet. Der Eugene hot mich newich der Bill Haines, er saagt ich hett en iwwerausi gudi Bassschtim."

"Ya, fer de Kieh rufe," meent der Al. "Saag uns mol wie's do hargange iss."

"Well, wie ich in's Schulhaus kumme bin, war's voll Leit, un 's war en Geblabber as wann en gansi Haerd Gens drin waere. Bis der Eugene Glase kumme iss. Der hot sie mol gedischtert, noh hen sie die Singbicher ausgewwe. Er hot mol en Schtick vorg'schlagge, hebt sei Schtecke in die Heh, un noh iss 's abgange. Ich hab schun die Hand im Sack g'hat fer der Peffer raus zu zottle, noh denk ich, 's waer doch en Schand fer denne Leit ihre Blessier zu verhause."

"Du Seihund!" schnarrt der Hi. "Du hoscht meh gedenkt vun denne as wie vun mir. Un ich hab dich schun mannichmol gedrenkt fer nichs."

"Fer was?" frogt der Ed.

"Ei, an der Frolick hoscht mer der gans Dansfloor g'schtreet mit Peffer. Hettscht mer all die Leit fartgedriwwe, wann 'd gekennt hettscht. Un ich hett des bissel Geld, wu ich gemacht hab, verlore," saagt der Hi.

"Kotzdunnerladder! Ich hab der schunn en hunnert mol g'saat 's war net mich. Die schlitzohriche Knecht misse do verantwarte defor. Un die ware aa in der Singschul. Awwer ich war so eigenumme mit em singe, dass ich zu mer selwert g'saat hab, 'loss die vyscht mol ebbes aafange, will ich 'ne schun der Biffel picke'.—Wu war ich noch—o, mer hen mol des Schtick g'sunge. Noh saagt der Eugene, er hett gern, dass die Leit all eeletzich nuff zu ihm kumme daete, so dass er ausfinne kennt, was fer Schtimme, dass sie hette. Well, sell war gschpassich. Ich will verdollt sei, wann net der alt Ed Hoover dart war. Un aa der aerscht wu der Kuraasche g'hat hot fer naus zu drete. Es gans Schulhaus hot gelacht, awwer des hot ihn gor net verschteert. Der Eugene hot ken Argel, so muss er schtimme mit 're Schtimmgawwel. Er hot sei Gnie in die Heh gezogge un die Gawwel druff g'schlagge, noh saagt er zum Ed, 'nau sing DO-RE-ME-FA. Der Ed hot gewiss hart genung gebrowiert, awwer sei FA hot graad gelaut wie's DO. Er hot en Schtimm as wann sie aus em grosse Fass kaemt, die Fenschtre hen recht g'schittelt, awwer 's war all ee leier. Fer ihn net schlecht fiehle mache, saagt er. 'Well, Ed, du hoscht en iwwerausi guti Bassschtimm'. Der Ed hot sich widder hieg'setzt, un gelacht iwwer sei gans G'sicht, as wie en Moiketzel.—So is der Eugene iwwer die gans Haerd gange. Er hot die vier Schtimme sich zammesitze mache un sell iss wie ich die Selinde verlore hab. Noh hot er Note uff 's gross schwarz Board g'schriwwe, un mer hen sie g'sunge, 'S aerscht eeschtimmich, noh in zwee Schtimme. Sell is net so schlecht gange. Awwer wie er drei un vier Schtimme hieg'schriwwe hot—well, sell hot net so gut geglunge. Ich will eich saage, mer hen edeel mechtiche gute Singer in unsere Nochberschaft. Un bis der Winder verbei iss, hot der Eugene die annere in Raeschon. Ihr warre eich erschtaune, wann er der Konzert gebt in der Karrich. Un selle Owet bin ich net am Schwarze Baer, so dass ihr sell wisse.

"E Deel Leit kumme g'schwind in ihri zwetti Kindheit," meent der Hi. "Singe! Ya, des iss all recht fer grosse Leit in der Kaerrich, odder an 're Leicht, awwer des sin mer yo Kinnerschtreech. Do im Schulhaus sitze en ganser Owet un blarre as wie en Haerd Kaelwer! Der Eugene muss den Konzert mache uff en Sunndaag Owet, schunscht wann du in die Brandewei Boddel guckscht, warre die jwweriche vun seine Singer g'soffe vum Geruch."

"Was nemmscht der Hen net mit?" frogt der Al.

"Hett ich yuscht bessere Gleeder," saagt der Hen, "breicht er mich net froge. Ich hab als gut singe kenne. Weescht nimmi wie mer 'Meddidlum die, Meddidlum dei' gsunge hen? Do hawwich der Bass gut gedraage."

"Ya, wie ihr Neiyohr schiesse ware, hoscht awwer der Bass un dei Kischt nimmi draage kenne. Weescht sell aa noch?" frogt der Dokter.

"Well, ihr kenne all schpotte. In Blatz vun driwwe im Schmidtschopp rumlele un em Jim Dauweschpeck sei schlechter Wei saufe, alle Sunndaag Owet, gehn ich noch der Singschul," saagt der Ed.

BLACK BEAR HOTEL 1810 1915 HIRAM BEST

Personals

Bartholomew Dombroski, this city, and Andrew Dombroski, Shenandoah, left yesterday for New York City where they will attend the annual banquet and meeting of the Kosciusko Foundation.

James Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. James F. Hubbert Sr., 923 N. Front St., celebrated his seventh birthday anniversary Wednesday. His sister, Dorothy Mae, and cousins, Joan Claire and Kenneth B. Bush, were guests at a dinner in honor of the occasion.

Robert Charles DeLong, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Dressell, 130 N. Madison St., celebrated his tenth birthday anniversary Thursday.

John Durner of 304 Priscilla St., a retired P. & R. freight conductor, on Friday quietly celebrated his 77th birthday anniversary. Mr. Durner worked on the railroad for 54 years.

Bernard Dasher, a freshman in the department of music at Ithaca college, has been selected as a member of the Ithaca College Repertory band. Bernard, a son of Mr. and Mrs. N. Dasher, 212 S. 16th St., plays the tenor sax.

Mrs. Grace E. Bailey, wife of Dr. Harry D. Bailey of Los Angeles, Calif., is visiting friends in this city, Easton and the Poconos. She arrived here from DeLand, Fla., where she spent the Christmas season with her son, Prof. William H. Bailey of John B. Stetson university. Before moving to California 12 years ago, Dr. Bailey was a member of the Muhlenberg college faculty for 19 years.

Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Zellner, 1103 Lehigh St., will leave today to spend the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McKee, White Plains, N. J. Dr. Zellner will resume practice Monday.

Mrs. Arthur Merkle, Allentown R. 2, observed her birthday anniversary Friday.

Friday marked the birthday anniversary of Austin Urffer of Coopersburg R. 2.

Among Allentonians who were in New York City and registered at the Waldorf-Astoria hotel were: Mr. and Mrs. F. Sherwood Watts, 1826 Hamilton St.; Mr. and Mrs. Victor Schmidt, 1119 Walnut St., and Mrs. William Shaffer, 1042 Hamilton St.

Mary G. Allen, 715 N. 6th St., will observe her birthday anniversary on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Ott and son Robert have moved from 712 Hanover Ave. to 134 N. 5th St.

Mrs. Edgar F. Major, 1414 Linden St., and Mrs. Joseph M. Hersh, 1038 Linden St., have returned from a two weeks cruise to the West Indies and South America aboard the S. S. Statendam.

Mr. and Mrs. Erwin E. Miller of 1410 Fairview St. yesterday entertained Mrs. Miller's cousin, Mayor L. M. Croll and wife, of Phelps, N. Y., and also Mr. and Mrs. John E. Croll, daughter Cleta, Quakertown.

Are Committee Members For Ball in Walnutport

WALNUTPORT — Following is a list of members of the various committees arranging for the President's Birthday Ball at the Diamond Fire Co. hall Friday night, Jan. 27:

General committee: Chairman, Mald D. Deibert; secretary, Edgar T. Yehl; treasurer, Harold A. Spadt.

Publicity: Harold A. Spadt, Frank G. Handwerk, Miriam Bachman, Stanley Landis, Katie Bachman, Mrs. Wilbur Smith, Pearl Reinert and Mrs. Benjamin Hall.

Tickets: Barton Behler, Vernon Spadt, Titus Sterling, Elmer Geiss, Mae Heiney, Edgar Yehl, Vernon Benninger, Charles Young, Wilbur Schneck, Robert Knappenberger, Richard Lauer, Mrs. Ray Solt and Walter A. Snyder.

Program: Roland Kennell, Ralph Yenser, David Sechler, Nolan Strohl.

Music and entertainment: Mald Deibert, John Bowers and Gordon Geiss.

Floor and card playing: Mrs. Mattie Thanhauser, Mrs. Mary Serfass, Thomas Evans Jr., Walter J. Snyder, William Gross, Francis Greenzweig, Mrs. Francis Greenzweig, Corine Beaber, Mrs. Charles Spadt and Mrs. A. E. Snyder.

Hostes: Mrs. Kermit Marshall, Mrs. Allen Morgan, Marion Burke, Evelyn Lilly and Lorraine Snyder.

Another meeting of committee members will be held Sunday at 2 p. m. in the fire company hall.

Laid to Rest

REV. J. HENRY E. HILD

The funeral of the Rev. J. Henry E. Hild of 1513 Maple St., Bethlehem, was held from his late home and continued in his church in South Bethlehem. Interment was in a Jarrettsville, Md., cemetery.

Floral tributes were from: Wife and children, grandchildren, neighbors, East Pennsylvania Conference, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Flexer, sixth grade children of Reinhard building, Hellertown, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse DeEsch, Upstreamers Sunday school class, of Emmaus Evangelical church, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Keller, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cressman family, Mr. and Mrs. Elsbor, Kenneth, Gladys and Junior Stauffer, Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Oplinger and Mrs. Kate Coffin.

Mrs. Hugh Williamson and family, Molly Schuster, Charles Schuster and sisters, Dorothy and Leo Maier, members and friends of St. Mark's church, St. Mark's Sunday school, young people of St. Mark's, teachers of Reinhard building, Hellertown; Verda Heiney and family, Seventh-Day Advent congregation, Big Creek congregation and sisters Lucy Hess and Priscilla Preston.

The slumber robe was presented by the wife.

Dogs Can't Bear It

SYLVA, N. C. (AP)—Usually, at this time of year, bears hereabouts are fat and clumsy and a hunter's dog has no trouble in handling one. But there's been a shortage of forage this season and as a result bears are quick and vicious. Several good hunting dogs already have been killed by hungry bruins.

YOUR ROOF

MAY APPEAR TO LEAK UNDER THE PRESENT SNOW and ICE

Hatchets, Ice Picks, Shovels, Etc. When wielded by those not familiar with roofing may do extensive damage to your good roof.

Don't Take a Chance

The correction may seem simple — but it should be made by trained roofers only.

PHONE FOR SERVICE

L. A. ACKER

FORMERLY J. A. BEST & CO.

440 N. 10th St.

DIAL 4125

Obituaries

Isaac Pixley

Eastonian, 81, Was Retired L. V. Railroad Engineer

Isaac Pixley, 81, 1156 Washington St., Easton, died Thursday night at his home after an illness of two months.

A retired Lehigh Valley railroad engineer, Mr. Pixley was born in Easton, a son of the late Isaac and Mary Pixley. After 55 years of service with the railroad, he was retired seven years ago.

He was a member of St. Mark's Evangelical-Reformed church, the Easton Division of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and the Lehigh Valley Railroad Veteran's Assn.

Surviving are five daughters, Mrs. George Adams, Mrs. Elmer Warman, Mrs. Walter Thomas, Mrs. Mabel Heller and Mrs. Lloyd Rapp, all of Easton; two sons, William and Samuel, Easton; a brother, Charles, Easton, 21 grandchildren and 13 great grandchildren.

The funeral will be held at 2.30 p. m. Monday from the late home. The Rev. F. W. Teske will officiate. Burial will be made in Easton Heights cemetery.

Charles A. Titlow

Pennsburg Resident Will Be Buried Monday

Charles A. Titlow, husband of Adaline, nee Bechtel, Titlow, died Thursday at his home, 324 Main St., Pennsburg.

He was a son of the late Charles and Mary, nee Dorney, Titlow. Surviving, besides his wife, are a son, Abraham C. Titlow, at home, and two brothers, Edwin J. Titlow of Reading and George F. Titlow of Trexlertown. He was a member of the New Goshenhoppen Reformed church at East Greenville.

Funeral services will be held at his late home in Pennsburg on Monday at 1:30 p. m. Continued services will be conducted at 2 p. m. in the New Goshenhoppen Reformed church, with the Rev. Dr. C. M. DeLong officiating. Interment will follow in the church cemetery.

Mrs. Charles O. Bortz

Alburtis R. D. 1 Woman Was Native of Ohio

Mrs. Hannah Bortz, wife of Charles O. Bortz, of Alburtis R. D. 1, died at her home at 10 p. m. Thursday of a heart ailment after a brief illness. She was 76 years old.

Mrs. Bortz, a native of Ohio, was the daughter of Daniel and Catherine, nee Long, Pauley.

Surviving, besides her husband, are the following children: Charles, at home; Mrs. Erwin Moser, George W. Bortz of Alburtis R. D., H. Jacob Bortz of Reading, Daniel of Macungie R. D., Mrs. Cyril Smith of Mountainville, John A. Bortz of Alburtis, Mrs. Howard Kline of Emmaus and Edwin S. Bortz of Lansford; five brothers and sisters, Rauben Pauley of Kempton, Henry of Hancock, John of Reading, Mrs. Sylvanus Dries of Fleetwood and Mrs. George Boyer of Reading.

Thirty-five grandchildren and 19 great grandchildren also survive.

Funeral services will be held at her late home at Alburtis R. D. 1 on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. with continued services in the Longswamp church. Interment will be in the adjoining cemetery.

Mary E. Dauxdater

Lehighton Woman, Aged 74, Bedfast for Six Months

Bedfast for six months, Mary Elizabeth, widow of Charles F. Dauxdater, died at her home, 379 S. 3rd St., Lehighton, last Thursday night. She was 74. Her husband preceded her in death seven years ago. She was a member of Trinity Lutheran church, Lehighton.

Survivors include a daughter, Florence, and a son, William, both of Lehighton; three sisters, Mrs. William Cunningham and Mrs. Stephen Slavko, both of Bethlehem, and Mrs. Ella Maher of Allentown.

Funeral services will be conducted tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 o'clock from the Swartz Memorial home, 3rd and Alum Sts., Lehighton. Rev. Thomas Atkinson, pastor of Trinity Lutheran church, Lehighton, will officiate. Interment will be made in the Lehighton cemetery. Friends may call at the Memorial home tonight between 7 and 9 o'clock.

Robert Irons

South Harrisburg Steel Superintendent Dies in Naples

Word was received by friends here today of the death in Naples of Robert Irons, superintendent of the Central Iron and Steel company, South Harrisburg. Mr. Irons died on Jan. 11, while enroute to the Holy Land. He was widely known in Harrisburg, and had a number of friends in this community. In 1900 he was a student in the Harrisburg School of Commerce, of which Major J. S. Shumberger was then president.

Mrs. Laura May Seip

Easton Widow, 66, Was Ill for 18 Months

Mrs. Laura May Seip, 66, widow of Harry G. Seip, 1701 Northampton St., Easton, died Thursday night at the residence, following an illness of 18 months.

She was a daughter of the late William and Emeline Bates and had resided all of her life in Easton.

She was preceded in death two years ago by her husband. She was a member of Arndt's Lutheran church.

Survivors are two daughters, Mrs. Cora Shafer, Easton R. 2; Mrs. Hilda Hockman; two sons, Charles E. and Walter L. Seip, all of Wilson; two sisters, Mrs. Cora Haupt of Palmer township, Mrs. Lillie Markle, Detroit, Mich.; 14 grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Mrs. Martanna Titus

Nazareth Woman Succumbs in 68th Year—Ill 12 Days

Mrs. Martanna Titus, wife of Asher Titus, died at 8:10 o'clock yesterday morning at her late home, 207 S. Broad St., Nazareth, following an illness of 12 days. She was in her 68th year.

Born in Bethlehem township, she was a daughter of the late Aaron and Mary, nee Schlegel, Henshue.

She is survived by her husband, two brothers, Preston and Thomas Henshue of Palmer township, and two sisters, Mrs. Oliver Milheim of Nazareth, and Mrs. Preston Bush, Sparta, N. J.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Monday at the R. J. Bartholomew funeral home, 323 S. Broad St., Nazareth. Interment in Hope cemetery, Hecktown. Rev. W. H. Wotring, D. D., will officiate. Friends may call Sunday from 7 to 9 p. m.

Absalom Phillips

89-year-old Man Resided in Portland for 60 Years

The Rev. S. J. Hughes at 2 p. m. Monday will conduct services in the Steinmetz funeral home, Bangor, for Absalom Phillips, 89, 312 Broadway, Bangor, who died on Thursday in the Easton hospital.

Burial will be made in Riverview cemetery, Portland. Mr. Phillips was a native of Totts Gap, resided in Portland for 60 years and in Bangor and vicinity the past 18 years.

He was a member of the Mackey Memorial Baptist church, Bangor; the P. O. S. of A. of Portland and Mt. Bethel Lodge, I.O.O.F.

Survivors include a daughter, Mrs. Samuel Stiles, with whom he resided; a son, Vernon W. Phillips of Pen Argyl; eight grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

He was the last of the family of Joseph and Mary Krotzer Phillips.

Mrs. Ellen L. Koehler

Longtime Allentown Resident Was Born in Bethlehem

Mrs. Ellen Louise Koehler died at 9 o'clock yesterday morning at her home, 518 Turner St., Allentown, after a two-year illness. She was in her 82nd year.

Born in Bethlehem, she was the daughter of the late Jacob and Gertrude (Shepherd) Becker. She was a member of the Sacred Heart Catholic church, the Altar and Rosary society, Mothers league, and the Sacred Heart hospital auxiliary.

Her husband, Charles Koehler, died 39 years ago.

Survivors include six daughters: Mrs. Gertrude Detweiler, Mrs. Catherine Arrott, Mrs. Agnes Kleppinger, Mrs. Rosalie Stoffiet, all of this city; Mrs. Elizabeth Nungesser, Philadelphia; Cecelia Koehler, at home; two sons, Fred and Joseph, both of this city; six grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 9.30 a. m. from the late home with solemn requiem mass at 10 a. m. at the Sacred Heart church. Interment in Sacred Heart cemetery.

Walter Horoschak

Coaldale Man, Aged 23, Had Been Ill a Week

Walter Horoschak, 23, of 212 W. High St., Coaldale, son of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Horoschak, died yesterday in the Fountain Springs hospital, Ashland, after a week's illness.

A life-long resident of Coaldale, he was educated in the Coaldale public schools and was employed the past seven years in Tamaqua. He was a parishioner of St. Mary's Russian Orthodox church, Coaldale.

He is survived by his parents, and the following brothers and sisters: John, Coaldale; Mrs. Andrew Harahus, Mrs. Mary Paulo, Mrs. Steve Kocik, John Scarloss, Coaldale; Steve Scarloss, Dorothy Scarloss, Mrs. George Malik, Mrs. Martin Dudneck and Mrs. Ammadore Diza, New York City and Fritz Scarloss, Georgia.

Mrs. Louisa T. Beam

Wife of Dr. Wilson Beam, Easton, Was 77

Mrs. Louisa Treloar Beam, 77, wife of Dr. Wilson Beam, 60 N. 3rd St., Easton, died at 2 p. m. Friday at her home, after an illness of several years.

Mrs. Beam is survived by her husband, one daughter, Dr. Violet B. Sargent, and one granddaughter, Louise. Mrs. Beam was born in Cornwall, England. She was a member of the First Methodist church, Easton.

Mrs. Jennie Frey

Zionsville R. 1 Woman Succumbs After Month's Illness

Mrs. Jennie (Wieand) Frey, wife of Clinton Frey, died at 12 noon yesterday at her home along Zionsville R. 1 after a month's illness. She was 57 years of age.

Born near Zionsville, she was the daughter of the late Lewis and Amanda (Sterner) Wieand. She was a member of the Mennonite Brethren in Christ church, Zionsville.

Survivors include her husband, Clinton Frey; two daughters: Mrs. Llewellyn Stoudt, Zionsville R.; Mrs. Harold Strunk, Hereford; a son, Clarence, of Egypt; three grandchildren; one great-grandchild; three brothers: Charles Wieand, Bethlehem; Edwin and Wilson, this city.

Funeral services will be held at 1:30 p. m. Tuesday with regular services to follow at the Mennonite Brethren in Christ church, Zionsville. Viewing Monday 7-9 p. m. Rev. C. H. Brunner will officiate.

KUTZTOWN

Borough Officials to Ask Reduction in Power Rates

In view of the fact that the Metropolitan Edison Co. has made a reduction in rates to all consumers it served in districts outside of Kutztown, borough officials will request a reduction in power rates for the borough. The borough buys the current from the Metropolitan Edison Co. and resells it to its consumers. The borough never sold the franchise of the municipal light plant to the Metropolitan concern and after the contract term expires, the borough could start up its own plant.

Requested changes in several lines of the planned borough house sewerage system were also discussed at council's semi-monthly meeting, and definite action taken as to one change, Wednesday night.

Council decided, at the request of the consultant engineer, A. Groff, to change pipe for laterals from terra cotta to soil pipe, at an extra cost of $2,000, verified pipe now on hand to be used only in dry locations.

The consultant engineer also reported that he ordered concrete supports placed under "Y" branches, to prevent them from breaking from the weight of back fill, at a cost of $1,000. Council approved the action.

Borough Solicitor Harvey F. Heinley of Reading was authorized to secure data for a plumbing ordinance until the next meeting.

The borough secured a profit of $2,487.54 on operation of the swimming pool during the summer of 1938, it was reported by the swimming pool committee of the Kutztown Volunteer Fire Co. This amount represents the borough's share of the profits of the season. The fire company also retains a share.

ADDRESSES ROTARY—Henry W. Gabell, executive director in the Berks County Public Assistance department, spoke to the Rotary club, at its weekly dinner-meeting in the Keystone hotel Wednesday night. He spoke on the functions of the State relief system.

ARE ILL—Mrs. Cyrus P. Rahn, of the Dutch Maid Kitchen, has been seriously ill for the past few weeks. She has been confined to bed.

Prof. Amandus M. Dietrich, former head of the science department at Kutztown State Teachers college, is seriously ill at his home on College Hill. He has been in ill health for quite some time.

Mary Wink, of the Kemp Apartments, E. Main St., is ill at her home for the past five weeks. She lives with her blind sister, Ella.

RECOVERS—Sterling, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Adam, Normal Hill, who was seriously injured Dec. 20 by a car driven by Frank Dietrich, Kutztown, R. 3, in front of the local college, is able to be out again and will start school Monday. He suffered a brain concussion, numerous head injuries and cuts.

Zimmerman Funeral Home At 1124 Walnut

Three Separate Parlors Permitting Three Viewings at Same Time

Ernest B. Zimmerman's new funeral home at 1124 Walnut St., the former Mellner residence, includes 16 rooms and three separate funeral parlors, making it possible to hold three viewings at one time.

The home has been decorated and furnished in a simplicity which gives it a rich beauty. An amplifying system carries services to all parts of the home. A driveway, surrounding the house, facilitates loadings. A large display room and preparation rooms are also included.

Mr. Zimmerman is a son of M. G. Zimmerman, Ringtown, the latter being one of Schuylkill county's best known funeral directors. He is a graduate of the Eckles Embalming school, Philadelphia, and is well versed in music.

The first Zimmerman home was located at 140 N. 8th St. for three years, the second being situated at 818 Walnut St. Assisting Mr. Zimmerman are: His wife, his sister, Mrs. Catherine Gorry, the former Catherine Zimmerman, a graduate of the Allentown Hospital Nurses college; Raymond Gorry, Walter Gehringer and Claude Zimmerman.

Mr. Zimmerman is a member of Christ Lutheran church, Exchange club, Four Square club, Allentown Business club, the Elks, I. O. O. F., P. O. S. of A. and Red Men.

Red Hill Borough Council To Act on Budget for 1939

RED HILL—A tax rate of 7 mills is the basis of a proposed budget for 1939 presented at a special meeting of borough council. The tax rate and budget will be formally adopted at the next regular meeting of council.

The 7 mill rate has been in force since 1936; that year the rate was reduced from 8 mills. In 1933 the rate also was seven mills; the following year it was raised to 9, and in 1935 it dropped to 8.

WOMEN'S CLUB MEETS—A. M. Kulp, superintendent of schools of Montgomery county spoke on "A Larger Unit of School Administration and the Modern Program of Education," at a meeting of the Perkiomen Valley Women's club in the Perkiomen school chapel. Mrs. J. C. Holtzman and Mrs. Mark H. Layser were hostesses.

The club chairman, Mrs. R. G. Wienandt, and Mrs. Paul Mohr gave current events. The Pennsburg High School Dramatic club, under the direction of Anne Landis, gave the playlet, "Alice's Blue Gown." Those who took part were: Ruth Huber, Florence Shantzenbach, Narona Kemmerer, Betty Snyder, Helen Clark, Clymenia Hamman, and Mart Lou Markley. The High school Glee club, led by Helen Bartman, sang.

Mrs. Forrest Henry announced that Men's Night would be held in the Red Hill Fire hall Jan. 24 at 7:30 p. m. Mrs. Harold Johnson announced the next meeting of the home economics group would be held at her home in East Greenville, Jan. 31st at 2 p. m., when Ethel Beedles will discuss furniture.

FIREMEN MEET—The Ninth District Firemen's Assn. meet here and made plans to have a banquet at the annual meeting at Green Lane, March 9. Mr. Imbody, member of the Green Lane Fire Co., was appointed chairman of the banquet committee.

Reports of fires during the past month were given by the fire chief, after which there was a discussion on fire fighting.

The association will be guests of the East Greenville Fire Co. for the next meeting on Feb. 9. Nomination of officers will feature this meeting, and many upper end firemen are expected to attend.

NEWS BRIEFS—Morris Brey, William Beard, D. Russell Moser, Henry Genzler, Nelson Richard, Forrest J. Henry, Stanley Mayberry, Harrison Erb and Robert Smoll of town, and Lawrence Schantz and Lemuel Studenroth of East Greenville, were present at the anual meeting of the Montgomery County Federation of Sportsmen's clubs at the Valley Forge hotel, Norristown.

Charles Keene of Pittsfield, Mass., a student at Rider College, Trenton, N. J.; was the weekend guest of Paul Richard at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Richard. Mr. Richard is a recent graduate of Rider.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Clamer of Collegeville, visited the latter's mother, Mrs. Clare Roth.

The Rev. and Mrs. H. H. Krauss called on Mrs. William Butterweck, in the Allentown hospital. Mrs. Butterweck is reported improving nicely from the operation she underwent Jan. 7.

Deaths

TITUS—In Nazareth, Jan. 20, 1939, Martanna, nee Henshue, Titus, wife of Asher Titus, aged 67 years, 5 months and 14 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend services at the R. J. Bartholomew funeral home, 323 S. Broad St., Nazareth, at 2 p. m. Monday. Interment in Hope cemetery, Hecktown. Friends may call Sunday from 7 to 9 p. m. R. J. Bartholomew.

FREY—Along Zionsville R. 1, Jan. 20, 1939, Jennie (Wieand), wife of Clinton Frey, aged 57 years, 8 months, 17 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. from the late home, Zionsville R. 1, and the regular services to follow in the Mennonite Brethren in Christ church, Zionsville. Interment adjoining cemetery. Friends are invited to call Monday 7-9 p. m. Reinsmith.

DIEFENDERFER—In this city, Jan. 19, 1939, Agnes M., nee Hess, wife of Robert A. Diefenderfer, aged 54 years, 2 months and 15 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral at 2 p. m. Tuesday at the Derr funeral home, 46 E. Susquehanna St. Interment in Fairview cemetery. Friends may call from 7 to 9 p. m. Monday at the funeral home.

Wm. H. Derr.

RAETHER—At Port Colbourne, Ontario, Canada, Jan. 19, 1939, George L., husband of Gertrude, nee Rabenold, Raether, in his 64th year.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services without further notice at the Rabenold funeral home, 116 S. 8th St., on Monday at 1:30 p. m. Interment in Greenwood cemetery. Friends may call Sunday from 7 to 9 p. m. O.S.R.

KOEHLER—In this city, Jan. 20, 1939, Ellen, nee Becker, Koehler, widow of Carl Koehler.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services from her late home, 518 Turner St., Tuesday at 9:30 a. m. Solemn requiem high mass will be offered in the Sacred Heart church. Interment in the Sacred Heart cemetery. Bethlehem papers please copy.

Becker.

Japan shipped over $2,000,000 worth of pottery to the United States in the first nine months of 1938, this being a decrease of 56 per cent from the corresponding period of the preceding year.

Ernest B. Zimmerman

New Funeral Home

1124 Walnut St.

Phone 2-5534



WU VIEL NISS SIN, SIN AA VIEL DAAWE DEBEI

Aus Unserm Briefkaschte

Lakewood, Ohio. December 13, 1938

Editor of the Pa. Deitsch Eck:

The enclosed is a sketch that was written at my request and has never previously been published. My studies of the origin of the Pennsylvania German dialect and its relation to those of southwest Germany and Switzerland (See "The Origin of the Pa. German Dialect," ECK, Nov. 2, 9, 16, 1935) led me to conclude that our Pennsylvania German dialect is most like that of the northern Vorderpfalz, or eastern Palatinate. And of all the writers the similarity seemed to me most marked in Dr. Freudenberger, who writes the dialect of his native town, Mutterstadt and vicinity, about six or eight miles southwest of the city of Mannheim.

In order to get a representative expression in this form of the dialect, I asked Dr. Freudenberger to write something about his home life, mentioning as many common objects, experiences and idioms as possible. He very generously responded with the enclosed sketch.

A number of differences from the Pennsylvania German dialect will be noticed. Some are due to changes since our ancestors immigrated, both here and there. But there are a few peculiarities in Dr. Freudenberger's sketch which obtain in that vicinity and probably elsewhere in the northern Palatinate. One is the use of A for EI in words like SAM and WAL for SEIM and WEIL. In his vicinity also the spelling and pronunciation SESCHT are used for SECHT, the variant for SAGT, but there is no instance in the sketch. On the other hand, the dialect in general seems strikingly like our own. I received this sketch early in 1929.

Cyrus H. Eshleman

(In the following sketch we have retained the spelling of Dr. Freudenberger, although it should be pointed out that in words like ueber and aber, although spelled with a b, this consonant is pronounced as a German w (English v).—Ed.)

Mei Vadderhaus

By DR. EMIL FREUDENBERGER

Mei Vadder is Bauer; ich bin also (therefore) in eme Bauerhaus ufgewachse. Disch, Stuehl, Schraenk, Kummod (chest of drawers), Kanapee (couch), Baenk, un Bettlade waren all gans aefach in unserm Haus. Aber schae hot's doch in unsere Schtubb ausg'saene un gemuetlicher war's drin wie in manchem feine staedische Haushalt. Die Kich hot mei Mutter immer blitzlank g'halte. De Kochherd hot geblenkt wie'n Schpiegel, erscht recht die Deller un Platte un kuppener Panne. 'S is jo net so knollig (prosperously? bei uns hergange. Brode (roasts) un Beefsteak hot's selte gewe. Aber gut war's Esse doch un mer Kinner sin immer satt worre. 'S hot natuerlich mae Grumbeere un Gemues bei uns zu esse gewe wie Worscht un Flaesch, desto gesuender hemmer awwer a gelebt dann heitzutag is jo das Vegedarische (vegetarianism) un die schlanke Linie (slender lines) die grosse Mode worre. In unserm Garde hemmer immer Salat, Kraut, Rotkraut, Wersching (savoy cabbage), Blumekohl, un Rosekohl, Erbse, Bohne, Gummere, Rettig, Tomate, Kannstraube, Grusselbeere, Abbeere, Kersche Aeppel, Beere, Gewetsche, Persching, u. s. w. geplanzt. Was mer net glei verbraucht hen von dem Obst is gedoerrt oder eigemacht worre. Das eigemachte hot's dann als zu de Dampnudele un annere Mehlschpeise 's Johr ueber gewe.

An Haustiere hemmer en Gaul, drei Kueh, e Rindel, un e Kaelbel oder zwae, e paar Saeu (Sei) zum schlachte un verkaafe. Hinkele (for die noetige Eier), Gaens (for alle Weinachte en Gansbrote, die annere for Feddere in die Better un for zu verkaafe, un en Hund g'hatt. Wann die sich in Hof rumgetriebe hen un wann die Waege, Pluqskaerch, Egge, Reche, Hacke, Gabele, Schippe, un Spate, un alles was mer in Baureg'schaeft braucht, dorumg'schtanne sin, do war Betrieb im Haus.

Oft hen mei Eltre als zu mer g'saat "Du gibscht emol en rechte Bauer," wall (weil) ich so Interesse for's Vieh un G'scherr g'hatt hab un fest an de Aerwet mit a'gepackt habe. Degege mei aelterer Bruder war immer e bissel zumperlich un aengstlich. Do hot mei Vatter oft zu em g'sat, "Do, guck den klaene an, der is en annere Kerl wie du. Der faercht sich vor kennere Aerwet." Ich hab immer g'sat, "Vatter, ich will emol Bauer werre un mit de Gaeul (Geil) fahre." Mei Vatter hot aber g'sat, "Aener vun eich muss in die schul un ebbes lerne un Beamter (official) werre, for eich allminanner langen mei Aecker net. 'S kann nor (only) aener Bauer werre."

Un wall ich a in de Schul mae Schneid un Erfolg (keenness and success) g'hatt hab wie mei aelterer Bruder, hot mich de Vatter uf die Realschul (preparatory school) geda for en Herr zu werre. En annerer Grund war noch dass mei Bruder oefters krank war un for den die Feldluft g'suender war wie die Schul un Schtubeluft. Er hot's oft im Hals g'hatt, de bloe Huschte, die Masern (measles), Diphterie, Lungenezuendung (pneumonia) un a mol e gross Kopploch. Do isser beim Fanges (Fangen spielen) ueber en Haufe mit rauhe Stae (Sandstein) g'schprunge, is g'falle, un hot sich beinoh 's Hern eig'stertzt. Er hot sellemols en Johr lang en Verband um sam (seim) Kopp g'hatt un war arig uf de Hund kumme (in a bad way) mit seine Kraefte. 'S war a so ke so'n Kerl, er hot e bissel e schmali Bruscht g'hatt un a Kaesferb (cheesy color) im G'sicht. Do hot de Vadder g'sat, der bleibt mer dehaem un werd Bauer un du gehscht in die Schul un lernscht ebbes G'scheits.

Uff die Art bin ich Beamter worre un laaf heit mit de gewichste Schuh un en Schtehkrage um de Hals rum un dehaem in meim Vaddehaus maenen sie ich waer en grosser Herr. Aber ich bin in Wirklichkeit viel weniger Herr wie mei Bruder, wu heit de Hof (farm) dehaem hot, mit de Gaeul un Kueh un em G'scherr, un wu selbschtaendig sei Feld bebaut (cultivates) un erntet. Ich muss for mei Firma schaffe un noch 'm Chef seine Feif danze, mei Bruder aber der is selwer Herr, dem hot kens nix neizuredde in sein Betrieb. Un heit is er g'suender wie ich Bueromensch (office person). Des macht die gut Landluft in meim Vadderhaus.

Mutterstadt (Pfalz)

Bethlehem, Pa.

Liewer Editor:

Wer hett gedenkt, dass Schrot so krache kennte! 'S hot micht oft gewunnert wer der John Birmelin sei mecht. Nau iss die Katz aus 'm Sack! "Gezwitscher" iss die Retch! So iss's! Well, der Tschon hot dir net alles g'saat vun sich, was gut iss. Ich hab doch sei Daadi un Grossdaadi gekennt. Sie ware alle zwee kenn Dummkepp! Seinre Maem ihr Paep was der "alt" Schubert, Er war der Argelschpieler an der Langschwammer Kaerrich far zweeunfuzig Yaahr. Er war Schgweier, Schulmeeschter, Graabschteehacker, Landmesser, Musikant un ich wees net was. Er hot 'n Choir g'hat, as hart zu biete war. Sie hen g'sunge, dass die Schindle uf 'm Dach gedanst hen! Domols war der Parre Doktor Hellfrich als Breddiger un der Shubert als Vorsinger—un was'n Fuhr! Volli Kaerrich! Well, ich denk!

Der "alt" Schubert hot'n poetischer Geischt g'hat. Er war diet gelehrt. Er hot diet g'fiehlt. Ich hab ihn gut gegliche. Wie ich in Langschwamm gelebt hab, do hawwich far die Zeiting g'schriwwe un deelmols hawwich vum Schubert g'schriwwe. Es war aa ebbes zu schreiwe.

Un sei Daadi—der Fritz Birmelin! Well, er war juscht en Schumacher, awwer sell war net all. Ich kann gut verschteh, dass der Tschon iss was er iss. "Der Abbel fallt net weit vum Schtamm!" Ich un der Tschon sin in die seem Sunndaagschul gange. Ich hab'n vergesse g'hat, awwer ich bin froh, dass Langschwamm 'n Poet aus'm Baerrick gegraawe hot!

Langschwamm iss net der dummscht Platz in der Welt. Die gscheite Leit sin noch net all begraawe. Ich hoff der Tschon macht so fart un schreibt un schpielt un singt so lang wie sei Grossdaadi. Es freet mich zu lerne, dass Langschwamm aa uff der Map iss.

Bis mer nanner mol sehne, adieu.

C. A. Butz.

Der Schumacher

Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop!
Maryets frieh bis owets schpot
Klopt er far sei taeglich Brot;
Schneid er, naeht er, nagelt un klopt,
Meent mer heert's fast ohne g'schtoppt
Tage, Woche, Monat, Jahre,
Fallt sei Hammer uff die Ohre—
Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop!

Winter maryets lang vor Tag,
Wann mer noch gern schlofe mag,
Als ich schlaefrig bal uffschteh,
'S Licht strahlt iwwer der weisse Schnee,
Aus seim Scheppli-fenschter raus—
Sonscht is Alles still im Haus—
Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop!

Sommers au' in aller Frieh,
Ziegt sei Riehme iwwer's Knie,
Nagelt Sole uff die Schuh,
Froehlich singt ebmals dazu,
Wie Hans Sachs von Nueremberg,
Leicht mit Singe macht sei Werk.
Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop!

Schmokt schier immer 'n alti Peiff,
'S bucklig Sitze macht ihn schteif;
Lange Aerm, dinne Bee,
Meent er schlagt sei Knie gans weh;
Wunner dass die arme Knoche
Sin doch net schon lang verbroche.
Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop!

Hockt er dort mit blottem Kopp,
Fleissig nuckt er zum Geklopp;
In seim Maul paar alte Zaeh,
Freindlich G'sicht, doch net just schee;
Weisse Hor un Backe runslich,
Blo-e Aage, Lefze schmunslich.
Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop!

Hockt er! Klopt er! Frieh un schpot,
Ziegt er sei gebechter Drot;
Schneit er, naeht er, nagelt un flickt
Als die Uhr die Stunde tickt,
Stunde seiner Leweszeit,
Stunde langer Ewigkeit—
Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop!

Was en Haufe Schuh im Eck,
Deel verrisse, g'schmiert mit Dreck;
Kleene, grosse, junge, alte
Fiess vom Uewel zu behalte;
Hen au' kens vom beschte G'ruch,
Das mer lieb hat am Schnupptuch,
Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop!

Strenger Meschter war der Alte,
Guti Ordnung hat er g'halte;
Das die Junge sich betrage,
Sei Gebrauch net viel zu sage,
Hat sie iwwers Knie geboge,
Sei Knieriehme a'gezoge,
Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop!

Hab mir oft des Bild vorg'stellt,
'S g'mahnt mich an die Leit der Welt;
Mensche sin wie alte Schuh—
G'fleckt mit Sinde—ich un du,
Hart un Zaehe, aus Muster g'streckt,
Beese Sache sie verdreckt,
Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop!

Schlechste schmeisst der alte Flicker
Uf der Haufe Ledersticker;
'S wird sie niemand brauche kenne,
Nix meh wert as zuverbrenne;
Nimmi flicke oder putze,
Sin fer gar nix meh zu nutze,
Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop!

Alter Schuster is es Schicksal,
Stecht der Mensch mit manchem Driebsal;
Schlagt sei Herz mit Weh un Jammer,
Klopt ihn mit seim schwerem Hammer,
Aller Schlag un aller Schmerz,
Weecher, besser macht sei Herz—
Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop! Klop!

Fertig sin sei letzte Schuh—
'S letzt mal g'loffe, nach der Ruh;
Fertig g'neht sei letzte Not—
'S letzt Mal g'nagelt von dem Tod.
Ausgeklopt sei letzti Sole,
Leichteglock tut langsam tole,
**Klop! Klop! Klop

Personals

Esther M. Frey, 733 Oak St., will observe her birthday anniversary today.

Jean Clymer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry H. Clymer of 1826 Washington St., celebrated her birthday anniversary Thursday by entertaining friends at a dinner and theatre party.

Mrs. Ella Brinkman, 1017 Court St., left for Florida recently where she will make her future home. A farewell party was tendered her by 25 friends at the home of Ernest Helwig, 13 S. Filbert St.

M. R. Audenried left for Florida where he expects to make his home. He was pensioned on Jan. 1 by the Bethlehem Steel Co. where he was employed 35 years, recently as a mechanic in Shop 2. In his honor a farewell dinner was given him by his former co-workers at Spinnerstown at which time he was presented with an easy chair.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold R. Hausman of Allentown left New York Friday on the Grace liner Santa Paula on a 16-day cruise to Curacao, Venezuela, Colombia, Panama, Jamaica and Haiti. Mr. Hausman is vice president of the Lehigh Portland Cement Co.

Sylvia Winik of 137 N. 7th St. is improving nicely at the Allentown hospital where she underwent an appendicitis operation Thursday. Dr. Jacob J. Levy attends.

A son was born at 9.55 o'clock yesterday morning at the Sacred Heart hospital to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Roth, 528 6th Ave., Bethlehem.

Deaths

JUDD—In Bethlehem, Jan. 26, 1939, Howard F. Judd, 64, of 1756 W. Union Blvd., husband of the late Mame Snyder, Judd.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services at the Snyder funeral home, 701 N. New St., Bethlehem, Saturday afternoon, Jan. 28, at 2 p. m. Interment in Shoenersville cemetery.

Daniel B. Snyder.

EGOLF—In this city, Jan. 27, 1939, Mrs. Emma (Leisey) Egolf, widow of Charles H. Egolf, aged 67 years, 9 months, 18 days.

Relatives and friend are respectfully invited to attend funeral services from the home of her son, Robert C. Egolf, 1121 S. 10th St., Tuesday at 2 p. m. Interment Grandview cemetery, this city. Friends are invited to call Monday 7-9 p. m. Schisler.

SAMUELS—At Miami Beach, Jan. 27, 1939, Anna, wife of Irving Samuels, aged 43 years.

Due notice of funeral later.

Burkholder.

KING—In this city, Jan 27, 1939, Minna, nee Steyert, widow of Frank King, 1029 3rd St., Catasauqua, aged 36 years.

Due notice of funeral. B.

TURZER—In this city, Jan. 27, 1939, John Jr., son of John and Ida (Dax) Turzer, aged 3 years, 1 month and 9 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from the home of the parents, 730 Green St., Monday at 8:30 a. m. Angel mass will be offered in the Church of St. Francis of Assisi at 9 a. m. Interment in Sacred Heart cemetery. Viewing Sunday from 7 to 9 p. m. Weber.

REMMEL—Near Saylorsburg, Jan. 26, 1938, Mary Catherine, nee Beers, wife of Milton Remmel, in her 66th year.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, brief services to be held at 12:45 o'clock Sunday at the late home, near Saylorsburg, Ross township, Northampton. Continued services at 1:15 o'clock in the Mt. Eaton Dutch Reformed church, with interment in the adjoining cemetery.

M. C. Schmidt.

RUTH—In Bethlehem, Jan. 27, 1939, Mrs. Catherine Ruth, wife of the late Milton E. Ruth.

Friends and members of the various lodges with which she was affiliated are invited to attend services at 2 p. m. Tuesday at the home, 50 E. North St., Bethlehem. Burial in family plot, Nisky Hill. Friends may call 7 to 9 p. m. Monday. Lehighton papers please note.

Lena E. Grim.

An Important Provision for Your Estate

Care, knowledge, and experience will be required to settle your estate efficiently, economically, and without loss of time. It is important to arrange for an Executor qualified to undertake this necessary service. If you have not made this provision for your estate, we suggest that you consider our qualifications as a permanent trust institution. We shall be glad to discuss your estate plans in cooperation with the attorney who draws your Will.

ALLENTOWN NATIONAL BANK
ESTABLISHED 1855
MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

Deposits in this bank are insured in the manner and to the extent provided under the terms of the Banking Act of 1933, as amended

Obituaries

Mrs. Ida A. Larash

Allentown R. 60 Resident Was South Whitehall Native

Mrs. Ida A. Larash, 70, died suddenly at 7.50 o'clock Thursday morning at her home on Allentown R. 60.

She was born in South Whitehall township a daughter of the late Thomas and Leanda Knappenberger. For the past 49 years she had been a resident of Eastern Salisbury.

Mrs. Larash was a member of the Lutheran wing of the Eastern Salisbury church and Sunday school. Surviving besides her husband, E. S. Larash, are two sons, Raymond J. and Willard R., both of Allentown R. 60; three grandchildren; two brothers, Thomas, of Zionsville and Richard, of Emmaus, and one sister, Mary, wife of Benjamin Litzenberger, Allentown R. 2.

Funeral services will be held at 1.30 p. m. Monday from the late home with continued services at 2 p. m. in the Eastern Salisbury church. Interment will be made in the adjoining cemetery.

Lloyd D. Koch

Lehighton Infant, Ill a Week, to Be Buried Tomorrow

Funeral services for Lloyd D. Koch, age 2 months, son of Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Koch, 212 N. 7th St., Lehighton, who died Thursday afternoon, will be held at the home tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock. The child was ill for a week.

The infant is survived by his parents, his maternal grandmother, Mrs. Harriet Kistler; four sisters, Ruth, Florence, Edna and Melba and three brothers, Paul, Reuben and Kenneth.

Services will be conducted by Rev. Bruce Keifer, pastor of the church of the Nazarene, Lehighton. Burial will be made at the Lehighton cemetery. Friends may call at the home tonight.

Ladislaus Berecz

Funeral Services This Morning for Bethlehem Resident

Ladislaus Berecz, 1226 Mechanic St., Bethlehem, died Thursday. Survivors are two sons, David and William, Bethlehem; his mother, Esther, Esther Berecz; a brother, Ambrose and three sisters, Clara, Mary and Anna in Hungary. He was preceded in death by his wife last May.

The funeral will be held at 9 a. m. this morning with requiem mass in St. John's church at 9:30 a. m. Burial will be made in Holy Saviour cemetery.

Mrs. Mary C. Remmel

Dies at Home Near Saylorsburg of Heart Ailment; Aged 65

Mrs. Mary Catherine Remmel, 65, wife of Milton S. Remmel, life-long resident of Ross township, Monroe county, near Saylorsburg, died Thursday night from a heart condition.

She was a daughter of the late Harry and Mary Kibler Beers and was a member of the Reformed congregation, Mt. Eaton church. Lidies' Aid society and Sunday school.

Mrs. Remmel is survived by her husband and one daughter, Mrs. William C. Faulstich, of Saylorsburg; six grandchildren; one brother, Milton Beers, Palmerton, R. 2; a half-brother, James Christman, Lehighton; two half-sisters, Mrs. Carrie Luckenbach, Northampton, and Mrs. W. R. Searfass, Gilbert, Monroe county.

The funeral will be held at 12:45 p. m. Sunday with services at the late home and in Mt. Eaton church at 1:15 p. m., the Rev. Adan Bohner and the Rev. C. W. T. Strasser officiating. Burial will be made in the adjoining cemetery.

Mrs. Lida M. Brotzman

Riegelsville Resident Was 39; Funeral Services Monday

Mrs. Lida M. Brotzman, 39, wife of Russell Brotzman, of Riegelsville, died at 5:45 a. m. Friday in Easton hospital where she was admitted for medical treatment on Thursday.

She was born in Riegelsville, a daughter of Mrs. Lucy and the late Amos Stout. She was a member of St. John's Reformed church, Riegelsville.

She is survived by her husband, member of the firm of Brotzman & Dunlap, garage proprietors, Easton; two daughters, Marion and Arlene at home; her mother, Mrs. Lucy Bray Stout, of Riegelsville and a brother, J. B. Stout, Easton. The funeral will be held on Monday afternoon.

William D. Ritter

Native of Shoenersville Was in His 78th Year

William D. Ritter, 77, died Friday morning at the county home near Nazareth. He was a native of Shoenersville and a son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Ritter.

Besides his wife, Sarah Danner Ritter, three daughters, Mrs. Sarah L. Ritter, Detroit; Mrs. Carrie Collins, Phillipsburg, N. J., and Mrs. Flora Drauch, Bethlehem, and two brothers, Emmanuel and Thomas Ritter, survive.

The Rev. Dr. H. J. Ehret will officiate at services at 2 p. m. Wednesday in the Paul J. Zimmerman funeral home, 153 W. Broad St., Bethlehem. Burial will be made in Farmersville cemetery.

Caspar Szalay

Bethlehem Man Survived by 3 Sons and 2 Daughters

Caspar Szalay, Vine St., Bethlehem, died Thursday in the Sacred Heart hospital, Allentown. Survivors are three sons, William, Stephen and Joseph, New York, and two daughters, Dorothy, New York, and Elizabeth, Ohio.

The funeral will be held at 10 o'clock this morning from the Madden home, 748 E. 4th St., Bethlehem. Requiem mass will be offered in St. John's Hungarian church and burial will be made in Holy Savior cemetery.

Mrs. Nellie Boyle

Lansford Woman Survived by Husband and Six Children

Nelly, nee O'Donnell, wife of Morgan Boyle, 346 W. Bertsch St., Lansford, died at her home yesterday after an illness of several months.

A lifelong resident of Lansford, she was the daughter of Mrs. Rose and the late Patrick O'Donnell, Lansford. She was a parishioner of St. Ann's Catholic church, Lansford.

She leaves to survive her husband, two daughters, Helen and Mary; four sons, John, Edward, Robert and Frank. Her mother, two sisters, Catherine and Rose O'Donnell, and a brother, John, Lansford, also survive.

Funeral services will be conducted at 9 o'clock Monday morning from her home with solemn high requiem mass at 9:30 o'clock in St. Ann's church, Lansford. Interment will be made in St. Joseph's cemetery, Bloomingdale.

John Twizer Jr.

Only Child of Green St. Couple Was 3 Years Old

John Turzer Jr., son of John and Ida (Dax) Turzer, died at 3:30 p. m. yesterday at the parents' home, 730 Green St., aged 3 years, 1 month and 9 days.

Besides the parents there survive the paternal grandmother, Maria Turzer, in Europe.

The funeral will be held from the home at 8:30 a. m. Monday. Angel mass will be offered in the Church of St. Francis of Asissi at 9 a. m. Interment in Sacred Heart cemetery.

Mrs. Minna King

Widow of Allentown Druggist Was 36 Years Old

Mrs. Minna King, 36, of 1029 3rd St., Catasauqua, died at 5:40 p.m. yesterday at the Allentown hospital where she had been a surgical patient since last July 6.

Mrs. King was the widow of Frank King, former Allentown druggist. She was born in Catasauqua, a daughter of Harry and the late Phoebe Steyert. She graduated from the Allentown hospital Nurses' college, class of 1922. She was a member of Christ Lutheran church, Allentown.

Besides her father, there survive one son, Richard C. King, 9, Fullerton, and the following brothers and sisters: Mrs. Ralph Snyder of Fullerton, Phoebe Steyert at home, Mrs. Harvey Beil of Northampton, Harry E. Steyert of Baltimore, Md., and William Steyert, Catasauqua.

Funeral arrangements will be completed today.

Mrs. Catherine Ruth

Bethlehem Woman Was Prominent in Many Organizations

Mrs. Catherine Ruth, wife of the late Milton E. Ruth, died at 6.12 o'clock last night at the residence, 50 E. North St., Bethlehem.

Active for many years in patriotic and fraternal organizations, she was a daughter of the late Adam and Amy Kresge Weiss.

Six daughters survive: Mrs. William Gundrum, Bethlehem; Mrs. R. L. James, Harrisburg; Mrs. Mathias Ernst, Philadelphia; Mrs. Bankhard, wife of Henry A. Bankhard, president of the Bethlehem school board; Mrs. John Kauffman, Bethlehem, and Esther Ruth, R. N., New York City.

Mrs. Ruth was a member of St. Paul's Episcopal-Reformed church and was affiliated with the following organizations: Star of Bethlehem council, 38, D. of A.; Leading Star lodge, 29, O. S. of B.; Joseph M. Leibert circle, 153, Ladies of the G.A.R.; Iona temple, 74, L.O.G.E.; Mineola council, 23, D. of P.; Sons of Veterans auxiliary, 140.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Tuesday at the late home. Burial will be made in the family plot in Nisky Hill.

Michael Stalosky

Summit Hill Man Dies of Asthmatic Condition, Aged 31

Suffering an asthmatic condition, Michael Stalosky, 117 W. Fell St., Summit Hill, died in the Mount Alto hospital shortly before midnight Thursday night. The 31-year-old man had been a patient there for three months.

A native of Lansford, he had lived in Summit Hill for 16 years. He was employed at the Lansford colliery for 15 years. He was a member of St. Stanislaus Polish Catholic church, Summit Hill.

Surviving are his mother, Mrs. Josephine Stalosky; a sister, Sister Celina of Palm's convent, near Wilkes-Barre; three brothers, Walter, Edward and Joseph, Summit Hill.

Funeral services will be conducted at 9:30 a. m. Tuesday with high requiem mass in St. Stanislaus church. Rev. John Naja, pastor, will officiate. Interment will be made in SS. Peter and Paul cemetery, Summit Hill.

Mrs. Catherine McCarthy

Easton Widow Succumbs at 85—Ill Three Weeks

Mrs. Catherine McCarthy, 85, widow of Charles McCarthy, died Thursday night at the home, 133 W. St. Joseph St., Easton, following an illness of three weeks.

Mrs. McCarthy was a daughter of the late John and Mary Steinmetz. Her husband preceded her in death last summer.

Four children survive: Mrs. Frank Martin and Mrs. Lillian Fleming, at home; Mrs. Frank Terinelli, Phillipsburg, N. J. and Raymond T. McCarthy, Lehigh, '20, Easton.

Mrs. McCarthy was a member of St. Bernard's Catholic church and the ladies auxiliary of Banner State lodge, Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen and the Mothers of 1917.

The funeral will be held at 9.30 a. m. Monday from the late residence. Solemn requiem mass will be offered in St. Bernard's Catholic church at 10 a. m. Burial will be made in the parish cemetery, South Easton.

Mrs. Concetta Nerino

12 Children Among Bangor Woman's Survivors

Mrs. Concetta Nerino, 56, widow of Anthony Nerino, 565 Division St., Bangor, died at the Easton hospital at 2 a. m.

A native of Italy, Mrs. Nerino came to this country 36 years ago and has resided in Bangor since. She was a member of Our Lady of Mount Carmel church, Roseto.

Surviving are the following children: Mrs. Joseph Giangobbe and Mrs. William Basso, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Perino, Ralph, Alfred, Edward and Mrs. Frank Capobianco, all of Bangor, and Florence, Rosie, Harold Antoinette and Elinor, all at home; two stepdaughters, Mrs. Frank Mignone, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Mrs. John Gallie, Quakertown; 18 grandchildren; a sister, Mrs. Rocco Villiano, Roseto, and a brother, Anthony Filingo, New York City.

Brief funeral services will be conducted from her late home at 9.30 a. m., Monday followed by mass in Our Lady of Mount Carmel church, with the Rev. Joseph Ducci, C. M., officiating. Burial in the New Catholic cemetery, Roseto.

Mrs. Emma Egolf

Widow, 67, Dies of Heart Attack at Home of Son

Mrs. Emma (Leisey) Egolf, widow of Charles H. Egolf, died at 9 o'clock last night at the home of her son, Robert C. Egolf, 1121 S. 10th St., Allentown, from the effects of a heart attack she suffered Thursday. She was 67 years of age.

Born in Pine Grove, she was the son of the late Rudy and Anna (McCarty) Leisey. Her husband died eight years ago. She was a member of the Methodist faith.

Survivors include two sons, Robert C. Egolf, with whom she had resided for the past ten years, and Walter S. Egolf, Catasauqua; three grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 2 p. m. from 1121 S. 10th St. with interment in the Grandview cemetery. Rev. Frank Prentzel Jr. will officiate. Viewing Monday 7-9 p. m.

William T. Notter Heads Sellersville C. of C.

William T. Notter, district manager of the Pennsylvania Power and Light Co., was reelected president of the Sellersville Chamber of Commerce.

Secretary John V. Chapman reported a small balance in the sinking fund. The annual egg hunt for children of the community will be held again this year, it was announced.

Besides Mr. Notter all the other officers were reelected. They are: Vice-president, A. Groff Alderfer; secretary, John V. Chapman; treasurer, Paul Stineley.

JOSEPH A. SCHEETZ NEVER IN THE HOTEL BUSINESS

Joseph A. Scheetz, retired Richland township farmer who died Thursday morning, was a farmer all of his life. He was never engaged in the hotel business. The headline that appeared in the Morning Call yesterday morning was in error.

CAMERON'S
951 HAMILTON ST.

Twice-Yearly
SALE!



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Floor Samples and Brand New Merchandise

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As low as
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Ernest B.
Zimmerman
New Funeral Home
1124 Walnut St.
Phone 2-5534



JENNER KALT--DAS GEFALLT; JENNER WARM--DAS GOTT ERBARM!

GRUNDSAU G'SCHWETZ

In Europe our German ancestors knew a little animal which they called the "Dachs," known in English as the badger, a carnivorous animal that belongs to the genus **meles**. It has short thick legs with long claws on its forefeet, which serve it well in its extensive burrowing habits. The species **meles taxus** is widely spread over northern Europe and Asia. The species **taxidea Taxus** is known in western and northwestern America. In Germany a particular hound was bred for hunting the badger, the familiar and popular "Dachshund."

When our early ancestors came to Pennsylvania they did not find the badger here, but transferred the traditions about the German "Dachs" to a small animal of similar habits, which they found in great numbers on the hills and in the valleys of their new home. The groundhog, better known in some parts of our country as the woodchuck, is the marmot (**marmota monax**). Like the badger it also has short legs and burrows extensively in fields, on the sides of hills and under rocks. Unlike the badger it is a vegetarian and is sometimes destructive to crops. Its hibernating habits are similar to those of the badger. It goes into winter quarters in fall and sometimes is stupid enough to come out of its winter quarters before the winter is over.

How early the badger and its habits became associated with weather conditions, with the passing of winter and the arrival of spring, we do not know. But we do know that our Palatine ancestors looked upon the "Dachs" as a weather prophet before they left their German homeland. If the "Dachs" came out of its winter quarters on "Lichtmess" or Candlemas Day (February 2) and saw its shadow it retired into its burrow again for four more weeks of winter sleep. While February 2 is known to us generally as Grundsau Daag, it for a long time continued to be called "Dachsdaag" in Pennsylvania, and even now we occasionally hear the word among our older folks.

The tradition about the "Dachs" is however not only found in the Palatinate, but also in other parts of Germany. In the "Handwoerterbuch des Deutschen Aberglaubens" (an extensive work still in process of being published) we read under the word "Dachs:" "Sehr verbreitet (Allgau, Erzgebirge, Westfalen) ist ein Glaube, der den Dachs mit dem Lichtmess (2. Feb.) in Zusammenhang bringt. Sieht der Dachs zu Lichtmess seinen Schatten, geht er wieder auf vier Wochen in sein Loch."

When the "Dachs" first became associated with Candlemas (so-called because the candles to be used upon the altars and for other sacred purposes were blessed on that day) the writer does not know, but it is safe to assume that it was long ago. The well known German historian and novelist, W. Heinrich Riehl, the author of "Die Pfaelzer, 1857," wrote a charming little story "Der Dachs auf Lichtmess," which grew out of an ancient legend that clung to the medieval castle known as the Dachsburg. In it we have come upon such interesting phrases as the following: "Sonnenschein auf Lichtmess! Der Dachs wird seinen Schatten sehen, wenn er aus der Hoehle tritt. Baeurlein! Wie heisst der Spruch vom Dachs auf Lichtmess?"—Da erwiderte ich: "Sieht der Dachs auf Lichtmess seinen Schatten, so kriecht er auf vier Wochen wieder in den Bau zurueck."—Did we in America change the four weeks to six weeks because of our severer winters?

Since our American English Dictionaries and Encyclopedias point out February 2 as Groundhog Day or Woodchuck Day, it would seem that the tradition is widely spread throughout our country. It would be interesting to know whether this tradition spread from Pennsylvania or whether it also has roots in English soil.

Thanks to the GRUNDSAU LODGE NUMMER EENS AN DER LECHA, the groundhog as a weather prophet has once more been restored to its place of honor. The said organization includes among its member prominent lawyers, judges and professional men whose enthusiasm may yet bring about the legislation necessary to make February 2 a national legal holiday. Stranger things have happened!—Ed.

Aus'm John Birmelin seim Mammi Gans Buch

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

Die ald Mammi Schwank,
Sie geht an der Schank
Un sucht ihrem Hund'l en Gnoche;
Do war nix zu finne,
Wie Schtaab un Schpinne,
Es Hund'l hot g'schnuffelt, geroche.

RAIN, RAIN, GO AWAY

Reeye, Reeye, geh mer weck!
Des macht widder'n arryer Dreck,
Nasse Reck un Hosseseck.

Reeye, Reeye, geh zurick,
Noch de Ontelaani Grick,
Bis ich widder fer dich schick.

DOCTOR FOSTER

Noch Lange Schwamm
Geht Dokter Schtamm,
Es hot aa noch reeyere misse;
Er hot sich verdappt,
Im Wasser rum g'schlappt,
Nau will er nix meh devun wisse.

THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET

Des Wutzli geht uf der Marrick,
Des Wutzli bleibt mol do;
Des Wutzli fresst zu arrick,
Des Wutzli guckt'm noh;
Des Wutzli "Wie, wie! wie, wie!" yohlt,
Bis ebber die annere Wutzli holt.

YANKEE DOODLE

Kummt emol der Yankee-Doodle
Uff 'me gleene Pony;
Er hot 'n Fedder uf'm Hut'l,
Saagt's waer Macaroni.

Diss fer Dachs, un was iss er so g'scheit;
Vum Wetter, do weess er viel meh wie die Leit;
Er schloft imme Loch in de aerrigschte Kelt
Un druwwelt sich weiters um nichs in de Welt.
Im Harning, am Zwette, do kummt er mol raus
Fer sehne wie's iss mit em Wetter do haus;
Wann's drieb iss, dann iss aa der Winder verbei,
Er sucht sich sei Fresse un geht nimmi nei;
Doch waard emol! Scheint em e bisselche Sunn,
Do sehnt er sei Schadde un schnuffelt mol rum,
Noh geht er zurick un er schloft widder ei;
Die naechschte sechs Woche werd's winderisch sei.

—JOHN BIRMELIN

DER GEIZ

Der Geiz, der Geiz, der liewe Geiz!
Die Bibel molt 'n dunkelschwarz;
Er hot 'm Achan (1) 's K'nick verschtaucht,
Un macht 'm Nabal (2) 's Schnaufe karz.

Der Ananias un sei Fraa
Hen aa den Mammon aagebet;
Sie hen ihr Haab un Gut verkaaft,
Un hen die Helft yuscht eigedreht.

Der Petrus macht 's ne schwarz un bloo,
Sie falle um mausracke dot;
'S iss schrecklich wammer driwwer denkt,
Un doch sin viel im same-e Boot.

Sie grabsche, mache, Daag un Nacht
Un esse sich yuscht halwer satt;
Sie zwacke 's ab an Leib un Seel,
Un klaage sich noch vollschder matt.

Wann's yuscht bei sellem bleiwe daet,
Noh kennt mer saage: "Gott sei Dank!"
Witt handle mit 'ne, geb yuscht acht;
Sie nemme Butter, Brot un Schank.

Sie kaafe ei uff deitsch Gewicht
Un peddle 's mit der Yuddewok;
Die Ehrlichkeit bleibt noh deheem
Un heilt sich satt am Wasserdrok.

Sie schtehne an der Gaartefens
Un gucke 'm Naboth (3) iwwers Feld;
Sie blaane wie mer's mache kann
Far 'n Mortgage griega unna Geld.

Wann mol der Geiz die Wiphand grickt,
Noh geht's der Galopp Daag un Nacht;
Ken Zeit far bete, Busze dhu —
Mit sellem waerd ken Geld gemacht.

Wann 's geht far bissel Opfergeld,
Do schtarrt mer in 'n Weschpenescht;
Sie farchte sich far'm Glingelsack,
Wie 'n Kind far'm Wassser, wammer's wescht.

Der Tax, uff course, waerd schee bezahlt,
Do kann mer weiters nichs defor;
Wann 's awwer geht far's Krischtendum —
So schandeshalwer 'n Vaertel 's Yohr.

Far's Gottesreich un Mission
Hot's Haerz ken Blacke, zaart un weech;
Almose gewwe, links un rechts! —
Des sin so dumme Parreschtreech.

Der Parre breedicht frisch druff los:
"Ach! hiet eich liewe Leit, far'm Geiz;
Far'n Boss un fufzich Daaler Cash
Henkt Jesus blutich dart am Kreiz."

Er hot's so schee un gut gemacht,
Sie schparre 's Maul uff, schlofe ei,
Bis dass er endlich "Amen" saagt —
Daags druff geht's widder frisch druff nei.

"Geld zwingt die Welt," wie's Schprichwart saagt,
Un Mammonslieb zwingt Leib un Seel;
Far'n handvoll Bech schweert eener falsch,
Der anner hot sei Schtimmrecht feel.

Wann ebber so mol schtaerwe muss,
Ee hand im Geldsack, eeni druff,
Un's Haerz am Suche far noch meh —
Denkscht noch 'm Dot heert's Geize uff?

Ich glaab 's mol net, mer heert zu viel,
Wie selli Aart sich wehrt un kickt;
Wie arg der Dot sich bloge muss,
Bis dass er 'n alter Geizhals grickt.

'S wor mol so 'n alter Gnappser, heest's,
Dart iwwerm See im Franseland,
Dotgrank im Bett, ken Hoffning meh,
Der Geldsack bei sich in der Hand.

Er hett far'n Doktor endlich g'schickt,
Der hett der Kopp so schepp genuckt
Un g'frogt: "Well, Fatter, hett'r schun
Far'n Parre bissel rumgeguckt?"

"Ei! muss ich schtaerwe? Saag doch: nee! —
Mei Sack! wu iss er? O ya, do." —
"Ya, Vatter, merk's, ee Schtun verleicht —
Iss ebbes noch, so guckt em noh!"

Er leit gans schtill, er muckt sich net,
Verleicht geht doch 's G'wisse uff;
Uff eemol fangt er eifrich aa:
"G'schwind, schickt 'n Barber, schickt 'n ruff!"

Der Barber kummt mit Kneip un Baerscht,
Der Alt, der nemmt en mol ins Aag:
"Du, saag, en Schaef koscht zehe Cent —
Was koscht's far 'n Dotes schaefe, saag?"

Der Barber schteht un schtuzt eweil:
"Sell, Vatter, koscht zwee Daaler noh."
Der Vatter guckt der Doktor aa —
"En Vaertel Schtun, un do net schloh;

"G'schwind dummel dich, balwier mich, schnell!"
Der Barber hot net lang gewetzt;
Un was noch meh vun Wunner wor,
Er hot net mol far'n Cent wert g'schwetzt.

'S wor 'n Wetting zwische Geiz un Dot;
Der Dot verliert's, der Geizhals lacht
Un kollert iwwerm Ausgeh noch:
"Ee-Daaler-neinzich-Cent gemacht!"

Dart driwwe, denk ich, sin sie froh,
Wann ebber so yuscht anne kummt,
As alles selwer hawwe will —
Abaddich 's Feier, wu so brummt.

Des Geld, des Geld, des wiedich Geld!
Un doch kann nimmand drunner dhu;
Un doch wer mit em Agur (4) bet,
Den losst's gewiss in guter Ruh.

—Astor C. Wuchter

ACHAN—See Joshua VII: For Achan . . . of the tribe of Judah, took of the devoted thing: and the anger of Jehovah was kindled against the children of Israel.

NABAL—See I Samuel XXV. Nabal was a churlish sheep-owner of great wealth who refused to pay tribute to David for protecting his flock.

NABOTH—See I Kings XXI. Naboth owned a vineyard which Ahab coveted and seized. Naboth was stoned to death upon the instigation of Jezebel.

AGUR—See Proverbs XXX. The confession and instructions of Agur.

SAUWER

Der Wind blost riwwer un niwwer,
Die Wesch bambelt uff der Lein,
Un die Weibsleit free-e sich haerzlich
Im Mundaag Sunneschein.

Die Weibsleit schaffe immer,
Mache alles sauwer un schee;
Ich wunner ob die Mannsleit
Sinn dankbaar un verschteh?

Anschaatt dun sie maule un schelte,
Un butze net ihre Schuh;
Un die Weibsleit schimpe un grummle,
Un die Kinner aa dezu.

Es hot mich schunn oft gewunnert,
Wie alles gucke daet,
Wann die Weibsleit daete schtoppe
Zu butze frieh un schpaet!

Un daete 's die Mannsleit gleiche,
Wann sie warre gelosst in Ruh,
Im Schmutz un Dreck zu lewe?
Ich glaab es net, duscht du?

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL

Personals

After being absent for the last nine months because of illness, Bruno E. Schutter, 917 S. Pike St., will resume his duties as teacher of the Adult Bible class of St. Andrew's Evangelical Lutheran church, Summit Lawn, on Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock. He will be glad to welcome his friends.

Mrs. Arthur M. Herman, 2604 Chew St., left for Tampa, Fla., to be the guest of Mrs. Charles Moorehouse. Mrs. Herman, who expects to be gone about a month, will also visit Miami and St. Petersburg, Fla., and Cuba.

Donald A. McGovern, this city, received a baccalaureate degree in arts and letters, and Herbert H. Hackman, Coopersburg, a degree in dairy husbandry, at the annual mid-year commencement at the Penn State college.

John Thomas, Allentown R. 4, is confined to his bed with bronchitis.

Mr. and Mrs. James Spangler of 1202 Linden St., Bethlehem, are the parents of a daughter born at 5:45 p. m. Friday at the Sacred Heart hospital.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthus Cusick, 1819 Maple St., Bethlehem, at 12:16 p. m. Friday at the Sacred Heart hospital.

Ralph Rehrig of 836 N. 6th St., commander of the local American Legion post, is ill at his home.

Robert Klein, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Klein, 938 N. St. Elmo St., celebrated his birthday anniversary Feb. 1.

Carl Scheetz, 634 Green St., will celebrate his birthday anniversary today.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hudock of 544 Ridge Ave. are the parents of a daughter born at 8.35 last night at the Sacred Heart hospital.

Father of Twins at 75

PARSONS, W. VA., Feb. 3. (AP)—Enderess Hartman, a 75-year-old farmer of nearby Montrose, became the father of twin daughters today—his 17th and 18th children.

Each twin weighed six pounds.

Deaths

DE FAVERI—In this city, Feb. 3, 1939, Victor De Faveri, husband of the late Victoria, nee Condata. De Faveri, aged 53 years, 3 months and 12 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral at 8 a.m. Monday from his late home, the residence of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Angelo Piovesan, 130½ S. Bradford St. Requiem mass will be offered in the Mt. Carmel church at 8:30 a.m. and interment will be made in the Italian cemetery.

Weber.

STAHLER—At Macungie, Feb. 2, 1939, Mary (Haines), widow of Charles Stahler, aged 79 years, 7 months, 19 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral services from the Ritter and Buzby funeral home, 38 S. 5th St., Emmaus, Sunday at 1:30 p.m. Interment Fairview cemetery, Macungie. Friends are invited to call at the funeral home Saturday 7-9 p.m.

Ritter and Buzby.

BRODHEAD—In Bethlehem, Feb. 3, 1939, Joseph Keller Brodhead, 90, husband of the late Ella Andre Brodhead. The funeral service will be held Tuesday at 2 p. m. from the late home, 643 N. New St. Burial will be made in the family plot, Nisky Hill cemetery. Please omit flowers. Viewing Monday evening at the Snyder Funeral home, 701 N. New St., Bethlehem. Stroudsburg papers please copy.

Snyder.

Obituaries

Jos. K. Brodhead Dies in 91st Year

Bethlehem Man Was Native of Brodheadsville, Monroe County

Joseph K. Brodhead, 90, died Friday morning at his home, 643 N. New St., Bethlehem. Until a few days before his death he was able to be about as usual.

He was born in Brodheadsville, Monroe county, Oct. 14, 1848, a son of the late Charles and Rachel Keller Brodhead. At the age of 11 years he came to Bethlehem and enrolled in the old Schwartz Academy. Later he enrolled at Lehigh university with the class of 1871.

After attending college he entered the employ of the Bethlehem Iron Co., a position he held until he retired at the age of 65 on pension from the Bethlehem Steel Co. successors to the Iron Co. He was for some time superintendent of the Bessemer furnaces.

Mr. Brodhead was married June 23, 1874 to Ella Croasdale Andre, of Stroudsburg.

Mrs. Brodhead died in June, 1935. June 23 the previous year, Mr. and Mrs. Brodhead observed their 60th wedding anniversary.

Survivors are two children, Mary Emily, wife of Robert E. Laramy, resident in her father's home and John Andre Brodhead, of Freeland, Pa. Another daughter, Jennie Brodhead Erwin, died Aug. 31, 1921.

The following grandchildren also survive: Jane Erwin Threapleton, Merchantville, N. J.; Ella Erwin MacCalla, Mt. Lebanon; Idelle Brodhead Savage, Andover, Mass.; William John Laramy, Haverford township; Rachel Laramy Conover, Chicago, Ill.

Robert E. Laramy Jr., Rockville, Conn.; Mary Laramy Callahan, Lock Haven; Margaret Laramy Maley, Bloomfield, N. J.

There are also six great-grandchildren, William and Joan Threapleton, Larrie and Joyce Laramy, Robert Savage and Richard A. Conover Jr. One brother survives, the Rev. Dr. George M. Brodhead, retired Methodist minister.

Mr. Brodhead was the oldest member of Wesley Methodist church in which he held various offices; president emeritus of the Industrial Building and Loan Assn.; member of Bethlehem Lodge, 283, F. and A. M.

On his father's side he was descended from Daniel Brodhead, of Yorkshire, England, who was Captain of Grenadiers in the troop under Col. Richard Nichols who took New Netherlands from Peter Stuyvesant.

Another Daniel Brodhead was an early settler at Stroudsburg. He is buried in the Moravian cemetery there.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Tuesday at the residence, 643 N. New St., Bethlehem. Burial will be made in Nisky Hill.

Mrs. Charles W. Egner

Funeral for Native Quakertonian Will Be Held Monday

Mrs. Catherine Egner, wife of Charles W. Egner, died Thursday night at her home, 111 N. Ambler St., Quakertown, at the age of 63 years.

Born in Quakertown, she was a daughter of George and Susanna, nee Mills, Miller. Surviving, besides her husband, are two daughters, Mrs. Elmer Strouse of Lansdale and Mrs. Frank Groh of Quakertown; three sons, Earl and Clifford of Quakertown and Charles of Coopersburg, three grandchildren and one great grandchild.

She was a member of the Richlandtown Lutheran church.

Funeral services will be held at her late home, 111 N. Ambler St., Quakertown, on Monday at 2:30 p. m. with Rev. N. B. Yerger, pastor of the Richlandtown church, officiating. Interment will be in the Richlandtown cemetery.

Mrs. Mary Stahler

Native of Macungie Dies in Home at Bally

Mary, widow of Charles Stahler, and a native of Macungie, died on Wednesday at a home for elderly people at Bally, where she had been staying since last summer. She was 79 years old.

Mrs. Stahler was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Haines, an old Macungie family. For many years she resided in the homestead of her grandparents on central Main St. and the home still is a part of her estate.

Mr. Stahler died about 20 years ago and the only survivors are a son Fred and the children of a sister who died in Philadelphia two years ago.

Annie V. Hawk

Life-long Resident of Easton Dies in Hospital

Annie V. Hawk, of the Packard Apartments, 15th and Northampton Sts., Easton, life-long resident of that city, died Friday morning in the Betts hospital.

Survivors are two sisters, Sallie C. and Mary R. Hawk, both of Easton. She was a member of St. Jane Frances de Chantal church, Wilson borough where requiem mass will be offered at 9:30 a. m. Monday.

Mrs. Blanche E. Miller

Bethlehem Woman Dies Suddenly of Heart Ailment—Was 49

Mrs. Blanche E. Miller, 49, 812 W. Broad St., Bethlehem, died suddenly Friday morning of heart disease.

She was born in Bethlehem July 31, 1889, a daughter of Milton F. and the late Amanda Best Herbst.

Survivors are her husband, John, her father, a daughter, Dorothy Miller, teacher in the Nitschmann school; three sisters, Mrs. William Trumbore, Carlton Ave., Bethlehem; Mrs. G. B. Datesman and Mrs. Ruth Aldinger, Prospect Ave., Bethlehem.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Monday at the residence. Burial will be made in Memorial Park.

Howard D. Cressman

Passes Away at Home of Daughter in Quakertown

Howard D. Cressman of Quakertown died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Leidy S. Lewis, 24 N. Hellertown Ave., Quakertown, Thursday night at 8.50 o'clock. He was 82 years old.

Mr. Cressman resided with his daughter for the past seven years. Besides Mrs. Lewis, another daughter, Mrs. William Garis of Quakertown, survives. Seven grandchildren and 13 great grandchildren also survive.

Mr. Cressman was a member of Trinity Lutheran church, Quakertown.

Funeral services will be held in the church on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. The pastor, Rev. N. B. Yerger, will officiate. Interment will be in the Quakertown Union cemetery.

Mrs. John Miller

Mother of Nitschmann School Teacher Was Native of Bethlehem

Mrs. Blanche E. Miller, 49, wife of John Miller, died Thursday morning at 1 o'clock at her home, 812 W. Broad St., Bethlehem.

She was born in Bethlehem, a daughter of Milton F. and the late Amanda (Best) Herbst. Surviving, besides her husband and father, are a daughter, Dorothy Miller, who is a teacher in the Nitschmann Junior High school, and three sisters, Mrs. William Trumbore, Mrs. G. B. Datesman and Mrs. Ruth Baldinger, all of Bethlehem.

Funeral services will be held on Monday at 2 p. m. at her late home. Interment will be in the Memorial cemetery, Bethlehem.

Victor DeFaviri

Resident of 14th Ward Was Native of Italy

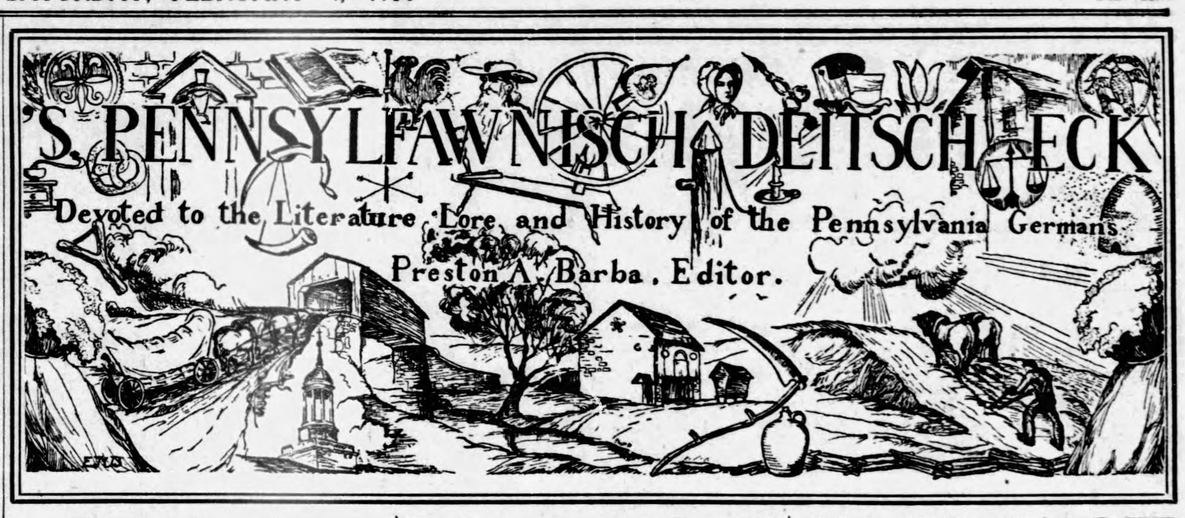
In ailing health the last eight years, Victor DeFaveri of 130½ S. Bradford St. died at 3 p. m. yesterday, aged 54 years. His wife, Victoria DeFaveri, died five years ago.

Mr. DeFaveri was born in Italy and came to this country in 1914. He was a member of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel church and the Italian Beneficial society.

Surviving are three children, Ida, wife of Angelo Piovesan, and Rose, both of Allentown; John, in a CCC camp in West Virginia; two grandchildren, and a number of brothers and sisters, among them Romy DeFaveri, Pittston. The others live in Italy.

The funeral will be held from his residence Monday at 8 a. m. Low mass of requiem will be offered at 8:30 in Our Lady of Mt. Carmel church. Interment in Italian cemetery.

(Continued on Page Eight)



Der Harning

Der Harning—was iss sell? So, wett ich, frogt en mancher Leser, wann er die Heading sehnt. 'S iss en Wart, wu mer heitzudaag nimme oft heert, except unnig de alte Leit, wu noch recht deitsch schwetze. Ich bin schur, mert kennt viel junge Pennsylweni-Deitsche froge un sie wisste net, dass sell der February meent.

'S iss en arg alter Naame, sell. Hornung meent Dreckmonet un en deitscher Kaiser vor meh as 'n dausent Yohr zurick hot den Monet so g'heese, weil als der Boddem ufgange iss selle Zeit un's hot blendi Dreck gewwe. Sell war in Deitschland; bei uns iss er oftmols meh en Schneemonet. Wann's gege 's End hie als noch recht arg schtaermt un schneet, sage die alte Leit als: "Der Harning schittelt awwer sei Schwanz!" Ich glaab, dass selli Saag noch vun der Zeit herkummt, wie der Harning's Schwanzend vum Yohr war.

'S Schwanzend vum Yohr? Ya, un do is nix driwwer zu lache. In der alte Zeit—well, noch vor drei hunnert Yohr zurick—hen sie als 's Yohr mit 'm Maerz aag'fange un der Harning war's End davun. Sell iss die Schuld, dass er so karz iss. Der Harning iss der kaerzscht Monet im Yohr, weil er's wennigscht Daage hot, un er hot's wennigscht Daage, weil er als 's Schwanzend vum Yohr war. Sie hen die annere Monet all 30 odder 31 Daage gewwe g'hat, noh hot's nimmi ausgelangt for'n voll Moos.

Awwer for all sell, dass er so karz iss, hot der Harning viel grosse Daage. Do iss graad am Aafang schun, am zwette, der Grundsaudaag, wu im Kalenner Lichtmess heesst. An sellem Daag—graad um 12 Uhr middaags, wie'n deel behaapte—waerd die Grundsau wacker un krattelt aus ihre Heehling raus, for sehne eb's bal Frieyohr waerd. Wann noh die Sunn scheint, dass sie ihre Schatte sehnt, dann schluppt sie glei widder in ihr Loch nei, legt sich widder schlofe un bleibt noch sechs Woche drin. Selli sechs Woche iss es dann noch Winter, rauh un kalt. Wann's awwer trieb iss, dass sie ihre Schatte net sehnt, dann bleibt sie haus un's Wetter waerd nochenaner schee.

Sell iss aa en alti Saag unnig unsere Leit, wu noch vun Deitschland riwwer kumme iss, yuscht dart iss 's der Dachs un bei uns die Grundsau, weil mer ken Dachs hen. Es hot mich schun oft gewunnert, wie selli Schtory entschtanne iss.

'S naegscht kummt der Valentine's Daag, wu die yunge Leit un aa deel alte, wu noch yung fiehle, nanner Liewesbriefelcher schicke, un recht hibsche, wu nackige Engelcher un Blumme druf gemolt sin. Sie schicke oft so viel davun, dass die Briefdraeger Bindel kriege wie Kraemerseck un schier nimmi fart kenne mit. 'S gebt awwer aa wieschte Valentines, wu em schlecht mache aazugucke; selli warren aa rumg'schickt, oft for Schpeit, for epper ausschpotte un verzaerne.

Im Harning kummt aa als for common die Fasnacht, wu die Mammi en Zuwwervoll Kichelcher backt for die Haushaltung. Sell iss aa noch en alter deitscher Gebrauch, wu ich gleiche daet zu wisse wu er herkummt. Graad nooch Fasnacht kummt Aschermittwoch, do soll mer de Kieh Esch uf der Buckel schtraee, dass sie g'sund bleiwe un ken Leis kriege. So saage die alte Leit.

—The Pennsylvania German, February, 1907.

A New Garment for Our Dialect

All students and lovers of our dialect and its literature will welcome the movement to standardize the orthography of the Pennsylvania German. Nothing has so impeded the progress and the spread of our lore and literature as the arbitrary and inconsistent spelling which, since the days of Henry Harbaugh, our writers have employed in recording the dialect.

To bring order out of this chaos is no small task. It must therefore be gratifying news to our readers that a number of disinterested persons assembled in the Community House at Hershey, Pa., on last Saturday, January 28, for the purpose of discussing such standardization. That a group of some forty people of the most varied interests, lawyers, teachers, clergymen, poets, columnists, newspaper men, and members of both the Pennsylvania German Society and the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society could assemble and amicably discuss the intricate problems which the subject implies, is in itself a most hopeful sign and presages a successful solution.

Among those present were the following:

Dr. P. C. Croll, Womelsdorf, Pa., the well known founder of the Pennsylvania German Magazine, with Mrs. Croll and their daughter Mrs. Amie Croll Dodson; Mr. Bryant Wiest, Elizabethville, theatre owner, who frequently presents dialectal programs; Mr. A. L. Lehman, Elizabethville, Pa., who is organizing a "Deitsche Versammling" for Dauphin County; Dr. E. M. Hartman, President of Franklin and Marshall Academy, Lancaster, Pa.; Dr. John Baer Stoudt, well known historian and genealogist; Dr. A. G. Breitenstein, Hershey, Pa., Dean of Hershey Junior College; Mr. and Mrs. Munroe Aurand, of Aurand's Book Store, Harrisburg, Pa.; Dr. Clyde S. Stine, Lebanon Valley College, Annville, Pa.; Rev. Pierce Swope, Lebanon, Pa., humorist and popular speaker at dialect meetings; John Birmelin, the Poet Laureate of our dialect, Lloyd Moll, prose writer and columnist of the Chronicle and News, Allentown, Pa.; Dr. Preston A. Barba, Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pa.; Harry Weyrick, Esq., of the Lebanon County Historical Society; Mr. Harry Hummel, Lebanon, Pa.; Dr. Alvin Stonecypher, Lebanon Valley College, Annville, Pa.; Mr. G. Gilbert Snyder, Robesonia, Pa., "Die Wunnernaus" dialect newscaster, station WEEU, Reading; Mr. Roy G. Dundore, Lebanon, Pa., who conducts dialect programs at family reunions; Dr. and Mrs. Gerrit Memming, Albright College, Reading, Pa.; Mr. Paul Wieand, Allentown, Pa., author of numerous dialect plays; Mr. Victor Dieffenbach, contributor to Lebanon papers under the pen name "Der Oldt Bauer"; Dr. Arthur D. Graeff, "Der Dichter vun de Dolpehock," and contributor to Reading papers; Mrs. Arthur D. Graeff and Mrs. G. G. Snyder, "Die Maed," who sing dialect songs; Mr. George Reinert, leader of the quartette known as "Die Friedliche Viere"; Mr. C. Kaler Hackman, Womelsdorf, Pa.; Mr. Edgar Messerschmidt, Myerstown, Pa.

Others who wrote letters, manifesting their interest in this movement, were: Rev. William H. Erb, Norristown, Pa., well known dialect poet "Der Gus"; Dr. George Korson, Bucknell University, Lewistown, Pa.; Mr. Harry Miller, "Der Deitsch" of the Lititz Express; Mr. W. R. Dundore, "Der Beloit Deitscher," Beloit, Wisc.; Mr. E. R. Haag, Wyomissing High School; Dr. Alfred Gerberich, Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.; Dr. Frederick G. Livingood, Washington College, Georgetown, Md.; Mr. Herbert C. Kohler of the Reading Times; Mr. Daniel K. Koch of the Reading Eagle; Mr. Harvey Miller "Solly Hulsbuck," Elizabethville, Pa.; Prof. A. F. Kemp, County Supt. of the Berks County Schools; Rev. Thomas Brendle, Egypt, Pa.; Col. Henry Shoemaker, State Librarian; Prof. Donald Klopp, Red Bank, N. J. and Dr. William L. Werner, of Penn State College; Mr. Henry L. Landis, "Der Gross Henner" of the Lancaster New Era; Mr. Henry S. Borneman, Secretary of the Pennsylvania German Society; Dr. J. L. Hertz, one of the original organizers of the P. G. Society; Mr. Michael A. Gruber, dialect poet and genealogist, Washington, D. C.

Prof. Clyde Stine acted as Chairman at this conference, and Dr. Arthur Graeff as Secretary. Dr. Preston Barba presented for discussion the outlines of a system of orthography based on German phonetics which was generally accepted as a working basis. A committee was appointed to perfect the system and to report at the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society, to be held at Muhlenberg College, April 22, 1939.—Ed.

Es Deitsch un "Dutch" sin immer Zwee

Es Deitsch un "Dutch" sin immer zwee;
'S war allfert so un bleibt aa so;
Doch meene Leit sie wisste meh,
Un Schimpe geht der Dummheet noh.

Schdudier die G'schicht, dann lernscht debei,
Aa 's Wardebuch, un brauch Verschtand!
Nix, nix, es "Dutch" kann Deitsch net sei—
Es kummt yo net vum seeme Land.

Der Yankee macht 'n Schpott damit—
Der Missvergunscht ihr Weg iss krumm;
Geht Eifer fart mit schnellem Schritt,
Dann saagt der Schpott: "So Leit sin dumm!"

Wer meent er wisst's, bei Zeit find aus,
Dass iwwerg'scheit geht g'wiss net weit;
Wer Gutes dutt, deheem un draus,
Der schteht in Ehr, ya allezeit.

Schier gaar, net gans, macht letz net recht,
Un Deitsch un "Dutch" sin immer zwee;
Des "Dutch" iss net des Deitsch verschwecht.
Wann'd des mol weescht, lernscht als noch meh!

—Parre Charles A. Butz.

Aus Unserm Briefkaschte

19 Rector Street,
New York, New York
January 17, 1939

Editor of the ECK,
Allentown Morning Call
Dear Sir:

In the January 7, 1939, issue of the Allentown Morning Call in your regular Saturday column "'S Pennsylfawnisch Deitsch Eck," I enjoyed reading Prof. W. L. Werner's review of GEZWITSCHER, the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society's third Yearbook.

With the thought in mind that you might wish to learn how GEZWITSCHER is being received by another one of its readers, I shall pass along my comments confining them to Part 1, featuring Prof. John Birmelin's verse. Although I have also found Parts 2, 3, and 4 quite informative my interest in this case lies mainly in the dialect poetry.

From the very first page Prof. Birmelin's work deseres the praise of the student, the general reader, and the collector, for all concerned will find it to be an excellent presentation. Our Poet Laureate, as well as the Society which made the publication possible, are to be congratulated for their respective efforts.

The volume is aptly titled and as GEZWITTSCHER implies, it abounds in chirps and twitters with poems that display a deftness of both meter and rhyme. But as it is like no other book of recent origin that has come to my attention, it becomes difficult to hand it highest honors in any class. Since all things are relative I feel we would have to go back to some of our earlier Pennsylvania German Poets, such as Harbaugh, Fischer, and Ziegler, in order to arrive at some comparison, but this triumvirate mirrored the life of another period and were too wont to dwell on the nostalgic side of life.

Many of us, but perhaps more especially so the OUTSIDERS, maintain that the dialect is fit only for simple emotional or trivial or comic subjects. To those of us who are able to speak and read the Pennsylvania German dialect this thought will easily be dispelled by one reading of GEZWITSCHER. Prof. Birmelin shows that his command of the Pennsylvania German dialect rises to meet every occasion and every situation, and his anthology reveals no cramping effects in its range of selections.

The tears and the laughter, sad moods and gay moods, expressing all the joys of living are all here. Humor and fantasy are expressed in a high degree.

The mystery to me is how Prof. Birmelin could have written all those poems and do anything else. Often he must have written because, until he did, he could do nothing else at all. When one learns that Prof. Birmelin is an organist and the director of various choral societies, it is easy to imagine him scribbling poems on the musical scores before him during the course of his regular duties. It is hard to conceive how many of the rythmic and tuneful poems could ever have been created unnich "en mechtich Lied, en grosser Weltchoraal" as en Hintergrund.

The typography in Part 1 is good and it can be read for long periods, often by eyes not so young as they were. It is this readability that first strikes upon eye and mind.

There are, however, several features in which the third Yearbook shows a weakness. Prof. Werner has already referred to the lack of consecutively numbered pages to permit convenience of reference.

Another seems to point to the question of spelling hinging, probably, on faulty proofreading as witnessed in the INHALT; for example:

Page 1, "g'schpielt" is misspelled "g'schpeilt."
Page 2, "Auslaennische" is misspelled "Uuslaennische."
Page 2, "Miehl" is misspelled "Meihl."

And in PART 1 such spellings occur as zwitschre for zwitschere on page 23, Qendel for Quendel on page 35, and Quaale on page 79 versus Quaelt on page 87; in PART 2, Bethelehem for Bethlehem on the title page, fatih for faith on page 7, apparant for apparent on page 8, marred for married on page 17, and the proper name of Kremser variously rendered as Kremser on page 20, Cremser on page 30 and Krensers on page 30; in PART 3, yars for years on page 37 and in Part 4, hox for box on page 9 and ambundance for abundance on page 10.

With reference to the matter of inconsistencies in spelling encountered in the Pennsylvania German Dialect, discussed in the Note supplementing your Introduction to GEZWITSCHER, I make bold to refer to the spelling of Pennsylvania. I find that your column in the Saturday CALL is captioned, "'S Pennsylfawnisch Deitsch Eck" while page 10 of the Introduction refers to—"'S Pennsylfaanisch Deitsch Eck," whereas Prof. Birmelin on Page 26 writes of "Pennsylvanisch Deitsche Warde." the latter spelling of Pennsylvania agreeing with that given in Prof. Lambert's dictionary. Thus, we find that the contributors to Part 1 of Gezwitscher employ three different spellings for the name of the Keystone State.

In closing permit me to state that GEZWITSCHER is both interesting and unusual, and the portrait of Prof. Birmelin by Mrs. Barba to my mind offers the real introduction to GEZWITSCHER.

Yours very truly,
P. W. TRUMP

We are grateful to our reader for the above discriminating but appreciative review of the third Yearbook of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society. His sharp eye has caught up a number of typographical errors, which had escaped the proof readers. Several variations in spelling among those pointed out above are however, not errors. In Part 1, page 23, the forms "zwitschre" and "zwitschere" are both correct and due to the exigencies of the meter. The forms "Quaale" on page 79 and "quaelt" on page 87 are both correct, the former being the noun, and the latter the verb with umlaut The various dialect spellings for Pennsylvania are due in part to error and in part to difference of opinion. Our reader will be interested to know that there is now a movement on foot to standardize the spelling of our dialect. The lack of an accepted standard has long been an obstacle to the literary progress of the dialect. An important conference of dialect poets, writers, columnists, and members both of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society and of the Pennsylvania German Society was held at Hershey, Pa., on Saturday, January 28, 1939.—ED.

AM SCHWARZE BAER

Der Droppshaffe

LLOYD A. MOLL



Der Ed Case iss in die Barschtubb kumme un hot 'wwer's gans G'sicht gelacht, als ob er ebbes wisst, dass schun lang heel g'halde warre waer.

"Well, was kitzelt dich?" frogt der Hi. "Du bischt yo so zipperich, as wannd' en Wans im Nawwel hettscht."

"Weescht noch wie der Hen letscht Schpotyohr drei Daag lang dod war? Mer hen all gewunnert, wu er die Medizin grickt hett. Well, heit hawwich's ausg'funne."

Der Hen macht em Ed paar gliediche Aaage, awwer hot nichs do driwwer zu saage.

"Well, ich wees, dass er's net do grickt hot, weil er hot ken Geld g'hat zu sellere Zeit. Ich hab geglaabt er hett der Schnapps aeryets g'schtole," meent der Hi. "Loss mol die Katz aus em Sack. Wu hot er's grickt?"

"Ihr wisse, dass der Charl Lauchner en Scheier baut. Un des noch uff der gans ald Weg. Ich war bei ihm heit—hab helfe en deel vum schwere Hols uffschtelle. Die Giwwelennere sin Raumauere. 'S Hols iss all handb'schlagge. Die Schtee un 's Hols kumme all vum Charl seinre Bauerei.—Do will der Dokter als verzaehle vun denne gewichste Kerl, wu in die Schul gange sin zitter dass sie die Windle aus hen; ei, do is ken eener devun, dass dhu kennt, was der alt Ed Hoover gedhu hot mit me Zollschtaab un Winkeleise. Un ich wett er hot net meh Babier g'hat far zu rechle druff, as wie so'n ee Pund Dutt. —Well, der Charl hot der Ed gedingt far die Scheier zu blaane un die Holsaerwet zu dhu. Der Ed war im Busch, hot die grosse Baem umgemacht far die Darrichzick, un glenner Hols far die Schparre un anner Sache, schun zitter letschte Summer.—Die Mauerer sin faerdich warre so var daere letschte kalte Schpell. Un die letscht Woch hen sie 's Hols all heem grickt. Die Darrichzick ware verschtanne schun in der Scheier. Die hen sie schun nei wie die Mauere nuffgange sin. Geschter hot der Charl die Nochbere un en paar Freind eigelaade far helfe 's iwwerich vum schwere Hols uffzuschteile. 'S iss nau wunnerbaar wie alles gebasst hot. Der Ed hot des all zurecht gemacht g'hat im Busch, 's Hols uff die recht Leng un Dicking gemacht, die Lecher gebohrt, un die eechne Zappe g'schnitzelt, so dass yedere graad gebasst hot. Die Schticker ware all genummert.

Wie er do am zamme mache war, hawwich ihn als geneckst, "Ed, seller Zappe iss e bissel dick, meenscht net. Ich glab du daetscht besser e wennich abschnitzle."—"Des waer der aerscht dass net basse daet. Ich hab schun mannich Scheier zamme gemacht, un mei Zollschtaab un Winkeleise hen mich noch net belogge," saagt er. Zappe aus gut Eechehols mit me Schneidmesser zu schnitzle iss es eenischt Ding, dass der Ed Hoover net gleicht am Scheiere baue.

Well, wie mer faerdich ware, hot der Charl uns ins Haus genumme. Do war en Disch voll Esse, das em aagelacht hot. Un der Gruck war hendich g'schtanne.

"Ich glaab's net," saagt der Dokter, "schunscht waerscht net unne verschunne eweck kumme."—"Ich hab eich g'saat, dass ich in die Singschul geh, un Schnapps iss net so gut far mei Schtimm, hen sie mer g'saat," meent der Ed un lacht.

"Wie kummt's dass der Charl der Hen net eigelaade hot," frogt der Dokter.

"Ya, du hoscht en Roi do hiegemacht, as wie en Katzevoggel uff me Wildkaersche Baam, un hoscht uns doch net verzaehlt wu der Hen sei Schnaps grickt hot," saagt der Hi.

"Well, dann muss es raus," saagt der Ed. "Wie g'saat, der Charl hot em Ed Hoover die gans G'schicht iwwergewwe. Wie die Mauerer kumme sin un hen aafange schaffe, guckt der Ed mol so rum un saagt, "Charl, du witt die Scheier uff der alt Weg gebaut hawwe, net so?"—"Versctanne," saagt der Charl, "was iss nau letz?"—"Ei, do muss en Fessel Schnaps bei un uffgelegt warre, so dass die Schaffleit sich aa alsemohl der Kallick Schtaab nunner wesche kenne, un aa en Glessel Elfer die Gargel nunner schmeisse. Noh grickscht en aerdner Haffe far unnich der Graane zu schtelle far der Dropps vum Graane uffzufange. Noh wann sie schier gar drowwe sin mit em Giwwel, so dass es yuscht meh e paar Schtee nemmt, noh nemme sie der Haffe, schlagge der Boddem raus, un duhn ihn in die Mauer, so dass du aa en Luftloch in deinre Scheier hoscht."

Der Charl war bang die Kerl kennte zu viel griege, un daet verleicht noch eener der Hals verbreche. Awwer der Ed hot g'saat er daet Achtung gewwe dart druff.

Well, der Charl hot en zehe Galle Fessel g'holt un uffgelegt. Wie der Hen des ausg'funne hot, wees ich net, awwer de naegschte Daag kummt er zum Charl un frogt ihn far Aerwet.

"Zitter wann bischt du so fleissich?" saagt der Charl. "Well, ich mach en Barge mit dir. Wann du seller Graane net in dei Finger nemmscht bezahlt ich dich, un geb dir en Beint de Samschdaag." Der Hen hot's bewilligt. Die Sach war gut bis em Mittwoch, un noh iss so en Yunger der Weg kumme wie der Hen an so Dribbelaerwet am schaffe war. "Was iss in sellem Fass?" frogt er der Hen. "Ei, Seider, das der Charl hie hot so dass die Schaffleit net allemol noch em Haus misse wann sie drinke wolle. Dart geh mol hie un zapp der Haffe halwer voll, ich war schun lang darschdich. Bring ihn dohaer noh loss ich dich aa drinke."

Der Yung hot so gedhu. Wie er der Haffe ans Maul hot, hot er hesslich g'schpaut, un was der Hen gedhu hot mit, brauch ich eich net verzaehle. Awwer der Charl kummt der Weg un hot ihn verwischt, macht ihn der Haffe leer drinke, un zurick unnich der Graane schtelle un kickt en zum Scheierhof naus. Nau wissen ihr wu der Hen selli Kischt grickt hot un ferwas er net eigelaade war heit. Uh wann ihr am Charl seinre neie Scheier vor bei faahre, gucken yuscht mol ans Giwwelend. Hoch drowwe iss der Droppshaffe eigemauert.

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Personals

Bertha Irelan, 934 Linden St., will observe her birthday anniversary today.

Oscar L. Shoemaker, 213 Linden St., left for Harrisburg to attend the funeral of his mother.

Mrs. Robert D. Nonnermacher, Wescosville, yesterday observed her birthday anniversary.

Mrs. Edwin D. Clauss, 2310 Tilghman St., celebrated her birthday anniversary on Friday.

Lester H. Race, 738 N. 8th St., will today celebrate his birthday anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Wiley, 1002 S. Howard St., and Mr. and Mrs. Earl Bowman, 16 N. Madison St., will today leave on a motor trip to Miami, Fla. The Bowmans will also take a cruise to Havana. Mr. Bowman is associated with F. Bowman and Son.

Dr. and Mrs. Adam Friederich Jr., of Welch Road, Bethayres, are the houseguests of Dr. and Mrs. J. Carl Behler, 1202 Hanover Ave. The party will attend the annual dinner-dance of the Allentown Dental society tonight at the Hotel Traylor.

Wanda A. Wyler, 212 N. St. George St., is among the seven new members elected to the Dance club of the College of Arts and Sciences at Cornell university. Miss Wyler is a member of the class of 1940.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Fetzer and son, George, 1230 Tilghman St., have returned to their home after having spent a six weeks' vacation in Florida.

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Marcus L. Schmidt, Mgr.

Police Called to Help Raise Horse Which Fell

For the first time in a number of years police last night were called to the aid of a horse, which fell in trying to pull a heavy burden on Chew St., between 2nd and 3rd Sts.

The horse was pulling a heavily loaded ash cart and the officers detailed ordered the driver to take half of the load off and return later to collect it.

Lehigh Odd Fellows Will Hold Birthday Social

A February birthday social will follow the meeting of Lehigh Lodge No. 73, I. O. O. F. at 7:30 Monday night at the Odd Fellows Temple.

John L. Cutshall, Lehigh county district attorney and a member of the lodge, will speak. Paul Herbst will play several accordian selections and the Lehigh quartet will sing.

Wilmer A. Baus, noble grand, will be in charge.

Deaths

NEFF—In this city, Feb. 10, 1939, Sallie Neff, aged 83 years, 10 months, 15 days. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the services Monday, at 2 p. m. from the funeral home of L. O. Heintzelman and Son, 1002 Main St., Slatington. Interment Heidelberg cemetery. L. O. H. & Son.

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Obituaries

Dr. F. W. Curtis In His 74th Year

Stewartsville Physician Was Also Head of Easton Pharmacy

Dr. Frank W. Curtis, 73, member of the auxiliary staff of Easton hospital and president of Weaver's Pharmacy, Easton, for 10 years, and practicing physician at Stewartsville for the last 45 years, died Thursday in the King's Daughters hospital, Portsmouth, Va.

He was twice married. Survivors are his wife, Elizabeth Hartrund Curtis; a sister, Allie Curtis, Hackettstown, and a nephew, Dr. Olin Curtis, also of Hackettstown, N. J.

Dr. Curtis was born April 9, 1865 at Hackettstown and attended the public schools and Centenary Collegiate Institute and was graduated from Long Island College of Medicine in 1892.

After qualifying as a physician he started practice at Stewartsville where he remained until the time of his death.

He was prominent in the Masonic fraternity, and was a member of the Stewartsville Presbyterian church, serving a long time as a member of the board of trustees.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at the late home in Stewartsville. Burial will be made in Union cemetery, Hackettstown, N. J.

Anton Wargyas

Miller Heights Resident Was 74 Years of Age

Anton Wargyas, 74, husband of Catherine Dezomits Wargyas, died Thursday night at his residence, 205 4th St., Miller Heights from apoplexy.

Besides the wife, a son, Andrew and a daughter, Mrs. John Danyi, Miller Heights, seven grandchildren and two great-grandchildren also survive.

He was a member of the Church of the Sacred Heart and St. John's Hungarian Beneficial society.

The funeral will be held at 9 a. m. Monday. Requiem mass will be offered at 9.30 a. m. in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Middletown.

Burial will be made in St. Michael's cemetery, Bethlehem.

George Peter Kessler

Wife and 8 Children Survive Plainfield Township Octogenarian

George Peter Kessler, 80, died Thursday at the late home in Plainfield township, near Bender's church.

He was a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Kessler. Survivors are his wife and eight children: Irvin, at home; Elmer, Tatamy; Frank, Plainfield township; Mrs. Amandus Cope, Edelman's; Mrs. John Doyle, Pittsburgh; Mrs. Ralph Lapp, Martin's Creek; Mrs. Russell Armbruster, Phillipsburg, N. J.; Mrs. Jack Williams, Easton. Twenty grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren also survive.

The funeral will be held at 2 p. m. Sunday. The Rev. Floyd R. Shafer, of Tatamy, will officiate. Burial will be made in Forks church cemetery.

Ernest B. **Zimmerman**

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Mrs. Emma Wickert

Widow of James L. Wickert Dies of Heart Attack

Mrs. Emma L., nee Seip, Wickert, widow of James L. Wickert, passed away at 6:30 a. m. Friday at her home, 402 E. Hamilton St., Allentown, after an illness of nearly a year with a heart ailment.

A native of this city, she was the daughter of William and Sophia, nee Ginkinger, Seip, and resided in this city all her life. She attended the old Allentown College for Women, then located at 4th and Turner Sts. Her father, William Seip, was a prominent contractor and builder in Allentown, having built many of the homes on the Hamilton St. hill.

For many years active in the church, she was forced to give up much of her activities because of ill health. She was a member of the First Presbyterian church of this city.

She is survived by one son, Harry, at home, and two granddaughters, Mrs. Margaret Sies of this city, and Mrs. Dorothea Sassaman, of Sharon Hill, Pa. Three great-grandchildren also survive.

Services will be held at the Wonderly funeral home, 1119 Hamilton St., Monday at 2 p. m., with Rev. Samuel K. Piercy officiating. Interment will be made in the Union cemetery.

George Springer

Fountain Hill Man Was Farmer Practically Whole Life

George Springer, 82, of 1551 Broadway, Fountain Hill, died at about 7 a. m. Friday at his home. Mr. Springer was a farmer practically all his life.

He was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., a son of the late Frederick and Anna, nee Gossner, Springer. For the past 50 years Mr. Springer had been treasurer of the Lutheran congregation of the Eastern Salisburg Jerusalem church.

His wife, the former Hattie Fischel, died five years ago. He is survived by five sons: Frederick, of Bethlehem; Edmund, at home, and Ralph, Mark and G. David, all of Bethlehem; one daughter, Mrs. R. H. Miller, of Allentown; 10 grandchildren; two great grandchildren, and one sister, Mrs. Mary Getter, of Allentown.

Funeral services will be held from the late home at 2 p. m. Tuesday with interment to be made in the Fountain Hill cemetery.

Mrs. Lena G. Koons

Emmaus R. 1 Woman Was Born in Mauch Chunk

Mrs. Lena G. Koons, wife of George A. Koons of Emmaus R. 1, died yesterday afternoon at the Allentown hospital. She was in her 58th year.

Born in Mauch Chunk, Mrs. Koons was a daughter of the late Christopher and Mary, nee Kniss, Frech. She resided for some years in Souderton, later in East Greenville and for the past year has been living at Emmaus R. 1, between Shimerville and Vera Cruz. She was a member of the Evangelical Congregational church of Emmaus.

Surviving are her husband; two daughters, Lucy, wife of Mahlon Kreisher, at home; Florence, wife of Lawrence Frantz, Perkasie; two sons, Wilbur F. Koons of Kennett Square, and Robert W. Koons of York; one granddaughter; two sisters, Mrs. William Fehr and Mrs. Charles Zanders, both of Mauch Chunk, and a brother, Allen Frech, also of Mauch Chunk.

Funeral services will be held at her late home, between Shimerville and Vera Cruz, Tuesday at 2 p. m. Interment will be made in the Upper Milford Evangelical cemetery. Friends may call Monday from 7 to 9 p. m. Rev. H. R. Harper and Rev. C. W. Horner will officiate.

(Continued on Page Fifteen)



'N Paar Valentines



De Veggelcher en Valentine,
Im helle, frohe Sunneschein!
Vun Haerze singt so lieb un laut
Des Veggelche zu seinre Braut.
Vun Haerze kummt en Lied zurick,
Sie winsche sich enanner Glick.

En Valentine dem gleene Kind,
Wu lauter Freed am Lewe find.
Un O! Wie iss die Welt so gross,
Die neie Sache so karyos!
Unschuldich Kind, o liewes Haerz,
Behiet dich Gott vor yedem Schmaerz!

En Valentine de scheene Maed
Un all de Buwe, schei un bleed.
De Maed en rechter guter Mann,
De Buwe'n Fraa was koche kann.
Un in de Wieg en Kindche glee,
Was graeht un schtrampelt mit de Bee.

En Valentine dem Mutterhaerz.
O zaartes Haerz in Freed un Schmaerz!
Un immer so gedrei un gut.
Dem Vatter nei-i Graft im Aarm,
Gerechter Sinn un Haerz so waarm,
En froh Gemiet un schtaerryer Mut!

En Valentine de alde Leit.
Es iss gewiss en beesi Zeit!
Do sin die yunge Leit draa Schuld
Un des nemmt immer viel Geduld.
Doch seid gedroscht un fiegt eich nei!
Die sehne's bal vun selwer ei.

En Valentine de gude Freind—
Vun dene hot's net viel, wie's scheint—
Ich hoff ihr leide nie kee Not.
Un hawwich Feind? Sel dut mer Leed,
Wann ihr mich ewwe net verschteht.
Behiet eich all der liewe Gott!

—John Birmelin.

Will Widder Heem

Wann dich die Wanderluscht mol grickt,
  Un meenscht du misscht fart geh,
Dann pack dei Sack un nemm die Dreen,
  Un geh noch Floridee.

Dart bliehe Blumme iwwerall,
  Es scheint en anri Welt,
Iss immer wie der Summer do,
  Sie hen ken Winterkelt.

Die Sunn scheint herrlich alle Daag,
  Yuscht net wann's regne dutt;
Nachts iss es kiehl, mer schloft in Ruh,
  Es gebt em neier Mut.

Die Feggel singe maryets frieh,
  Sie singe freehlich, schee;
Yuscht Schlitte faahre kann mer net,
  Es gebt dart gaar ken Schnee.

Dart wackse Orange uf de Baem,
  Graad wie die Eppel do;
Wann's blendi hot, dann hen sie viel,
  Un viel macht blendi froh.

Un Zottle henke uf deel Baem,
  Sie heessen 's Schpanisch Moos;
Die Alligators sin net schee,
  Sie hen so'n langi Naas.

Im Gippel vun de Palmebaem
  Hot's Kokenuts gross un glee;
Im Wasser schwimme winters Leit,
  Mer kann baarfiessich geh.

Die Seeveggel fliege hie un her,
  Un scheine gaar net schei;
Wie weisse Dauwe gucke sie,
  Un greische wie die Sei.

Mer hockt mit Blumme um em rum
  Un unnich griene Baem;
Wees net wie's kummt, doch iss es so,
  Mer geht gern widder heem.

—William H. Erb.

Journey to Onondaga

1737

ELSIE SINGMASTER

Conrad Weiser, official interpreter of Pennsylvania, made many journeys to confer with the Indians, especially to persuade the fierce Iroquois to keep the peace.

Journey to Onondaga

Conrad Weiser had made many journeys, but none so exhausting and dangerous as this from Tulpehocken, which is now Womelsdorf, in Pennsylvania, to the Long House of the Iroquois Indians at Onondaga near what is now Syracuse in New York. He had walked with his father and brothers and sisters beside the cart which carried their few possessions from Gross Anspach in Germany where he was born, to the river Rhine. He had sailed down the Rhine and across to England. He had lived with ten thousand other poor Germans on Blackheath outside London, until Queen Anne was ready to send them to New York.

He had spent months in a crowded sailing vessel on the ocean. He had been famished and bitter cold in the forest, so that he had gone eventually to live with the Iroquois who had made him a member of their nation. When he moved into Pennsylvania, they came to find him. They said he was their brother, he must speak for them to the Governor about the Iroquois lands.

Now, as an emissary of the whites, he was going to beg the Iroquois for peace. Down from Canada looked the angry and covetous eyes of the French. They said the valleys of the Mississippi and the Ohio were theirs; even Western Pennsylvania was theirs. They ordered the English traders and settlers to stay out.

Between the French and the English lived not only the Iroquois but the Catawbas who hated the Iroquois bitterly. Down the Susquehanna traveled parties of Iroquois warriors; back they came with Catawba scalps. If the Catawbas offended the Iroquois, the Iroquois might make an alliance with the French; then together French and Iroquois would attack the English frontier.

To Conrad at Tulpehocken the Governor of Pennsylvania sent a messenger.

"The Catawbas have agreed to make peace with the Iroquois," he said. "The Governor of Virginia asks me to propose a truce to the Iroquois and invite them to a conference. No one but you can persuade them, Weiser."

Conrad's wife, Anna Eve, and his children were listening. So also, it seemed to Conrad, were the walls of his warm stone house. "Stay," they said all. "Wait till spring."

"The message must be delivered at once," insisted the Governor's secretary. "Before spring the young bucks go on the warpath."

Conrad knew that, he knew everything that was to be known about Indians. He could see in imagination the cabins of the whites in flames, women turning to take a last look at their husbands; he could hear children scream at sight of their fathers, scalped and thrown into burning buildings. He knew the Long House at Onondaga inside and out. It was far, far away, across mountains and icy streams.

"There must surely be someone else who can go!" cried Anna Eve.

"They trust only Weiser," answered the messenger. "We trust only Weiser."

"They come here, hundreds of them," complained Anna Eve. "Dirty, diseased, impertinent, they coax Conrad to speak for them to the Governor. They take him away from the farm and his work."

"The Governor pays him well."

"That's true," acknowledged Anna Eve, a little ashamed.

"Conrad keeps this province safe. Not only this province but all the English to the south."

"We know your flattery," said Anna Eve, still crying but smiling a little. "If you do go, Conrad, take along this sick Indian who's been here for months."

Conrad shook his head when his boys suggested that they go too. "Stoffel Stump goes," said he. "This is work for old woodsmen."

On the twenty-seventh of February, Conrad and Stoffel Stump and the sick Indian rode to the northwest. It would have been better to go earlier or later, but now they dared not postpone the journey or it might be in vain.

They crossed the Kittatinny Mountains on snow-hidden trails, the horses slipping and sliding. At Sunbury, which was then called Shamokin, the Susquehanna was high above its banks. The Indian village on the far side of the river was forlorn at best, though there lived a great chief—old Shikellamy, whom Conrad expected to act as guide.

Weiser and Stoffel shouted and waved their hands and at last an Indian crossed and took them over in a canoe. The horses had to be left behind; the Indians promised to look after them.

Shikellamy was hunting; for him they waited two weeks. Conrad expected to find food in the village, but he found little.

"We will starve," prophesied Stump.

"The snow is up to a man's waist," said the Indians. "The streams can't be crossed."

"Nevertheless we will go," said Conrad.

Old Shikellamy agreed to go with them, cruelly hard as the journey would be. He loved his Iroquois brothers, he loved Conrad also. It was important, he knew, that they reach the council house before spring.

There were no trails to follow. Now on snowshoes, now treading the rocks in moccasins, they reached the mouth of the Loyalsock Creek where lived Madame Montour, half Indian, half French, kind to the allies of the Indians, cruel beyond description to their enemies. She guessed Conrad's errand.

"Tell the whites to keep friends with the Iroquois," she advised. "There lies safety."

Soon the travelers were lost. Wandering in a forest of thick spruce, they could not see the sky. Snow fell for a day, then rain. It was the middle of March now and the rising temperature was melting the drifts. The streams swelled to torrents. Avalanches of snow rushed down the hills. It was impossible to find a dry place to camp.

They struggled on through undergrowth almost as solid as a wall. Stoffel Stump muttered, the two Indians shook their heads. The thin soup and dried corn gave no strength. They were never warm or dry for an hour.

They came at last to a dark valley and old Shikellamy trembled. "An evil spirit lives here," he said. "By and by we'll see two skulls nailed to a tree. Two Iroquois warriors were bringing home two Catawba prisoners when the evil spirit helped the prisoners to kill their captors."

"At least we're on the right way," said Conrad, seeing the skulls.

They cut down a pine tree, hoping it would fall across Sugar Creek which was too high to ford. Alas! it fell into the water and was carried away. At a narrow place they set to work again with their small hatchet.

Scarcely able to walk, they reached an Indian village near where Towanda is now. All the young men were away, trying to find food in the forest.

"We live on sap from the sugar trees," said the women, mournfully. "When our men return we shall be dead."

They offered Conrad a strange soup of cornmeal and ashes. The little children stood around with tears running down their pale cheeks and to them Conrad gave his portion. With twenty-four needles and six shoe-strings he bought six little loaves of corn bread which together weighed a pound.

"Oh, let's go back!" wailed Stoffel. "Let's make a raft and float down the river."

Conrad shook his head. He called the old men together.

"I'm on a mission for the good of your nation as well as mine," said he. "If I don't reach Onondaga in time, your young men will start south. It will mean trouble such as has never been known in the world."

The old men nodded solemnly.

"Why is your game so scarce?" inquired Conrad.

"I had a vision of God," answered an old man. "He said to me, 'You kill game for the sake of strong liquor and you lead evil lives. Therefore I have driven the animals away. If you do good and cease from your sins, I will bring them back. If not, I will destroy you off the earth.'"

"Why do you not obey God?"

"Some believe him and are disturbed," said the old man. "Others believe but they don't care."

At last the Indians agreed to give Conrad food.

"In the hut of one of our brothers who is away is food. Since the matter is so important we will open the hut."

Conrad divided the pounded corn into ten portions, one for each of the ten days it would take to reach Onondaga. Indians were sent ahead to announce the coming of the messenger from Pennsylvania. Now twenty inches of snow fell. At last even Conrad despaired. Trembling so that he expected to die, he sat down. The bitter cold of night would, he thought, end his life.

Old Shikellamy missed him and returned.

"What is it, my brother?" he asked in concern.

"Here will I die," said Conrad.

The old man sat down beside him. "You have encouraged us thus far. Will you give up now? Remember that the bad days are better than the good days. When things go badly with us, then God takes pity on his poor children."

Conrad rose and stepped into the snow. Onondaga was still three days' journey. He went over and over in his mind what he should say. The Iroquois, he was certain, could not go to a conference with the Catawbas, but they might agree to a truce.

On the second day the company traveled forty miles. It was April now and the blue sky encouraged them and the sun warmed their tired, stiff bodies. The snow, however, was still deep. Never, said the Indians, had there been so much snow.

On the third day messengers came running to meet them. Already, they said, the council fire was lit in the Long House. Already the great chiefs had arrived.

The Long House stood in the center of the village. Its framework was made of wooden poles, its roof of bark. In the center of the earthen floor burned the council fire, above it an opening in the roof let out the smoke.

Conrad shuddered when he saw the chiefs. Some were wrapped in skins, some in blankets, some in white men's clothes. One wore the shirt of a Virginia ranger, another a coat of German homespun, another a blanket made of a coverlet such as the Scotch-Irish wove. Round the neck of a young chief, along with a set of bear's claws, hung a woman's ear-rings.

"They are wolves at heart," thought Conrad.

"Our brother must rest," said the chiefs. "We must smoke together. We must sleep on what we have to say. We must learn of our brother what he has been doing and what his children are doing."

At last Conrad asked two questions. Would the Iroquois consent to a truce with the Catawsbas? Would they send deputies to Williamsburg in Virginia, there to talk about what was in their hearts?

"Yes," said the chiefs, in answer to the first question. "No," said they to the second, "Williamsburg is too far."

Conrad and Stoffel made their way back through the forest. The snow was gone, the streams flowed placidly. Skunk cabbage pressed upward through the black muck of the swamps. They smelled arbutus. Another day and they walked on a carpet of anemones.

"Well, Weiser," said Stoffel. "Was it worth while?"

Conrad still saw in imagination the flaming cabins and heard the screaming children, but the flames were distant and the screaming of the children faint.

"Have we accomplished anything?" asked Stoffel, impatiently.

"They promise a truce," said Conrad, wearily. "We can be thankful for that."

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Mer macht sei Lewes kee Mistake ohne ebbes dabei zu lerne un wie's guckt, is der Mensch sei Lewes net zu alt zu lerne.

* * * *

Wann en Mann mol ebaut 18 jahrlang gheiert is, kann er sei Fra so ziemlich dhu mache was sie will.

* * * *

Do will der Gschweier Kidder behaupte, Druwel dhet meh Leit dodt mache as Arwet, weil es for meh Leit iesier wer, sich zu druwwele, as zu schaffe.

* * * *

Happiness is der Schatte von der Zufriedenheet.

* * * *

Die Beck Schmidt secht, sie dhet der Jake Flenner encourage, sie bei ihrem erschte Name zu heese, so as er ihr helfe soll, ihre letschte Name los zu werre. Ich verschteh wul en Lot Sach, awer do kann ich kee Logic drin sehne, wie mir scientifical Kerls sage.

* * * *

Der Buck Fischer hot der Sal Schwander gsat er dhet nix drum gewe, wie ihre Paep sei Geld gemacht het. Alles was er wisse wet, wer eb er's noch so ziemlich all het.

* * * *

"Mancher Mann hot sei Success im Lewe seinere Fra zu verdanke".—"Uhu! mer het sei Lewes nix vum Adam gheert, wann sei Fra ihm net der Appel gewe het."

* * * *

Dhel Leit beissen wul meh ab as sie kaue kennen, awer viel wellen ah meh kaue as sie abbeisse wellen.

* * * *

"Sie suchen der Jim Schmidt iwerall un kennen ihn net finne."—"Hen sie dann schon unnich seinere Fra ihrem Daume geguckt?"

* * * *

Es is awer doch leichter Sache zu nehme wie sie komme, as sie loszulosse wie sie gehe.

* * * *

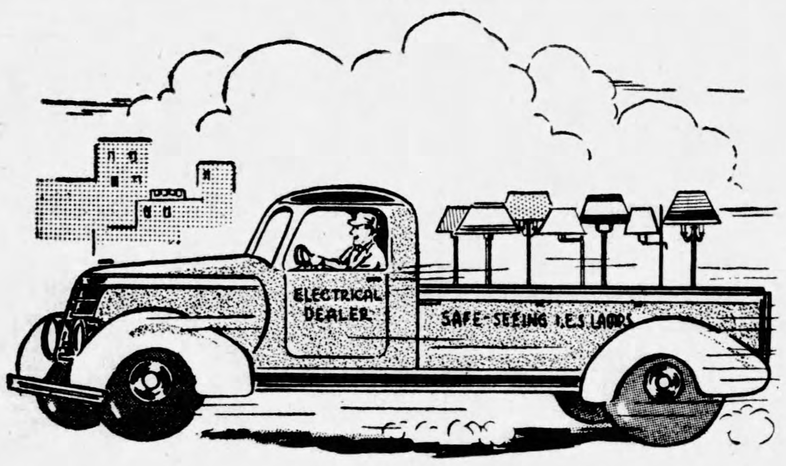
"Wie du in der Barschtubb warscht, hosch du Cognizance vum Barkeeper genomme?"—"Well ,ich kann net for sure sage, was ich genomme hab—ich hab juscht gsat "Same do", wie die menschte am Bar, awer was geordered war, wees ich net."

* * * *

Dhel Leit machen sich Freind un dhel annere exschpecten as ihre Freind sie mache sollen.

* * * *

Der glee Freddie Gees is geschter ins Meehler's Apothek gschprunge komme un hot gschwindt Linemint un Cement hawe welle, sei Maem het sei Paep uf der Kop gschlage mit eme Deller.



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381

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Liess, 30 N. Madison St., are the parents of a baby boy, Jan Melvin, born at the Allentown hospital at 11:30 o'clock Thursday morning. The child arrived on the 60th birthday anniversary of his grandfather, Jerome M. Liess, 617 N. 9th St.

Alice Marie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Broadbent of 719 N. Front St., is observing her 10th birthday anniversary today.

Roy G. Kistler, son of Mr. and Mrs. William G. Kistler, 613½ N. Poplar St., will celebrate his birthday anniversary today.

Marjorie G. Unger, 746 N. 8th St., will observe her birthday anniversary on Sunday. Miss Unger is employed in the circulation department of the Call-Chronicle.

Elsie M. Heckman, 36 S. St. Cloud St., will observe her birthday anniversary today. Miss Heckman is girls student advisor at the Allentown High school.

Donald N. Kline, son of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Kline, 44 S. Franklin St., is recovering slowly at the Allentown hospital from injuries sustained when he fell from a third story window last Sunday morning. He is suffering from a broken shoulder, a badly sprained back and numerous cuts and bruises.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Rosenberger, 1045 Fullerton Ave., will observe their first wedding anniversary Sunday, which is also the date of Mrs. Rosenberger's birthday anniversary.

Obituaries

Alfred Anthony

Infant Child of Rudolph Anthony Was But 12 Days Old

Alfred Anthony, infant son of Rudolph and Aurelia, nee Fiedler, Anthony of Allentown, R. 60, died yesterday morning at 11 o'clock at the Allentown hospital. The child, 12 days old, was admitted to the hospital Thursday.

Surviving, besides his parents, are the following brothers and sisters: Theresa, Rudolph Jr., John, Frank, Edward, and Hilda, all at home.

Mrs. John Sell

Red Hill Woman Dies Following Lengthy Illness

Mrs. Lillie Sell, 43, of Red Hill, passed away yesterday morning at the Allentown hospital. She had been ill for some time, but confined to the hospital only one week.

Born in Fruitville, she was the daughter of Daniel and Laura, nee Fox, Erb, and resided in Red Hill for about the past 30 years. She was a member of the Pennsburg Reformed church.

Survivors include her husband, John; four daughters, Thelma and June, at home, and two married daughters, living away; two sons, Paul and Roy, of Red Hill.

Her mother, Mrs. Edwin Roeder; a sister, Mrs. William Beard; and a brother, Charles, all of Red Hill; and another brother Eden of Schwenksville, also survive.

Walter R. Sines

Philadelphia Native Had Resided Here for 25 Years

Walter R. Sines, 1949 Congress St., died early yesterday morning following an illness of four weeks.

Born in Philadelphia, he was a son of the late Harry L. and Emma, nee Rennie, Sines. He resided in Allentown for the past 25 years and was local representative for the Pennsylvania Compensation, Rating and Inspection bureau. He was a member of various Masonic bodies and the Odd Fellows.

Surviving are one brother, H. Lawrence of Broomall, Chester county, and one sister, Mrs. Naomi Homer of Chester, Pa. His wife, Mary E., nee Harrison, preceded him in death 13 months ago.

The funeral will be held on Monday at 2:30 p. m. from the residence of Mrs. Mary E. Harrison, 407 E. 19th St., with interment in the Chester Rural cemetery.

Friends are invited to call at his late home Saturday from 7 to 9 p. m.

Mrs. Maggie Fatzinger

Widow of William Fatzinger Had Been Bedfast Since Jan. 1

Mrs. Maggie Fatzinger, widow of William A. Fatzinger, died yesterday in the Allentown hospital at 2 a. m. She was in her 72nd year and was admitted to the hospital on Wednesday after having been bedfast at her home in Fogelsville since Jan. 1.

Mrs. Fatzinger was born in North Whitehall township, a daughter of the late Alfred and Flory Ann (nee Schuler) Kiefer. Her first husband, Charles Smith, died Jan. 1, 1918. On Nov. 14, 1925, she married Mr. Fatzinger, who died in June, 1934.

She was a member of the Reformed wing of the Unionville church at Neffs.

Surviving are two sons, Allen Buchman, Allentown, and Roy Smith, with whom she resided at Fogelsville; nine grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren. Another son, William, and two brothers, Oscar and Harvey, preceded her in death.

Funeral services in the Keller Funeral home, Fogelsville, Tuesday at 1:30 p. m., will be followed with continued services in the Unionville church and interment in the adjoining cemetery. The Rev. Robert Urffer will officiate.

Friends may call at the funeral home Monday from 7 to 9 p. m.

Egon Gloss

Resident of Bath Was 37; Funeral Service Sunday

Egon Gloss, 37, Belfast, Nazareth R. 3, died in the Easton hospital on Thursday shortly after he was admitted for medical treatment.

Survivors are the following brothers and sisters: Otto, Belfast; Frieda, Mona, Alfred and Julia, Germany.

Funeral services will be in charge of the Rev. Paul S. Meinert, pastor of the Nazareth Moravian church, at 2 p. m. Sunday at the home of his brother in Belfast. Burial will be made in Forks cemetery.

Mrs. Esther E. Lerch

Wife of Call-Chronicle Advertising Man Was 38

Mrs. Esther E. Lerch of 614½ N. 8th St., Allentown, wife of Walter J. Lerch, member of the Call-Chronicle display advertising staff, died at 5:30 p. m. Friday at the Sacred Heart hospital where she had been confined six weeks. She was 38.

Mrs. Lerch was born at Emerald, July 29, 1900, a daughter of Henry J. and Mary Reitz.

She was a member of the Lutheran congregation of Unionville church, Neffs.

Besides her husband, there survive one daughter, Dorothy Buhecker, at home; five brothers and three sisters, Mrs. Lucy Necker, Frances Reitz, Claude Reitz, all of Allentown; Mrs. Olive Schneck, Kermit Reitz, both of Schnecksville; Paul Reitz of Fogelsville; Chester Reitz of Emmaus and Edgar Reitz, Siatedale.

Stephen Soos

Employe of Zinc Company at Palmerton Was 57

Stephen Soos, 16 Lehigh Ave., Palmerton, an employe of the New Jersey Zinc Co., died yesterday afternoon at the Palmerton hospital at the age of 57 years.

Survivors include his wife, Mary (Kohler) Soos; nine children, Charlotte, wife of L. J. Miller, this city; Mary, wife of John Gyeimely, Palmerton; Margaret, wife of William Swanger, Palmerton; Irene, wife of Alfred J. Palmer, Palmerton; Steve, Valaria, John and Marcella, all at home; 11 grandchildren, one brother, Andrew Soos, Easton.

Funeral services will be held from the late home, 16 Lehigh Ave., Palmerton, Monday at 9 a. m., with solemn requiem mass at Sacred Heart church at 9:30. Interment Sacred Heart cemetery.

John F. T. Hunter

Native of Maryland Lived in Allentown Since 1887

John F. T. Hunter, husband of the late Clara C. (Rhoads) Hunter, died at 5:10 p. m. Friday at home, 940 N. St. Elmo St., Allentown, aged 73 years, 9 months and 8 days. He had been ill since September.

Mr. Hunter was born at Centerville, Md., and came to Allentown in 1887. Before retiring 10 years ago he had been employed at the wire mill and Freihofer's bakery.

He was a member of the Boulevard E. C. church and Junior O. U. A. M.

Surviving are a son, James A. Hun-

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

Ernest B. Zimmerman
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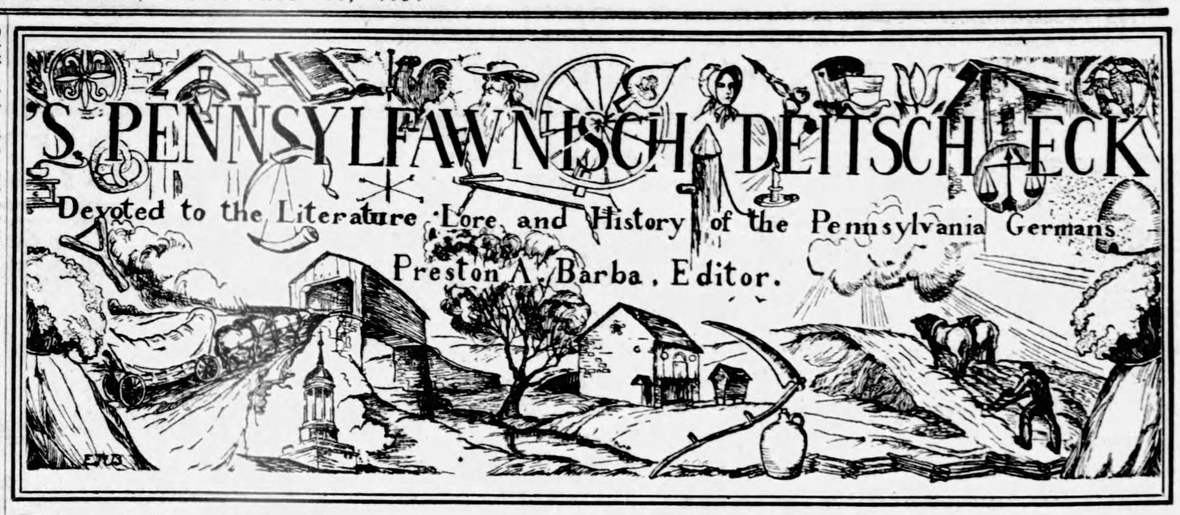

Die Alte Lieder

O, sing mar doch die alte Lieder,
Die ich so lieb hab, noch emol;
Sie fliesse darch Gemieth un Glieder
So heilig un so sabbathvoll!
Dar Choir, daer scheint mar juscht ze blarre;
Ken Sunndag kann mar heilig sei,
Wann net gemeindlich g'sunge warre
Paar vun de alte Melodei.

Die alte Lieder losst uns b'halte:—
"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott,"
Wer nur den lieben Gott laesst walte'",
Un "Sei getreu bis in den Tod";
"Ich weiss dass mein Erloeser lebet,"
"Mein Gott, das Herze bring ich dir," —
So Lieder, o ihr Singer! webet
Zum harrliche Kranz melodisch mir.

Mei Kindheits Karrich is abgerisse,
Die alte Schtimme sin verhallt,
Doch darch mei Seel noch immer fliesse
Die liewe Lieder—nie net alt!
Schtimmt ei', ihr Schweschtere un ihr Brieder,
En alter Sunndaag noch emol!
Un singt die gute alte Lieder
So heilig un so sabbathvoll!

1882 —Charles Calvin Ziegler
DRAUSS UN DEHEEM

German Influence on Our State and Nation

Extracts from an address delivered by Col. Thomas C. Zimmerman, L.H.D., before the Pennsylvania German Society at a meeting held at Allentown, Pa., November 2, 1906—Have we heeded the wise counsel of the last paragraphs below?

Although the preponderance of Germans in the early settlement of this State is generally known and acknowledged, it is only recently that the extent of the influence which those of that race have exerted in the development and progress of the State is becoming appreciated . . . .

It was the fashion not so many years ago—happily gradually passing away . . . . that the "free lances" who wrote for the metropolitan dailies studiously failed to acknowledge the worthy Pennsylvania Germans as citizens. They never recognized the monuments of their industry, never noted the success of their years of toil, would even detract from the patriotism and valor of her soldiery, but aimed at them unsparing shafts of ridicule and satire. The "dumb Dutch," as they were sneeringly called then, of eastern Pennsylvania, seemed to be the alpha and omega of their knowledge of them, and more they did not care to know. . . . .

It has not been so long ago that an Episcopal clergyman of this State referred to the early Pennsylvania Germans as taking little interest in religious matters. It has not been so long ago that Theodore Roosevelt himself, at a meeting of the Holland Society in New York, said that the Pennsylvania German was neither fish nor flesh. It has not been so long ago that another Episcopal clergyman in the West declared that the Pennsylvania Germans cared little for education. These opinions go to show how little it is known that the Pennsylvania Germans led all the other colonists of America in the establishment of Sunday schools, in the Abolition movement, in the printing of Bibles; in fact that every Pennsylvania German town had its printing press, and that the product of the early presses of each of the German towns of Reading, Lancaster, Ephrata, Skippack, Sumneytown, and Frederick, Md., was as great, perhaps, as the number of books printed in Boston in the colonial period while technically the advantage was in favor of the Pennsylvania German printers.

It cannot be gainsaid that German blood and German brain and brawn have made a deep impression on this country. In the arts and sciences; in philosophy and romance; in music, painting, sculpture and architecture; in manufactures and agriculture; aye, turn your eye in almost any direction, and you will find that a thread of German culture is woven in the warp and woof of the highest civilization of America.

We must also bear this in mind—that the eastern counties of Pennsylvania have been a hive from which, since the Revolution, year after year swarms of Pennsylvania Germans with plow and axe and wagon have penetrated into every county in the State, in some instances actually captivating by arts of peace, as Hengist and Horsa, their Saxon ancestors, did by arms from the Britons, the lands from the descendants of the original settlers, as for instance Franklin county, settled, I believe, by Scotch-Irish. They have migrated east, west, north and south; so that it is not possible for one to go to any section of the country, even to the remotest, without being certain to find a Pennsylvania German or his descendants.

As early as 1725 there were over 200,000 German settlers in Penn's province. They were not tramps, nor hoodlums, nor coolies, nor escaped convicts; not base, sordid, cruel mercenaries, bent upon rapine and bloodshed, but they represented the best blood of Germany. Among them were scholars, poets, preachers and schoolmasters; Lutherans and Calvinists, Mennonites, sect-people from the Swiss valleys, from the Palatinate, from Swabia and from Saxony. They planted the church and the schoolhouse side by side; they leveled the forest and made the wilderness blossom as the rose, turning Lancaster, Berks, Lebanon, Lehigh and all southeastern Pennsylvania into what it now is, the garden of the world. While all this is true "there came a darker day for our ancestors" (I quote from an address delivered a few years ago by Dr. J. S. Stahr, then president of Franklin and Marshall College. "The influx of educated men like Schlatter and Muhlenberg ceased, and the German colony was thrown upon its own resources intellectually. No provision had been made for such a state, and no higher institutions of education had been established. They fell behind. They retrograded for a time. It was not until after the Declaration of Independence was formulated that German names appeared in the record of politics. But thereafter appear the names of the Hiesters, the Ritners, the Snyders and the Shunks, and a better era came for them. They now send schoolmasters to the South, to the West, and even to the land of the Yankees."

This is also true: that in this composite nation the people of Germany and their descendants are a fundamental element, and that it is as useless to try to eliminate them from American history as it would be to ignore the New Englander or the Virginian. It was the Germans who in the course of time ridded the tree of mankind of its withered foliage and revived the lethargized nations of Celtic and Latin races; who were often discomfited, yet never annihilated, and who, ever again recuperating, are the umpire of Europe today.

In these days of modern extravagance and profligacy, we would do well to practice those virtues of moderation, frugality and industry that have made our State so prosperous. If we would restore and maintain the individual and noted prosperity of former days, we must progress backward from this cursed modern extravagance, undue desire to get rich and live without working, to German housekeeping, German integrity, and to the purity of the early German administrations of the State.

Industrious in the daily pursuits of life, brave upon the field of battle, wise in counsel, energetic in action, no race has done more to make State and country great, powerful and prosperous.

DES LANDES VATER

Lancaster: Gedruckt bey Francis Bailey.



The above is a fac-simile of the cover of a German almanac: DER GANTZ NEUE VERBESSERTE NORD-AMERICANISCHE CALENDER, AUF DAS 1779STE JAHR U.F.W. VERFERTIGT VON DAVID RITTENHAUS—It was published at Lancaster, Pa., by Francis Bailey.

The Father of His Country

By G. A. R. Goyle

To call the head of a commonwealth "the father of his country" is an old conception. This appellation was known in Roman times. Cicero and other classical writers mention the "Pater Patriae"—father of the country.

It is a far cry from Roman times to the beginnings of Pennsylvania under the beloved Quaker and yet, Isaac Norris, full of admiration for William Penn writes in one of his letters (of about 1701) "The Governor is our Pater Patriae." This shows Isaac Norris to have been an educated man who could display his Latin, and that government was to him a paternal affair.

The progress of time accounts for shifting of loyalties and by 1779 we find General George Washington proclaimed the father of his country. A German almanac for 1779 printed by Francis Bailey of Lancaster, Pa., and compiled by David Rittenhouse, shows as frontispiece a winged figure of Fame holding in the one hand a medallion with the picture of Washington, and with the other hand raising a long tuba to her lips from which issues a blast with the printed legend "Des Landes Vater"—the Father of his Country. To leave no doubt about the identity of the laurel-crowned head on the medallion the name "Washington" is printed aside of it in quaint phonetic spelling.

David Rittenhouse (1732-1796) was a versatile genius. A native son of Pennsylvania, he started out, fresh from the farm as a clockmaker, untiringly improved himself, studied astronomy, made mathematical instruments and in 1770 completed an orrery with improvements of his own conception. In 1779, the year of the almanac, compiled by him, he occupied the chair of astronomy in the University of Pennsylvania.

The frontispiece of the calendar is full of quaint allegory. Fame proclaims Washington the father of his country. Commerce is reviving, a noble galleon is sailing the sea and a merchant with his portmanteau is urging on his steed. Prominent in the right foreground a scholar shows the enlightenment through book-learning as he removes a bandage from his eyes. He is strangely unaware of a barely draped Indian maiden behind him who with her slender finger points downwards, indicating perhaps that mundane affairs are good enough for her. The full moon over a thriving vineyard is calmly looking on, while the rising sun symbolizes the advent of a new promising age. A fisherman in his smack is watching his catch. From a classical ruin Fortuna with outstretched hand gives promise of untold opportunities. Back of this setting rises a huge pedestal crowned with the figure of an Indian who holds an arrow with its head pointed heavenward; truly a picture of peace while an elk roams heedlessly within his sight.

To crowd such symbolism into calendar frontispieces was a conceit of the time and we must not hold David Rittenhouse responsible for it, although the title page of this particular calendar specifically says: "verfertigt von David Rittenhaus," which is an all-inclusive verb and means made and compiled by David Rittenhouse. On the strength of this statement he might, however, be credited with having introduced into the frontispiece the words: Des Landes Vater. It could have been inspired by classical learning which David Rittenhouse possessed.

On the other hand it is tempting to think that any Pennsylvania German with merely a knowledge of his German Bible could have seen the parallel between George Washington and Joseph in Egypt and was inspired by it to call George Washington the father of his country. The English text misses it by giving a different translation. But in the German Bible we read in Genesis 41:43 that Pharo "liess vor ihm (Joseph) her ausrufen: Der ist des Landes Vater." Joseph rode in a chariot through the land and the runners proclaimed before him: "He is the Father of his country."

A copy of this German almanac of 1779 is a rare possession for it marks the first recorded instance of George Washington being called The Father of his Country.

Der Kerchegang in alter Zeit

Aus Heinrich Harbaugh's HARFE

Es dhut eem gans vun Herze leed,
Wann m'r an's Alte denkt;
Nau geht fascht alles iwerzwerg,
In Land un Stadt, in Haus un Kerch —
M'r fiehlt sich recht gekrenkt.

Denk juscht emol an's Kerche-Geh!
Wie war's in alter Zeit?
Darch Hitz un Kelt', darch Schtaab un Schnee
Is Alles gange, Gross un Klee,
Bei reich' un arme Leit.

M'r is net jehtig nei gerennt,
Gekleppert mit de Schuh;
Schee' is m'r gange, sacht un bleed,
Im Schtuhl sich leis in Hut gebet,—
Sell wert nau net gedhu!

In's Lied hot alles ei'geschtimmt —
Sell Singe war en Freed!
Nau dhut fascht Niemand 's Maul meh uf —
Zum Singe gehn die Bordkerch nuf
Paar Buwe un Paar Maed!

Mit Demuth hot m'r zugehorcht
Was ah der Parre sagt;
Nau sitzt m'r schtolz wie Dschurymann,
Gukt, wie der Mann doch schwetze kann!
Un wie er sich betragt!

Die alte Wohrhet hot m'r g'liebt,
Un selwer angewennt;
Nau denkt m'r, als m'r schlaefrig sitzt:
Wie doch der Mann die Sinder schwitzt!
Er gebt's 'n juschtement!

Un wann m'r in der Sity wohnt,
*Schliesst m'r sich an kee' Ort:
Wo juscht 'n grosser Schwetzer brillt,
Do werd gewiss die Kerch gefillt,
Un unser eens is dort!

Was Hutlerei! was Hutlerei!
Die Leit hen leichte Kepp!
'S is alles leer—kee' Saft, kee' Salz,
'N Brote' ohne G'schmack un Schmalz,
'N schlappiges Geschlepp!



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631

Chat About Your Friends

Wilmer L. Henninger, 2217 Allen St., who for a number of years was a member of the choir in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York City, went to New York yesterday to attend the reunion last evening of the boys of the school who include, among many others, such notables as Laurie Yorke Erskine, writer for magazines, radio and movies; Lanny Ross, motion picture star, and Burgess Meredith, the actor.

Jeanne Applegate, 1422 Hamilton St., and Pauline Rupp, 2829 Tilghman St., students at Cedar Crest college, left last night for Annapolis to attend weekend social events at the United States Naval academy.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred F. Marsch, 432 N. Law St., will celebrate their 14th wedding anniversary on Sunday. Mr. Marsch is engaged as a painting contractor in this city and Philadelphia.

Irwin Black is convalescing at his home, 238½ E. Mosser St., after a week's illness.

Joseph Leonard, 339 N. Leh St., was registered at the Columbus hotel while in Miami, Fla.

Reports have been received in this city to the effect that Michael Kudish, 547 Wire St., is ill at Salisbury, N. C.

Dr. Robert R. Fritsch has received an invitation from the Hershey Estate, Hershey, Pa., to make his ninth appearance before the Hershey Industrial school students. His address will be delivered Sunday afternoon in the Community theatre.

Louise J. Tritschler, 1048 Tilghman St., will observe her birthday anniversary on Sunday.

Rev. and Mrs. Gus Pearson and daughter Frances, returned missionaries from equatorial Africa, are the weekend house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Herald C. S. Samuels, 530 N. 30th St.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kaiser, 1036 S. 7th St., will today observe their 48th wedding anniversary.

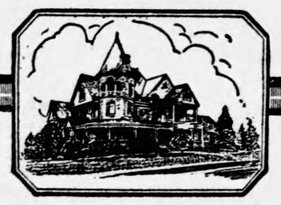
Dorothy M. Crout, 528 Mohr St., will today celebrate her birthday anniversary.

Walter G. Steckline, Catasauqua, will observe his birthday anniversary today.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Woodill of 38 N. 16th St., leave today for a 10-day cruise to Nassau and Havana.

Howard Getz of this city has been awarded the degree of bachelor of laws by George Washington university.

P. Frederick Long, 37 S. St. Cloud St., will today celebrate his birthday anniversary.



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Obituaries

Mrs. Lillie Godshall

Telford R. 2 Woman Passes Away at Allentown Hospital

Mrs. Lillie Godshall of Telford R. 2, passed away at the Allentown hospital at 1:30 a. m. today. She had been admitted to the institution on Sunday. She was 48 years old.

Mrs. Cyrus Heiney

Suffered Stroke in 1937, Bedfast from Then Until Death

Mrs. Mary Alice (Esch) Heiney, wife of Cyrus Heiney, died early yesterday at her home, 1065 Hanover Ave., after a lengthy illness. Mrs. Heiney suffered a stroke 14 months ago and had been bedfast since. She was 79 years old.

Her husband, who retired five years ago, worked as a carpenter and contractor in the 15th ward for a period of 25 years and is well known.

Born at Point Phillips, Northampton county, Mrs. Heiney was a daughter of John and Levina, nee Haak, Esch. She was a member of the Reformed faith.

Surviving, besides her husband, are four sons, Harry Cole, Clayton, John and Clarence Heiney, all of Allentown; nine grandchildren, five great grandchildren, and a sister, Mrs. Jane Ritzey, Allentown.

Services will be held at the Oliver S. Burkholder funeral home, 1717 Hanover Ave., on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m., with the Rev. Harry Culver, pastor of St. Peter's Reformed church, officiating. Interment will be in the Rittersville cemetery.

Mrs. Caroline S. Bowman

Bowmanstown Resident Succumbs in 70th Year of Life

Mrs. Caroline S. Bowman, widow of Morris Bowman, died early Thursday morning at her home, White St., Bowmanstown. She was in her 70th year.

She is survived by four daughters and two sons, Mrs. Mary A. Christman and Carrie Bowman, both of Bowmanstown; Wesley M. Bowman, Ashley; Mrs. Herbert Snyder, Easton; Ruth Bowman, Howard, Pa., and the Rev. Mark Bowman, Elizabeth, Pa., and one sister, Mrs. Annie Handwerk, Slatington.

Funeral services will be held at her late home in Bowmanstown on Monday at 2 p. m. The Rev. Harley Hoffman, Cherryville, will officiate. Interment in the Towamensing cemetery. Viewing at the home on Sunday from 7 to 9 p. m.

Mrs. Rebecca Pauley

Octogenarian Was One of Oldest Residents of Albany Township

Mrs. Rebecca S. Pauley, widow of the late Fred Pauley and one of the oldest residents of Albany township died at 3 a. m. Thursday at the home of her son Charles, Kempton R. 2, aged 85 years, 6 months and 2 days. The only survivor is one son Charles, with whom the deceased resided.

The funeral will be held on Tuesday, Feb. 28th at 1 p. m. with all services at Bolichs Evangelical church, Kempton R. 2. The cortege will proceed from Nester's funeral parlor, Steinsville. Rev. Park Adams of Albright college will officiate. Interment will be made in the adjoining cemetery. Funeral Director Samuel Nester of Steinsville has charge.

Pierce Heck

Had Been Employed by Dent Hardware Co. for 40 Years

Pierce Heck of 1217 Chew St., employed as a moulder at the Dent Hardware Co., Fullerton, for a period of 40 years, died yesterday morning at 4 o'clock at the Allentown hospital at the age of 78. He was admitted on Jan. 12.

Mr. Heck was born near Reading and resided in this city for more than 50 years. He was a member of the Twelfth Street Baptist church, the Allentown Moose lodge and the St. James Commandery, No. 68, Knights of Malta.

His wife, Annie, nee Lear, Heck, died four years ago. Surviving are a stepdaughter, Kathleen Bannerman, at home; two brothers, John Heck of Oakland, Calif., Harrison Heck of Reading, and a sister, Sallie, of Wernersville.

The Rev. Titus Hottel, pastor of the Twelfth Street Baptist church, will officiate at the funeral service.

Nancy Fogel

Infant of Seven Months Is Pneumonia Victim

Nancy, infant daughter of Fred and Anna, nee Machibroda, Fogel of 122 N. Church St., Allentown, died of lobar pneumonia at 3:15 p. m. Friday at the Sacred Heart hospital, aged 7 months and 21 days. She had been ill one week.

Besides the parents there survive three brothers, Robert, Thomas and Donald, all at home, and the maternal grandfather, Alex Machibroda, Northampton.

Funeral arrangements will be completed today.

Mrs. Martha Hoffman

Trexlertown Widow Was 82 Years Old at Death

Ill three years and bedfast the last four weeks, Mrs. Martha A. M. Hoffman, died at 1:30 p. m. Friday at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Muthard, Trexlertown. She was in her 83rd year. Her husband preceded her in death 30 years ago.

Mrs. Hoffman was born in Lehigh county, a daughter of the late Mathias and Levina (Hoffman) Kuhns. She was a member of Jordan Lutheran church.

Surviving are a daughter, Cora, wife of Oscard Muthard, with whom she lived; a brother, Israel Kuhns, Trexlertown; three grandsons and three great grandchildren.

The funeral will be held from her late home Tuesday at 1:30 p. m., with continued services in Jordan Lutheran church and interment in the cemetery adjoining the church. Rev. W. E. Wenner will officiate.

Mrs. Sarah E. B. Bowers

Bangor Woman Heart Attack Victim in 73rd Year

Mrs. Sarah E. Buzzard Bowers, 72, wife of William H. Bowers, 107 S. Main St., Bangor, died early Friday morning of a heart attack.

Survivors are her husband, a sister, Mrs. Mary Meyers, Bangor; a brother, Frank Buzzard, of Bangor R. 2, and several nieces and nephews.

The funeral will be held at 2 p. m. Tuesday with services by the Rev. J. F. Stolte, Ph.D., in charge at the Steinmetz funeral home, 50 Broadway, Bangor. Burial will be made in St. John's cemetery.

She was a member of Trinity Lutheran church, Bangor, Woman's Missionary society, Adult Bible class, Bangor Welfare board and Red Cross.

James E. Roth

Big Creek Man, 80, Was Former Teacher, Surveyor, Farmer

Funeral services for James E. Roth, 80, who died at his home in Big Creek Thursday night will be conducted next Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. from the Heller and Son chapel, Weissport. Additional services will follow in the Jerusalem Lutheran church, Trachsville. Rev. Luther Wahrman, pastor of the Aquashicola Lutheran church, will officiate. Interment will be made in the Trachsville cemetery.

Mr. Roth, a native of Kresgeville, had been a former school teacher in the Kresgeville public school, a surveyor and a farmer. His wife died in 1922.

He is survived by two brothers, A. F. Roth of Bethlehem and Wilson Roth of Palmerton R. 1.

Mrs. Gertrude W. Miers

Flicksville Woman Succumbs After Month in Hospital

Mrs. Gertrude Warner Miers, 62, wife of Charles O. Miers Sr., of Flicksville, died Thursday in Easton hospital where on Jan. 25 she was admitted for medical treatment.

Survivors are her husband, two sons, Harry F., Elmira, N. Y.; Charles O., Jr., Norwich, N. Y.; a daughter, Mrs. Edward F. Spear, Maplewood, N. J.; four grandchildren, and a sister, Mrs. Raymond Crum, of Englewood, N. J.

She was a member of St. Peter's Lutheran church, Flicksville.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Sunday with continued services in St. Peter's church at 2:30 p. m. by the Rev. Samuel Kistler. Burial will be made in Flicksville cemetery.

Samuel A. Diehl

Operated Bakery Route in Allentown Many Years

Samuel A. Diehl, who for many years prior to 1924 operated a bakery route in Allentown, died at 5.30 p. m. Friday at the home of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

Deaths

ROTH—At Big Creek, Feb. 23, 1939, James E. Roth, aged 80 years.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. from the Heller and Son chapel, Weissport. Services will follow in the Jerusalem Lutheran church, Trachsville. Interment will be made in Trachsville cemetery. Rev. Luther Wahrman, pastor of the Aquashicola Lutheran church, will officiate. Friends may call at the Heller and Son chapel Monday from 7 to 9 p. m. Heller and Son, Weissport.

DIEHL—At Catasauqua, Feb. 24, 1939, Samuel A. Diehl, aged 70 years.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend services at the Bachman funeral home, 1030 Walnut St., Tuesday at 2 p. m. Interment in Greenwood cemetery. Friends may call at the funeral home Monday from 7 to 9 p. m. C.D.B.

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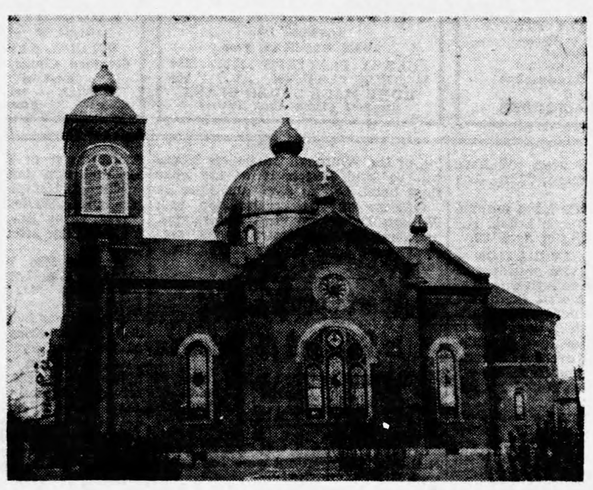

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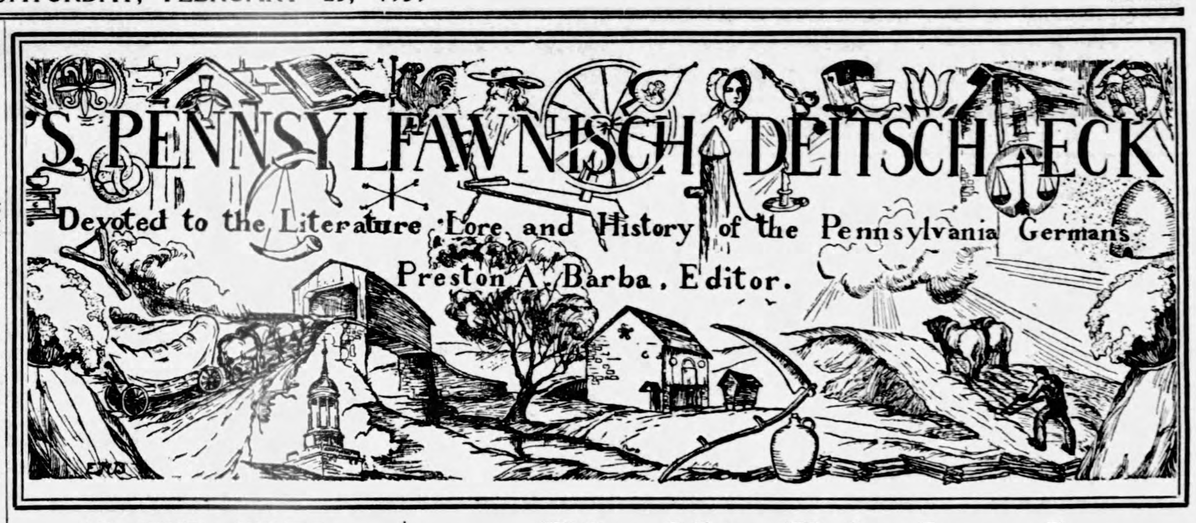


'S END VUM SCHWARZE BAER

LLOYD A. MOLL

We are obliged to inform our readers that this is the last of the "Am Schwarze Baer" skeiches. It is the last for a very good reason. The old crossroads hotel and tavern known as "Der Schwarz Baer" and for so many generations a notable landmark, is no more. A fire, the origin of which is still shrouded in mystery, laid the old hostelry in ruins, and today only gaunt, gutted stone walls mark the place where it once had stood.—The genial landlord, Hiram Best, Dr. Druckenmiller, Al Schtettler, the tombstone cutter, Jim Dauwespeck, the blacksmith, Ben Kramer, the professional loafer, Pit Geischt, the hostler, and the rest of the colorful gang, who used to hold forth in the tavern regularly on a Saturday night, all of them Pennsylvania German types such as one only rarely meets these days, have assembled there for the last time. Today they are all scattered to the winds. Their weekly gatherings in the barroom of the old hotel, their racy speech, their whims and foibles, echoing the lore and traditions of an age now past had found an able chronicler in Lloyd A. Moll, whose sketches have appeared constantly in the ECK since 1935, where they found an increasing number of appreciative readers.—Ed.



Em Hiram Bescht sei Weibsleit ware die Waertschaft schun lang ledich. Der Hi hot ganung g'hat far sich so lang dass er noch zu lewe g'hat hot. Er hot aa sei Fraa un Dochter versaerrigkt, so dass sie ken Mangel leide breichte, wann er mol nimmi do waer. Sie hen ihn oft gegwaelt far uffzugewwe, ausverkaafe un noch der Schtadt zu ziege. Es iss gans gut en yunger Baam zu biege wie mer ihn hawwe will, awwer far en alder iss des en gans anner Sach. Er hot als g'saat, "Ach, waarte bis es Friehyohr" un wann's Friehyohr do war, no hen sie waarte solle bis es Schpotyohr. So iss die G'schicht als uff weiternaus g'schowe warre.

Mol ee Owet hot er de Kerl in der Barschtubb sei Druwwel verzaehlt, "Buwe," saagt er, "was daet ner saage, wann ich ausverkaafe daet?"—"Well, des kaemt yuscht druff aa, wer der nei Waert iss. Ich denk es gebt noch mee so Hammel wie du," saagt der Bill Schaeffer.

"Was meenscht dann, Hi?" saagt der Hen Kraemer. "Du kannscht des net dhu. Wu gengte mir noh hie? Wer hot dir so Dummheete in der Kopp geblose?"

"Die Weibsleit sin die Lumberei ledich. Sie wolle die Aerwet nimmi dhu. Sei-metsch, Schuttelmetsch, die Frolick un es Lebdaag wu aageht schier alle Samschdaag Owet, die Sache schtehne nimmi aa", saagt der Hi.

"O, so!" saagt der Al Schtettler. "In annere Warte, die Leit am Greizweg sin nimmi so gut as wie sie ware zwansich Yohr zerick. Sellemol warscht so arm wie en Kaerriche Maus, wie'd do haer gezogge bischt. Nau hoscht dei Heifel gemacht un die Weibsleit schpiere der Hawwer. So weit dass die Bess, dei Dochter aageht, iss es mir en grosser Zweifel, eb sie ennichhaus en Mann in der Schtadt griege kann. Do war nix gut genung far sie, nau iss sie in 're Elt, wu si net absenaat sei darf, so viel kann eenicher Ochs sehne."

"Dir will ich ee Ding saage, Al," saagt der Hi, un aa im me beese Weg. "Es iss ken Mann, wu ee verschaemt Wart saage kann weeich meinre Fraa odder Dochter. Sie hen hart genung g'schafft—"..

"Ya, ich hab noch net g'sehne, dass du dich g'schtreent hoscht," blabbt der Al nei.

"Ich hab net vun mir g'schwetzt, Al. Un wann ich ausverkaafe will, wees ich aa net, dass ich dich 's erscht froge muss," gnarrt der Hi.

"Nau, nau Buwe," saagt der Dokter, "wolle doch ken Schtreit hawwe die letschte Zeite, dass mir beinanner sin do. Koscht en Kaafmann, Hi?"

"Ya, ich hab. Mir hen awwer noch ken rechter Baerye grickt. Der Kerl war geschter do. Er hot grosse Blaane, wann er ung'faer herkaemt. Will die Wend rausreisse un ee grossi Schtubb mache. Es gebt no ken Bar meh. Die Leit misse an Disch sitze far esse un drinke. Die Kich will er gans rumschaffe—vun der alle feinschte Kocherei nei dhu—lectric Offe, un so weiter."

"Kee Bar meh?" frogt der Hen. "Was iss mer dann des far en Waertschaft?"—"Nee, Hen, do iss noh ken Blatz far dich draazuhenke. Ich bin bang ihr misse eich versammle im Schmidtschopp odder beim Al im Graabschteehackerschopp," saagt der Hi.

"Ya, sell iss allrecht, awwer die hen aa ken Bar drin," saagt der Hen. "Un in meim Schopp erlaaw ich aa ken Sauflodel rumhenke," meent der Al. "Die G'schicht dutt mir am Haerz lele, des saag ich eich Buwe," saagt der Hi. "Letscht Yohr hawwich Geld g'hat, net graad gewisst wu's hie zu dhu, noh blaudere die Weibsleit mich nei far en Haus zu kaafe, dart wu selli scheene Heemete sin eb'd in die Schtadt kummscht. Mei Haerz hot net draa gedenkt far eenichi Zeit do nei zu ziege. Nau sin sie hinnich mir mit Deiwelsgewalt far ziege. Sie sin heit gange far Sache in de Schtore zu sehne, kumme net heem bis marye. Ich hab awwer die G'schicht noch net bewillicht. Awwer wees net wie raus zu kumme."

"Daet's dich uffbreche wann 's abbrenne daet?", frogt der Ed Case.—"Ya, dart loss der Ed dir raushelfe. Ich wett er daet net ziege, wann er net so wott," meent der Dokter.—"Des iss en verdollti grossi Lot. Du witt den Hof net in Adder halde. Nemm mich mit," saagt der Hen.

"Nee, die Bess hot des schunn ausgekunsidderd. Hasler breiche sie nimmi an de Waertsheiser. Un der Pit war schunn so lang bei uns so gebt er der Hofnarr, wie als g'saagt waerd."

Sie sitze dart as wie an 're Leicht. Kens schwetzt far e Weil. Noh saagt der Dokter, "Mer kennt denke des waer en Drauwerschtubb, un mer daet yuscht waarte uff der Parre far die Vermahnung zu dhu. Kumm, Bill, Al, Pit, Willyum, Ed, Rich, Jim, mer drinke mol. Un em Hen gebscht graawd zwee, un graad was er hawwe will. Do muss widder Lewe in die Mensche gemacht warre. Es iss net de waert, dass mer alleweil schunnt brille, der Hi iss noch net fart."

Der Hi hot gezappt, sie hen am Bar g'schtanne un gedrunke. In eens, zwee, drei war die Luschtichkeet widder bei 'ne. Der Hi hot awwer Gedanke g'hat, des hot mer ihm aag'sehne. Do ware die nein Leit, wu er die letschte zwansich Yohr gelacht hot mit, sie g'scholte, dass ne die Leis vun de Kepp g'flogge sin, g'fochte mit em Maul, dass die Ecke weh gedhu hen, die Hand in der Sack far 'ne helfe, wann die Not es g'fottert hot, war sie oft so ledich, as wann er die mit me Schaumleffel g'fresse hett, un doch de neagschte Owet schier net waarte kenne bis sie bei kumme sin. Un die Kumpani muss er verlosse, leenich in der Schtadt rum laafe. Des will ihm net in der Sinn.

"Buwe," saagt er, wie er em Dokter sei Geld zerick schiebt, "eier Geld kann nix meh kaafe do. Was woll 'ner uff mich? Mir hen doch schunn gute Zeite g'hat mit enanner, un den Owet, eb ich ausverkaaf odder net, wolle mir es mache wie var alders. Die Geldschublaad schliess ich, un der Ed iss der Waert bis mir zu mache. Er brauch aa ken Pensel un Schleet."

Noh iss es abgange, die alde Schpichte sin iwwer un iwwer gedrosche warre. Sie hen "Mediddlum die, Mediddlum dei" g'sunge bis 'ne die Hels rau ware. Der Jim un der Rich hen en Gig gedanst die Weil die annere in die Hend geblatscht hen. Un wie die Luschtichkeet am greeschte war, fliegt die Dier uff, em Lauchner sei zwee Gnecht schpringe rei un greische was sie aus de Hels raus greische kenne: "Feier! Feier! Es Waertshaus iss am brenne!"—

Wie der Hi die Gnecht erblickt hot, iss en Zaern in ihn g'faahre. Er macht ee Schprung far eener vun de Gnecht am Hals griege, un noh sehnt er die Helling vun de Flamme schpiele uff em Dokter seim Haus iwwer de Schtross.—Awwer noh hot der Zaern en Weg mache misse far die Angscht. Er iss schteh gebliwwe as wann der Schlack ihn gedroffe hett. Es Maul iss ihm g'falle, die Aage hen aus seim Kopp g'schtocke wie Oier, un er hot gezittert wie en Laab. Die annere, in der Barschtubb, hen aa die Flamme g'sehne un schpringe zu der Dier naus un der Hi hinnenoh. Un wie sie geguckt hen, war's gans Dach schun in Flamm.

Im naegschte Schtettel hen die Leit sich yuscht en Feierwagge kaaft g'hat, so 'n zweeredderichi G'schicht mit 're "Hose" druff gerollt, un do hot der Hi graad draa gedenkt. "Hol' der Schpule! Hol' der Schpule!" greischt der Hi. Awwer wann sie aa den g'hat hette, hett er net viel gebatt, well sie ken Inschein g'hat hette far's Wasser zu bumbe. Die Leit in der ganse Nochberschaft ware glei all dart. Die Eemer sin all uffg'sucht werre, Leedere vun der Scheier reigebrocht far an die Fenschtre am zwette Schtuck nei zu geh. An de Brunne un Cisterne hen sie gebummt, Menner hen g'schtanne, so dass sie es Wasser net weit zu dragge g'hat hen, un wie en Eemer voll war, iss er vun eem zum anner gewwe warre bis der letscht Mann der Eemer uff die Flamm g'schitt hot. Awwer es Feier hot die Iwwerhand g'hat, un sie hen net viel zuwege gebrocht. Wie sie des g'sehne hen, iss es Wasser an der Schtor newe draa gedraage warre.

En Feier im Land, wu die Leit net eigericht sin far es zu fechte, iss ken G'schpass. Un doch gebt's g'schpassiche Geschichte an so Zeite. Die naegschte Nochbere ware nadierlich verschreckt un hen aafange ihre Sache aus de Heiser zu draage. Die Mantene Glase, em Argelschpieler Eugene sei Fraa, hot em Eugene zwee Fedderdecke zum zwett Schtock Fenschter raus g'schmisse. Die hot sie ihn uff der Grund, graad unnich em Fenschter, lege mache. Noh hot sie glee Sach, so wie G'schar, wu sie in der Bettschtubb g'hat hen, zum Fenschter raus do druff g'schmisse, so dass es net verbreche daet, un der Eugene hot's eweck gedraage.

Die Schtross hot voll Hausrot g'schtanne, so wohl wie all die Hef. Der Eugene iss iwwerall rum g'schprunge far der Milt Schmoyer zu suche. Der Milt war der Bellezieger un hot die Schlissel zu der Kaerrich g'hat. Wie er ihn g'funne hot, saagt er: "Dapper geb mir die Schlissel zu der Kaerrich, ich hab mei Schtimmgawwel uff em Argelschtuhl lele losse. Wann die mir verbrennt, wees ich net was zu dhu."—Der Milt hot ihn aag'schnarrt, "Bischt verrickt? Die Kaerrich iss weiter eweck wie dei eege Haus, wu in G'faahr iss. Wann du net en Eemer grickscht un helfscht Wasser draage, dann hack ich dir noch eens druff. Grick die Gawwel marye." Un so hot's noch meh G'schichte gewwe. Weibsleit hen ihre Kinner verlore, Mannsleit ihre Weiwer, die gans Nochberschaft war verkollebiert.

Der Hi war so g'schlagge, dass er niwwer an der Schmittschopp gange iss un hot sich uff en Glotz unnich der Eechebaam g'sotze. Uff eemol kummt ihm ei, dass sei Babbiere un der Bess ihre gute Rings in 're Box in der Bess ihre Bettschtubb sin. Noh schpringt er niwwer far in's Waertshaus geh un des Sache rausgriege. Wie die Leit ihn sehne, halde sie ihn zerick, as er net in die Flamm nei schpringt. Der Hen war am bumbe am Brunne, sehnt des un geht zum Hi un frogt was er hawwe wott. Wie der Hi ihr saagt, der Bess ihre Rings waere in ihre Bettschtubb, schpringt der Hen wie en Haersch der Gang nei un die Schteg nuff, eb eenich ebber es bedenkt hot. Un es ware aa deel dart wu g'saat hen, do gingt net viel verlore. Uff eemol geht en Grisch aus: "Es iss en Mann in der Eckschtubb." Sie hen die Flamm schne kenne hinnich ihm, un wie er schafft far's Fenschter uffzugriege, awwer kann net. Sie sehne wie er en Schtuhl nemmt un schlagt 's Glas naus. Der Schmok iss raus kumme in dicke Wolke, der Mann iss eweck far en Aageblick, noh kummt er widder var's Fenschter, in eenere Hand hebt er en Box un die anner hot er iwwer sei Maul. Er schwebt wie en Baam im me Windschtarm, un schtreckt die Hend var sich darrich 's Glas naus. Die schtahle Box fallt ihm aus der Hand uff 's Portsche Dach un rollt runner in die Schtross. Un er fallt zamme wie en Lumbe—dart henkt er, halwer iwwer der Fenschtersitz raus. Die Flamme, wie en hungricher Hund, schlecke ihn bis sei zottliche Gleeder, wu er immer gedraage hot, gebrennt hen wie en Lichterwiecke.

Es Dach iss eig'falle, un eb lang der zwett Schtock. Es war nix zu mache, as wie 's Feier sich ausdowe losse. Em Hi sei Gemee war versammelt unnich em Eechebaam, un draurich des Ding bedracht. Noch paar Schtunn zerick war alles luschtich un nau nix wie Driebsaal. Kens hot g'schwetzt far en langi Zeit. Noh saagt der Dokter: "Der Hen brauch ken Bar meh. Was sell aageht, aa ken Leicht. Der Sauflodel vun der Nochberschaft hot sei Lewe gewwe far en G'falle. Buwe, die Nadur iss en karyosi Sach. Sie hot den Mann erschaffe mit me Haerz so gross wie en Haus, mit me Wille far allem Mann en G'falle zu dhu, en Mitleides far yeder Mensch, awwer gebt ihm en Darscht gross genung far en gans Township. Des Lewe iss un bleibt en Paetsel."

Em Hi schtehne Draene in de Aage. Sei Schproch iss zitterich wie er saagt: "Ya, der Dokter hot recht. Mit all seim Darscht war der Hen en guter Mann. Kenne ihr eich erinnere, dass ihr ihn sei Lewe ebbes heere hen saage iwwer eenich ebber, odder iwwer ebber retsche? Er war sei eegner Feind. Un noch eens. Wissen ihr noch was ich ihm versproche hab, selle mol wie die Gnecht seller Drick mit em Deinemeit in der Barschtubb g'schpielt hen?

"Gans gut," hen sie geantwart.

"Well, ich halt mei Verschpreches. Sei Mutter iss versaerrigt so lang dass sie lebt. Dart sehn ich dezu. Er hot net sei gans Lewe so gelebt. Wie mir do hergezogge sin, war der Hen un mei Bess grosse Freind. Er hett sie g'heiert, awwer es hot ebbes gewwe gschwischich ihne, awwer was, wees ich net. Un's war verbei—ya, well, so geht's!

Der Hi war beim Dokter iwwer Nacht. Naegschte Marye, wie er iwwer die Schtross gange iss far sei Elend zu bedrachte, sehnt er, dass der Poschte mit em alde Schild noch dart schteht. 'S Schild war yuscht versengt.—Well, der Hil hot net ziege breiche, es war nix meh iwwerich far zu ziege. Sei Weibsleit hen des gross Haus, wu er kaaft g'hat hot, im beschte Weg ausg'schtaffiert. Unnich all dem nei Hausrot iss yuscht ee Ding, as noch an die alde Zeite am Schwarze Baer gemahnt. Am End vun der Esschtubb, so dass der Hi es immer in seim Aag hot, wann er am Disch sitzt, hengt's Schild mit em Schwarze Baer. Er schteht dart wie sei Lewe, uff de hinnere Fiess mit seim Rache weit uff, graad wie er hot sellemol wie der Draemp der Hi vernarre halde hot wolle. Ya, sell ware scheene Zeite!

Die Alte Feierheerd

Die alte Dichter lowe schmaert
'S Holsfeier uf em Feierheerd;
Ihr Schreiwes heemelt unser eem —
Ich les es gern—es kummt mir heem!
'S iss mir wie aus 'm Herz geredt;
Ich fiehl wie wann ich's sehne date.

'S iss heitzedaag net meh der Fall;
Kohleffe sehnt mer iwwerall,
Un bei de Leit das recht hoch schtehn,
Iss net emol en Feier zu sehn!
Du schtaunscht? 's iss so—verloss dich druf—
Die Hitz kummt aus em Keller ruf!

Do iss mer oft recht iwwel draa;
Wo sitzt mer hie?—wo guckt mer naa?
G'wohnt iss mer an die alte Leier,
Un nix scheint recht—mer guckt fors Feier!
Weg mit so Faeschens—sin nix wert—
Geb mir der alte Feierheerd.

For seller Platz traag ich im Herz
Fascht immerfort en Heemweh-Schmerz;
Was ich aa dhu, wo ich aa bin,
Dort gehne mei Gedanke hin.
Es bleibt mer immer lieb un wert,
Der alte, warme Feierheerd.

Der Hinnerklotz war dick un rund,
Un vorne draa die Feierhund;
Uf selli dutt mer 's kleenere Hols,
Nord schteigt die Flamm gar hell un schtolz;
Un wann der Schtarmwind drausse haust,
Wie dann der Zug im Schornschtee braust.

Im Vorrot hot mer Hols bereit
Un ufgepeilt uf eener Seit;
Un driwwe schteht, nach alter Ruhl,
Der gutgeworne Schieneschtuhl.
Die Zang un Schaufel hen ihr Zweck;
Mer schtellt sie dart ins Schornschtee Eck.

Sell Maentelbord—was halt's so viel!—
Die Lichterschteck un Kaffemiehl,
Die Biegeleise, gross un klee,
Seht mer dort all beisamme schteh;
Die Schwewelhelser noch dezu—
Mer kennt net ohne selli dhu!

Nau wammer Owets sitzt un guckt,
Wie's doch dort in de Kohle schpuckt!
Es glieht un schtrahlt—weiss, schwarz un rot
Nau gans lewendig, un nau dot;
Mer guckt un denkt—mer werd gans schtill,
Un kann juscht sehne was mer will!

Wie schee wammer der Owet schpendt
Am Feier bis es nunnerbrennt;
Mer meent die Kohle suche Ruh,
Die Weissesch dschillt un deckt sie zu;
Sie gewe sich so dreemisch hin,
Wie Aage wann sie schlaefrig sin!

Hot mer'n gewisser Freind beiseit,
Mer sehnt viel meh bei solcher Zeit!
Wann zwee mitnanner gucke, scheint
Das Heerdfeier herrlich, guter Freind!
Un bischt du eens vun sellem Paar,
Dann saagscht net gern, wer's anner war!

Do heesst's, es waerre Junge oft,
Wie gans vernaddert, unverhofft!
Sie sehne in der Kohleglut
'S Haus vor sich—'n scheenes Gut—
Un wolle mitenanner fort
Zu hause an dem scheene Ort.

Ich glaab net viel an Hexerei—
Mag sei, 's iss eppes so debei!
Eens weess ich awwer gans gewiss:
Es gebt ken Platz wie seller iss;
Er schpuckt mer immer vor dem Herz
Un weckt 'n Art vun Freedeschmerz.

Denk ich an sell alte Maentelschtick,
Dann kummt mei Kindheet widder z'rick;
Dann lebt der gute Vater noch—
Dann iss die Mammi widder Koch!
Un die Geschwischter—all zerschtreit—
Versammle an der Owetzeit!

Vor mir, 'n Buwele, zart un glee,
Liegt's Lewe widder wunnerschee!
Die Hoffnung laechelt freedig fort
Wie's Bildwerk an de Kohle dort!
Hier hawwich was meim Herz gefellt,
Loss brause drauss die rauhe Welt!

—Aus Harbaurh's HARFE

FASSNACHT

Shrove Tuesday, the day before Ash Wednesday, ushering in the Lenten season, is the German **Fastnacht**, generally known in our dialect as **Fassnacht**, but still pronounced among some of our people as **Fasenacht** (three syllables). Since our Pennsylvania Germans are chiefly of the Protestant faith, practically none of the many traditions that prevail in the Catholic areas of Germany, such as carnevals and various mummeries, are attached to the **Fassnacht** season among our Pennsylvania Germans, beyond that of the baking of doughnuts. The baking of "Fassnacht Kuche" is a custom that was brought from across the sea by our Palatine forefathers and continues in Pennsylvania to this day.

That some of the Palatine traditions attached to Schrovetide were lost in the course of time, if ever they were brought to the New World by our ancestors, goes forth from an article which the writer found in the German magazine "Pfaelzisches Museum," No. 4, 1889, under the title "Reste alten Glaubens, alter Sitten und Sagen in der Pfalz," written by Dr. Gruenenwald. In it we read that "Fasenacht" (also three syllables in the Palatinate), begins about 4 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon and lasts till midnight. In the afternoon the housewife begins to prepare for the baking of the "Fasenachtkichelcher," for this is a widespread custom. These cakes are made of a yeast-risen dough, and rarely made at any other time. They are cut in squares or rectangles, and unlike the circular American doughnut with its central hole. It is interesting to observe in this connection that the conservative Pennsylvania German Hausfrau prefers to this day to cut her "Fassnacht Kuche" in squares and rectangles with slits in them. She too makes her dough with yeast and avoids the modern baking-powder-risen crullers, which at their best are only a hasty modern substitute!

The children take a special delight in watching their mother cut the cakes and then at the end take the last remnant of the dough and make of it a braided cake for the little girl and a snail-shaped one for the little boy.

The cakes are fried in deep fat, preferably of nut or beechnut oil. In order that the cakes may have no taste derived from previous cooking in the oil, it is first cleansed by frying a few slices of raw potatoes in the fat. "Schmalz" is not often used, because in the Catholic areas the use of animal fats in the Lenten days that follow is not liked.

In the Palatinate these cakes are eaten in the evening and those left over are eaten with coffee at breakfast next morning. They are preferably eaten fresh and even warm. That they are good under any condition is indicated by the old proverb:

"Kalt und warm sind sie ja am besten!"

The first cake to be baked from the batch of dough has special potency and importance as a love oracle. If a grown-up daughter would learn to know her future bridegroom, she takes the first cake that is baked, puts it under her apron and goes to the village well to get water. The first young man to address her on the way is the one!—A pregnant woman must guard especially while she is baking the "Fastnacht Kuche" that no hot fat splashes upon her and burns her skin, else the child will bear the same marks at the same place as a birthmark.

But the village children, while dancing their roundelay, sing:

Ringel, ringel, Rose,
Die Kichlich sin geblose;
Wann mei Mutter ken Kichlich backt,
Sch . . . . ich ihr uf die Fasenacht! —Editor

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Archinal have moved from 109 N. 6th St. to 419 Linden St.

Rae Walters, 502 N. 4th St., is celebrating her birthday anniversary today.

Anthony Galucy, Siegersville, will today celebrate his birthday anniversary.

Mrs. Melvin J. Liess and her infant son, Jan Melvin, 30 N. Madison St., will return home today from the Allentown hospital.

Mrs. Ella B. Deibert, 1505 Liberty St.; Mrs. Rosa Deshler and Mrs. Jennie Creveling visited their cousin, Mrs. Lillie Gruver, Cementon.

R. H. Imschweiler, president of the Tremont Hardware Co., of Tremont, was the guest in this city on Thursday of Stanley DeHaven.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Michael, 112 N. Poplar St., celebrated their 19th wedding anniversary on Friday. They are the parents of two daughters, Ruth Catherine and Helen Louise.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gensemer of 234 Lehigh St. are the parents of a son born at 11:17 a. m. Friday at the Allentown hospital.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Santee, Danielsville, at 12:07 a. m. Friday at the Allentown hospital.

Play by Local Writer To Be Presented Sunday In Lehigh Saengerbund

A German folksplay, "Muttersagen," by William G. Overhues of this city, will be presented Sunday at 2 and 8 p. m. by Post 8, German-Austrian War Veterans, in the Lehigh Saengerbund hall, 5th and Oak Sts. "Muttersagen," which means "Mother's Blessing," is a play in three acts.

The cast will be as follows, a rich German-Argentinien by Robert Haffner, Townmayor by Walter Schwind; Surprise townshepherd by Otto H. Kuemmel; Liesel-gooseherdess by Mrs. Margareth Koether; Bertha and Lotti, maids, by Mrs. Hedig Schimineck and Mrs. Ida Stinner; farm foreman, William G. Overhues; farmhand, Walter Gross; Gigolos, Joseph Ettl and Joe Schimineck; Stagesetting and lights, Wally Kuemmel and William Pfetzing; costumes, Mrs. W. Overhues.

Trucks Damaged

Two trucks were badly damaged and the driver of one, Charles Taffner, Jersey City, N. J., arrested on reckless driving charges, as the result of a sidewipe on the highway near Ashfield yesterday.

Taffner and the other driver, John E. Lichtenwalner, 2236 Tilghman St., Allentown, were uninjured. Taffner paid fines and costs at a hearing before Justice of the Peace R. J. Brobst, Ashfield, shortly before noon.

Officers of the Lehighton detail, State Motor police, investigated.

Laid to Rest

MRS. ANNA SOPPER

The funeral of Anna Sopper was held from her late home, 513 Gordon St. High mass of requiem was offered in the Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Interment was in Sacred Heart cemetery. The Rev. William Hammeke was the celebrant of the mass and the Rev. Francis P. Adolf conducted the committal services. Pallbearers were: Ignatz Stengle, Alois Zawale, Steve Bruckner, John Frisch, Anton Ebner and Louis Bulchi.

Donors of floral tributes were: Husband and son, Niedermeyer families, Klein family, John Sopper and family, Gabler family, Carrie and Tony, Blankowitz family, Ernst family, Mrs. Rose Fischl, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kurtz, Hollman family and neighbors.

Spiritual bouquets were offered by: Mrs. Augustine Niedermeyer, Mrs. Josephine Sopper, Sopper children, Mrs. Katie Fischl, Ehritz family, Anna Ehritz, Gabler family, Mrs. Julia Wiesner, Posch family, Mrs. Mary Gotz, Cserny family, Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Haberl, Mrs. Mary Meyer, Mrs. Mary Winkler, Mr. Toth and Mrs. Schaffer, and Katie Dugar.

The slumber robe was presented by the family.

MRS. GEORGE GROVES

The funeral of Harriet (nee Samuels) Groves, wife of George Groves, was held from the William J. Weber Funeral home. High mass of requiem was offered in the Immaculate Conception church. The Rev. James P. McGarvey was the celebrant of the mass and also conducted the committal services.

Donors of floral tributes were: Eddie and Gertie, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Diezel, Mrs. Mary Brobst, Mrs. Edna Kuhns, Mr. and Mrs. Russel Samuels, Mr. and Mrs. William Humphreys and family, Robert Snyder and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bingel, Mrs. Seagreaves and neighbors.

The Union of South Africa Government may provide a subsidy for construction of faster refrigerated ships to reduce the sailing time to New York.

VICKS medicated COUGH DROPS

TO RELIEVE dry throat, huskiness, and coughs due to colds

ONE COUGH DROP...medicated with throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub, PLUS other relief-giving medications . . . soothingly bathes throat for 12 to 15 minutes!

Obituaries

Mrs. Henry W. Miller

Wife of Head of Miller and Sittler Firm Called by Death

Mrs. Mary Billman Miller, wife of Henry W. Miller of the firm of Miller and Sittler, died yesterday shortly before noon at her home, 767 E. Washington St. She was 62 years old.

Mrs. Miller, ailing for about six years, had been seriously ill for the past two years.

Born in West Penn township, Schuylkill county, she was a daughter of Thomas and Lovina, nee Adams, Billman. She resided in this city for nearly 45 years.

Mrs. Miller was a member of Dubbs Memorial Reformed church. She was educated in the schools of West Penn township.

Surviving, besides her husband, are a son, Walter H. Miller of Allentown; a daughter, Jean D. Miller, Allentown; one grandchild, two sisters, Mrs. Al Guldner of Schnecksville, Mrs. D. B. Williamson of Allentown, and two brothers, Wallace and Harrison Billman, both of Tamaqua.

According to present plans, funeral services will be held on Tuesday. The services will be conducted at Dubbs Reformed church. Interment will be in Grandview cemetery.

Mrs. B. Franklin Weller

Topton Woman Passes Away in Hospital in Reading

Helen Mae, wife of B. Franklin Weller, 25 E. Franklin St., Topton, died yesterday in St. Joseph's hospital, Reading, of complications. She was 37 years old.

Born in Dryville, she was the daughter of Mrs. Lizzie Frey Scheidt, nee Fidle, and the late Arradius Frey. She was a member of the Christ Mertz Lutheran church of Dryville and was employed at the Lyon Knitting mills.

Survivors include her husband, one daughter, Vilma, at home; a sister, Mrs. Irvin Bowers of Reading; one brother, Fred J. Frey of Dryville and her mother, Mrs. William B. Scheidt.

The funeral will be held Tuesday at 2 p. m. from the home of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Scheidt at Dryville, with continued services in the Christ Mertz Lutheran church. Rev. William H. Kline of Topton will officiate and interment will be made in the adjoining cemetery.

Mrs. John B. Kramlich

Lengthy Illness Results in Death of Jefferson St. Woman

Mrs. Lillie M., nee Peter, Kramlich, of 216 N. Jefferson St., died at her home yesterday after a lengthy illness. Mrs. Kramlich, who was 58 years old, suffered a stroke seven years ago and was bed fast the past 17 weeks.

Born in Claussville, she was a daughter of the late Richard and Emma, nee Diehl, Peter. She had been a resident of Allentown for the past 34 years.

She was a member of St. John's Lutheran church, Howertown and was affiliated with the Lehigh council, No. 194, Sons and Daughters of Liberty which she formerly served as financial secretary.

Surviving are her husband John B. Kramlich; one daughter, Mrs. Franklin Hersh, Allentown; two sons: Richard F. and Edward C. Kramlich, both of this city; two grandchildren and five sisters: Mrs. Annie Bower, Catasauqua; Mrs. Mabelle Dech, Allentown; Mrs. Elizabeth Cressman, Danielsville; Mrs. Emma Bleiler, city, and Mrs. Frances Schmeyer, city. Her stepmother, Mrs. Charlotte Peter Gessner also survives.

Winfield Miller

Twelfth Ward Man Was Cooper for Many Years

Winfield Miller, 72, formerly of 530½ Harrison St., died early yesterday at the Sacred Heart hospital of complications. He had been admitted for surgical treatment on Jan. 8.

Born in North Whitehall township, he was the son of Henry and Salinda, nee Frantz, Miller. He was a cooper by trade but was last employed as a laborer. He was a member of the Egypt Reformed church. His wife died 42 years ago.

Surviving are three sons, Russell, of Allentown, William of Greenawalds and Allen of West Catasauqua; three daughters, Mrs. Andora Hendricks and Mrs. Henrietta Yoder of Allentown, and Helen Miller of California. Twelve grandchildren and six great-grandchildren also survive.

Mrs. Eliza Anna Sandt

Resident of Bethlehem Township to Be Buried Tuesday

Mrs. Eliza Anna Sandt, wife of Isaac Sandt, Bethlehem township, Easton R. 3, died early Friday morning at her home. She was a native of Monroe county and a member of the Church of the Nazarene, Easton.

Besides her husband she is survived by her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Bonser, and the following children: Mrs. H. B. Luff, Effort; George and Fred Turner, Easton; Mrs. Arling Kessler, Nazareth; William Turner, Bangor; a stepson, Fred Sandt, Bethlehem; 17 grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

The following brothers and sisters: Mrs. Jane Fells, Nazareth; Mrs. William Hawk, Effort; Mrs. Clara Nolf, Mrs. George Brower, Mrs. Lewis Van Horn and Mrs. Elmer Bogard, Easton; Mrs. James Karch, Nazareth; Mrs. Arthur Kresge, Saylorsburg; Mrs. Tyrus Bond, Easton, and Hiram and Aaron Bonser, Monroe county.

The funeral will be held at 2 p. m. Tuesday from the Heck Memorial home, Easton. The Rev. James Bogg will officiate. Burial will be made in Prospect cemetery, East Stroudsburg.

Mrs. Harriet Shirey

Tamaqua Woman Was 77; Funeral Services Monday

Mrs. Henry Shirey, 77, nee Harriet I. Davis, 330 Arlington St., Tamaqua died suddenly yesterday, at her home.

A native of Hunlock Creek, near Wilkes-Barre, she lived in Shenandoah before coming to Tamaqua 30 years ago. Her husband died 33 years ago. She was a member of the Bethany Evangelical congregational church.

She is survived by five children, James Shirey, Mahanoy St.; George Shirey, Pine St.; Hattie and Charles Shirey at home; and Mrs. William Mitchell of Drexell Hill. Three grandchildren also survive.

Strictly private funeral services will be held from her home at 2 p. m. Monday, with Rev. L. L. Hosan, pastor of the Bethany Congregational church, officiating. Interment will be made in the Odd Fellows' cemetery.

Mrs. Laura Leonard Blum

Wife of Former Eastonian Dies at Scranton Hospital

Mrs. Laura Leonard Blum, wife of Raymond Blum, Scranton, formerly of Easton, died Thursday in the Moses Taylor hospital, Scranton.

Besides her husband she is survived by her mother, Mrs. Juniata Leonard, Easton; and two children, Mrs. Charles Sprandel, Scranton, and Robert Blum, New Orleans, La.

The funeral will be held at 2 p. m. today from the late home. Burial will be made in the Shady Lane cemetery, Scranton.

Helen M. VanWhy

Resident of Easton Had Been Ill Six Weeks

Helen Miller VanWhy of 1218 Butler St., Easton, a former resident of East Stroudsburg, died at the Easton hospital Friday morning following a six weeks illness.

She was a daughter of Mathias and Catherine Miller of East Stroudsburg.

Surviving are three daughters, Doris Nina at home, Catherine of Easton and Ellen of Lake Ariel.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 2 p. m. at the Lanterman Funeral home, East Stroudsburg, with the Rev. H. J Felter of Stroudsburg officiating. Interment at McComas cemetery, Middle Smithfield township. Friends may call at the funeral home Monday from 7 to 9 p. m.

Vincent E. Reinsmith

Longtime Resident of Allentown Dies at Hellertown

Vincent E. Reinsmith, a resident of Allentown for the greater part of his life, died at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon at his late home, the residence of B. F. Grube, Hellertown. He was 69 years old.

Born in Macungie, Mr. Reinsmith was a son of the late Augustus and Tevilia Reinsmith. He spent most of his life in Allentown following his trade as a cabinet maker. For many years he was employed by the Bear Furniture company. Since the death of his wife, Elmira L., nee Desch, Reinsmith, one-an-one-half years ago, he has been residing in Hellertown.

Surviving are one son, Paul D. Reinsmith of Rutledge, Pa., and a sister, Mrs. G. F. Snyder.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 1 p. m. at the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1061 Hamilton St. Rev. Simon Sipple, pastor of Zion Reformed church of which he was a member, will officiate. Interment will be in Solomon's Reformed church cemetery, Macungie. Friends may call at the funeral home Monday from 7 to 8:30 p. m.

Casper Debus

Dillingersville Farmer Was 55 Years of Age

Casper Debus, farmer at Dillingersville for 25 years, died Friday afternoon at his home, aged 55 years.

Mr. Debus was born in Germany, a son of the late Henry and Kathryn (Schneider) Debus.

Surviving are his wife, Mary (Wentz) Debus; three daughters, Mrs. James Boehm of Emmaus R. 1, Mrs. Herman Rupp of Breinigsville R. 1, and Mrs. Martin Shoff of Cherryville; five sons, Clarence Debus of Breinigsville R. 1, Stanley of Barto R. 1, William, Harold and Carl, all at home. Thirteen grandchildren also survive.

The funeral will be held from his home, Dillingersville, Wednesday at 1.30 p. m., with continued services in Chestnut Hill cemetery. Interment in the adjoining cemetery. The Rev. D. C. Kaufman will officiate.

Deaths

DEBUS—At Dillingersville, March 3, 1939, Casper, husband of Mary (Wentz) Debus, aged 55 years, 3 months and 12 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from his home, Dillingersville, Wednesday at 1:30 p. m. Continued services will follow in Chestnut Hill church, and burial will be made in the cemetery adjoining the church. Friends may call at the home Tuesday from 7 to 9 p. m.
Ritter & Buzby.

ROBERTS—At Walnutport, March 3, 1939, Robert Roberts, aged 70 years.
Due notice of funeral.
David Heintzelman.

KRAMLICH—In this city, March 3, 1939, Lillie M. (Peter), wife of John B. Kramlich, in her 59th year.

Relatives, friends and members of Lehigh council No. 144, Sons and Daughters of Liberty, are respectfully invited to attend services at the Rabenold funeral home, 116 S. 8th St., Tuesday at 2:30 p.m. Interment Howertown cemetery. Friends are invited to call at the funeral home Monday 7-9 p.m.
O.S.R.

MILLER—In this city, March 3, 1939, Mary M. (Billman), wife of Henry W. Miller.

Brief services will be held Tuesday at 1 p.m. at her late home, 767 E. Washington St. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend continued services in Dubbs Memorial Reformed church, 5th and Allen Sts., at 1:30 p.m. Interment Grandview cemetery. Friends are invited to call at the late home Monday 7-9 p.m. Tamaqua papers please copy.
O.S.R.

MILLER—In this city, March 3, 1939, Winfield Henry Miller, aged 72 years, 11 months, 14 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the services Tuesday at 2 p. m. from the Ernest B. Zimmerman funeral home, 1124 Walnut St. Interment Egypt cemetery. Friends are invited to call Monday 7-9 p. m.
Ernest B. Zimmerman.

Ernest B. Zimmerman
New Funeral Home
1124 Walnut St.
Phone 2-5534

Banquet Celebrates The Formal Opening Of Children Shops

Representatives of Children Shops in other cities joined with those of the local store, which opened its doors for public inspection yesterday in its modern new home at 723 Hamilton St., in celebrating the event last night with a banquet. More than 200 were in attendance.

Honored guests at the affair, held in the new Children Shops here, were Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lobel, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Lobel, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lobel and other members of the Lobel family.

The Lobels are fosters of the Children Shops organization, aiding in the proper conducting of the business through their counsel and experience.

Allentown was represented at the banquet by members of city council, prominent lawyers, Col. Charles C. Curtis and many others. Many beautiful floral pieces were sent to the store yesterday and thousands of persons inspected the new home of Children Shops during the day and evening. More than 3,000 roses were distributed during the inspection hours.

The beauty and convenient arrangement of the departments received much attention and favorable comment from those who came to the store for the opening.

School Thoughts

Wanted: A Man!

In prosperous times when work is plentiful the sign "Men Wanted" frequently appears in the windows of business establishments or in classified "ad" columns of our newspapers. It is seldom seen in time of depression or recession. Yet, strangely enough, we are more in need of the qualities of true manhood in the latter condition of affairs than in the former.

Irrespective of economic conditions, however, the whole world is constantly on a "man-hunt"—not for the biological specimen that is the subject of anthropological research—but the living "REAL MAN" who embodies the characteristics worthy of the finest traditions of the race.

Where will you find him? Don't look so far for him. You have that man at hand. It is YOU! "Would that I could, in conscience, accept that honor," we hear you say. Well, we will admit, there is NOTHING HARDER to achieve if you no NOT WILL it; but, on the other hand, NOTHING is EASIER if you DO.

It may safely be taken for granted that every individual in his youth wishes to be a man in the best sense of that term. But what are the characteristics of a real man—one who will meet the specifications of every profession, every occupation in every circumstance of life?

First—he must be made of the "right stuff," he must be MAN-TIMBER. Self-discipline and education of mind, heart and body are requisites here. When Garfield was asked as a boy what he meant to be when he grew up, he said: "First of all I must make myself a MAN. If I do not succeed in that, I can succeed in nothing."

A well-balanced man is your objective, one who is not cursed with some little defect or weakness which cripples his usefulness. A man is full of life and fire, his passions are trained to heed a strong will, the servant of a tender conscience, he is the man who loves all beauty and hates all vileness. The world wants a man who is educated all over, whose brain is cultured, whose hands are deft, whose heart is tender and true—to God and man.

If you love God, honor your parents, respect the truth, keep your promises, fulfill your appointments, have regard for the right and feelings of others, value your reputation and constantly strive after improvement—then you are MAN-TIMBER of the noblest sort.

Such a person will inevitably forge to the front. A man may make millions and yet be a failure. But the world will admire and God will bless the individual who invests in himself—who will amass the golden thoughts, golden wisdom, golden deeds rather than golden dollars; who prefers to have THOUGHT-capital and CHARACTER-capital rather than CASH-capital.

You have the makings—WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT? Remember always—the window of the HOUSE OF HAPPINESS in this world and the next world always has on display the card which reads: "Wanted: A Man!"

APPLY FOR THE JOB NOW!

Pastoral Shifts

(Continued from Page Five)

Epworth—H. D. Flood.
The Falls—B. S. Stull.
Fletcher—H. St. Clair Carter.
S. D. Cooper Memorial—J. P. Cox.
29th Street—W. K. Shultz.

Other transfers that seem certain include:

North District

Bangor, First—C. D. Benjamin.
Belfast and Wind Gap—M. R. Meredith.
Bethlehem, Fritz Memorial—E. F. Hoffman.
Cheltenham—J. H. Barnes.
Hulmeville—R. H. Comly.
Lehighton—F. T. Miner.
Mountainhome—W. E. Verity.
Newtown—C. R. Hammerly.
Portland and Delaware Water Gap—W. A. Smith.
Tullytown, Emilie and Fallsington—Alexander Maconaghy.

Northwest District

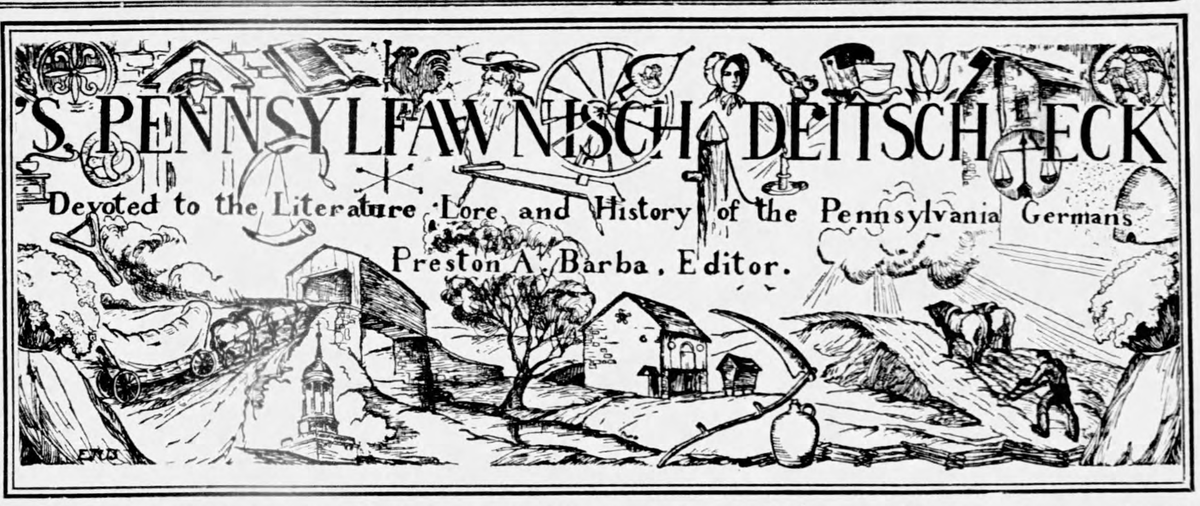
Ambler—G. F. Hess.
Gilberton—E. R. Thomas.
Girardville—J. L. Latshaw.
Minersville—H. B. Slider.
Reading, Covenant—G. H. Everly.
Schuylkill Haven—R. B. McCuen.
Shenandoah—Desmond Heyliger.

South District

Manoa, Bethesda—D. F. Sands.
Boehms—G. L. Schaeffer.
Brookline—C. G. Koppel.
South Chester—E. H. Blackman.
Trinity—L. H. Zerr.
Cochranville—H. N. Reeves Jr.
Columbia, First—D. I. Cloud.
Darby—A. E. Crowell.
Elam—L. B. Brubaker.
Lansdowne—Richard Radcliffe.
Linwood Heights—R. E. Purington.
Morton—H. H. Truax.
Sharon Hill—C. F. Salkeld.
Siloam (Delaware Co.)—K. R. Boohar.
West Chester—Gladstone Holm.

West District

Berwyn—F. R. Hummel.
Charlestown and Valley Forge—John Shappell.
Elverson and Mt. Carmel—R. H. Walker.
Glenmoore, Goodwill and Ebenezer—P. J. S. Morrow.
Halifax—Vacancy.
Honeybrook—J. L. Carr.
Middletown—E. F. Brown.
Narberth—W. V. Middleton.
Tower City—C. S. Holston.
Williamstown—D. A. Hinkle.



ES WAERD EWWE SO SEI SOLLE

EDWARD HERMANY

This poem has never before appeared in print. We believe it to be one of the finest poems in our dialect. The theme is not a new one, but we believe that even in our English literature poets have seldom set forth the transitory nature of man's life on earth and the finality of all earthly things, with such great artistic effect and through such simple means, surely the last test of all great art.—Ed.

In unserm aarme Lewe
Dutt mancher immer wewe,
Un schmeisst der Schiffel hie un haer;
Mit Darscht un Hunger Schtreefe
Waerd's Duch voll breede Schleefe—
Un doch, wann's yuscht sei eege waer?

Uf unsre rauhe Wege,
Gehn viel mit leere Mege,
Die fille noch die vellschte voll;
Die draage all die Kiwwel,
Die grubbe all die Hiwwel—
Die laafe Meil un faahre Zoll!

'N Welt voll kalte Schpeicher!
Do denk mol draa, du Reicher,
Un b'sinn dich, was du gewwe witt
Die Aarme zu erlese.
Denk yuscht mol an die G'schmeesse—
Mit ihrem ewige Abbedit!

Do driwwer muss ich heile,
Wann ich hab Langeweile —
Doch alsemol bin ich aa froh,
Un denk, der Herr im Himmel,
Der schprengt ken darrer Schimmel,
Un fiedert ihn mit Hawwerschtroh!

Wohlan! Glee bissel lache,
Dutt oft gross Heile mache,
So iss es alleweil bei mir.
Drum denk ich, liewe Brieder,
'n paar Begraebnis Lieder,
Die waere schee un schicklich hier!

Der Dod nemmt sei Almose,
Ihr scheene, rote Rose,
Vun eich in Sunn, un Hitz un Froscht!
Im scheene Sommerwetter,
Verbleecht er ihre Bletter,
Un raabt un raabt vun Wescht zu Oscht!

Der Dod nemmt sei Almose,
Vun Gleene un vun Grosse,
Do helft un batt nix in der Welt!
Mer sehnt sei Schatte schwewe
Schwarz iwwer's aermlichscht Lewe,
Un kaaft ihn net mit Gut un Geld.

Die Kinner, die mer pflege
Nooch allerbeschte Wege,
Die reisst er weck am helle Daag;
Er nemmt sie iwwerm shockle,
Die Meilcher noch voll Brockle,
Un kehrt sich net an Schmaerz un Glaag!

Die Maedcher un die Buwe,
Gehn in sei dunkle Gruwe,
Un froge net, "Was hoscht du do?"
Ihr warme Liewesg'schichte
Dutt niemmand meh ausrichte—
'S bleibt nix wie des: "Es war mol so!"

Zum Mann in seine Grefte,
Zur Fraa bei ihre G'schefte,
Saagt er: "Loss leie, 's iss verbei!"
Un zu de alde weisse
Gedankelose Greise:
"Kummt heem," sie dhun's, bei meiner Drei!

So gehn un sin mer gange,
Vun yehaer darrich die lange
Vergessne, dunkle, dausend Yohr;
Wer singt vun dem, waerd finne
Im diefe driwwer Sinne,
Ken Doder brummelt ihm in's Ohr!

Warum sin dann die Schmaerze
In alle Mensche Haerze?
Warum die Sehnsucht doch so gross
Far ebbes anners immer,
Nau bessser un nau schlimmer?—
Ken Doder helft ihm do drin los!

Wer hot dann des befohle,
Des ewig Widderhole,
Des 'Ach' un 'Weh' mit gor ken End?
Ich hab do geschter g'sehne,
Es schenscht vun alle Scheene —
En Kind wie'n Engel yuschtement!

Nau loss es herrlich bliehe
Bis in die scheene, friehe,
Die goldne Yohre far die Maed!
Noh loss sie dann wegschencke
Zu eem yuscht fit far 's Henke,
Ihr Haerz, noh machscht ihr—Dodegleed.

Ee G'sicht so schee un frehlich,
Un dann so mutterseelich
Allee un bleech im Erdeschosz!
Ee Haerz so voll Verlange,
Un dann so leer heemgange
Zur enge Gruft im griene Moos!

Ee Seel yuscht so verhungert —
Verhungert un verhungert —
Iss mir genunk far'n gansi Welt —
Far'n gansi Welt zu richte,
Zu richte un vernichte!
Un doch waerd's daeglich vorgeschtellt!

Des Darschte un des Hungre!
Des Darschte un des Hungre,
Des war un war, des iss un iss!
Des Liewe un des Scheide,
Des leenig sei un leide,
Des war un war, des iss un iss!

Ach Gott! ich dhu als denke,
Was sin doch des far G'schenke,
Zu alle Mensche ausgedeelt!
Des schtecht mich un des brennt mich,
Des reisst mich un des drennt mich
Vun dir eweck, gequaelt, gequaelt!

Un muss es dann so bleiwe,
Des ewig grabwarts dreiwe,
Mit allem was mer liebt un liebt?
En Welt voll Dodeslieder,
En Welt voll Dodeslieder,
Die mache doch mei Haerz bedriebt!

Ach, so viel scheene Sache,
Die Welt so herrlich mache,
Un dann zu alle kummt der Dod!
Ach, so viel yunge Seele
Dhun sich Geselle waehle,
Un dann, zu alle kummt der Dod!

Was soll doch des bedeite? —
Do driwwer muss ich schtreite —
Ich kennt's net helfe, wann ich wott!
Ich hab eemols die G'fiehle,
Un will sie net abkiehle
Im Weltgedimmel—dank sei Gott!

Ich wees net was zu saage,
Ich mag net weiter glaage —
Ich weess yuscht des: Es geht zum Graab!
Ich weess net was zu liewe,
Es waerd mich doch bedriewe —
Ich weess yuscht des: Es geht zum Graab!

Well! wie var alte Zeite,
Am Blohe Baerrick die Leite
Ihr Dode hen ins Graab gedraage —
Mit was far Mieh un Druwwel,
Gewinsel un Geuwwel,
Des will ich marye frieh eich saage.

Gutnacht! un Gottes Friede,
Zu alle, alle Miede,
Die Owetschtunn iss widder do!
Ich leg mich hie, gans sicher,
Der "Gut Mann" halt die Bicher,
Un was er schreibt, bleibt ewig so!

Sam Slicks Unterschied zwischen einer Liebsten und einer Frau

The following prose sketch was found in a German paper: DER DEUTSCHE AUSWANDERER—Centralblatt zur naeheren Kunde deutscher Auswanderung und Ansiedelung in Amerika, etc.—Darmstadt, 22. Sept., 1849. It was taken from a Pennsylvania newspaper. Since our dialect seldom appeared in print as early as 1849, we believed it to be of some interest to our readers, even though it leans heavily upon the High German. The editor of the above-mentioned German paper points out in a footnote, that the Germans in Pennsylvania are so numerous and influential that the acts of Congress must be officially translated and printed in German. He also points out that the following example shows that the German language is in danger of degenerating into a peculiar ROTH-WELSCH! The author of the sketch is one Sam Slick, no doubt a pen-name.—Editor.

Wir haben doch in der That ein plaesirlich Land. Die Leut haben schier nix zu thun, als drin rum zu reiten, und Politik zu schwetze. Und im Winter, wann so en Fusz tiefer Schnee leit, mei, was gibt's da erst vor Spasz!—Wann emol das Schlittefahre losgeht, und die Maed sich schier verzwaggele wolle, bis die Bube komme mit ihne nach der Singing oder Quilting Partie, und dann im Mondschein wieder wie naerrisch hehm zu jagen.—Sollt man net denke, die Natur haet den Winter recht purpose for die Karessirzeit gemacht?

Es kann aber auch nix Gespaszigeres geben, als mit en huebsche kleine Schlitte, einem Klipper von Gaul, einer warmen Buffeldecke, und an der Seite die Liebste, tief vermummt in Mantel und Pelz, im Mondschein herum zu jagen. Da wird gekost, geplaudert, und wann dann die Polly, Dolly, oder wie sie grad heiszt, weil man vor dem Schellengerappel net gut einander verstehen kann, ihr huebsches Stumpfnaesche dem Billy oder Johny immer dicht vor die Auge bringt, bis er dervon ganz duselig wird, Weg und Steg drueber vergiszt und—plumps an einem Stumpen stolpert, umschmeiszt, und sammt der Liebsten, Decken, Backsteinen, und andern et ceteras der Laenge lang im Schnee liegt—und wann sie nau aus der Schneeducking ufkrabbelt, und sich schuettelt, wie die Ernte, die just aus dem Wasser kummt, und sich ueber das g'spaszige Purzelbaummanoever halb todt lachen will, o mei, was is des Fun; da ist die Lieb so grosz, so grosz! Und wann no wieder alles huebsch gefixt ist, und 's geht weiter, und das Schneebad Gluth in alle Glieder bringt, und die Lieb lichterloh zu brennen anfaengt, da werden die Herzen bald einig, und bis sie mitnander hehm kumme, ist alles richtig. Aber laszt die Hochzeit mal vorbei sein und das Eheleben recht los gehen—Puh, wie werden ihm die Augen ufgethan, wann er ausfindet, aus was der Essig gemacht ist. "Thu Zucker bei Zeit ins Wasser," sagt sie—"wann du ihn recht scharf haben willst!"

Verlaszt euch druf, wann er nau den Schlitten umschmeiszt, so is es nix funniges mehr; links und rechts wird's ihm nu eingeschenkt, ans Lachen denkt sie gar net mehr, und wann ihr plaudrig Zuengele im Bewegung kummt, depend druf, es lautet net mehr so lieblich wie ein Silwergloeckchen, und wann 's zum Aussteigen kummt, so geht's net mehr Arm in Arm—das eine lauft links, des annere rechts, so dass man denken sollt, jedes thaet zu einer annern Heerde gehoeren. Wann das net eine —TRANSMOGRIFICAESCHEN ist, so wees ich net was sonst. Was en Unnerschied zwischen der Liebsten und der Ehefrau—just so grosz, als zwischen suessen und saurem Seider. Von eine kann er schier net genug kriegen, und beim andern macht er ein Gesicht, wie ein Reibeisen; Puh, des blosze Denken dran macht mich schon kribbelkrabbisch gegen den Ehestand. Ich habe etliche solcher blaunasen gekannt, die hinterher abscheulich frostgebissen wurden.

Es ist 'ne gefaehrliche Sach' mit dem Ehejoch; wann's net recht gut gefixt ist, so drueckt's und macht wehe Haelse und Herzen. Wie manchem Joch Ochsen hab ich schon zugeguckt, die mehr Zeit und Ruh verschwendeten durch ihr Gegeneinanderschaffen als durchs gemeinschaftliche Ziehen am Wagen, und des ist justement der Fall bei Denen, die sich lieber eine Frau auf Schlittenreits, Tanzplaetzen und andern Frolicks aussuchen als am Waschzuber oder in der—Kueche

Edward Hermany's Poem

It has been our privilege to print several of the many still unpublished poems of Edward Hermany, one of the foremost poets of our dialect. Few have seen life so deeply and knew to set it forth with such artistic irony. None had a wider range of vocabulary and idioms, some of which are lost to the readers of today.—We have felt it necessary to recast the spelling of the original manuscript, which is based largely upon the English orthography. We know that some of our readers are interested in the poet's own spelling. For them we reproduce several stanzas of the poem "Es Waerd Ewwe So Sei Solle" in the original spelling.

'S w'rd evva so sye sulla

In oonserm orma Layva,
Dood moncher immer wayva
Oon shmised do Shifel hea oon hahr;
Mit Dorscht oon Hoonger shdrayfa,
W'rd's dooch ful brayda shlayfa—
Oon duch, won's yoosht sie aiga wahr!

Oof oonsra rowa waiga,
Gayn feal mit lahra Maiga,
Die filla nuch dea jellshda ful;
Dea drawga oll dea Kivvel,
Dea Groobba oll dea Hivvel —
Dea lawfa mile oon fawra Tzul!

'N Welt ful kolda Shpycher!
Doh denk mull draw, doo Rycher,
Oon b'sinn dich wos doo gevva wit
Dea Orma tsoo 'rlaysa.
Denk yoost mull on dea G'shmaysa —
Mit iehrem ayv'ga Obbadit!

Doh drivver moosz ich hyla,
Won ich hob Longawyla —
Duch olsamole bin ich aw froh,
Oon denk d'r H'rr im Himmel,
D'r shprengt k'n darra Shimmel
Oon feedert iehn mit Hovershdroh!

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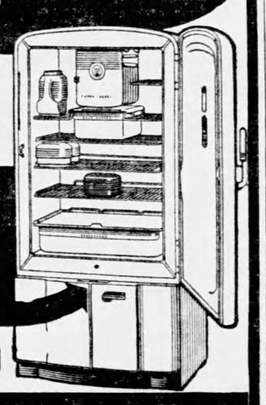

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Personals

Dr. Robert R. Fritsch, Muhlenberg, will present a series of five Bible studies over the weekend at a Bible conference in the Hermon Presbyterian church, Frankford Ave., Philadelphia.

David Roessler of 234 S. 14th St., is improving nicely at the Allentown hospital where he was operated on by Dr. Jacob J. Levy last Wednesday.

Grace C. M. Lennox, 27 E. Church St., Bethlehem, will today observe her birthday anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson F. Shankweiler, proprietors of the Shankweiler hotels at Levans and Fogelsville, left yesterday for a month's stay in Florida. They will spend most of their time near Key West, Fla.

Mrs. G. Harold Kinard of 21 N. 13th St. underwent a major operation yesterday at the Allentown hospital. Mrs. Kinard, wife of Dr. Kinard, pastor of Christ Lutheran church, is getting along nicely at the hospital.

Mrs. Wilhelmine Keiper, 531 Gordon St., was admitted to the Sacred Heart hospital Thursday night for medical treatment.

Mrs. Harvey B. Haas of 27 S. St. Cloud St. is today celebrating her birthday anniversary.

Mrs. Ella J. Hendrix, 230 N. 5th St., is slowly improving at the Sacred Heart hospital, where she has been a patient since Thursday, March 2, when she suffered a fracture of the right hip in a fall in the yard at her home.

Frank Goodyear, 107 S. 4th St., is a patient at the Sacred Heart hospital, having been admitted to the institution yesterday morning for medical treatment.

Daniel W. Hamm, principal of the Allentown High school, was back at his desk yesterday following a tonsilectomy performed ten days ago in the Allentown hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Weibel, who were on a motor tour to Texas, Louisiana and other Southern states, returning home on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Fetterman and son Henry have returned home after a two months' trip to California.

Mr. and Mrs. James Pastorius of Catasauqua are the parents of a daughter born at 3:15 p. m. Friday at the Allentown hospital.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Heckman, 427 Limestone St., at 11:45 a. m. Friday at the Allentown hospital.

Mrs. Annie Beitel Longacre, 1311 Hamilton St., has gone to Grand Rapids, Mich., where she will visit her sister, Mrs. J. Ruskin Jones. She spent the past month in Cincinnati as the guest of her son, Dr. J. E. Longacre, resident surgeon in the Cincinnati General hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence E. H. Smith, 24 S. Glenwood Ave., have returned from a 2,000-mile motor trip to the Southern states.

Mrs. Grant Muschlitz and twin sons, who were born in Misericordia hospital, Philadelphia, three weeks ago, are now with Mr. Muschlitz's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey H. Muschlitz, 2022 Highland Ave. The fine little boys have been given the names Grant Harvey and Gregory James.

Quin A. Henninger, local real estate man, and Mrs. Henninger returned home early in the week after a season spent on a motor trip to Florida.

Elmer Faust Jr. of Coopersburg R. 2 has been ranked first in civil engineering on the dean's list at the University of Cincinnati. He is the yougest son of Elmer J. Faust of Faust & Landes, jewelers.



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John Williams

Native of Wales Was 77 Years of Age at Time of Death

John Williams, 77, 40 High St., Bangor, died at the Allentown hospital early yesterday after an illness of about four weeks.

A native of Wales, he came to this country when he was about five years old and with his parents, settled in Chapman Quarries. He was a slater by trade and later moved to Bangor where he worked at the old Columbia quarries.

He was a charter member of the Liberty Fire Co. No. 1 of Bangor and was for many years a member of town council.

Surviving are three daughters, Hallie, Ruth and Maida, of Bangor, and two sisters, Mrs David Evans of Elizabeth, N. J., and Mrs. Fred Moore of Bally. One granddaughter also survives.

Alvester Marsh

Cancer Claims Life of 83-year-old County Home Guest

Miss Alvester Marsh, a guest at the Lehigh County home since 1894, died of cancer at the Allentown hospital yesterday. She was 83 years of age and was the last member of her family. She had been confined to the hospital for the past two weeks.

Mrs. Tillie Cressman

Richlandtown Woman Was 74 Years Old at Death

Mrs. Tillie (Klutz) Cressman died yesterday at the home of her son, Howard Riegel, 5 Main St., Richlandtown, at the age of 74 years.

Survivors include her son, Howard Riegel, with whom she resided and five grandchildren.

Services will be held Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. from the late home with continued services at 2 p. m. at Springfield church, of which she was a member. Burial adjoining cemetery. Viewing Monday 7-9 p. m.

Obituaries

Wayne Badman

Bethlehem Man in Hospital Since Last October—Was 50

Wayne Badman, 50, 232 E. Union St., Bethlehem, died of cancer Friday morning in St. Luke's hospital where he was admitted Oct. 13, 1938.

His wife, Elda M. Fackenthall Badman, died two months ago. Mr. Badman was a member of the council of Grace Lutheran church, Keystone Lodge, 78, I.O.O.F. and Stan Encampment.

Born in Frederick, Montgomery county, a son of Amos and Mary Swinehart Badman he was employed at the plant of the Bethlehem Steel Co. until his illness.

Survivors are a son, Millard and a daughter, Lorna, Bethlehem; three brothers, Eton, Quakertown; Raymond, Lukens and Elmer, Souderton and a sister, Mrs. Lyneaus Clemens, Ledrach.

The Rev. Dr. J. Howard Worth will officiate at funeral services at 2 p. m. Tuesday at the Steyers home, 70 E. Broad St., Bethlehem. Burial will be made in Memorial park.

Mrs. W. H. Taylor

Former Allentown Woman Passes Away in Phoenix, Ariz.

Mrs. William H. Taylor, formerly of Allentown, president and owner of the St. Clair Coal Co. of St. Clair, Pa., head of the local W. H. Taylor and Co., Inc., who died on Tuesday night in Phoenix, Ariz., will be buried on Monday in Fairview cemetery, following a Christian Science funeral service in New York City on Sunday.

Mrs. Taylor, a resident of New York City, died after a month's illness following a fall. She was 77 years old.

Upon the death of her husband in 1928, Mrs. Taylor became an anthracite operator, taking over the business. She was inactive head of the local Taylor firm.

Mrs. Taylor had been active in the Christian Science church since 1895. Surviving are a daughter, Mrs. Robert B. Morton, of Victoria, B. C.; a son, John D. Taylor, of Miami, Fla., and a brother, Harry C. Barker of Cleveland.

Elmer D. Bachman

Bethlehem Man, 66, Victim of Pneumonia

Elmer D. Bachman, 66, husband of the late Mary Brader Bachman, 27 W. Fairview St., Bethlehem, died of pneumonia at 6:17 p. m. Friday in St. Luke's hospital.

He was born in Lower Saucon township, Dec. 7, 1872 a son of the late William and Amanda Landes Bachman. For many years he was employed in the brass foundry of the Bethlehem Steel Co.

Mr. Bachman was a member of Wesley Methodist church, Fairview Hose Co., I.O.R.M., F.P.A. and Grover Cleveland Democratic Assn.

His wife died six years ago. Survivors are two sons, Harold and Chester, of Bethlehem; a brother, William, Reading and six grandchildren.

Funeral services will be conducted at 2 p. m. Wednesday at the Steyers home, 70 E. Broad St., Bethlehem. Burial will be made in Fairview cemetery. The Rev. George W. Tovey will officiate. Friends may call Tuesday night.

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

Ernest B. Zimmerman
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Mrs. Gilda Ferritti

Summit Hill Resident Was Native of Italy

Mrs. Gilda Ferritti, 34, of W. Hazard St., Summit Hill, died in the Palmerton hospital at 2:30 p. m. yesterday after being a patient there for the past two weeks.

Born in Italy, she had lived in Summit Hill for the last 18 years. She is a member of St. Joseph's Catholic church in that community.

Surviving are two children, Laura and Michael, at home; one sister, Mrs. Antoinette Hardive, Dunmore, Pa., and one brother, Guido, and two sisters, Carmelo and Philomena in Italy. She was preceded in death one year ago Thursday by her husband.

Deaths

BOYER—At Eagle Point March 10, 1939, Lydia M., widow of William Boyer, aged 79 years, 4 months and 20 days. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited without further notice to attend funeral services in St. Paul's E. C. church, Egypt, Tuesday at 2 p. m. Interment in Egypt cemetery. Friends may call at the home, Eagle Point, Monday from 7 to 9 p. m. Bethlehem paper please copy.

MICHAEL—In Nazareth Pa., March 9, 1939, C. William Michael. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services on Sunday at 2 p. m. from the Rohn Funeral Parlor, S. Main St., Nazareth. Burial in Moravian Cemtery, Rev. Paul S. Meinert officiating. Friends may pay their respects at his late home, 20 E. Center St., Nazareth, Saturday evening. Rohn

BACHMAN—In Fountain Hill, March 10, 1939, Elmer D. Bachman, 66, of 27 Fairview St., Bethlehem, husband of the late Mary Brader Bachman.

Funeral services at 2 p. m. Wednesday in the Steyers home, 70 E. Broad St., Bethlehem, the Rev. George W. Tovey officiating. Burial in Fairview cemetery. Friends may call Tuesday night. M. M. Steyers.

BREINIG—In this city, March 10, 1939, James H. Breinig, aged 84 years, 6 months, 28 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited without further notice to attend the services from the Wonderly funeral home, 1119 Hamilton St., Tuesday at 2 p. m. Interment Fairview cemetery. Friends are invited to call Monday 7-9 p. m. W.

CRESSMAN—At Richlandtown, March 10, 1939, Mrs. Tillie Cressman, aged 74 years, 10 months, 17 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited without further notice to attend funeral services from the home of her son, Howard Riegel, 5 Main St., Richlandtown, Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. and the continued services in Springfield church at 2 p. m. Interment adjoining cemetery. Friends are invited to call Monday 7-9 p. m. T. A. Benner.

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Mei Schrecklichschte Trip

Vum H. Horace Romig

Im Maerz, 1900, hot die Yaerlich Conference mich noch Jarrettsville, Maryland, g'shickt, die Gemeene dart als Breddiger zu bediene. Zu sellrer Zeit war ich in New Columbia, Union County, Pa. Awwer nau hen mer ziege misse, un sell war en Schtreck vun 150 Meil. Des war en Job! Fimf mol so hart wie heitigdaags mit Trucks, un en Dutzend mol schlower. 'S Hausrot hen mer g'schipped bei Freight un noh mit Bauerewegge acht Meil g'faahre.

Die Familie iss gange mit der Train, awwer ich hab mei Gaul un Carriage nunner noch Maryland dreiwe misse, un sell war die schrecklichscht Trip, das ich in meim Lewe gemacht hab. Der aerscht Daag bin ich g'faahre vun New Columbia bis zum Mr. Bohner, siwwe Meil siddeschtlich vun Sunbury. So weit iss alles recht schee gange. Ich war beim Mr. Bohner iwwer Nacht un bin der naegschte Marye zeitlich ausg'schtart fer Ashland. Zur naemlicher Zeit hot's aa g'schtart zu schnee-e, un hot fartgemacht der ganse Daag. Bis ich noch Ashland kumme bin war der Schnee schun zimmlich dief. Dart hawwich g'schtoppt beim Parre J. K. Fehr, zu Middaag gesse, un mei Gaul g'fiedert. Un 's hot g'schneet un g'schneet! Awwer doch hawwich gedecide weiter zu geh. Der Weg war gans frem zu mir. Die Leit in Ashland hen mer g'saad wie zu geh, awwer sie hen ihr Kepp g'schittelt un mich gediscouraged far's zu unnernemme. Awwer ich bin abg'schtart un glei an en hocher Baerrick kumme, drei Meil nuf. Mahanoy Plain war in sellrer Gegend. Ich bin mit Hoffning vorwaerts der Baerrick nuf. Mei Gaul was leicht im Gewicht un die Carriage schwer. Langsam sin mer gange darrich der Schnee wu als schtaerryer runner kumme iss. Mer hot net recht sehne kenne, wu der Weg war. 'S war alles zug'schneet. Bei 'Mistake bin ich en letzter Weg nuf, ung'faehr en Meil, awwer zum gross Glick hawwich dart Leit sehne Hols uf en Wagge laade. Die hen mir g'saat ich waer letz gange, ich misst zerick faahre un der anner Weg nemme iwwer der Baerrick. Mer sin dann der Baerrick nunner bis an der recht Weg un dann seller nuf, nuf, nuf! Der Schnee iss nau schtaerryer kumme un 's Dreiwe iss harter warre, weil der Schnee diefer iss warre un der Baerrick als harter. Der Gaul iss mied warre un far ihn zu schone bin ich newwe haer geloffe. Gar ken Heiser ware am Weg, un der Daag karz, besonders so weil 's so schtaerrick g'schneet hot. "Net lang, un dann waerd's dunkel," hawwich gedenkt, "eb mer nuf kumme odder net. Un en Nacht uf sellem Baerrick zu schpende in sellem Schnee, waer gewiss zu schrecklich." Ken annere Leits in seller Weg getraveled, niemand as wie mei Gaul Fritz un ich. Was en Lebdaag! Nuf, als wieder nuf sin mer gange, awwer der Fritz hot allegebott schtoppe misse far ruhe. Langsam hot der Fritz die Carriage als weiter nufgezogge un langsam bin ich darrich der dief Schnee gebaade.

Un dann iss 's dunkel warre un mir ware noch lang net drowwe. 'S iss mer bang warre. Awwer des hot's yuscht schlimmer gemacht. "Nuf misse mer," hawwich gedenkt. Un dann heer ich 'n Lokomotive Peif blose vun der annere Seit vum Baerrick. Des hot mir neier Mut gewwe un endlich ware mer der Baerrick drowwe, un sin nunner g'schtart. Des iss besser gange wie Baerrick nuf, un der dief Schnee hot die Carriage zerick g'howe, so dass der Fritz net so hart zerick hewe hot misse. Glei hawwich en glee Schtaedtel mit Lichter g'sehne im Daal, un des war Heckscherville wu Yohre zuvor die Molly Maguires ihre Meetings g'halte hen. Awwer Mollies odder ken Mollies, mer sin der Baerrick nunner mit der Absicht far die Nacht in Heckscherville zu schpende am me Waertshaus.

An drei Waertsheiser hawwich g'schtoppt far nacht Quarters. An yedem hen sie g'saat, "No, we can't keep you." An eem Blatz hen sie g'saat sie hette B'such vun Nei York, awwer sie hen geguckt as wie wann sie sei Lebdaag niemand g'sehne hette vun Nei York. An eem Waertshaus hot's g'schtunke hesselbaarisch, ebbes wie'n Mixture vun Gnowwelloch un Limbaryer Kees. Wann ich dart gebliwwe waer selli Nacht, waer ich gewiss grank gewest maryets, un verleicht aa dod.

Sie hen mer awwer g'saat in Heckscherville ich sott vier Meil weiter geh noch Minersville, dart kennt ich 'n Blatz griege. Sie hen mer g'saat wie zu geh, un in der Dunkelheit un darrich der Schnee, gans fremm, hen mer uns fart g'schleppt noch Minersville. Endlich sehn ich 'n Haus, wu 'n Sign war im helle Licht: "Doctor Kistler." Wie froh war ich! Des war en bekannter Pennsylfaanisch Deitscher Naame. In Heckscherville ware sie Irish. Ich war glei am Doctor Kistler seinre Deer. Er iss aa graad kumme, un ich hab ihm verzaehlt in was fer ere Pickle, dass ich waer. Ich hab ken Pille gebreicht, awwer Advice far iwwer Nacht bleiwe. "Geh noch en Schtick weiter un schtopp am Ludig seim Hotel, der halt dich iwwer Nacht," saagt der Doctor.

Mit Geduld un Hoffning sin mer weiter g'schleppt un endlich beim Ludwig aakumme. Der hot g'saat, "Ya, schure, du kannscht do beliwe iwwer Nacht." Sie hen mei mieder Fritz in en Schtall un g'fiedert un mer 'n Supper gemacht. O wie gut hot's g'schmackt! Vum Schnee baade ware mei Schuh, Schtrimp, Fiess, Hosse un Beh nass bis owwich die Knie. Sie hen mich glei nuf in en Schlofschtubb genumme. Do hawwich mei nasse Gleeder aus un mei schteife un nasse Bee drucke geriwwe, un bin ins Bett un g'schlofe wie 'n Glotz.

Un die gans Nacht hot's weiter g'schneet. Maryets hot der Ludwig g'saat, "Der Schnee iss so dief un der Weg iwwerall zu, dass du gaar net fartkannscht mit der Fuhr. Verleicht dhune die Bier Wegge vun Pottsville der Weg ufmache bis Middaag."

Sellemols war mei Bruder, der Parre Oscar G. Romig, Breddiger an Friedensburg fimf odder sechs Meil vun Minersville. Noch Middaag war der Weg uf. Dann hawwich mei Hotel Bill bezaahle wolle, awwer der Ludwig hot g'saat, "Ich charge die Breddiger nix. Du musscht der Mann bezaahle wu die Fuhr g'halte hot; sell is 'n separati Business, awwer ich nemm nix."

Wie schee war so'n accommodation! Ich hab mich haerzlich bedankt, hab der Schtallmann bezaahlt, un bin fart darrich der ufgerisse Schnee noch Friedensburg zu meim Bruder. Ich war bei ihm iwwer Sunndaag, un hab zweemol far ihn gebreddicht.

Die Wege ware zu wiescht far mei Trip noch Maryland zu mache mit der Fuhr. Dann hawwich mei Fuhr bei meim Bruder gelosst un bin heem noch Maryland mit der Train. Schpaeter hot mei Bruder mei Fuhr noch Shoemakersville gebrocht. Dart hawwich ihn bei Train gemiet, un mei Fuhr widder genumme un bin gans glicklich noch meinrer neie Heemet g'faahre in Maryland.

Verdreht, Verkehrt

Die Welt, wie's scheint, iss gans verkehrt
So wie mer sicht un wie mer heert;
Wer Komplimente mache will,
Brauch net noch lang en grieni Brill.

Sie iss un bleibt verkehrt, verdreht,
Un 's Wunner iss, as sie noch schteht
Am alte Platz un biegt sich net,
As wann sie Kramp im Maage hett.

Gerechtigkeit war als am Platz,
Wie hinnerm Offe Hund un Katz;
Nau macht mer sich 's Gewisse leicht,
Un flickt 's noh bei der naekschte Beicht.

Var alters war's "uff Wart un Ehr" —
Ken Deiwel schneit's mit seinre Scheer,
Heit muss es sei uff weisz un schwarz,
Un noh kummt oft der ehnt zu karz.

Reisst Not un Elend aeryets ei,
Wer sucht der erscht mit Hilf zu sei?
Die wu die Meis im Hawwer hen,
Verschluppe sich im Owwerdenn.

Hot eener Kraut un Kimmel feel,
Er sucht mit Kopp un Hinnerdeel
Die Welt zu schreppe wu er kann,
Un zaehlt sich noh en schmarter Mann.

Deel lewe wie die Leis am Hund,
Un suckle sich gans dick un rund;
Sie schaffe nix, sie sin zu g'scheit —
Die Welt die nennt sie Tschentelleit.

Wu Lieb un Eitracht wuhne sott,
Geht's haer as wie bei Schlang un Grott;
So owwe druff guckt's oft recht schee,
Un hinne rum gnarscht's uff de Zaeh.

Die Welt iss voll vun Neid un Schpeit
Bei aarme un bei reiche Leit;
Waer 'n falscher Blick en Wettterleech
Daet's immer dunnre, Schtreech uff Schtreech.

'S muss in der Luft sei, Gott erbarm!
Wie summers Regge, winters Schtarm
Yuscht's Buch saagt annerscht, 's waer im Blut,
'S waer'n Gift vum Deiwel seinre Brut.

Was saagt der alte Hesiod
Schunn dausend Yohr vor Christi Tod?
"Die Baure gloppe sich die Naes,
Vergunne nanner Brot un Kaes.

"Ee Schreiner zoppt em annre 's Ohr,
Die Weibsleit hen sich an der Hoor;
Die Becker schmeisse sich mit Dreck,
Die Bettler fechte far 's bescht Eck.

"Eens singt em annre in der Bass,
Der Kiefer schpaut ins Kiefer's Fass;
Der Heffemacher schprengt sei Raad
Un winscht die annre in de Laad."

So saagt der alte Hesiod
Ee dausend Yohr vor Christi Tod;
Un guckt's viel besser heitzudaag,
Guckt eens der Welt ins ehrlich Aag?

Mer meent mit Gott un Krischtendum
Waer alles ausg'schpielt um un rum;
'S iss Hoffning noch, der Druwwel iss,
'S kummt all vun sellem Schlangebiss.

Die Welt iss lang ken Himmel noch,
Sie iss aa noch net 's Helleloch;
'S iss schlimm genunk do wu mer sin —
'S iss ewwe graad so zwische drin.

—Rev. Astor C. Wuchter

'N PAAR RAETSEL

Wie kann mer en Paar Schuh zweemol so lang halde mache?

Yuscht ee Schuh uff eemol waere.

Wann dutt en Maedel dreimol niesse?

Wann sie's net helfe kann.

Was iss der Unnerschidd g'schwische me Eischter un me Hinkel?

Eens iss es bescht Fraad aus der Schaal un's anner net.

Ferwass hot der Adam in der Abbel eigebisse?

Well er ken Messer g'hat hot.

DER GNOCHEYOCKEL

'N gewisser Mann hot allfert g'schaft,
Sei Lewe mit der Fuhr gemacht.

Der Wagge war ihm ken Zeit leer,
Er hot als g'faahre leicht un schwer.

Er faahrt emol zu'n schweri Lood,
Noh geht sei alder Schimmel dod.

'S war Saamezeit so im Auguscht,
Der Schimmel war ihm viel Verluscht.

Der Gaul war dod, die Aage zu;
Was soll er mit em Schimmel dhu?

Er schlippt en aa mit Schtrick vun Waerrick,
Un schleeft en naus bis an der Baerrick.

Dart lossts er 'n leie in der Ruh,
Un deckt ihn mit paar Hecke zu.

Wann er vergeht, dann iss Gewiwwel,
Schtinkt wieschter wie en fauli Zwiwwel.

Die Luderveggel kumme schunn,
Un mache en guter Iems devun;

Hen die Naes drin rumgeriert,
Un die Schnewwel wiescht verschmiert.

En gleener Hund will aa en Schtick,
Sie yaage ihn mol graad zerick.

Glei kumme awwer als noch meh,
Noh misse die Veggel weiters geh.

Der Schimmel war noch kaum vergesse,
War des Luder schunn all uffg'fresse;

Hot als ordlich wiescht geroche,
Nix meh dart wie blosse Gnoche.

Die Gnoche leie all dart rum,
Sin abgebleecht vun der Sunn.

Noh kummt der Gnocheyockel bei;
Zu ihm kennt gar nix besser sei.

Er weess schunn was er dhu kann mit,
'S war all zum Yockel sei Brofit.

Er sehnt der Haufe Gnoche dart,
Un nemmt sie all mitnanner fart.

Die nemmt er an die Gnochemiehl;
Noh war emol en Rumgewiehl.

Der Miller dutt die Gnoche mahle,
Un dutt der Yockel gut bezahle.

Des war zu ihm en grosser Luh;
Mit em Schimmel hot er gut gedhu.

Yeder Schimmel gebt en Lood;
Nau winschter er 's gingte noch meh dod.

Die Gnoche ware sei Gewinn,
Nochdem guckt er wu Schimmel sin.

—Dr. G. George Knecht



Manchem Mann sei greeschter Fehler iss Fehler in annere Leit zu finne.

* * * *

"Guckt mei Dochter nau net schee am Glavier?"—"Viel schenner as sie sound!"

* * * *

Mer legt wul viel Wert uf en scheeni Schtimm un es is vielleicht ah en scheeni Sach, awer en manches Meedel hot en Schtimm wie'n Canaryfoggel un schwetzt wie'n Papagoi.

* * * *

Do hawwich gelese, as en Fraa sich vun ihrem Mann scheede losse will, weil er sie aagelogge hot wege seinere financial condition. Sie secht er hett kee heller Cent im Sack g'hat wie er g'heiert hett.—Die muss awwer darrich sei Gleeder gange sei, noch eb sie recht gedraut ware.

* * * *

Aus zwee Iwwel wahlt der glee Bu gemeenerhand sell, as die greescht Zucht macht.

* * * *

Der Billy Hewwel secht em Abe Schwing sei Schtore waer kee "go to Macungie" wert. Do hett er en Dengelschtock hawwe welle, un er hett kenner g'hat, dann hett er far'n Iemekaerb g'frogt un er hett kenner g'hat, dann hett er far so'n schtroh Backkaerb g'frogt un hett kenner griee kenne, un dann hett er Credit far 5 Cent wert Duwak hawwe welle, un er hett sell aa net gried, un nau daet er gern wisse, was far'n Schtore sell iss ennihau!

* * * *

Die Ursach, as so Leit, wu ihre eegene Bisness meinden, so gut aakumme ,iss, weil sie so wennich Competition hen.

* * * *

Beim Loney Berger hen sie die letscht Woch en Bewy gried as 37 Pund gewoge hot, ich war debei wie's gewoge warre iss, un kann's prufe. Der Loney hot kee Wog im Haus g'hat far's zu wiege, un weil graad der Butcher Glick verbei g'faahre iss, bin ich naus un hab sei Wog gelehnt. Ich hab ihm aa g'saat, sell waer bissel viel far'n Bewy, eb sei Wog dann aa true waer, un dennoh hot er g'saat, es waer net sei regular Wog, sie daet em Nulltown Fishing Club geheere; dart daeten sie als die Fisch mit wiege as sie fange daeten.—Nau wees ich aa ferwas sie immer so schwere Fisch fangen.

* * * *

Wu mer gut ab iss, dart kann mer eem sei Vatterland leicht finne.

* * * *

Mer secht "Knowledge is Power," awwer all die seem gebt's arrick viel Leit as es all wissen, wu doch hinnedraa sin.

* * * *

"Was mich so verzaernt iwwer dich iss, as du sei Lewes net's rechte Ding an de rechte Zeit saage kannscht."—"Ich wees es, awwer es war en Zeit, wu do gemeent hoscht as ich's rechte Ding am rechte Blatz g'saat hett."—"Wann war dann des, daet ich gern wisse!"—"Wie ich dich g'frogt hab mich zu heiere un ich winseh heit noch ich hett's sellemols aa vergesse."

* * * *

Kee Dokter iss sei Lewes so gern far sei Rot bezahlt warre, as wie wann er seim Patient g'saat hot, er hett sei Haern zu arrick aag'strengt.

* * * *

En Mann as en Load Druwwel uff en Load Whiskey verhandelt, macht en gar schlechter Barye!

* * * *

Die eenzigscht Zeit wu en gleener Bu rielly schlecht un uncomfortable fiehlt, iss wann er sauwer gewesche iss.

Personals

In celebration of their 34th wedding anniversary, Mr. and Mrs. Harold C. Grady, 2415 Allen St., will leave this morning to spend the weekend in Philadelphia and Atlantic City.

Douglas A. Kahn, 2428 Fairview St., has become associated with Schultz's Super Service in the local branch, located at 13th and Turner Sts.

Mrs. Pauline Christman, Trexlertown, has returned home from the Allentown hospital.

Anna F. Buehler, 127 S. 4th St., teacher at the Allentown High school, will observe her birthday anniversary on Sunday.

Mrs. Marguerite Kehm Sandt, 528 Turner St., will celebrate her birthday anniversary on Sunday.

June Frantz, 702 Filmore St., is a patient in the Sacred Heart hospital, receiving medical treatment.

Bernice Anna Roberts, 38 S. Carlisle St. is celebrating her 19th birthday anniversary today.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Koch, 33 N. 15th St., are guests at "The Pine Needles," Southern Pines, N. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Watt, 2207 Gordon St., flew by clipper ship from Miami to Nassau, British Bahamas, where they will vacation for several days.

Donald V. Hock, district governor of the National Exchange club and a member of the local Exchange organization, will be the principal speaker Tuesday at a banquet in Wilmington, Del., sponsored by the Wilmington club. Mrs. Hock will accompany him.

Mrs. John O. Kirlin and daughter, Jean C. Kirlin, 227 N. 19th St., and Mrs. Charles Moser and Mrs. Hannah Bogert, 1826 Turner St., will leave today for several weeks' vacation in Florida.

Margaret Grossman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Grossman, 212 N. 4th St., is spending the weekend in New York City.

Mrs. Susan Fatzinger celebrated her 78th birthday anniversary last night at a St. Patrick's party at her home, 411½ Gordon St. The party was arranged by her children and a group of friends.

Members of the Old Reliable club met Thursday night at the home of Mrs. A. Miller, 123 N. 17th St. They made 5,000 dressings for the Allentown hospital.

A St. Patrick's party was given Thursday night by Mr. and Mrs. George Belesfield at their home at 1910 S. Front St.

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Formerly in Charge Zollinger-Harned Optical Dept.
Dr. S. C. Lubarr
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Bring SPRING Into Your HOME!
Color is the way to do it! Color sets the style in smart interiors and exteriors—so paint up and bring the spirit of spring into your home.
By employing an Experienced Painter and Specifying . . .
ALLENTOWN PAINT PRODUCTS
Your home will be Smarter and More Valuable, for Allentown Paint Products assure you of a lasting finish that will not crack, peel, or fade unreasonably. We'll be glad to show you Color Cards and help you estimate. No obligation, of course.
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A loan from this bank is not an "accommodation" but a desirable business transaction. We are making loans every day, and we welcome every application that can be considered on a sound banking basis. If the loan you seek conforms with the established requirements of sound banking, you can be sure of prompt and favorable consideration of your application.
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MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM
Deposits in this bank are insured in the manner and to the extent provided under the terms of the Banking Act of 1933, as amended

Ernest B. Zimmerman
Complete Funerals $75 to $10,000
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SAVE - WITH A WEEKLY PERMIT CARD
The Convenient, Economical Way For the City-Rider To Use the Trolleys and Buses

Don't forget! On Sunday, Monday and Tuesday of each week, the new 30-CENT WEEKLY PERMIT CARD is on sale for that week. This 30-cent-per-week permit card entitles you to ride the trolleys and buses just as often as you wish (including transfer) for only a nickel a ride. Simple to use . . . just show the card to the operator and pay him five cents each ride. Buy your permit card from the operator.
The new WEEKLY 2-ZONE COMMUTATION BOOK also goes on sale Sunday, and until Thursday evening of each week may be purchased from your car and bus operator. This book offers you twelve, full two-zone rides (or rides between any two points where the cash fare is regularly 15 cents) including transfer, for only $1.25 per week. Here is a convenient and inexpensive form of transportation for the two-zone daily rider.
This Company also offers, at its ticket offices, special bargain-price Commutation Books at attractive rates for the various points on the Company's system.
Buy Your Rides in Quantity and Save
LEHIGH VALLEY TRANSIT SYSTEM
"Thrifty Transportation for Thousands"

Obituaries

Jacob F. Beers

Prominent Resident of Bath Dies in St. Luke's Hospital

Jacob F. Beers, one of the most prominent citizens of the town of Bath, who played an important part in the early development of the community, died Thursday night at 11:40 o'clock in St. Luke's hospital, Bethlehem, of pneumonia. He was 82 years old.

Mr. Beers was admitted to the hospital on Monday.

A member of the Bath Realty Co. for a number of years, Mr. Beers was instrumental in the construction of several dozen homes in Bath. He served as a member of the town council for several terms, was a director of the First National bank of Bath for many years, and was a charter member of the Bath Lions club.

Mr. Beers was also a member of the Evangelical and Reformed church of Bath. A member of the Beers Bros. hardware firm, he had been actively engaged in his business interests until he was stricken.

Born in Bath, he was a son of Charles and Elizabeth Schlabach Beers. Surviving are his widow, Ida Yohe Beers; two sons, Dr. Lloyd Y. Beers of Washington, D. C., and Jesse F. Beers of Baltimore, Md.; two daughters, Mrs. E. A. Edwards and Mrs. Floyd E. Miller, Bath; five grandchildren, a sister, Mary S. Beers of Bath, and two brothers, John E. and Charles S. Beers, both of Bath.

George Richter

First Man to Operate Linotype in Catasauqua

George Richter, believed to have been the first man to have operated a linotype machine in Catasauqua, died at 11:20 a. m. Friday while en route to the Allentown hospital from his living quarters at Walnutport, R. 1.

The 63-year-old man, retired the past 15 years, was found in a coma shortly after 7 o'clock in the morning at his dwelling place, alongside the Lehigh canal, Lock House No. 26, owned by the Lehigh Navigation Co.

Richter was found by Charles Acker, a resident in the vicinity, who summoned Dr. Harry Kern of Slatington. He was later removed to the local institution in the Slatington American Legion ambulance, but was pronounced dead upon arrival.

According to Dr. Kern death was probably caused either by a stroke or kidney ailment.

Before his retirement Richter had been employed as a newspaper linotypist for the Leader, now defunct, and the Catasauqua Dispatch.

His wife, the former Laura King, died eight years ago. Only distant relatives survive.

Mrs. William C. Simmers

Native of Staffordshire, England, Dies of Stroke

Mrs. Polly Simmers, 67, wife of William C. Simmers, died of a stroke at her home, 430 Oswego St., Allentown, at 10 a. m. Friday.

Born in Staffordshire, England, Oct. 25, 1871, she was the daughter of the late George and Esther, nee Weston, Williams, and was a member of St. Peter's Lutheran church, 15th Ward, this city.

Survivors include her husband; two sons, Albert and Williams, this city; four brothers, Joshua, David and Oliver of Phillipsburg, N. J., and George of Coplay; and two sisters, Eva, wife of James Mortimer, Catasauqua, and Jennie, wife of Robert Weisinger of Pottsville. One daughter, Mrs. Ario J. Peters; one brother, Walter Williams, and a sister, Esther Trunelli, preceded her in death.

Her pastor, Rev. Warren C. Heinly, will officiate at funeral services to be held Monday at 1:30 p. m. from the Oliver Burkholder Funeral home, 1717 Hanover Ave. Interment will be made in Memorial Park, Bethlehem.

Edwin T. Osmun

Funeral to Be Held on Monday With Burial in Catasauqua

Private funeral services for Edwin T. Osmun, 63, will be conducted from his late home, 530 N. 7th St., Allentown, on Monday at 2 p. m.

One of two sisters with whom he lived discovered his body fastened to a rope tied to a bedpost in his room. His death was attributed to worry over failing health and financial conditions.

He was the son of the late Thomas E. and Rebecca, nee Bartholomew, Osmun, and had been employed as a color mixer at the National Dyeing and Printing Co.

One brother, John of this city, and the following sisters survive: Mrs. Ellen Engler, Catasauqua; Mrs. Jennie Kintz, Philadelphia, and Della, Bertha and Mabel, this city. He was never married.

Interment will be made in the Fairview cemetery, Catasauqua.

Mrs. Ellen M. Bond

Albany Resident Had Marked 50th Wedding Anniversary Last August

Mrs. Ellen M. (Levan) Bond, wife of Alfred S. Bond, died Thursday night at her home in Albany, Berks county. She was in her 70th year.

Mrs. Bond was a member of the Lutheran congregation of the New Bethel church, the Ladies Aid society of the church and the Sunday school. Mr. and Mrs. Bond observed their golden wedding anniversary last August.

Born in Greenwich township, Berks county, she was a daughter of John and Amelia (Kistler) Levan.

Surviving are her husband and the following children: Earl of Kempton, Mrs. Mamie Kemmerling of Allentown, John of Stinesville, Florence, wife of William Berk of Kempton, Paul of Kempton R. 1, Floyd of Kempton R. 2, Esther, wife of Lee Snyder of Wescosville, George of Breinigsville, Mrs. Homer Kunkle of Stoney Run and Elsie, wife of Elmer Bailey. Thirty-one grandchildren, 10 great grandchildren, and a brother, John Levan of Lenhartsville, also survive.

Funeral services will be held at her late home in Albany Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. with continued services in the New Bethel church. Interment in the adjoining cemetery.

John Hutton

Laborer at Whitehall Cement Plant Dies in 48th Year

Admitted to the Sacred Heart hospital at 11 o'clock Friday morning for medical treatment, John Hutton of 751 Cedar St., Allentown, died at 2:35 o'clock Friday afternoon. He was 48 years old.

Mr. Hutton, employed as a laborer at the Whitehall Cement Co. for a period of 19 years, worked until last Thursday, when he was stricken. Death was caused by pneumonia.

Born at Turkey Run in the coal regions, he was a son of Frederick and Hannah, nee Westwood, Hutton. He was a member of the Methodist faith.

Surviving are two brothers, Ellis Hutton of this city, Thomas Hutton of Linden, N. J., and two sisters, Mrs. Roy Geary, at home, and Mrs. Laura Goldner of Frackville.

Elaine G. Williams

Emmaus Youngster Is Victim of Appendicitis

Elaine G. Williams, 10-year-old daughter of Robert and Evelyn, nee Kuhns, Williams of 103 Macungie Ave., Emmaus, died in the Allentown hospital at 8:20 p. m. Thursday after being operated upon for acute appendicitis. The child had been ill for several days and was operated on Thursday morning.

Born in Emmaus on Feb. 18, 1929, the little girl lived in the Moravian borough all of her life and was a pupil in the fifth grade of the Central school. She had a wide circle of friends through the borough and in Allentown where she was a pupil at the Gudie Studio of Dancing. She was also a talented accordionist. The child was a member of the Junior Christian Endeavor society of the Emmaus Evangelical Congregational church.

Her only survivors are her parents and her maternal grandmother, Mrs. Carrie M. Kuhns of Emmaus.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 2 p. m. at the home of her parents, 103 Macungie Ave., Emmaus. Rev. Karl Harper and Rev. Harold Bixler will officiate. Interment will be in the Moravian cemetery, Emmaus. Friends may call Monday from 7 to 9 p. m.

Irving West

Bushkill Center Farmer Was 70 Years Old

Irving West, for the past 28 years a farmer near Bushkill Center, Northampton county, died at his late home at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, the result of a heart affliction. He was in his 71st year.

Born in New York State, he lived in New Jersey for a number of years before he came to the Pennsylvania community.

He is survived by three sons, Oscar of New Egypt R. 2, N. Y.; Albert, Bath; Irving, Bath R. 1; three daughters, Mrs. William Hamilton, Trenton; Mrs. Henry Laubach, Bath, and Mrs. Merton Bunn, Easton. One brother, Oscar West of Syracuse, N. Y., also survives.

Funeral services will be held Wednesday at 2 p. m. at the Bartholomew funeral home, S. Walnut St., Bath. Interment will be in the Greenmount cemetery, Bath. Rev. R. L. Kerstetter will officiate. Friends may call Tuesday from 7 to 9 p. m.

(Continued on Page Thirteen)

Laid to Rest

RAYMOND R. REISS JR.

The funeral of Raymond R. Reiss Jr., son of Mrs. Eva Bennecoff Reiss, late of 725 Union street, was held from his home Friday afternoon, with continued services in Zion Reformed church, Hamilton and Church streets with the Reverend Simon Sipple officiating, a mixed quartette sang several selections. Interment was made in the family plot in Greenwood cemetery. The ballbearers all close friends were: Steward Holland, Jack Crossley, James Crossley, Thomas Nadig, Willard Miller, Robert Hippert.

The floral offerings were from the following: The family, employees of independent Association, Rosie and Bob, Real Estate and Claims Dept. of P. P. and L. Co., B.O.H. Circle of Allentown, neighbors, grandparents Romig, Mrs. Sadie L. Reiss and family, Schleicher family, Mr. and Mrs. John Didra Jr., Crossley family, Young Men's Brotherhood class Zion Reformed Sunday school, uncle Bill and Edmund Reiss and family, Mrs. Young, Robert and Constance, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Crossley, P. P. and L. Co. Telephone operators, uncle Randolph Reiss, Ethel Erich, Meguel Gonzaley, grandmother Bush, Steward Holland, Jack Crossley, James Crossley, Thomas Nadig, William R. Miller, Robert Hippert, Jeane and Tommie, the Ferguson family, Doris and Frances Vandergrift, John, Shorty, Nick, Stew, Monk, Abie, Bub, Luther, Hippert, Kershner, Tom Hock, Pop Maneri, Rand, Charlie, Mickey, Whitey, J. Hirst, P. Adams, Rantzel, Ukus, Butch, Stella, Bud Hirst.

Sympathy bouquets were from the following: Fred Balliet, Mrs. Hattie Cressman, Milton and Miriam, Jennie, Althea, and Lloyd Grammes, Mrs. Lucy Holland and children, friends of Gen'l Accounting Dept. P. P. and L. Co.

The slumber robe was presented by the family.

Deaths

WEST—Near Bushkill Center, March 17, 1939. Irving West, aged 70 years, 10 months and 28 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited, without further notice, to attend funeral services at the Bartholomew funeral home, S. Walnut St., Bath, Wednesday, at 2 p. m. Interment in the Greenmount cemetery, Bath. Friends may call Tuesday from 7 to 9 p. m.
Bartholomew.

BEERS—At St. Luke's hospital, Bethlehem at 11:40 p. m. Thursday, of pneumonia, Jacob F. Beers, Bath, aged 83 years, 3 months and 4 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral services at his late home on Washington St., Bath, at 2 p. m. Tuesday.

Friends may call at the Bartholomew Funeral Home S. Walnut St., Bath, for viewing from 7 to 9 p. m., Monday.
Bartholomew.

Any Cold May Prove Serious

Take FATHER JOHN'S MEDICINE
PROOF of its Merit—84 Years of Success
Not only helps break up colds, but aids in building strong, sturdy bodies. Rich in vitamins; no harmful drugs.



ALLENTOWN NEWS 128 YEARS AGO

(now it may be told!)

Translated from the German newspaper **Der Unabhaengige Republikaner**

A Slanderer

I, the undersigned, declare Peter Derr of Whitehall Township, Northampton County, to be an infamous liar until he offers to make good the injuries my honor has suffered through his slanders.

So much from me!
Jacob Nerber

Macungie, June 28, 1811

For Sale

The excellent property, where the undersigned now resides, the Tavern at the sign of the American Arms, in Millerstown, Macungie Township, Northampton County.

The house is two stories high, 36 feet frontage and 30 feet deep, with an attached kitchen and a pump with excellent water before the door, and a stone shed 60 feet long and 30 feet wide, and a stone barn 30 feet square.—In the house is a fine store-room, in which a store was formerly located. The elections and the Battalions are held in the building, and it is indisputably one of the best locations for a store or a tavern in the township. There are 14 acres of land attached, partly meadow, partly woodland, and partly tilled land. The conditions can be obtained and the property seen upon inquiry.

from
Millerstown, June 28, 1811 John Wack

A Strange Mare

has been on my premises since May 20, 1811. It has two white rear feet and a ball on its face. The owner is requested to prove his ownership, pay the costs of maintenance, and to fetch it in Lynn Township, Northampton County at the home of

June 14, 1811 Peter Miller

Eelection Results

The following men have been elected to the position of officers in the infantry and company of riflemen:

For Light Infantry
Captain: JOHN F. RUHE, Jr.
Sergeant: I. G. ETTWEIN
Lieutenant: JACOB BLUMER

For the Riflemen
Captain: ABRAHAM RINKER
Sergeant: JACOB BISCHOFF
Lieutenant: JOHN LEHY

MARKET PRICES

Wheat per bushel .....14 shillings 6 pence
Rye per bushel ..... 5 shillings 3 pence
Indian Corn per bushel ....4 shillings 6 pence
Flax Seed per bushel .....7 shillings 6 pence
Oats Seed per busel .....2 Shillings 4 pence

Seven Cents a pound for quite white, clean linen, or 6 cents per pound for mixed linen and cotton, and 2 cents per pound for half linen rags, will be paid in cash at Hutter's Printing Shop in Easton.

* * * *

In the course of 6 weeks no less than 18 children have died in Philadelphia of the natural pox (small-pox). YOU FATHERS, remember that cow pox (vaccine) are a certain antidote, and then answer your conscience why you did not have your children vaccinated.

ATTENTION

All those who desire to support a company of light infantry will please gather at the house of Joseph Leven in Whitehall on the last Saturday in July, in order to discuss the necessary procedure of the same.

Whitehall, July 5, 1811.

Nr. 1840!

Was the lucky number which drew the $600 in the Northampton Church Lottery. Two men in Salzburg Township, Samuel Tuhn and a certain Gernert, were the holders of the same. We are happy to be able to add that they are not wealthy men, who could easily do without, but men, who, if they wish, can make good use of the money.

Wool Carding Machine

along the Little Lehigh near the city of Northampton (now Allentown). The undersigned announces to the honored public in general and to his former patrons in particular, that his wool-carding machine is once more operating, and that wool for spinning purposes is most excellently carded upon this machine, because it has been refurnished with the best cards and so equipped that it is unsurpassed in the state. Housewives who wish to spin their wool with pleasure will do well to send their wool to us, especially if the wool is required for broadcloth or other fine work. You may depend upon it that the work will be done as well and as cheaply as at any other place, only the wool must be well picked (gezopft), and also otherwise as excellently prepared as for hand-carding. Also we point out that the little knots which prevent one from stretching the thread in spinning, and which are always made an object of complaint against most carding machines, do not occur in our work.

If more convenient, the wool can be delivered directly to the residence of the undersigned, next door to the Reformed Church in the City of Northampton (now Allentown).

John Miller

N. B.—John Miller also has for sale at a bargain price an excellent new wool-carding machine. Merchants may inquire of him directly.

Northampton, May 31, 1811

Important To All Mankind

Many years ago Doctor Stoy in Lebanon, Dauphin County, Pennsylvania, was fortunate in discovering an unfailing cure against the bites of mad dogs, whereby hundreds of human bengs have already been rescued from a terrble death and a number of heads of cattle, bitten by mad dogs, have been saved for their owners, as many living witnesses can testify. The difficulty of obtaining this remedy in the moment of emergency, has induced the owner to request the rights of patent from the President of the United States, which he has also obtained, and is now appointing agents in the various counties to sell the patent rights to single families.

For the County of Northampton the undersigned has been appointed to this end, and he invites all fathers who wish to secure themselves and their cattle against this most terrible of all diseases (rabies or hydrophobia), to purchase the prescription and the right to use it from him. The price is slight and the unfailing nature of this remedy can be shown by many sworn witnesses, of whom some have given written testimony, which can be seen at the house of the undersigned.

Christian J. Huetter

Easton, June 28, 1811

DIE SCHULHAUS BELL

Wie ich en yunger Schulbuh war,
Schun zimmlich lang zurick,
War's meine Eltre noch net glar,
Was es gebt aus ihrem Schtrick.
Ich wor wie annre Buwe aa,
In Kinnerschtreech net hinne draa.

Sie ware bang ich daet verleicht,
Net lerne was ich kennt;
Daet Sache dhu, die ich net breicht,
Un schteh am unnre End.
Verleicht war's ihne oft verleed,
Hen net gewisst wie's mir noch geht.

Wann ich nau denk ans alt Schulhaus,
Sehn's Picter in meim Kopp,
Un die gross Deer far nei un raus,
Un aa der gut alt Dropp,
Wu Meeschter war, voll guten Mut,
Uns oft gewippt far unser Gut;

Dann kumme mir viel Sache vor,
Die nimmi nau so sin.
Die Kaerrich un Schule ware ror,
Ken Glock im Schtiepel drin.
Eenig alt Haus hot uns gebasst,
Es Baue hot net viel gekoscht.

Acht Ecke hot mei Schulhaus g'hat,
Un rund wie en Fruchtschtock;
Es war net fensi, schee, noch glatt,
Un uff em Dach ken Glock;
Doch hen mir ebbes drin gelarnt,
Der Meeschter aa oftmols verzarnt.

Die Desks, die ware an der Wand,
Rings in der Schulschtubb rum;
Ken Rickboard waar an kennre Bank,
Sel war erschrecklich dumm.
Uff yeder Seit am Offe dart,
War'n Schwortebank gans kreislich hart.

Mannshoch vum erschte Floor, do war
Der zwett Floor owwe druff;
En Schlupploch far ans Offerohr,
Do iss mer darrich nuff.
Der Meeschter hot aa dann un wann
En Schieler nuff, en halb Schtunn lang.

Un mit der Kaerrich war's graad so,
Gans kommon sehnt's drin aus;
Im Gotteshaus waar nix far schow,
Nau guckt der Hochmut raus.
Mer soll aa mit hochmietig sei,
Es iss gewiss ken Sind debei.

Vum runde Schulhaus bin ich fart,
En greessers war mei Ziel;
Es war en Schtiepel hoch druff dart,
Im Haus aa Schieler viel.
In sellem Schtiepel war en Bell,
Die ringt un glingt schee, laut un hell.

Achtmol im Daag geht selli Glock,
Es erscht Mol maryets frieh;
Far aus em Bett sich dresse schnock,
Un noh zu sitze hie,
Un larne bis es singt im Kopp,
Noh saagt mer als: "Ich glaab ich schtopp."

Es heert em awwer niemand aa,
En yeders denkt an sich;
Mei Tschum saagt mir als: "Halt dich draa;
Du duscht es all far dich;
Ball geht die Bell, noh heest's 'pack uff'
Un geh mit Mut den Boardwalk nuff."

Nau ringt die Bell far noch der Schul,
Dart geht's noh erscht recht draa;
En "Chapel Dienscht" war die erscht Rule,
Wo mit der Daag fangt aa.
Do hen mir g'sunge un gebet,
Un bissel g'flirt aa mit de Maed.

Middaags ringt selli bell zweemol
Far Esse un far Schul;
Un owets ringt sie yuscht so wohl
En yedes aus seim Schtuhl.
Mer gehne in den Chapel nei;
Beim Gottesdienscht muss yedes sei.

Noh ringt die Bell uns widder heem,
Es Larne nemmt ken End;
Die Lessons ware graad es seem,
Hab oft sie net gekennt.
Doch bin ich fart, so mit dem Schtraam
Bin nohgehickelt mied un lahm.

Am siwwe owets, wann sie ringt,
Meent's: "Nau geh in dei Sctubb,
Schtudier bis zehe, wann's noh glingt,
Dann graad ins Bett nei schlupp,
Un schlof bis die Bell dich uffweckt."
So hen sie em die Seete g'schtreckt.

Un so geht's hie vun Daag zu Daag,
Die Bell ringt immerfart;
Des Larne koscht Geld un Mieh un Plaag,
Es geht erbaermlich hart.
Un wann mer net larnt, ringt sie doch.
Schtudiere iss en miehsam Yoch.

Ken eemol heer ich nau en Glock,
Dass mei Herz net hie geht
An selli Schul un ich dart hock,
Un saag mit greeschter Freed:
Ja, selli Schul, die waar mei Glick;
Mit frohem Geischt denk ich zurick.

Wie Badderriesel aus ihrm Nescht,
So sin mir widder fart;
En yedes hot gedhu es bescht,
Un wennig sin meh dart;
Mer bleibt net immer an eem Blatz,
Mer sucht sich aryetswu en Schatz.

Wann nau en Glock glingt, kummt viel vor,
Dass mer net so draa denkt;
Die Bell halt's uff vun Yohr zu Yohr,
'S iss gut, dass sie dart henkt.
An alle Kaerrich un alle Schul
Muss ball en Bell sei, 's iss die Rule.

'S iss ebbes in der Bell ihrm Ton,
Dass uns das Herz bewegt;
Sie fiehrt uns all noch Gottes Tron,
Uns himmelshoch uffregt.
Sie glingt so siess, so hoffnungsvoll,
Drum losst sie ringe far uns all.

Sie ringt im Leben un im Tod,
Am Anfang un am End;
Sie weckt uns uff zu aller Not,
'S iss nix, dass sie net kennt.
Sie schallt ya iwwer Berg un Tal,
Uff Land, uff Meer, Schtedt,' iwwer all.

DR. FRANK R. BRUNNER

Unser Breddiger

Er kann fascht niemand sute,
Un yedes en Fehler findt;
Deel saage er iss gans zu scharf,
Un annere gans zu lind.

Deel saage as er brillt zu laut,
Deel er sett lauter sei;
Deel schlofe darch die Breddigt,
Annere gehen gaar net nei.

Deel meene er iss gans zu dinn,
Un annere gans zu fett;
Deel meene er fresst zu viel,
Un schloft meh as er sett.

Deel meene er iss gans un gaar
Zu viel drauss uf der Sctross;
Un annere, er besucht sie net,
Un wunnere was iss los.

Deel meene er waer gans zu lang
In eenere Gemeh;
Er hett sich ausgebreddigt,
Un er sett weiter geh.

Deel meene er grickt zu viel Geld,
Wu er doch gaar nix schafft;
Laaft yuscht gedresst im Land erum,
Un oft bei Daag un Nacht.

Doch wann eens krank iss, muss er bei
So g'schwindt er laafe kann;
Un wann's an Schtaerwe kummt, iss er
Verlangt bei yeder Mann.

Er weess net was sie saage,
Un daet er — unser Parre —
Er geht noch seinre Bisness
Un losst die Hundlin gnarre.

—Louisa A. Weitzel

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Personals

Dorothy Seagreaves, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Seagreaves, 388 Allen St., will celebrate her fifth birthday anniversary today.

Billy Nighan, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Nighan, Lansdale, is one year old today. He is a grandson of Mr. and Mrs. William Nighan, 204 Ridge Ave., Allentown.

Fred G. Smith of Eckerts Crossing will celebrate his 48th birthday tomorrow.

George Kline has returned to his home at 44 S. Franklin St. after spending several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Morris Melkin, Ocean Parkway Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dr. George B. Bleiler, 1146 Hamilton St., has returned home from a three-weeks Caribbean cruise visiting ports in the West Indies and South America.

Betty E. Strain, 31 N. 9th St., will celebrate her birthday anniversary today.

A daughter was born at 5:08 a. m. yesterday at the Sacred Heart hospital to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Schmidt, 313 Fullerton Ave.

Dale Charles Warmkessel, son of Mr. and Mrs. Earl S. Warmkessel of 615 N. Poplar St., will celebrate his 13th birthday anniversary on Sunday.

Ida M. Pearson has returned home from New York where she attended the International Beauty Shop Owners convention and exhibition, held at the Hotel Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Raymond E. Troxell, 1220 Tilghman St., will celebrate her birthday anniversary today.

Obituaries

Charles Bower Called by Death

Pioneer Teacher of Industrial Courses Was 70 Years of Age at Death

Death claimed the life of Charles G. Bower, veteran school teacher and prominent churchman, yesterday at his home, 963 Washington St., Allentown. He had been ailing for several months and was bedfast the past three weeks. He was 70 years of age.

Known to thousands of students of the industrial courses at the Allentown High school, he made many lasting friendships during his lengthy service. Until his retirement at the beginning of the present term, he was an instructor in the cabinet making department.

Active in church affairs, he was at one time a deacon of St. Andrew's Reformed church and also served as assistant superintendent of the Sunday school for many years. At the time of his death he was affiliated with Salem Reformed church.

Mr. Bower attended the Pleasant Hill school in West Catasauqua, now defunct and at the present time being used as residences; and later furthered his education through correspondence courses in mathematics and engineering. He also took extension work from the University of Pennsylvania, attending classes at the administration building.

One of his first positions was with the C. A. Dorney Furniture Co., with which he was affiliated for a period of 24 years. From there he went to the Traylor Engineering Co. where he worked as a pattern-maker, and then to the Allentown High school where he had charge of the cabinet making department.

He was instrumental in instituting the construction of all the furniture for the Junior High and Senior High schools, a practice which is continued today, and provides excellent practice.

Mr. Bower was born in Catasauqua, the son of Franklin and Mary, nee Case, Bower, and spent his childhood days there. He was a brother of the late Alderman William F. Bower, and his father, Franklin, was a former sheriff in Lehigh county.

He was a member of the local Owls lodge, the Teachers Beneficial Assn., and the Schoolmen's club.

Besides his widow, there survive two sons, Franklin and Elwen, both of this city, and a daughter, Mary, wife of Albertus L. Meyers, conductor of the Allentown band. Three brothers, Harry, Elwen P., and Robert H., all of Allentown.

His pastor, Rev. William F. Kosman, will officiate at funeral services to be held at the J. S. Burkholder Funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St., on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. Burial will be made in Greenwood cemetery.

RIDE THE TROLLEYS
AND BUSES
THE INEXPENSIVE WAY
BUY A WEEKLY PERMIT CARD
Lehigh Valley Transit System

FOUNTAIN PENS REPAIRED

Allentown, Pa., March 25, 1939—Special service on pens of all makes, exchanging points, caps, barrels and sacs. All models of Sheaffer, Parker and Waterman pens in stock with special points for any hand. "The Write Shop," Vogt's Jewelry Store, opposite Hess Bros.

James A. Weaver

Retired Farmer of New Tripoli Called by Death

James A. Weaver, a retired farmer for the past eight years and a resident of New Tripoli nearly all his life, died at the Allentown hospital at 6:45 p. m. Thursday after an illness of two weeks.

He was a native of Tamaqua and was the son of William and Masina, nee Boger, Weaver. He belonged to the Lutheran wing of the Ebenezer Union church, of which he was a trustee for the past eight years. He also held membership in Camp 165, P.O.S. of A., Andreas.

Surviving are his wife, Maria, nee Hoot; one daughter, Mrs. Harold Brobst of New Tripoli; one son, Alvin Weaver of Allentown; and four grandchildren, Franklin, Mabel and Dorothy Brobst, and Ruth Weaver, New Tripoli.

Rev. LeRoy Bond will officiate at services at the Snyder funeral home, New Tripoli, Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. Continued services will be held in Ebenezer Union church, New Tripoli, with interment in the adjoining cemetery.

Mrs. Celia Weaver

Widow of Preston Weaver Dies in Home Near Chestnut Hill Church

Mrs. Celia (Koch) Weaver, widow of Preston G. Weaver, died Thursday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Frederick, Coopersburg R. 2, near Chestnut Hill church. She was 82 years old.

Born in Upper Saucon township, she was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Koch. Mrs. Weaver was a member of the Reformed wing of St. Paul's Blue church.

Surviving are two sons, George H. Weaver of Walnutport R. 1, Robert R. Weaver of Emmaus, six grandchildren and one great grandchild. She was preceded in death by her parents, husband, three daughters, a sister, Mrs. Catherine Reinhart, and two brothers, Daniel and Charles.

Funeral services will be held on Wednesday at 2 p. m. at the Willard L. Gruver funeral home, Main St., Coopersburg. Interment will be in Woodland cemetery, Blue church.

Mrs. James Rohrbach

Funeral Services for Allentown Woman to Be Held Next Tuesday

Emma C., nee Miller, wife of James Rohrbach, of 856 S. Aubrey St., Allentown, passed away at the Allentown hospital Thursday night of complications. She was 57 years old and was the daughter of the late William and Flora, nee Peter Miller.

She is survived by her husband and the following children: William, George, Rose and Margaret Xander, at home, and May, wife of John Frey, and Marie, wife of James Whitemaine, of Allentown. Two sisters, Mrs. Irene Kratzer and Eva Hirstine, and four brothers, Charles, Edwin, William and Robert, all of this city, also survive, as do nine grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held on Tuesday at 2 p. m. from her late home. Burial will be made in St. Mark's cemetery.

Mrs. Lucinda German

Invalid for 27 Years, New Tripoli Woman Succumbs at Home

An invalid for 27 years, Mrs. Lucinda German, 77, died Thursday night at her home in New Tripoli. She had been ill for about one week and passed away at 9:45 o'clock.

She was born in Berks county, the daughter of Peter and Esther, nee Grim, Steiger, and was married to Henry German, who preceded her in death many years ago.

She was a member of the Lutheran wing of Ebenezer Union church and the Daughters of America, No. 7, Allentown.

Survivors include one son, Stanley; a granddaughter, Helen, and a grandson, Henry, all at home; and one sister, Mrs. Harvey Weiss of Allentown.

Rev. LeRoy Bond will officiate at services at the Snyder funeral home, New Tripoli, Monday at 1:30 p. m. with continued services in Ebenezer Union church, New Tripoli, and interment in the adjoining cemetery.

Joseph Zajac

Austro-Hungarian Native Had Been Resident of Slatington for Years

A native of Austria-Hungary but a resident of this country for many years, Joseph Zajac, 48, a patient in the Allentown hospital for two weeks, died at the institution early yesterday.

A resident of Slatington for most of the time since he had been in this country, he was employed by the Blue Ridge Oxide Co., at Lehigh Gap, and was a member of the 1st Catholic Slovak Union and the Church of Assumption. He resided at 3 Maple St., Slatington, and was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Zajac.

He is survived by his wife, Veronica, nee Franko, and three children, Anna, wife of Joseph Meleski, and John and Mary, all at home. Two sisters in Europe also survive.

A requiem high mass will be held in the Church of the Assumption, Slatington, Monday at 9.30 a. m., with interment in St. Mary's cemetery.

W. Reiff Nauman Sr.

Veteran Educator Had Served Various Schools and Bethlehem Steel Co.

W. Reiff Nauman Sr., retired educator and a resident of Hellertown for many years, died at 8 o'clock Thursday night at his home, the residence of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie J. Ruth, 937 Easton Rd., Hellertown. Mr. Nauman had been bedfast for two weeks prior to his death. He was in his 78th year.

Born at Manheim, Lancaster county, Nov. 18, 1861, a son of the late Peter and Elizabeth Nauman, he received his early education in the schools of that place and later graduated from the Millersburg State Normal school.

During his long career as a teacher, he served as principal of schools in Manheim, Strasburg, Sellersville, and in Hellertown in 1916. Later he was an instructor in languages for the Bethlehem Steel Co. Until recently he was a reporter for the Central News of Perkasie.

Mr. Nauman was an active and faithful member of Christ Evangelical and Reformed church, Hellertown, serving as choirmaster for the congregation for 20 years.

He is survived by five daughters, Mrs. Paul A. Moyer, Philadelphia; Mrs. Thomas A. Peffer, Mrs. Leslie J. Ruth, Gladys Nauman and Mrs. Frank Rauscher, all of Hellertown, and five sons, Dr. Roy A. Nauman, Miami, Fla.; W. Reiff Nauman Jr., Bethlehem R. D. 2; Karl H. Nauman, Allentown; Kenneth H. Nauman, Hellertown, and Myles H. Nauman, Washington, D. C. He is also survived by 24 grandchildren.

Private funeral services will be held at his late home in Hellertown at 1:30 p. m. Sunday, with public services in Christ Evangelical and Reformed church, Hellertown, at 2 o'clock. Rev. George B. Hamm, pastor, will officiate. Interment in the Hellertown Union cemetery. Viewing at the home on Saturday evening.

Mrs. Mary E. Nonnemacher

Octogenarian Who Had Been Ill for Years Dies at Mauch Chunk

Mrs. Mary Ellen Nonnemacher, 85, died early yesterday at the home of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Lottie Nonnemacher, 85 W. Broadway, Mauch Chunk. She had been ailing for a few years.

Born in Mauch Chunk she was one of the oldest residents of that community. She was a member of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal church, Mauch Chunk.

Surviving is a son, Alfred of Mauch Chunk, and a brother, Edward Remmel, Allentown. Six grandchildren and one great-grandchild also survive.

Funeral services will be conducted at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon from the Melber Funeral home, Upper Mauch Chunk. Rev. Pearce A. Smith, pastor of St. Paul's church, will officiate. Interment will be made in the Mauch Chunk cemetery.

Lloyd Lorah

Four-year-old East Weissport Boy Suffers Convulsions

Lloyd Lorah, age four years, died while enroute to the Palmerton hospital late Thursday night. He was stricken with convulsions at his home, East Weissport, earlier that night.

Surviving are his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Lorah; two sisters, Mrs. Franklin Walck, East Weissport; and Alverta, home; four brothers, Alvin, Belvidere, N. J., and Mark, Nevin and Willard, home; his maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Wenzel May, and his paternal grandmother, Mrs. Oliver Lorah, East Weissport.

Funeral services will be conducted at his home Monday at 2 p. m. Rev. Russell Mayer, pastor of Jacob's Reformed church, Weissport, will officiate. Interment will be made in the Union Hill cemetery.

Loren A. Kocher

North Weissport Man Was Employed by C R R of N J

Loren A. Kocher, aged 58 years, died yesterday morning at his home, North Weissport, following a heart attack. He was employed by the Central Railroad of New Jersey for the last 30 years.

He is survived by a son, Willard, at home, and a daughter, Mrs. Wallace Ziegenfuss, Kunkletown; a grandson, a brother, Lee, and two sisters, Anna and Emma, Easton.

Funeral services will be held at the chapel of Heller and Son, Weissport, Tuesday at 2 p. m. Interment will be made at the Union Hill cemetery.

Mrs. Catherine Musselman

Bucks County Woman Was 82 Years Old at Death

Ill of complications the last four months, Mrs. Catherine Musselman, wife of Levi Musselman, died at 11:20 a. m. Friday at home, California, Quakertown R. 2, aged 82 years, 10 months and 15 days.

Mrs. Musselman was born in Springfield township, Bucks county, a daughter of the late Charles and Anna (Charles) Grow. She was preceded in death by two daughters, Jennie Musselman and Ella Hanhauser, and several brothers and sisters.

Besides her husband there survive five children, Priscilla Musselman, William Musselman, Violet, wife of John Berninger, all of Quakertown R. 2; Sallie, widow of Victor Sacks, Shelly, and Charles Musselman of Red Hill; 21 grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren.

Services will be held at the Willard L. Gruver funeral home, Main St., Coopersburg, Tuesday at 2 p. m. Interment in Mennonite cemetery, Coopersburg.

Mrs. Susanna Laskovsky

East Mauch Chunk Resident Dies of Heart Attack

Mrs. Susanna Laskovsky, 74, died at the home of Mrs. Mary Rimsky, North St., East Mauch Chunk, at midnight Thursday, following a heart attack.

She was a member of St. Joseph's church, East Mauch Chunk, and of the Altar society and the Slovak Sorrowful Mothers society of the parish.

Surviving is a son, Stephen, Pelham, N. Y.; two daughters, Mrs. Michael Lazorick, East Mauch Chunk, and Mrs. John Rusbarsky, Jersey City; three brothers, Joseph Kesseler, Lycering, Pa., Nicholas Kesseler, Shenandoah; and George Kesseler, Summit Hill; 18 grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

The funeral will be held from the home of her daughter, Mrs. Michael Lazorick, Lehigh St., East Mauch Chunk, at 9 a. m. Tuesday. A requiem high mass will be celebrated in St. Joseph's Catholic church, East Mauch Chunk. Interment will be made in the parish cemetery.

Josiah Blose

Kempton R. 1 Farmer Was 95 Years Old at Death

Josiah Blase, who farmed for a number of years in the Kempton sector, died Thursday night at the home of his grandson, Francis Smith, Kempton R. 1. He was 95 years of age.

He was the son of the late Thomas and Abbie (Snyder) Blase. His wife died 30 years ago. He was a member of the Reformed congregation. Friedens church, Stony Run.

All services will be held at 2 p. m. Tuesday at the Friedens church, Stony Run, with interment in the adjoining cemetery. Rev. A. L. Brumbach will officiate.

Katie S. Dimming

East Greenville Woman Will Be Buried Tuesday

Katie S. Dimming, daughter of the late Daniel and Sarah (Lorentz) Dimming, died Thursday at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Sallie S. Gerhard, 222 Main St., East Greenville.

She was a member of the New Goshenhoppen Reformed church, East Greenville.

Survivors include: two sisters, Lizzie, wife of Elmer Graber, Mrs. Sallie Gerhard; Two brothers, John L. Dimming, Charles H. Dimming, all of East Greenville.

All services will be held at 1.30 p. m. Tuesday from 222 Main St., East Greenville, with interment in the New Goshenhoppen Reformed cemetery. Dr. C. M. DeLong will officiate. Viewing 7-9 p. m. Monday.

Mrs. Mary E. Nonnemacher

Resident of Mauch Chunk Was 85; Ailing Several Years

Mrs. Mary Ellen Nonnemacher, 85, died yesterday morning at the home of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Lottie Nonnemacher, 85 W. Broadway, Mauch Chunk. She had been ailing for a number of years.

Born in Mauch Chunk she was one

(Continued on Page Nine)

Deaths

MITMAN—In Easton, March 24, 1939, Isaac I. Mitman, aged 65 years, 7 months and 4 days.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services at 2 p. m. Tuesday at the home of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Wagner, Freemansburg Ave., Palmer township. Burial will be made in Hellertown Union cemetery. Friends may call Monday night from 7 to 9.
Bergstresser.

BOWER—In this city, March 24, 1939, Charles G. Bower, aged 70 years, 7 months and 13 days.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend services at the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St., Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. Interment in Greenwood cemetery. Friends may call Monday from 7 to 9 p. m. Reading and Lehighton papers please copy.
B.

DE LONG — Near Peters Hotel, along Slatington R. 1, March 23, 1939, Flora A., nee Blose, widow of Oliver DeLong, aged 75 years, 4 months and 16 days.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited, without further notice, to attend the funeral, short services to be held at 1:30 o'clock Sunday at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Peters, near Peters Hotel. Continued services will be held in Heidelberg church and interment will be in the church cemetery.
L. O. H. and Son.

DONEY—In this city, March 22, 1939, Annie R., nee Stoudt, wife of Jesse W. Doney of Emmaus, aged 50 years, 8 months and 25 days.
Relatives and friends and members of the Martha Washington council, No. 42, Daughters of America, Emmaus, are respectfully invited to attend funeral services at her late home, 915 Chestnut St., Emmaus, on Monday at 10:30 a. m. Interment in Northwood cemetery. Friends may call Sunday from 7 to 9 p. m.
Ritter and Buzby.

FETTERMAN—At Emmaus, March 22, 1939, Adeline Fetterman, aged 90 years, 7 months and 16 days.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited without further notice, to attend funeral services at her late home, 418 North St., Emmaus, on Monday, March 27, at 1:30 p. m. Continued services and interment at the Zionsville Lutheran church. Friends are invited to call at the home on Sunday from 7 to 9 p. m.
Stroudsburg papers please note.
Reinsmith.

GERMAN—At New Tripoli, March 23, 1939, Lucinda, nee Steiger, widow of Henry German, aged 77 years.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend services Monday at 1:30 p. m. at the Snyder funeral home, New Tripoli, with continued services in Ebenezer Union church, New Tripoli, and interment in the adjoining cemetery. Friends may call Monday from 7 to 9 p. m.
Charles E. Snyder.

HAYDT—In this city, March 23, 1939, Louella Mae (Snyder), wife of Wilbur W. Haydt, aged 37 years.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited without further notice to attend the services from the Ernest B. Zimmerman funeral home, 1124 Walnut St. Interment Arlington cemetery. Friends are invited to call at the funeral home 7-9 p. m. Sunday. Lehighton papers please copy.
Ernest B. Zimmerman.

HELLICK—Near Newburg, March 24, 1939, Mrs. Mary A. Hellick, wife of Milton Hellick, Nazareth R. D. 1, aged 72 years, 2 months, 7 days.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services at 2 p. m. Tuesday at the late home, followed by services in the Hecktown Union church. Burial will be made in Hope cemetery, Hecktown. Friends may call Monday evening.
Bensing.

HETRICK—In this city, March 21, 1939, Isaac J. Hetrick, aged 85 years, 3 months and 23 days.
Relatives and friends and members of Allen Council No. 753, Jr. O.U.A.M., are respectfully invited to attend funeral services without further notice on Saturday at 2:30 p. m., from the Derr Funeral home, 46 E. Susquehanna St. Interment in Fairview cemetery. Friends may call Friday evening from 7 to 9.
William H. Derr.

HENDRICKS—In this city, March 23, 1939, Ella J. Hendricks.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend services at the Ernest B. Zimmerman funeral home, 1124 Walnut St., Sunday, at 2 p. m. Interment in Arlington Memorial Park. Friends may call Saturday from 7 to 9 p. m.
Ernest B. Zimmerman

HOFFMAN—Near Rising Sun, Slatington R. 1, March 22, 1939, Charles L. Hoffman, husband of Clara, nee Kemmerer, Hoffman, aged 67 years, 1 month and 14 days.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services at his late home near Rising Sun, Saturday at 2 p. m. Interment in Unionville cemetery, Nefts. Friends may call Friday from 7 to 9 p. m.
C.O.B. and Son.

KLEINTOP—At Slatington, March 21, 1939, John Kleintop, aged 71 years, 3 months and 6 days.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend services Saturday at 2 p. m. at his late home, the residence of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Cole, 325 E. Church St., Slatington. Interment in Brick church cemetery, Danielsville. Friends may call Friday from 7 to 9 p. m.
Schisler.

RAUB—At Mount Alto, March 24, 1939, Robert Raub, aged 29 years.
Due notice of funeral.
B.

WEAVER—In this city, March 23, 1939, James A. Weaver of New Tripoli.
Relatives, friends and members of the organizations with which he was affiliated are respectfully invited to attend services Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. at the Snyder funeral home, New Tripoli, with continued services in Ebenezer Union church, New Tripoli, and interment in the adjoining cemetery. Friends may call Monday from 7 to 9 p. m.
Charles E. Snyder.

(Continued on Page Fifteen)



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AFRIKAANS AND PENNSYLVANISH

By HEINZ KLOSZ

AUSLAND INSTITUT, STUTTGART

Dr. Klosz writes of the phenomenal growth of Afrikaans, from an obscure Holland Dutch dialect, into what is now the leading tongue of an immense commonwealth, and infers that there is no reason why our own dialect should not also become an important language. —No German scholar has given more profound and ardent effort to the investigation of our dialect and our culture than the writer of this article. He suggests that our dialect be called "Pennsylvanish" analagous with "Afrikaans," but the terms "Pennsylvania German" and Pennsylvania Dutch" are no doubt too firmly rooted to permit of a third.—Ed.

The seventies of the nineteenth century witnessed important events in the linguistic history of the Pennsylvania Germans. A definite attempt was made to lift the speech of eastern Pennsylvania upon a higher plane and to make it the vehicle of serious thought and literary expression. There were men who believed that the cause of High German in the state was lost, foreseeing, however, that the inherited German dialect would live on for many generations to come. They resented the idea of seeing their people handicapped by the lack of any mental training in the mother tongue. Such a man was E. H. Rauch, who in 1873 founded a bi-lingual monthly "The Pennsylvania Dutchman," in which the dialect was for the first time used for ordinary literary prose. The publication in book-form, during this period, of Harbaugh's exquisite poems, added another incentive to the suddenly growing pride of the ancestral speech. The beginnings of the new movement may be traced back to the year 1868 when Rauch, over the pen-name of Pit Schweffle-brenner, published a small selection of dialect letters which had appeared in his magazine "Father Abraham." In the following year Wollenweber published a volume of prose tales in the dialect, and Rachel Bahn brought out a volume of poetry which contained, among a majority of English poems, a sprinkling of productions in the vernacular. But it is to the seventies that we have to look for a more serious, though not very systematic, effort. A. R. Horne, the second principal of the newly established Normal School at Kutztown, Pa., strongly advocated the use of Pennsylvania German in the primary grades, though not to the exclusion of High German, the cultivation of which he emphatically fostered at the Normal School. It was but logical that he should bring out, in 1875, a Pennsylvania German school-book which went through four editions. Four years later it was supplemented, but not superceded, by a handbook of the dialect by Rauch, destined for grown-up readers rather than for children and class-rooms.

Horne's line of argument was laid down at some length in an article of his published in Rauch's "Pennsylvania Dutchman," (No. 3, 1873), from which I shall quote a few paragraphs:

"The Pennsylvania Germans speak a language just as really as the High German or the English, though it is sometimes called Dutch and "Kauderwelsch" by the ignorant and prejudiced. Martin Luther chose the Misnian (Meissener) dialect spoken in Saxony, the softest of all, for the translation of the Bible, and it has since become the basis of the modern literary High German. It does not follow, however, from this circumstance, that Pennsylvania German is not also a language. As to its construction, it is simpler and less involved, its words shorter and hence more fluent than High German. It flows easy and naturally, so that it is the easiest thing in the world on the part of the Pennsylvania Germans to talk whilst High German is rather precise and cumbrous. They have probably preserved words and constructions not known in High German."

Horne then quotes Prof. Stahr as saying: "High German bears us along with the stately step of the soldier in close ranks . . . whilst Pennsylvania German allows the freedom of the route step and thus puts us more at ease."

Horne proceeds to discuss the future educational course of the public schools. Hitherto, two thirds of the Pennsylvania German pupils failed to acquire a sufficient knowledge of English in the public schools. Hence it follows that the mother tongue must be used as an intermediary. He realizes that there are many European Germans in cities like Philadelphia, Erie, Pittsburgh, Scranton, Williamsport, etc., and he coins the formula: "Pennsylvania German for Pennsylvania German pupils and High German for European German pupils is perhaps best at first. The Pennsylvania German can be made introductory to the High German. As such it can be used and taught with advantage, where pupils are accustomed to speak that language. Oral expressions, articles written in pure Pennsylvania German in newspapers, and especially Harbaugh's poems can be employed in teaching pronunciation, translation, construction and simple grammatical forms."

As to the usefulness of Pennsylvania German if employed in the teaching of High German, Horne argues:

"That the Pennsylvania German is a great help to those who desire to study the High German is known to every one who is familiar with the two forms of language. Those who understand and pronounce Pennsylvania German will find no difficulty in studying and understanding the High German. The Pennsylvania Germans make but a few mistakes in terminations and with the exception of two or three words always give the correct gender . . . Pennsylvania Germans rarely make a mistake in applying the article . . . We would by no means therefore disparage the Pennsylvania German but employ it as the handmaiden in acquiring High German." Rauch's views were even more radical in that he did not like the High German at all—for the reason probably that he did not fully master it himself.

It is during the same period that the program of the Grange was done into Pennsylvanish, and that many newspapers in Eastern Pennsylvania, English as well as German ones, opened their columns to regular contributions in Pennsylvanish. When the Pennsylvania German Society was established in 1891, a considerable minority among the founders took a stand for having the Society set up chiefly for the dialect's sake. In this they failed and it seems that this defeat was the deathblow for a movement which was never bold enough to take on the shape of a separate organization with sharply defined aims. We gain some insight into the futile efforts of the seventes to have the status of Pennsylvansh improved from the hostile echo uttered by a prominent Pennsylvania German leader, Geo. F. Baer. In an address, given at Myerstown in 1875 he said:

". . . As for Pennsylvania German it is a mere dialect, the patois of the Palatinate, with a sprinkling of English words. It is a mere vulgar delusion to suppose that it can be elevated to the dignity of a language, capable of being taught and used in writing, as a medium of expressing thoughts. It can never become a written language. It has never been used except in conversation. The Pennsylvania Germans would not for one moment tolerate its use in the pulpit. Think of the German in Luther's translation of the Bible, or in those grand old chorals and hymns being changed to Pennsylvania German, and read and sung in church, and that, too, in this age! It is impossible to create a literature in Pennsylvania German." Why should Baer have thus spoken if there were no opponents holding contrary views? Everyone, by the way, who has even the slightest knowledge of the religious and linguistic conditions prevailing formerly among certain Pennsylvania German sects as for instance the United Brethren in Christ, the Evangelical Association and the Winebrenner Church, will admit that Pennsylvanish was often used in their sermons, being quite capable of serving as the vehicle of religious thought sincere and simple.

While this movement to bring Pennsylvanish to a more exalted position slowly faded out without ever having taken on a definite shape and consciousness, a similar and simultaneous development went through with far better success in South Africa.

The starting point was practically the same. As 1683 marks the beginning of Pennsylvania German history, so does 1652 for the Boers of South Africa. It was then that the first Dutch settlement was founded. Gradually the Dutch spread out, covering finally what today is called the Cape-Province. After this Province fell into the hands of the English (in 1795) many Boers went northward, founding independent Republics, which in their turn became English only by the terrible Boer War (1899-1902), which re-united the Boers of the Cap-Province and of the North under the British flag.

While the literary language of the Boers as the South African Dutch men came soon to be called, was the standard Holland Dutch, they used among themselves a speech strangely different from Bible Dutch. Afrikaans,—so the dialect was christened in the 19th Century—is marked by a strong tendency toward word-contraction, which is far more outspoken than even in English.

Thus, we have in:

High German	Wagen
English	wain (archaic and poetic)
Afrikaans	wa
or	
High German	Wetter
English	Weather
Afrikaans	weer
or again	
High German	ich sollte
English	I should
Afrikaans	ek sou
and	
High German	haben
English	to have
Afrikaans	he

English "in front of" is in High German 'gegenueber.'

Holland Dutch	tegenover
Afrikaans	teenoor

In many instances Afrikaans closely resembles English; we find seil (sail), plant (plant), rib (rib), re-en (rain), water (water) hael (hail) as against High German Segel, Pflanze, Rippe, Regen, Wasser, Hagel.

Quite often, too, German and Afrikaans have a word in common as against English, especially where the latter has borrowed a root from the French or Latin, as for instance: Eng. money, Ger. Geld, Afrikaans, geld; Eng. mirror, Ger. Spiegel, Afrikaans, spie-el; Eng. joy, Ger. Freude, Afrikaans vreugde. Afrikaans has been compared to the landscape where it sprang up, "its clipped monosyllabic word-form resembles the stunted vegetation of the Karoo, its metaphors are crops from the veld, its idioms the produce of the farm" (Barnouw). Syntax and grammar of Afrikaans are extremely simplified. In this respect, too, English has been surpassed. The Afrikaans verb has "is" for all persons and numbers. Furthermore "we are" is rendered by "ons is" (lit. us is) nouns are often employed as adjectives in such expressions as "ek is honger" (I am hungry), or as verbs in an expression as "ons koeel," which may mean either "our ball" or "we shoot," according to the context. These few hints must suffice for the moment. Broadly speaking we may term Afrikaans a Low German language, contracted and simplified toward the direction, and far beyond the present status, of English.

In the Cape Province, literary Dutch gave way to English after 1795, but the spoken dialect held its place. About 1870, the decay of Dutch was obvious in the Cape Province. Since Afrikaans was not a written and English not a spoken tongue among the Cape-Boers, the question narrowed itself down to whether English would replace Afrikaans as a spoken tongue or whether Afrikaans should fill the place left free by Dutch in the realm of letters.

The latter solution seemed sheer nonsense. There were no books nor periodicals in the vernacular. It did not even have a distinct name of its own. Most people believed in the thesis advanced by the early philologists of South Africa (though rejected by present-day scientific opinion) that just as many whites in the south of the United States can speak Negro-English besides Standard English and just as many poor whites in Southern Louisiana have adopted Negro-French or Creole, so the Boers learned their new speech-forms from the coloured people among whom they lived and who used a kind of broken Dutch; they consequently called the dialect Hottentotten-Hollandsch (Dutch of the Hottentots). Those who had preserved for their mother tongue some attachment, though ashamed of it and apologetic, were content to call it Kaap-Hollandsch (Cape-Dutch), a word-formation very similar to Pennsylvania German.

In 1875 a number of young Boers from the Western Cape Province met at Paarl and founded the "Society of true Afrikaners" (Genootskap van Regte Afrikaners), i. e. Africa-born whites. In 1876 they established a monthly in the dialect which soon won 3000 subscribers, and published a first Afrikaans schoolbook. In 1877 they sent out the first history of South Africa, written in Afrikaans, and in 1878 the first Afrikaans almanac, which within three years soared up to a circulation of 6000. However, most of the early writers used pen-names, since the adherents of the new idea were exposed to attacks, to slander and abuse from all quarters. "Most Afrikaners," their monthly sadly remarked in 1876, "will not believe that they have a language of their own. The old ones cling to Holland Dutch and the young ones have taken a fancy to English." Yet the movement made rapid headway and at the time of the Anglo-Boer War Afrikaans had gained a firm foothold in the realms of poetry, fiction, education and history.

The Anglo-Boer War crushed the Boers politically but brought to them a new consciousness of kind and an exaltation which required an adequate tool. A new wave of nationalistic and linguistic enthusiasm arose among them, this time in order to conquer for the young upstart every field of human activity and self-expression hitherto left uncovered, especially the applied sciences and public life. During that time a Pennsylvania German, Mr. Charles W. Super, voiced his misgivings in H. W. Kriebel's monthly "The Penn Germania," as follows: "In the very nature of the case all these efforts are destined to failure. The history of all languages is evidence that unless there underlies them a literature they cannot maintain themselves permanently. The Boers who desire to keep abreast of the knowledge of the times, or to famliarize themselves with the literature of their ancestors, are compelled to learn the Dutch as written in Holland. No information of any kind except what is purely local can be obtained through the medium of the Cape Dutch. It has no value for education or for mental development. Whenever a writer or speaker wishes to get beyond the limited range of local experiences with what he has to say he must employ either the Dutch proper or the English. Similar efforts have been made by a few enthusiasts to give a measure of dignity to the Pennsylvania German. But when they wish to discuss anything except the every day affairs of rural life they have to resort to the New High German and to the use of words which persons with no education would not understand. A language must grow from within; it cannot be cultivated by mere conscious effort like a plant. .... There is something almost miraculous in the progress of the English tongue. In Shakespeare's time, that is, when the colonies began their existence in the northern portions of the United States, there were not six million persons who spoke his language; at present there are not far from one hundred and fifty millions. Wherever English has obtained a foothold it has displaced all other languages." (The Penn Germania, Jan. 1913, pp. 42-43.)

But the author just quoted was entirely mistaken. A number of new magazines in Afrikaans cropped up. In 1909 an Academy for the systematic cultivation of Afrikaans was founded. In 1914 it was embodied in the law of the land that Afrikaans might be used as a medium of instruction in the public schools. Soon the church bodies admitted it as an official language of the pulpit. In 1918 the University of Bloemfontein set up the first university chair for Afrikaans, other universities followed, before long it became a medium of university teaching also, and today the University of Stellenbosch is 100% Afrikaans, while several others are part Afrikaans. There are today chairs for Afrikaans in Oxford (England), Amsterdam (Holland) and Berlin (Germany). In 1925 Afrikaans became one of the official languages of the Dominion of South Africa, and in 1932 the whole Bible was printed in the new tongue. We thus witness the most astonishing rise which a language has ever experienced. A hundred years ago the despised tongue of a group of people less numerous than the Pennsylvania Germans, it is today the recognized and leading tongue of an immense commonwealth.

Their cultural secession from the realm of Anglo-Saxondom did not imply for the Boers a political separation from the British Empire nor any rigid cultural seclusion. They took over from the British whatever they deemed useful. They are for the most part bi-lingual, having full access to the literary treasures of the Anglo-Saxons without aping them, and without foregoing their cultural identity. Their most successful journalist, Mr. J. Viljoen, is a graduate of the School of Journalism of Columbia University, who by introducing American methods of editing and of circulation management brought the sale of his weekly "Die Huisgenoot" up to 40,000, not a small fraction among only one and one tenth million Boers. For the Boers are by no means very numerous. There were but 25,000 white Dutchmen in Africa in 1795, as against more than 130,000 so-called Dutchmen in Pennsylvania, and I have little doubt that even in the seventies of the last century, when the future status and—in the long run—the very existence of the two idioms was at stake, the "Dutch-speakers" were more numerous in Pennsylvania than in South Africa.

Perhaps the most remarkable achievement of the Boers is the degree to which they have permeated and enriched the cultural atmosphere of their English-speaking countrymen. All state officials of British descent and almost the whole British intelligentsia speak Afrikaans. Their English betrays the Boerish neighborhood: a farmer up country is called a "platteland-farmer"; to harness a team of horses is "to inspan", a popular English weekly goes by the name of "The Outspan." Dorp is used for village, kloof for ravine, and so on. Two authors of English descent, two brothers, S. B. and G. C. Hobson, both of whom speak English in their homes, wrote their first book in Afrikaans, since it was better adapted to the South African scenery they wanted to picture, to the landscape of the "veld" than the English. The rise of Afrikaans is just as stunning, its future just as bright at the breakdown of Pennsylvania German is touching and its future gloomy. And yet the two kindred tongues were in the same situation only seventy years ago: two "have-not" dialects, who had much to gain and nothing to lose but their r

Personals

Beatrice George, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Russell George, 1010 N. Irving St., is recuperating in the Sacred Heart hospital after having undergone an appendectomy.

Among Perkiomen school students who are home on Easter vacation are James Edminster, 333 N. 6th St., and Gurney Afflerbach, Summit Lawn, both of this city; Charles Costenbader, Palmerton, and Barbara Bala and Kenneth Coney, Pennsburg.

The Saokca society, Stoneleigh college, New Hampshire, has elected Betty Jane Leh of Allentown to membership. This honor group is open to seniors having the highest academic records of the year.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Flack and Mrs. W. R. Yeager of Allentown are guests at "The Pine Needles" in Southern Pines, North Carolina.

Past District Deputy Helen Junkin and Noble Grand Queen Eagle of the Rebekah lodge of Catasauqua have accompanied District Deputy Mrs. Ellen Roth to a conference in Philadelphia.

Fred Eagle, 510 Church St., Catasauqua, celebrated his birthday anniversary on Thursday.

Elizabeth Pfromm, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Pfromm, 134 S. 14th St., returned yesterday from Centenary Junior college, Hackettstown, N. J., for the Easter recess.

Mrs. Frances Bachman, 110 N. 10th St., is recuperating at her home from illness with which she suffered for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl W. Israel, formerly of 837 N. 5th St., have taken residence at 1022 N. St. Elmo St.

A daughter was born at 12.56 a. m. yesterday at the Sacred Heart hospital to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ressler, 1416 Newton St.

Max Rosenfeld, 644 N. Front St., is observing his birthday anniversary today.

Mrs. Andrew Lileck of Tamaqua, who is well known in this city, will observe her birthday anniversary on Sunday.

Mrs. Theodore W. Shannon, 902 N. 7th St., is recuperating from a nervous condition at her home. She is being attended by her daughter, Maxine, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. L. T. Ziegler, 904 S. 4th St., has returned to her home in this city after spending a week in Philadelphia, where she attended the funeral of her sister, Mrs. Annie Green.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Nicholas of E. 20th St., Northampton, are the parents of a son born at 8:46 o'clock last night at the Allentown hospital.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Stettle of Coplay R. 1 at 8:01 o'clock Friday night at the Allentown hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Christman, 830 Gordon St., today will celebrate their eighth wedding anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Nicholas of E. 20th St., Northampton, became the parents of a son born at 8:46 o'clock last night at the Allentown hospital. The baby is the first born to the couple.

Emma Klingler, who is a student at Wilson college, is spending the holiday season here and will return to school next week.

Milton B. Glase, 725 Green St., who has been confined to his home with illness during the past six weeks is reported improving.

REAL ESTATE SOLD

Two properties forming a part of the estate of David H. Price, late of this city, were sold at public sale held yesterday in the corridor of the Lehigh county court house. They were sold as a group to Attorney Robert Bittner for the decedent's widow for $4,225.

The properties sold are those located at 128 and 129 N. Penn St., both of which have 2½ story houses on the lots.

Attorney Charles M. Bolich represented the estate at the sale which was cried by Auctioneer Ed J. Knoll.

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Fresh Roasted COFFEE 2 lbs. for 29c	Try Our Cube Steaks ..... 35c Kidney Veal Roast 23c	Hawk's Pastry Flour 12 lb. Bags 31c

Parts of Chicken, Rabbits, Tenderloin, Leg Lamb

Obituaries

Milton L. Cope At Souderton

Bank Director and Music Store Founder Was 82 Last Sunday

Milton L. Cope, director of the Souderton National Bank and Trust Co. for the last 36 years, died at 9:10 p. m. Thursday at his home, 619 Arch St., Perkasie. He was 82 years old last Sunday.

Mr. Cope was the father of Mrs. Warren J. Peters, wife of Dr. Peters of this city. Although he has been ill for several weeks he had been bedfast for only 10 days.

Many years ago he headed the Cope and Leidy Organ Co. of Perkasie and later founded Cope's Music store of Perkasie, which is still being run by a son.

Before his retirement 20 years ago, Mr. Cope was collector for the Goshenhoppen Insurance Co., Pennsburg, and organist at Hilltown church, near Perkasie, for 28 years.

Born in Hilltown township, he was the son of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Cope. He was a resident of Bucks county all his life.

Surviving are his widow, Alice, nee Schmoyer; three children, Mrs. Warren J. Peters of this city, Raymond and Howard of Perkasie, and six grandchildren.

Private services will be held at his late home Monday at 1:30 p. m. with services for relatives and friends in St. Stephen's Reformed church, Perkasie, of which he was a member, at 2 p. m. Interment will be made in Leidys cemetery, Souderton.

George Franklin Bond

McMichaels Resident Was Ill for a Year—Aged 54

George Franklin Bond died at his McMichaels home Tuesday night after a year's illness. He was 54.

The son of Ferdinand and the late Julianna, nee Altemose, Bond, he was a member of the Evangelical and Reformed church at Effort.

Survivors are his wife, Celeste, nee Feller, Bond; his father, a son, Arthur, at home; four brothers and five sisters: Ferdinand, McMichaels; Wade, Pittston; Elijah, Kresgeville; Harley, Mrs. Minnie Hill Dinstell and Mrs. Albert Hummel, Brodheadsville; Mrs. Nettie Mervin and Mrs. Hiram Mengle, Stroudsburg, and Mrs. Jesse Bond, McMichaels.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. today with Rev. Wilmer C. Mantz officiating. Interment will be made in the Brodheadsville cemetery.

Robert E. McArdle

Parents, Three Brothers Survive East Mauch Chunk Infant

Robert Eugene, two-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Victor McArdle, 630 Center St., East Mauch Chunk, died suddenly at his home yesterday, following an attack of croup.

The child had been able to be about until 10 p. m. Thursday night. He was ill only a few days and no seriousness was attached to the illness.

He was a member of the Infant Jesus society of St. Joseph's parish in East Mauch Chunk. Surviving are his parents and three brothers, Francis, James and Kenneth, all at home.

The funerr! will be held from his late home Monday at 2 p. m. Rev. Jacob W. Post, pastor of St. Joseph's Catholic church, East Mauch Chunk, will officiate. Interment will be made in the parish cemetery.

Charles E. Montz

Retired LVRR Employe Was Lehighton Resident 40 Years

Charles E. Montz, 102 Bridge St., Lehighton, died at his home Thursday night following a heart attack. He was 68.

A native of Weatherly, Mr. Montz has lived in Lehighton since 1899. He was retired as a machinist for the Lehigh Valley railroad at Packerton two years ago. He was a member of Zion Evangelical and Reformed church, Lehighton.

Surviving are his wife, Eliza nee Snell; three children, Mrs. Howard Montz and Mrs. Norman Neff, Lehighton; and Mrs. George Gibson, Summit Hill; five grandchildren, three sisters, Mrs. William Acker, Weatherly; Mrs. Robert Feist, White Haven; and Mrs. Grace Olewine, Maryland; and the following brothers: William, George, Harry and Robert, all of Weatherly.

Private services at late home Monday at 1:30 p. m. with Rev. Russell Mayer officiating. Interment at Weatherly cemetery.

Mrs. Barbara Miller

Short Illness Claims Life of Widow of Lovine F. Miller

Mrs. Barbara M. Miller, 73, widow of Lovine F. Miller, died early yesterday at the Sacred Heart hospital after a short illness. For the past few years she had been living with relatives at 634 N. 12th St., Allentown.

Born in Topton she was the daughter of Daniel and Judith Peiffer, and is survived by one son, John F. Miller and a sister, Mrs. Ella Hersh.

Rev. Arthur Snyder will officiate at services to be held at the C. Donald Bachman Funeral home, 1032 Walnut St., on Monday at 2 p. m. Interment will be made in Fairview cemetery, Catasauqua. Friends may pay their respects Sunday from 7 to 9 p. m.

Eleanor L. Bowman

Slatington R. 2 Infant Will Be Buried Tuesday

Eleanor Louella Bowman, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Bowman, Slatington R. 2, died at 2:15 p. m. Friday at the home of her parents. She was two months and 23 days old.

In addition to the parents there survive two brothers, Robert F. and Edwin H., at home; the paternal grandmother, Mrs. Maria Bowman, at home, and the maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Williams of Emerald.

Services will be held Tuesday at 2 p. m. at the home of the parents, with interment in Slatedale cemetery.

William A. MacAfee

Tamaqua Man Was 76; Funeral Services Monday

Funeral services for William A. MacAfee, 76, who died at his home, 151 Orwigsburg St., Tamaqua, Thursday night, will be held from the Bischoff undertaking parlors, 115 W. Broad St., Tamaqua, at 3:30 p.m. Monday. Rev. George Powis, pastor of the Primitive Methodist church, Tamaqua, will officiate. Interment will be made in the Odd Fellows cemetery.

MacAfee, a native and lifelong resident of Tamaqua, was employed by the Tamaqua Water commission until several years ago. He was a member of the Primitive Methodist church.

He is survived by the following sisters and brothers: Mrs. Joseph Messner of Miami, Fla.; Mrs. Annie Holt, Tamaqua; Joseph MacAfee, Detroit, Mich., and Harry MacAfee, Tamaqua.

Mrs. Mabel V. Frank

Bethlehem Woman Was in Her 64th Year

Mrs. Mabel V. Frank, 63, wife of George Frank, died Friday morning at her home, 54 E. North St., Bethlehem. Death was due to apoplexy.

She was born in Bethlehem, Aug. 29, 1875, a daughter of Tilghman and Marie Groff Neligh.

Survivors are her husband, three sons, Frederick, Bethlehem; George and Charles, at home; four daughters, Elsie, New York city; Mrs. Carrie Serfass, at home; Mary Frank, Allentown; Mrs. Ray Hahn, Bethlehem; two sisters, Mrs. Anna Heil, Punxsutawney, and Mrs. Esther Frankenfield, Bethlehem.

Funeral services will be conducted by the Rev. G. Franklin Gehr, pastor of Salem Lutheran church, at 2 p. m. Monday in the Steyers home, 70 E. Broad St., Bethlehem. Burial will be made in Memorial Park.

Linford Miller

East Stroudsburg Man Tilled Portland Farm for Years

Linford Miller, for many years a retired resident of East Stroudsburg, died at 1:20 o'clock yesterday afternoon at his late home, 38 S. Kistler St., East Stroudsburg. He was 73 years old.

Mr. Miller was born near Portland and for years operated a farm there.

He is survived by his wife, Mae, nee Gorman, Miller; a stepson, Jacob Groner, Stroudsburg; two sisters, Mrs. Edith Ackerman, Newark, and Mrs. Samuel Horn, Mount Bethel; two half-brothers, William Hunt of Bangor and Frank Hunt of Deposit, N. Y.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 2:30 p. m. at the Portland Baptist church, Portland, with Rev. D. B. Nance officiating. Friends may call at the Lanterman funeral home, East Stroudsburg, Sunday from 7 to 9 p. m.

Mrs. Julia Zsapko

Bethlehem Woman, Native of Italy, Was 69

Mrs. Julia Zsapko, 69, widow of Andrew Zsapko, Hellertown, R. 1, Wassergass Road, died in St. Luke's hospital Thursday night.

She was born in Europe, Dec. 25, 1869. Survivors are a son, Frank, Hellertown; five daughters, Mrs. George Reinert, at home; Mrs. Gus Wukovits and Mrs. Charles Wukovits, Hellertown; Mrs. Andrew Turan, New York; Mrs. John Jacobage, Bethlehem; one brother, Michael Danek, Nazareth.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Monday at the late home. Burial will be made in Hellertown Union cemetery.

Bridget McElroy

East Mauch Chunk Woman Operated Store Until Retirement

Bridget McElroy, ill for two months, died last night at the home of her nephew, Michael E. McGinley, 232 South St., East Mauch Chunk.

A native of Ireland, she had resided in East Mauch Chunk for 67 years. She was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Patrick McElroy.

Before prohibition she had conducted a wholesale liquor store for 15 years. She had also operated a general store until her retirement several years ago. She was a parishioner of the Immaculate Conception church, Mauch Chunk, and was a member of the Catholic Daughters of America. She is survived by a sister, Mrs. T. V. Dinan of Houston, Texas.

Funeral services will be conducted from the late home Tuesday at 9 a. m. followed by services in the Immaculate Conception church at 9:30 a. m. Rev. William McShain, pastor, will officiate. Interment will be made in the parish cemetery.

Mrs. Euphemia Dietz

Allentown Woman Is Survived Only by Husband

Mrs. Euphemia Dietz, wife of Marcus E. Dietz, died at 7:30 o'clock last night at home, 1529 Allen St., Allentown, in her 67th year. She had been ailing six months.

Mrs. Dietz was born in Lehigh county, a daughter of the late Stephen T. and Elizabeth (Musselman) Gangwer. She was a member of Pilgrim Holiness church.

The only survivor is her husband. Two children, Franklin and Carrie, preceded her in death.

Alice Mary Cowles

Twelfth Ward Youngster Dies of Bronchial Pneumonia

Alice Mary Cowles, daughter of John E. and Clara L. (nee DeRemer) Cowles of 1016 N. Poplar St., Allentown, died last night at the Allentown hospital after an illness from bronchial pneumonia. She was aged 3 years, 10 months and 8 days.

Surviving are her parents, one brother, John Cowles Jr., her paternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brandes, and her maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles DeRemer.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 1.30 p. m. from the Derr funeral home, 46 E. Suspuehanna St. Regular services will follow in the Church of the Nazarene, 11th and Wyoming Sts. Friends may call Monday from 7 to 9 p. m.

Laid to Rest

PATRICK CONLIN

The funeral of Patrick Conlin was held Thursday morning from the funeral home of Mrs. Mary K. O'Donnell, 232 Ridge Ave., and was largely attended by relatives and friends. The Rev. Thomas Crouch was the celebrant of the high mass of requiem offered in the Church of the Immaculate Conception. Interment was made in the English Catholic cemetery, Father Crouch officiating at the committal services. Pallbearers were: Peter Duffy, Michael McGee, Michael Sewards, Michael McFadden, William McFadden and P. Francis McFadden.

Many floral tributes and spiritual bouquets were presented by relatives and friends. The slumber robe was from Mrs. Schroeder.

EMILY A. FATZINGER

The funeral of Mrs. Emily A. Fatzinger was held from the Derr Funeral Home. Interment was in Fairview cemetery. The Rev. C. D. Kressley officiated.

Floral tributes were from: Children, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Koch and family, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Schnitzer, grandchildren, brother Ansley and sister Sue, Bortz family, former neighbors of S. 2nd and S. 3rd Sts., Raymond and Catherine Moyer, aunt Effie and family, Brittain family, Thomas Henry and grandsons Billie and Donald, granddaughter Joan, Anna and Harriet and Mrs. Dower and children.

The slumber robe was from the family.

CHARLES L. HOFFMAN

The funeral of Charles L. Hoffman was held from his late home at Slatington R. 1. Interment was in Unionville church cemetery, Neffs. The Rev. Robert Urffer officiated. Pall bearers were: John Correll, Roy Wotring, Reuben Ringer, Victor Deibert, Benjamin Sauerwine and Wilmer German.

Floral tributes were from: Wife and children, daughter Irene and family, granddaughter Verna and husband, sister Ellen and family, James Hoffman and family, grandchildren Charles, Paul, Lillian, Daisy Stanley and Margaret, A. J. Hoffman and Mary Renner, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Schmidt Sr. and family, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stettler, Edward Charles Missimer Sr. and family, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Kehm and family and Mr. and Mrs. Henry G. Kehm.

CHARLES G. BOWER

Funeral services for Charles G. Bower were held at the J. S. Burkholder Funeral home, the Rev. Dr. W. F. Kosman officiating. Interment was in Greenwood cemetery. Pallbearers were: Clarence Ayers, Mahlon Hamm, Charles Johnson, John Leinbach, Andrew Osman and Ralph Shimer.

Floral tributes were from: Wife and children, brother Harry, Mrs. William F. Bower and family, granddaughter Evelyn and Al, brother Robert and family, Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Beauchner, Harold and Jennie, Alice and Dorothy, Schoolmen's club, brother Elmer and wife, neighbors, Vocational and industrial department of Allentown School District; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Isler and Mr. and Mrs. Lester Arbogast, faculty of Allentown High school, Heberling family, John Burley and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Burley, Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Bachman and son Luther and Rau and Baltzell families.

MRS. FRANK P. TROXELL

Funeral services for Miriam I. (nee Clader) Troxell, wife of Frank P. Troxell, were held in the J. S. Burkholder Funeral home, the Rev. J. J. Schaeffer officiating. Interment was in Egypt cemetery.

Pallbearers were: Frank Clader, Carson L. Good, J. H. Clader, Willoughby Buchman, Fred C. Smith and Harry C. Clader.

Floral tributes were from: Frank and Eleanor, Anna and John, Plahart family, John and Harriet, Wassum and Snyder families, neighbors, Good family, nephew Richard and Paul Clader, Aunt Lizzie, Edna, Ruth and Erwin, Merkel family, sister Bessie and family, Betty and John, Robert, Florence and Richard.

Sister Hilda, Millie and brother Harry, uncle Frank Willenbecher, Bealer family, brother Frank and Grace, Dr. Matz, uncle Charlie, Mrs. Alice Powell, Peg and Paul, Mary and Dave Frederick, uncle Frank and Bertha Schleicher, Mrank Wieand, 28th Structural Mill, Moose friends, Ruth and Andy, Cathrine Snader and Kathleen Schantz, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Silfies and Mrs. Mary Troxell, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Ackerman and Hirner family.

ROBERT A. RAUB

Funeral services for Robert A. Raub were held in the J. S. Burkholder Funeral home, the Rev. F. A. Posselt officiating. Interment was in Greenwood cemetery. Pallbearers were: Alvin Blankovitsch, Joseph Blankowitsch, John Holendar, Francis Trinkle, William Gilly and Frank Mattes.

Floral tributes were from: The boys, sister Winifred and family, aunt kate, Beulah and Elsie, foster father Alfred Marsh, Palmer family, Anna Piesel, Fritz and Tess, bowling league, Mintz and Summerfield families Mammy Ruhmel and family and Nelson, aunt Ossie.

Cousin Lon and Myron, Mr. and Mrs. William Wallitsch, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Raub, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wallitsch, Al and Irene, Allentown Turner Liederkrantz, uncle Ralph and Earl, Vernon Marsh and family, Mrs. Alice Shoemaker and sons, Joseph T. Barry, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wallitsch, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Panner and Joseph Slabovitz.

PETER A. HANDWERK

The funeral of Peter A. Handwerk, was held from his late home, 102 E. Church St., Slatington, the Rev. George Daum officiated. Interment was in Union cemetery, Slatington. Pallbearers were Henry Heintzelman, Raymond Morgan, Eugene Blose, Thomas Davis, William Buesch and Robert Stansberry.

Floral tributes were from wife and son Ernest, son Russell and wife, Francis and Roland, brothers and sisters, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Neff, Mr. and Mrs. H. Frank Deibert and family, Francis, Earl and Hilda, uncle Dan, Deibert family, Wagners and Farrells, Selberts and Mose J. A. Mooney Co. and employes, Paul and employes of Standards Brands, neighbors, club boys.

MRS. EMMA R. RINKER

The funeral of Mrs. Emma R. Rinker was held from the Derr funeral home. Interment was in St. Mark's cemetery. The Rev. C. E. Nuedoerffer officiated.

Floral tributes were from daughter Gertrude and husband and grandson, daughter Mamie, Mrs. Alfred Jones and family and neighbors and friends.

The slumber robe was from the family.

MRS. EMMA L. WEIDNER

The funeral of Mrs. Emma L. Weidner was held from the Derr funeral home. Continued services were held in Zionsville Reformed church.

Floral tributes were from daughter Beulah and family, Lloyd and Anna, Warren and Sallie, Lou and Irwin, Harvey Smith and family, Miriam and Sonny, grandchildren, Mr. and Mrs. Schrader, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Weidner, Arthur, Miriam, Grace and Arlene and niece Martha and family.

The slumber robe was from the family.

MRS. JAMES ROHRBACH

The funeral of Emma C. Rohrbach, wife of James Rohrbach, was held from her late home, 865 S. Aubrey St. Interment was in St. Mark's cemetery, the Rev. C. D. Kressley officiated.

Floral tributes were from Mr. and Mrs. George Rohrbach and family, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Helman, Elizabeth Fatzinger, Ellen Frey and family, Charles Zeigler, sister Christine and family, Mr. and Mrs. William Leibensperger, husband and children, daughter May and family, sister Irene and daughter Evelyn.

Neighbors, son William and family, Charles Rohrbach family, brothers, Saucon maintenance department, Mrs. Xander and Bessie, Boy's department at Goldsmith Brothers, Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Barter and family, girls of National Silk Dyeing Co., James Whitemaine and Mr. and Mrs. William Barner.

The slumber robe was from the family.

MRS. CORA I. HOLLENBACH

The funeral of Mrs. Cora I. Hollenbach was held from her late home in Saegersville. Interment was in Heidelberg cemetery. The Rev. Thomas Bachman officiated. Pallbearers were Frank Handwerk, Clarence DeLong, Clayton Smith, Frank Derhammer, Allen Metzgar and Elmer Hartline.

Floral tributes were from family, sister Alice and family, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Derhammer, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Pew Jr., 19th floor of Sun Oil Co, Kressly family, aunt Catherine Metzgar, Mr. and Mrs. John Sofield, Maggie and Hilda and Charles Geiger and family.

MRS. DAISY L. ZELLNER

The funeral of Mrs. Daisy L. Zellner was held from the funeral home of L. O. Heintzelman and Son, Slatington. Interment was in Union cemetery, Slatington. The Rev. E. S. Kidd officiated. Pallbearers were members of the Shepherds of Bethlehem.

The floral tributes were from Lynnwood and the Shepherds of Bethlehem.

MRS. FLORA A. DeLONG

The funeral of Mrs. Flora A. DeLong was held from the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Peters, Slatington R. 1. Services were continued in Heidelberg church and interment was in Heidelberg cemetery. The Rev. Thomas Bachman officiated. Pallbearers were grandchildren John DeLong, LeRoy Krause, Ernest Krause, Frank Christman, David Handwerk and Carl Reitz.

Floral tributes were from children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, Mrs. O. Metzgar, B. C. Kuhnsman, Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Scheetz and families, nephews William and Granville and nieces Mary and Ida, Frank Hollenbach and family and Heidelberg Union Sunday school.

Deaths

DIETZ—In this city, March 31, 1939, Euphemia K., nee Gangwer, Dietz, wife of Marcus E. Dietz.

Brief services will be held from her late home, 1529 Allen St., Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. Regular services will follow in the First Pilgrim Holiness church, Liberty and Poplar Sts. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend. Interment will be made in Woodlawn cemetery. Blue church. Friends are invited to call at her late home Monday from 7 to 9 p. m. B.

ROHRBACH—At Seibertingsville, March 31, 1939, Edward W. Rohrbach, aged 41 years, 6 months and 8 days.

Due notice of funeral. B.

COWLES—In this city, March 31, 1939, Alice Mary Cowles, daughter of John E. and Clara L. nee DeRemer, Cowles, aged 3 years, 10 months and 8 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend services from the Derr funeral home, 46 E. Susquehanna St., Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. Continued services will follow in the Church of the Nazarene, 11th and Wyoming Sts. Friends may call Monday from 7 to 9 p. m. William H. Derr.

KOLEK—At Parryville, March 30, 1939, Helen (Sedlovsky), wife of Michael Kolek, aged 51 years.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services at 9 a.m. Monday from her late home in Parryville followed by requiem mass in the Holy Cross R. C. church at 10 a.m. Interment in SS. Peter and Paul cemetery, Lehighton. J. J. Wassil.



EN YEDER ZUWWER, GROSS UN GLEE, MUSS UF SEIM EEGNE BODDEM SCHTEH
—"GOETHE VUN BERKS"

A RED, RED APPLE

1733

ELSIE SINGMASTER

Thousands of Europeans, among them many Germans, accepted William Penn's invitation to come to Pennsylvania. The ships were small and the travelers suffered many hardships. This story tells what happened to a German boy.

Philip lay on the deck of the Philadelphia Merchantman, bound from Amsterdam to Philadelphia. His bed was a sour, straw-filled mattress propped against a large sea-chest which was lashed to the rail. He was fourteen years old but he looked as tall as a grown man. His cheeks were sallow, his eyes sunken and his lips swollen and there were sores on his face. A sailor spoke to him as he stepped carefully over his body but he made no answer.

The Philadelphia Merchantman was a fairly large ship for the year 1733, but it would not have been large for the year 1936 when the Queen Mary was launched. It was only about one twentieth as long as the Queen Mary, but it had carried three hundred passengers when it started its journey. Now it had one hundred and fifty.

The sailor said "Cheer up, sonny!" Philip had known only German until a month ago but now he understood a good deal of English. It was a month since he and his mother and little brother had left Plymouth in England and three since they had left Herrnhut in Saxony. They had traveled down the Elbe to Rotterdam and then across the English Channel to Plymouth.

Suddenly the light changed—that was clear to anyone who had been at sea only a little while. It would have been clear to Philip had anything been clear. He had listened carefully to the captain and the mate and had learned to foretell bad weather. He had even scrambled up into the rigging and helped sailors with the ropes.

The captain turned from the rail where he stood leaning his chin on his clasped hands. He was a short broad man with legs which looked as though they were purposely bowed so that he might keep his balance on a slanting deck. Before he reached Philip's side he had to step over many passengers lying on mattresses or on the bare boards. He not only saw the change in the light; he felt the tiniest quiver of the ship.

"Warnings from above and beneath," he thought. "Well, Philip," he said. "How are you?"

Philip knew that this was the captain, though he could not see him distinctly between his swollen eyelids. He turned his head the least bit toward his mother who sat beside him. If there were anything to be said, she would say it for him; she was always there, always waiting to help him.

"He thanks you, sir," she said. "He has less pain."

The captain's eyes narrowed—if the boy had less pain, that meant only that he was less able to feel pain. He saw the eyes of Philip's mother seeking his. She had felt, he believed, the vibration which ran from timber to timber in the ship's hull. He gave his head a little shake and went to the bow.

Philip's mother pulled the covers over his shoulders. They had plenty of covers—the large sea-chest packed with bedding was theirs. Philip's lips moved; it was not possible to hear what he said, but she didn't need to hear in order to understand. The German words mean, "A red, red apple!"

His mother wished to take his thoughts away from a red, red apple. He had talked about grapes and plums and pears and even about cabbages and onions and potatoes and beans and peas, but now he talked only about a red, red apple. Nature sent with the scurvy which afflicted half the passengers and crew a frantic longing for the simple remedy—fresh fruits and vegetables. There was plenty of food; the cargo consisted partly of mammoth English cheeses shipped to Pennsylvania. But the supply of food most needed was exhausted.

None had the scurvy as badly as Philip, none longed so desperately for fruit or vegetables. He could have a gull or a stormy petrel or a dolphin or even a shark but not a red, red apple.

"Think of the castles and fortresses you saw along the River Elbe, Philip!" urged his mother. She almost added, "Think of the vineyards!" but she caught herself in time. "Don't think of the vineyards and don't think of your little brother, or the old people, or the infants, all buried in the ocean!" she pleaded in her own mind, as though he could read her thoughts. "Think of the beautiful cities—Dresden and Hamburg and Magdeburg," she said. "How many German boys have seen as much as you? Think of"—

Philip's mother stopped speaking. She saw the captain turn from the bow and heard him shout. The poor people lying on the deck tried to sit up. The sky was darkening; they would have to go below and stay there in the close air, pressed together, sick and well. They would be tossed up and plunged down and dashed from side to side. She talked louder and louder so that Philip might hear her instead of the captain shouting to the sailors.

"Think of the brethren, Philip—how they were persecuted! How they were burned at the stake! How they were driven from their homes! Think of the wars that turned their lovely land into wilderness where wolves howled!"

"I want a red, red apple," murmured Philip through his stiff lips.

His mother talked still louder. "Think of where we're going—to Pennsylvania where there's peace and plenty, where men live side by side in friendship. The journey's half over; we'll soon see our relatives. No pirates have troubled us. Many of our company still live. Think"—

The ship jumped, like a dog trying to break his leash. The motion threw Philip's mother almost across his body. Philip did not feel her weight. "I want," he said, "a red,red apple."

Still talking, his mother began to drag the mattress with its light weight toward the hatchway.

"I won't go into the foul hold," shouted a man. "I'd rather die!"

"You must go into the hold," insisted a sailor. "The storm may not last long. We're nearing land—don't give up now."

The sailor lifted Philip in his arms and stepped down the ladder-like stairway. "God help him!" he thought. The ship gave a lurch and he amended his prayer. "God help us all!" He looked pityingly into the black depths, then closed the hatchway.

It was Tuesday afternoon when the passengers were shut into the hold; it was Thursday when the hatchway was opened. The sailors helped those who were able to climb on deck; others they lifted, including three little children who were dead.

Philip's mother lay for a while beside him; then, a little revived, she sat up. The crew was busy bracing a new mast to the stump which remained. The fresh air and sunshine were like medicine; she began to hope and pray.

The captain came after a while and looked down at Philip. The passengers had ceased to ask him questions except by the despairing look in their eyes. It would be another month at least before they reached Philadelphia.

"What does he say?" inquired the captain.

"He longs for an apple, sir."

"Apple trees don't grow in the sea," thought the captain grimly. He walked to the rail and there the mate joined him. The sailors looked in their direction, then out over the ocean. A word ran round the ship like something carried on the breeze, now in a strong loud tone, now in a faint tone like an echo.

"A ship! A ship!"

"It may be a pirate ship," whispered the passengers one to another. Two weeks ago the word would have made their hearts stand still; now they were too weak to be alarmed.

"I wouldn't care if it was a pirate ship if it brought me a red apple," whispered Philip to his mother.

"Whether it's a pirate ship or not, it's gone," said a sailor.

A woman stood beside the brick fireplace hollowed in the deck. She was frying a slice of meat in a little pan; in her weakness she overturned it and the fat flamed high. A word worse than "Pirates!" ran from tongue to tongue "Fire! Fire!"

"We can do nothing but jump into the sea," thought Philip's mother. "We'll not do that unless there's no hope."

The fire died down instantly; the woman who had overturned the pan sobbed her relief. The captain and the mate stood together by the rail. Suddenly the mate turned to the crowed deck. "A boxing-match this afternoon!" he shouted. "The captain and I will box and there will be games for the children."

There was no boxing-match. When the games and boxing-match were to begin, the captain and the mate were looking after the ship, the sailors were furling the sails and helping the passengers down into the hold. It was still early afternoon but the sky was black. From horizon to horizon flashed streams of fire. One long roll of thunder had not died away before another began. The Germans were terrified—there were no such storms in Saxony.

The man who had refused on Tuesday to go into the hold remained on deck; so also did Philip and his mother. When the storm was past, Philip's mother brought him a cup of broth.

"Drink it," she commanded, wildly. "You must, Philip! Without you, I have nothing to live for. The captain says we must keep up our courage."

Philip swallowed half a cup. His weakness and wretchedness were as bad as pain. The mate spoke to him but he did not hear. "Tomorrow you must watch the games, Philip."

The captain beat the mate at boxing. The children managed to run a little and to laugh at the antics of the sailors. "At the next match the mate will beat the captain," thought Philip's mother. "They'll take turns beating each other, to help the days pass." She bent close to Philip. "Yes, my son?"

The broth, the change in the air, perhaps the laughter of the children had given Philip a little strength. He smiled faintly. "I dreamed I had a red, red apple, Mother."

The night was warm and quiet. For two days no one had died but now it seemed certain that Philip would die. The passengers came and looked at him. "He was a good boy, and a handsome boy," said a man as though he were already gone.

The man who was speaking looked not down at Philip but across the rail at the ocean, blue like a dark sapphire with little lines of white foam. The captain and the crew had been looking at the ocean. "A ship!" the passengers began to cry. "A ship!"

The sailors climbed aloft. The Philadelphia Merchantman changed its course; with the wind whistling in the rigging, it traced a wide, wide curve on the water. These beautiful white sails could not belong to pirates! The passengers expected to come up with the ship in a half-hour, but it was noon before they came into hailing distance. They could see the name on her bow—Snow Maiden.

"Philip!" said Philip's mother. "Philip!" she called again. "Oh, Philip, listen to me!" Philip's lips did not move or his eyelids quiver.

A woman bent over him. "Poor boy!" she said, mournfully.

"We're lowering a boat!" cried the passengers.

Philip's mother could see past the sea-chest. It was true, a boat was being lowered. She began to talk wildly. "Philip! The sailors are rowing the captain to the great ship! Perhaps he'll bring something back!" She didn't dare to say, "Perhaps he'll bring a red apple!" that would be cruel. "Perhaps he'll bring some potatoes, Philip!"

All the passengers who could walk went to the rail. The captain had taken a half-dozen cloth-wrapped cheeses with him. He clambered up the side of the Snow Maiden, then the cheeses were hoisted. Shouts and laughter sounded across the water.

Philip's mother sat holding his hand. His hand was warm; she could not believe that her long sorrow would end in despair. The ship rocked gently. "The captain has returned and we're on our way," she thought. She bowed her head. "I'll submit to God's will. But I didn't expect to see the day when I would bury both my children in the deep cold ocean." Suddenly she lifted her head. She couldn't be mistaken—Philip's hand stirred in hers. The passengers were laughing, crying, calling. "Philip! Open your eyes, Philip! Look up!"

Philip opened his eyes, in them a spark of life, but not much more. The captain himself knelt beside him. In one hand he held his open case-knife, in the other an apple, a little shrunken perhaps, but very red. With his case-knife he began to scrape the apple into pulp. He slipped the point between Philip's lips and pushed off the pulp with his thumb. The sailors were lifting bags over the side; there was in the air of earthy smell of potatoes and better still the smell of onions, sweeter than the sweetest perfume.

Philip looked at his mother and at the captain and the sailors and the passengers crowding round. He finished the apple and ate a scraped potato.

"How do you feel?" inquired the captain.

"I feel that I'm going to see Pennsylvania," he answered faintly.

Philip was right. He did see Pennsylvania, not in another day, but in another month. Long before that he was back climbing the rigging. He saw Pennsylvania first from a perch high on the mast and shouted "Land! Land!" as though he had never been sick a single day.

Reprinted from "STORIES OF PENNSYLVANIA" (Harrisburg, Pa., 1937) with the kind permission of Elsie Singmaster and The Pennsylvania Book Service.

WILDE DAUWE

In alte Zeite ware wilde Dauwe;
Die hot mer Friehlings sehne fliege,
In gleene Flick, un in scharmante grosse —
Was war sell doch en schee Vergniege!

Die Buwe uf de Felder hie am Bluge
Hen g'schtoppt mit ihre miede Fuhre,
Un aus der volle Bruscht gerufe: "Dauwe!
Ihr himmelssche



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FOUR KINGS 100 Proof Rye Whiskey
FOUR KINGS Deluxe Blended Whiskey

80¢ PINT



Egg-Nog Recipe
(Ingredients for one. Increase as wanted)
Take 1 Egg—beat white and yolk separately. While beating yolk, add ½ tablespoonful Powdered Sugar, ½ tumbler Milk or Cream, and 1 jigger Four Kings Whiskey. Then stir in beaten white. Serve very cold with nutmeg on top.

FOUR KINGS Deluxe Blended Whiskey: Sixty-six and two-thirds Grain Neutral Spirits. Ninety proof. $1.50 Quart. FOUR KINGS 100 Proof Rye Whiskey $1.55 Quart. © 1939 KASKO DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., PHILA.

Personals

Dr. Preston A. Barba, head of the German department at Muhlenberg college, received the felicitations of his many friends yesterday, the occasion of his 56th birthday. Dr. Barba resides with his family in Emmaus.

Hattie Reiner, 125 S. West St., was admitted yesterday to the Sacred Heart hospital for surgical treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lutz, 1826 Cedar St., are today celebrating their silver wedding anniversary.

Stella Laporte, 332 N. 14th St., will observe her birthday anniversary on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank R. Heil, 113 W. Susquehanna St., will quietly celebrate their 30th wedding anniversary today.

Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Zellner, 1103 Lehigh St., will leave this morning to spend the Easter vacation in Kingston, Canada. Dr. Zellner will return to resume his practice Thursday.

Mrs. Maybelle H. Meyer, 38 S. 18th St., is in Atlantic City, where she is registered at Chalfonte-Haddon Hall.

Kermit Charles Gorr, son of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Gorr, and James Henry Guldin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Grover Guildin, are today observing their ninth birthday anniversaries. Both are residents of Trexlertown, born on the same day, and are pupils of the third grade of the Trexlertown school.

Mrs. Mary M. Moyer, 28 S. 9th St., is entertaining her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Quinn, Philadelphia, over the weekend.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kern, Allentown R. 2, will today celebrate their 17th wedding anniversary. They are the parents of seven sons, one of whom died.

Mrs. Franklin J. Wolfe Sr., of 623 Washington St. is today observing her birthday anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Boyer of 415 N. Hall St. are celebrating their 11th wedding anniversary today. Mrs. Boyer is the former Florence E. Kerschner of this city.

Obituaries

Clinton P. Seislove

Retired Insurance Agent Was 86 Years of Age at Time of Death

Clinton P. Seislove, retired insurance agent, died at 6 a. m. yesterday at his home, 136 S. Franklin St., Allentown, after a week's illness. He was 86 years old.

Mr. Seislove was connected with the Prudential Insurance Co. of America for more than 30 years before his retirement a number of years ago.

He was born at Trexlertown, a son of Reuben and Hannah, nee Muthardt, Seislove, but resided most of his life in Allentown. His wife, the former Anna Josephine Frankenfield, died last year. The couple had observed their 64th wedding anniversary Aug. 21, 1937.

A member of Zion Reformed church, he was affiliated with the Masonic orders and had been an active worker for the Democratic party.

Surviving are three children: Mrs. M. K. Person, of Allentown; Mrs. Howard Steinmetz, of this city and Claude, of Lanark; nine grandchildren and eight great grandchildren. A son Ray and a daughter Helen preceded him in death.

Services will be held at 1:30 p. m. Monday from the Burkholder Funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St.

Mrs. Arthur Albright

Illness Which Kept Woman Bedfast for Two Years Results in Death

Mrs. Catherine Albright died early yesterday at her home, 39 S. Madison St., Allentown, after an illness of nearly two years. She was 59 years old.

She was born at Wilmington, Del., a daughter of Joseph and Philippine, nee Geller, Holveck. For the last 50 years she had been a resident of Allentown.

Thirty-eight years ago she was married to Arthur W. Albright. She was a member of St. Catherine of Siena church and of the Sacred Heart league.

Surviving besides her husband are a daughter, Mrs. Earl J. Romig, with whom she resided; two grandchildren; two sisters: Mrs. George Kistler and Mrs. Leroy D. Werley, both of Allentown, and three brothers, Joseph Holveck, of Pittsburgh; Emil Holveck, of Atlantic City, and Francis Holveck of Allentown.

Mrs. Annie Greiner

Native of Germany, Victim of Stroke, Dies in Sacred Heart Hospital

Mrs. Annie Miller Greiner, widow of John H. Greiner, a native of Germany, died in the Sacred Heart hospital yesterday morning at the age of 78 years. She suffered a stroke on Tuesday and had been admitted to the hospital Thursday.

Mrs. Greiner was a faithful member of St. John's Lutheran church, Mickleys. Her husband, who died 28 years ago, was employed as a furnaceman at the Crane Iron works, Catasauqua, for many years.

Surviving are two sons, Henry Greiner of West Catasauqua and Harry Greiner, Allentown; three daughters, Mrs. John Rice, Catasauqua; Mrs. Maggie Vogel, West Catasauqua, with whom she resided, and Mrs. Chester Strauss, West Catasauqua. Seventeen grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren also survive. Besides her husband, she was preceded in death by a son and two daughters.

Funeral services will be held at the Oliver Burkholder funeral home, 3d and Walnut Sts., Catasauqua, on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. with the Rev. Harvey Sell, pastor of the Mickleys church, officiating. Interment will be in Fairview cemetery, West Catasauqua.

Mrs. Gertrude Kingcaid

Wife of Former Apothecary Owner Was Active in Organizations

Mrs. Gertrude I. Kingcaid, widow of the late Raymond K. Kingcaid, who operated a drug store at Madison and Chew Sts. until his death in 1923, passed away on Thursday at the Allentown hospital. She had been a patient there since Saturday night and for some time resided at 706 Walnut St., Allentown.

Mrs. Kingcaid was well known in this city and at one time was engaged in many, varied activities. At the time of her death her only affiliations were with the Junior Auxiliary of the Allentown hospital and St. John's Evangelical and Reformed church.

She was born in Allentown, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Diehl, and resided in this city all her life. Her only survivors are a sister-in-law, Mrs. James Howard, and a cousin, Mrs. William M. D'Miller, both of this city.

Rev. A. O. Reiter, her pastor, will be in charge of services to be held at the Wonderly funeral home, 1119 Hamilton St., on Monday at 2 p. m. Burial will be made in Fairview cemetery.

Oscar D. Wink

Kutztown Man Passes Away in Allentown Hospital at Age of 50 Years

Oscar D. Wink, 212 Highland Ave., Kutztown, died Thursday at 8:35 p. m. in the Allentown hospital following a short illness. He was 50 years of age.

Born a son of George and the late Isabella (Kemmerling) Wink, June 16, 1888, in Maxatawny township, he spent the greater part of his life in Berks county. He was affiliated with St. John's Reformed church, Kutztown.

Surviving are his wife, Millie, nee Moyer, Wink; his father, George Wink, and the following children: Eva, wife of Arthur Reifinger, Kutztown; Myrle M., Erma R., Annabelle M., Vivian E., and Richard O., at home, and George A., New York City. He is also survived by three grandchildren, one brother, Harvey, of Allentown, and four sisters, Mrs. Katie Swoyer, Kutztown; Carrie, wife of Irvin Merkel, Kutztown R. 1; Annie, wife of Mayden Barner, Allentown, and Elda, wife of Arthur Bleiler, Fountain Hill.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 1:30 p. m. from his late home, 212 Highland Ave., Kutztown, with further services in St. John's Reformed church, Kutztown, Rev. E. K. Angstadt officiating. Interment in Hope cemetery, Kutztown.

Mrs. Emma Zellner

Lehighton Woman, Native of Laurys, Heart Attack Victim at 71

Mrs. Emma Zellner, age 71, died at her home, 312 N. 3rd St., Lehighton, yesterday morning following a heart attack.

A native of Laurys, Lehigh county, and a resident of Lehighton since 1895, she was the daughter of the late Zeno and Adaline Crouthamel. She was a member of Miller's Reformed church, Laurys. Her husband preceded her in death by six months.

She is survived by the following daughters and sons: Mrs. Harry Eames, Lehighton; Mrs. Evor Williams, Lehighton R. 3; Mrs. Ray Kromer, Perth Amboy; and Mark, Charles and Pierce, Lehighton; four brothers, Elmer, Coplay; Robert, Egypt; Preston and William, Slatington; three sisters, Mrs. Charles Weaver, Egypt; Mrs. Lewis Miller, Coplay; and Mrs. Elizabeth Derr, Easton.

Services will be held at the chapel of Heller and Son, Weissport, Tuesday at 2 p. m. Rev. Russell Mayer, pastor of Jacob Reformed church, Weissport, will officiate. Burial will be made at the Gnaden Huetten cemetery, Lehighton.

Mrs. Emalina Gambler

Lyons Widow Was 72 Years Old at Death

Mrs. Emalina Gambler, widow of Jeremiah Gambler, died at 8.30 o'clock yesterday morning at the residence of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gernerd, Lyons, at the age of 72 years. She had been ill eight weeks.

She was the daughter of the late Jacob and Sophia (Boyer) Borral. She was a member of the Trinity Lutheran church, Bowers. Her husband died three years ago.

Survivors include the following children: Mrs. Edwin Gernerd, Lyons; Mrs. Howard Keiser, Mertztown, R. D.; Mrs. Robert Whitman, Hancock; Mrs. Paul Price, Fleetwood; Anthony, Philadelphia; Russell, Mertztown, R. 1; 35 grandchildren, four great-grandchil-

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

Deaths

FREDERICH—In this city, April 7, 1939, Katherine Jane, nee Boyer, Frederich, widow of Charles S. Frederich, aged 73 years.
Due notice of funeral.
Ernest B. Zimmerman.

GAMBLER—At Lyons, April 7, 1939, Emalina Gambler, widow of Jeremiah Gambler, aged 72 years, 8 months, 14 days.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral services at 1:30 p.m. Tuesday from the residence of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gernerd, Lyons, and the continued services in Trinity Lutheran church, Bowers. Interment adjoining cemetery. Friends are invited to call 7-9 p.m.
Schofer.

BRUNNER—At Limeport, April 7, 1939, Clara, nee Miller, wife of Justice of the Peace Joseph Brunner, aged 67 years, 10 months and 2 days.
Relatives, friends and members of organizations with which he was affiliated are respectfully invited to attend the funeral at 1:30 o'clock Tuesday at her late home in Limeport. Continued services and interment will be conducted at the Blue church, near Coopersburg. Viewing from 7 to 9 p. m. Monday.
Reinsmith.

ZELLNER—At Lehighton, April 7, 1939, Mrs. Emma Zellner, aged 71 years.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services from the Heller and Son chapel, Weissport, Tuesday at 2 p. m. Rev. Russell Mayer will officiate. Interment will be made in the Lehighton cemetery. Friends may call at the chapel Monday night.
Heller and Son, Weissport.

Zimmerman

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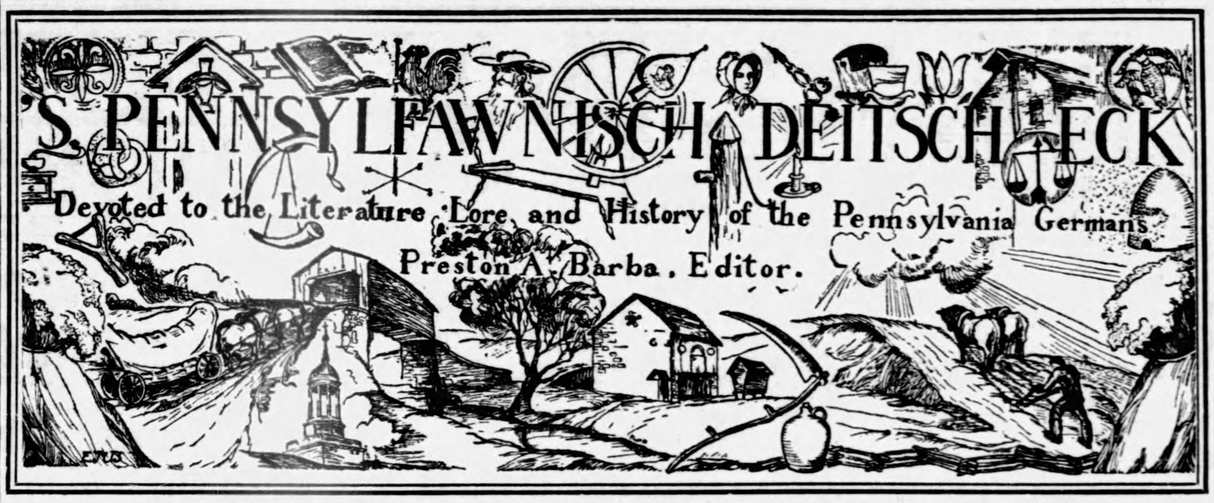

'S OIERLEGE UN 'S GACKSE SIN ZWEE VERSCHIEDENE SACHE

Friehyohr

Die Kelt iss voriwwer,
Der Winter iss verbei;
Die Baem sin am bliehe,
Un alles waerd nei.

Die Mannsleit sin am gaertle,
Die Weibsleit butze Haus;
Die Kinner schpiele Glicker,
Un alles will naus.

'S iss iwwerall am baue,
Sie bluge uf em Feld;
Die Aerwet waerd blendi,
Un Leit hen meh Geld.

Die Oschterblumme bliehe,
'S Grass waerd grie;
Die Feggel sin am peife
Un singe schpaet un frieh.

'S waer gut wann der Winter
Mit sich nemme daet
Die Sarye die baddere
Edeel Leit frieh un schpaet.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL

En Nei-i Kur far die Rummadis

Die Rummadis iss en gaschtige Blog. Sell hot der alt Moschkiwler schun lang aus Erfahring gewisst. Er hot aa schun viel gedoktert g'hat defor un Liniment eigeriwwe, awwer's hot nix recht aaschlagge wolle.

Ee Daag hot er in der Zeiting gelese, 's waer en schur Kur far die Rummadis, wann mer sich schteche daet losse vun Ieme. Es Iemegift daet's Rummadisgift neutraleise un dotmache, noh daete die Schmerze glei nohlosse. Es ware en deel Leit gemenschond, wu des Mittel gebrowiert hette, un die waer'n all ihr Rummadis sauwer los warre.

Des Ding hot der Moschkiwler geinterest. Er hot sell Schtick deelmols iwwergelese un kunsiddert, wie mer so en Mittel aawenne kennt. Er hot ausgemacht, mer misst en Lot Ieme fange, uf die Blacke hocke, wu die Rummadis schteckt, un dart neischteche losse. Sell Schteche daet of kors weh, awwer's kennt net viel weher dhu as die verflixt Rummadis, wann allegebott so'n Schtich neifaahrt. Wann's aa noch weher daet far'n Weil, wott er's gaern schtende, wann's yuscht noh en Kur waer. Sei Konklusion war, er daet's ennihau mol browiere.

'S naegscht hot er sei Bu nausg'schickt far Ieme fange. 'S sin blendi draus rum g'flogge, awwer er hot net yuscht gewisst, wie mer sie lewendig griege soll. 'S hett aa net gut gebasst far'n alter Mann draus rumzuschpringe far so ebbes; in fact, er hot aa net schpringe kenne. Er war schur, dass sei Freddie schun en Weg wisst, far eenigi Iem zu fange, wann sie noch so schei waer. So hot er'm zehe Cent verschproche far'n halb Dutzend Ieme, hot em awwer net g'saat ferwas er sie yuse will.

Der Freddie iss an die Aerwet, un wie die Sunn unnergange iss, kummt er heem mit re karze, dickhalsige Bottel, un re Lot Ieme drin, grosse un gleene, wu hie un her gekrattelt sin un gebrummt hen far Zarn, wie die Leeb im me Kewwig—yuscht net gans so laut.

Der Moschkiwler hot die zehe Cent bezaahlt, schteckt die Bottel in der Rocksack un geht ins Haus. 'S hot niemand ausfinne solle, was er im Sinn hot, un er hot sei gleeni Menagerie in die Schlofschtubb verschteckelt. Es war em net recht wohl mit seim Experiment; er hot gewinscht, die Ieme daete net gans so heess gucke. Er hot 'n paar Droppe Wasser in die Bottel g'schitt, far sie'n bissel abkiehle.

Am Sopperdisch iss er wiescht verschrocke. Sei glee Maedel hot g'saat, gans unschuldich: "Ah, ich riech Ieme. Was en siesser Geruch!"

Welter iss sie net kumme. Ihr Paep iss graad ufg'faahre un hot sie aag'schnarrt: Ruhig, Annie! Du riechscht gaar nix." Die Glee hot'n gans verscheecht aageguckt, un die Mrs. Moschkiwler hot g'frogt, eb er net gut fiehle daet. Der Freddie hot bei sich selwer gelechelt, awwer nix g'saat.

Endlich war's Zeit far schlofe geh. Es war en arrick heessi Nacht un der Moschkiwler hot sich allerhand Ausred gemacht far ufbleiwe, bis die annere all im Bett ware. Eb er in's Bett iss, hot er's Licht nunner gedreht, bis es yuscht noch'n gans bissel g'schimmert hot. Er hot sich sachte ausgedhu, awwer wie er faerdich war, iss ihm en grosser Seifzer ausg'faahre; er hot so hart an sei Kur gedenkt. Sei Fraa iss wacker warre un hot g'saat, wann's ihm so arrick Schmerze mache daet far ins Bett zu geh, daet er verleicht besser im Schockelschtuhl schlofe. Der Moschkiwler hot ken Andwart gewwe un iss ins Bett gekrattelt. Er hot 'n Weil gans schtill gelegge, un wie er gemeent hot, die Fraa daet widder schlofe, hot er sachte nausgelangt un sei Iemebottel beig'holt.

Nau iss der Druwwel aagange. Ee Iem dart raus zu fische aus me halb Dutzend, im Dunkle, war en krittlichi Sach. Er hot's awwer gebrowiert un hot en gleeni Hunnigiem verwischt. Sie hett ken Vaertel Ounce gewoge, wann mer sie an de Ohre g'howe hett, awwer er hot sie am me hinnere Bee gepackt, un sie war so schwer wie's hinner End vum me Esel. Der Moschkiwler hot gegreckst; er hot's net helfe kenne. Sei Fraa iss widder halwer wacker warre. "Was fehlt der dann?" hot sie g'frogt.

Der Moschkiwler hot net gewisst, was er saage soll. Sei Temperatur war all iwwer g'schtiege uf about 105, un am End vun seim Daume uf about 175. Er hot des Iemche rumgedreht un's Bisness-End uf sei Knie gedrickt, wu die Rummadis es schlimmscht war. Es hot net viel weh gedhu; es hot waerklich gar net weh gedhu.

Noh iss es ihm eig'falle, dass en Iem, wann sie ebber schtecht, ihr Harpoon far common schtecke losst, un dass selli particular Iem nix meh wert waer far'n Rummadis Liniment. Er hot sie naus falle losse uf der Floor; noh hot er rumg'fiehlt far sei Boddel un gewunnert, wu er sie dann hiegebrocht hett.

Sell hett am End nau viel ausgemacht. Sei Mistake war der: er hot die ersht Iem so eilig rausgezogge, dass er vergesse hot die Boddel widder zuzuschtoppe. Die Prisoners hen nadierlich Advantage genumme vun sellem. Sie sin raus un, weil ihre Fliggel noch nass ware, sin sie all iwwer's Leinduch rum schpaziert. Sie hen will selwer net recht gewisst wu hie. Der Moschkiwler hot als noch die Boddel g'sucht, do schtosst sei Fraa en Briller aus, dass ihm's Haerz schtill g'schtanne un dass es ihm in de Ohre gaklingelt hot.

"Maerder!" hot sie gekrische. "Maerder! O, helf, helf!"

Der Moschkiwler hot sich kerzegraad ufg'setzt un sei Hoor, wu er noch g'hat hot, hen's seem gedhu. "Zum Dunner!" saagt er, "wu sin all selli verdollte Ieme hiekumme?"

Iwwerdem setzt sich eeni vun de grosse Ieme—en Hummel, far's recht zu saage—zwische sei schultere un rennt sei Schpiess dart nei, als wann er saage wott: "des iss mol eeni devun."

'S war nau em Moschkiwler sei Zeit far yohle, un er hot nausgeblarrt, dass die Fenschtre gerappelt hen. "Reiss en runner!" hot er gekrische. "Sackermosches nochemol! Reiss en runner!"

'S naegscht iss en gleeni Iem, wu aa noch heess war, iwwer der Mrs. Moschkiwler ihre Fussohl gekrattelt. Sie hot nochemol gekrische, 's waer'n wahrhaftig Hexe im Bett, noh iss sie ummechtig warre.

Bei daere Zeit ware die Leit im Haus all wacker. Die Annie, der Freddie un die Maad sin in die Schtubb neigerennt, hen darchenanner gekrische un all uf eemol Questions g'frogt. Der Mann vum Haus hot uf em Floor rum g'huppst wie wietig un als mit zwee Hend zurick g'schlaeppt uf der Buckel far graad seller Placke wu er net reeche hot kenne. Iwwerdem hot en grossi blooi Weschp, wu der Freddie mitgewwe hot far gut Mooss, ihre Fliggel gedrickelt g'hat un iss graad darrich die Schtubb nausg'feiert uf'm Moschkiwler sei blotter Kopp. Graad do iss der Knecht neikumme, un der Moschkiwler glaabt heit noch, der hett die Pischtol uf en losg'schosse, weil er gemeent hett, 's waer en Raawer im Haus.

Well, sie hen endlich's Licht ufgedreht un die Ieme un Hummle ufg'sucht un dotg'schlagge, awwer 's iss nimmi viel g'schlofe warre selli Nacht. Der Moschkiwler war actually sei Rummadis los un en paar Daag so supel wie sei gleener Bu. Sie iss awwer widder kumme, un nau will er gar nix meh heere vun seinre neie Kur. Er waerd graad bees, wann mer'n ebbes frogt devun.

The Pennsylvania German, June, 1907

Aus der Baerrickbreddich

(Matt. VII, 13-20)

Geh nei darrich's enge Dor, far gross iss es Dor un breed iss der Weg as zu Ruination fiehrt, un viel hot's as seller Weg gehne.

Weil die Dier eng iss un der Weg schmal, as in's Lewe fiehrt, sin wennich as es finne.

Hiet eich vor falsche Prophete, wu in Schofsgleedung kumme, un innerlich hungeriche Welf sin.

Ihr misst sie kenne bei ihre Frichte. Dun Leit Drauwe sammle vun Darne, odder Feige vun Dischtel-Schteck?

En yeder guter Baam produced yuscht guti Frucht, awwer en schlechter Baam produced schlechti Frucht.

En guter Baam kann kee schlechti Frucht produce-e un en schlechter Baam kann kee guti Frucht produce-e.

En yeder Baam, as kee guti Frucht produced, waerd umg'hackt un ins Feier g'schmisse.

Darum, bei ihre Frucht misst ihr sie kenne.

—IWWERSETZT VUM E. H. RAUCH

Mei Mutter

Do karzlich war's in heeser Nacht, dieweils gedunnert hot mit Macht,
Un mechtich g'schtarmt un aa gereggert, as wann gar ken Schtoppes waer,
War ich am denke wie mei Maem mich un mei gleener Bruder Sam
Als in ihr Schoss gedrickt indem, wie's gewittered hot so sehr!
Dart hen mer g'fiehlt mer waere safe—die Maem geliebt, O so sehr!
Un sie aa uns — immermehr!

Wie noch en Kind, so leis un sanft, dieweil wir schtehn am Bettesranft
Zu unserm Leid, in grosser Trauer—der letschte Hauch—die Maem war dot;
Un weil mer weine laut un lang—o so haerzlich un so bang,
Erfaahre mir in unserm Drang, der beschte Freind in unsre Not
War fart, ya fart aus daere Welt un helft net meh n unsrer Not,
Nimmi gebt uns taeglich Brot!

Karz dernoh un gans ungluecklich, schtaerbt der Pap schier aagebliecklich;
Unser Heemet glee, un aa schier leer—Drauer, Not un Elend mehr—
Awwer doch net gans verlosse—der wu Gott traut kann sich fasse;
Die Nochbere dart in Massen, so liewevoll, hen Mitleid sehr,
Sin all barmhaerzich wie der Herr un helfen uns in allem sehr—
Das unser Troscht—immer mehr!

Un die Freinde, niemols laessich, sarge far uns immmer maessich,
Dass unser Kasse war net leer—lieben uns ya mehr un mehr;
In die Schule sind gegange, Lehr un Weisheit zu erlange;
Hen doch g'hat so viel Verlange far die Mutter—O so sehr!
Glaawe dass sie widder kummt un dutt bleiwe immerdar—
Dann greischt yemand—"Nimmermehr!"

Was far'n Schlingel in meim Zimmer mit seim schreckliche Gewimmer?
Wann ich awwer ihn kann grabbe, grickt er Feige uf sei Ohr.
Ich sehn mei Deer am Zimmer uf; verwisch ich ihn dann schlag ich druf
Un schlag ihn nunner—mach ihn ruhich. Er greischt net lang un des iss wohr
Was ich saag vun meinrer Mutter, "Sie kummtwidder," immer wohr.
"Du liegscht," greischt ebber in mei Ohr!

"Drauss wann net hin, der Biffelkopp, zu dem sei "Rot" mach ich 'n Schtop
Ich fin' ihn net, er scheint net hin—nemm halt am Gnopp, dart an der Deer.
Der Gnopp kummt los in meinrer Hand; der Grischer g'wiss war gut bekannt.
Ich heb der Gnopp, 'n Feind im Land, un frog der Ketzer wu er waer;
Guck rum im Zimmmer far sei Schaal—wisst ich doch yuscht wu er waer!
Graad schalt's "Dei Maem lebt nimmermehr."

Ferwass iss 's dass en Mann net in Friede denke kann
Vun de Mutter, die so lieb, war's dann dunkel odder glar?
Ferwas iss's dass der Alt hot so mechtich gross Gewalt?
Un kummt so gor in Engelsg'schtalt un dutt liege Yohr noch Yohr?
Liege schwarz wie Darr un Grabbe, zum verfiehre Yohr noch Yohr!
Uns zu verfiehre immerdar!

Du schwarzes Dier in aller G'schtalt, du Ursach, as die Welt verfallt,
Un Mensche viel zum Schicksal gehn wu Hoffning ewig kummt net vor!
Du aldi Sau mit Schwewwel umringt, mit Schwanz as wie'n Seiben schtinkt;
Mit Maul das alle Dreck verschlingt, Haut gans dreckich un die Haar—
"Un wie lausich," hawwich g'saat, "immer aerger in de Haar
Waerd's ald Dier, gans un gaar!"

Dann hawwich g'sucht, was hawwich g'sucht, des Dier zu reiwe in die Flucht!
Un besser noch, des war ich schure, waer's wann sei Schnut verbuggert waer.
Noh hew ich recht der Dieregnopp, zu schplitte ihm sei Rieselkopp;
Geh rum un sehn ihn drin im Schopp, in Katzeg'schtalt un feirich sehr;
Hinnich 'm Schank, gans drin im Eck. Dart schpott un lacht er, o so sehr!
Greischt: "Dei Maem sehnscht nimmermehr!"

Nau hawwich awwer ufgezogge mit Gnopp in Hand, un der iss g'flogge;
Un der alt Kaater sehnt was kummt, war g'scheit genung un net zu schlo;
Tschumpt weck in Zeit, un O wie schaad, dass ich ihn net gedroffe graad
Un hie gelegt so dot wie'n Laad, un fart far immmer, immer so;
Die Leit gans safe, ken Pein, ken Dot, frei un friedlich, immer so!
So kummt en Zeit—dann immer do!

Wie schaad; des alt schwarz Ding verfehlt, anschtatt 'n Eck vum Schank abg'schaelt.
Der Dieregnopp, der rund un schwer, verschreckt der Deiwel O so sehr!
Wie Dunnerlicht schtrahlt sei Figur, mit Deiwels G'walt in Abgrund fuhr.
Er bleibt net dart, des bin ich schur; un noch mehr schur, der Platz werd leer.
Wie rugt die Maem! Sie kummt vum Graab, sie schwenkt ihr Hand, uns Graab waerd leer—
Lebt un liebt dann immermehr!

Un die Mutter, immer lieblich, als noch schlummert dart bedrieblich,
In ihrm Graab so kalt un schrecklich, naegscht am Paep seim Schlofesort;
Un am Daag der Auferschtehung, wann die Welt kann net mehr gehen,
Aus dem Graabe werden gehen, die wu lange weilten dort —
Meine Mutter zu mir kumme un mich lieben, lieben dort,
Lieben, leben immerfort!

Vun Parre H. Horace Rogis

Personals

Mrs. Eva Kramer, 746½ N. 9th St., s returned home after spending the st five months nursing Edwin La- rre of Orient, N. Y., brother of Dr. Barre of Coaldale.

Mrs. E. C. Richter, 1047 Tilghman , is visiting relatives in Detroit and nsas City.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman W. Nenow, 4 N. Jefferson, are vacationing in rfolk, Va.

Mable E. Brown, R. N., 628 N. Penn , is a guest at the Hotel New York- in New York City.

Mrs. Fred Schaffer and daughter anna, 836 Pine St., are visiting Mr. d Mrs. Jesse Winner, Drexel Hill. William W. Schmoyer, 325 N. 9th , is a weekend guest of Archie R. haffer, Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. D. Miller, 07 Chew St., were among recent ar- als at the Hotel Ambassador, Los ngeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Ames of 242 Jute St. are the parents of a son rn at 10:29 a. m. Friday at the lentown hospital.

Deaths

SCHEETS—In Nazareth, April 14, 1939, Frank Scheets, 76, husband of Sarah Reph Scheets. Funeral services at 2 p. m. Monday the residence, 123 N. Broad St., Naza- th. Burial in Hope cemetery. Heck- wn. Friends may call Sunday evening. R. J. Bartholomew.

MILLER—At Fountain Hill, April 14, 39, Elma M. Miller, daughter of Henry and Ida E. (Roeder) Miller, aged 38 rs. 8 months, 4 days. Brief services will be held at 1:30 p.m. ednesday from the Derr funeral home, E. Susquehanna St., with continued vices, to which relatives and friends e respectfully invited, at the Trinity Re- rmed church, Spinnerstown. Interment Joining cemetery.

William H. Derr.

Obituaries

Mrs. Gertrude Burke

Daughter of Late Edward and Kate Schiffert Is Called by Death

Mrs. Gertrude Burke, a roomer at 226 Linden St., Allentown, the past year, died yesterday morning in the Sacred Heart hospital where she had been a medical patient since Nov. 19, 1938. She was 60 years old.

She is believed to have been born in Allentown, a daughter of Edward and Kate Schiffert. She was a member of Dubbs Memorial Reformed church. There are no known survivors.

Services will be held at 1:30 p. m. Monday from the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St., with interment in Greenwood cemetery. Viewing 7-9 p. m. Sunday.

George Anthony

Charter Member of SS. Peter and Paul Society, Bethlehem, Called by Death

George Anthony of 521 Thomas St., Bethlehem, a charter member of the SS. Peter and Paul society of the SS. Cyrillus and Methodius church, Bethlehem, died yesterday morning at 3:30 o'clock in St. Luke's hospital, Bethlehem.

He was also a member of the Holy Name society of the church. Surviving are two sons, John and George, two daughters, Mrs. John Bucko and Mrs. Michael Matco, all of Bethlehem, and 11 grandchildren.

The funeral will be held from his late home on Monday at 8:30 a. m. High mass of requiem will be offered in SS. Cyrillus and Methodius church at 9 a. m. and burial will follow in the church cemetery.

Mrs. Ida R. Hill

Bowmanstown Woman Is Stroke Victim; Had Been in Excellent Health

Apparently in excellent health Thursday night and yesterday morning, Mrs. Ida Rebecca Hill, wife of Frank Hill, Ore St., Bowmanstown, suffered a stroke yesterday afternoon and died at 3:05 p. m. She was in her 59th year.

She was a daughter of the late Jerome and Sally (Fronheiser) Hoffman, and was born July 14, 1880, at Ashfield. She held membership in Trinity Lutheran church, Bowmanstown; the Daughters of Liberty Lodge, Palmerton, and the P. O. of A. No. 69, Bowmanstown.

Surviving besides her husband are five daughters, Mrs. John Kleintop, Lanark; Mrs. Sylvester Holzer, Catasauqua; Mrs. Alexander Billig, Palmerton; Mrs. George Ziegenfus, Bowmanstown, and Myrtle, at home. Also surviving are 10 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren, two sisters, Mrs. William Snyder, and Bessie Hoffman, Bowmanstown, and three brothers, William, Allentown; Frank, Bowmanstown, and Ralph, Palmerton.

Private funeral services will be held Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. from her late home followed by public services in the Trinity Lutheran church Bowmanstown, to which relatives, friends, and members of the Daughters of Liberty Lodge, Palmerton, and P. O. of A. No. 69, Bowmanstown, are invited. Interment will be made in Bowmanstown cemetery.

Mrs. Sarah Berkemeyer

Woman Who Had Lived in Slatington Many Years, Expires at Bethlehem

Ailing for the past several years, but bedfast only since April 1, Mrs. Sarah Berkemeyer died early yesterday at her home, the residence of her son-in-law and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Kern, 740 Main St., Bethlehem.

Born in Washington township, Lehigh county, she was the daughter of Stephen and Caroline, nee Jacob, Andreas, and was a member of St. John's Reformed church, Slatington.

She was formerly married to the late Frank J. Lentz, who conducted a grocery store about 20 years ago in Slatington. Later she married John F. Berkemeyer, former Slatington funeral director, who passed away about six years ago.

Surviving are a son, Walter Lentz, Allentown; two daughters. Lillie, wife of Albert Reinhart, Allentown, and Mrs. Florence, wife of Dr. Thomas Kern, Bethlehem. Six grandchildren, three great-grandchildren and a brother, Robert Andreas, Merchantville, N. J., also survive.

Rev. R. Maxwell Paine will officiate at funeral services to be held from the late home, 740 Main St., Bethlehem, on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m., with further services at 2:30 o'clock at St. John's Reformed church, Slatington. Interment will be made in Union cemetery, Slatington.

Mrs. Laura Conover

Active Moravian Churchwoman Succumbs in 75th Year at Bethlehem

Mrs. Laura E. Conover, 552 Carlton Ave., Bethlehem, widow of William G. Conover, died at her home yesterday morning at the age of 74. She was a daughter of Charles and Isabel, nee Quier, Sorge.

Mrs. Conover was a member of the First Moravian church, Bethlehem, south side, and the Ladies' Guild of the church. Surviving are three sons, William H. and Fred R. Conover, at home; Lloyd J. Conover, Bethlehem; a daughter, Esther E., wife of J. Harold Mauger, Allentown; two sisters, Mrs. Erwin Glose and Mrs. George Miller, Bethlehem, 10 grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at her late home on Tuesday at 2 p. m. Interment will be in Nisky Hill cemetery, Bethlehem.

Peter Mutarelli

World War Veteran Expires in St. Luke's Hospital After Short Illness

Peter Mutarelli, 1169 E. 4th St., Bethlehem, a veteran of the World war, died Thursday in St. Luke's hospital, Bethlehem. He was 41 years old.

Mr. Mutarelli served as a private with the supply company, 57th Infantry. He was a member of the Fifth Ward Democratic club, Bethlehem. Surviving are two brothers, Charles and Anthony Mutarelli, Bethlehem, and a sister, Mrs. Joseph Lolli, with whom he resided.

The funeral will be held from his late home on Saturday at 9 a. m. with a mass following at 9:30 a. m. at the Holy Rosary church, of which he was a member. Interment will be in the family plot in St. Michael's cemetery, Bethlehem.

Mrs. Jennie Smith

Lehighton Woman Had Been Ill Several Weeks; Funeral Monday

Mrs. Nevin Smith, nee Jennie Miller, of Center St., Lehighton, a patient in the Allentown hospital for 10 days, died there Thursday night.

Besides her husband, she is survived by eight children, Edgar, Francis, Robert, Norman, Donald, Clark, Grace and Jennie; four sisters, Mrs. Susan Kern, Lehighton; Mrs. Emma Higgins, Mauch Chunk; Mrs. Laura McCall, Fishport; Ellen Miller, Wegnertsville, and one brother, Walter Miller of Lansford.

Funeral services will be conducted Monday at 2 p. m. from the chapel of Heller and Son, Weissport. Rev. Harry J. Wyatt, pastor of All Saints Episcopal church, Lehighton, will officiate. Interment will be made in Zion's church cemetery, West Penn.

(Continued on Page Nine)

A. P.
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Isn't it time to Kick Over the Traces?

ACCORDING TO THE NEWSPAPERS, it's been a long, tough winter. Blizzards . . . the budget . . . politics . . . taxes . . . and the Flu.

But, hang it all, man—your Tax Report is in . . . and it's *Spring* outside!

In just 15 minutes you can whisk every worry from your mind.

Just sit in this new Nash. It has more fun and excitement and spring madness packed into its singing lines than you've felt in your hands for years.

Feel that cushion flatten out behind you as you shift into high!

There's a special kind of engine up in front that knows your every whim—can idle you silently down a moonlit road—or whisk you to a dot on the skyline. Then *wait*—for suddenly a *Fourth Speed Forward** sends you flashing into a new range of performance you never felt before!

You can't keep it from passing others on the road, or showing off in the hills!

And when you ride, listen. Listen to silence. No tell-tale vibration or unpleasant wind-whine disturbs your new-found peace of mind. Only when you look outside do you know how fast you're going, how rough the road is.

Yes—go ahead . . . take a deep breath! For even the air is different in a Nash . . . fresh as an ocean breeze, filtered of road dust . . . and, thanks to the "Weather Eye"*, you'll never have to drive in a topcoat again.

Just let those miles keep rippling off behind your wheels . . . until you know what you felt like back in those carefree days of '29!

Then you'll realize why we had to put a full-size convertible bed inside . . . for once you start driving a Nash, you never know when to stop!

• • •

Yes . . . there ought to be a charge for driving a new Nash, because it makes you feel so good.

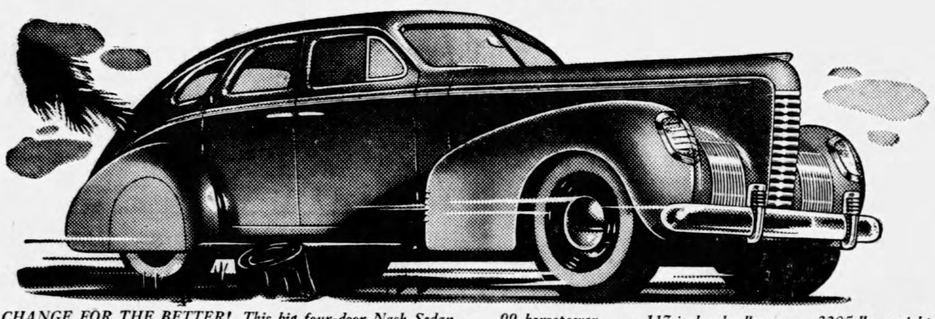
But this experience is yours to command, at any Nash showroom.

And it can be yours *every day in your life*, for the cost of a commonplace car!

Fact is, there are *ten* Nash models priced next to the lowest . . . holders of the Gilmore-Yosemite economy record in their class, with 21.25 miles to the gallon—and built the usual Nash way to go and *go* and GO!

Come on down . . . and get a new look at life through a Nash windshield.

It's that new NASH
THE CAR EVERYBODY LIKES



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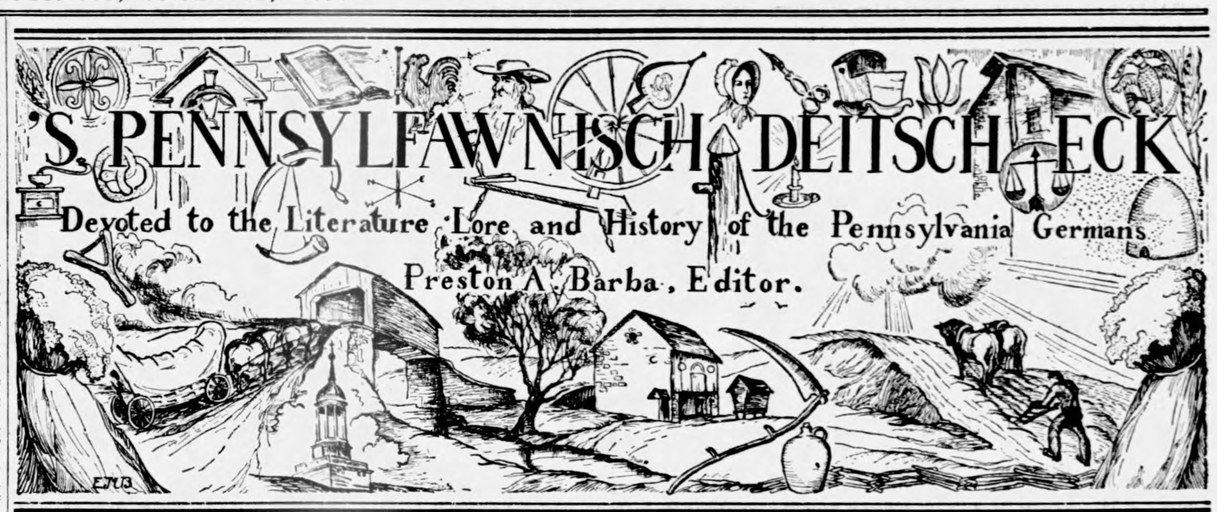

DREIMOL GEZOGGE ISS SO SCHLIMM WIE EEMOL ABGEBRENNT

Vun Ziege

Sie ziege raus, sie ziege nei,
Sie ziege do un dart;
Sie sinn die gans Zeit uf der Yacht,
Sie misse immer fart.

Ee Haus iss gans zu glee far sie,
En anners iss zu gross;
Un deel mol iss der Rent zu hoch,
'S iss immer ebbes los.

Des Ziege koscht sie meh wie Rent,
Un nemmt vun Aerwet Zeit;
Doch kumme sie im Land erum,
Un trawwele weit und breit.

Die Hauptsach iss, sie hen kee Geld,
Un gewwe aa nix drum.
Deswege sin sie uf der Yacht
In ganse Land erum.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL

Die Yunge Richter

Is It Ever Right to Do Wrong?

I

As war so gege 'm Friehyohr gewest. Der Miehldamm hot schun lang ken Eis meh g'hat un die gleene Baechlin un Kricklin hen g'sunge iwwer die schteenige Riffel un zwische de griene Ufere, as wann die Friehlingszeit schun do waer.

Der Isrel Groh un der Hans Schwenk ware uf ihrem Heemweg—heem vum Dammhiegel, wu die yunge Leit im Schtedtel Sunndaag Nammidaags als hiegeloffe sin far Wintergriebeere un Bletter zu suche un aa far die Zeit herrlich zu verweile. Un's ware net yuscht die Buwe allee, wu an der Dammhiegel geloffe sin Sunndaags. Die Meed sin aa hie, zu zwett, zu viert, un ach, manchmols ware's zwee Buwe un zwee Maed—zwee Paar!

Es war Sunndaag Nammidaag wie die zwee Buwe, der Isrel un der Hans, yeder so vielleicht fufzeh Yohr alt, vum Hiegel owwe runner kumme sin un sin iwwer die Race-Brick um newe am Schwamm nuf noch'm Schtedtel zu geh. Dann kumme ihne entgege zwee annere Buwe, eppes greesser un schtaerker, ung'faehr sechzeh odder siwezeh Yohr alt. Die ware verhasste Kerls—Bullies, Eisefresser. Sie hen en langi Schtang g'hat; mit daere riehre sie im diefe Wasser rum, wu der Race sich verbreet in der Damm, un bal ziege sie'n schee nei Fischgarn, en Schtellgarn, aus'm Wasser raus. Mit ihre Sackmessere verschneide sie des Garn zu Schticker, schmeisse die Zottle zerick in's Wasser un die Refflin iwwer die Mauer in der Schwamm. Dieweil as sie an daere Aerwet ware, hen sie wieschterlich g'flucht un de annere Buwe gedroht dass, wann sie ee Wart verzaehle vun was sie do g'sehne hen, dann schlagge sie die Verzaehler halwer dot 's naegscht mol as sie nanner aadreffe.

Der Hans un der Isrel hen gewisst, dass die Schliffel schlecht genunk sin ihre Drohe auszufiehre. Es ware die Kratze Buwe, der Silas un der Jakie, un alles was gleener war as sie, hot sich g'faerricht vor ne. Wem sel Fischgarn g'heert hot, iss niemols raus kumme.

II

Vielleicht eppes wie zwee Monet noch daere Zeit iss der Isrel Groh gange far die Kieh hole vun der Wies. Es was yuscht so am duschber warre, un die yunge Fresch ware am Kreische un Peife, as wann sie'n Koncert gewe daete.

"Hui, hui! Du weissrickiger Deifel, du! Hui! Net dort nei! Geh net widder darch!"—So hot der Isrel gekrische zu eens vun seine Kieh; dann gnallt er sei Geeschel un singt:

"In Lauterbach halb ich mein Schtrumpf verlor'n,
Und ohne Schtrumpf geh ich - - "

Awwer uf eemol war er meisleschtill, far er seht eppes. Er seht eppes, was ihn denke macht ans Fischgarn-verschneide seller Sunndaag Nammidaag ans Grosse Damm. Dort vorne draus seht er eens vun selle Bullies, selle Feierfresser, der Silas Kratz, iwwer die Fens krattle mit re scheene, neie, helzerne, heemgemachte Muschkrottefall unner'm Aarm.

Der Isrel treibt sei Kieh langsam heem, awwer eb er heem kummt, weess er wu der Silas Kratz sei neie Muschkrottefall hieg'schtellt hot. Un er denkt der gans Owet an die Fall un ans Fischgarn, wu er g'sehne hot verschneide ans Grosse Damm.

III

Es war sehr dunkel, wie's mol recht Nacht war. In der Alley newe seim Daadi seim Haus war der Isrel Groh un sei Bruder, der Sam, un noch drei annnere Buwe, vun dreizeh bis sechzeh Yohr alt, der Hans Schwenk, der Hans Bassler un der Enoch Dunkel—fimfe in all.

Es hot gelaut as wann der Isrel en Speech mache daet. In Pennsylfaanisch Deitsch verzaehlt er die Fischgarn G'schicht mit eifriger un doch leiser Schtimm. Er hot's kraeftig gemacht. Er hot ausgelegt, wie'n schee nei Garn es war, wie die zwee Bullies des prechtig Schtellgarn verschnitte hen, wie sie g'flucht un g'schwore hen, wie sie gedroht hen 'm Isrel Groh un 'm Hans Schwenk 's zu mache, wann sie eppes saage daete. Die annere vier Buwe hen g'horcht so wie sie nie g'horcht hen in der Kaerrich. Dann verzaehlt er vun der neie Muschkrottefall; wer sie nunner ins Eli Wesche Wies getraage hot, wu sie yetz schteht, un dass er sie finne kennt im Dunkle.

"Es war der Silas Kratz wu die Fall g'schtellt hot. Er hot helfe me unschuldige Mann sei Fischgarn verderwe aus Schpeit un Deifelei. Nau, was solle mer dhu mit seinere neie Muschkrottefall?"

As wie mit eenere Schtimm iss 's Urteil g'falle aus vier yunge Haels: "Verschlagge!"

"All right! Awwer ihr misst all helfe. En yeder muss en Schtreech schlagge!"

"Ya! Ya! Ya! Wu iss die Ax?"

"Ich geh un hol unsere," saagt der Isrel. Die Alley nuf schpringe, iwwer die Fens krattle, unner der alt Bierebaam uf der Holzplatz geh un die Ax hole, hot yuscht eh paar Minutte genumme.

"Come on now!" un mit der Ax unner'm Aarm hot der Isrel de Viere die Alley nunner g'fiehrt im Dunkle, iwwer die Poschtefens, darch die Wies, nunner unner der gross Weide baam. Dart hot er en Zeitlang rumg'sucht uf em weeche Wasem, dieweil as Freschlin gepiffe hen un's Wasser im Bechli g'sunge hot.

"Do iss die Fall" secht er, "nau schlagt yeders vun eich en guter Schtreech."

Vier Hend sin nausg'schtreckt, awwer der Isrel hot g'saat: "Du, Enoch, du schlagscht 's erscht."

"Krach!" hot's die Wies nufg'schallt, un die Freschlin hen ihre Peife g'schtoppt far'n karze Zeit.

"Nau du, Hans."—"Krach!"

"Yetz du, Sam."—"Krach!"

"Yetz mach ich 's fertig!" secht der Isrel. Dann hot's noch e paar mol gekleppert, awwer die yunge Freschlin hen bal widder aafange zu schpiele, die Schterne blinzele im diefe, dunkle Himmel, un fimf Buwe sin zerick g'schliche die Alley nuf un hen die Holzax iwwer die Fens g'schmisse unner der alt Bierebaam.

Eb der Silas Kratz an sell verschnitte Fischgarn gedenkt hot wie er de naegschte Marye gange iss gucke, wie viel Muschkrotte er in seiner Fall hett, un yuscht en Heifi Beintholz dart g'funne hot—sell hot niemand ausg'funne. Des weess der Herr.

War es en Daniel zum Gericht kumme? Odder war's em Judge Lynch sei Court?

Dr. Ezra Grumbine in "THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN," January, 1906.

'N Schaerz

JOHN BIRMELIN

Written upon request for the third "Pennsylfaanisch Deitsch Versammling vun Baerricks Kaunti" held in Reading last night, April 14th, 1939.

Die Schublaad hawwich ufgemacht,
So var mer hiegeguckt,
Do fallt mer ebbes in die Hand —
Mir hot's am Haerz gezuckt!

Es waar de Mutter ihre Schaerz,
Den hot sie oft gedraage;
Ya, wann er uns verzaehle kennt,
Was daet er alles saage?

Des nemmt mich weit, so weit zurick,
Bis in die Kinneryaahre;
Dart hawwich schun im Schaerz geruhgt
Un waar noch kaum gebore.

Dart schlof ich an de Mutterbruscht,
Un as mich yo nix weckt,
Ken Wind ums zaarte Keppche ziegt,
Hot sie mich zugedeckt.

An sellem Schaerz do fiehrt sie mich
Allmaehlich daerrich's Lewe;
So wie ich wennich laafe kann,
Do muss ich mich draa hewe.

Un o, wie waar ich als so bang,
Waar'n fremme Leit im Haus;
Verschteckel mich an sellem Schaerz
Un guck dehinner raus.

Hot eens vun uns e wennich g'heilt,
Iss uns en Unglick g'schehne,
Do kummt die Mutter mit em Schaerz
Un drickelt uns die Draene.

Un schpaeter, wie mer gresser waar'n,
Mir Buwe un die Maed,
Do hen mer ewwe Dricks versetzt,
So wie des efders geht.

Mer schleiche sachde hinne bei,
Schaerzbendel ufgemacht,
Un wie der Schaerz dann runner fallt,
Noh hen mer als gelacht.

So hen mer aa, fer Deiwelsschtreech,
Die Bendel als vergnippt;
Sie hot uns alsemol verwischt,
Noh hen mer's awwer grickt.

Doch waar die Mutter gut zu uns,
Hot g'saerrigt frieh un schpot;
Un hen mer uns emol verfehlt,
Sie gebt uns guder Rot.

Wie bal waarn all die Kinner gross,
Un's Mitterche waerd alt;
Vum Druwwel waar sie net verschont,
Die Welt iss hart un kalt.

"Die gleene Kinner," saagt sie als,
Die drede uf der Schaerz;
Doch wann sie noh mol greesser sin,
Dann drede sie uf's Haerz."

Die Draene falle uf der Schooss,
So ganz allee im Schtille;
En leiser Seifzer heert mer kaum,
"Ya, well! 's iss Gottes Wille!"

Die Mutter ruhgt im kiehle Graab,
Un do iss noch ihr Schaerz —
Die Schublaad hawwich zugemacht,
Mir dutt so weh am Haerz.

Fruehjohrs Lied

Der Winter isch fort un ich bin so froh —
Wan er kummt un ah wan er geht;
Die Wolke sin weis un der Himmel isch blo,
Un lieblig isch 's wu mer sich dreht;
Die Hinkle, die gaxe,
Die Zwiwle, die wachse,
Un die Amschel, die baut sich e Nescht.

Der Winter isch fort un 's Fruehjohr isch do,
Un alles guckt frisch, grue, un neu;
Un 's Laebli un's Graesli fergruene sich so,
In dem liebliche Sunneschei;
Die Sun schmelzt der Reife,
Die Foegel, die peife,
Un sel g'fallt mer noch 's allerbescht.

Die Schul isch forbei, un ich bin so froh —
Die Laede am Schulhaus sin zu;
For wan mer ah wert so alt as e Kuh,
Doch lernt mer noch immer dazu;
Die Buwe, die schpiele,
Die Saeulin, die wiele,
Un's Hammacher's Kuh hot en Kalb.

Die Hahne, die kraehe so luschtig un laut,
Un ener fliegt dort uf die Fens;
Die Mamme, die planzt Rothriewe un Kraut,
Un die Maed, die roppe die Gaens;
Die Hahne, die kraehe,
'S isch bal Zeit for naehe,
Un dort fliegt warhaftig en Schwalb.

Was isch doch en Laerme dort drowe im Hof!
Mer meent doch mer nuesst sich fergaffe;
Ich glaab doch warhaftig sie scheere die Schof
Un, horich! was kreische die Krabbe!
Die Hinkel, die schaerre,
Die Schaefflin, die blaerre,
Un der Daed hot der Schofhammel g'schnitte!

Der Himmel isch blo, die Wolke sin weis,
Un die Sun scheint so lieblich un schoe;
Ke Froscht meh im Bodde, uf 'm Baechli ke Eis,
Un wu isch der letscht jaehrig Schnee?
Die Ieme, die brumme,
Die Goldamschle kumme,
Un die Glucke, die bruehe im Schlitte.

Es Waesserli wimpelt, un dort uf 'm Bueschli,
Schweebt en Schtar mit blutrothe Fluegel;
Geduldiges Buewli hoekelt for's Fischli,
Un's Baechli, des glaenzt wie en Schpiegel;
Gruegeel sin die Weide —
Die Buwe, die schneide
Un mache sich Peife im Mai.

Die Buwe, die bloose ihr Weidepeife,
Die Maed suche bittere Salad,
Un die Mansleut, die muesse bal Sense schleife
Sunscht gebt 's ke schoe, sauwer G'Mad;
Em Dchecki sei Baerdli,
Des hot nau en Schtaertli —
Wan's regert, gebt's fiel Gras un Hai.

Guckt juscht emol, nau, dort drowe im Hof —
Die Buwe, die schmiere un butze;
Dort schtehne un blaerre die g'schorne Schof,
Un die Laemlin, die schpiele un schtutze;
Dort isch 'n weis Boeckli,
Des hot 'n schwarz Blaeckli,
Juscht grad uf 'm End fun der Nas.

Der Butzemann schteht mit im Welschkornfeld
Ganz muesig un sagt ke Wort;
Der Daed laad die Buechs, er schpannt un er schtelt —
Eeb's kracht sin die Krabbe schun fort!
Der Sus ihre Gaensli,
Des hot 'n Schtumpschwaenzli,
Un die alte sin schlimm uf 'm Gras.

Du liewe, du froeliche Fruehjohrszeit!
Wie leebhaft die ganze Natur;
O wunterbaar isch die grosz Herlichkeit —
Gleichfaellig des g'ringscht Kreatur!
Der Adler fliegt hoch,
Un's Schpaetzli fliegt noch —
Der Schoepfer, der hot sie all gleich.

Aus H. L. Fischer's KURZWEIL UN ZEITFERTREIB
The original spelling has been retained.

Little Jack Horner

Der glee Johnnie Schteckel,
Er hockt im me Eckel.
Un was hot er dart geduh?
Dart hockt er mit me Blaume-pie
Un geht aa mit me Daume nei;
Un wammer'n verwischt, dann saagt er glei:
"Was bin ich en schmaerter Buh!"

Aus'm John Birmelin seim MAMMI GANS BUCH

Personals

Mrs. Alfred Luckow, 1149 Turner , was admitted to the Allentown spital for surgical treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Balik of 921 5th St., Bethlehem, became the rents of a son born at the Sacred art hospital at 9:50 o'clock last ht.

Harry M. Seislove, 443 Allen St., Al-town, was the guest of John Car-n, head usher on the Ringling-rnum shows which are in New York present. Mr. Seislove was in the ht department of the old Barnum & ley shows in 1905.

Mrs. Byron Croll of 1528 Linden St. a patient at the Allentown hospital.

Stephen C. Frantz, 1140 Tilghman St., will observe his 60th birthday anniversary today.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Neimeyer of 910 N. 7th St. are the parents of a daughter born Friday afternoon at the Allentown hospital.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Seng of 36 Union St. at 2:35 p. m. Friday at the Allentown hospital.

GEORGE REINERT TO TEACH FRIENDSHIP BIBLE CLASS

George B. Reinert will teach the lesson at Sunday morning's session of the Friendship Bible class at the Dubbs Memorial church. Paul DeLong will lead the group singing, Richard Ritter will be the accompanist and David Bowman will preside. The session begins at 9:30 o'clock.

A&P ESTABLISHED 1859 FOOD STORES

Budget Worries Vanish at A&P

Having budget trouble? Well, here's a tip on how thousands of thrifty women have trained balky budgets. They do their food buying at A&P Stores—where prices are low and savings are big! Every day they save big money by choosing those good things to eat that are made and sold by A&P. We mean such items as A&P Coffees and Teas, White House Milk, A&P Baked Goods and Ann Page Quality Foods, because A&P makes these good foods and sells them direct to its customers—many in-between profits are eliminated—which accounts for the low prices. The quality of these fine foods is guaranteed—as is everything else A&P sells. So you don't risk a penny in buying them. Come to A&P—lose your budget worries!

BUY YOUR MEATS WITH CONFIDENCE AT A&P

QUALITY ROAST BEEF
PRIME RIBS lb 29c

Fancy Milk Fed STEWING—Up to 3¾ lbs.
CHICKENS lb 25c

SUNNYFIELD DRY CURED
BACON lb. pkg. 25c

SUNNYBROOK
EGGS Doz. In ctn. 27c — Other EGGS, Doz. 23c
LARD Pure Refined 2 lbs. 17c
SPARKLE ANN PAGE Gelatin Desserts and Puddings 3 pkgs 10c
SALTINES KEEBLERS 7-oz. pkg. 9¢
SOUPS CAMPBELL'S Except Chicken, Mushroom 3 cans 25c
RITZ CRACKERS Lb. Pkg. 20¢
CHOCOLATE RINGS N.B.C. lb. 19c
RAINBOW CAKES lb. 10c
APPLE BUTTER WHITE HOUSE 38-oz. Jar 15¢

A&P Soft Twist
BREAD loaf 8c
Also Cracked Wheat, Raisin, Plain or Iced, loaf 9c

OCTAGON SOAP 5 cakes 19c
CHIPSO Flakes or Granules Small pkg., 8c. Lge. pkg. 19c
IONA BEANS with Pork 4 cans 19c
CUT BEETS, Iona 2 No. 2 cans 15c
BOSTON BEANS ANN PAGE 3 cans 19c
PRESERVES SCHIMMEL'S Peach—Pear 2 lb. jar 25c
BROOMS, Clean Sweep each 25c
PALMOLIVE SOAP 5 cakes 29c
A Dionne Quintuplet Spoon for 10c and Black Bands from Soap

EIGHT O'CLOCK
COFFEE LB. BAG 15c
America's Largest Selling Coffee

GRAPEFRUIT JUICE, A & P 2 46-oz. cans 25c
SALAD DRESSING ANN PAGE pt. jar 19c qt. jar 29c
JELLIES ANN PAGE GRAPE or CHERRY 8-oz. jar 11c
GRAPE JAM, Ann Page lb. jar 15c
EVAP. PEACHES Extra Choice MUIR lb. bag 11c
EVAP. APRICOTS Extra Choice Blenheim lb. bag 23c
RAISINS DEL MONTE SEEDED, pkg. 10c SEEDLESS 2 pkgs. 17c
RAISINS A & P SEEDED 2 pkgs. 17c SEEDLESS 2 pkgs. 15c

FRESH LOUISIANA
STRAWBERRIES
2 PINT BOXES 25c

PINEAPPLES Fresh Red Ripe and Sweet 2 for 25c
SPINACH, Fresh Green lb. 5c
SPRING ONIONS, Jersey 3 bunches 5c
RADISHES, Crisp Red 3 bunches 10c
CUCUMBERS each 5c
CAROLINA YAMS 3 lbs 14c

Meat and Produce Prices Effective Through Saturday

Obituaries

August Klingler, 90, of Coplay

Lived in Same House Since Coming from Germany 72 Years Ago

August Klingler, one of the oldest and best known residents of Coplay, died at his home, 112 Coplay St., that place, at 5:15 p. m. yesterday of infirmities of old age. He was 90 years, 8 months and 12 days.

Mr. Klingler died in the same home in which he took up residence in Coplay on coming to this country from Germany 72 years ago and in which he was married to Mary M. Snyder 68 years ago. He was a son of the late Florian and Josephine (Shindle) Klingler.

For 38 years, Mr. Klingler was employed as a gardener for John Thomas at Catasauqua. Later he worked at the Universal Atlas Cement Co. plant at Northampton, retiring 12 years ago. He was a member of St. Peter's Catholic church, Coplay, and was affiliated with St. Michael's society of Catasauqua.

In addition to his widow, he is survived by three daughters, Mrs. Calvin Beers, Nazareth; Mrs. Leo Rieker, Coplay, and Frances Klingler, Plainfield, N. J.; three sons, John and Frank Klingler, Coplay, and Joseph Klingler, Trenton, N. J.; 29 grandchildren and 38 great-grandchildren, and one brother, Alois Klingler, Coplay.

Arrangements for the funeral had not been completed last night.

Mrs. Lewis Hoffman

Easton Woman Had Been Employed on WPA Sewing Project

Mrs. Elizabeth, nee Watson, wife of Lewis Hoffman, 50 S. West St., Easton, died at her home early yesterday when she suffered a heart attack as she was preparing to leave for work at a WPA sewing project.

Mrs. Hoffman, a resident of Allentown for a short time about 7 years ago, was aged 65. She was born in Erie, Pa., and only known survivor is a brother, residing in Erie.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 2 p. m. at the Heckrotte and Spacht Funeral home, 824 Walnut St. Interment will be made in St. Mark's cemetery.

Herman D. Metzger

Young Man Had Been Active Churchman

Herman D. Metzger, 30, of 513 N. St. Elmo St., Allentown, died at 7:30 yesterday morning in the Allentown hospital. He had been a surgical patient at the institution since Feb. 22.

For the past seven years Mr. Metzger had been employed in the trust department of the Allentown National bank. In 1928 he was graduated from the Allentown High school.

He was born at Egypt, the son of Harry B. D., and Amy, nee Guth, Metzger. An active church worker, he was a member of St. James Reformed congregation and served on the consistory and as financial secretary of the Sunday school. He was also affiliated with the Allentown chapter of the Banking Institute.

Mr. Metzger married the former Naomi A. Wertz June 6, 1935. Surviving besides his wife and parents are a grandmother, Mrs. Sarah Guth, of Egypt; one brother, Albert C. Metzger, of this city, and two sisters, Althea G. and Louise S. Metzger, both of Allentown.

Services will be held at 2 p. m. Monday from the Burkholder Funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St.

James A. Stauffer

Native of Springtown Had Been Mechanic With Lehigh Portland 20 Yrs.

A native of Lower Saucon township, Northampton county, but a resident of this city for about 40 years, James A. Stauffer, 532 N. 7th St., Allentown, died at about 6 o'clock Friday morning. He would have been 76 years of age in July.

He was the son of Jacob and Elizabeth, nee Frankenfield, Stauffer, and was a member of Jehovah's Witnesses. A stationary engineer by trade, he had been employed as a mechanic at the Lehigh Portland Cement Co. for about 20 years.

Surviving are his wife Anna L., nee Luckenbach, and the following children: William A. Stauffer, Mrs. Pearl Mensinger, Paul J. and Elmer E., Samuel J. and Harold R., all of this city. A brother Jacob of Salina, Kansas, and seven grandchildren also survive.

Services will be conducted on Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the Zimmerman Funeral home, 1124 Walnut St., Allentown. A member of Jehovah's Witnesses from Brooklyn will officiate and burial will be made in Arlington cemetery.

Moses P. Dorward

Emerald Octogenarian Was Native of Washington Township

Moses P. Dorward, a venerable resident of Emerald, died at his home there at 5 a. m. yesterday of infirmities of old age. Mr. Dorward had been confined to his home for the last several weeks. He was in his 83rd year.

He was born in Washington township, Lehigh county, a son of Phaon and Elizabeth (Sensinger) Dorward. His wife, Amanda, nee Schleicher, preceded him in death by 15 years.

Surviving him are eight children, Frank, Mrs. Robert Williams and Mrs. William Roberts, all of Emerald; Mrs. Charles Schlicher, Northampton; John, Bethlehem, and Charles, Monroe and William, at home; one step-daughter, Mrs. Louisa Bower, Bethlehem; 24 grandchildren and 24 great-grandchildren, and two sisters, Mrs. Charles Hummel, Northampton, and Mrs. Medina Meismer, Allentown.

Funeral services will be held at the funeral home of L. O. Heintzelman and Son, 1002 Main St., Slatington, on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. The Rev. E. M. Moyer of Emerald, will officiate. Interment in Union cemetery, Slatington. Friends are invited to call at the funeral home on Monday from 7 to 9 p. m.

John M. Spudis

Funeral Services This Afternoon for Tamaqua Man

Funeral services for John M. Spudis, 139 Penn St., Tamaqua, who died in the Pottsville hospital Thursday, will be held from the E. Franklin Griffiths funeral parlors, 655 E. Broad St., Tamaqua, at 2 o'clock this afternoon. Rev. W. E. Myers, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, will officiate. Interment will be made in the Odd Fellows cemetery.

Spudis, born in Lithuania 58 years ago, came to America 40 years ago

(Continued on Page Ten)

Deaths

ROMIG—In this city, April 21, 1939, Ray H. Romig, aged 48 years.
Due notice of funeral. Schmoyer.

STAUFFER—Near Lehigh Church, April 21, 1939, Ida M., nee Schall, widow of Herman F. Stauffer, aged 66 years, 9 months and 2 days.
Due notice of funeral. Schmoyer.

MILOSITZ—In Northampton, April 20, 1939, Walter, son of John and Theresa Milositz, aged 19 years. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral Monday, 8:30 a. m. from the late home, 959 Wyandotte Street. Requiem high mass will be offered at 9 o'clock in the Holy Ghost church. Burial in the family plot, Holy Ghost cemetery. Calvin F. Miller.

DORWARD—At Emerald, April 21, 1939, Moses P. Dorward, aged 82 years, 9 months and 18 days.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services at the funeral home of L. O. Heintzelman and Son, 1002 Main St., Slatington, on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. Interment in Union cemetery, Slatington. Friends are invited to call at the funeral home on Monday from 7 to 9 p. m. L. O. H. & Son.

STAUFFER—In this city, April 21, 1939, James A. Stauffer, aged 75 years.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the services at 2 p. m. Tuesday from the Ernest B. Zimmerman funeral home, 1124 Walnut St. Interment Arlington Memorial Park. Friends are invited to call 7-9 p. m. Monday. Ernest B. Zimmerman.

ROMIG—At Henningville, April 21, 1939, Edward A. Romig, aged 62 years, 6 months, 24 days.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend services at 1:30 p. m. Tuesday from the late home at Henningville and the continued services in Huff's church. Interment adjoining cemetery. Friends are invited to call at the late home 7-9 p. m. Monday. Schofer.

KLINGLER—At Coplay, April 21, 1939, August Klingler, husband of Mary M. (Snyder) Klingler, aged 90 years, 8 months and 12 days.
Due notice of funeral. Schisler.

MALITSCH—At Allentown, April 21, 1939, John Malitsch, husband of Stephina (Petravits) Malitsch, in his 39th year.
Due notice of funeral. Weber.

DANNER—In this city, April 21, 1939, Abner D., husband of the late Martha (Palm) Danner, aged 85 years and 20 days.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral services at 2 p. m. Monday from the home of the son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. George Roth, 922 Linden St., Allentown. Interment Allentown cemetery. Friends are invited to call from 10 a. m. Monday until time of services. Heckrotte and Spacht.

ERNEST B. Zimmerman
Serving with thoughtfulness, efficiency, and a true regard for cost.
● FUNERAL HOME
Phone 2-5534 - 1124 WALNUT ST.

NEW WAY STOPS CORNS QUICK!
Amazes Everybody Who Tries It! Ends Pain Instantly. Stops Cause. Safe!
Try Dr. Scholl's new discovery. Ends pain of corns instantly. Stops shoe friction and pressure. Prevents corns, sore toes. Separate *Medications* included for removing corns. Cost but a trifle!
NEW Super-Soft
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

How Women in Their 40's Can Attract Men

Here's good advice for a woman during her change (usually from 38 to 52), who fears she'll lose her appeal to men, who worries about hot flashes, loss of pep, dizzy spells, upset nerves and moody spells.

Just get more fresh air, 8 hrs. sleep and if you need a reliable "WOMAN'S" tonic take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made *especially for women*. It helps Nature build up physical resistance, thus helps give more vivacity to enjoy life and assist calming jittery nerves and those disturbing symptoms that often accompany change of life.
Pinkham's is WELL WORTH trying.
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ESTABLISHED 1855
MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM
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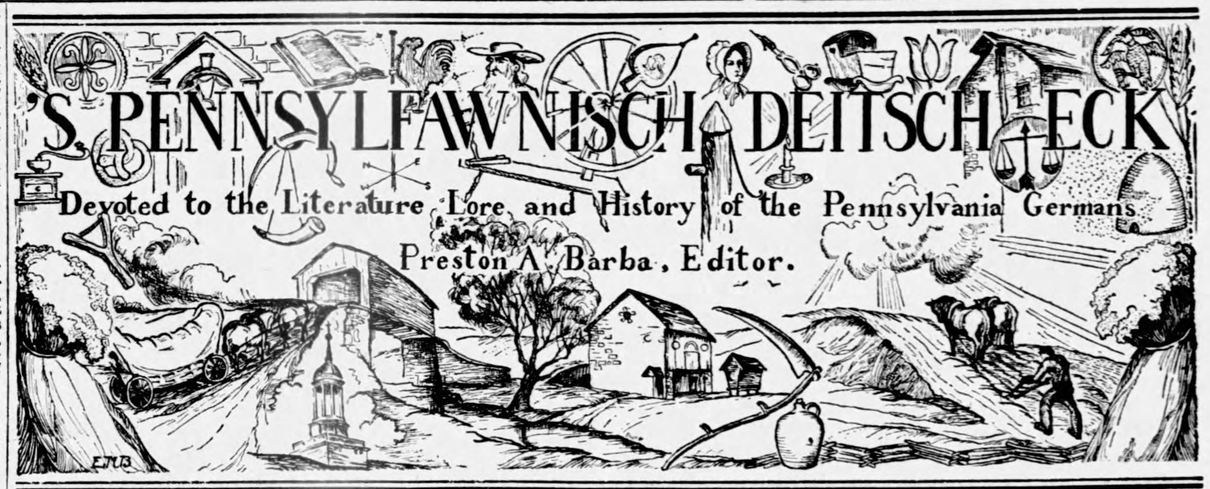


Zwee Gaeschte

Wann die Pudde widder schpriesse,
Un die Halme widder schiesse;
Wann die Veggel widder singe in de Baem;
Wann die Blumme widder bliehe,
Un die Droschel nordwaerts ziege,
Nord iss der Friehling widder do bei uns deheem.

Wie freehe sich dann die Leit,
Deer un Fenschter schpaerre weit
Zum Willkumm far der Gascht vom Himmelzelt.
"Griess Gott, du Blummeritter!"
"Machs gut un kumm bal widder!
"Uns bischt der liebschte Gascht in daere Welt!"

Doch kummscht, o Mensch, dohaer,
Du finnscht ken uffni Deer;
Dir winkt ken freindlich Willkumm vun der Schwell;
Die Sunn geht yuscht so nidder,
Du gehscht un kummscht net widder —
O heemetloser Wanderer, faerriwell!

—DR. CHARLES C. MORE

Vum Grieg

Es hot mich schun oft gewunnert,
Un wunnert mich alle Daag meh,
Was so viel narrische Mensche
In Grieg un Fechte seh.

Yuscht zwansig Yohr sin verschtriche,
Wu die gans Welt waar im Schtreit,
Doch sin sie immer am fechte,
E Deel Leit aa noch heit.

Sie kenne nix ausrichte,
Un settle aa nix recht
Mit marde un verhause
Un ewigem Gefecht.

Der Grieg, der baut ken Heiser,
Der Grieg, der blanst ken Frucht;
Wu Grieg hot g'haerrscht iss alles
Verdarwe un verflucht.

O daete die Mensche brauche
Yuscht e bissel vun ihr'm Verschtand,
Sie kennte der Grieg verdreiwe
Far ewig aus yedem Land.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL

Was Ich Denk Vun Eich

A short address given by "Der Gross Henner" (Henry K. Landis) at the first "Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch Versammling vun Lengeschder Kaunti," held at Lancaster, Thursday, April 20, 1939.

Liewe Freind vun Lengeschder Kaunti un drausse:

Willkumm zu unserm Volksfescht—un Ihr solle all 's naegscht Yohr widder kumme. Ihr wisse, mir Deitsche misse zamme schticke, yuscht wie mer alfert hen. Mer sin all minanner vun de altfashion deitsche Leit. All minanner schtehne mer far was recht un gut un schee iss. All minanner sitze mer rum un blaudere un lache, un wie eppes gutes uf em Disch schteht, saage mer "Gott sei Dank!"

Mer sin gutmeeniche Leit un welle ken Druwwel mache far annere Leit. Awwer sie misse uns net schimpe odder misshandle odder uf uns nunner gucke, bei Tschocks net!—So, mer sin den Owet zamme kumme far en guti Zeit hawwe un en Fescht beinanner mache, Mer greische net "Deitsche iwwer alles!" awwer yuscht "Loss uns geh un mer losse eich allee!" Was mer brauche, kenne mer selwer beischaffe. Mir Deitsche sin verdollt independent un mer hen unser eegene Idee; awwer annere Leit kenne selli aa hawwe, was mir drum gewwe. Mer sin wie mer sin, un sell iss aa graad gut genunk. So lewe mer in Friede un lang, un wachse wie die Kanadaa Dischtle. Sie kenne uns net rumkicke un aa net drunne b'halte. Mer kenne wohl greische: "Hoch die Pennsylvaanische Deitsche!"

Sie froge uns allegebott was far Leit die Pennsylvaanische Deitsche sin, un wu sie haer kumme. Es gebt, weescht, Leit as net so viel vun so eppes wisse, un 's aerscht Ding as ich dhu, will ich browiere des schee auszulege. Etliche dausend Yohr zerick kumme die Arianer vum nardlich Deel vun was mer Persien odder Iran heesse. Sie kummen in re grosse Haerd, mit Weiwer, Kinner, Schof, Ochse un alles was sie hen. Vun weit ab, far en bessere Heemet finne, kumme sie. Sie folge der Sunn zum Unnergang un endlich schtoppe sie am Oscht See, am Baltische Meer, wu sie sich mit de Teutoner nunner settle. 'S iss en langi Zeit gut gange, awwer endlich waerd's ne zu dick mit Mensche un widder gehne sie de Sunn noh. Unnerwegs stossen sie oft mit annere Voelker zamme, awwer sie schiewe immer weiter West bis zum Rhein, un dart sin sie heit noch—am deitsche Rhein. Un dart hen sie g'schafft un g'fochte darrich die hunnerte vun Yohre bis uf der heitig Daag.

'S Land wu heit die Deitsche sin, schtreckt sich vum Kanton Zurich iwwer die Pfalz rechts un links vum Rhein nardlich bis zum See un vun Gallien (odder Frankreich) im West bis wu de Slafonische Leit unne an der Donau lewe. Die alte West Gothe im vierte Jahrhunnert waare aa en Sart Deitsche odder Teutone. Sie hen sellemols die Roemer (wu sie nau die Faschists heesse) gaar schtarns geleddert un ne alles g'schtole was net fescht genaggelt waar. Awwer im Eck vum Rhein, drunne im Suedwescht, wu er sich biegt, dart waare die Leit wu sie die Allemanni g'heesse hen. Dart sin sie far etliche hunner Yohr. Sie schticke zamme, schaffe beinanner un sin glicklich. Vun all iwwer kumme ihre Feind bei, was mit ne fechte un sie beraawe, awwer sie warre all abgedriwwe. Die Helft vun all de Allemanni ihre Menner waare Soldaate un ebmols fechte ihre Weibsleit aa mit, un ebmols iss die gans Lot dod gemacht warre.

Nau, meind you, des waare ken Mollykaddel odder Maulfechter. Awwer endlich sin sie ewwe doch ausgewore un sin des Fechte ledich. Graad ebaut die Zeit, wu die Proteschtante Schpunk genunk griege far de Kadollische wedderschteh, sin die Allemanni reddi far schtoppe fechte.

Un nau wachse allerlee Sekte un Karrichegemee: die Waldense, die Schweizerische Brieder, die Kalvinischte, die Mennischte, die Amische, die Hugenotte, un was noch schunscht. Do hot's harte Zeite gewwe. Sie hen nanner g'fochte un dod gemacht. Do kumme nau aa noch die Franzose—es waar en guti Chance—un was sie net schtehle hen kenne, hen sie nidder gebrennt un dod gemacht.

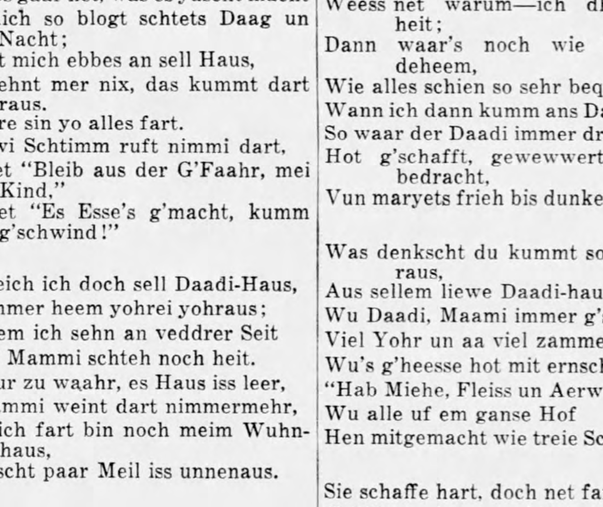
Nadierlich waare die Rheinlenner des endlich ledich un wie der Bill Penn vun England zu ne kummt un sie eilaad zum Penn sei Busch in Amerika zu kumme un dart bei ihm wuhne, nemme sie ihn graad uf un kumme niwwer, un do sin sie heit noch. Sie sin net dumm. Zum Penn saage sie: "Du kannscht in Fildelfi wuhne, wie du witt, awwer mir gehne noch Lengeschder." Un so dhune sie aa un glei mache sie "Der Gaarde Blatz vun Amerika" aus em Penn seim Busch. Annere welle der Kredit far sell, awwer glaawen's ne net. Unser deitsche Leit hen sell gedhu un niemand schunscht.

Un so schteige mer aus de Vergangeheit, vun de Arianer un de halwe Wilde, wu am ewwere Rhein glebt hen. Drei dausend yohr zerick hen mer aag'fange, un sell iss en langi Zeit far eeinich eppes zamme zu halte. Unser friehe Vorfaahrne hen oft fechte misse, awwer sie hen g'fochte far ihre Heemet un net far eppes zu verdarwe un zu schtehle. 'S letscht hen sie 's Fechte verschwore, awwer net weil sie sich g'faerricht hen. Un wie 's mol kumme iss, dass ihre Heemet net meh sicher waar, gehne sie niwwer in en Land, wu sie in Friede lewe kenne, un sell Land iss unser lieblcher Staat vun Pennsylvaani.

Mer sin was mer sin—
Du bischt un ich bin—
Waahrhaftich rechte deitsche Leit!
Un was kennt besser sei?

ES DAADI-HAUS

REV. J. J. REITZ, M. D.



Old Reitz Homestead of Dr. J. J. Reitz, of his father Benjamin Reitz, and of his Grandfather Jonas Reitz. It is situated between New Tripoli and Lynnport. It is now owned by Elmer Steigerwalt.

Net weit vum Berg dart owwe draus,
Dart iss en lieblich Daadi-Haus;
Ken annrer Platz uf weit un breed
Ziegt so mei Haerz, macht mir so'n Freed;
Waar dart deheem wie ich waar'n Bu,
Hab schaffe g'lernt un siessi Ruh;
Hab g'heiert wie ich waar uf Elt,
Bin selwer dann naus in die Welt.

Ich wees gaar net, was es yuscht macht
Was mich so blogt schtets Daag un Nacht;
Es ziegt mich ebbes an sell Haus,
Doch sehnt mer nix, das kummt dart raus.
Die Eltre sin yo alles fart.
Ihr liewi Schtimm ruft nimmi dart,
Ruft net "Bleib aus der G'Faahr, mei Kind,"
Ruft net "Es Esse's g'macht, kumm g'schwind!"

Wie gleich ich doch sell Daadi-Haus,
'S iss immer heem yohrei yohraus;
Ich meem ich sehn an veddrer Seit
En guti Mammi schteh noch heit.
'S iss nur zu waahr, es Haus iss leer,
Die Mammi weint dart nimmermehr,
Wann ich fart bin noch meim Wuhnhaus,
Wu yuscht paar Meil iss unnenaus.

Dart iss als noch die naemlich Krick,
Wu darte waar so lang zurick;
Sin Schpringe owwe draa naegscht dart,
Ihr Wasser rauscht schtets fart un fart;
Sehn dart, als noch der Damm, net gross,
Dart newe'm Haus graad an der Schtross;
Der Bullfrock blaudert "Kumm mol rei,"
Macht "Baaf!" un tschumpt zum Wasser nei.

Viel gleene Fisch, die schpringe so,
Sie meene, scheint's, ich kaemt noch noh;
Mei Wasserraad iss nimmi dart,
Wie alles geht, die Zeit nahm's fart;
Un seller Damm, der guckt schier gaar,
Wie ich'n gemacht, wie ich glee waar;
Hab oft drin g'fischt mit Hend unner Schtee,
Far brode waare sie doch glee.

Wie gut waar's doch in sellre Zeit,
Beim Daadi seinre Nochbersleit!
Sie hen viel G'fiehl far nanner g'hat,
Un g'holfe schee mit Wart un Daat;
Un solche Leit, die sin die Aart,
Wu gude Sach im Land verwaahrt.
Was waer doch Kerch un Schule wart,
Wann net so Leit schtets waere dart!

Bin oft dart hie in frieh'rer Zeit,
Weess net warum—ich dhu's noch heit;
Dann waar's noch wie ich waar deheem,
Wie alles schien so sehr bequem.
Wann ich dann kumm ans Daadi-Haus,
So waar der Daadi immer draus;
Hot g'schafft, gewewwert, 's Sach bedracht,
Vun maryets frieh bis dunkel Nacht.

Was denkscht du kummt sodann dart raus,
Aus sellem liewe Daadi-haus,
Wu Daadi, Maami immer g'schafft,
Viel Yohr un aa viel zammeg'rafft,
Wu's g'heesse hot mit ernschter Trieb,
"Hab Miehe, Fleiss un Aerwet lieb",
Wu alle uf em ganse Hof
Hen mitgemacht wie treie Schof?

Sie schaffe hart, doch net far Geiz,
Geht's noch so wohl, hen doch ihr Kreiz;
Sin net im vedderscht Kerchesitz,
Un traage net der Hochmutschtitz.
Kennscht du yuscht heere manchi Nacht,
Im Daadi-haus, leis mit Andacht,
Die Mammi bet un dankbar hofft,
Saagt "Abba, liewer Vatter" oft.

Var'm Haus schteht seller Himmelsbaam,
So dick wie'n Gaul hot er en Schtamm;
Er waar schun dart wie ich waar'n Bu,
Un yedes Yohr wachst noch dazu.
En mancher Voggel macht dart sei Nescht,
Un meent en grosser Baam waer's bescht.
Im Schatte hot der Daadi g'sitzt
Im Summer wann er waar verhitzt.

Un wach ich uf um Mitternacht,
So hab ich's doch schun oft betracht,
Wie ich dann denk ans Daadi-haus,
Un wott ich waer dart owwe draus.
Mei Brust iss eng, mei Ochdem leis,
Un hab aa doch yo gaar ken Fleiss;
Mei Schaffe will aa gaar net geh,
Des iss waahrhaftich's echt Heemweh.

Un kumm ich yetzt ins Daadi-haus,
Iss Daadi, Mammi, alles aus;
Sogaar der Hund iss nimmi dart;
Die Eltre sin far ewich fart.
'S iss all bewuhnt mit fremme Leit,
'S iss g'schafft as wie in Daadi's Zeit;
Doch macht's nix aus, was mer dutt dart,
'S iss nimmi heem—der Daadi's fart.

Vun fern sehn Scheier, Haus un Hof,
Scheint's all wie Schtee dart im Kerchhof;
Die Eltre suche, geh ich dart hie,
Un uf em Kerchhof finn ich sie;
Ihr Naame sin dart uf zwee Schtee,
'S iss all dart schtill, ich denk net meh!
Schallt's endlich wie oft g'saat vum Dod:
"Der Leib zur Erd, der Geischt zu Gott!"

Personals

Robert D. Sherry, 135 N. 7th St., will celebrate his birthday anniversary on Sunday.

Horace McCready of Allentown is registered at the Hotel Belmont Plaza, New York, while doing business in that city.

Mrs. Grace Koken, 538 N. Lumber St., is celebrating her birthday anniversary today.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Daffner of 922 Turner St. are the parents of a daughter born at 8:08 a. m. Friday at the Allentown hospital.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Grammes of 218 W. 14th St. Northampton, at 9:59 a. m. Friday at the Allentown hospital.

Rev. and Mrs. P. S. Baringer of Baltimore, Md., will spend Sunday with Mrs. Baringer's aunt, Mrs. Marie Steinhaeuser of 24 N. 8th St. Rev. Baringer, pastor of Trinity Lutheran church in Baltimore, will deliver the sermon at the community vesper service Sunday afternoon in the Egner Hartzel Memorial chapel on the campus of Muhlenberg college.

Obituaries

Solomon Goodman

Founder of Bethlehem Furniture Corp. Ill Several Weeks Before Death

Solomon Goodman, 704 Dakota St., Bethlehem, well-known furniture manufacturer in this section for 40 years, died at his home at 5 o'clock yesterday morning after an illness of several weeks.

Mr. Goodman, who was the founder of the Bethlehem Furniture Corp., at 219 Broadway, Bethlehem, moved his business to Bethlehem in 1922 from Shimerville where he had conducted it for some time previously.

Surviving him are his wife, Jennie, and these children, Harry, David, Ted, Joseph and Mrs. Robert Lewis, all of Bethlehem. A brother in England also survives.

Burial was made at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon in the Jewish cemetery at Fountain Hill.

Harold S. Kemmerer

Former Resident of Allentown Dies in Holidaysburg, Pa.

Harold S. Kemmerer, a former resident of Allentown, passed away Thursday at his home, 313 Grant St., Holidaysburg, aged 38 years.

He was employed as a draftsman for a firm in Holidaysburg and previously had worked in Franklin, Pa. He was of the Methodist faith and belonged to the Masonic lodge in Franklin.

Surviving are his wife, Miriam, nee Moyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George S. Moyer, 816 Cedar St., Allentown; two sons, Harold W. and Jack A., and a brother Ralph, of Harrisburg.

Services will be conducted on Sunday afternoon in Holidaysburg and the body will be shipped here for burial. Services will be held at the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St., Monday at 1 p. m. Interment in the Grand View cemetery.

Elmer E. Schmale

Employe of Wenz Memorial Co. Passes Away at Home of Sister

Elmer E. Schmale, employed by the Wenz Memorial Co. in this city, died yesterday at the home of his sister, Mrs. John T. Schaffer, 126 N. West St., Allentown, with whom he resided.

He was born in Lehighton March 15, 1868, a son of the late Charles D. and Sarah (nee Heberling) Schmale. His sister, Mrs. Schaffer, and a niece, Charlotte Schaffer, are the only survivors.

Funeral services will be held in the Grim funeral home, 138 N. 12th St., Tuesday at 2 p. m. Interment at the convenience of the family in Lehighton.

Friends may call Monday night from 7 to 9 o'clock.

Rev. John J. Downing

Man Who Died at Buffalo Had Been Pastor of Church in Bangor

Rev. John J. Downing, C. M. pastor of Our Lady of Good Counsel Catholic church in Bangor from 1934 to 1938 and since then superior at St. Vincent's Mission house, Springfield, Mass., died Wednesday at 8:30 a. m in Sisters hospital, Buffalo, N. Y. He had been ill since visiting Holley, N. Y., at Easter time. He was 66 years old.

Rev. Downing was ordained in Germantown in 1899. He was an instructor at Niagara university, N. Y., from 1899 to 1901, from 1906 to 1916 and from 1921 to 1926. He had also served as treasurer of St. Vincent's Seminary, Germantown; head of St. Vincent's Mission house at Bangor, and curate of St. John's church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Surviving are: One sister, Mrs. Theresa McDonald, Detroit, Mich., and one niece, Mrs. Helen R. Welch, Buffalo, N. Y.

The funeral will be held at the Niagara university chapel, Niagara, N. Y., Saturday at 10 a. m. The Very Rev. William M. Flattery, V.C.M., provincial of the eastern province of the Vincentian fathers at Philadelphia, will celebrate the solemn requeim mass. Interment will be made in the university cemetery.

Mrs. Charles L. Rutman

Egypt Woman Had Been Ill for Two Years Before Called by Death

Ill for the past two years, Mrs. Charles L. Rutman, School St., Egypt, died early yesterday at the Sacred Heart hospital.

Born in Kernsville, June 22, 1899, she was the daughter of Edward H. and the late Sarah, nee Gangewere, Good. She was married to Charles M. Rutman 22 years ago and for the past 17 years lived in Egypt. She was a member of the Egypt Reformed church.

She is survived by her husband and the following five children: Frances, Mary Ellen, Russell, Charles Jr., and Betty, all at home; two sisters, Mrs. Daisy Schaffer and Mrs. Fred Kern, of Allentown and four brothers, Henry of New Tripoli, William of Ballietsville, Edward of Allentown, Herbert of Orefield R. 1 and her father, also of Orefield R. 1.

Rev. Thomas R. Brendle will officiate at services to be held in the Egypt church on Monday at 2:30 p. m. daylight time. Interment will be made in Egypt cemetery.

Harry Arner

Burns Suffered in Explosion at Car Barn Cause Repairman's Death

Burns received in an accident at the Lehigh Valley Transit Co. car barn on April 10, proved fatal to Harry Arner, of 130 S. Law St., Allentown, who succumbed at the Allentown hospital yesterday.

Arner, who was 59, and another employe, had entered a fuel tank to clean it and Arner received burns on the right ear and about his arms, wrists, and legs when it exploded. His fellow employe was uninjured. Arner, who was employed as a repairman, had been confined to the hospital since the accident.

A native of Lehigh county, he was the son of Mary A., nee Dankel and the late Victor Arner. He was a millwright by trade and had been in the employ of the Transit Co. for the past 12 years.

He is survived by his wife Jennie, nee Stewart; one son, Harry V. of Washington, D. C., and the following brothers and sisters: Claude, Mrs. Anna Bader and Mrs. Gussie Spankenberg, of this city; George of Cleveland, Charles of Walnutport and Mrs. Eva Frova of Pawtuckett, R. I.

Rev. S. Lewis Adams, pastor of the Pilgrim Holiness church, will officiate at services to be held Monday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St. Interment in Solomon's Reformed church cemetery. Friends may call Sunday from 6:30 to 8 p. m.

(Continued on Page Eight)

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P & G WHITE NAPHTHA **SOAP 3 Cakes 10c**

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MOONLIGHT **PUFFS** CHOCOLATE COVERED CAKES lb. 15c

A Dionne Quin Spoon for 10c and a band from around
PALMOLIVE Soap 5 cakes 29c

PINEAPPLES Sweet Red Ripe Fruit Large 24's 2 FOR 25c

WINSAP APPLES	Western Box	3 lbs. 19c
ORANGES	Florida Valencia Large	doz. 25c
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POTATOES	New Florida	4 lbs. 19c
LIMA BEANS	Full Pod	2 lbs. 19c

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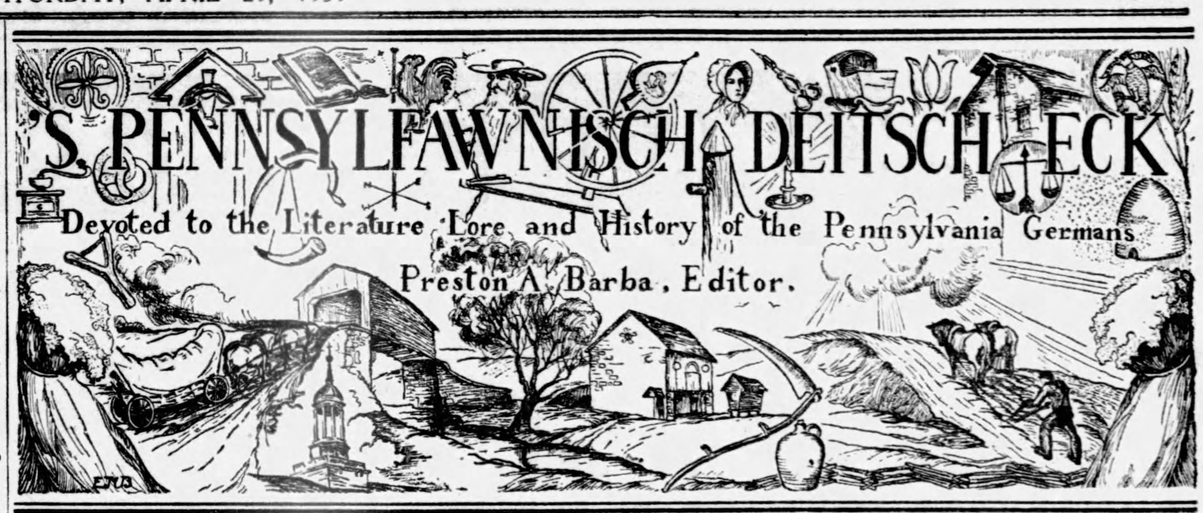

WER EWENE FELDER HAWWE WILL, DER MUSS RECHT FLEISSIG WALZE; AM BESCHTE SCHMACKT UNS AA DAS BROT, IST'S MIT DER AERWET G'SALZE.
—CHARLES C. MORE

Was mer g'haeppent iss beim Hausbutze

Es iss nau Friehyohr un bai waerd's widder Moi heesse. Noh gebt's als en wunnerscheene Zeit, wann alles grie waerd in Felder un Schwemm un Bisch, wann die Obschtbeem weiss voll Blumme henge, un die Veggel Neschter baue un luschtig peife de ganse Daag lang. Ken Wunner dass die Dichter all so gern Liedelcher schreiwe vum holde, liebliche Mai, wu alles singt un schpringt var Luscht un Freed.

Awwwer mind you, der Moi hot aa sei dunkle Seit! Ich meen net yuscht, dass er manchmol so wiescht rau Wetter un Schtaerm bringt. Sell iss arg genunk, awwer was 's aergscht iss: im Moi geht's far common ans Hausbutze, un noh, wammer net auskliere kann, iss 's mit aller Blessier am End—ennihau bei mir.

Iss 's net karrios, dass graad in der allerschenschte Zeit, wann die gans Nadur em aa lacht un eilaad, naus zu schpaziere in der Busch, far Blumme suche, odder fische zu geh—dass noh die Weibsleit die Butzwut kriege un aafange ufreisse un alles drunner un driwwer mache, dass mer sei eege Haus bal nimmi kennt? Sie warre all uf en Art verrickt selli Zeit, un yedi will's g'schwindscht fertig sei mit Butze. De ganse liewe Daag heert mer noh Caerpet dresche, un sell is net all: mer muss selwer noch Hand aaschlagge far Caerpet nausschleefe, kloppe un widder nunner taecke, 's Furniture rumhewe, un kriegt all dieweil noch 'n bees G'sicht gemacht un waerd abg'schnappt, wammer eppes neisecht.

Ich will der nau yuscht mol verzaehle, was mer g'haeppent iss 's letscht Friehyohr beim Hausbutze. Noh waerscht nimmi wunnere, dass ich ken Schtock nemm im "wunnerscheene Monet Mai."

Wammer 'n bissel watscht, kammer glei die Symptoms merke, wann die Butzwut bei der Fraa ausbreche will. Wann sie aafangt der Caerpet zu begucke un die Ceiling, as wann sie die Paetterns schtudiere wott; wann sie nimmi viel schwetzt un karze Antwart gebt, wammer eppes frogt; wann sie alte Gleeder aadutt, en Scharz um de Kopp bind un die alte Besem un Eemer zammesucht—noh hot's g'schellt un 's iss Zeit dass mer sich aus 'm Schtaab macht, wammer der Bettel net schtende will. Ich hab des all gewisst, awwer ich waar doch zu schlo; ich hab noch erscht eppes fertig mache wolle in meinre Office, eb ich zuschliesse daet, un iwwerdem iss's Wetter losgebroche.

Kumm ich do middaags heem vum Schtedtel un finn alles 's unnerscht 's ewwerscht. Mei Office waar ufgerisse, all die Caerpets un Rugs waare draus uf der Lein, die Fenschtre waare all rum uf un die Suss—sell iss mei Fraa—un die Maad waare am Kehre un am Schkrobbe, dass es gerauscht hot. Ich bin verschrocke un waer schur graad widder rumgedreht noch em Schtedtel, awwer mei Aldi hot mich schun erblickt g'hat. "Kummscht endlich mol beig'schliche?" hot sie g'saat. "Mer hen schun lang gewaart uf dich; nau bleibscht de nammidaag do un helfscht, dass mer fertig warre bis owet. Du bischt gross un schtark, un des gebt der mol bissel Exercise, wu g'sund iss far dich."

Nau ich bin net extra gross un schtark, un die Sart Exercise hot mer gaar net gebasst. Ich reiss mich iwwerhaapt net far schtreenige Aerwet un het viel liewer Gaarte graawe odder Hols hacke wolle. Awwer die Suss hot so kreftig g'schwetzt un ihre Schtimm hot so en braessner Dohn g'hat, dass ich net getraut hab en Protest zu mache. Hab bei mer selwer gedenkt; Du bischt nau drin defor, un's bescht iss du helfscht recht schmaert, noh geht's glei zum End.

'S Middaag waar yuscht en kalter Lunch. "Mer hen ken Zeit heit far viel koche," hot die Suss g'saat. "'S iss yo nix gekocht," hawwich g'saat, awwer so leis, ich denk sie hot's net g'heert. Die Weibsleit hen allebeed Schaerz um die Kepp g'hat un so wild geguckt, dass mer's eikumme iss, wann sie yuscht noch Feddere ufschtecke daete, waere 's rechte Insche. Awwer ich hab sell beileiwe net laut gedenkt.

Well, 's Esse war glei vorbei, noh hawwich an die Aerwet geh misse. 'S iss 's erscht zimmlich gut gange. 'S Caerpetkloppe hot mich net so g'schtreent as wie's Schittle; die Weibsleit hen so hart g'schnarrt as ich gemeent hab, sie daete mer die Aerm ausreisse. Ich hab gemeent, ich wott bissel Fun mache, un hab die Suss g'frogt eb sie net schun gewinscht hett, der wu's Caerpetschittle ausg'funne hot, waer ufg'hengt warre. Hab gedenkt, sie sett lache, awwer sie hot yuscht noch beeser geguckt. "Nee," secht sie, "awwer die Mannsleit, wu ihre Weiwer 's gans Yohr so harti Aerwet dhu losse un helfe ne nix, die setten ufg'hengt warre." Ich hab noh nimmi gebrowiert Schpass zu mache.

Wie der Caerpet gebutzt waar, hawwich mit uf der Schpeicher gemisst, far'n helfe lege. Sell iss aa zimmlich gut gange, bis ich mer mol uf der Finger gekloppt hab. 'S hot schtarns weh gedhu, awwer ich hett's net viel gemeind, wann die Fraa mich bissel gedauert hett. Sie hot gaar net geguckt darnoch. Wie ich noh 's Bureau gelippt hab, far der Caerpet drunner lege, waar ich widder ungluecklich; der Schtolle iss raus gange un's Eck iss mer uf der Zehe g'falle. Sell hot schauderhaft weh gedhu; ich hab gemeent 's hett en Vaertelschtunn genumme, bis ich widder los waar; hab's Bureau selwer widder lippe misse, die Suss waar zu schwach. "Bischt aa zu dappig," hot sie g'saat un hot en annere Weg geguckt. Ich hab en deel wieschte Warte verzotteit, bis sell iwwerschtanne waar. Hab noh mei Schuh aus un mei aarmer Zehe 'n Weil gedaetschelt un g'howe, noh bin ich widder so langsam draa. 'S naegscht tret ich mit meim Schtrumpfuss uf en Taeck, dass ich laut nausgeblaerrt hab un drei Fuss in die Heh geschtumpt bin. "Was fehlt der dann?" secht die Suss. "Bischt nimmi g'scheid?" Ich hab g'scholte, dass sie den Nagel dart hiegelegt hett, awwer sie hot yuscht g'schmunzelt un gemeent, 's waer mei Bisness zu gucke, wu ich hietrete daet.

Selli Red hot mei Humor ganz verdarwe; ich hab mich hieg'hockt un die Fraa mol allee schaffe losse. Wie's schier fertig waar, secht sie: "Nau, Pit, trag den eemervoll dreckig Wasser nunner un hol mer frisches; kannscht noch besser die Schteg uf un ab wie ich, hoscht noch net so viel g'schafft heit."

Nau sell waar net waahr; ich bin hart lahm gange. Awwer ich hab gedenkt: "Selle Weg kumm ich frei; ich geh nunner un schick noh die Maad ruf an mei Platz. Ich nemm den Eemer voll Wasser un geh. Wie ich an die Schteg kumm, dart leit en Schtick Seef; hab's aawer net g'sehne, bis ich druf getrete bin. Wutsch, bin ich abg'schlippt un 's naegscht as ich weess, geht's die Schteg nunner uf'm Sitz—rupp, rupp, vun eener Trepp uf die anner, mit 'm Eemer uff'm Schoss. 'S hot mich g'schnarrt as wammer alle G'werwer ausnanner faahre wotte. Halbwegs drunne waar noch unser Willi uf der Schteg. Ich hab laut geyohlt var Aengschte, wie ich des Kind g'sehne hab. Ausdrehe hawwich net kenne, awwer zum Glick hawwich 'n gegraebscht un wedder mich gedrickt, un mer sin minanner weiter g'faahre. 'S waar mer himmel dot bang mer daeten im Eck drunne wedder die Wand schlagge un 's G'nick verbreche. Iwwerdem macht die Molly drunne uf un schpringt rei—sie hot's Gedunner g'heert un sehne wolle was's gebt—un mir alle drei faahre mit voll Force uf sie. Sie hot en heller Krisch gedhu, wie en Inschein, wann sie verschtimmt iss, un ich hab mei Kopp wedder der Poschte gerennt, dass alles voll Schterne um mich rum g'flogge iss. Ich hab g'heert, dass die Suss owwerunner kummt un brillt: "Willi, o mei Willi!" noh iss mer's dunkel warre.

Ich waar bissel darmlich, bin awwer glei widder zu kumme. Dunner un 's Knalleise! waar des awwer'n Mixup im Schpeichereck dart. Die Maad hot dart gelegge, weschpuddelnass; der Eemer voll Dreckbrieh hot sich graad iwwer sie ausgeleert g'hat. 'S Bewi hot g'heilt un die Fraa iss aagange wie net G'scheid. Iwwerdem iss die Maad wacker warre un hot aafange schelte un uf mich losschlagge wie wiedig; sie war so vergelschtert dass sie gemeent hot, ich hett des Wasser parpes nunner g'schitt uf sie. Die Hausdier hot ufg'schtanne, un die Leit sin schteh bliwwe uf der Schtross—sie hen gemeent 's waer en Riot im Haus. Deel sin neikumme un hen aa neig'schwetzt, un wie der Schpectakel, 's aergscht waar, kummt aa noch en Police dezugedappt. Wie der die Maad g'heert hot, hot er gemeent sell waer "assault and battery," un er daet mich fascht nemme. Noh iss awwer mei Fraa eigschtanne far mich, schunscht glaaw ich meiner Sechs, dass er mich mit hett noch'm Lockup. Ich hett gern alles expleent, wie's g'haeppent waar, awwer's hot so lang niemand harche wolle; ich hab en sindlicher Druwwel g'hat, bis 's mol wennig Ruh gewwe hot. Bis 's fertig waar, waar ich so doddelig, dass ich nimmi hab schteh kenne. Ich hab mich uf die Lounge g'schmisse un g'saat, sie sotta geh far der Dokter. Sell waer net notwennig, hot die Suss gemeent, sie wot mich erscht selwer unnersuche. Ich hab nix verbroche g'hat, awwer 'n wieschter Schrunne uf der Schtaern; ich waar so ufg'schittelt, dass mei Maage ausgewe hot, un so schteif bin ich warre, dass ich drei Daag net hab ufhocke kenne. En ganse Woch hawwich Plaschter ufiele g'hat un mich eireiwe losse mit Liniment.

Sell hot's Hausbutze g'schtoppt far mich, un ich hab innerlich en Eed gemacht, dass ich nochdem nimmi debei sei will. Wann's widder aageht, dhu ich yuscht mei Sach in mei Desk, schliess 'n zu un schteck der Schlissel ei; noh geh ich fart uf B'such un kumm net heem, bis die gans verflixt Butzerei vorbei iss. Wann ich widder die Schteg so nunner faahre muss, unni Wagge, kennt mer's noch viel schlechter geh.

A domestic experience related by "Pit Hahnewackel" in THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN, May, 1906.

Mutterschproch

Wann eener do paar Schproche schwetzt
Un schunscht noch bissel kann,
Do saage Leit, ya der hot's los,
Des iss en g'scheiter Mann.

Un schwetzt er Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch?
So'n feiner, g'schulter Mann —
Sei Laerning geht net weit genunk,
Wann er die Schproch net kann.

Was batt ihn die Ladeinisch Schproch,
Sei Russisch un Franzeesisch?
Wann er uns Deitsche net verschteht,
Dann klingt's ihm wie Chineesisch.

Ich waar schun zimmlich weit rumhaer
Un hab viel Schproche g'heert,
Doch gaar so schee wie unseri
Klingt kenni uf der Aerd.

Mei liewi deitschi Mutterschproch!
Bischt mir ans Haerz gewachse;
Du faahrscht so fescht vum Ledder weck,
Ken Kauderwelsch, ken Gachse.

Du kummscht so grefdich vun de Bruscht,
So frisch vum Haerze runner.
Du bischt wie'n heller Sunneschein
Un aa wie Blitz un Dunner.

Zum Beischpiel nau so'n deitscher Fluch,
Was gracht in alle Ecke,
"Schtaern—Marracke—Dunnerwetter!"
Kennt mer bal verschrecke.

Iwwersetz mol des, wann eener kann,
Mit all dem Klang un Saft!
Des hot in yedre annre Schproch
Net halwer meh die Graft.

"Do grieg dich awwer ball die Grenk!"
So greischt emol der eend;
"Verreck doch!" Saagt der anner dann,
Un hot's noch gut gemeent!

Un alles aus em Innre raus,
So wie mer schwetze soll;
En deitsches Haerz, in seinre Freed,
Nemmt's Maul so zimmlich voll.

Un wann do zwee mol schtreidich sin,
So'n rechter deitscher Grach:
"Du Rinnsvieh, nemm dich yuscht in acht,
Du grickscht noch eens uf's Dach!"

Noh weess mer doch was eener will,
Mer sehnt mer iss in G'faahr,
Un schafft sich hardich aus em Weg,
Schunscht grickt mer eens ufs Ohr.

Un heert mer mol en Liewespaar —
Sie hocke uf de Bortsch,
Am Owet, wann's recht dunkel iss —
Die Mary un der Tschortsch:

Was die enanner saage duhn,
In ihre eegne Warde,
Des kummt net aus re hoche Schul,
Des laernt mer gaar net darde.

Er pischbert ihre leis ins Ohr,
"Mei siesser Falliwalder!"
So schmeechlich kummt die Antwart bei,
"Nau bischt du aa mei Alder!"

Er saagt, "du waerscht emol mei Fraa
Un 's macht nix aus wie's geht;
Ya, wann der Deiwel selwer noch
Uf Schtelze kumme daet!"

O, wie des doch so deitlich klingt,
So grefdich un so glaar!
Des waer in kennre annre Schproch
So ehrlich un so waahr.

Drum kammer's manchmol net verschteh
Mit unsre yunge Leit;
Do gehn sie nooch re grosse Schtadt,
Noh waerr'n sie iwwerg'scheit.

Ufg'schniggelt kumme sie zurick —
Drei Munet waar'n sie fart —
Noh sin sie bang die Gosch verbrecht
An yedem deitsche Wart.

Verleegle Heemet, Mutterschproch!
Die Elendspinsel, Baerschtel!
Sie schwetze's Englisch aa net g'scheit,
'S iss yuscht so 'n dumm Gewaerschtel!

Zum Dunnerwetter noch emol!
'S iss hart fer aazunemme.
Mer schwetzt doch wie der Schnawwel wachst!
Do brauch mer sich net schemme.

Saag yuscht, du kummscht vun deitsche Leit!
Un iss sell ebbes aerrig's?
Die Schproch iss doch schun lang bezaahlt,
Die hoschte net uf Baerrigs!

Noh finnscht en mancher guder Freind,
Vum rechte Schrot un Kaern;
Der saagt's der vun de Lewwer weck
Un graad dir uf die Schtaern.

Un kummschte heem zu deine Leit,
Dann sei yuscht was de bischt!
Un draag die Naas net gaar zu hoch;
Des dut ken guder Grischt!

Was Vatter, Mutter dich gelaernt,
O, halt des immer hoch!
Es klingt nix schennres in de Welt
As wie die Mutterschproch!

—JOHN BIRMELIN

Freely adapted from August Heinrich's Pfaelzer Mundart Gedichte.

VERLORE

Saag, hoscht aeryets g'sehne en kleener Kaerl
Un en Maedche so Yohre vier?
Es waar yo yuscht heit, baarfiessich un brau
Hen sie g'schpielt an der Kichedier.
Ich denk 's waar yuscht heit (v'leicht waar's aa en Yohr,
'S kann net zwansich gewest sei—nee!)
Hen sie gerufe, ich sett helfe im G'schpiel,
Un ich hab ken Zeit g'hat fer sie —
Nau sin sie verloffe, wu sin sie yuscht hie?

Liewer Freind, wann'd heerscht vum me kleene Kaerl
Un en Maedche so Yohre vier,
Yuscht saag mer, ich daet sie finne so gaern
Un widder z'rick bringe zu mir.
Ich wees sie sin aeryets am schpiele nau
Un daeten sie rufe fer mich,
Ihne helfe im G'schpiel—yuscht saag ne,
Fer sie loss ich alles im Schtich!
Ken Haus kennt mich halte, 's waer nix mir zu viel
Kennt yuscht ich sie heere mir rufe zum G'schpiel!

—R. S. FUNK

—Translated from an English poem by Minnie C. Hopkins

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Chat About Your Friends

Alfred Ashman, son of A. O. Ashman, 448 Edgemont Ave., Palmerton, will be among those who took part in the spring festival at Peddie School, Hightstown, N. J., last night. Mr. Ashman is an active member in the Camera club of the school.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Oswald and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Clause and daughter, Faye, formerly of 349 N. West St., Allentown, now reside in Trexlertown.

Rev. and Mrs. Willis D. Mathias, 1546 Chew St., Allentown, left yesterday for Dayton, O., where they will visit Mrs. Matthias' father who is seriously ill. Accordingly, there will be a supply pastor Sunday in the pulpit of Emmanuel Reformed church, of which Rev. Matthias is pastor.

Kathryn Joyce Santee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Santee, 1520 Tremont St., will today celebrate her second birthday anniversary.

Mrs. Emma Miller of 46 N. Jefferson St. left yesterday for a month's stay in Orlando, Fla. She will visit Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Clawson and will return with them when they come north for the summer. Mr. Clawson was formerly librarian of Alfred university.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellwood S. Thomas today are quietly observing their thirtieth wedding anniversary.

Augustus Henry, teller of the Second National Bank, is recovering nicely from an operation performed in Temple University hospital last week. Mr. Henry resides in Quakertown.

A daughter was born at 7:21 o'clock last night at the Sacred Heart hospital to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Sattler, Easton R. 4.

Mrs. Sallie Heydt, 77, of 520 Mohr St., will leave today to visit her sister-in-law, Mrs. Joseph Andres, 88, of 6010 Larchwood Ave., Philadelphia. Mrs. Heydt will be accompanied by her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Kilcher.

Mrs. Anna Hackemann, mother of L. F. Hackemann, headmaster of Allentown Preparatory school, was admitted yesterday to the Allentown hospital for medical treatment.

Obituaries

Samuel Stevelton

Former Teamster for Trexler Lumber Co. Was Topton's Oldest Resident

Topton's oldest resident, Samuel Stevelton, a teamster for the Trexler Lumber Co. of this city for many years, died Thursday night at the home of his son, Milton A. Stevelton, 40 E. High St., Topton, at the age of 94.

Mr. Stevelton, a former farm laborer and furnace worker, was employed by the Trexler company for a period of 18 years, but had been living retired for nearly 20 years.

He was a member of Washington camp, No. 172, P.O.S. of A. of Topton.

Born in Albany township, Berks county, he was a son of Samuel and Susanna Maurer Stevelton. He was married twice and was preceded in death by both wives, Catharine Sassaman Stevelton and Frederica Weaver Stevelton. Surviving, besides his son, Milton, are five grandchildren, three great grandchildren, and two great-great grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held on Monday at 2 p. m., D.S.T., at the DeLong funeral home, Topton. Interment will be in Hillside cemetery, Allentown.

William H. Markle

Had Been Employed as Machinist in Lehigh Valley Silk Mill 45 Years

William H. Markle, 542 Montclair Ave., Bethlehem, employed as a machinist at the Lehigh Valley silk mill, Bethlehem, for the past 45 years, died Thursday night at St. Luke's hospital, Bethlehem, at the age of 70.

Born in Seidersville, he was a son of Reuben and Lavina, nee Weil, Markle. Mr. Markle had been a resident of Bethlehem for the past 45 years.

He was a member of St. Peter's Lutheran church, Bethlehem; the Knights of Pythias lodge, No. 267; Wreath of Friendship lodge, No. 917, IOOF, and the Knights of Malta of Bethlehem.

The only survivor is his wife, Electa, nee Miller, Markle. Funeral services will be held at his late home on Monday at 2 p. m. Interment will be made in the Eastern Salisbury cemetery.

Harry Hoyt Cooley

Nazareth Man Had Been Prominent in Sports Circles of Valley for Years

Harry Hoyt Cooley, prominent resident of Nazareth, well known in local sporting circles died yesterday morning at 115 o'clock at his home, 126 N. Main St., Nazareth, after a lengthy illness. He was 66 years old.

Mr. Cooley, a former member of the Nazareth borough council and the board of health of the town, had been employed as a storekeeper by the Lone Star Cement Corp. of Nazareth for the past 19 years. Prior to that, he was employed by the Penn-Allen Cement Co.

Mr. Cooley maintained an active interest in sporting affairs and served as manager of the Nazareth baseball team when the club was a member of the old Blue Mountain league, about 25 years ago.

In recent years, he helped sponsor a team for Nazareth in the Eastern Pennsylvania league.

Born in Phillipsburg, N. J., Mr. Cooley was a resident of Nazareth for the past 40 years. He was a member of St. John's Lutheran church, Nazareth, and was affiliated with the Vigilance Hose Co., No. 1, Nazareth, since its inception.

Surviving are his widow, Minnie, nee Heyer, Cooley; two children, Evelyn and Desmond, at home, and a brother, Morris Cooley, Phillipsburg, N. J.

Private funeral services will be held at his late home on Monday at 3 p. m. Interment will be in the family plot in Greenwood cemetery, Nazareth. The Rev. Harvey C. Snyder, pastor of St. John's Lutheran church, Nazareth, will officiate.

Mrs. Alice Reese Ashmore

Private Funeral Services Today for Easton Woman

Private funeral services will be held at 2:30 p. m. today in Hagerty's Colonial home, Easton, for Mrs. Alice Reese Ashmore, 90, widow of William A. Ashmore, who died Thursday night. Private burial.

Her death followed an illness of seven weeks. She was a native of Phillipsburg, N. J. and a daughter of the late Adam and Rachael Reese of Phillipsburg. She resided for the last two years with her daughter, Mrs. S. O. Kleinhans, 500 Philadelphia road, Easton.

Besides the daughter, a grandson, John A. Kleinhans, at home, survive. She was a member of the First Presbyterian church, Phillipsburg.

Mary Anne Schweikart

Easton Woman, 76, Dies Suddenly of Heart Attack

Mary Anne Schweikart, 76, died suddenly Thursday of a heart attack at her home, 218 W. St. Joseph St., Easton. She was a native of Schirnertown, N. Delaware river road and a daughter of the late Augustus and Frances Schweikart.

She resided with Mrs. Rose Albus and the late Nicholas Albus for more than 40 years. She was a member of St. Joseph's Catholic church and the Rosary Confraternity.

Mrs. Catherine E. Miller

Freemansburg Woman Was 80; Funeral Services Monday

Mrs. Catherine E. Miller, 80, widow of Titus Miller, died at the late home, 216 Monroe St., Freenmansburg, Thursday night. She was born in Plainfield township, a daughter of Jonas and Carolyn Shook.

Survivors are a daughter, Mrs. William Anthony, with whom she resided; a son, Milton Miller, Nazareth; a brother, Alvin Shook, and a sister, Mrs. Peter Frantz, Plainfield township, and five grandchildren.

Private servcies will be held at 1:30 p. m. Monday at the late home and public services at 2:30 p. m. in the Jehovah Lutheran church, Bushkill Center. Burial in the adjoining cemetery.

Mrs. Margaret Barley

Columbia Woman to Be Buried Today at Morgenland

Mrs. Margaret Barley, wife of Frank Barley of Columbia, Pa., died on Thursday. Funeral services will be held this morning. Burial will be in the afternoon in the family plot in Morgenland cemetery at Jerusalem Union church, Salisbury township.

Harry Hoyt Cooley

Former Nazareth Councilman Was 66 Years Old

Harry Hoyt Cooley, 66, died Friday morning at the residence, 126 N. Main St., Nazareth. He was a former member of borough council and the health board and resided in Nazareth for 40 years.

Mr. Cooley was a member of St. John's Lutheran church and a charter member of Vigilance Hose Co. No. 1.

Survivors are his wife, Minnie; two children, Evelyn and Desmond, at home, and a brother, Morris, of New Jersey.

Funeral services will be held at 3 p. m. Monday in charge of the Rev. H. C. Snyder. Burial will be in Greenwood cemetery.

Mrs. Jennie Waltman

Bethlehem Woman Succumbs in Graduate Hospital, Philadelphia

Mrs. Jennie Erwin Waltman, wife of George H. Waltman, died Friday morning in the Graduate hospital in Philadelphia.

Funeral services will be held at 10 a. m. Monday at the residence, 1803 Easton Ave., Bethlehem. Burial in Nisky Hill. She was a member of the Methodist church.

A daughter of the late Henry and Jennie Gormley Erwin, she is survived by one son, John R., of Connecticut; two daughters, Mrs. C. N. Warner, South Orange, N. J., and Mrs. F. M. Turner, Bethlehem; two brothers, William and Harry Erwin, Bethlehem, and one sister, Mrs. B. O. Curtis, of Flushing, L. I., New York.

Mrs. Kathryn Kapustinsky

Bethlehem Woman Is Victim of Apoplexy

Mrs. Kathryn Dulin Kapustinsky, widow of Metro Kapustinsky, 1819 E. 3rd St., Bethlehem, died of apoplexy Thursday in St. Luke's hospital.

She is survived by a brother, Michael Dulin, Freeland. Her husband died 11 years ago.

The funeral will be held at 9 a. m. Monday from the Connell home, 427 E. 4th St., Bethlehem. Requiem mass will be offered at 9:30 a. m. in SS. Peter and Paul church. Burial in Holy Saviour cemetery.

Mrs. Mary Gallagher

Funeral Services for Coaldale Resident to Be Held Monday

Mrs. Mary Gallagher, widow of Martin Gallagher, died yesterday afternoon at the home of her nephew, James Hines, 47 W. Front St., East Mauch Chunk. She was the former Mary Gillespie of Mauch Chunk.

Born in Ireland, she had resided in the Mauch Chunks most of her life. She was a member of the Immaculate Conception church, Mauch Chunk.

Surviving are a brother, John of New York City, and a sister, Mrs. Michael Garrah, East Mauch Chunk.

Funeral services will be conducted Monday at 9:30 a. m. from the home of her nephew. Interment will be made in the Immaculate Conception cemetery. Due to a 40-hours devotions being conducted in the church, a requiem mass will not be conducted until Wednesday at 9 a. m.

Joseph H. Darron

Bangor R. 2 Man Was 59 Years of Age

Joseph H. Darron, 59, Washington township, Bangor, R. 2, died Friday morning in the Betts hospital, Easton, where he was admitted on Thursday for medical treatment.

He was a member of the Flicksville Lutheran church, the Men's Bible class and Flicksville Castle, K. G. E.

A native of Washington township, a son of the late Robert and Lydia Shook Darron, he was a farmer by occupation. A brother, Luther, is the only survivor.

The Rev. J. S. Kistler wil officiate at funeral services at 2 p. m. Monday at the late home. Burial in Flicksville cemetery.

William Van McIlhaney

53-year-old Richmond Man Ill One Week

William Van McIlhaney, 53, died of

(Continued on Page Sixteen)

Deaths

LORISH—At Wescosville, May 5, 1939, Emma, nee Deischler, widow of John B. Lorish, aged 83 years, 11 months and 4 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited without further notice to attend services at the Ritter and Buzby funeral home, 36-38 S. 5th St., Emmaus, at 1:30 p.m., DST, Tuesday. Interment in the Reformed cemetery, Old Zionsville.

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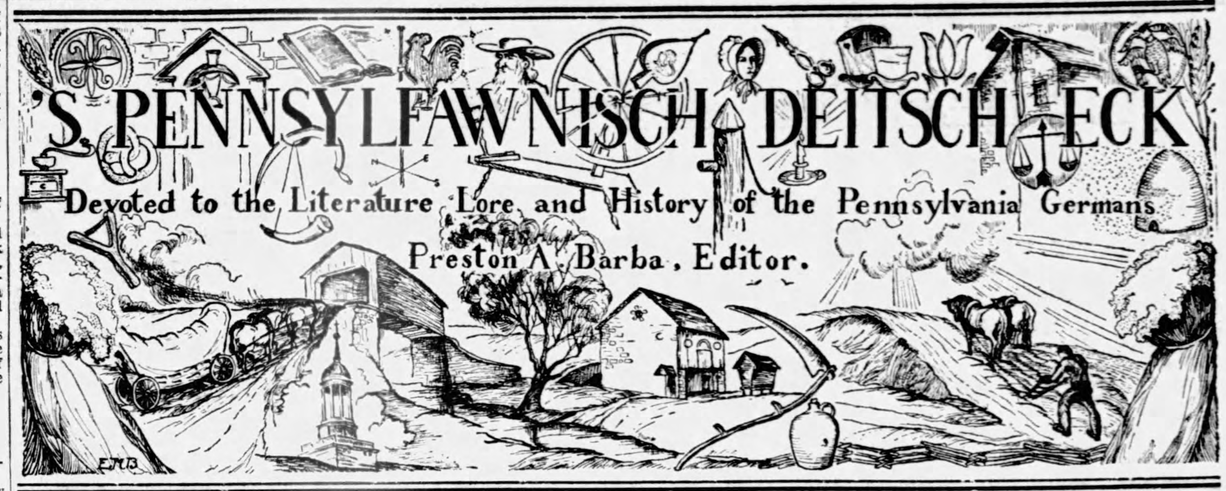

EN MANN NEMMT MER BEIM WART, EN OCHS BEI DE HAERNER

Book Review

THE FOUNDING OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION: THE MIDDLE COLONIES. By Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker. 367 pp. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

This book forms the first part of a more comprehensive work which is eventually to include New England and the Southern Colonies. It seems that the author has turned first to the Middle Colonies, because they presented the greatest racial, cultural and economic diversity, thus affording the historian "the perfect laboratory for observing a new civilization in the process of formation."

To the Pennsylvania Germans and to all those who are interested in them this work is of unique value, for in the last two chapters: FROM RHINE TO SUSQUEHANNA and VOLKSKUNST, the European backgrounds of the Pennsylvania Germans and their subsequent contributions to American civilization in the fields of the industries, the crafts, architecture and folkart, have nowhere before received such thorough and scholarly treatment, nor so sane and understanding a consideration.

That the inhabitants of the United States are not yet a homogeneous people is a fact that the objective observer can hardly deny. But just as little can he deny that from colonial times on strong political, economic and social forces have compelled the various European immigrant peoples of America to modify their original characteristics greatly, a process which may well be regarded as the initial step in the welding together of these peoples into one.

One of the most objective evaluations of this americanizing process is Professor Wertenbaker's "The Founding of American Civilization: The Middle Colonies."

The author asserts that the basic principles which have determined the founding and developments of American civilization are easily defined but that they express themselves in many different forms according to the topography and climate of the various colonies and the ethnological and social background of the inhabitants.

In his discusson of the above mentioned development the author limits himself chiefly to the social forces as they manifest themselves in government, church, customs, economics, architecture and folkart.

Quite correctly the author emphasizes again and again that America is a continuation of all Europe, and even if the English influence is predominant. The historians, according to Wertenbaker, have underestimated the positive influence of the non-English peoples. And the historians of non-English origin, the Germans, Scotch and Irish particularly, of whom one might expect a better understanding of the achievements of their groups, have contented themselves with listing their great men and their successes instead of attempting to evaluate the influence of the groups as a whole.

One must not forget, Wertenbaker points out, that heredity even today plays a great part in molding America along with the leveling influence of the "melting pot," the assimilative forces. The different groups modified their characteristics continually, sometimes being cut off from stimuli from the mother country, sometimes receiving new stimuli by renewed contact, and constantly being under the influence of the "melting pot."

Of all groups, Wertenbaker says, the Germans of Pennsylvania showed the greatest ability in adapting themselves to the new conditions without casting aside their own individuality as a people. He believes that even under the strongest pressure in favor of "Fordizing" them (reviewer's word, not Wertenbaker's), they will remain Pennsylvania German for a long time.

Graphically the author sketches the gradual anglicizing of the first non-English colony, the New Netherlands, now New York. Already in 1664, the year the English conquered the colony, only 59% of the population was of Dutch origin. Among the remainder, however, were the related Germans and Flemings. (The reviewer thinks that Wertenbaker is hardly justified in regarding Dutch and Flemish as two distinct ethnological groups, certainly not for the colonial period). The Dutch architecture, already at the time of the Revolution, had given way to the English. But in the country one sees even today barns modeled after the LOW SAXON (German!) farmhouse, as well as American forms of the Flemish farmhouse. The city of New York, in the year 1803, before the great immigrations of the nineteenth century, was completely anglicized in language, the rural sections by 1850 for the most part so. There were, however, in 1897 still people in the neighborhood of Albany who could use Dutch. Wertenbaker found the language still a live colloquial idiom in northeast New Jersey in 1919.

New Jersey was always predominantly English in language and customs. The English, however, were forced to make important concessions to the spirit and customs of the other groups. One can even speak of a direct conflict with the Scotch-Irish, who, of course, were English speaking but in many ways a distinct people. Especially church administration occasioned much friction in spite of the fact that both groups were calvinistic. Wertenbaker asserts that the whole history of the Presbyterian Church in America has been conditioned by this difference of opinion and temperament.

An English group of strikingly different makeup from that of the New Englanders and the Scotch-Irish were the Quakers who attempted to found a state based on broad religious principles. Although they soon lost their political power to the Germans and the Scotch-Irish, they exerted a great cultural influence, which can be symbolized by the architecture of modern Pennsylvania, especially as seen in the public buildings and private dwellings.

In Pennsylvania developed a great non-English "Folk Island," German Pennsylvania. Why these Palatines, Swiss, and immigrants from other sections of south and middle Germany came to America is explained in great detail by Wertenbaker and will not be touched by the reviewer since these facts have been published many times in the "Eck." Easily understandable is why these Germans clung tenaciously to language and customs. But just how the German became a Pennsylvanian with his own Dialect, his own customs and a "Weltanschauung" which set him apart from both German and Anglo-American is a fascinating subject worthy of the study and care that Wertenbaker has given to it. He devotes two exceedingly gripping chapters to this development.

The Palatine peasant, who in Germany lived in a village and tilled his small plot of land skillfully and industriously, became in America the farmer who lived on land greater than a lord's manor in the Palatinate and who manufactured on his own farm until comparatively recent times, almost everything he needed. Thus a "Volkkunst" of American German character flourished, continually adapting inherited skills to new conditions. This "Volkkunst" produced industries which affected all America. Here Wertenbaker mentions as only one striking invention the so-called "Kentucky Rifle," which helped to win the West and defeated the British in the Revolution.

The dwelling houses of the Pennsylvania Germans, originally American forms of the south German peasant dwellings, came under the influence of Quaker architecture but have their own distinct divergences from that architecture. The barns have remained purely German in type and resemble the dwelling houses of Swiss and Bavarian peasants. On the barns many farmers paint huge wheels and crosses, which correspond to those found in parts of Germany on peasant houses. Over the origin of this painting scholars are not in agreement. Many see in them heathen Germanic symbols, others, chiefly clergymen, consider them to be Christian decorative art. Whatever their origin, the farmer himself assigns little or no occult or religious significence to the symbol. "Sell is juscht en brauch" is what one farmer told the reviewer and Wertenbaker relates that one old man told him in reply to a question as to whether the wheels had an occult significance, "Nee, verdammtsei net! An so Sache glaawe mir net!"

Wertenbaker believes that inheritance will continue to play an important part in the development of America, but that finally the meltng-pot will win out. One might condition this statement, the reviewer thinks. The groups which settled America were after all largely of the same racial stock and with all their differences in language and temperament had much in common, the European basis of their culture. They were excellent material for the melting pot. Will the newer groups of different origin adapt themselves just as well and contribute positive qualities which will blend with those of the older groups? Will they, like the older groups, become the standard bearers of those principles which Wertenbaker thinks permeate our whole American philosophy, namely Patriotism, independence, optimism and democracy? And one might ask, will also the negroes, who have become also a problem for the middle colonies, be likewise swallowed up by the melting pot in spite of the strong racial feelings and prejudices of the white population and the growng racial consciousness of the negroes themselves? (This problem will, however, be discussed in a future work of the author on the southern states, I am sure.) The reviewer is more pessimistic (and therefore unamerican?) and perhaps unable to take such a long-time point of view as Wertenbaker. He believes that in spite of modern industrialization, transportation and external assimilation the process of the melting pot will not be so efficient as the author thinks. Wertenbaker himself says one must not underestimate the influence of heredity.

The book is a "must" for the student of American history. Every Pennsylvania German should know it thoroughly.

—DR. RALPH WOOD, Princeton University.

Der Zahschlipper

Am Porsche Eck, so unnich em Dach,
Do iss en Bletzel, bissel flach.
En Schindel mit me Gnaerreloch
Mach ich devor, die anner Woch.

En Veggelche iss kumme noh,
Hot luschtich g'sunge, es scheint so fro.
Zum Loch do geht es nei un raus,
Beguckt es eb's aa basst far'n Haus.

Noh fangt es aa so Heckcher draage,
Ich wees net meh, far wie viel Daage.
Oft hot's en Heckche, iss zu lang
Es grickt's net nei, des bin ich bang.

Zu ihm iss des yo gaar ken Kunscht
Dutt's graad so gut wie ebber schunescht.
Schafft sich an's End mit seinem Schnawwel,
Net sell wu hot en gleeni Gawwel.

Zum Loch schluppt nei un ziegt des noh
Un singt so battzich "'s iss yo do."
So macht er fart far Daage lang,
Er muss yo mied sei, bin ich bang.

Die Hecke Enner schtecke raus,
Verschparre schier die Dier zum Haus.
Far nei un raus, losst er noch Blatz
Net gross genunk far'n gleeni Schpatz.

Vun wu bekummt er so Verschtand?
Zu Diere iss des unbekannt.
Vun all de Veggel, das uns singe
Wees er yuscht wie's zuwege bringe.

Die Hecke, wu ihm g'falle sin,
Verleicht zu dick, verleicht zu dinn,
Die losst er leie, wie verhasst
Un holt sich die wu besser basst.

Nau kummt er mit der letschte Heck,
Er ziegt sie nei, noh fliegt eweck.
So luschtich fangt er aa zu singe
Sei gleener Hals, der mecht verschpringe.

Es Nescht iss faertich, losst's uns wisse,
Er singt mit gaar ken Ruh degschwische.
Un Maeryets frie, 's iss kaum noch hell,
Do iss sei G'sang wie'n Weckerbell.

So hot er'n Lebdaag mit seim Lied,
Ach waerd er net dann eemol mied?
Singt eemol do, noh widder dart,
Un graad so schnell iss er noh fart.

Er waar net lang, kummt widder bei
Un des bei ihm, mecht's Weibchi sei.
Er lockt far ihre's Nescht zu weise,
Sie iss so bees sie kennt ihn beise.

Doch all sei schellte batt ihn nix,
Weil sie iss uf zu seine Dricks.
Sie mault zurick, geht yuscht net nei,
Do muss en besseri Heemet bei.

Mit seim Gelock un viele Hetze
Losst sie sich doch es letscht verschwetze.
Sie zwitschert, hot en hesslich Wese,
Un geht zum Loch nei unne g'heese.

Es iss noh alles ruich un schtill,
Ich glaab sie's unnersuche will.
Un dann un wann do biebst sie raus,
Sie guckt yo graad wie'n gleeni Maus.

Er geht noh hie, will's aa bedrachte,
Iss bang sie mecht es Nescht verachte.
Oi, was sie schellt, will ihm verzaehle
Vun denne Sache wu noch fehle.

Do waerd gezwitschert hie un haer
As wann's en Mensch-Gebabbel waer.
Sie geht glei fart, losst ihn im Schtich,
Er fliegt an's Loch un schittelt sich.

Noh geht es frisch an's Hecke draage,
Er singt so viel as wie zu saage,
"Du aldi Gretz, dir will ich mache
En Heemet, das net iss zum lache."

Noh geht er fart un holt sie bei,
Wie schnell schluppt sie zum Loch zunei.
Er brauch 're dessemol net locke,
Fliegt uf en Baam, un bleibt dart hocke.

Es Nescht hot sie scheins net gebasst,
Un's guckt zu mir as wann er's hasst;
Wie sie noh selwert aafangt draage,
Un singt so battzich, wie zu saage,

"Es Haus bauscht du, des iss dei Aerwet,
Es Bett mach ich un leg der Karbet.
So hald dich 'weck un schteh net rum,
Far des zu schaffe bischt zu dumm."

Sie hot ihr Haus zurecht gemacht,
Kannscht sehne wie er singt un lacht.
Er singt nau yuscht far Zeitfartreib
Dieweil er waart far sei glee Weib.

Ihr Oier in es Nescht zu lege.
Do zweiwelt er yo net dewege.
Die Gleene kumme aa noh glei,
Noh muss en laschter Fresse bei.

Die hen en grosser Abeditt,
Un sin aa net zufritte mit
E paar so gleene Keffer deeglich;
Sie fresse graad so viel wie meeglich.

Der Vatter un die Mutter draage
In eem Schitck fart, die lange Daage.
Die Yunge greische wie verrickt,
'S iss doch yuscht eens, das ebbes grickt.

En Efting misse sie fart fliege,
Bis all die in der Roi rum griege.
Wie kenne dann die Eltre sehne
Der Unnerschitt in ihre Gleene.

Die Waerem hole far ihr Koscht
Des hald die Eltre uf der Poscht.
Bis endlich sin die Kinner fett,
Sie falle schier gaar aus ihrm Bett.

Do muss net yuscht es Fuder bei,
Es Nescht muss sauwer g'halde sei.
Un yedes mol sie fliege 'weck
Do hebt der Schnawwel Kinnerdreck

Es waerd noh uf en Beemche g'floge.
So wie ich saag, 's iss net geloge,
Die weil ich's sellwert g'sehne hab,
Der Voggel butzt sei Schnawwel ab.

Sie falle e Daag aus em Nescht,
Die Alde nau browiere's bescht
Ihr Kinner aus der G'faar zu griege
Un lerne wie uf Beem zu fliege.

Glei sin sie fart, es dutt mir leed.
An ihrem G'sang haw ich so Freed.
Ich butz es Nescht, un naegschtes Yohr
Hoff ich sie kumme wie devor.

25 April 1939 —LLOYD A. MOLL

Alde Kinnerreime aus der Palz

Who does not remember the silly little ditties that they and their comrades sang in childhood days? Meaningless as they may seem they are of ancient origin and echo down to us customs and traditions that grew up about the holidays and the change of the seasons.—Countless generations have sung them in many variations.—The following springtime rimes have come to us from the Palatinate. They and their like were sung by our remote German ancestors. Some of them still linger in varant forms among us today.—Ed.

Ri ra ro!
De Summerdag isch do!
Die Veilcher un die Blume,
Die gewen e warme Summer.
Wichsel, wechsel, zeig mer's Ketzel!
Uff de griene Wiese
Kummt de Summer geschliche.
Mer hoeren die Pann krache,
Die werrn uns ebbes backe.
Eier raus, Eier raus!
De Fuchs schluppt ins Huehnerhaus
Un trinkt die beschde Eier aus.
Jetzt gehn mer in die Scheier
Un holen uns die Eier.
Raus, raus, raus!
De Fuchs geht ins Huehnerhaus.

* * *

Hei li lo, der Summerdaag is do!
Feuerrote Blume.
Der Summerdaag is kumme;
Hei li lo, der Summerdaag is do.

* * *

Ri ra ro!
Der Summerdaag isch do!
Der Winter isch vergange
Mit Spiesze un mit Stange!
Rote Wei un Bretzle nei,
Heut wemmer luschtig sei!

* * *

Rir rar ror!
Der Summerdag is do!
Steigt der Has ins Hinkelhaus,
Holt die Eier alle raus:
Mir ens, dir ens
Un annere Kinner aach ens.

* * *

Stab aus, stab aus,
Stecht dem Winter die Aage aus.
Faellt er in die Blume,
Gibts en gute Summer.
Rote Wei, Bretzle nei.
Morge musz sche Wetter sei!

Aus Unserm Briefkaschte

Editor of the ECK:

The following little German folksong was often sung and played by a dear old aunt of mine until she was in her ninetieth year. She had learned it in her childhood.

DER GAERTNERMANN

Sie:
"Guten Tag, Herr Gaertnersmann!
Haben Sie Lavendel,
Rosmarin and Thimian
Und ein wenig Quendel?"

Er:
"Ya, Mamselle, das haben wir
Stets in unserm Garten.
Wollt' man selbst so guetig sein
Und ein wenig warten?"

* * *

Und der junge Gaertnersmann
Schwingt dann durch die Pfaedchen;
Laeszt sein' Augen liegen dann
Auf dem Schoenen Maedchen.

It has a pleasing melody attached to it, which I well remember. However, there are several more stanzas, which I have forgotten. Is there any reader of this ECK who knows the missing stanzas and will kindly supply them?

O. P. KNAUSS.
Macungie, Pa.

Personals

Edward V. Sutton and family of Wescoesville attended the graduation exercises of Donna Gertrude Sutton from the Pennsylvania Hospital Nurses Training school.

Ethel C. Hubler, 810 Walnut St., will today observe her birthday anniversary.

Charles Todd, Kansas City, Mo., left yesterday for his home after having visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hall Todd, at Ironton.

Wellington Guyler, 914 Gordon St., is visiting the World's Fair in New York City this weekend.

Mrs. Ed. Christman and family, 101 W. Emaus Ave., Allentown, are visiting at Mountain Lake, N. J.

Donald F. Alspach, 253 Water St., celebrated his 28th birthday anniversary on Friday.

A daughter was born at 3:16 a. m. yesterday at the Sacred Heart hospital to Mr. and Mrs. John Zartler, 348 N. 6th St.

Mrs. Lizzie Hough, 2004 Chew St., left last night by train for California. She will spend some time visiting her cousin, Jeremiah Hunsicker, at San Francisco, and will visit the Golden Gate Exposition on Treasure Island.

Clifford A. Miley, 1002 S. Howard St., who has been ill with pneumonia for several weeks, is now recuperating at the Allentown hospital. He is connected with the sales department of the Bethlehem Steel Co.

Store Employes to Make Bus Trip to World's Fair

The Upsilon Sigma Gamma organization, made up of employes of the local F. W. Woolworth store, has made plans to be the first local group to sponsor a private tour of the World's Fair in New York on Sunday, May 21.

Arrangements for the trip are being made by the transportation department of the L. V. Transit Co., which will convey the party by bus to Jersey City where they will be met by another chartered bus to take them direct to the grounds.

By this means of transportation a maximum of time can be spent on the fair grounds for the enjoyment of the evening program when fountains are lighted, fireworks are set off and other amusements which are scheduled after 9 p. m. can be seen.

The group, which has been organized only six months, is in such excellent financial condition that all expenses of the trip for the members will be defrayed out of the treasury.

Booked for the trip are: Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Hauser, Mabel Edwards, Anna Troller, Helen Potts, Mary Troller, Marie Allen, Jean Correll, Virginia Deiley, Mildred Gensenleiter, Jean Hensinger, Leona Kuhns, Kathleen Lentz, Gladys Loch, Evelyn Mumbower, Joyce Schmoyer, Charlotte Schuler, Gladys Snyder, Grace Stettler, Pauline Swartz, Miriam Roth, Elinor Tressler, Martha Trump, Mildred Walbert, Lillian Ware, Sue Schaffer, Joyce Brinker, Richard Boethwick, William Spillane, John Winton and Charles Peters.

Philadelphia Minister To Speak at Youth Center

Rev. Charles F. Ball, Presbyterian minister of Philadelphia who is one of the outstanding workers in the Philadelphia School of the Bible, will come to this city Tuesday night to speak before the Allentown Youth Christian Center in the 12th St. Baptist church, 12th and Oak Sts. Besides addressing members of the Center, Rev. Ball will speak on the Voice of Youth broadcast over the facilities of WSAN.

Obituaries

Rev. C. D. Clauss Dies at Home

Muhlenberg Graduate Was Ordained for Ministry in 1888

Rev. Charles D. Clauss, a guest at the Good Shepherd home the past several years, died there at 12:15 p. m. yesterday at the age of 77. He had been bedfast the past three months.

A graduate of Muhlenberg college, he later studied for the ministry and was ordained in 1888. He was a native of Weissport where he was born a son of the late Phaon and Lucetta, nee Bauer, Clauss.

For about the past 14 years, Rev. Clauss had been identified with St. John's Lutheran church in Allentown, where as a member of the congregation he devoted his energies to assisting the pastor.

Surviving are a son, Samuel, of Hammonton, N. J., and a daughter, Mrs. Hilda Smith, of Philadelphia.

Lee O'Neil

Empoye of Allentown Bobbin Works Was 43 Years of Age

Lee O'Neil, of 1429 Liberty St., an employe at the Allentown Bobbin Works, died at 5:22 a. m. yesterday at the Allentown hospital where he had been a patient since April 17. He was 47 years old.

Mr. O'Neil was born in Ballietsville, a son of George and Ellen, nee Butz, O'Neil. Since 1900 he had resided in this city.

He was a member of Zion Reformed church and affiliated with the Maccabees. Never married he is survived by his mother, in Allentown; five brothers: Thomas, Gordon, Earl, Ray and Kermit, all of Allentown, and three sisters: Mrs. Wilbur German, Mrs. Lloyd Hilbert and Mrs. Oliver Hillegass, all of this city.

Services will be held at 1:30 p. m. (D.S.T.) Tuesday from the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St., with interment in Greenwood cemetery. Viewing at the funeral home 7-9 p. m. Monday.

Mrs. Emma W. Rumsey

Native of Tioga County to Be Buried in New York State

Mrs. Emma W. Runsey, a native of Tioga county, died in this city at 12:30 a. m. yesterday. She was 87 years old at the time of her death, and was a Methodist by faith.

One son, Judson M. Wortman of Fullerton, is the only survivor. Her husband preceded her in death.

Funeral services will be held on Sunday at 2 p. m. from the Bachman Funeral home, 1030 Walnut St., after which the cortege will leave for Elmira, N. Y., where further services will be held and interment made in the Woodlawn cemetery.

Mrs. Mary Hunsberger

Shimerville Woman, 87, Was Born at Egypt

Mrs. Mary Ann C., nee Steckel, Hunsberger, widow of John Hunsberger died early yesterday morning at her home, Shimerville, Emmaus R. 1. She was aged 87 years, 10 months and 17 days.

She was born in Egypt, a daughter of the late Josiah and Katherine, nee Ringer, Steckel. Surviving are the following children: Charles, Green Lane; Mrs. Charles Neetz, Emmaus; Mrs. Clayton Wotring, Nesquehoning, and Elvin, at home. A brother, Albert Steckel, Coplay; two step-children, Mrs. John O'Hara, Reading and Mrs. George Gehringer, Quakertown; 15 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren also survive.

The funeral will be held at 1:30 o'clock, DST, Wednesday at her late home, with continued services in the Zionsville Reformed church at Old Zionsville, of which she was a member. Interment will be in Old Zionsville Lutheran cemetery. The Rev. James N. Blatt will officiate.

August W. Fligge

Native and Lifelong Resident of Hecla Ill for Five Years

August W. Fligge, a native and lifelong resident of Hecla, died at his home there early yesterday morning. He had been ailing for the past five years.

He was a member of the Lutheran wing of Friedens church, P. O. S. of A. of new Ringgold, Washington Camp, No. 100. He was associated with his brother in conducting a general store there.

He is survived by four sisters and brothers, Mrs. Harry McKinney of Danville, N. J., Mrs. Harry Strait of Dover, N. J., Herman R., and Fred B., both of Hecla.

Mrs. Emma Gackenbach

Old Zionsville Woman Was Born at Egypt

Mrs. Emma C. Gackenbach of Old Zionsville died at 12:45 a. m. Friday at her home of pneumonia. She had contracted a cold early in March which later developed into pneumonia, causing her to be bedfast since March 17. She was 81 years old.

Born in Lower Milford township, she was the daughter of Nathan and Catherine, nee Desch, Carl. She was a member of the Zionsville Reformed church and Sunday school. Her husband, James J. Gackenbach, died seven years ago.

She is survived by one daughter, Emma, wife of Jacob Snyder of Zionsville R. 1, and one son, Dallas M. J., at home. There are also four grandchildren and two great-grandchildren surviving.

Funeral services will be held from her late home on Monday at 2 p. m., D.S.T., with Rev. D. C. Kaufman officiating. Burial will be made in the Old Zionsville Lutheran cemetery.

Deaths

CLAUSS—In this city, May 12, 1939, Rev. Charles D. Clauss, aged 77 years. Due notice of funeral.

O'NEIL—In this city, May 12, 1939, Lee O'Neil, aged 47 years, 9 months, 7 days. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend services from the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St., at 1:30 p. m. (D.S.T.) Tuesday. Interment Greenwood cemetery. Friends are invited to call 7-9 p. m. Monday at the funeral home.

SUPER—At Kenilworth, near Pottstown, May 11, 1939, Dr. Albert Haeseler Super, husband of Edna M. (Kline) Super, aged 58 years, 2 months, 16 days. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the services at the Wolfendale funeral home, 466 N. Franklin St., Pottstown, at 2 p. m. (D.S.T.) Monday. Interment Greenwood cemetery, Allentown. Friends are invited to call at the funeral home 7-8:30 p. m. Sunday.

Wolfendale.

FOOD BILLS HIGH?
THEN SHOP AT A & P

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BUY YOUR MEATS WITH CONFIDENCE AT A & P

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CHICKENS lb. 25c
For Stewing—The fine flavor of these milk-fed chickens makes them ideal for chicken sandwiches, salads—Delicious served hot as fricasse or a stew—up to 3¾ lbs.

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Cut from heavy Cornfed Steers. A most economical, yet delicious cut of meat.

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BACON SLICED ½ lb. pkg. 13c lb. pkg. 25c

SUNNYFIELD
EGGS Dozen in Carton 27c

EGGS Carefully Candled Doz. 23c

A & P HOME-STYLE BREAD 13-oz. Sliced Loaf 5c

ANN PAGE SALAD DRESSING Qt. jar 25c Pt. jar 15c ½ Pt. jar 10c

Jane Parker PARKER HOUSE ROLLS 12 in pkg. 10c

ANN PAGE SPARKLE 3 pkgs. 10c
Pure Fruit Gelatin Desserts and Puddings

GET ACQUAINTED OFFER
ENCORE Mayonnaise
Qt. Jar 39c Pt. jar 21c ½ Pt. jar 12c

FRESH TANGY GINGER SNAPS 2 lbs. 15c

IONA LIMA BEANS No. 2 can 5c

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SANDWICH COOKIES N. B. C. OREOS lb. 29c

REGAL GRAHAM CRACKERS 2 1-lb. pkgs. 15c

SODA CRACKERS 2 1-lb. pkgs. 15c

CHOCOLATE or PLAIN OVALTINE small can 33c large can 59c

WINDOW SCREENS, 24x33 ..... each 39c
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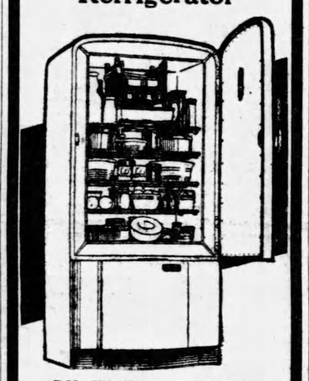

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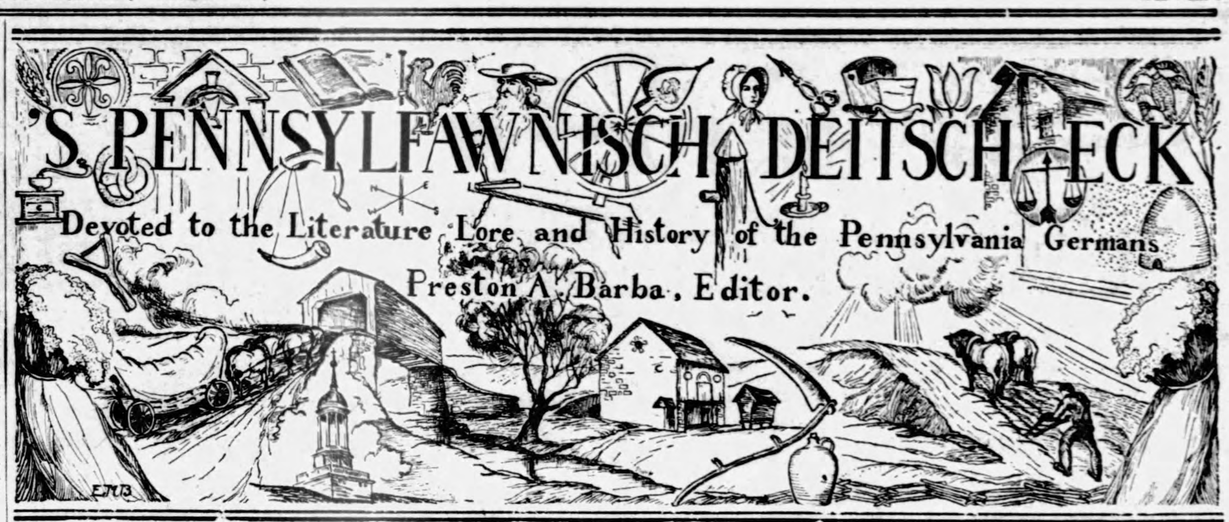

Standardizing Pennsylvania German Orthography

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

Even the casual observor must be aware of the revival of interest in the history, culture and folklore of the Pennsylvania Germans. This renaissance has manifested itself in many forms during recent years, and there are signs that, at last, tardy recognition will be given to the part which these people have played in making America and in making America great.

The latest phase of this revival takes the form of an attempt to establish a uniform system of spelling for the Pennsylvania German dialect. All persons who come in contact with dialectal writings will readily agree that some standardization is necessary. No two writers use the same system of spelling and very few, if any, are consistent in the use of the particular method which they have adopted. One contributor, whose dialectal verses have been published in many journals, has admitted that he has spelled the same word in ten different ways.

Heretofore each writer invented his own orthography. Since nothing was right, nothing was wrong. The result could only be a sort of linguistic anarchy, causing the dialect to break into tiny language islands, which, in their turn, served only to add to the confusion already inherent in the tongue. Add to this the many variations which came with the original settlers, from the Palatinate; from Swabia; Bavaria; Switzerland; the French influence and the gradual absorption of Indian and English words and the marvel of it all is that the dialect has survived at all.

But if the writers cannot agree with each other or be consistent with themselves, how can the layman be expected to read the many unfamiliar combinations of letters which are supposed to form words for him? An elderly lady who lived on South Mountain remarked to me—"Ich bin iwwel ab. Ich kann Englisch leese owwer net schwetza, und ich kann Deitch schwetza owwer net leese." (I can read English but cannot speak it, and I can speak German and can't read it.) For generations many, perhaps most, of the Pennsylvania Germans whose ancestors helped to found this republic, were deprived of the opportunity to learn anything from the printed page unless by the tedious method of translating English words into the language in which they were accustomed to think.

What a tragedy!

"Open Sesame" they might cry but the doors to the labyrinth remained closed. For them no sublimated poetry; no vicarious journeys into the Land-of-Make-Believe; no science; no history—no rapture.

"For knowledge, to their eyes,
Rich with the spoils of time,
Did ne'er unfold."

Who will attempt to estimate the loss to American culture which resulted when hundreds of thousands of Americans were denied an opportunity to add to it? And then, as if to add insult to injury, unsympathetic person dubbed them "Dumb Dutch."

There have been several attempts in the past to achieve some degree of uniformity in the spelling and use of the dialect. Learned scholars have studied the origins of the tongue and much has been written about the etymology of words and phrases. Dr. S. S. Haldeman and Dr. M. D. Learned have shown us the sources from which the dialect developed. A number of writers have compiled dialectal lexicons, adopting arbitrary methods of spelling. Most of these dictionaries are at variance with each other, thereby adding to the confusion. Some compilers were familiar with German sound values and therefore adhered to the German orthography, others knew little or no German and consequently employed an English phonetic system. Still others attempted a compromise between the two.

The first dictionary was compiled by Dr. A. R. Horne of Kutztown in Berks County in 1875. Dr. Horne was a German scholar but recognizing the influence of English, spelled his words with English sound values. The author explained that he adopted this procedure because he hoped to guide Pennsylvania Germans into the use of English. His work, therefore, can hardly be considered as an effort to standardize the spelling of the German.

A few years after Horne's Pennsylvania German Manual appeared, E. H. Rauch, author of the Father Abraham letters, under the pen name of Pit Schweffelbrenner published his Pennsylvania Dutch Handbook (1879). Mr. Rauch was not a German scholar. The Handbook contains less than 5000 words including English admixtures. His system of spelling is based entirely upon English sound values. The German word "Ehr" meaning honor becomes Air and the possessive pronoun "Mein" becomes Mine as in English. From the standpoint of orthography Rauch's book is limited in value because the student must know how to spell the word before he can find it in the dictionary, and there are no rules to guide him except the varied and uncertain English sound values.

Dialectal writers who were Rauch's contemporaries scoffed at the style of the Pit Schweffelbrenner letters and Rauch found himself involved in many controversies in his efforts to defend his system. One of his chief critics was Colonel Thomas Zimmerman of Reading, who gained international recognition for his lyrical verses and translations into the dialect. Zimmerman adhered to the German spelling and his writings delight many readers even to this day. So too another contemporary of Rauch's, the Reverend Henry Harbaugh, held to German sound values in the construction of his immortal "Heemweh" and other beautiful poems.

Here we have one of the fundamental questions which must determine the general principles upon which a standard orthography must be based. The writings of Keller, Zimmerman and Harbaugh and others who employed German phonetics have survived the generation during which they were written, but, so too, has Rauch's translation of the Ghost Scene from Hamlet "Ich bin deim dawdy si spook" lived on in spite of its queer English spelling of German words. In his own day Pit Schweffelbrenner had a greater number of readers than any of his contemporaries could boast. This would seem to argue that his system was better adapted to the great masses of people, but it must be borne in mind that men like Keller, Harbaugh, Ziegler, Zimmerman and others wrote the type of material which had limited appeal because of the sublimation of subject matter.

The third dictionary was published in 1895. It was the work of Mr. J. C. Lins. The author, like Dr. A. R. Horne, was interested only in aiding "such Pennsylvania Germans as are anxious to acquire a knowledge of the English language." Lins made no effort to standardize the spelling.

Still another curious attempt at spelling dialectal words came from the pen of Dr. W. J. Hoffman in 1888. He listed the words found in Horne's Manual but spelled them according to the alphabet used by the Bureau of American Ethnology in recording Indian tongues.



A spelling-class in the oldtime school.
From Horne's PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN MANUAL

Some writers have appended glossaries to their works, hoping thereby, to enable the reader to understand puzzling spelling or vocabulary. This system was employed by Daniel Miller in his volumes entitled the "Pennsylvania German." In his "Lewendiche Stimme aus Pennsilveni" (1929), Heinz Kloss, writing the Pennsylvania dialect for readers in Germany, appended a glossary of English words which crept into the dialect and spelled those words with German sound values.

A unique method was employed by William S. Troxell (Pumpernickle Bill) in his anthology of dialect verse entitled "Aus Pennsylfawnia" (1938). In this book all statements appear in both English and Pennsylvania German thereby enabling the reader to check one form of expression against another. This system, although cumbersome, has its advantages where simple prose is used but becomes unwieldy in verse or in dialogue.

The most ambitious attempt to standardize the spelling and use of the dialect was made twenty years ago when Mr. M. B. Lambert published his Dictionary of Non-English Words of the Pennsylvania-German dialect. More than 16,000 words are listed in this excellent study and most of them are shown with their German equivalents. Mr. Lambert is a German scholar and, for the greater part of his orthography, German sound values are employed. Since the publication of Lambert's Dictionary, Reverend Thomas R. Brendle of Egypt, Pennsylvania, has collected nearly 2000 additional dialectal words which are not included in Lambert's list. Certainly a dialect possessing 18,000 unadultered words provides an excellent vehicle for expression and is worth of being salvaged by standardization of its use.

The lack of uniformity which marked dialectal writings generations ago is still a problem today. Present day writers differ from those of Rauch's day only in that they are more confused than ever and most of them are not satisfied, even with their own system. Col. Thomas Harter gained an extensive following with his Boonastiel letters but persons whose academic training made them familiar with German found Harter's spelling shocking to the eye.

William S. Troxell, writing under the name Pumpernickle Bill has an immense following among the Pennsylvania German for whom he has penned daily sketches in his column in the Allentown Morning Call. Over a period of more than thirteen years Mr. Troxell has educated many folks to his peculiar type of spelling. The orthography is similar to that of Rauch and bears little resemblance to German spelling. English sound values are used, somewhat arbitrarily, so that persons who do not have a daily contact with the column in the Call find great difficulty in following the Troxell newsettes.

The same newspaper carries a dialect feature entitled " 'S Deitsch Eck" edited by Dr. P. A. Barba, professor of German in Muhlenberg College. All dialectal materials appearing there must pass the inspection of Dr. Barba who is an excellent German scholar. Quite naturally the spelling assumes a closer resumblance to German forms.

Mr. Michael A. Gruber of Washington, D. C., who has written many charming poems based upon his early life in North Heidelberg Township, Berks County, contends that German sound values should be used wherever possible and he points out that those who ignore the German values do so because they are not familiar with the mother tongue. Mr. H. K. Landis, of Landis Valley Museum, who writes under the pen name "Der Gros Henner" submits that rules and syntax would hamper expression in the dialect. "We have book English, classroom English, every day English and bar-room English. In the same way with the dutch . . ." And in like manner writers of every type and description today are puzzled.

In order to attempt to find some way out of the confusion a group of writers and scholars interested in the dialect gathered at Reading on December 10, 1938. This meeting was summoned by Dr. Clyde Stine of Lebanon Valley College. It was attended by a number of persons who had sensed the need of some standards upon which to base the spelling of Pennsylvania German.

The Reading meeting was held as a preliminary conference only. The small group of men who attended the Reading meeting realized that the problem could not be solved by their small group. All persons interested in the movement would have to be consulted before any action could be effective.

However, past experience had shown that conferences held by large groups frequently resulted in stalemate because of sharp clashes of opinion over minor details, the larger aspects of the problem often being lost sight of in quibbling over inconsequential details.

Accordingly, the group assembled at Reading decided upon a program which was to be presented for approval, modification or disapproval at a larger assembly.

Hershey, Pennsylvania, was agreed upon as the place for the larger conference. The committee availed itself of the invitation extended by Dr. A. R. Breitenstein, Dean of Hershey Junior College. The date was set for Saturday, January 28, 1939 and invitations were sent out to every person known to be interested in the use of the Pennsylvania German dialect.

The response to the invitations was highly gratifying. The assemblage at Hershey represented every major field of activity in which the use of the dialect is involved. (1)

The general system which had been prepared at the Reading meeting was presented by Dr. Preston A. Barba of Muhlenberg College. The German sound values form the basis of the system which was proposed and discussed. However, the final result of the efforts will formulate an eclectic system of spelling, using English as well as German phonetics, in cases where the dialect has undergone a clearly marked change from its German origins. Also there are sounds which defy reproduction under either system and in such cases new letter combinations must be used.

The conference was carried on in a spirit of compromise with free debate and many eneral conclusions were reached. It was agreed that the use of the German umlaut must be abandoned as impractical from the standpoint of type-setting in English presses; that the use of "y" as a terminal letter and of "j" as a medial should be discouraged except in words with religious connotations such as "Majestaet". The too frequent use of the apostrophe to indicate elision was deplored and the general principle of eliminating unnecessary letters was approved.

Vowels and consonants are to receive their original German values but are to be used in conformity with the sound they express in the dialect. Thus the German Traum becomes Draam and Knecht becomes Gnecht.

Nouns are to be capitalized as in German and the "sch" preserved as the spelling of the sibilant. The letter "v" is to be used as an initial letter only when its German original is spelled in that way, as in viel, or verkauf. In all other cases the "f" is to be used.

The use of double letters presents one of the great difficulties. The double a (aa) was accepted as expressing the sound of aw in English (draw). As a contraction of the German auch becomes aa in Pennsylvania German. Er iss aa doh. This may shock the eye at first but it appears to have more merit than ah or aw, the possible alternatives. The double e (ee) was given the long a sound. Thus the word "to know" becomes wees. There are several exceptions to this rule however. Baum in the singular becomes baem in the plural for the sake of retaining some degree of similarity to its singular form. Also in words like "to go"—"geh" is permitted in order to retain the stem of the parent word. These are but a few of the problems which were presented at Hershey.

The movement was sponsored by members of both the Pennsylvania German Society and the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society. Upon the motion of Dr. Hartman the principles agreed upon at Hershey were unanimously endorsed by the members of the conference as representing a working basis for further study and organization.

(1.)—For the list of those present see the ECK for Feb. 4, 1939.

Reprinted from THE HISTORICAL REVIEW OF BERKS COUNTY, April, 1939, by courtesy of The Historical Society of Berks County.

Der Mutter Ihre Daag

Die Feierdaage im me Yohr
Sin viel, vun alle Aarte;
Far des un sell, das eemol waar,
Un sache zu erwaarte.

Far Patriotte lang schun dot,
Ihr Blut in Schlacht vergosse;
Far Weise, die in Hungers Not
Die Welt hen lang verlosse.

Far Schtaatsleit, die in ihrem Lewe
En Sarge hen gedraage;
Die Welt ken Dank hot ihne gewwe
Bis lang waar'n sie begraawe.

Der schenscht, das im Kallener schteht
En Weibsperson dutt ehre;
Sie iss bekannt uf weit un breet,
Zu allem Mensch dutt g'heere.

Sie hot far uns en Schmaerz gedraage
Mitaus emol gewinselt;
Doch hot sie oftmols nasse Aage,
Wann unsereens net blinselt.

So loss uns uf den Daag sie b'suche,
Die weil sie iss noch do;
Un frisch die Mutterlieb versuche,
Des macht sie haerzlich froh.

Hot sie der lang, lang Weg genumme,
Un rugt mit Gottes Sege,
Loss uns en Schtrauss vun scheene Blumme
Uf ihre Graab hielege.

—LLOYD A. MOLL

Mer lebt yuscht eemol in der Welt

**"Mer lebt yuscht eemol in der Welt;
Was macht's dann aus—mer geht net weit;
Mer iss lang dod—un was dennoh?
Mer lebt dann gut—mer lebt yuscht heit!"**

**Hoscht du so'n Red net oft schun g'heert?
Was denkscht devun? 'S iss net viel drin!
'N Haerz voll Welt, des steicht net hoch,
Un geht net recht von Aabeginn!**

**Mer lebt yuscht eemol in der Welt,
Dann kummt die Nacht—un wu geht's naus?
'S kummt all druf aa, was du warscht do —
Hoscht nichs gezaehlt, dann stehscht juscht draus.**

**Juscht eemol gehscht du uf deim Weg;
Kummscht nimmi zerick un iwwer dhu,
Was hoscht verfehlt—was des mag sei!
Verwas gebscht net es Bescht dezu?**

**'S iss net de waert, dass mer sich blufft
Un saagt mer waer, was mer net iss;
So 'n Dummheet, die geht yo net weit
Mer fooled sich yuscht—des iss gewiss!**

**Gott kennt die Leit—vergess des net—
Wer sucht recht geh, dem schteht er bei;
Er nemmt kenn Blab un losst's hie geh;
Was 'd heit uffpickscht, iss marye dei.**

**Was machscht dich do, des bischt nord dart;
'S nemmt meh als Wunsch—du musscht aa dhu—
Mer waerd mit dhu: duscht meh, waerscht meh—
Dann schafft's schee aus—am Owed Ruh.**

—REVEREND CHARLES A. BUTZ

Chat About Your Friends

George I. Mabus, 1330 Liberty St., who had been seriously ill with pleuropneumonia for the last nine weeks, has fully recovered and expects to return to his duties at the city water department within the next several days.

Ellen K. Doughty, 322 N. 7th St., will today observe her birthday anniversary.

Sallie Peters, 422 Hamilton St., recently entertained her sister, Mrs. Fred Gleim, Hazleton, and Mr. and Mrs. Elton E. Lowe and son, Kenneth, Cristobal, Canal Zone. Mrs. Lowe is a niece of Mrs. Peters'.

Mrs. James Kelly of Allentown, R. 2, will celebrate her birthday anniversary today. Mrs. Kelly is the former Katherine DeLong of this city.

Lucy F. Kehm, 612 N. 8th St., will observe her birthday anniversary today.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Charles of 220 N. St. George St. became the parents of a son born at the Allentown hospital at 2:32 p. m. yesterday.

Mrs. John P. Fina, 1048 Fullerton Ave., will observe her birthday anniversary today.

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Depositor and Borrower

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ESTABLISHED 1855
MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM
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Obituaries

Charles Souder

Quakertown R. 3 Resident Was Aged 80

Charles Souder, 80, Quakertown R. D. 3, died at 8:10 p. m. Thursday night in the Quakertown hospital. He had been admitted to the institution for medical care on May 8.

Mrs. Bridget O'Donnell

Native of Ireland Was Catasauqua Resident 40 Years

Mrs. Bridget O'Donnell, a native of Ireland, died yesterday morning at 9:15 o'clock at her home, 1246 3d St., Catasauqua, after a week's illness. She was 72.

Mrs. O'Donnell, widow of Anthony O'Donnell, had been a resident of Catasauqua for the past 40 years. She was a former resident of Allentown.

Born in Ireland, she was a daughter of Cornelius and Margaret, nee Brady, O'Donnell. She came to this country at an early age.

Mrs. O'Donnell was a member of St. Lawrence church, Catasauqua, and the Altar and Rosary society of the church. Surviving are two daughters, Margaret, at home; Mary, wife of James Dougherty of Hazleton, two sons, Cornelius and Charles, at home, and three grandchildren.

The funeral will be held from her late home in Catasauqua on Monday at 8:30 a. m., followed by a high mass of requiem in St. Lawrence church. Interment will be in Calvary cemetery, Catasauqua.

Mrs. Maggie King

Widow of William King Was Mickleys Church Member

Mrs. Maggie King, widow of William King, died at 6:15 a. m. yesterday at the Allentown hospital where she had been a surgical patient for the past month. She was in her 52nd year.

A native of Lehighton, she was born April 22, 1888. She had been a resident of West Catasauqua for 26 years and had last lived at 318 1st Ave. Twice married, a son Wilbur Albright is among the survivors. Her second husband, William King, died April 6 last.

Two sisters, Mrs. Eva Beers and Mrs. Nacina Heydt of Lehighton, and two brothers, Adam and Edward of Weissport, in addition to two grandchildren, also survive.

She was a member of the Mickleys Lutheran church.

Mrs. Livio Melatti

Tamaqua Woman, Native of Italy, Dies of Pneumonia

Mrs. Livio Melatti of 204 Market St., Tamaqua, died in the Coaldale State hospital yesterday morning after being ill the last few days with pneumonia. She was admitted to the hospital on Thursday.

A native of Italy, she came to America in 1907 and first resided in Bolivar, Pa. She was a resident of Tamaqua for the past 12 years and was a member of St. Jerome's church.

Besides her husband she is survived by four children, Mrs. Angelo De Stephanis, 302 Market St.; Edith, Julia and Sylvester, all at home.

Funeral services wil be held from the home at 9:30 a. m. Monday, with solemn requiem mass in St. Jerome's church. Interment wil be made in the parish cemetery on West St., Tamaqua.

George H. Druckenmiller

Catasauqua Resident, 53, Dies from Pneumonia

George H. Druckenmiller, of 111 Canal St., Catasauqua, died at 7 a. m. Friday at the Sacred Heart hospital from pneumonia. He was 53 years of age.

Born in Upper Macungie township he was the son of Aaron B. Druckenmiller and the late Mary J. (Smith) Druckenmiller. He was a member of the Reformed faith. He had been employed on various jobs as a laborer.

Survivors include his wife, Annie (Schelly) Druckenmiller; his father, Aaron B. Druckenmiller; four brothers, Oscar, Harry and Fred, all of Allentown; Charles, Shamrock; two sisters, Mrs. Jennie Kulp, Allentown; Mrs. Cora Hartzinger, Emmaus R. 1.

Services will be held at 2 p. m. (DST) Tuesday from the Schmoyer funeral home, Breinigsville, interment Mertztown cemetery. Viewing 7-9 p. m. Monday. Rev. William Bond will officiate.

Mrs. Cora Alice Walter

Easton R. 3 Woman Was 58 Years Old

Mrs. Cora Alice Walter, 58, widow of John F. Walter, Easton, R. 3, died at 2:15 a. m. Friday in the Easton hospital.

She was born in Kesslersville, Plainfield township and was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kessler.

Survivors are a daughter, Lorena A., and two sons, Leon L. and Kenneth K., at home; four brothers, Thomas Kessler, Palmer township; George Kessler, Upper Nazareth; Oliver Kessler, Kesslersville; Jacob Kessler, Mt. Bethel; one stepbrother, Lovene Snyder, of Nisky and eight grandchildren.

She was a member of St. Luke's Lutheran church, Easton, and Camp 83, P. O. of A., Wilson borough.

Charles L. Martin

Retired L. V. R. R. Conductor of Easton Was 81

Charles L. Martin, 81, retired Lehigh Valley railroad conductor, died early Friday morning at his home, 125 W. St. Joseph St., Easton, after an illness of one year.

A native of Perth Amboy, N. J., he resided for 51 years in the same house in Easton.

He started work as a car inspector at Perth Amboy, July 11, 1875, became a trainmaster Jan. 1, 1881 and promoted to conductor at Easton, May 26, 1883, serving in that capacity until May 1, 1935 when he was pensioned after 60 years of service.

His wife died nine years ago. A son of Luther and Louis Martin, of Perth Amboy, he was the last member of his family.

Survivors are four children: Willis,

(Continued on Page Sixteen)

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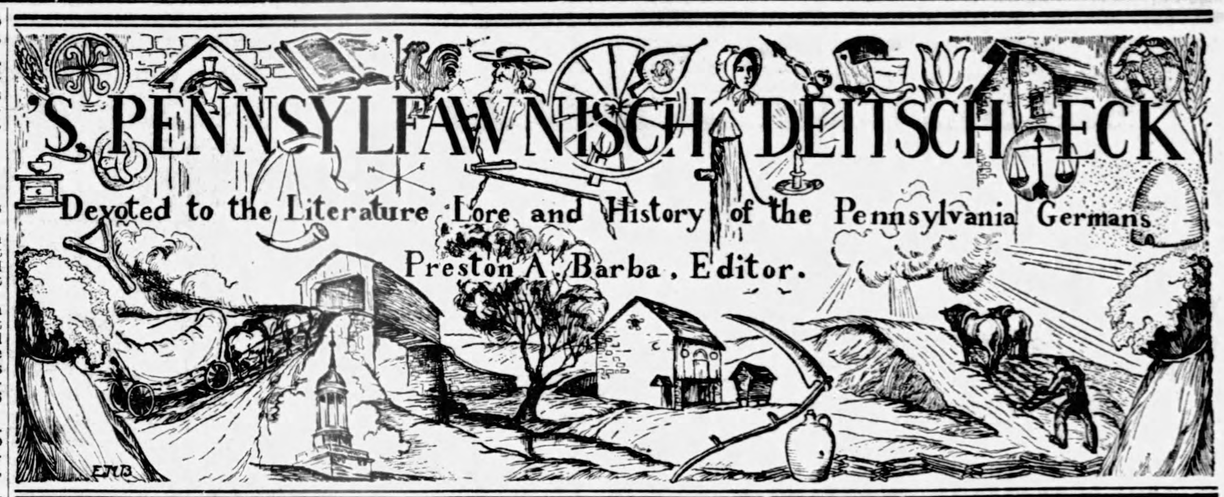
Starts Monday
In the
Evening Chronicle



Der Schwarz Jim



Wie Kohle schwarz vun Kopp zu Fuss,
Gedeckt mit schtaawich Scharnschtee Russ,
Der Schwarz Jim geht sei Aerwet nooch
Un graddelt mannicher Scharnschtee hoch.
Er schaabt un kehrt in alle Eck,
Was gebt er um der Kohledreck?
Es sehnt's em ennihau niemand aa:
Er's lee deheem! Es schelt kee Fraa!

'S iss alles schwarz gans um ihm rum,
Es macht nix aus, er gebt nix drum;
Eb lang, gans drowwe, sehnt er yo
En viereckich Blacke Himmelblo!
Die Wolke hoch, dart zielt er druff,
Un Zoll bei Zoll, er graddelt nuff;
Un butzt der Scharnschtee wie er geht;
'S iss ihm gewiss gor net verleed!

Er peift un singt un dutt sei Pflicht,
Un halt sei Aag uffs Himmelslicht,
Wu baawoll Wolke, blo un weiss
Gemahne ihn ans Himmelreis.
Die Neeger un die weisse Leit
Versammle all in Ewigkeit;
Un aeryets hinnich de Wolke drauss
Erblickt der Jim em Gott sei Haus!

Am Giwwelend schteht der gross Scharnschtee,
Verschteckelt im me Wolke-See!
'N schwarzer Wallem Schmok kummt raus
Un wickelt sich um Gott sei Haus.
Un endlich schwimmt es widder weck.
"So Wolke mache gebt viel Dreck
Im Gott sei Scharnschtee," denkt der Jim.
"'S henkt dick mit Russ un Schtaab gans schlimm."

Verleicht wann ich mei Pflicht do dhu,
Dann ruft der Gott mich in die Ruh;
Un alsemol weil ich's verschteh,
Kann ich ans Scharnschteebutze geh.
Un weisse Wolke g'schtreeft mit Bloo,
Instatts vun schwarz—die Welt waer froh,
Wann mol en rechter Scharnschteemann
Ans butze geht—so dann un wann.

So weess mer heit, wann himmelschwarz
Drieb henkt die Welt in alle Blatz,
Der Jim geht an die Aerwet;
Un's hellt dann uff graad wie es sett:
Schwarz dreht zu weiss un himmelblo,
Die Schtaerne lache, haerrlich, yo!
Un saage uns in ruhich Schtimm:
Des war gedhu beim Schwarze Jim.

—ARTHUR D. GRAEFF
"Der Dichter vun de Dolpehock."

Black Jim

High upon the crest of the Blue Mountains lived lonely Black Jim the colored chimney sweep. His shanty stood near the site of old Fort Dietrich Snyder, not far from the point at which route 83 climbs into Schuylkill County. The old fort was constructed during the French and Indian War and designed to protect Berks County settlers from the ravages of Indian attacks. Both the fort and Black Jim's hut have disappeared. An historical marker indicates the location of the fort but the exact location of the chimney sweep's home lives only vaguely in the memories of surviving friends.

George Jackson, colored, was a private in Company G 45th Regiment, U. S. Colored Infantry. He served during the Civil War and after his discharge, settled in the Blue Mountains north of Strausstown, Berks County. He eked out an existence by chopping wood and by cleaning chimneys for the farmers in northern Berks. He learned to speak the Pennsylvania German dialect and achieved proficiency in the tongue. Although his given name was George the people with whom he mingled called him "der schwartz Jim," probably because his best friend was "Jim" Kline of Bernville. Kline was "der weiss Jim" and Jackson "der schwartz Jim."

Jackson died in 1899. Since his death several legends have developed, more or less authenticated upon the memories of persons who were children during Black Jim's active years. Children who stayed out of doors too late after sundown were warned "Der Schwartz Jim grickt eich" (Black Jim will get you) and they were exhorted to be good boys and girls lest trouble impend when the chimney sweep visited their home when making his annual rounds.

If the following legend is not true, then by all means it should be, because of the intense human interest it contains. "Jim" had a pet crow. The two were inseparable. Perched on the colored man's shoulder the black crow accompanied the negro wherever he went. When Jim climbed into the yawning fire place to clamber up the chimney his pet would fly to the top of the house, light upon the topmost chimney brick, there to await the appearance of his master. When Jim emerged from the hole, both bird and master observed a ritual. Perched atop the house, higher than the roof itself, two very black creatures sang hymns of praise. One of the favorite airs was "See that My Grave is Kept Green."

One fear haunted Jackson during his lonely hours. It was a fear that he would be buried in an unmarked grave. He confided his troubles to his friend "White Jim" Kline, pleading that at least once each year a flag should be placed upon his grave. The result of his plea was a pact between both Jims' that either survivor would attend to the marking of the departed one's grave on the Sunday nearest Memorial Day.

One morning in October 1899, Henry Neun, proprietor of the hotel near Fort Dietrich Snyder, found Black Jim dead in his shack nearby. He reported the discovery to the authorities in Strausstown and appropriate preparations were made for the burial. Mr. Adam Hiester, a trustee of the cemetery association, gave permission to bury the colored man in the white cemetery. His body was placed in a far corner of the plot, next to that of a tramp, who, like Jackson had served in the Civil War. The tramp's name was John Jacob Gohr, his nick-name "Bib Johannes."

Funeral ceremonies were conducted by Reverend Eli Hiester, the pallbearers were Henry Neun and Daniel Bagenstose. The latter became executor of the paltry sum which Jackson had left as his estate. Adam Hiester was "der forsinger" at the funeral. The ceremonies were conducted in the dialect. Colonel Keller and George Heilich were the bondsmen for the executor of the estate.

Jim Kline fulfilled his promise to decorate the grave each year. For more than a quarter of a century "White Jim" kept his annual tryst at Black Jim's grave, but when age took its toll Kline interested a group of younger men.

"White Jim" died in 1928. Those who had associated themselves with him decided to perpetuate themselves and formed the "Black Jim Memorial Association." There were four members of the Association at the time of its formation. The only living charter member is Professor Richard M. Moll of Robesonia. But membership grew as other persons observed and approved the annual pilgrimage to the humble grave in Strausstown. Today there are nearly one hundred members of the association.

Each year a caravan of motor cars gathers in Bernville early in the morning on the Sunday before Memorial Day. Every car carries an American flag on the fender and in solemn procession they visit the graves of both White Jim Kline and Black Jim Jackson. At each grave appropriate services are held. The prayers are given by Reverend Hartzell of Bernville and speeches are made by persons selected by the association because of some contact they once had with the chimney sweep. Most of these formalities are conducted in Pennsylvania German. The accompanying poem was read at Black Jim's grave during the 1938 ceremonies.

Visits are paid to the graves of John Rentschler and Thomas Sherman who were associates of Jim Kline in the early days of the Black Jim Memorial Association. After attending to their solemn duties the members return to the Tulpehocken Inn in New Schaefferstown, Berks County. After a business session conducted in Pennsylvania German a feast is served to the members of this unique organization. Then the caravan disbands, to unite again the next year, praying that no new graves need be visited.

—DR. ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

Sorrel Dan

1755

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

General Braddock believed that he could march out to the French fort where the Allegheny and the Monongahela join to form the Ohio, and drive the French away. He would listen to no advice and his expedition had a sorrowful end.

Sorrel Dan

A great deal is known about the part that men and women played in the early history of our country, but I never read anything about the brave horses. What my sorrel Dan saw, from the time of the Indian conference at Lancaster, in 1744, when I was twelve years old, till he died on the day that General Braddock died, would fill a book.

William Penn had no trouble with the Indians, but when settlers arrived in such numbers that the Indians had to leave their hunting-grounds, trouble began. Penn paid for every acre of land, but his sons and the governors and other important men laughed at the Indian claims. Those who had any common sense did not laugh—they knew what would happen to the lonely settlements and farmhouses if the Indians went on the warpath.

One of the far-seeing men of colonial days was Conrad Weiser who came with his father and brothers and sisters from Germany to New York. There he lived for a year with the Mohawks, one of the Six Nations. Eventually he settled in Pennsylvania near what is now Womelsdorf and one day a crowd of Indians stopped at his door. Ahead walked the men, behind trailed the women and children.

The chiefs said they had not been fairly treated and they wanted Conrad, their friend and brother, to go with them to Governor Logan to translate their speeches. From this time on Weiser was the interpreter for Pennsylvania. He made long journeys through the forest in the heat of summer and the cold of winter and many times averted war.

Maryland and Virginia also employed him. The conference at Lancaster, which was near where I lived, was held by Maryland and Virginia and Pennsylvania. I coaxed my mother to let me go into town to see the fun.

"Let him go," said my father, and I can tell you we were all glad I went, because that was how I got my Dan.

First came scores of grand gentlemen, riding from Philadelphia. I saw Dan instantly; he was bright sorrel with a star on his forehead. His frame was heavy but his coat shone like satin. I knew a good horse even though I was only twelve. I would have slept in the stable to be near him.

I hung round the tavern thinking I might help the hostlers. There was not room for everybody there, or in all the houses of Lancaster. I caught Dan's owner by the sleeve.

"My mother would take you in," I said. "We live on a farm and we have good feather-beds."

The young man was amused at the way I talked. "Th" was hard for me; I said "Moder" and "federbed."

"All right," said he. "We'll go and see her. You can ride double with my servant.

My mother was astonished to see us come. You'll laugh when I tell you that that night I did sleep in the stable.

The next day the Indians arrived—three hundred of them. As usual, every Indian brought his squaw and papooses. They had to be entertained, chiefly with rum. Then the commissioners had to wait not only till they sobered up, but until long, complimentary speeches had been delivered. Conrad insisted the governors must wait patiently and they must double and redouble the amounts they intended to give.

Each night I rubbed Dan down and each morning I led him to the door. The servant was happy to be relieved. As I walked to the barn, Dan would nicker softly. When his head drooped and he wouldn't eat, I was terrified. Suppose his master would think I had injured him! Suppose he was really ill!

Instead of being sad, I should have been glad, because when Dan was unable to leave, his master gave him to me. Think of being rich enough to give away a horse! My father said he wasn't much of a gift because he was going to die. But he didn't die.

If I'd been a gentleman's son, I'd have kept Dan for a riding horse. Alas, he had to work for his living! I used to ride him to Lancaster and many wanted to buy him. A farrier told me how to feed him so that he'd be strong but not fat.

Thousands of English and Germans and Irish settled in Lancaster and York and Cumberland Counties. Soon they were crossing the Susquehanna and traveling into the forest to cut down the tall trees and build cabins and sow grain.

In western Pennsylvania they met a fierce enemy. After Colonel Washington warned the French to stay off the lands the English had bought from the Indians, the English built a fort where the Allegheny and the Monongahela form the Ohio. The French took it away and built a larger fort which they called Duquesne. They made friends with the offended Indians and brought Indians with them from Canada and persuaded them to attack the whites, expecting other Frenchmen to come up from New Orleans. Then the English and Germans and Scotch-Irish would never have been able to go west of the mountains. Washington tried to take the French fort but he was defeated.

Heretofore King George had let the colonists look out for themselves but now he sent General Braddock with a thousand soldiers to drive the French out. Braddock planned to march from Alexandria where he landed, to Fort Duquesne, and then keep on to Fort Niagara and capture that too. He didn't intend to travel over the Indian trails with only a little baggage; he planned to build a road across the mountains. It was a crazy idea but nothing would persuade him to give it up. It was because of this foolishness that I and my Dan went to war.

Doctor Franklin, our post-master general, promised to collect wagons and teams. He knew that Braddock's plan was foolish but he was required to help him.

"A hundred and fifty wagons and fifteen hundred pack-horses is what I want," said Braddock.

Doctor Franklin came at once to Lancaster—it was we Germans who had the stout wagons and horses. When he arrived, Court was in session and there were many farmers in town. He made a speech telling about the French plans and he posted notices in English and German. He was fairly tall and he had alarge head and a shrewd large face. People trusted his promise that they would be paid.

He got me for a driver and Dan for a packhorse. My mother said his great name had bewitched me and his compliment on my Dan had turned my head, but that was not so. I was twenty-three, just as old as Colonel Washington, and I had never been away from home in my life. I expected to see an army and perhaps do some fighting, though fighting was not in the bargain.

When we started from the Square we had the King's flag flying from a pole on the first wagon and the horses' bells jangled and those who had fiddles played any tunes that came into their heads. The town saw us off, men cheering and women crying.

When we reached General Braddock's camp at Cumberland we got the surprise of our lives. Our horses and wagons and bells were nothing to this. Bands were playing and British soldiers in red coats and Virginia soldiers in blue coats were drilling. Tents were set up so that no one should sleep under the sky, and there were bales and sacks of food, and cannon, and ammunition in boxes and bags, and cases of wine and kegs of rum. My mother would have cried at that!

The troops were marching and countermarching. We stood around gaping, not because all was so fine and gay, but because it was not a drill-ground to which we were going but the forest with its thickets and rushing streams and high mountains. It was late May, the full-grown leaves made the woods a secret place. When they rustled they seemed to say "Hurry! Hurry!"

Dan caught everone's eye; because of him I was selected to be one of five hundred men who were to open a road and set up a camp at Little Meadows. Dan carried ammunition, leading a long line of packhorses which I directed. We passed through Great Meadows where Colonel Washington had been defeated and set up our camp at Little Meadows. Colonel Washington was with us; I saw him many times.

We built bridges for the cannon and felled trees to open a road. When the main army arrived, the teamsters told how they had helped the horses drag cannon up the mountains and how they had lowered them with tackle on the other side.

At Little Meadows there was a conference and here, at last, Braddock listened to the advice of Washington. The wagons were to be left behind and only the pack-train was to go with the troops. The middle of June was past, now the rustling foliage seemed to say, "Beware! Beware!"

Colonel Washington had to remain at Little Meadows, sick, but he caught up with us, weak with fever, where the Youghiogheny joins the Monongahela. If any one listened from the forest—and no doubt there were many listeners!—he would have heard our laughter and gay commands. The British were about to take back from the French the gateway to the vast western country, the future home of millions—it was natural that they should be gay.

At last we started. First came a hundred marching men, then Braddock in his red coat laced with gold, riding a splendid horse, then the rest of the soldiers and the baggage train. Twice we forded the Monongahela, low in the July drouht. At one o'clock in the afternoon, when the leaves hung quiet in the still air, we heard a terrifying sound—the sharp pop of musketry. We could see no enemy, but every American said instantly in his heart, "We knew this would happen!"

From the walls of trees, upon the proud masses of red and blue, poured a rain of iron. The blue-coated Virginians leaped each man behind a tree, but Braddock ordered them fiercely back into line. When the iron rain slackened, the red-coats went forward, not singly, sheltering themselves behind trees, but in solid formation. It seemed as though the enemy held fire until the soldiers crowded into a broad target.

Men began to run—not forward but back. The wounded could no longer stifle their terrible cries, the injured horses shrieked horribly. Four horses were shot from under General Braddock. Riding on the fifth he was wounded in the arms and lungs and was carried away, his blood dyeing red the sheet on which he was laid. I felt a burning pain in my arm, a sharp blow on my leg, then nothing else for a long time.

My Dan did not become mad like other horses; he nosed about among the dead and dying and pressed his soft muzzle against my cheek. He held his head low and I dragged myself to his back and lay there, one arm round his neck, the other helpless and dripping blood. The awful sound of battle died away. I heard, when I heard anything at all, only the whispering leaves. I slid off and part of the night I lay on the ground. Scores of soldiers passed, running, walking, creeping. The officers were the bravest of the brave; of eighty-six, sixty-three were killed.

Dan and I came at last back to Great Meadows. General Braddock was dying; they carried him this far in his blood-stained sheet. Colonel Washington was alive but all the other Virginia officers were dead. Back in the narrow road the French were counting the captured cannon and muskets and the boxes and bags of ammunition. Indians were giving the scalp yell and dressing themselves in red and blue uniforms and leading white men—whose faces they had blackened as a sign of death—away to be burned at the stake.

My dear Dan carried me no more. Some of the warm blood which had run over my fingers was his. General Braddock died and they buried him in the road and marched the troops over his grave so that the Indians might not dishonor his body. The tears I shed were not for him—stubborn, brave, mistaken soul that he was, they were for my Dan.

I saw General Washington at Cambridge and on Long Island and at the Brandywine Creek and at Valley Forge. I saw all the famous Americans and all the foreigners—von Steuben and Lafayette and Pulaski, who came to help us win independence. They were great men but I would give the sight of them all for one more ride on my Dan.

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Personals

Dr. and Mrs. Ralph F. Harwick, 16 N. 2nd St., are spending the weekend at the New York World's Fair.

Charles Whitehead, 815 Linden St., who is now undergoing medical treatment in the Sacred Heart hospital, expects to return to his work at the College View barbecue stand at Dorneyville next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Audrey Andrew of 230 S. Madison St. are the parents of a son born at 3:03 o'clock Friday afternoon at the Allentown hospital.

Among local residents who will observe their birthday anniversaries today are: Bert V. Hoover, 726 N. 26th St.; Mrs. Florence A. Shaffer, 213 N. Fulton St.; Mrs. Ruth A. Fink, 930 N. Broad St.; Mary E. Stevens, 41 N. West St., and Sue Levan, 31 N. 9th St.

Mrs. Annie M. Bleiler, 132 N. 4th St., Emmaus, and Anna Bapp, Allentown, are visiting the New York World's Fair this week.

Lewis T. Ziegler, 904 S. 4th St., will observe his birthday anniversary today.

Tax appropriations provided 95.4 per cent of the income of governmental hospitals in New York City in 1934.

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Obituaries

Eugene E. Ash

Retired Railroader Was East Mauch Chunk Resident 60 Years

Eugene E. Ash, 78, of 14 Centre St., East Mauch Chunk, died at 9:06 a. m. yesterday after a four months' illness. He had been a resident of East Mauch Chunk for the past 60 years and was an active member of St. John's Lutheran church. He was a parishioner of the church for the past 2 years.

Born in Lehigh Gap, he was a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Ash. At the age of 12 he was employed as a water boy by the C.R.R. of N. J. Later he became an operator and then a train dispatcher for the same company. He was pensioned 12 years ago.

He later became associated with Charles H. Kreamer in the general merchandise store business in East Mauch Chunk.

He was affiliated with the Odd Fellows in Mauch Chunk, the Railroad Telegraphers of which he was secretary and the Central Railroad Veterans lodge.

The only survivors are his wife Ella, nee Grauff, who has been ill since June, 1938, and a number of nephews and nieces.

Private funeral services will be held at 12:30 p. m. (EST) Monday at the home with public services at St. John's Lutheran church, East Mauch Chunk at 1 p. m. Rev. Francis Allen Shearer, pastor, will officiate. Interment will follow in the Towamensing cemetery.

Erwin E. Doney

Resident of Zionsville Was 82 Years of Age

Erwin E. Doney, 82, Zionsville, died today at his home. He was the husband of Caroline, nee Oswald, Doney.

Mr. Doney was born in Upper Milford, a son of the late Josiah and Mary Esterly Doney.

Surviving are his wife, two sons, Fred of Vera Cruz and Jesse of Emmaus; one daughter, Minnie Geisler of Zionsville; 17 grandchildren and 20 great grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at his late home in Zionsville on Monday at 1:15 p. m. with continued services in the Hosensack Evan. Cong. church, Hosensack, Pa. Interment will be made in the adjoining cemetery. Rev. J. N. Blatt will officiate and will be assisted by Rev. M. Lehman.

Mrs. Ruth Paul

Easton Woman, 25, Dies in Hospital Where Husband Is Patient

Mrs. Ruth Collins Paul, 25, wife of Clinton Paul, S. Broad St., East Bangor, died Thursday night in Betts hospital, Easton. She was admitted May 20.

Survivors are her husband, a patient in the Easton hospital for treatment for injuries suffered four weeks ago when he fell while painting his house; her father, Serenus Collins; a brother, Walter Collins, and her grandmother, Mrs. Emma Collins, all of East Bangor.

She was a member of Mackey Memorial Baptist church, Bangor, and the Ladies Aid society of Grace Lutheran church, East Bangor. She was a native and lifelong resident of East Bangor.

Funeral services will be at 3 p. m. Sunday in the Horton home, Johnsonville, the Rev. Byron Stauffer, officiating. Burial in East Bangor cemetery.

Thomas B. Metzger Jr.

Muhlenberg Graduate Dies at Lakewood, O., Home

Word was received here of the death of Thomas B. Metzger Jr., former resident of Allentown and a son of the late Attorney and Mrs. Thomas B. Metzger Cr. Mr. Metzger passed away Thursday at his home, 1547 Morris Ave., Lakewood, Ohio, of a kidney complication.

Born in Allentown, he attended the local public schools and Muhlenberg college. Later he went to Johnstown where he was employed by the Cambria Steel Co. For the past several years he had lived retired in Lakewood. He was 57.

The only survivors are his wife Ada and an invalid son, William. Another son, Thomas, preceded him in death, as did two brothers, Malcolm of Bethlehem and Ralph of this city, and a sister, Lillian, wife of John Williams of Catasauqua.

Services, the date of which has not yet been set, will be held in Lakewood and the body will be interred in the family plot in Johnstown.

Warren Hertzog

Son of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Hertzog Was Ill 3 Weeks

Warren Hertzog, two-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hertzog of Lyons, died at 7:25 o'clock yesterday morning in the Allentown hospital. The child had been confined to the hospital for three weeks.

Amelia Schon

Easton Woman, 46, Succumbs to Bright's Disease

Amelia Schon, 46, 138 W. Nesquehoning St., Easton, died of Bright's disease at 2:10 a. m. Friday in the Betts hospital, Easton, where she was admitted Thursday morning.

She was a native and lifelong resident of Easton, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Frank Schon and a member of St. Joseph's Catholic church. Several cousins are the only survivors.

John B. Hines

Resident of Near Bushkill Survived by Wife and Ten Children

John B. Hines, 5, of near Bushkill, Monroe county, died at 12:55 o'clock yesterday morning at the General hospital in East Stroudsburg.

He is survived by his wife and ten children: William L. Hines, Bushkill; Mrs. Charles Kresge, White Haven; Mrs. Fred Mavil, Echo Lake; Mrs. A. B. Arnold, John B. Hines Jr., Franklin Hines and Muriel, George, Anthony and Charles Hines of Stroudsburg.

Also surviving are these brothers and sisters, George, Scranton; Arch and Eugene, Pittston; Mrs. Thomas Hastie and Mrs. Thomas Williams, Pittston; Elizabeth Hines, Scranton; Mrs. Deeta Gill, Wilkes-Barre.

The funeral will be held at 2:30 p. m. Monday from his late home, with the services in charge of the Rev. W. C. Peterson of the Middle Smithfield Presbyterian church. Interment will be in the Prospect cemetery.

Warren L. Hertzog

Lyons Youngster Is Victim of Meningitis

Warren Leroy Hertzog, two-year-old son of Herbert and Elda (nee Guinther) Hertzog of Lyons, died yesterday morning at the Allentown hospital following an illness of meningitis.

(Continued on Page Sixteen)

Deaths

KINARD—In this city, May 26, 1939, the Reverend G. Harold Kinard, D.D., aged 49 years and 27 days.

Relatives, members of the congregation, friends, and the Lutheran Pastoral Association are respectfully invited to attend funeral services in Christ Evangelical Lutheran church, Hamilton and 13th Sts., Monday at 10:30 a. m. daylight saving time. Interment will be at the convenience of the family in Millersville Mennonite cemetery, Millersville, Lancaster county. The body will lie in the chancel of the church Sunday evening from 7 to 9 o'clock. W.

WANITZKY—At Fogelsville, May 26, 1939, Margie, nee Bartor, Wanitzky, widow of Vincent Wanitzky, in her 66th year.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services from the home of her son, Andrew Wanitzky, Monday, at 9:15 a. m., daylight saving time. Requiem mass will be sung in St. Andrew's church, Catasauqua, at 10 a. m. Interment in St. Andrew's cemetery. Friends may call from Sunday afternoon until the time of the funeral. Swallow.

HERTZOG—In this city, May 26, 1939, Warren Leroy Hertzog, son of Herbert and Elda, nee Guinther, Hertzog, aged two years, five months and thirteen days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited, without further notice, to attend funeral services from the home of the parents, Lyons, Tuesday at 1:30 p. m., daylight saving time. Continued services will be held in the New Jerusalem church. Interment in the adjoining cemetery. Friends may call Monday from 7 to 9 p. m. DeLong.



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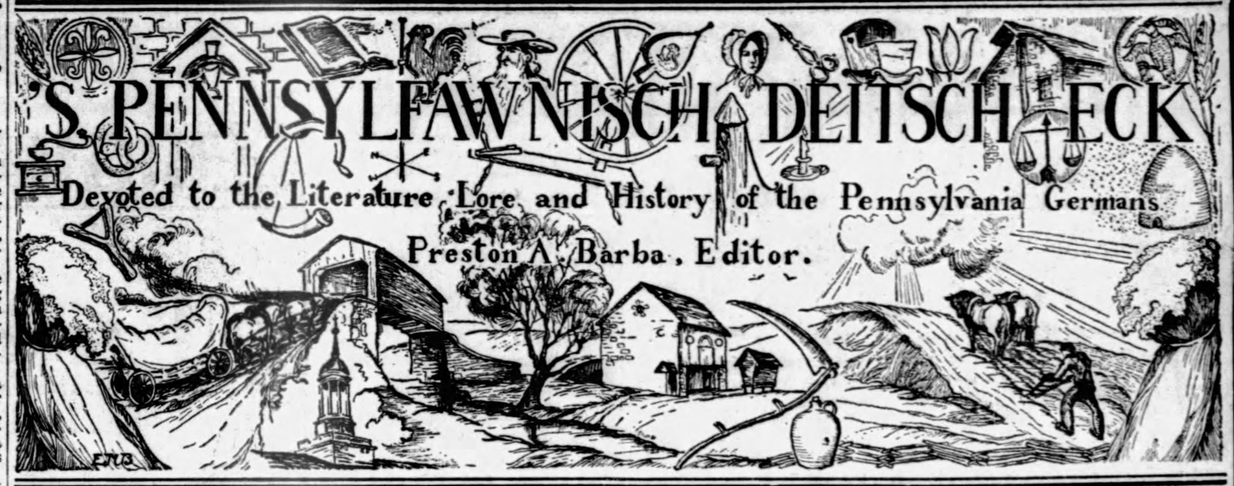

Der Umberelle Mann

En yeder Mensch muss sehne wie
Er'n Lewe mache kann.
So waar emol en aarmer Kerl,
En Umberellemann.

Er waar am geh en ganzer Daag
Un schtoppt an yedem Haus;
Doch Aerwet waar net viel zu duh,
Deel lache ihn yuscht aus.

Doch geht er widder frisch druf los
Un laaft daerrich's ganze Land;
Umbrelle flicke, ehrlich g'schafft,
Des iss doch gaar ke Schand.

So laaft er mol vun Maeryets frieh
Bis owets, schier gaar Nacht;
Saumaessich waar die Bisniss schlecht,
Ken roder Cent gemacht.

Noh schtoppt er amme Bauerehaus,
Er hot sich wennich b'sunne,
Un frogt fer in de Scheier schlofe;
Sie hen ihn ufgenumme.

Er waar noch nie net dart devor,
Des waar so unverhofft;
Noh hen sie g'schwetzt vun dem un sellm,
Der Owet rumgebrocht.

Der Bauer hot ihm alles g'saat
Vun seinre Bauerei;
Vun Hinkel, Gens un Geil un Kieh
Un vun de fette Sei.

Im Schtille hot der Mann gedenkt,
So geht's in dere Welt,
Deel Leit, die sin so aerrig aarm
Un annre, die hen's Geld.

Dann geht der aarm Umbrellemann
Un macht sei Bett im Schtroh;
Er schloft net weit vum Oxevieh,
Un frogt aa net denoh.

De naegschte Maerrye saagt der Bauer,
"Bischt willkumm mit uns esse;
Mer losse niemand hungrich geh,
En Freind werd net vergesse!"

Der Bauer waar en frommer Mann,
Var'm Esse waar's Gebet;
Un ehnder hot er's net erlaabt
As eens an's Esse geht.

"O liewer Herr, ich danke dir!
Mer sin noch all so g'sund,
Sowohl wie Geil un Kieh un Schof
Un Hinkel, Katz un Hund.

O geb uns blendi Sunneschein
Un volle Weezeaehre;
Un schick uns Regge, hie un do,
Doch kenni gaar zu schwere.

Die Hitz un Grefde vun de Sunn
Meent immer gude Crops;
Geb Sunneschein des ganz Yaahr rum
Un halt uns yo net gnapps.

Un recht viel Obscht vun yedre Sart,
Grumbiere, gross un schee,
As nauslangt bis es widder gebt,
Un aa noch viele meh!"

Sei Bitt waar graad as wie en Schpring
Wu immer Wasser quellt;
Var ihn waar nix wie Sunneschein,
Des bringt viel Gut un Geld.

Er beet un beet fer als noch meh,
Die Aarme waar'n vergesse;
E bissel waar ihm net genunk,
Will alles selwer fresse.

Des waar dem Umberellemann
En schwer Gewicht am Haerz;
Fer als noch meh wu blendi waar?
Sel waar en rechter Schmaerz!

Umbrellefficker, aarmer Mann,
Er schafft fer gleener Luh;
Er henkt der Kopp un saagt em Bauer,
"Nau will ich 's Bedes duh."

Er beet fer Glick un Selichkeit,
Fer himmlich scheene Sache;
En Parre, der die Laerning hot,
Kennt's gaar net besser mache.

"O sei uns gnaedich, liewer Herr!
Mer gewwe Preis un Dank
Fer's Essse do uf unserm Disch;
Des kummt aus deinre Hand.

Geb uns dei Lieb un aa drei Droscht,
Geb Schutz vun deinre Hand.
Un geb uns G'sundheit, geb uns Glick
Un Weisheit un Verschtand.

Un kummt die Zeit wann du uns rufscht,
Un waerr'n do weck genumme,
O liewer Gott, geb uns die Gnaad
In's Himmelreich zu kumme.

Un nau noch endlich, liewer Gott,
Ich frog fer biseel meh,
Loss ee Gewitter nooch em anner
Am dunkle Himmel schteh;

Loss die Gewitter schwere sei,
Loss gnalle sonderbaar,
Mit Regge, Schtarm un Dunner, Blitz,
As 's Gleiches noch net waar;

Ya, loss die Wolke Schloosse schmeisse
So gross wie'n Hinkeloi;
Un alle Umberell verreisse,
En dausend in de Roi!

Ich winsch de reiche Leit ihr Glick,
De Aarme awwer aa;
Un wann ich mehner Aerwet hett,
Dann waer ich besser draa.

Der Bauer will noch mehner Sunn,
Un ich will mehner Regge;
Du weescht am beschte was zu duh,
So geb uns all dei Sege."

* * * * *

Die Zwee hen's waerklich gut gemeent,
Hen schee gebet mitnanner;
Doch was so gut waar fer der Eent,
War net so fer der anner.

En yedes fer sei eegner Sack,
Der Aarm as wie der Reich;
Im Lewe, was en Unnerschitt,
Im Dod, do sin sie gleich.

—Jointly written by Dr. D. George Knecht and John Birmelin.

DIE ALTE ZEITE



A portrait sketch of the dialect poet, H. L. Fischer (1822-1909)

Was guckt's doch alles annerscht nau—
As in d'r Alte Zeit;
Ach! wu isch nau sel alt' Gebaeu?
'S isch alles fort, 's isch alles neu,
Ich seen's jo schon fon Weit;
En schoene Heemet, sel isch's a'h,
Doch heemelt's mich gar nimme a'.

D'r Wasser huckt a'h nimme dort
Im Hoof, am alte Haus;
E'r seend mich nimme dorch die Baeum,
Er gauzt m'r nimme welcome-heem,
Un's Feier am Heerd isch aus;
'S guckt alles schoe, sel wees ich wol,
Doch warum isch mei Herz so foll?

Jah, Haus un Scheur un Hoof sin neu—
Die Blume un die Baeum;
Wu sin die alte Pappel-baeum?
Weil doch die Weide noch dort schtehn,
Guckt's wenig, noch, wie Heem;
Die Rose-schtoeck am Garde-zau,
Wu sin sie, jah, wu sin sie nau?

Es Bloos-horn hoert m'r nimme nau—
Was war d'r Schall so hell!
Was haenkt dan nau dort uf'm Dach?
Ich wees net heil ich odder lach—
Ich glaab doch's isch 'n Bell!
'S guckt schtylisch so, mit Bell und Thurn,
Doch haenkt mei Herz im alte Horn.

Wu isch die gross alt Cider-press,
Die Flax-brech un's Schpinn-raad?
D'r Haschpel un d'r Wickelschtock,
Die Deutsch Sens un d'r Dengelschtock,
Un's alt Deutsch-sense-g'maad?
Ich ruf un frog, Wu sin sie all?
D'r Schall antwort, "Wu sin sie all?"

Dan geh ich uf d'r Schpeicher nuf,
Un schlup mich in 'n Eck,
Dort unner sellem alte Dach,
Umringt mit all dem alte Sach—
Die Bonnert un die Roeck;
Ich schtell m'r's fohr so deutlich heut,
Juscht graad wie's war in Alter Zeit.

Dort an de Schparre haenke fiel
So alt f'rgess'ne Sache;
Dort haenke Sichel, Schwert un Sens,
Un Saeck foll Federe aus de Gaens,
For Federe-decke mache;
Un noch e'bissel weiter hinne,
Haenkt Woll un Flax un wart for's Schpinne.

D'r Haschpel un d'r Wickel-schtock,
Un's kle un's gross Schpinn-raad,
Schtehn muesig dort bis Winter kummt,
Un Winter-wind im Schornschte brummt—
So hen die Maed als g'sad;
Un wan's e'mohl an's Schpinne geht,
Nemmt's Schmier un Leier un gute Sait.

Dort haenkt's Hufeise's aller-hoechscht
Un unne-d'ra die Flind;
Un was schteht hinne 'm alte Drawer?
Die Wieg, wu ich drin g'schockelt war—
En huelflos selig Kind;
Ach! koennt ich nau so selig sei,
Fon Kummer un fon Sinde frei!

Dort sin die Katze uf d'r Wacht—
Guck, was 'r Schtang-foll Woerscht!
Dort isch d'r alt Schtroh-ime-Korb,
Un's Sood-Welsh-korn, mit goldne Farb,
Un ah'n Gaerbli Gerscht;
Un uewerhaupt, die Kraeuter-sache—
Ich draam! ich wach! un heer mich lache.

Die Uhr, die isch bal nunner-g'loffe,
Doch geht sie—tick, tick, tick;
Die Zeit—an's Wasser g'maand mich fiel,
Juscht e'mohl geht sie dorch die Muehl—
Kummt ewig nimme z'rueck;
Ach Gott! wie schnell geht doch die Zeit
Un tragt uns in die Ewigkeit!

Ich hab schon oft es Heemweh g'hat—
Un hab's a'h alleweil;
Un wan ich for d'r Doctor schick,
Dan glaw ich das ich's aerger grig,
Un huck mich hi un heil;
Ach! was dhut doch mei Herz so weh?
Un's bat nix bis ich heem-zus geh.

—Aus H. L. Fischers 'S ALT MARIK-HAUS MITTES IN D'R SCHTADT un DIE ALTE ZEITE.—York, Pa., 1879. (The spelling of the original has been retained.)

LUDWIG BOYER

Bodyguard of General Washington

Among the Pennsylvania Germans who constituted General Washington's Bodyguard was Ludwig Boyer, of Berks County, the son of a German immigrant (1752).

Without the benefit of previous military experience Boyer was enlisted as a common dragoon, or cavalry-man, when he first joined the Continental service. Because of his excellent conduct and trustworthiness he was promoted to the elite corps until he became one of the ranking officers of the Guard.

Boyer, the Berks County Dutchman, was one of the twelve soldiers selected by Washington to act as his last escort on his triumphal return to Mount Vernon after the war was over. This was a signal honor, and we have the testimony that it was appreciated by the young soldier.

In 1877, Jacob Boyer, a son of Ludwig, was still living in Piqua, Ohio. He was fond of relating the accounts of the last escort to Washington's home on the Potomac, as he had heard his father discuss them.

General Washington invited the twelve dragoons to dine with him in his palatial home. Farewells were spoken on the long porch in front of the mansion, and then the Guardsmen, all of them of German extraction, paraded in front of their general in one grand final gesture of esteem for the man who had led them through the trials of war. Ludwig's story states that the parade was somewhat disorganized because the eyes of all the mounted men were filled with tears.

After the parade the men were mustered out of service and Ludwig Boyer moved to Miami County, Ohio, where he reared the family of which Jacob Boyer was a descendant.

Mark well! The first soldiers to respond to Washington's call at Cambridge were Pennsylvania Germans from Berks and York counties. The last soldiers to leave the side of Washington were, again Pennsylvania Germans. The first at Cambridge and the last at Mount Vernon!

—DR. ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

Chat About Your Friends

Penrose Klapko, Riverside, N. J., was a holiday weekend guest of John Meade, 182 Tilghman St.

Roderick Bletz, 611 N. 2nd St., entertained Watkin Fia of Shenandoah over the holiday week-end.

Joe Boomer, 530 Ridge Ave., attended the New York World's Fair over the holidays.

Ted Knerr, 638 N. 7th St., was at Beck's Pond on Memorial Day.

Stanley Kuschak, 170 Tilghman St., visited Dolores Zajar, Long Island, N. Y., on Memorial Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell A. Bergenstock, 1041 Liberty St., celebrated their 14th wedding anniversary on Thursday.

Robert Laudenslager, 411 N. 10th St., observed his 19th birthday anniversary on Friday.

Jack Werley, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Werley of 118 S. 12th St. will sail today from New York for Bermuda on the Queen of Bermuda. He is a member of the 1939 graduating class of Allentown High school and was a member of the football team last fall. He will join his brother, Lee Werley, in Bermuda.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Klein and son Joe, 938 N. St. Elmo St., have returned home following a visit to Providence, R. I.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Snyder, formerly of 632 Union St., are now residing at 731 Hickory St.

The Luther League of St. Luke's church held a doggie roast on Thursday night in the grove adjoining the Rose Garden.

Grace Bader, 513 Washington St., celebrated her 15th birthday anniversary yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Downin, 714 N. 12th St., observed their 42nd wedding anniversary on Friday.

John M. Adams, 133 N. 8th St., a student of civil engineering at Lehigh university, will leave tomorrow for Canadensis, where he will spend a month at the summer surveying camp of the university.

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Obituaries

John Costenbader

Kunkletown R. D. Man Succumbs to Stroke

John Costenbader, for 25 years an operator on the Chestnut Ridge railroad, died at 3.45 o'clock yesterday morning at his home along Kunkletown R. D. from a stroke he suffered two hours earlier. He was 59 years of age.

Mr. Costenbader had worked Thursday and retiring at the usual hour in apparently normal health, he suffered a stroke at 1.30 a. m.

Born in Kunkletown, he was the son of the late Llewellyn and Juliana (Smith) Costenbader. He was a member of the Reformed congregation, St. Matthew's church, Kunkletown and the P. O. S. of A. of Little Gap.

Survivors include his wife, Cora (Bonser) Costenbader; three daughters, Mrs. Maude Christman, Palmerton R. D.; Ardella and Alma, at home; six sons, Stanley, Palmerton; Bert, Kunkletown; Austin, Ray, LeRoy and Herbert, all at home; four step sisters, Mrs. James Debors, Ashfield; Mrs. Lilly Hofacker, Mrs. Ida Arner, both of Lehighton; Mrs. Agnes Barlieb, Easton; four step brothers, William Costenbader, Bowmanstown; Grover Christman, Charles and Oscar Christman, Palmerton; six grandchildren.

Short services will be held from Mrs. C. C. Buck's funeral home, 661 Delaware Ave., Palmerton, at 1.30 p. m. (DST) Tuesday with continued services in the Kunkletown church. Burial in the adjoining cemetery. Viewing 7-9 p. m. Monday at the funeral home.

Oliver N. Bortz

One of Leading Citizens of Fullerton Dies Suddenly of Heart Attack

Oliver N. Bortz of 1205 3rd St., Fullerton, died suddenly at 10:15 p. m. Thursday at his home, following a heart attack he had suffered less than an hour preivous. He was 59 years old.

Although he had suffered several previous attacks, he was able to work Thursday at the Dent Hardware Co., Fullerton, where he was employed as a foreman for approximately 44 years.

He was born Dec. 21, 1880, at Trexlertown, the son of the late Allen and Eliza, nee Guth, Bortz. In 1902 he married Jennie Laudenslager of Wescosville, and they lived in Fullerton for more than 35 years.

He was a member of the Fullerton Fire Co., serving as president of the organization for a number of years. He was also a member of the Fullerton Beneficial Assn., State Firemen's Assn., Fraternal Order of Eagles, No. 110, Allentown, and Woodmen of the World, Alpha camp, Fullerton. He was also a devoted member of St. John's Lutheran church, Fullerton, and the brotherhood of the church.

Surviving are his wife, three sons, Allen and Earl of Fullerton and Dale at home; two daughters, Kathryn of Philadelphia and Lillian at home; two sisters, Mrs. C. W. Snyder of Siegersville and Mrs. Edith Heffner of Allentown; one brother, Charles of Meyersville. Six grandchildren also survive.

Funeral services will be held at 2:30 p. m. Tuesday from his late home with Rev. Waldemar Buch, pastor of St. John's Lutheran church, Fullerton, officiating. Interment will be made in Arlington Memorial Park, near Hokendauqua.

Edward N. Kyler

Editor and Publisher of Ashland Daily News Dies After Short Illness

Edward Nolan Kyler, editor and publisher of the "Ashland Daily News" died at 9:20 a. m. Thursday in the Fountain Springs hospital, Ashland, which he entered Tuesday night. Death was attributed to a blood clot of the lung.

A native of Chambersburg, he was a past president of the Kiwanis, a member of the Pennsylvania Newspaper Publisher Assn. and was assistant Sunday school superintendent in the M. E. church.

He and his father organized the Ashland Daily News in 1909 and in 1925 absorbed the Ashland Evening Telegram, making the former newspaper the only one in Ashland.

He is survived by his wife, nee Florence Lamb of Centralia, a daughter and a son.

Robert G. Williams

Bethlehem High School Freshman Had Been in Ill Health Many Years

Robert G. Williams, Bethlehem High school freshman, died at 6:20 p. m. Thursday at his home, 434 Pawnee St., Bethlehem, following a lengthy illness. He was 16 years old.

The boy, a pupil in the 9th grade at the Broughal High school, Bethlehem, had been in ill health for many years. Surviving are his parents, Owen and Maude, nee Warnke, Williams, and a brother, Richard W. Williams, at home.

Funeral services will be held at his late home on Monday at 2 p. m. Interment will be in the Hellertown Union cemetery.

Mrs. Anna Repsher

Septuagenarian Had Resided in Monroe County in Early Life

Mrs. Anna Repsher, of 426 Union St., died early yesterday in the Allentown hospital where she had been a patient since March 31. She was 72 years old.

A native of Monroe county, she moved to this city 23 years ago upon the death of her husband, Mrs. Joseph L. Repsher. She was a member of the Lutheran faith.

Her sole survivor is a son, Sterling, at home.

(Continued on Page Sixteen)

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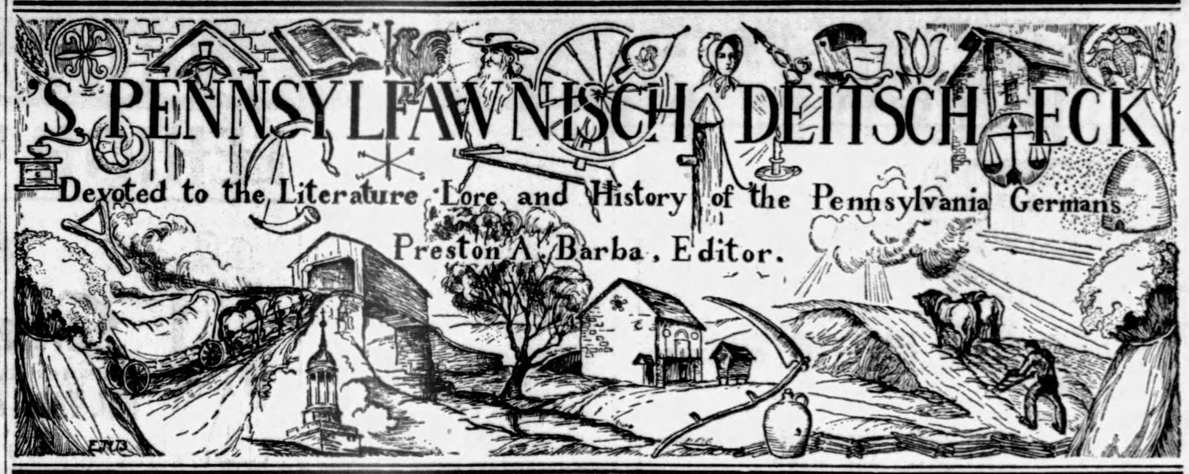


Die alte Familie Uhr

Was schteht dart in der Schtubb im Eck
Un tickt so reg'lar immer weg?
Guck yuscht mol hie un seh.
Ei g'wiss, 's iss die Familie-Uhr!
Sie schteht schun lange Zeit do, schur,
Gans schtaatlich, doch allee—
Die 'seem alt Uhr.

Ihr G'sicht iss noch so schee un rund,
Der Kaschte noch so pleen un g'sund
Wie Grandpap sie hot kaaft.
Un so kann sie noch yohrelang
Fartmache ihre reg'lar Gang,
So wie sie heit noch laaft,
Die schee alt Uhr!

Schun hunnert Yohr hot sie die Zeit
Mit wunnerbarer Richtigkeit
In Schtunne abgedeelt.
Die Zoier hen ihr Rounds gemacht
Im helle Daag, in dunkler Nacht,
Un's Gleckle hot's gezaehlt.
Die gut alt Uhr!

In Freed un Leed, in Glick un Not,
In Wohlstand, Armut un im Dod,
In yedem Lewesschtand,
Heert mer wie klingt ihr Schtunnaschlag
Vun eens bis zwelfe, Daag far Daag,
Un's Ticke an der Wand.
Die lieb alt Uhr!

Die trei Uhr geht als fart wie immer,
Far Elt're, Kinner un Kinskinner,
Doch nimmi far sie all.
Wie viel sin gange aus der Zeit
Dart niwwer in die Ewigkeit,
Seit ihrem erschte Schall!
Die trei alt Uhr!

Du liewi Uhr, dei Aagesicht
Vergess ich all mei Lewe nicht;
Ich schetz dich gar zu sehr.
Un wann ich aa en Uhrche seh,
Waer's noch so zierlich un so schee,
Dich liew ich doch noch mehr,
Mei alti Uhr!

—REV. WILLIAM GERHARDT
The Pennsylvania German, March, 1907

Der Hannes Insch

Vum Parre J. J. Reitz, M. D.

Eb unser Voreltre noch Lecha Kaunti kumme sin far ihre Heemet do zu mache, waare die Insche do deheem. Un etwa hunnert fufzich Yohr zerick sin die Insche fart noch der West, un hen die Gegend verlosse far die weisse Leit. Doch nochderhand, far deel Yohr, hen unser Voreltre dann un wann en Insch odder paar g'sehne am Blo Baerrick rum schleiche. Deel Insche waare zaahm un hen Deitsch blaudere kenne. So eener waar der Hannes Insch, odder John Insch, wu zerick gebliwwe iss, wie der Haufe Insche fart iss.

Wie ich en gleener Bu waar, siwwezich bis achtzich Yohr zerick, hawwich als alte Leit heere verzaehle, dass wie sie yung gewest waere, siwwezich bis achtzich Yohr var sellere Zeit, dann hette die Leit oft Insche g'sehne am Blo Baerrick in Lecha Kaunti, un die waere g'schprunge wie die Haersch.

In sellere Zeit sin mol etwa en Dutzend Buwe ee Samschdaag im Schpotyohr an der Blo Baerrick far Kaeschte lese, un sie hen ausgemacht, an sellem Daag wotte sie den Insch fange. Richtich, wie sie weil am lese waare, hen sie g'heert, dass ebbes unne am Blo Baerrick naus darrich en Holsweg kummt. "Nun, all bereit far der Insch umringe," hen sie gegrische. "Wann er kummt, umringe mir ihn, weil mir nanner an de Hand hewe." Noh hen sie so iwwer der Holsweg g'schpannt, un die Buwe saage leis: "Harrich"—trip, trop, trip, trop, kummt der Insch darrich der Weg. Un uf eemol iss er dart, un die Buwe schpringe um ihn rum mit nanner an der Hand. Un die Buwe greische all herrlich "dessemol hen mer dich awwer g'fange, du Wilder!" Un sie sin all bissel naecher un hen mol sei glitzeriche, Kupper-faerwiche Haut fiehle wolle. Doch, du liewer Zuschtand! Der Verschtand iss ihne all schteh gebliwwe. Der Insch waar uf eemol gans verschwunde. Er waar naeryets meh zu sehne. Sie hen ihn net sehne iwwer ihr Hend tschumpe. Er iss net in die Heeh uf die Baem. 'S iss aa ken Loch im Grund, das er hei iss. Sie halte Rot un deel hocke sich uf en scheener grosser Schtumpe, dart newe am Weg, wu der Insch waar. Eener saagt: "Wisse ihr, die Leit saage, deel Insche kennte meh dhu, as wie Brod fresse." Uf eemol waerd's de Buwe bang, der Insch kennt fart sei noch meener Insche hole, un sie all dod mache. Un sie schpringe heem, far es ihre Eltre zu saage. Un deel vun de Eltre hen g'saat: "Ach, des iss yuscht widder der naemlich alt zaahm Hannes Insch, der hot sich widder unsichtbaar odder zum me Schtumpe gemacht." Awwer die meenschte Eltre hen g'saat: "Du, meine Giete! Des waar yuscht en wilder Haersch, un wie er g'sehne hot, dass ihn die Buwe umringt hen, dann iss er zehe Fuss graad in die Heehgetschumpt, wie die Haersch ewwe dhun, un iss iwwer die Buwe un die Hecke naus g'flogge." Un heit noch hot's Leit dart drowwe am Blo Baerrick in Lynndown, die behaapte des waer en Insch gewesst, wu die Buwe umringt hette im me Holsweg unne am Blo Baerrick. Awwer annere schtehne druf, des waer yuscht en wilder Haersch gewest dart im Holsweg, un wie die Buwe des wild Ding umringt hette g'hat, dann waere sie so verkolebiert gewest, dass sie nimmi saage hette kenne, ob es en Insch odder en Haersch waar. Un heitesdaags iss als noch en Holsweg dart unne am Blo Baerrick naus noch der Babble Run in Lynndown; un dart heesst's daet es deel Leit kalt der Buckel nuf geh, wann sie dart rum laafe daete un daete die scheene Schtumpe sehne, battich wann sie draadenke daete, wie die Insche sich als zum me Schtumpe gemacht hette.

Are Pennsylvania German Dialect Speakers Illiterate?

By DR. HEINZ KLOSZ

It has sometimes been pointed out that the preservation of the Pennsylvanish tongue tends to retard the cultural progress of the Pennsylvania Germans and to keep them in a state of backwardness and even of complete illiteracy. Bilingualism implies cultural inferiority—such is the slogan of many who honestly try to serve the best interests of their people by helping them to get rid of the old folkspeech.

Their viewpoint is not confirmed by the statistician. Let us cast a glance at the official figures concerning illiteracy in the U. S. among the native whites of native parentage in 1920. These figures are not influenced by the recent immigration from Europe or by the colored element.

The average percentage for Pennsylvania at large is 0.8. This exceedingly low figure or—to put it the other way—this exceedingly high standard, is due to the county of Philadelphia, i.e. to a metropolitan area, where the figure is 0.3. But next comes Lehigh county, good old Lecha, where the percentage is 0.5—the lowest figure and the best showing for any county outside of Philadelphia. Strangely enough, Lehigh is, to this day, largely bilingual. There is no other county, with the possible exception of purely rural Snyder county, with as high a percentage Pennsylvanish speakers. Apparently their knowledge of the old tongue did not hamper their progress in literacy.

Looking to the other pole we find that Montour ranks highest in illiteracy, the percentage being 3.4. Now Montour is today one hundred percent English-speaking and the influx of Pennsylvania German blood was never great. The second-highest rank in illiteracy is held by two counties, both of which count 2.6% illiterates among their native whites of native parentage: Venango and Bedford. Venango is an Anglo-Saxon county. Bedford is largely Pennsylvania German, but here the dialect has all but gone out and if it were true that the extinction of the dialect means educational progress we should expect Bedford to rank high above Lehigh.

I shall proceed by setting aside, as a separate group, the figures on illiteracy from those counties where the dialect continues to be spoken by a considerable proportion of the inhabitants and to compare their record with those Pennsylvania German counties where the dialect has practically disappeared. First then the "Pennsylvanish" counties:

Berks	1.0	Monroe	1.3
Bucks	0.6	Montgomery	0.7
Carbon	1.4	Northampton	1.0
Centre	1.0	Northumberland	0.9
Dauphin	1.0	Schuylkill	1.0
Lancaster	0.9	Snyder	2.1
Lebanon	1.8	Union	1.3
Lehigh	0.5		

And now the Counties where a majority of the inhabitants is of Pennsylvania German stock, the dialect, however, having all but died out:

Adams	1.8	Fulton	2.2
Bedford	2.6	(about 40% Penna. German)	
Cumberland	1.0	Perry	1.4
Franklin	1.4	Somerset	2.0

While in the latter group the average for seven counties is 1.7, the average for 15 non-anglicised counties is 1.1. Making allowance for the extraordinarily small degree of illiteracy met with in Philadelphia county we may safely claim that where the dialect lives on the record is a little better than the average for the rest of the state, outside of Philadelphia, while the Anglicized counties make a rather poor showing, comparatively speaking.

Speaking comparatively, indeed! For even what constitutes a bad record in the Anglicized Counties of Pennsylvania may mean a brilliant land mark of progress in certain other states. Besides the Pennsylvania Germans we have other states where non-English languages are spoken by native white groups of long standing. As early as during the colonial period two Latin folk-islands came into being within the present boundaries of the United States, a French island in Southern Louisiana and a Spanish island in Northern New Mexico. Both have kept their ancestral tongues, the French and Spanish, respectively, with the utmost tenacity. Still, in Louisiana the English language is now beginning to drive out its competitor. But even now there is hardly a single locality in Louisiana, originally French, where at least the adult population is not bilingual. This was true still more in 1920. And now let us look at the record of some of the French counties of Southern Louisiana. And mind you: these figures are not "colored" by conditions prevailing among the colored population, or among the foreign-born, since native whites only are embraced:

LOUISIANA

Illiteracy among native whites of native parentage in certain designated parishes (1920):

Evangeline	44.5	Terrebone	31.9
St. Martin	44.0	Lafayette	31.4
Vermilion	40.7	St. Landry	31.2
Lafourche	39.9	Assumption	27.1
Acadia	37.7		

Even those French parishes which show a more favorable record have percentages like 19.1 (Point Coupee), 14.6 (Plaquemines), 17.9 (St. Mary) and 12.6 (St. John the Baptist). The last-named parish contains a huge proportion of German Blood; here, Germans settled during the colonial period (1721) but were Frenchified in due course of time. Still, their record is somewhat better than that of most other French counties (parishes).

And here are the corresponding figures for some of the Spanish counties of New Mexico:

NEW MEXICO:

Illiteracy among native whites of native parentage in certain designated counties (1920):

Bernalillo	11.6	Sta. Fe	17.7
Dona Ana	18.3	Socorro	17.5
Guadalupe	14.4	Taos	16.6
Rio Arriba	26.0	Torrance	12.8
San Miguel	21.1	Valencia	21.3
Sandoval	23.6		

That is almost as bad as la petite France in Southern Louisiana, don't you think so? But lest we be charged with unkindness towards the Latin-Americans within our gates, let us shift our attention and switch over to a purely Germanic region. The interior parts of Kentucky and Tennessee are inhabitated by people of almost pure Anglo-Saxon stock, God-abiding though—so the tale runs—not always law-abiding. The "stem" or tribe of the Hill-Billies is well enough known but perhaps not all of my readers are prepared to get the following account of their illiteracy:

TENNESSEE

Illiteracy among native white of native parentage (1920).

15.0% and more:

Carter	16.5	Jackson	16.0
Cocke	17.2	Macon	22.0
Hancock	18.8		

Between 10.0 and 14.9%:

Anderson	13.6	Loudon	12.7
Campbell	10.6	Marion	10.0
Cannon	10.4	Monroe	12.4
Claiborne	13.9	Overton	13.2
Clay	14.0	Polk	13.6
De Kalb	11.8	Pickett	13.8
Fentress	15.4	Scott	12.4
Grainger	12.8	Sevier	13.2
Grundy	11.7	Sullivan	10.5
Hardin	10.3	Trousdale	12.0
Perry	10.3	Unicoi	10.3
Hawkins	14.1	Union	12.5
Humphreys	10.1	Van Buren	16.6
Jefferson	10.9	Wayne	11.5
Johnson	15.8	White	10.3
Lake	10.5	(The State	7.3)
Lewis	11.5		

KENTUCKY

Illiteracy among native whites of native parentage (1920).

15.0% and more:

Breathitt	17.5	Leslie	21.4
Clay	16.5	Martin	17.4
Knott	18.5	Pike	16.9

Between 10.0 and 14.9%:

Adair	11.0	Knox	11.7
Allen	10.9	Lawrence	10.4
Bath	10.0	Lee	13.6
Bell	12.5	Letcher	14.3
Butler	10.5	McCreary	13.4
Carter	10.6	Magoffin	13.6
Casey	11.5	Metcalfe	13.2
Cumberland	13.8	Muhlenberg	10.0
Edmonson	11.2	Owsley	13.2
Elliott	13.0	Perry	14.0
Estill	13.1	Powell	11.9
Floyd	16.0	Rockcastle	13.5
Harlan	12.5	Todd	12.4
Jackson	10.0	Wayne	14.4
Johnson	11.2	(The State	7.0)

At last we have the proper background for the Pennsylvania German, the speaker of "Pennsylvanish." Outclassing the Louisiana Frenchman, the New Mexico Spaniard and the Anglo-Saxon Hill-Billy, he has made for himself an enviable record which he, unfortunately, is not wont to draw on very heavily. Condescendingly he may look down upon those backwards "stems" or tribes, for he has managed to preserve his old tongue without falling back in general cultural progress. The most French parish of Louisiana is the most illiterate district in the States at large, the most "German" (i. e. Pennsylvanish) county of Pennsylvania leads the commonwealth with regard to literacy with the excention of Philadelphia. There have been set up, during recent years, folk schools among the Hill Billies in order to link up their inherited gifts, especially their folk-art with the standard requirements of a present day elementary education, adapted to the peculiar conditions of the inner Appalachians. Let me conclude that the Pennsylvania German is even more entitled to have his own folk-school where his peculiar crafts and cunning, his speech and lore, are treated in a more considerate way than heretofore granted to them. At the same time no branch of study, the cultivation of which forms part of the accepted standard of American education, would thereby be neglected.

En wennich Neiichkeete vun der Lang Schwamm Kaerrich

Am Sunndaag, den 22schte Moi hot en besonderer Gottesdienscht schtattg'funne, naemlich die Einweihung vun me Parish Haus. Die zwee Parre, Ehrwuerden Englert un Bond un ihr Leit hen en gut Waerrick verricht. Schunn deel Yohr zerick hot die Ladies Aid Society aag'fange Geld zu sammle, graad far so en Zweck wie des. Un dann hot die Sunndaag Schul aa eig'schtimmt un nau schteht en Gebei dart, dass eeniche Gemee Schtolz fiehle kennt damit. Des find mer net alle Daag. Geb's yuscht de Weibsleit in die Hand far ebbes gutes zu mache un du kannscht dich druf verlosse, dass alles recht geht.

Sie hen gedenkt es waer en scheeni Sach, wann sie Sehne vun der Gemee eilaade daete far zu schwetze. Wann all die Sehne kumme waere, denk ich waere sie heit noch net faerdich zu schwetze! Wie's waar hen sie alles gut aus gedeelt g'hat.

Am Marye Gottesdienscht hot der Prof. W. F. Long vun der Franklin un Marshall College g'schwetzt, un nochmiddaags der Ehrw. C. A. Butz vun Bethlehem un der Dr. W. P. Long vun Weatherly, un owets der Parre Jacob Wagenhorst vun Trexlertown.

Am Owet Gottesdienscht hen die zwee Parra es Gebei eigeweiht un en Grupp vun yunge Leit hen en Schpiel iwwer die Ruth gewwe. Es waar alles schee gewest.

Ya, sie hen aa g'sunge. Der Robert Fritsch hot schun viel Yohre dart vorg'sunge. Er un die Schuberte hen iwwer en hunnert Yohr in dem Amt gedient. Un sell waar en grossi Ehr! Der alt Schubert hot 52 Yohr gedient un der Fritch ebbes wie 40 Yohr un gschwische drin hot em Schubert sei Soh Edwin viele Yohre lang gedient.

Die Lang Schwammer Gemee iss eens vun de eltschte Gemeene dorum. Die erscht Kaerrich iss im Yohr 1748 gebaut warre, awwer mer wisse dass en Gemee schun meh als zehe Yohr zuvor dart waar. Weil's ken Coetus-Gemee waar bis dass der Johannes Helfrich Breddiger dart waar, so sin die Sache ewwe net so genau ufg'schriwwe warre. Die zwett iss gebaut warre im Yohr 1790. Die schteht aa nimmi. Die Kaerrich wu allewell uf em Baerrick schteht iss die dritt. Sie iss in 1852 gebaut warre un iss eens vun de schenschte Colonial Kaerriche uf weit un breet. In 1852 hot der Parre W. A. Helfrich nein Daage zugebrocht 's Geld zu sammele. 'S aerscht waare die Leit net eeschtimmich gewest iwwer die Sach. Awwer bis der yung Parre mol all die Leit g'sehne hot g'hat, waar ken ee Schtimm degege gewest. Nau wammer draa denkt dass des nei Gebei, wu yuscht eigeweiht iss warre, ball $9000 gakoscht hot un die gans Kaerrich yuscht $5777, so kann mer sehne wie die Zeite sich verennert hen.

Eb die alt Kaerrich nunner gerisse iss warre in 1852, am vierte un am fimfte Moi, iss eens vun de schenschte Gottesdienschte g'halte warre, as zu hawwe sin in re gemeeschefftliche Gemee. Die zwee Parre hen en "Union" Abendmahl mit nanner g'halte. Der Parre Jeremiah Schindel un der Parre Wm. A. Helfrich hen des geduh. Do waar ken enghaerzicher Geischt gewest. Der Helfrich saagt in seim Buch, dass es en wunnervolles Bild gewest waer—400 Glieder uf ihre Knie zu sehne dart varm allmechtiche Gott! Ich denk so en Erfahrung waer genung far'n richticher Geischt in en yedes Haerz zu blanse. Des waar der Geischt vun unsere Vorvetter! O faith of our fathers! Des waar en heilichi Sach: wie en Pingschtfescht Erfaahrung! So ebbes sehnt mer net alle Daag.

Die Lang Schwammer Kaerrich hot viel gute, Sache der Welt ausgedeelt. Aus daere Gemee sin 14 Parre, 19 Dokter, 5 Lawyers (eener en Associate Judge vun Berks County), en Zaahl vun College Professors, Schulmeeschter, Business Leit, Schreiwer, Musikante, u.s.w. ausgange. Mer schreiwe mol schpaeter noch meh iwwer die Sache. Do iss en Gemee die net far nix gelebt hot. Mer wunnert oft: "Was hot dann die Gemee geduh?" In zwee hunnert Yohr hot's manches gewwe, was Lobes waert iss. Un wu so en Fundament gelegt iss, do muss es gut Werk doch gewiss weiter geh.

Der Schreiwer hot eig'fiehrt in seinre Red, wie ihm alles so fremm scheint, awwer geh mol 40 Yohr vum me Blatz weck un sehn was happent! —Ya, en gross Deel vun de alte Bekannte ruhe yo schun uf em alte Kaerrichhof! Siess iss ihre Ruhe dart! Awwer wie betriebt des em's Haerz. Was bleibt dann noch uf daerer Welt? Doch wer wott's Gedechtniss devun ufgewwe? In unsere Gedanke gehne mer oft iwwer den Weg, den mer darrich die Yohre gange sin. Vier Generations vun de Voreltere ruhe dart uf sellem alte Gottesacker! Dart iss aa unser Haerz. Dart liegt was unser Aafang waar—in so viel Schticke. Mir gehne yo aa em Ziel entgege. Wie bald warre mer aa dart ruhe. Do geht alles zum End. Awwer es iss ee Sach, wu bleibt. Die Eltere hen's g'funne. Mer hoffe mir finne's aa!

—PARRE C. A. BUTZ,
Bethlehem, Pa.

Chat About Your Friends

Erwin H. Seifert of 2436 S. Fountain Et., is today celebrating his 50th birthday anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schmick, 652 Filmore St., observed their 5th wedding anniversary yesterday.

Betty Prenzlau of 1951 Allen St., is convalescing from a recent operation.

Birthday celebrants last Thursday were Emmett Kresge of 447½ Washington St., Mrs. William Kratz of 1608½ Chew St., and Mrs. Harry Heberstump, Emmaus.

Pauline Minner of 1131 Fullerton Ave., is recuperating from a recent illness.

Claude Kistler of 811 N. 6th St., observed his birthday anniversary yesterday.

Beverly Elaine German, 230½ E. Union St., was one year old last Wednesday.

Mary Lahr of 732 Tilghman St., visited the New York World's Fair yesterday.

Among the birthday celebrants yesterday were Verna Stengele, 716 N. 10th St., and Clayton Moyer, 1120 Turner St.

Robert Saylor of 1009 Lawrence St., celebrated his birthday last Tuesday.

Mrs. Christian Brunner entertained the Girls' Missionary Guild of St. Andrew's Reformed church Thursday at her home in East Greenville.

Dr. E. G. Gilbert of 110 N. 9th St., is attending his 20th anniversary class reunion at the University of Pennsylvania. His son, John R. Gilbert, was 14 years old Thursday.

Charles M. Ritter Jr., 42 N. 12th St., is confined to his home with illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Erb of 1452 Liberty St. celebrated their 29th wedding anniversary last Wednesday.

Dorothy Herman of 814 Liberty St., observed her 14th birthday anniversary yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Heilman, 528 N. Lumber St., observed their 24th wedding anniversary Thursday.

Mrs. Charles H. Weiss of 120 Coal St., Lehighton, celebrated her birthday yesterday.

John J. Kitchin, 1713 Highland St., arrived in Havana, Cuba, on the flying clipper ship of the Pan American Airways, having taken off from the International Pan American Airport in Miami, Fla.

Mrs. Harriet G. Blank, 132 S. 14th St., and Mrs. Roy S. Anewalt, 2110 Main Blvd., sailed at 6 o'clock Thursday night aboard the Queen of Bermuda of the Furness Line on a cruise to Havana, Cuba.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Transue, 203 Walnut St., Slatington, yesterday celebrated their 35th wedding anniversary at a family dinner at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Brogan, 118 Eighth Ave., Roebling, N. J., will celebrate their 15th wedding anniversary today. Mrs. Brogan is the former Anna Kreuer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Kreuer, 1441 Tilghman St. The couple are parents of three children, Eleanor, Matthew and Charles.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Conroy of this city, formerly of Mauch Chunk, are today celebrating their first wedding anniversary.

Dr. H. A. D. Baer, head of the Baer hospital, Allentown, will leave early tomorrow for a two weeks' vacation. The physician plans to return to the hospital by Monday, June 26.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hose, 225 Grape St., Fullerton, are celebrating their second wedding anniversary today. They were married June 10, 1937, by the Rev. John A. Fries in St. Mary's church, Catasauqua. Mrs. Hose is the former Alma Knerr of 18 S. 8th St., Allentown.

Dewitt E. Delawter, James D. Garnett, Oliver S. Schadt Jr., and Warren W. Wirt, Allentown, and Joseph L. Nosal, Fullerton, who will be Juniors at the Jefferson Medical college, will leave for a six weeks' training period next Friday, to the headquarters of the Third Corps area, R. O. T. C., Carlisle barracks.

James L. Edminster, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Edminster, 333 N. 6th St., who will be graduated today from Perkiomen school, will go to Germany next year as an exchange scholarship student.

Helen E. Conrad, 241 N. 13th St., is attending the week-end house party at Penn State college as the guest of Milton Erwin. Faye D. Smitham and June Best, this city, are also guests at the house party.

Mr. and Mrs. Alton C. Davis of Clearfield county, Pa., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Conrad, 241 N. 13th St. Mr. Davis is one of the delegates representing Phillipsburg, Pa., Council No. 621, at the United Commercial Travelers convention in this city.

Gurney L. Afflerbach, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Afflerbach, Summit Lawn, has returned home from Perkiomen school for the summer vacation. He is a member of the sophomore class at Perkiomen.

Ruth Edelman, 238 N. 12th St., celebrate her 9th birthday yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward McGinley of 2510 S. 5th St., are the parents of a son born at 7:37 a. m. Friday at the Allentown hospital.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hanzl, Northampton R. 2, at 2:41 p. m. yesterday at the Allentown hospital.

St. Matthew's Children To Present Program

The following children will participate in a program commemorating Children's Day at St. Matthew's Lutheran church at 9:15 a. m. Sunday:

Bobby Alan Lucas, Trudy Hartman, Lillian Long, Peggy Ann Wertman, Renee Williams, Dale Kemmerer, Anna L. Kemmerer, Marilyn Yocum, Bobby Williams, Paul Scheifele, Kenneth Wesser, Lucy Kern, Joan Wampole, Lindy Schaeffer, Robert Oswald, Grace Hartman, David Williams, Clyde Bowers, Helen Wetzel, Lester Brown, Joyce Wertman, Katherine Moukas, Grace Heist, Althea Brown, and Richard Wertman.

A photograph of the Primary and Beginners departments will be taken. The day's offering will be devoted to the cause of the Loysville orphanage. The program will be in charge of E. A. Bender, Mrs. E. J. Maury and Mrs. X. Arnold.

At 10:30 a. m. Dr. Fred C. Wunder will preach on "Seasonable Speech."

Obituaries

Dr. H. J. Wickert Dies at Hospital

Veteran Milford Square Physician Was 77 Years Old

One of the best known physicians of Eastern Pennsylvania and a member of a family of physicians, Dr. Henry J. Wickert, 77, died shortly before midnight Thursday in the Quakertown hospital. His home for 43 years prior to his death was at Milford Square.

Dr. Wickert was born a son of Tilghman and Angeline, nee Kline, Wickert, at Macungie.

He was graduated with the degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1888 from Jefferson Medical college, Philadelphia. He practiced medicine for 51 years, 43 of them in Milford Square.

Dr. Wickert, who had been ill since January, had suffered a heart ailment for some time, and had been admitted to the Jefferson hospital in April for treatment. On May 20 he was admitted to the Quakertown hospital.

Active in fraternal organizations, Dr. Wickert was a member of Masonic lodge, 512, Lehigh Consistory; Rajah Shrine of Reading; Knights of the Golden Eagle, Eschbach council; Bucks county Medical society and the Pennsylvania State Medical society.

For nearly 15 years Dr. Wickert served as a director of the Quakertown Trust Co., in addition to his medical practice. He was also a member of St. John's Lutheran church, Spinnerstown.

On April 18, 1938, he and his wife Mary, nee Swab, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary.

Surviving in addition to his wife, are two sons, Dr. Howard T. Wickert of Arlington, Va., and Dr. Clifford J. Wickert, of Allentown; two brothers, Dr. Harvey T. Wickert of Emmaus, and Dr. Victor W. Wickert of Reading.

There are also three sisters who survive: Mrs. Victor Agney and Mrs. Laura K. Moyer, both of Perkasie, and Mrs. Minerva Scheeliegh, of Montclair, N. J.; six grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. Mrs. Robert Silfies, of Bethlehem, is a half sister of Dr. Wickert.

The funeral will be held at his late home in Milford Square on Tuesday at 2 p. m., DST, following which the cortege will proceed to Emmaus, where interment will be made in the Moravian cemetery. Masonic rites will be conducted at the grave.

Eugene Rank

Coopersburg R. 2 Painting Contractor Was Aged 59 Years

Admitted to the Sacred Heart hospital on Tuesday, Eugene Rank, of Coopersburg R. 2, died at the institution at 4 a. m. yesterday. Mr. Rank was well known throughout the vicinity as a painting contractor and was 59 years of age.

Born in Lebanon, he was the son of Samuel and Emma Rank, and later moved to Allentown. For about the last 20 years he resided at Coopersburg R. 2.

He is survived by two sons, Samuel and Jupiter and a step-daughter, Mrs. Horace Ohl, of Coopersburg, R. 2; one step-son, Alvin Wean of Allentown; two brothers, Warren and Arthur, also of Allentown. His wife died in 1936 and a sister, Mrs. Harry Pfhenning, passed away about two years ago.

Michael Domin Sr.

Coaldale Resident Was Ex-School and Bank Director

Michael Domin Sr., 72, of 37 E. Water St., Coaldale, died Thursday night in the Coaldale State hospital where he had been a patient since April 14.

A former school and bank director, he was born in Austria-Hungary and settled in America 46 years ago. He formerly resided in Pottstown, Pa., and Poughkeepsie, N. Y., prior to becoming one of the first Slovak settlers in Coaldale. He was a parishioner of the S.S. Cyril and Methodius church, Coaldale and belonged to the St. Michael's society of the parish.

He leaves to survive: his wife nee Susan Vebra, a daughter, Mrs. Anthony Konecny; two sons, Michael Jr., and Philip all of Coaldale; a brother, August of Czecho-Slovakia and three sisters, Catherine and Mary, Czecho-Slovaik and Anna of New York City.

Funeral services will be held at 9 a. m. Monday. Interment will be made in the parish cemetery, Nesquehoning.

Mrs. Mary W. Rockel

Was Resident of West Catasauqua 42 Years

Mrs. Mary W. Rockel of 420 Lehigh Ave., West Catasauqua, died in the Allentown hospital at 5.15 a. m. yesterday. She was aged 65 years.

Born in Saucon township in 1874, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ursprung, was a resident of West Catasauqua for the past 42 years. Her husband, Joseph, died ten years ago.

Mrs. Rockel was a member of St. John's Reformed church, Mickleys, and the ladies' auxiliary of the West Catasauqua Fire Co. In her youth she attended the Moravian school in Bethlehem.

Six children survive, as follows: Mrs. Helen Scheets, Mrs Eva Borger and Mrs. Mary Case, all of West Catasauqua; Mrs. Tillie Taylor, Allentown; Charles, Catasauqua, and Joseph, at home. The following brothers and sisters also survive: Mrs. Sibylla Meyers, Allentown, Mrs. Bessie Butler, Washington, D. C., and Charles and Albert Ursprung, Allentown. There are seven grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Case, 21 Columbia Ave., West Catasauqua, Monday at 2 p. m. Interment in Arlington cemetery.

Mrs. Mary Rockel

West Catasauqua Widow Was 64 Years Old

Mrs. Mary W. Rockel, 420 Lehigh Ave., West Catasauqua, died at 5:15 o'clock yesterday morning at the Allentown hospital at the age of 64 years.

Born in Upper Saucon township, Lehigh county, she was the daughter of the late Charles and Sabina (Walter) Ursprung. She resided in West Catasauqua the last 42 years.

She was a member of the Ladies auxiliary, West Catasauqua Fire Co., and the Reformed congregation, St. John's Union church, Mickleys. Her husband, Josiah A. Rockel, died 10 years ago.

Survivors include: Four daughters, Mrs. Ray Scheetz, Mrs. Roy Berger, Mrs. Raymond Case, all of West Catasauqua; Mrs. Howard Taylor, Allentown; two sons, Charles Rockel, Catasauqua; Joseph Rockel, at home; seven grandchildren, two sisters, Mrs. George Meyers, Allentown; Mrs. Harry Butler, Washington, D. C.; two brothers, Charles Ursprung and Albert Ursprung, both of Allentown.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. (DST) Monday from the residence of the son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Case, 21 Columbia Ave., West Catasauqua, with Rev. Bertram Werkheiser officiating. Interment Arlington cemetery. Mickleys. Viewing 7-9 p. m. Sunday.

Sarah E. Weber

80-year-old Easton Woman Ill Two Weeks

Sarah E. Weber, 80, died at 11:30 a. m. Friday at the home, 118 N. 13th St., Easton, following an illness of two weeks.

She was a lifelong resident of Easton and a member of St. Luke's Lutheran church. Survivors are three sisters, Mrs. Mary D. Hevener, widow of Samuel J. Hevener, Mrs. Dora Harris and Emma Weber, all of Easton.

Mrs. Ida Reynolds

Easton Woman, 85, Was in Ill Health Two Months

Mrs. Ida Tidabock Reynolds, 85, widow of James R. Reynolds, died at 11 a. m. Friday at the residence, 627 Monroe St., Easton, following an illness of two months.

Survivors include a son, Cortland Reynolds, Lansing, Mich., two grandchildren and three great grandchildren.

She was preceded in death by her husband who was a member of Common Council. Mrs. Reynolds was born in South Easton, Sept. 15, 1854, and was a daughter of the late Henry and Sarah Tidabock.

Maude E. Knight

L. V. R. R. Clerk at Bethlehem to Be Buried in Detroit

Maude E. Knight, 45, 435 Brighton St., Bethlehem, L. V. R. R. clerk, died Thursday night.

She was a daughter of the late Ella Dolan Knight and Albert J. Knight and was born in Detroit, Mich. She was a member of the local lodge of Rebekahs and L. V. R. R. Vierans Assn.

A brother, Lloyd A. Knight, 502 Ontario St., Bethlehem, survives. Burial will be made Tuesday in Detroit.

Mrs. Clara Schlasman

Mother-in-law of Rev. H. I. Aulenbach Was 71

Mrs. Clara Schlasman, wife of Harry A. Schlasman, 449 N. 12th St., Reading, died at 1:40 o'clock yesterday afternoon at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Rev. and Mrs. H. I. Aulenbach, 1343 Turner St., Allentown. She was 71 years of age and had been ill since February of this year.

Born in Berks county, she was the daughter of the late Lewis and Kathryn (Wagner) Bleichert. She was a member of the Tulphocken Reformed church, Lebanon county, near Meyerstown.

Survivors include a daughter, Mrs. Aulenbach, wife of the pastor of St. Andrew's Evangelical and Reformed church, Allentown; a son, William, Brooklyn, N. Y.; two grandchildren, two sisters, Elizabeth Bleichert and Mrs. Mary Webber, both of Reading;

(Continued on Page Nine)

Deaths

DAVIS—In this city, June 8, 1939, Kathryn R., nee Miller, Davis, widow of Oliver S. Davis.

Strictly private services will be held at the Rabenold funeral home, 116 S. 8th St., Monday at 10:30 a. m. Interment in Fairview cemetery. Friends may call at the funeral home Sunday from 7 to 9 p. m. O.S.R.

BUELOW—In this city, June 9, 1939, Louisa, nee Luhman, Buelow, widow of Henry Buelow, aged 89 years, 3 months and 15 days.

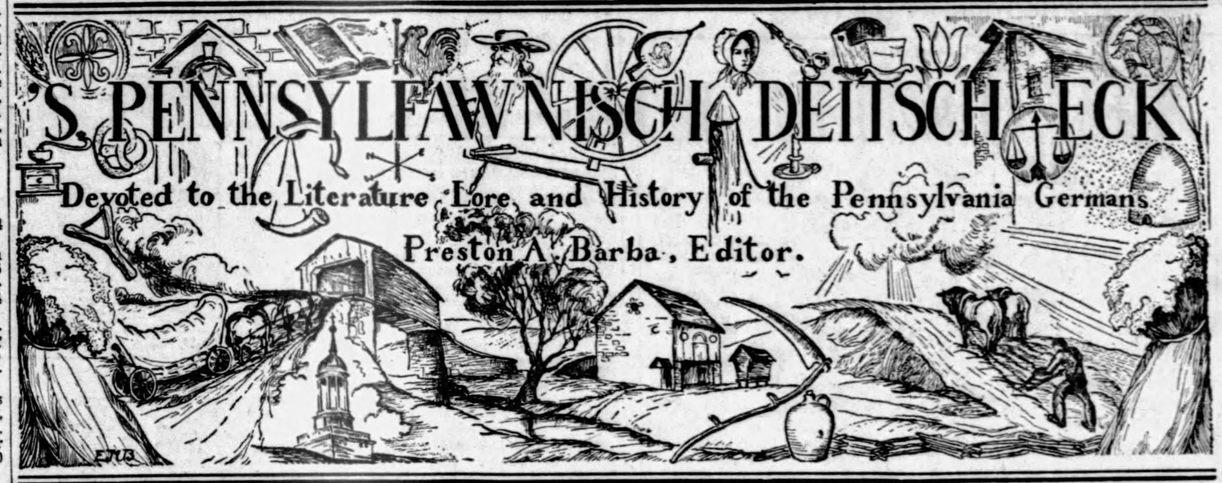
Brief services will be held at the Rabenold funeral home, 116 S. 8th St., Tuesday at 10 a. m., daylight saving time. Regular services will follow in St. John's Lutheran church, Mauch Chunk, at 11:30 a. m. daylight saving time. Relatives, friends and members of the Ladies Aid society of the church are respectfully invited to attend. Interment will be made in the Upper Mauch Chunk cemetery. Friends may call Monday from 7 to 9 p. m. Hazleton and Mauch Chunk papers please copy. O.S.R.

KERN—Suddenly in Bath, June 9, 1939, William G. Kern, 66, husband of Alice Miller Kern.

Funeral services at 2 p. m. Monday in the Bartholomew Home, S. Walnut St., Bath. Burial in the W. Coplay cemetery. Bartholomew

MILLER—In Bethlehem, Friday, June 9, 1939, Mrs. Lizzie G. Miller, 57, wife of George F. Miller, at the family residence, 1325 Montrose Ave. She was a daughter of the late Tilghman and Sarah Ginkinger.

Funeral service at 2 p. m., Monday, June 12, at the Steyers Funeral home, 70 E. Broad St., Bethlehem. Burial in Memorial Park. Relatives and friends are invited to attend. Viewing Sunday evening. Steyers.



Book Review

PFAELZISCHE KOLONISATION IN NORDAMERIKA. August Rupp.—Stuttgarter Volksdeutsche Buecherei. Eugen Wahl—Verlag, Stuttgart. pp. 62. 1938.—B. Westerman Co., 20 W. 48th St, New York.

AUGUST RUPP

Pfälzische Kolonisation in Nordamerika



In this little book the author endeavors to present to the general public of Germany the part the Palatines have played in the colonization of North America in the eighteenth century.

In Chapter I the author reviews the causes that led to the mass emigrations from the Palatinate to North America. American writers have preferred to stress religious persecutions in the homeland as the dominating factor in these mass emigrations, but the author points out that the remoter causes are to be sought in the seventeenth century, in the complete economic impoverishment of wide strata of people following upon the Thirty Years' War. Repeated ruthless invasions of the armies of Louis XIV and the heavy taxes imposed by ruling German princes, who were aping the extravagances of the French Court, further helped to reduce the people to unbelievable penury and wretchedness. At the turn of the century the Germans began to lend a willing ear to the reports of those individual emigrants which had now begun to return from the new world.

Emigration as an actual movement began with the departure of the small Pastorius group that landed in Philadelphia on Aug. 20, 1683, which on Oct. 6th was followed by the thirteen families from Krefeld. The author then writes, in a somewhat cursory fashion, of the emigrant group that sailed for New York under the leadership of Josua Kochertal and founded Newburgh on the Hudson in 1708, and of those mass migrations of 1708 and 1709 when more than 32,000 men, women and children surged down the valley of the Rhine to Amsterdam and Rotterdam, lingering there for weeks, consuming their substance, before they were able to ship to England, where they awaited the assistance of Queen Anne in seeking new homes in America. The story of their long encampment on Black Heath outside of London, where thousands succumbed to despair, hunger, epidemics and unscrupulous British agents has been many times retold. Some 3600 were sent to Ireland and settled in the province of Munster, where they long kept up their dialect and the traditions of their fatherland. A second lot was shipped to the Carolinas, where they founded New Bern, near the mouth of the Neuse River. About 3000 were sent to New York, where Governor Hunter intended to use them in the production of tar and naval stores. On the voyage thither 470 succumbed to fever, and 250 more upon their arrival. Of those who survived many journeyed up the valley of the Hudson under the leadership of Johann Conrad Weiser, father of the later famous Conrad Weiser and there founded four villages later known as East Camp, and three on the west bank of the Hudson, known as West Camp. This combined Palatine colony numbered some 1700 souls. But the Palatines were little inclined to produce tar for the English navy, and longed to till the fertile lands that had been promised them on the Schoharie. They became restive and rebellious. There were many clashes with the authorities. The author relates only too briefly their sufferings and wanderings to the valley of the Schoharie, where in the course of time flourishing villages with such names as Hartmannsdorf, Brunnendorf, and Gerlachsdorf sprang up; their further difficulties with Governor Hunter; final migrations of about two-thirds of the population to the Mohawk valley, and into the more hospitable colony of Pennsylvania where a small number found new homes on the Swatara and the Tulpehocken; and still later the settlements on the western frontiers of New York where they often served as buffers against the French and their Indian allies.

In Chapter II the author considers the Palatines in Pennsylvania. Despite his statement in the introductory paragraph that of all the Palatine colonizations in North America in the eighteenth century Pennsylvania must be given first rank, his treatment of the Palatines in Pennsylvania is shorter by seven pages than that of the Palatines in New York, no negligible difference in a book that comprises only 68 pages.

Except for the sixty families which Hartman Windecker had led to Pennsylvania from the Schoharie Valley in 1723, and those who followed in 1728 under the leadership of Conrad Weiser, most of the Palatine immigrants entered by the port of Philadelphia. By 1727 it is estimated that 15,000 Germans had landed in Philadelphia. According to the ship lists, which were only now begun, there arrived between 1727 and 1775, 68,872 Germans from the Pfalz, Wuerttemberg and Switzerland. A letter dated from near Lancaster in 1779 points out that the counties of Lancaster, Berks, Montgomery, York, Northampton, Dauphin and Lebanon, as well as the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, bore a decidedly Palatine character. The outstanding characteristic of those who came between 1700 and 1740 was their consuming passion for religion. Conrad Beisel and Peter Mueller of the Ephrata Cloisters, Baumann of Oley, and other religious leaders, are given but scant consideration. While the examination of the history of German settlements in Pennsylvania reveals numerous valuable single achievements in all fields, the author thinks that no unified German folkdom was achieved. At the close of this chapter Herr Rupp mentions the great revival of interest among us in Pennsylvania German art, lore and literature, and the founding of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society.

In Chapter III other Palatine settlements, in Louisiana, North Carolina, Virginia, Maine and New Jersey are considered.

Chapter IV is devoted to those loyalist and Mennonite emigrations from New York and Pennsylvania into Canada, mainly into Ontario and the lake provinces, which began after the war of independence and continued into the early decades of the nineteenth century.

Herr Rupp makes no claims to original investigation. He has relied on sources well known to German and American scholars. Although this little book offers nothing new, it succeeds in supplying the German reading public, and more definitely the Palatine Germans, with a popular presentation of the part the latter have played in the colonization of North America.

Chapter II may be somewhat disappointing to the Pennsylvania German readers, for since the author has restricted himself solely to the Palatine element, and excluded the Swiss religious groups, as well as the Schwenkfelders and the Moravians, the Pennsylvania picture has become somewhat obscured and distorted.—Ed.

Die Graduates

Yetzt kumme sie aus de Schule
Bei Dausende iwwerall,
Die Maedel un die Buwe,
Es iss en grossi Zahl.

Sie meene sie wisse alles,
Vun Weisheit sin sie voll;
Doch schpiele am End die Schmartschte
Im Lewe en gleeni Roll.

Die schmarte Leit sin blendi,
Die Welt iss gross un weit,
Un der Judge vun waahrer Weisheit
Iss immerhie die Zeit.

So loss sie ihr Liedel singe,
Ihr Schtickel saage hie;
Die Welt hot schun manche verschlunge,
Die schmarter waare wie sie.

Mer dauert die aarme Kinner,
Sie schtrotze so brav un fei;
Un die Welt iss hart un fiellos,
Un waerd es immer sei.

Doch waahrer Wert gelt immer,
So loss de Schueler ihr Freed;
Sie meege 's zu Ebbes bringe,
Die schmarte Buwe un Maed.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL.
(1862-1934)

Im Lange Schwarze Loch

Meh as wie fufzig Yohr zurick
'N Schwarzer kummt entlang Penn's Creek;
In Woodward g'schtoppt, 'n Schtedtli glee,
Am Berg, in Pennsylvania.

In Center County iss der Platz,
Wu Holz un Lumber waar der Schatz.
'N Scharnschtee Butzer waar der Kaerl;
Iss ins schwarz Loch as wie en Schkwaerl.

In Woodward waar en grossi Miehl,
Wu Frucht gemahlt, un des sehr viel;
Un in der Miehl en Scharnschtee waar,
Sehr lang un russich wunnerbar.

Den hot der Schwarz nau butze wolle,
Un far en Preis rein mache solle;
Nei iss er g'schluppt mit seinem G'scharr,
Kratzt ab der Russ so schwarz wie Darr.

Des Ding geht gut far'n karzi Zeit—
Yuscht harch! was doch der Neger schreit!
Was iss dann letz? Er macht en Larm,
Un gloppt un kickt—sich Gott erbarm!

"I'm stuck, I'm stuck! O, help me out!"
Des heert der Miller un greischt laut
Zum Fenschter naus far Hilf gans g'schwind:
"Der Schwarz iss fascht, mit Schtee umringt!"

Die Leit, die schpringe, yung un alt;
Im ganse Schtedtel hot es g'schallt:
"Der Neger fascht im Scharnschtee greischt,
Muss raus gans schnell schunscht gebt's en Leicht."

Meesel, Haemmer un Hewweise,
Schtee un Mortar raus zu reise—
G'schwind wie meeglich, un g'schwinder noch!
Un glei im Scharnschtee waar en Loch.

Der Neger waar schier gaar verschtickt;
Mit grosser Freed die Leit erblickt;
Un schluppt vum Loch gaar mechtich schnell,
Un greischt "Thank God, I'm out of hell!"

Gans Woodward waar vun Haerze froh,
Un b'sonders waar der Neger so.
Un nau die Lektion iss die:
Wann kannscht net raus, dann geh net hie!

—VUM H. HORACE ROMIG.

When Rev. Romig read Dr. Graeff's account of "Der Schwarz Jim" in the ECK for May 20 he was forcibly reminded of a story told him by one of the members of his congregation at Woodward more than forty years ago, and could not resist relating the incident in the above verses.—ED.

Maryland, O Maryland!

Vum Parre H. Horace Romig

Vaerzich Yohr zurick sin mir vun New Columbia, Union County, Pa., noch Jarrettsville, Md., g'schickt warre far zwee Gemeene zu bediene. Des waar 'n gans fremme Gegend zu uns, un waar in der South. Der erscht Sunndaag hawwich mei neier Platz bedient un bin Mondaags widder heem mit meinre Mind ufgemacht, dass mer net noch Maryland ziege. Awwer mei guti Fraa hot gemeent mer sotte nunner ziege. "Well," hawwich g'saat, "wann du nunner witt, dann gehne mer." Un mer sin nunner gezogge. Awwer wie mei Fraa die alt glee Parsonage sehnt, saagt sie, "Zwee Woche bleiw ich do, net lenger." Awwer sie iss zwee Yohr gebliwwe.

'S Ziege sellemol waar awwer 'n Job, fimf mol aerger as nau mit Trucks. In New Columbia hemmer unser Hausrot uf Wegge gelaade, noch em Depot g'faahre, abgelaade, in en Freight Car gelaade, as mit allem Schtoff fattg'faahre iss noch Whitehall, Maryland. Dart hemmer unser Sache aus em Car genumme, uf Bauere Wegge gelaade, acht Meil g'faahre darch unbeschreiblicher Dreck, widder abgelaade un ins alt Heisel gedraage. Des waar 'n Lebdaag bis alles drin waar—un noch viel schlimmer bis alles widder am Platz waar. Mer hen entwetters zu viel Schtoff g'hat far so 'n glee Haus, odder 's Haus waar zu glee far unser Schtoff. Die Parsonage waar 'n Schtock un a halber hoch, der halb Schtock wie'n Combination vumme Garret mit bissel meh unne draa. Die Schteg iss im ringel rum gange, waar so eng, dass die Koppenner vun de Better un die Bett-schprings gaar net nuf gange sin. "Well," hemmer g'saat, "mer duhne sie nuf darch en Fenschter, nuf misse sie, mer kenne net uf em erschte Floor schlofe, wu yuscht en gleeni Kich iss un noch ee annere Schtubb en bissel greesser. Mer hen deel Kinner g'hat un hen die Kich hawwe misse far koche un esse, uns anner Schtubli far unser Parlor, mei Schtudy, Sitting-room, un Reception Room far Hochziche. Var mir hot mol en Parre do gewuhnt, wu die Schtubb aa ge-used hot far 'n Bettschtubb.

Awwer Elend iwwer alles! 'S Fenschter waar zu glee far die grosse Sache nuf duh. Noh hawwich awwer mol g'schtudiert. Glei hawwich en Weg g'hatte. Ich hab die Saeg grickt un 'n Schtick am unnere Eck vum Fenschter rausg'saegt, un noh sin die Koppenner un Bettschpringe mit Gewalt nei g'schlippt. Un dart drowwe unnich em Dach hemmer zwee Yohr g'schlofe, die Fraa un ich, die zwee Meed un die vier Buwe. Drei Schtubbe waare uf em zwette Floor, eeni so glee as mer sie als yuscht die Schtorbox g'heesse hen. Wie als der "Presiding Elder" kumme iss vun Allentown, dann hot er in der Schtorbox g'schlofe. Eens vun unsere Buwe iss mol karz nooch me Presiding Elder sei B'such ee Marye die grumm Schteg runner gerutscht kumme un hot gegrische "Here comes the Sliding Elder."

Eens vun de Schweschtere hot uns mol b'sucht un hot meinre Fraa g'saat, sie wisst net ferwas as die Conference ihne immer Bredditger schicke daet mit so viel Kinner (mer hen yuscht sechse g'hat sellemols.) "Well," hot mei Fraa g'saat, "die Conference kann net immer Bredditger unni Kinner rauspicke far noch Maryland schicke."

Die Leit in Maryland waare sehr gut zu uns, un hen uns Hinkel gebrocht glei wie mer gezogge waare, far nix, un glei hemmer en Lot Hinkel g'hat un gute scheene frische Oier. Die Kinner sin als zu deel Bauer gange far Milch, un die hemmer aa far nix grickt. Un ich bin als rumg'faahre zu de Bauere far Welschkarn, far der Gaul zu fietere. Ich hab als en langer Sack mit, un denn hot der Bauer mer g'fillt. Wie's Welschkarn all waar, bin ich zum naegschte Bauer far'n Sack voll, noh zum naegschte un so fart, bis ich am End vun der Roi waar—noh hawwich widder vanne aag'fange. Sie hen ken Geld genumme far Welschkarn, un aa net far die gut Load Hoi, as sie gebrocht hen im Summer far mei Gaul, der Fritz.

Eens vun de schtandhafte alde Glieder waar der Vadder Guth. Der iss als noch der Kaerrich geritte kumme uf seim alte Gaul. Un gewehnlich iss sei Hund mitkumme un hot sich in der Kaerrich unnich die Bank hiegelegt wu sei Meeschter g'sotze hot. Un seller Hund hot sich besser behaefd wie deel Leit.

Ee Sunndaag hot der Vadder Guth 's Schlussgebet gedhu, un, unner ahnerem, hot er gebet: "O Lord we thank Thee for the good rain you just sent us, now we will have a good crop of corn."

Ee Nammidaag sin mei Fraa un ich nausg'faahre far Glieder zu b'suche. Der erscht Platz wu mer g'schtoppt hen, waar ans Gensemers. Die, hot's g'heesse, waere net zu sauwer in ihre Sache, un mer hen net dart bleiwe wolle far esse. Es waar der Gebrauch der Bredditger eizulaade far bleiwe far esse. Awwer mer hen an annere Plaetz geh wolle. Yuschts Gensemers hen druf ge'insist, dass mer bleiwe far Supper. Sie hen die Sache mieh uf der Dish, un wie sie's Brot schneide hen wolle, hen sie's Butcher Messer net finne kenne. Was hen sie g'sucht! Endlich saagt eens vun de Maed, "I bet Jack had that Butcher Knife again to trim the horse's hoofs!" Mer sin gebliwwe far Supper un's Supper iss drunne gebliwwe.

Hunnich! Siesser Hunnich! Ee Summer iss 'n Schwarm Ieme darch'n Gnarreloch g'schluppt in der Wedder-boarding vun der Parsonage, un hot sich nunner g'settled far Business zwischich de Board un der Bleschdering. Was hen sie Hunnich neigedraage! Mei Bredditger Loh waar glee un mei Familie gross. Dann saag ich schpotyohrs, "Seller Hunnich iss unser un muss raus." Des waar awwer 'n Job! Ich hab 'n Loch in die Bleschdering gemacht, die Ieme dotgemacht so schtark dass sie raus kumme sin, un hab der Hunnich raus. Mer hen 'n grossi G'scharrweschschissel voll Hunnich grickt. Was waare mer so froh far der Hunnich! Der iss gut neikumme un gut nunnergange.

Im Harning 1902 iss unser Feierholz all warrre. Mer hen acht Meil vum Depot gewohnt, un die Leit hen ken Kohle gebrennt. Sechzeh Meil faahre im Winter far Kohle, iwwer Weg mit Schnee, Dreck un diefe Waggeglees waar gaar net draa zu denke. Un Holz hacke im Bush im Winter im Schnee hot aa niemand wolle. Awwwer mer hen Holz hawwe misse odder verfriere. 'S waar noch fimf Woche eb mer ziege hen kenne.

'S iss wunnerbaar wie Sache bisweile ganz unerwaart vorkumme. Am 21. Harning 1902 hot's aag'fange zu reggere un kissele, un des iss in Eis g'frore so schtark as es runner kumme iss, un die Nescht vun de Baem so dick un schwer umringt mit Eis, dass sie nunnergebroche sin in alle Ecke. Mer hens Breche vun de Nescht im Busch g'heert schier en halb Meil eweck. 'S Eis an de Telegraph Wires waar zwee Zoll dick an deel Plaetz, un schier gaar all die Wires sin verrisse un runner g'falle. Unser Parsonage waar umringt mit Locust Baem zweemol so hoch as die Parsonage. Un viel Nescht sin abgebroche un runner g'falle. 'S hot so fattgemacht vum Freidaag Owet bis Sunndaag. Deel Baem hen schier gaar ken Nescht meh g'hat. Deel Nescht sin ufs Parsonage Dach g'falle, un mer waare bang far uf em Schpeicher zu schlofe, un hen uf 'm aerschte Floor g'schlofe. Deel vun de Kinner hen mer uf der Disch gelegt. Alde Leit hen mir g'saat so'n Eisschtarm hette sie in ihrem ganse Lewe net g'sehne. Ich hab nix so g'sehne far sellem un aa net nooch sellem.

Nau des waar 'n grosser Damage zu de Leit. Die Baem waare schrecklich verhaust, deel far immer. Viel hen sehr wennig Frucht g'hat im Summer. Der Eisschtarm waar'n grosser Verluscht zu de Leit, awwer zu mir waar er 'n Sege. Er iss yuscht kumme eb unser Feierholz all waare iss. Un nooch 'm Schtarm waar alles voll runnergebrochne Nescht, deel sechs Zoll dick, Holz die Fille un noch meh dezu! Un wie mir gezogge sin in fimf Woche waar noch blendi Holz dart far der naegscht Parre. Der iss kumme mit seim Hausrot eb mir fatt waare. Un wie er net sehne hot kenne wie sei gross Furniture nuf zu duh, hawwich ihm g'saat er misst sell Schtick wu ich rausg'saegt hab un widder neigemacht, raus reisse un noh gingt's nei. Er hot sei Kopp g'schittelt un g'saat sell waer zu arrick, awwer wie er g'sehne hot, dass ken annere Weg iss, waar er froh mei Rot zu nemme, un hot sei alt Schtoft glei nei g'schowe, wie Hoi uf der Waggeschopp.

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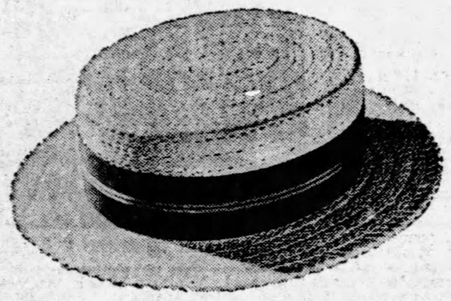



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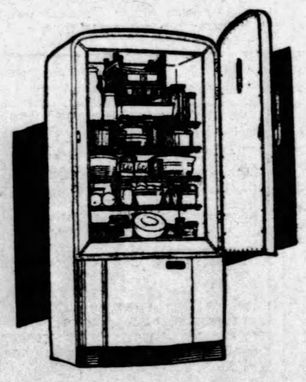

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Chat About Your Friends

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Zettlemoyer, 21 Green St. today celebrate their 3rd wedding anniversary.

Herman L. Weber, 127 N. 17th St., will celebrate his birthday anniversary today.

Mr. and Mrs. John Eck Jr., 133 S. 7th St., will celebrate their first wedding anniversary on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Rosenberger and son Richard, 917 Tilghman St., moved to Lansdale yesterday.

Allentonians who observed their birthday anniversaries yesterday include: Stephen J. Yaindl, 219 N. Jordan St., 52; Blaine Cressman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Cressman, 538 E. Susquehanna St., 2 years old, and Howard U. Smith, 2119 Washington St.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Harwick, 1124 Oak St., celebrated their eighth wedding anniversary recently.

Helen Reinhart, 1124 Oak St., who is receiving treatment at the Allentown hospital, is reported improving.

Gerry Starr Johnston, son of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Johnston, 950 Jackson St., is one year old today.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Dressell, 530 N. Madison St., will celebrate their 35th wedding anniversary tomorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. David Roth became the parents of a daughter, born yesterday at their home, 434 Albright Ave. Mrs. Roth is publicity director of the Lehigh County C. E. Union and superintendent of the Junior C. E. in Grace U. B. church.

Mrs. James P. Guinther and daughter, Betty, Allentown R. 3, are celebrating their birthday anniversaries today

Dr. and Mrs. C. Warren Traylor and two children of Los Angeles, Calif., spent several days with Mr. Traylor's father, Samuel W. Traylor Sr., at the Hotel Traylor, before going on to the Kiwanis convention in Boston, Mass. On their return the Traylors will spend two weeks here.

At the Sacred Heart hospital yesterday a son was born at 3.22 a. m. to Mr. and Mrs. Earl Mansell, 183 Tilghman St. and a daughter at 10:45 a. m. to Mr. and Mrs. Cesare Sportelli, 809 N. Jordan St.

Mrs. S. S. Johnson, 923 N. Front St., observed her birthday anniversary yesterday.

Meta Phillips entertained her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Phillips of Milburn, N J.; Mrs. Richer, Newark, N. J., and Dr. Pedro Palma of San Diego, Cuba, at a luncheon yesterday at her home, 243 N. 7th St. The party, enroute to White Sulphur Springs, Va., left for the South at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph L. Lynn, 230½ N. Church St., are the parents of a daughter, their third child, born shortly after 1 o'clock Friday morning at their home. Mother and child, who weighed nine pounds, are doing nicely under the care of Dr. William F. Clark. The new arrival has a brother and sister.

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Obituaries

Harvey F. Newhard

Northampton Miller Was 60 Years Old at Death

Harvey F. Newhard, a miller all his life and a resident of 1318 Main St., Northampton, died at 12:25 o'clock yesterday afternoon at the Haff hospital, where he had been a patient for two weeks. Mr. Newhard, who had been ailing for the past seven months, was aged 60 years and 16 days.

He is survived by his widow, Edith, nee Richardson, Newhard; a son, Donald Newhard, at home; a grandson and an aunt Sarah Berlin, Allentown.

Newhard was a charter member of the Central Fire Co., Northampton, and was affiliated with Tent 389, Knights of the Maccabees of the World. As a young man he entered the employ of the then Lobach mill at Northampton and until he retired from active work remained at the same mill, which was taken over by the Mauser Milling Co.

The funeral will be held at 2 p. m. Tuesday at his late home, with interment to follow in Greenwood cemetery, Howertown.

Calvin F. Anthony

Retired 15th Ward Butcher Succumbs to Heart Attack

Calvin Franklin Anthony, a retired 15th ward butcher, died suddenly of a heart attack at 4:30 o'clock yesterday morning at his home, 1504 Hanover Ave., Allentown. He had been in failing health for the past year and was 67 years of age.

Mr. Anthony had conducted his butcher shop at that address for 40 years, retiring a year ago when his health began to fail.

A devout member of St. Peter's Lutheran church, he was also a member of the Rittersville Fire Co., and the Firemen's Relief Assn.

A native of Moore township, Northampton county he was born Dec. 9, 1871, the son of the late Daniel and Louise, nee Scherer, Anthony.

Besides his wife, Helen M. (Reinhard), nee Roth, there survive one son, Harold of this city; a daughter, Mrs. Miles Weaver, Philadelphia; one brother, Andrew T. of Allentown; two sisters, Mrs. Cora A. Maberry and Mrs. John Deibert, both of this city. There are also two grandchildren who survive.

He was preceded in death by his parents and first wife, nee Lizzie Esch, and two sisters, Mrs. Frank Seabold and Mrs. William Deibert.

Rev. Warren G. Heinly will be in charge of funeral services to be held at the Oliver Burkholder Funeral home, 1717 Hanover Ave., on Monday at 1:30 p. m., DST. Interment will be made in Stone church cemetery, Kreidersville.

Mrs. Warren Wehr

Allentonian Was Active in Grace U. B. Church Affairs

A native of Pennsville, Northampton county, but a resident of Allentown for a number of years, Mrs. Warren Wehr, nee Nora Kleppinger, died at the Sacred Heart hospital at 12:55 a. m. yesterday. She had been a patient there since last Saturday and was in her 52nd year.

A faithful member of Grace U. B church, she was active in several organizations and was treasurer of the Women's Misionary Assn., the Ladies' Bible class and the Junior Christian Endeavor society.

Surviving besides her husband are four children: Evelyn, Arlene, Pauline and Donald, all at home; two sisters, Mrs. Edward C. Oswald of West Catasauqua, and Mrs. Victor E. Schaeffer of Fullerton; six brothers, Wallace E., Philadelphia; Harry L., Weatherly; Frank A., Newburg; Elvin E., Jewell, Kansas; Marvin E., Northampton, and Stanley J., of Allentown.

Rev. H. M. Tobias, her pastor, will officiate at funeral services to be held Monday at 2 p. m. in Grace U. B. church, 6th and Washington Sts. Burial will be made in Grandview cemetery.

Mrs. Ida A. Simonson

Northampton Woman Was 73 Years Old at Death

Mrs. Ida A. Simonson, who resided for the past 16 years with her niece, Mrs. William Deverueaux, 1520 Washington Ave., Northampton, died at 10:30 o'clock yesterday morning at the Allentown hospital. She was 73 years of age.

Born in Baltimore, Md., she was the daughter of the late Nicholas and Anna Simmons. She had resided the past 35 years in Northampton. Her husband, Daniel E. Simonson, died 13 years ago.

She was a member of Riverside Council, D. of A.; Lady Lillian Rebekah Lodge No. 79, Northampton; the auxiliary of the Capt. Theodore H. Howell camp, Sons of Union Veterans, Northampton, and the St. Paul's Reformed church, Sunday school and home department.

Services will be held at 2:30 p. m. (DST) Wednesday from the Schisler funeral home, 2119 Washington Ave., Northampton. Interment in Allen Union cemetery, Northampton. Rev. Sydney Smith will officiate. Viewing 7-9 p. m. Tuesday.

Walter E. Ortman

Bethlehemite War Veteran Dies at Philadelphia Hospital

Walter E. Ortman, 46, of Brown's Crossing, Bethlehem, a veteran of the World War, died in a Philadelphia hospital Thursday at 6:30 p. m.

A native of Long Branch, N. J., he was a son of the late William and Catherine, nee Miller, Ortman.

Surviving are his widow, Florence, nee Gahn, Ortman, and three sisters, Mrs. Charles Cope of Emmaus, Mrs. Helen Smith of Allentown and Mrs. Bernard Cope of Bethlehem.

Funeral services will be held at the Dillinger funeral home, 413 W. Broad St., Bethlehem, on Monday at 2 p. m. Interment will be in the soldier's plot in Memorial Park cemetery, Bethlehem.

Moses Houser

Retired Lansford Miner Had Been Ill Six Months; Was 82

Moses Houser, 82, of W. Patterson St., Lansford, died at his home yesterday morning after an illness of six months.

A lifelong resident of Lansford, he was retired by the Lehigh Navigation Coal Co. three years ago. He was a charter member of the P. O. S. of A. camp in Lansford and was a parishioner of the Emanuel Reformed church, Lansford.

He is survived by his wife, a daughter Florence at home, a son William of Lehighton and two grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Monday from the Thomas J. Hall funeral home, Lansford, with Rev. Malcolm E. Barr, pastor of the Emanuel Reformed church, Lansford, officiating. Interment will be made in the Grand Army cemetery, Summit Hill. Friends may call at the Memorial home Sunday from 5 to 10 p. m. (EST).

Mrs. Catherine Lesch

Lower Saucon Woman Was 81 Years Old

Mrs. Catherine Sidenhuenner Lesch, 81, died at 11 p. m. Thursday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Augusta Hatterman, of Lower Saucon, with whom she made her home for the past six years.

She was born in Germany, Feb. 6, 1858, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Sidenhuenner.

Besides the daughter a grandson, John Hatterman, funeral director at 310 86th St., New York, who took charge of the body, survives. Burial will be made in Mt. Olivet cemetery, L. I.

Dallas F. Strohl

Aquashicola Man, 44, Was Ill Only Few Days

Dallas Franklin Strohl of Aquashicola died at 2:45 o'clock yesterday afternoon at the Palmerton hospital after an illness of only a few days. He was 44 years of age.

Born in Trachsville, April 28, 1895, he was the son of E. B. and Abbie (George) Strohl, both of whom survive. He was an auto mechanic by trade.

Survivors include his parents, two sisters, Mrs. Edith Beer, Lehighton; Mrs. Lillie Strohl, Palmerton; a brother, Bert, Palmerton. A sister preceded him in death.

Short services will be held at 1:30 p. m. (EST) Monday at Mrs. C. C. Buck's funeral home, 661 Delaware Ave., Palmerton, with continued services in Trachsville Lutheran church, of which he was a member. Interment in the adjoining cemetery. Viewing 7-9 p. m. Sunday.

Mrs. Fannie E. Bair

Coplay Woman Was Born at Catasauqua

Mrs. Fannie E. Bair, 49 N. 3rd St., Coplay, died at 1.55 o'clock yesterday afternoon at the Allentown hospital. She had been ill for some time.

Born in Catasauqua she was the daughter of the late Daniel and Elizabeth (Correll) Dieter. For the past 29 years she had resided in Coplay. She was a member of the Trinity Reformed church, Coplay.

Survivors include her husband, Herbert F. Bair; two sister, Mrs. Eva Miller, Mary F. Dieter, both of Allentown.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. (DST) Wednesday from the late home, 49 N. 3rd St., Coplay, with interment in Hillside cemetery, Fullerton. Rev. Bertram Werkheiser will officiate. Viewing 7-9 p. m. Tuesday.

Raymond J. Hunt

Slatington World War Veteran Was in 49th Year

Raymond J. Hunt, who served with the A.E.F. during the World War died unexpectedly at 9:30 o'clock yesterday of a stroke at the home of his mother, Mrs. Maggie Hunt, 112 E. Church St., Slatington. He was aged 48 years, 8 months and 17 days.

He was born in Slatington and is survived by his mother, a daughter, Joyce, wife of Harvey Holtzer, at home; a son, Howard, at home; one grandchild and a sister, Mrs. Irene Wehr, Slatington.

Mr. Hunt was a member of Allen O. Delke Post, 16, American Legion, of the Slatington Hose Co., No. 1 and Allentown Aerie, 110, F.O.E. He was a silk worker by trade.

A military funeral service will be conducted for Mr. Hunt at 6:15 o'clock Monday night at the funeral home of David Heintzelman, 314 Second St., Slatington. Interment will be in Union cemetery, Slatington. The Rev. R. M. Paine will officiate.

(Continued on Page Nine)

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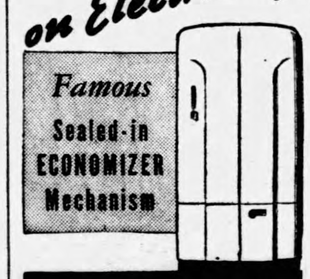

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Deaths

SIMONSON—In this city, June 16, 1939, Ida A. (Simons) Simonson, widow of Daniel E. Simonson, aged 73 years, 9 months, 13 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend services at 2:30 p. m. (DST) Wednesday from the Schisler funeral home, 2119 Washington Ave., Northampton. Interment in Allen Union cemetery, Northampton. Friends are invited to call at the funeral home 7-9 p. m. Tuesday. Schisler.

BAIR—In this city, June 16, 1939, Fannie E. (Dieter) Bair, wife of Herbert F. Bair.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services at 2 p. m. (DST) Wednesday from her late home, 49 N. 3rd St., Coplay. Interment in Hillside cemetery, Fullerton. Friends are invited to call 7-9 p. m. Tuesday. Bethlehem papers please note. Schisler.

HUNT—At Slatington, June 16, 1939, Raymond J. Hunt, aged 48 years, 8 months and 17 days.

Relatives, friends and members of organizations with which he was affiliated are respectfully invited to attend the funeral at 6:15 p. m. (DST) Monday at the funeral home of David Heintzelman, 314 2nd St., Slatington. Interment will be in Union cemetery, Slatington. Viewing from 7 to 9 p. m. Sunday. D. H.

MOSSER—At the Coaldale State hospital, June 16, 1939, Wesley Mosser of Lehighton, aged 59 years.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services at 2 p. m. (EST) Monday from the Swartz Memorial home, Lehighton. Rev. Thomas Atkinson will officiate. Interment will be made in the Lehighton cemetery. Friends may call at the Memorial home between 7 and 9 p. m. Sunday. W. D. Swartz, Lehighton.

MILKOVITS—Suddenly, at Northampton, June 16,1939, Stephen Milkovits, son of Frank and Theresa, nee Gober, Milkovits, aged 10 years, 4 months and 19 days.

Due notice of funeral. Newhard.

NEWHARD—At Northampton, June 16, 1939, Harvey F. Newhard, husband of Edith, nee Richardson, Newhard, aged 60 years and 16 days.

Relatives, friends and members of organizations with which he was affiliated are respectfully invited to attend the funeral at 2 p. m., D.S.T., Tuesday at his late home, 1318 Main St., Northampton. Interment in Greenwood cemetery, Howertown. Friends may call from 7 to 9 p. m., Monday. Newhard.

SHELLY—At Bowmanstown, June 16, 1939, Jerome Shelly, aged 79 years, 10 months and 6 days.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m., D.S.T., Monday at the Ziegler funeral home, 177 Delaware Ave., Palmerton, to which relatives and friends are respectfully invited. Interment in Bowmanstown cemetery. Friends may call from 7 to 9 p. m. Sunday. J.S.Z.

STROHL—At Palmerton, June 16, 1939, Dallas Franklin Strohl, son of E. B. and Abbie (George) Strohl, Aquashicola, aged 44 years, 1 month, 18 days.

Relatives, friends and members of the Trachsville Lutheran church are respectfully invited to attend short services at 1:30 p. m. (DST) Monday at Mrs. C. C. Buck's funeral home, 661 Delaware Ave., Palmerton, and continued services in Trachsville Lutheran church. Interment in adjoining cemetery. Friends are invited to call at the funeral home 7-9 p. m. Sunday. Reading and Easton papers please copy. Mrs. C. C. Buck.

DIEHL—In this city, June 16, 1939, Benjamin H. Diehl, husband of Stella (Bachman) Diehl, aged 60 years, 7 months 3 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend services at 2 p.m. (DST) Tuesday from the Schisler funeral home, 2119 Washington Ave., Northampton. Interment in Egypt cemetery. Friends are invited to call at the funeral home 7-9 p.m. Monday. Schisler.

REVIEW

GESCHICHTE DER DEUTSCHEN MUNDARTDICHTUNG von Friedrich Schoen.—4. Teil: Die deutsche Mundartdichtung in Amerika, pp. 67. Paul List Verlag, Leipzig. 1939.—B. Westerman Co., 20 W. 48th St., New York.

The above work, which appeared in Germany only recently, should be of more than passing interest to all Pennsylvania Germans. Its author, a native of the Saarpfalz, is now living as a retired teacher in the old Baltic seaport town of Stettin. For more than twenty years Professor Schoen has been studying the literature of the various German dialects.

This history of German dialect literature comprises four small volumes. Part I, covering the early dialect writings from the end of the sixteenth century down to the Low German classicists, appeared in 1920; Part II contains the history of the dialect literature of northern, middle, and southern Germany from the time of the Low German classicists to the present time and appeared in 1921; Part III covers the history of German dialect literature in Austria, in the provinces of Austria Hungary, in Switzerland and in Luxemburg. It appeared in 1931; Part IV is devoted to the German dialect literature in America.

It is this latter part of the work that concerns us particularly, for the author devotes a large portion of it to our Pennsylvania German literature.

In his preface Professor Schoen admits that his task was a difficult one, for it was no easy matter for him to get access to the literature itself. His chief sources were Harry H. Reichard's "Pennsylvania-German Dialect Writings and their Writers." Lancaster, Pa. 1918; Heinz Kloss' "Lewendiche Schtimme aus Pennsylveni." Stuttgart und New York, 1929; Heinz Kloss' "Die Pennsylvaniadeutsche Literatur. Mitteilungen der Deutschen Akademie." Munich 1931; and Preston A. Barba's "'S Pennsylfawnisch Deitsch Eck," appearing weekly in the Allentown Morning Call. Despite the difficulties under which the historian has labored, he has done a creditable piece of work, which fits adequately into the framework of his general survey of the history of German dialect literature.

For the American student of Pennsylvania German dialect literature the work contains nothing new, but it is a source of some pleasure to see the familiar material arranged in terms of German scholarship.

Chapter I contains prefatory remarks about the origins of the Pennsylvania Germans and the beginnings of their dialect writings. Under the subtitle of "Lyric Poetry" the author then proceeds to give a brief survey, emphasizing such familiar names as Henry Barbaugh, Rachel Bahn, Henry L. Fischer, Calvin Ziegler, Edward Hermany, Michael Gruber, Harvey M. Miller (Solly Hulsbuck), Astor C. Wuchter, Ezra Grumbine, Lee Grumbine, Louise A. Weitzel and John Birmelin.—Under the second subtitle "Das pennsylvaniadeutsche Prosaschrifttum," the author lays emphasis upon such dialect prose writers as Edward H. Rauch (Pitt Schweffelbrenner), Ludwig A. Wollenweber, Charles C. More, and Thomas H. Harter (Boonastiel).—Under a third subtitle "Dramatisches," Professor Schoen considers the dramatic version of Irving's Rip van Winkle by Rauch, the translation of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera "Pinafore" by Moss and Newhard, Dr. Schlosser's translation of "The Merchant of Venice," and the original works of Ezra Grumbine and Clarence Jobst. Here it is apparent that the author lacked information about the many efforts in this field during the last decade.

In Chapter II the author considers the works of isolated German writers living in America, who wrote in the Alemannic, Swabian and Franconian dialects.

Chapter III is devoted to the "Platt" or Low German dialect writers of America. In this field the writer received valuable assistance from Prof. William F. Kamman, of the University of Pittsburgh.

It must be gratifying to all Pennsylvania Germans that the history of our dialect literature has received a form at the hands of Professor Schoen, which has made it accessible to that larger Germanic family from which we have sprung.—ED.



Der Mann as eigebt, wann er letz iss, iss g'scheit; der Mann as eigebt, wann er recht iss, iss—g'heiert!

* * * *

Die Schmeichelei macht wull der Sack uff, awwer sie bezahlt kee Schulde.

* * * *

Der Jim Yoscht hot em Dr. Pilledreher g'saat, er waer bang er kennt ihn net bezahle bis die Zeite besser waere. Der Dokter hot weil gekonsiddert un dennoh g'saat, er het vergesse ihm zu saage er daerft net schmoke un yuscht eemol die Woch Fleesch esse. Nau secht der Jim er daet ihn doch liewer glei bezahle as es Geld so abzuschpaare.

* * * *

En Pessimist iss so'n Mensch as em Glick ausweicht in seinere Yacht noch em Unglick.

* * * *

"Guck yuscht emol do, Manda, allemol as es Bewy mich aaguckt, lacht's gans laut!"—"Well," hot sei Fraa g'saat, "es iss wull net yuscht arrick polite un aa net reschpectvoll, awwer es weist, as es schun weess, wann un wo mer lache muss, un es iss noch net en Yohr alt!"

* * * *

Die Charity secht, mer dutt deheem aafange, awwer wie kummt's dann as mer sie so oft net dart findt wann mer gloppt?

* * * *

Ich meen es waer gut wann deel Bisness Leit in Allentown meh hetten, was mer vun dem Bisness Tact heesst. Es hett net viel genumme, hett die Bill Blanken sich dod verschreckt darrich so 'ne Faahrlessigkeet, Do iss der Bill noch der Schtadt un hot en Lot Goods kaaft far sei Schtore un iss dennoh iwwer Nacht dart gebliwwe far'n Schow sehne. Am naegschte Daag iss en grossi Box an seim Schtore aakumme un sei Fraa hot der Box yuscht ee Guck gewwe un iss graad unmechtich warre, un wie der Freight Dreiwer geguckt hot, war mit grosse Buchschtaawe drufg'schriwwe "Bill inside".

* * * *

Es Mutterherz iss em Kind sei Schulschtaab.

* * * *

Die alt Geidnern secht, em Lem Schmidt sei Fraa waer arrick gut zum Vieh, sie daet zum Beischpiel ihrem Hund nix zu fresse gewwe, as sie selwer gekocht hett.

* * * *

En Agnostic iss so'n Mensch as in schier alles glaabt except die Religion.

* * * *

Es iss wull waahr as ee Voggel in der Hand meh wert iss as wie zwee uff em Baam, awwer ich wett as kee Bu in der Welt glaabt, as mer 's seem vun re Fitz saage kann.

* * * *

En Mann muss entweddet en Kicker sei, odder sich kicke losse.

* * * *

Mer secht wull der Mensch will yuscht Bissel uf daere Welt, awwer ich hab noch immer g'funne, as er doch meh will as er gried.

Frisch Druf Los!

Du Yammer! Sie doch net so dumm!
Es batt nix as mer schelt!
'S geht alles doch vun selwer rum
Uf dere grumme Welt.

Drum lach un sing en luschdich Lied,
Un schaff un schick dich nei!
Un waerrschte dann mol gaar zu mied,
Dann drink en Glessel Wei!

Un bettel net der liewe Gott
Fer alles was de witt!
Muscht wisse as er annre hot,
Un helft ne aa noch mit!

So heb der Kopp un luschdich g'schafft!
Un wann de betscht, ke Glaag!
Bet liewer: "Herr Gott, geb mer Graft
Dass ich mei Bindel draag!"

Un losst so'n Schliffel dich net geh,
Dann dreh dich rum un lach!
Doch wann er kummt un schtellt der's Bee,
Dann geb em eens uf's Dach!

Un free dich iwwer Busch un Feld
Un Kinner, Sunn un Leit;
Es gebt nix schennres uf de Welt,
Un gehschte noch so weit.

Ya, nemm net alles graad so grumm!
Mer macht sich's wie mer's hot.
Wie bal iss doch des Lewe rum
Un ewich lang der Dod!

Im Friehyohr gut gebluhgt, ge-eegt
Un dann gewalzt un g'saet!
Bal sehnt mer as sich ebbes regt,
Die Frucht in Halme schteht.

Noh kummt die Hoyet un die Aern,
Ya well! Do iss es heess!
Wann's ebbes gebt, do schafft mer gaern
Un koscht's aa bissel Schweess.

Hei! Was es in die Scheier geht!
Wie ziege selli Geil!
Des macht em Bauer doch en Freed;
Des langt emol fer'n Weil.

Dann frisch druf los, du Bauersmann!
Un yuscht dezu gelacht!
'S iss niemand as sich messe kann
Mit dir un deinre Graft!

Adapted from the dialect German of Karl Raeder
—JOHN BIRMELIN

Pilgers Ruh

On the road leading from Bethel, Berks County, to Pinegrove, in Schuylkill County, there is a unique spring. It is near the very peak of the mountain where an invisible line divides the two Pennsylvania counties. A few yards to the left of the stony road the passerby will see an opening in the mossy carpet. A battered tin cup, rusted brown, hangs upon an over-hanging bramble. Peering more closely through a thick cluster of scrubby vines and trees he will see a faded printed sign teetering on a rotting stake. Who would not be interested to learn the legend inscribed thereon? A few carefully placed strides toward the sign and the printed letters are discernable.

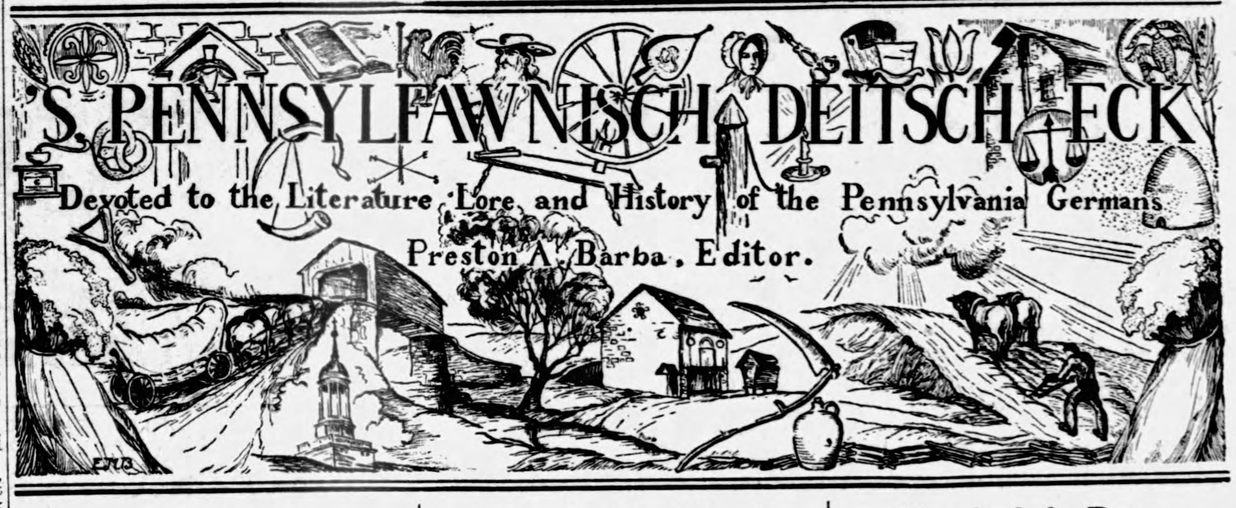
Pilgers Ruh, or in English, Pilgrims' Rest! Fancy a name like that! The wayfarer must be dull indeed if his fancy is not intrigued.

In 1742, almost two centuries ago, Count von Zinzendorf arrived in America filled with religious zeal. The flame which had consumed John Huss had kindled evangelical fires in the hearts of his followers, the Moravian Brethren, and Zinzendorf, nobleman and man of wealth, had come to the New World to carry his message of salvation and fraternity to the red heathen who dwelt north of Kittochinny, the first tall range of the Blue Mountains.

In company with Conrad Weiser and a few trusted followers he set out over the Tulpehocken Trail which led from Philadelphia to Shamokin (Sunbury). The journey was wearisome and not without hazard. The climbing of the first mountain marked the success of the first stage of the journey. There, near the summit and alongside the old Indian trail, the Count's party stopped to rest and refresh themselves by quaffs from the mountain spring. It is then that Count von Zinzendorf named the spring "Pigers Ruh."

Pilgers Ruh lies along the present day Appalachian trail, a mountain crest path from Maine to Georgia. The Blue Mountain Eagle Climbing Club, custodian of the Trail from Lehigh Gap to the Susquehanna, has thus far succeeded in keeping the spring and its surroundings just as nature designed the scene. Zinzendorf, Bishop Spangenberg, Conrad Weiser, John Bartram, the naturalist, or the numerous redskin chieftains who passed over that ancient trail would find Pilgers Ruh unchanged in the centuries that have passed since they knelt alongside its banks and saw their visages mirrored in the pool against a background of green pines and blue sky.

—DR. ARTHUR D. GRAEFF



Hochzich Daag

Hochzich Daag, so lieb un schee,
Haerz verknippt mit Heerz als eens!
Grosses Glick muss mit Eich geh,
Schteht in Lieb, die net vergeht.

Yeder Daag hot yo sei Freed,
Dunkle Wolke bleiwe net;
Sunn so glaar die Erde gleed,
Un die Blumme bliehe macht.

Alles schteht so herrlich do—
Haerz, geh uf un nemm es ei;
Sei du aa wie des so froh;
Halt es fescht un loss net geh!

Nochmol, Glick—un net yuscht heit!
Alles Gut—maag des Eich sei!
Hochzich Freed far alle Zeit,
Un en Lieb, die net vergeht.

—PARRE C. A. BUTZ.

Satan, bleib mit mer uf der Erd

Ich will Eich mol en G'schicht verzaehle vum me alte Parre, wu drowwe an der Schuylkill unnich Tamaqua deheem waar, ebbes iwwer en hunnert Yohr zurick. Der iss efters daagelang rum her geritte in Schuylkill un im ewwere Deel vun Lecha un Berks Counties, un hot de Leit ihre Kinner gedaaft un die getraut, was heiere hen wolle, denn in sellre Zeit waare die Parre raar un die Leit hen darch's Land yuscht hie un do en gleeni Block odder Schtee Kaerrich g'hatte, vun welche en Parre en halb dutzend uf eemol bedient hot. Un efters hen deel Kaerriche yohrelang ken Parre g'hat. In solche Umschtende waare die Leit arrick froh wann en Parre der Weg kumme iss.

Un graad so iss seller Parre, wu drowwe an der Schuylkill deheem waar, mol ee Daag noch Lynnport geritte kumme; un wie's bekannt warre iss, dass es waer en Parre in der Gegend, hen die Leit, was ungedaafte Kinner g'hatte hen, alles leie losse un hen g'schwind der Parre an ihr Haus grickt un ihr Kinner daafe losse. Un so iss es fattgange darrich der Daag, un gege Owet hen die Leit den Parre ans Lynnporter Waertshaus g'schafft far sei Nachtesse un sei Gaul fietere, denn er hot seller Owet aa noch nuf heem gewollt an die Schuykill. Eb lang waare die Leit aa dart far der Parre bissel sehne un verleicht paar gude Schtories heere. Eb mer draa gedenkt hot, waar's dunkel Nacht, un der Parre hot g'saat, sie sotte sei Gaul hole, denn er misst uf der Heemweg geh. Un der Waert hot zum Hassler g'saat: "Zaam em Parre sei Gaul uf un duh der Sattel druf un bring ihn do hinn. ans Waertshaus, wu er graad nuf iwwer der Blo Baerrick geh kann." Der Hassler iss naus noch der Scheier un en Zaahl frische Buwe sin mit. In der Scheier hen die Buwe ausgemacht far en Drick uf der Parre schpiele, un im Platz vum Gaul hen sie der Zaam un Sattel uf en grosser Bull gemacht, un hen en guter Schtrick an sei Naas gemacht far ihn hewe. Dennoh sin sie naus mit em Bull hinners Waertshaus. Deel sin nei un hen der Parre raus g'holt. Un etwa fufzich eltere Leit sin aa mit naus far der Parre absehne. Im Rumor un im Dunkel hot niemand g'sehne, dass es en Bull waar. Un die Buwe hen der Parre uf der Bull g'howe. Ach, du ye! Was des en Schpeckdaakel waar! Wie der Bull g'schpiert hot, dass en Gewicht uf seim Buckel iss, dann hot er ewwe en Schpbrung in die Luft vaerschich in die Heeh gemacht, etwa zehe Fuss; un die Buwe hen hart am Schtrick am Bull g'howe. Wie der Parre die grosse Haerner erblickt hot, dann hot er en madderonische Grisch ausgelosse: "Satan, bleib mit mir uf der Erd! Satan, bleib doch mit mir do hunne uf der Erd!"—Die Buwe hen zamme gegrische: "Hebt gut am Schtrick, der Bull kent uns darrich geh." Un deel vun de Alte hen gegrische "Hebt doch der Parre gut an de Bee, schunscht kennt des wild Dier ihn nuf in die Heeh noch de Wolke nemme." Die eltere Leit sin dann pletzlich bei un hen der Parre schee runner g'schafft vum Bull un yuscht gelammediert: "Ihr unverschaemte Buwe!" Deel Leit hen gemeent der Parre waer bissel verwaerrt, denn er hot alsnoch gemummelt: "Satan! Satan! bleib - -" In karzer Zeit hen die unverschaemte Buwe em Paare sei Gaul awwer haus g'hat un hen der Parre schee druf, un der Parre iss abg'schtaert. Uf beede Seite hen die viele Leit dem Parre Farriwell gewwe; deel "Lebwohl!"; annere, "Ufs Widdersehne!" annere, "Gut Nacht, Herr Parre!" un der Parre hot ihne aa "Gud Nacht" gewwe wolle, awwer im excitement waar er als noch bissel verhuddelt un hot alsemol "Satan" ausgegrische im Platz vun "Gud Nacht." Un so iss er fatt weiter un weiter. Un als noch hen die Leit gemeent sie daete der Parre heere saage: "Satan, bleib mit mer uf der Erd," wie er schun paar hunnert Fuss fatt waar. Es gebt als noch heit Leit in der Umgegend wann ebbes Haerner-wiedich vorkummt, die saage "Satan, bleib mit mir uf der Erd!"

VUM PARRE J. J. REITZ, M. D.
Walnutport, Pa.

IM CIRCUS

Ich waar die letscht Woch im Show
Un hab gesehne wie
Performe duhn die Elefante
Un e gans Lot anner Vieh.

Ee Ding hot mich gewunnert,
Wie en Mensch daet gleiche sei
Eig'schparrt un beglotzt vun alles
Was an ihm geht verbei.

Sie kenne sich schier net drehe,
Sie hen so wennich Blatz;
Ich meen sie misste beneide
Die mienscht alt Alley Katz.

Es kummt mer vor ke Circus
Daet lang im Land beschteh,
Wann die Mensche misste schtende,
Was ich hab im Circus g'seh.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL

Chat About Your Friends

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Keyser, 140 N. 9th St., have returned home from Washington, D. C. While in the capital they celebrated their 11th wedding anniversary, June 20.

Gladys Ziegler of 904 S. 4th St. will celebrate her 18th birthday today.

Lawrence F. Buss, 712 Union St., will celebrate his 21st birthday anniversary tomorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kern and daughter, Dorothy Kern, 21st and Latta St., and Robert Burchill, 1919 Green St., will leave tomorrow for a tour of the New Engand States.

Mr. and Mrs. Walbert Grasley, 627 N. 12th St., are today celebrating their second wedding anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard L. Rowse, 1142 Emmett St., are observing their 38th wedding anniversary today.

John P. Bleeg, Real Estate dealer of Sioux Falls, South Dakota is the guest of Ellwood S. Thomas.

Raymond S. Wilson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Wilson of 213 N. 16th St., has returned home for the summer vacation from the Peddie School, Hightstown, N. J., where he is a senior.

John and Richard Desch, 1246 Maple St., are spending the week in New York.

The Signarovitz twins, Francis and Frederick, 624 N. Lumber Sts., celebrated their birthdays on Thursday. Both are carriers for the Morning Call.

Ed Stuber of 240 E. Walnut St. will observe his 47th birthday anniversary Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Strapak of 425 Hill St. are the parents of a daughter, their first child, born at 6 a. m. last Wednesday at home. The mother is the former Lydia Treese. The grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Treese and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Strapak.

Janet Meyer, of this city, is one of fifty newly appointed missionaries of American Protestant churches who were tendered a testimonial by the Foreign Missions conference at Swarthmore. Miss Meyer is sailing for China within a few weeks. She is a graduate of Gettysburg college.

William R. Croasdale, Jr., is recovering at his home in the Livingston Apartments from a throat infection which was very serious for a time.

Clare Clark, of Poughkeepsie, is the guest of Mrs. Frank C. Croasdale, 129 N. Franklin St.

Col. and Mrs. C. J. Smith, 31 N. 17th St., are spending a season in Atlantic City in the interest of the retired army officer's health.

Edwin Bosshardt, who for the past year made his home in Pittsburgh with his daughter, Mrs. Paul Marzoff, has returned to his position with the National Dyeing and Printing Co. He is stopping at the Hotel Allen.

Ernest B. Zimmerman
New Funeral Home
1124 Walnut St.
Phone 2-5534

Obituaries

Andrew Skladony

Resident of Nesquehoning for Many Years, Was 73

Andrew Skaldony, 73, died at the of his daughter, Mrs. Stephen Watto, W. Catawissa St., Nesquehoning, at 7 a. m. yesterday. He suffered a stroke last December, another last Friday and a third Tuesday.

He was born in Austria-Hungary, and was among the first settlers in the community. He was the last survivor of a group of immigrants that settled in Nesquehoning, and was employed by the L.N.C. Co. for 45 years, retiring on pension in 1937. He was a member of St. Mary's Greek Catholic church.

Surviving are the following children: John of Nesquehoning; Mrs. John Telepchak, Tamaqua; Mrs. Stephen Watto, Nesquehoning; Mrs. Andrew Stempa, Nesquehoning; Mrs. Joseph Beslanovitz of New York. Twenty-four grandchildren also survive.

The funeral will be held at 9 a. m. Monday from the home of his daughter, Mrs. Stephen Watto, with services in St. Mary's Greek Catholic church, Rev. Nicholas Stulakovich, officiating. Interment will be made in the parish cemetery.

Mrs. Mary Sauers

Jamestown Woman Had Been Ailing Several Months; Was 75

Mrs. Mary Sauers, Jamestown, died at her home Thursday night following several months illness. She was aged 75.

Surviving are the following children: Sister M. Syra, Lebanon; Mrs. Edward Loftus, Wilkes-Barre; Mrs. Joseph Grieves and Mrs. Frank Gundelsweiler, Philadelphia; John and Mrs. Alton Krause, Lehighton; and George and Rose, at home. Surviving also are 21 grand and three great-grandchildren.

Services will be held Monday at 9 a. m. with a requiem high mass at SS. Peter and Paul church, Lehighton. Burial will be made at the parish cemetery with Rev. Charles Saas officiating.

William Daley

Summit Hill Resident in Ill Health Several Months; Was 54

William Daley, 54, of 19 E. Fell St., Summit Hill, died at the Coaldale State hospital at 11:55 a.m. yesterday after being a patient there for the past two months.

Mr. Daley was born in Summit Hill, a son of the late Peter and Anna Daley, but resided in Philadelphia for the last 40 years until his recent return due to failing health.

He is survived by his wife Sarah and one daughter Alice, Philadelphia; two brothers and five sisters, Thomas and Joseph Daley, Mrs. Orville Haldeman, Mrs. Clarence McKeever, Mrs. Michael Zielasko, and Mrs. Raymond Mantz, Summit Hill; Mrs. Bernard McArdle, Nesquehoning.

Mrs. Alice Reussner

Wife of Bethlehem Councilman Ill Several Months

Mrs. Alice K. Ward Reussner, wife of Councilman George H. Reussner, director of streets and public improvement in Bethlehem, died at 11:22 a. m. Friday at the family home, 226 E. 5th St.

Death was due to cerebral hemorrhage and followed an illness of several months. She was a native of Bethlehem and a daughter of the late Thomas and Mary Gibbons Ward.

She and her husband were both graduated from Central High school and were members of the same class.

After her graduation she taught school at Seidersville and later in the Bethlehem public schools for 20 years.

Survivors are her husband, a son, George H. Jr., at home; two sisters, Mrs. Mary Callahan, Spokane, Wash.; Mrs. Nellie McKenzie, Butte, Mont.; three brothers, Peter Ward, Seattle, Wash.; Thomas and Frank Ward, Bethlehem.

The funeral will be held at 9 a. m. Monday from the late home. Solemn mass will be offered in the Church of the Holy Infancy at 9:30 a. m. Burial in St. Michael's cemetery.

Lewis W. Shingler

Lifelong Resident of Palmerton Was 73 Years Old

Lewis Wilson Shingler, a lifelong resident of Palmerton and the immediate vicinity, died shortly before midnight Thursday at his late home, the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Paul Green, Palmerton R. 1. Although he had been in failing health for almost a year, he was up and around even on the day of his death. He died a short time after he suffered a stroke. He was 73 years old on June 2.

Born at Palmerton R. F. D. he was the son of the late Francis and Sussanna, nee Brown, Shingler. He was a member of the Towamensing Reformed church.

Surviving are two daughters, Mrs. Susan Andrews of Walnutport, and Mrs. Maggie Green of Palmerton R. 1. Fourteen grandchildren and six great grandchildren also survive.

Funeral services will be held at Mrs. C. C. Buck's funeral home, 661 Delaware Ave., Palmerton, Monday at 2 p. m. daylight saving time. Interment in the Towamensing cemetery. Friends may call Sunday from 7 to 9 p. m.

Mrs. Naomi Davies

Easton Woman Was Former Resident of Bangor

Mrs. Naomi Davies, 61, wife of Owen Davies, died at her home, 707 High St., Easton, Thursday. She resided in Bangor until 10 years ago when the family moved to Easton.

She was a member of the First Church of Christ Scientist, Easton. Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Sunday at the late home. Burial in St. John's cemetery, Bangor.

Survivors are her husband, three daughters, Annie and Margaret, at home; Mrs. Eleanor Eichenlaub, Irvington, N. J.; four sisters, Mrs. Helen Speller, New York; Mrs. Thomas Hughes, Mrs. Ruth Bower and Mrs. Ann Criqui, of Easton, and a brother, Llewellyn Roberts.

Mrs. Russell Farber

Allentown Resident Would Have Been 27 Next Tuesday

A patient at the Sacred Heart hospital for the past three weeks, Mrs. Viola May Farber, wife of Russell Farber, 301 Union St., Allentown, died in that institution shortly before noon yesterday. Her death was attributed to a heart condition.

Mrs. Farber, who would have been 27 years old next Tuesday, was a native of Allentown. She was a daughter of George and Annie C., nee Garis, Herman.

Surviving, besides her parents and husband, are four sons, Russell, James, Ralph and Raymond, all at home; two sisters, Mrs. Charles Frankenfield and Mazie Herman, both of Allentown, and three brothers, Alvin, George and Robert, all of Allentown. A daughter preceded her in death.

Frank L. Hess

Shoenersville Farmer, 61, Victim of Heart Attack

Frank L. Hess, farmer and former butcher, died suddenly of a heart attack yesterday at home, Shoenersville, aged 61 years, 8 months and 3 days. He was stricken in the yard of his home and died a short time later.

Mr. Hess moved to Shoenersville from Nazareth 33 years ago. Before he started farming he operated a butcher route in Bethlehem, East Allentown and Catasauqua for several years. He was a son of the late Theodore A. and Cecelia (Lerch) Hess. He was a member of the Reformed congregation of the Shoenersville church.

Surviving are his wife, Mary C., nee Seyfried; one son, Allen R., Shoenersville; four grandchildren, one brother, Palmer H. Hess of Seemsville, and two sisters, Mrs. Cula Haller of Allentown and Mrs. Hattie Reinhard, Newberg, N. Y. A son Clarence died nine years ago.

The funeral will be held from his home Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. d.s.t. Continued serevices will follow in Christ Union church, Shoenersville, and interment will be made in the adjoining cemetery.

George Breader

Allentown Man, 50, Ill Since Shortly After New Year

Ill since January, George Breader, who resided at 22 N. 7th St., Allentown, died last night in the Allentown hospital, where he had been a patient for four weeks. He was in his 50th year.

Mr. Breader was a son of the late Henry G. and Mary, nee Snyder, Breader. He is survived by five sisters and a brother, Mrs. H. E. Klingaman, Allentown; Mrs. R. T. Hayes, Bethlehem; Mrs. Charles White, Mrs. Charles Heimbach, Mrs. Roy Huber and Robert Breader, all of this city.

He was a member of St. Paul's Lutheran church.

Deaths

HESS—At Shoenersville, June 23, 1939, Frank L., husband of Mary C., nee Seyfried, Hess, aged 61 years, 8 months and 3 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from his late home, Shoenersville, Tuesday at 1:30 p. m., D.S.T. Continued services will follow in Christ Union church, Shoenersville, and interment will be made in the adjoining cemetery. Friends may call Monday from 7 to 9 p. m. Bethlehem paper please copy. Harvey E. Saylor.

WILTSE—Suddenly at Weissport, June 23, 1939, William L. Wiltse, aged 42 years.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services at 2 p.m. Monday, standard time, from the chapel of Heller and Son, Weissport. Rev. R. G. Hunsberger, pastor of Ebenezer Evangelical church, Weissport, will officiate. Interment will be made in the Lehighton cemetery. Friends may call at the chapel between 7 and 9 p.m. Sunday. Heller and Son, Weissport.

HORNE—In Bethlehem, June 23, 1939, Cornelius L. Horne, aged 86 years, 2 months and 10 days.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral service on Monday, 2 p.m., from the home of his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Warren M. Horne, 1408 Lennox Ave., Bethlehem. Burial in the Springfield Union church cemetery, Pleasant Valley, Bucks county, Pa. Friends may call Sunday evening. Marvin M. Steyers.

LOOK! It's the NEW Refrigerator Introduced by PHILCO



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CONSERVADOR with the amazing shelf-lined INNER DOOR

A revolutionary new invention, found only in the Conservador Refrigerator... the exclusive, patented shelf-lined Inner Door ... bringing four new refrigerator benefits which are yours for the first time.

SAVES TIME!
Gives you 26% more quickly usable space ... doubles the "easy-to-get-at" *front space!* Twice as much convenient, accessible space as ordinary refrigerators of the same size.

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No cluttered shelves in front, no empty areas in back—no wasted space. You *really* use, easily and naturally, *ALL* the space you buy! That's why you get more food into the Conservador.

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It's the greatest convenience and economy feature ever invented... the most sensational refrigerator development of the year!

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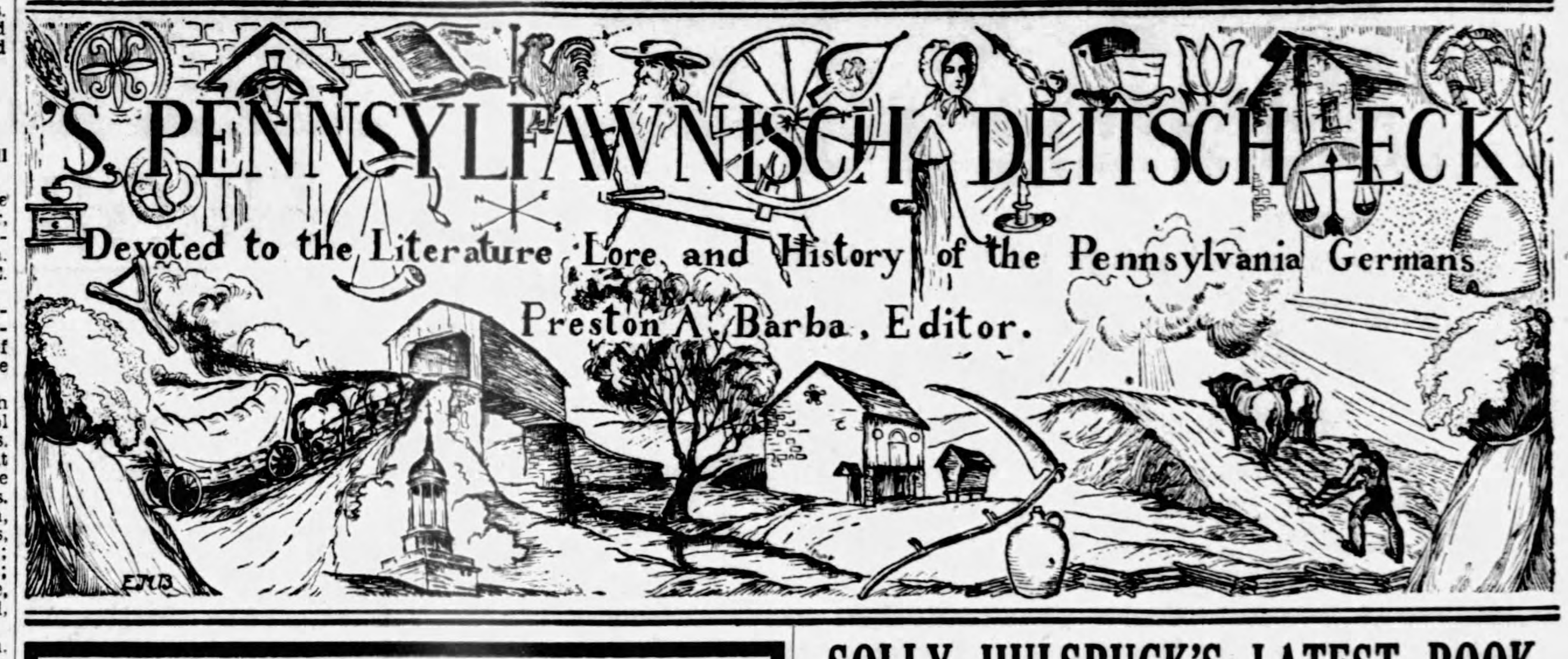

'S PENNSYLFAWNISCH DEITSCH ECK

Devoted to the Literature, Lore, and History of the Pennsylvania Germans.

Preston A. Barba, Editor.

IN MEMORIAM



HARVEY M. MILLER
1871—1939

With profound sorrow we have just learned of the death of Harvey M. Miller on last Saturday June 17th.—This issue of the ECK, dedicated to him and to his work, was already set up before we knew of his demise. He himself gave us kindly assistance and expressed the desire to have reprints of this number for distribution among his friends and relatives.—The world will be poorer for the departure of the much-loved Solly Hulsbuck.

Solly Hulsbuck has become a household name wherever our dialect is read and spoken. Few writers in our dialect have been more extensively read. That many of his poems have lost their moorings and continue to be recited and reprinted without knowledge of their authorship is in itself the greatest compliment to their author.

In private life Solly Hulsbuck is Harvey M. Miller. He was born in Elizabethville, Dauphin County, Pa., in 1871 and continues to reside in the town of his birth, where he is the executive of a large insurance company. His paternal ancestors came from Wuertemberg. On the distaff side he is descended from German and English stock. By the latter he is in direct line of descent from the family of Mary Ball, the mother of George Washington.

Before entering school at the age of ten he spoke only the dialect, although he had been taught to read English at home before that time. Harbaugh's HARFE was known to him at an early age, and the poems contained therein became his favorite recitations at school on Friday afternoons.

Concerning his various literary productions we can do no better than to quote directly from Dr. Harry H. Reichard's PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN DIALECT WRITERS AND THEIR WRITINGS (Lancaster, 1918): "The tones of Harbaugh struck a responsive chord in his own heart, and presently thoughts akin to those began trooping through his own brain and urged him to give them tuneful form. He has told me how, at dead of night, he often wakes up with the substance of a poem ringing through his brain, and how he cannot sleep until he gets up and has committed it to paper. His first productions were nevertheless in English, and the very first ones he published are contained in an artistic little volume entitled "Harmonies of the Heart" which is literally the work of his own and his wife's hands, even to setting the type, printing, sewing, binding and embellishing—for above all other things, poet in English and the dialect, writer of prose in the dialect, writer on subjects connected with local history (he has contributed several series to the home paper "The Elizabethville Echo" and to several papers in Harrisburg), business man and secretary of the local board of trade—above all this, he is an artistic printer and a maker of artistic books. This first book brought him unsolicited letters of praise, among others from Dr. Marden, of Success Magazine, and Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler.

"His first work on the dialect he announced as a volume of Pennsylvania Dutch Poems on a wide range of subjects bearing on the daily experiences and philosophies of "our folk." In the second impression he changed Pennsylvania Dutch to Pennsylvania German, whereupon the "Pennsylvania German Magazine," and all those who are sensitive on this point applauded. The book is professedly humorous and the reviewer in the Pennsylvania German Magazine assured his readers it was "just the thing to drive away the blues," as in a private letter the editor speaks of having read it to his wife, "who laughed until the tears came."

"It is because our author has in satiric, humorous vein portrayed that which appeals to all who know Pennsylvania Germandom that he is popular. For instance, in every district where his book was read people recognized their own Billy Bloseroar, who goes down to the crossroads store, day in and day out, crosses one leg over the other and with a long face declares he has never had a show at all.

"Yah" sagt er "grawd fer zwanzich yohr
Bin ich do alle dawg am schtore,
Un ward geduldich far en chance.
Joe Hustler iss now sel net wohr—?
"Jah," sagt der Joe
"Du huscht ken show
Du warscht success aw net bakondt
Wan's maul juscht schofscht un net die hondt."

"Di hussa sitz is blendy proof.
Dass du ken chance huscht in der Weldt;
Du bischt farflommt gaduldich, yah,
Gaduld iss ken exchange far Geld."
So sagt der Joe—
"Du huscht ken show.
Except am loafa dawg un nacht."
No hen die loafers all gelacht.

"Wherever this selection has been read, people have named the character described; this spells universality, at least in so far as this word may be used at all when a comparatively small number of people make up the world he describes. This is why Mr. Miller's selections in prose and verse have been copied by the papers in every dialect-speaking county in the state—over fifty of them. Under date of June 27, 1908, the Center Democrat of Bellefonte, Pa., wrote: "We find that our people greatly appreciate reading these selections and as our supply is about exhausted we should like to hear if you have anything more to offer." April 17, 1907, the Hon. Chas. B. Spatz, editor of the Berks County Democrat and Der Boyertown Bauer, said: "Have been a great admirer of your work and have used selections frequently in our columns. We are more than anxious to read all you write." In book form they have found their way as far south as Texas, west as far as Nevada, north to Canada, and east to New Hampshire; in fact, wherever Pennsylvania Germans have gone. The Star Independent, Harrisburg, has called attention to the fact that his thoughts are not confined to those who ordinarily express themselves in Pennsylvania German, but have elements that are universal.

"The amusement which the present writer has seen play on the features of parson and flock on the occasion of the reading of the poem beginning

Won de Porra coomt
Waerdt rum gejumpt;
De euchre deck waerdt g'schwindt ferbrennt,
Es hymnbuch un es Teshtament
Obg'schtawbt un uf der dish garennt,
Won der Porra coomt

has indicated all too plainly that the author had known whereof he had written.

"Another type he is fond of taking off is the man who is always ailing during the busy season of the year, but always recovers by the time the picnic season comes around. He laughs at those who are the easy marks of the "garrulous but shrewd and persistent 'Bicher Agent' who plays so successfully with the vanity of his would-be customer." This poem in particular attracted the attention of Richard Helbig, of the Lenox Library, New York City, and from him I have quoted almost all of the above sentence.

"Of the dissatisfoed farmer he concludes a short poem thus:

Wun's immer dawler waetza ware
Un het ken toxa un eggshpense
Don ware de Geld kischt nemohls lare
Und Bowera hetta aw en chance

In 1650 an unknown poet in Augsburg wrote in similar strain:

Das Bauer werck ist nix mehr wert,
Der Handel hat sich bald verkehrt,
Ist nix dabei als Mueh und Gschwaer,
Wolt das der Teuffel ein Bauer waer.

"Other points of similarity might be pointed out; thus do the satirists through all the ages find it necessary to hammer on the same old failings of humanity.

"On the other hand, our author is full of real joy in the beauties of nature, whether she manifests herself in the blooming of the flowers, the waving of the golden grain, the singing of the birds, the patter of children's footsteps or the prattle of their voices, but he has no patience with the thoughtless "back-to-the-country movement" of those who think they may enjoy its bounties without paying the proper price.

"He extemporizes in masterful variations on the general theme of

Die weldt is nimme we se wore
En hunnert yohr zurick.
1810
Der Bower nemt sei Beev'l uf
Un las'd ols owets ous em Buch.
Die fraw un duchd'r singa mit
Recht orndlich
1910
Der Bower grikt "Fildelfy "news"
Full marderei fun kup zu foos.
De Beev'l 's shtawwich uva druf
De fraw gookt fashion bicher uf
De duchd'r shbeeld de drumb'l boks
Mit weisa hend we gips un woks
Der So we in de city blets
Shmok'd lawda neg'l cigarets
Gons shondlich.

"Yet he is not a "laudator temporis acti" to the extent of wishing the good old days back; he is no pessimist, he would merely sound a warning:

Ei, wos en hunnert yor duch mocht
Farenaring we dawg un nacht
Bei Bower un bei ola leit.

Mer winsht's aw nimma we's mol wor
Duch man'd mer's is a bis'l g'for—
Leit werra in a hunnert yohr
Tzu weldlich un zu gotlos g'sheit.

"Likewise in parody he has given many happy renderings. I have not yet spoken of the philosophy he develops for himself; how amid complaints of too much of this and too much of that, in our complex life.

Nix in der welt dos guter farshtond
Kann alles darrich mocha.

"He dilates on the pleasures to be drawn from a corncob pipe in 'Mei alte Krutza Pife'; on the beauty of accepting things as they come in "Mer Nemts we's Kumt'; and finally locates Heaven itself:

Dale schweiza fum Himmel we en lond
wide aweck
En blotz das mer nix waes derfun.
Wu die leit all farenar'd sin fun juscht
cumner dreck
Un sin Engel und fliega dart rum.
Sie sawga sis arriyets iwer'm say
En mechtiger lunger weg fart.
Wu niemond sich kenna kon bis mer
schier denkt
Die Leit sin all foreigners dart.

So mochts net feel aus ware schwetzt
odder sucht
Far die awich und sees harlichkeit;
Der Himmel is net im Geography Buch.
Ovver naigscht bei em Hartz vun de
Leit.
Wun mer breederlich lebt wie die Schrift
sagt mer set.
Iss mer harlich und alles geht gude.
Un won em de g'sundheit derno aw net
fehlt.
Iss der Himmel grawd unnich em Hut.

"In his prose selections Solly Hulsbuck usually writes on some timely subject—politics, flying machines, woman suffrage; on abstract subjects—pride, church-going, but, whatever the subject, he as a rule sends the truth straight home, making an appeal direct to his own people, who accept well-merited rebuke in good grace because administered by one of their own number and because the sarcastic comment is mingled with such playful humor that it is often difficult to tell whether the writer is in earnest or only making game.

"When the writer asked him what had been the moving cause in leading him to do this sort of work, he modestly phrased it thus: 'My purpose in writing has been chiefly to meet a local demand for such literature, which demand seems to have been created after it became known that new matter of the kind could be manufactured at home. The first selections were written out of a spirit of humor, impulsively, and when the editor asked for more, the mill was kept running."—

Solly Hulsbuck's first collection of Pennsylvania German Poems was published at Elizabethville, Pa., in 1906, followed by a second edition in the same year. Among the poems in this first collection, poems like Die Krutza Pife, 'Sis Olles Ivverdu, Will widder Buvely Si, Wun der Porra coomt, have continued to be favorites.

His "Pennsylvania German Stories," a book of nearly 200 pages, appeared in Elizabethville, Pa., in 1907. In this book appear his first prose sketches, characterized by quaint humor and homely philosophy. In the same volume with these prose sketches a number of the most popular of his poems are reprinted from his collection of verse.

His third volume "Pennsylvania German," Elizabethville, Pa. appeared in 1911. It contained many new poems as well as a substantial group of prose sketches.

In 1911 a long silence descended upon the poet's haunts in "Bossum Deich" broken at last in the spring of 1939. For a consideration of Solly Hulsbuck's recent publication see the above column.

SOLLY HULSBUCK'S LATEST BOOK

G'SHBOS UND ARNSHT. A Volume of Pennsylvania German Poetry and Prose. Pennsilfawnish Deitsh. By **Solly Hulsbuck**.—With Illustrations by **LeRoy Gensler, Lebanon, Pa.** Printed by **The Valley Citizen Press, Valley View, Pa.** 1939. 384 pp. Distributed by the Hawthorne Press, Elizabethville, Pa.

Twenty-eight years have elapsed since Solly Hulsbuck's last collection of poems and prose sketches appeared and delighted a reading public that in the course of the years has grown to extend "from the sunrise portals of America to the sunset shadows of the Golden Gate," and wherever Pennsylvania Germans are to be found. The many who are not fortunate enough to possess his earlier publications and who have sought to acquire them, only to find they are out of print, will be happy to know that Solly Hulsbuck vum Bossum Deich has interrupted his long period of hibernation and published in the mellow twilight of his years a book which will not only delight his many old readers but will win for him many new ones. It appears at a time when the Pennsylvania German public is more than ever ready to receive such a work.

Under the telling title G'SHBOS UND ARNSHT the author has gathered together selections that were written during the past thirty-five years. While the volume contains many of the old favorites the author states in his prefatory remarks that the major portion of its contents has never before appeared in book form. He has arranged his material in three parts each of which, he points out, contains selections indicating the various moods of the writer with respect to the subjects treated.

The first part G'SHBOS is held in lighter vein. It contains such old favorites as Der Billy Bloseroar, De Krudsa Peif, Da Tillie era Hinkel, 'Sis Olles Ivardu, Won der Porra Kumt, but the reader will also chuckle over many new ones such as Mei Dawdi und ich, Der Patriot, Es Free-yawr kumt, De Besht Bredich, Des Hous-gabutz, We ar in Offis wawr, and many others.

In the second part ARNSHT the author's tender and poetic sensibilities come to fine expression in such poems as Zwa klana Shu, De arsht Omshel, Ba'd Dawg (Thanksgiving Day) and De olt Hamet.

In the third part, which consists chiefly of prose, we find both G'SHBOS and ARNSHT intermingled.

In this book of 384 pages all readers, no matter how varied their tastes, will find something to delight them. The writer's subjects cover a wide range of human interest. The poet's heart responds to the beauties and joys of nature and the passing of the seasons in such poems as Free Yawr, De Besht Zeit fum Yawr, Won de Winder kumt; to such nostalgic themes as De Olda Shool Dawga, De Old Seid'r Meel; to tender domestic sentiments in Menlich, Der kla Bruder, and Shlofe Bubbeli Shlofe; and to patriotic fervor in Der fiert Jooli, "Seventy-Six," Im Washington sei Zeit, Ich back der Unkel Sam. However simple, even homely and prosaic, his varied subjects may be, the writer lends beauty and significance to them through his deep-hearted wisdom and reverence.

The illustrations in the book, twenty-five in number, were done by a Pennsylvania German, LeRoy Gensler of Lebanon, cartoonist of the Reading Times.

The book was printed in the shop of "The Valley Citizen", Valley View, Pa. The material is set up in ten point Ionic, recently cut for the Mergenthaler Linotype.

This volume is handsomely bound in cloth, gold-stamped. It is distributed by the Hawthorne Press, Elizabethville, Pa., at $2.50 postpaid. A limited edition in three-quarters leather sells for $3.25. Lovers of our dialect literature will not fail to recognize in this book one of the most notable contributions in recent years.

DE OLT WEK

De oldt wek uf fendu, mei arsht buvely bedt,
Und finf cend gabudda? Ich denk ovver net!
Shdub bledslich grawd dort, Mr. Groiar, ken geld,
Ol de greenbacks und silver und guld in da weld,
Niks, niks kon se kawfa, se is mir zu leeb—
Mei kindheit's drawm, shlum'r-baum, zalich oldt wek.

Doh hov Ich far's arsht de arshepfung arblickd,
Doh hut ols de mommy dabei g'huckd und g'shdrickd,
Und Gott un de Engel, we's immer nuch wawr,
Wawra doh bei da mommy, mich heeda fun g'fawr.
Und uft pein'd mei hartz, in dem shpat'r dawg, heit,
Ware Ich yusht naksht zu Gott we Ich wawr sela zeit!

Yaw, doh hut se g'huckd und mich g'shuck'ld zu roo,
Mei leeb, himlich kanich'n gadrest in kadu!
Ken fei seida "lady," farshdel'd we net g'sheit,
Ovver fein'r ud reich'r os de frotshonsa heit.
Und bei'm shuckla und shdricka, doh wawr se om besht,
De weil hut se g'sunga zum bubbeli im nesht:

Hushaby, lewar, lei ruich und shlum'r,
Heilicha engel baheeda dei roo,
Himlisha saga fun Gott una numar,
Folla so leichtsom dei shlum'r-shif zu.

Grawd so hut se g'sunga, Ich har se nuch heit,
Far de olt wek arin'rd mich nou fun da Zeit;
Des is ol os Ich hob, far de yawra sin deeb,
Se hen ganumma ous de olt-fashon'd wek;
Gook nei, se is lar, duch is se ful fraed
Und awdenka os awichlich nimmy fargaid.

So shdub, Mr. Groiar, net nuch en gabut,
Sela wek is mei oldawr, for engel und Gott!
Sel frish'd mei gadechtnis, un's nemt mich zurick
Wu de momy dabei huckd und shuck'ld und shdrickd,
Und Ich har era shdim, Ich ken's on da weis—
Yaw, se singt mer en leed ous sel'm seez Paradeis!

—SOLLY HULSBUCK

(The spelling of the original has been retained)

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Chat About Your Friends

Mrs. Pauline Knecht and son Jimmy, 924 C ow St., are spending a week's vacation at the Knecht bungalow at Peck's lake.

Judge James F. Henninger and children, Catherine and Milton, 1649 Linden St., visited the New York World's Fair.

Pearl E. Best, 321 N. 6th St., left yesterday to spend the weekend in New York City where she will be maid of honor at the McIntosh-Sloan wedding. She will also attend a party in celebration of the third wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Messinger.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Granger, 1005 S. Lumber St. and Mr. and Mrs. John A. Zimmerman, 1015 S. 8th St. spent Wednesday at Lake Hopatcong with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Fry of 807 N. 4th St. and Robert D. Fry of 415 E. Walnut St. will spend the weekend in Cape May, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Becker of 660 Hanover Ave. left last night on a motor trip to N w York and the New England States.

Kathryn Stevens, Allentown R. 3, was graduated from the Allentown Business college Friday night.

Mrs. Frank Druckenmiller of Mertztown will celebrate her 75th birthday anniversary today.

The condition of Mrs. Wilson Smith, 913 N. 6th St., who was seriously ill, is greatly improved.

Agnes Howe, 1408 Union St.; J. Daniel Kocher, 1824 Chew St., and Kathleen N. Laubach, 2006 Washington Ave., Northampton, are enrolled in the summer session of Northwestern university, Evanston, Ill.

Mrs. H. Horlacher, 510 N. 6th St.; Nora E. Wolfgang and Mrs. Mary Laubach, both of 2 Race St., Catasauqua, and Mrs. G. Smith, 15 Race St., Catasauqua, were registered at the Senator hotel while in Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald E. Koch and daughter, 102 N. 21st St., and Mr. and Mrs. W N. Eberhard, 1527 Turner St., were in Atlantic City, where they were registered at Chalfonte-Haddon Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Dantzer Jr., and children James and Albert, 926 N. 6th St. (rear), have returned home after spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Dantzer Sr., Astoria, L. I. They also visited the World's Fair.

Ellsworth H. Weiss of Lehighton is spending the week as the guest of Raymond D. Shoemaker and family, 1136 Oak St.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Merkel and son Kenneth, 1136 Russell St.; Mr. and Mrs. Harold Merkel and daughter, 1138 Russell St., and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fenstermacher and sons Bobby and Howard, Wescosville, spent a day at their cottage, "The Warbatie" in the Poconos.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Singley, Kratzers, and Mr. and Mrs. John Marstellar, Bethlehem, departed last night on a tour of Ohio and the midwestern states.

Dorothy Kuebler, 818 Gordon St., and Kathleen Flynn, 328 N. 8th St., are spending a week in Newark and Asbury Park.

Margaret Gilly, Coplay R. 1, celebrated her birthday anniversary yesterday.

Mrs. Robert Anewalt, of this city, was a guest on Wednesday at a luncheon in the Berkshire Country club, Reading, which was given by Sally Coburn, of Birdsboro.

Garson M. Huyett, of Muhlenberg college, was chosen president of the Huyett family at its 21st annual reunion in Ephrata park.

John Salvadore and family of Bound Brook, N. J., spent a week with Mr. and Mrs. George Kagan, 434 E. Court St.

Vernon Howard, Stroudsburg, is spending his vacation with Frank Cannon Jr., 514 N. 6th St.

Arthur Ross, 515 Park St., celebrated his birthday on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Kremkau, 514 N. 7th St., returned from Cleveland, O., where they visited their daughter, Mrs. William Fidler.

Mary Cannon, 2319 N. Howard St., Philadelphia, spent the week visiting friends in Allentown.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dugan, 424 Keystone Ave., Fullerton, leave today for a two weeks vacation in Atlantic City.

Charles Woodring, Hazleton, is spending the weekend with his mother, Mrs. Mayme Woodring, 601 N. 7th St.

Horace W. Moyer, Mickleys, observed his 73rd birthday on Friday.

In honor of their second wedding anniversary, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Downing, 425 Tilghman St., attended the New York's World's Fair yesterday.

John Lentz, 1012 Lehigh St., is visiting friends in Ambler.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Booker, 1018 Wyoming St., were in Atlantic City.

Mrs. Lillie McNabb, 335 N. Madison St., celebrated her 69th birthday anniversary yesterday.

Paul Yerkes, Allentown, R. 60, observed his 74th birthday anniversary on Thursday.

Lewis Berry, 304 N. Franklin St., is spending the week with relatives in Bagota, N. J.

Jeanne Young, 1046 Walnut St., is spending her vacation in New York. She is employed in the purchasing department at the Mack Mfg. Corp.

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Obituaries

Mary M. Wentling

Oldest Resident of East Greenville Was in 88th Year at Time of Death

Mary M. nee Mayberry, Wentling, widow of the late Tilghman Wentling, died on Wednesday at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Rosa Pennepacker, 133 3rd St., East Greenville.

Mrs. Wentling, who was the oldest resident of East Greenville, was in her 88th year. She was a member of the New Goshenhoppen Reformed church.

Surviving are one daughter, Mrs. Rosa Pennepacker, one grandchild and two great-grandchildren.

Services will be held from her late residence on Saturday at 2 p. m., DST, with Dr. C. M. DeLong officiating. Burial will be made in New Goshenhoppen Reformed cemetery, East Greenville.

William Skircak

Bethlehem Man Had Been Devout Churchgoer; Was 74 Years of Age

Confined to the Sacred Heart hospital since Sunday, William Skircak, of 715 Hillside Ave., Bethlehem, passed away at the institution at 3.15 a. m. yesterday, aged 74 years.

He was a devout member of the St. Cyrillus and Methodius church and was also a member of the St. Peter and Paul society.

Surviving are five daughters: Margaret of Bethlehem, Mrs. Frank Tratemy of Bethlehem, Mrs. Walter Gonciard of Buffalo, N. Y., Mrs. Charles Stolinski of Rochester, N. Y., and Mrs John Adrian, of Homestead. There are also 16 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren surviving. His wife died Aug. 1, 1935.

The funeral will be held from his late home on Monday at 8:30 a. m., with a high mass at 9 o'clock in St. Cyrillus and Methodius church. Burial will be made in the church cemetery.

Albert Sloggett

War Veteran Had Lived Most of Life in Pen Argyl

Albert "Dick" Sloggett, 47, of 735 William St., Pen Argyl, died yesterday morning in the Sacred Heart hospital. Born at Chapmans Quarries on Feb 3, 1892, he moved to Pen Argyl at an early age and lived there all his life.

He was a member of the Methodist church at Pen Argyl, a veteran of the World War and a member of the American Legion.

He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Helen, nee Williamson, Sloggett, a daughter Mrs. Roscoe Eddy of Pen Argyl, his father, Enos Sloggett of Easton, a sister, Mrs. Floyd Messinger, of Easton, a brother, Wesley Sloggett of Pen Argyl and two grandchildren.

Amos S. Kunsman

Former Lower Saucon Man Dies in Oxford, N. J.

Amos S. Kunsman, 60, former resident of Lower Saucon Twsp., died Thursday night at the home of his brother, John F. Kunsman, Oxford, N. J.

Mr. Kunsman was born in Lower Saucon Twsp., June 8, 1879, a son of the late Thomas F. and Caroline Schrantz Kunsman and was a member of St. Luke's Old Williams Church.

Survivors are two brothers, John of Oxford, and Elmer, Hellertown; three sisters, Mrs. Harvey Strock, Springtown; Mrs. Howard Barron, Easton, R. 4 and Mrs. Robert Seifert, Hellertown, R. 1.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Monday at the P. A. Bergstresser home, 326 Main St., Hellertown, and at 2:30 p. m. in St. Luke's Old Williams church. Burial will be in the Old Williams cemetery.

Mrs. Ida Irene Fink

Young West Bowmanstown Matron Ill Last Eight Months

Ida Irene, nee Balliet, wife of Allan Fink, died at her home in West Bowmanstown at 6:15 a. m. yesterday following an illness of eight months. Mrs. Fink, aged 31, had been bedfast for the past week.

Surviving are her husband, two children, Marie and Dale; her father, James Balliet; a sister, Mrs. Edgar Bachman, and a brother, Albert Balliet, all of West Bowmanstown. Mrs. Fink was a member of Trinity Lutheran church, Bowmanstown.

Funeral services will be held in her late home at 1:30 p. m., DST, Monday, with rites in Trinity Lutheran church following. Interment will be made in the Bowmanstown cemetery. Rev. R. A. Beck, pastor of Trinity church, will officiate.

Mary Alice Hill

Lehighton Woman Suffered Heart Attack; Was 59

Mary Alice Hill, age 59, of Lehighton, died at the home of her sister, Mrs. Elmer Grow, 500 Mahoning St., Lehighton, at 6:45 yesterday morning from a heart attack. She had suffered a stroke a week ago.

The daughter of the late James and Sarah (Shoemaker) Webb, Lehighton, she spent all her life in Lehighton. She was employed at the Penn Lace Co. She was a member of the Ebenezer Evangelical church, Lehighton.

Surviving are her sister, with whom she resided, and two brothers, Thomas, Lehighton, and James, Allentown.

Brief services will be held at the home Monday at 1:30 p. m., followed by rites at the Ebenezer Evangelical church, Lehighton. Burial will be made at the Lehighton cemetery.

Mrs. Rose Kresge

Dies at Home of Daughter in McMichaels, Aged 83 Years

Rose, widow of Samuel Kresge, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Cora Kelchner, McMichaels, aged 83 years.

The survivors are the daughter, Mrs. Kelchner; one granddaughter; two sisters, Mrs. Wilbur Kooper of Delaware and Mrs. Hattie George of Saylorsburg, and one brother, B. F. Steigher of Thompson Falls, Mont.

Funeral services will be conducted at the home on Saturday at 2 p. m., standard time. Rev. Wilmer C. Mantz will officiate. Interment in the McMichaels cemetery.

Deaths

HILL—At Lehighton, June 30, 1939, Mary Alice Hill, aged 59 years.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services from the home at 1:30 p. m., standard time, Monday, followed by rites at the Ebenezer Evangelical church, Lehighton. Burial will be made at the Lehighton cemetery. Friends may call at the home Sunday night.

KUNSMAN—In Oxford, N. J., June 29, 1939, Amos S. Kunsman, 60, formerly of Lower Saucon.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services at 2 p.m. Monday in the P. A. Bergstresser Funeral home, 326 Main St., Hellertown, and at 2:30 p.m. in St. Luke's Old Williams church. Burial in the Old Williams cemetery. Friends may call Sunday from 7 to 9 p.m. at the funeral home.

P. A. Bergstresser.

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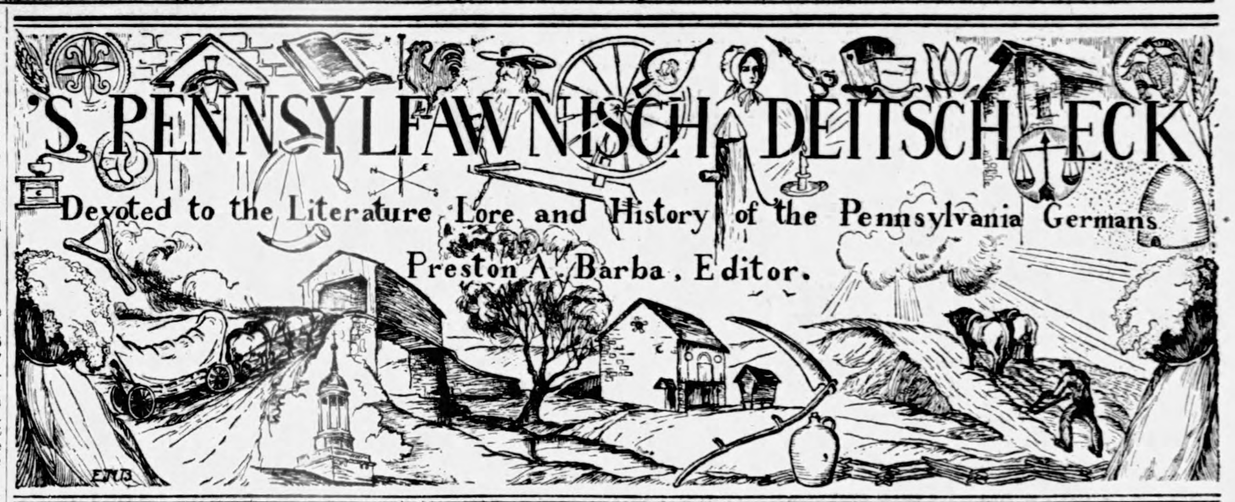


Washington's Bodyguard

Among the lesser known facts dealing with the Revolutionary War is the story of the Pennsylvania Germans who constituted the bodyguard for the commander-in-chief. During the early part of the war a guard was formed, composed mostly of New England Yankees and Irish volunteers. This group of men got themselves into all kinds of trouble. Frequent quarrels developed among them, they were charged with pillaging where they should have protected and several were hanged for attempting to assassinate General Washington by poisoning his meals.

The guard was reorganized several times between the years from 1776 until 1778 when Baron Von Steuben, the Prussian, reorganized them out of their position altogether in favor of a squadron of light dragoons known as the "Independent Troop of Horse" and commanded by Major Von Heer, a German. The guard continued to exist but all duties connected with the care of the person of the commander-in-chief fell to Von Heer's 50 men.

Major Von Heer enlisted the men for his troop of horse in Berks and Lancaster Counties. Washington had indicated that he wanted men of some property and preferably men from the inland county districts. The following persons were enlisted from Berks, either at Reading or Pottstown.

Ludwig Wolfe, Johan Effinger, David Fuchs, Jacob Fuchs, Frederick Muetler, Carl Schumann, Friederich Tisner, Adam Zink, Ludwig Boyer, Johan Burkhart, Sebastian Kunitz, John Gerlach, Philip Neumann, Leonard Schwartz, Heinrich Wilhausen, Valentin Gruber, Philip Grulich, Ludwig Keiser, Adam Kock, Daniel Richtmeyer, Peter Thun, Heinrich Ziegler.

The other members of the troop were enlisted at Lancaster and Philadelphia. All of the names are distinctly Teutonic. Eight of the 50 men were Hessians who had deserted the British armies to serve the American cause. Throughout the remainder of the war Washington preferred to have this group of men to attend him. When the French general, Rochambeau, observed the German guard he turned to Washington and said "You must have formed an alliance with the King of Prussia."

—DR. ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

The First Wrought-Iron Cannon

The Germans who served in the Revolutionary army were not only excellent soldiers, they also furnished the best mechanics and engineers. The corps of sappers and miners and the artillery were recruited mainly from the Germans. Probably there are few, however, who know that a German fashioned the first wrought-iron cannon that ever was made.

At the beginning of our war for independence a Westphalian journeyman blacksmith named Wilhelm Doening was employed in the iron-works at Middlesex, Cumberland County, Pa. This man proposed to his employer to make wrought-iron guns for the army, and actually finished two splendid field-guns, one of which fell into the hands of the English at the battle of Brandywine. It is still being preserved in the Tower of London as the first wrought-iron gun ever manufactured. In the Mount Holly iron-works Doening began to make a third gun of heavier caliber; this, however, remained unfinished because he could find no assistant who was able to endure the heat. It is said the heat was so great that it melted the leaden buttons on his clothes. This unfinished cannon remained for a time in Holly Forge and was afterwards conveyed to the barracks in Carlisle. It is not known what finally became of it.

The English offered a large reward to Doening if he would instruct them in the art of manufacturing these superior guns, but the German blacksmith could not be induced to become disloyal to his adopted country. He and his fellow-journeyman, Michael Engel, joined the "artificers' troop" of Captain Nicholas and served to the end of the war. Doening was pensioned under the law of 1818 and died at Mifflin, Pa., December 19, 1830, aged ninety-four years.

—DER DEUTSCHE PIONIER, June, 1876



"Schweigen iss Gold" secht aa der Blackmailer.

* * * *

"Ich hoff!" hot em Johnnie sei Paep g'saat, "as du dich gut ufg'fiehrt hoscht am Benn Schtrunck seinre Paerty un hoscht zwee, dreimol Kuche un Eiscream verlangt, anschtatt "Nee, gross Dank" zu saage.—"O nee, Paep, ich hab paar mol "Nee" zum Benny seinre Maem g'saat, wie sie mich g'frogt hot, eb ich genung hett."

* * * *

Wann mer als schtoppe misst far denke eb mer schwetzt, daet net viel g'schwetzt warre.

* * * *

"Do, Lizz, der Bill Glanders hot geschterowed mich g'frogt ihn zu heiere."—"Ja, ich hab exschpect as er so ebbes im Sinn hot."—"Ferwas, hot er der ebbes devun g'saat?"—"O, nee, yuscht wie ich ihn gerefused hab, hot er g'saat, er daet nau nix drum gewwe, was aus ihm warre daet."

* * * *

En "open countenance" iss all recht so, awwer bei re Fraa sett's alsemol zu sei.

* * * *

Do secht die History as die alte Aegypter erscht en Katz geeschtimiert hen wann sie dot war. Sell weist as sie gut genung gewisst hen, wu en Katz am menschte wert iss.

* * * *

Bei arrick viel Leit iss nix unmeeglich bis sie's browiere.

* * * *

Emme Bu Schlaeg gewwe far ihn in die Sunndaagschul zu yaage, iss viel wie der Deiwel um der Schtumpe rum gaerwe.

* * * *

Der Dokter Pilledreher frogt immer sei neie Patiente was sie far Common essen—'s iss net so viel far auszufinne wu ihre Krankheet herkummt, as wie far sehne, wie viel er uf sei Bill duh kann.

* * * *

En Retsch is so'n Mensch as ebbes aeryets lese kann, as net dart iss.

* * * *

'Ich kann drinke un kann's awwer aa sei losse."—"Well, 's Drinke scheint der awwer doch's hendischt zu kumme," andwart der Geidner.

* * * *

En Weibsbild iss gut weil sie gut sei will, en Mann weil er muss.

DER VIERT JULY

Was en Laerme! Was en Schwaerme!
Meent's gans Volk iss uf der Schtross!
Was en Stuerme! Was en Laerme!
Waere 'n tausend Teufel los!
Uf alle Seite knallt's,
In alle Ecke schallt's.
Schreckliches Geschrei! Geht alles druf un drei—
Schreckliches Geschrei! Uf der Viert July!

Was es macht! Un was en Yacht!
Was es donnert, was es blitzt!
Was es kracht, wie uf der Schlacht,
Pulfer pufft un Feuer spritzt,
Uf alle Seite knallt's,
In alle Ecke schallt's.
Grosse Hutlerei! Do sin mer all debei—
Maechtige Hutlerei! Uf der Viert July!

Was Gewimmel! Was Getuemmel!
Gar kee Ruh die ganse Nacht;
Schlof kee Krimmel; liewer Himmel,
Was es iwwerall rum kracht!
Uf alle Seite knallt's,
In alle Ecke schallt's.
Schlimme Schiesserei! in alle Ohre nei—
Schlimme Schiesserei! uf der Viert July!

Wiescht Geklang die gans Nacht lang!
Glocke klingle, Hoerner blose;
Was en Zwang beim gross Gedrang,
Gute Sache un Gottlose!
Uf alle seite knallt's,
In alle Ecke schallt's.
Rechte Teufelerei! 'S macht mer Abscheu—
Schlechte Teufelerei! Uf der Viert July!

Grossi Hitz! Was en G'schwitz!
Uf un ab die Leit rum renne;
Pulfer Schitz—Donner—Blitz!
Hawwe Geld far zu verbrenne!
Uf alle Seit knallt's,
In alle Ecke schallt's.
Verfluchte Lumperei! Ich wott sie waer verbei!
Verfluchte Lumperei! Uf der Viert July!

Was wird's g'loffe, was wird's g'soffe,
Hie un her vun Kneip zu Kneip;
All getroffe, un sie hoffe
'S iss noch Platz in ihrem Leib!
Uf alle Seite getrunke,
In alle Ecke g'schtunke—
Wieschte Sauferei! sie schitte's raus un ei—
Wieschte Sauferei! Uf der Viert July!

Was sie blose, was sie schtosse,
Uf die Musick-Instrumente,
Wie der grosse Teddy Roose-
Velt un anneri Presidente,
Des dumme Volk zu lerne
Mit Schtreefe un mit Sterne;
Mer schiesst die Freiheit ei, mit Pulfer un mit Blei—
Un macht die Heide frei, mit Zwang un Heichelei!

Was far'n Sach, des wiescht Gekrach?
Warum des lidderlich Verwese?
Du Liewer! Ach, iss net en Schmach,
En Lascht aag'schtifft vum alte Beese?
Verschtoer doch net die Tode,
Die gute Patriote,
Mit all dem laut Geschrei! Ihr Land sin sie getrei—
Dem Elend sin sie frei! Uf der Viert July!

Draus im Land, do brauch niemand
Die lange Nacht durchaus zu wache;
Meh Verschtand, 's Vieh halt's en Schand
So'n heftig's Luderlewe mache;
'S iss alles schtill un sachte,
'S gebt kee so wieschte Yachte;
Uf der Bauerei mecht ich liewer sei,
Bei de Kieh un Sei, uf der Viert July!

Hesslich Laerme! Gaschtig Schwaerme!
G'schiss, Gekrach, Geknall, Geblos!
Kreislich Stuerme! Gott erbaerme!
Es sin en tausend Teufel los!
Uf alle Seite knallt's,
In alle Ecke schallt's.
Schreckliches Geschrei, wieschte Hutlerei—
Gott lob; die Lumperei iss nochemol verbei!

—Aus Lee L. Grumbines "DER DENGELSTOCK"

SIE HEN ALS G'SAAT:

Mer sett net ins Feier schpaue, schunscht grickt mer en weh Maul.

Far die alletgranket soll mer en Rasselschlanghaerz schlucke.

Wammer ruhich schlofe will, soll mer's ett oege Narde schtelle.

Wer Sunndaags naeht, dem rennt der Deiwel jar yeder Schtich en gliedichi Schtricknodel daerrich die Zung.

Wammer g'scheit sei will, soll mer drei Schnitz esse, awwer net meh wie drei.

(For these and many other old sayings see Edwin Miller Fogel's BELIEFS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS, Americana Germanica Press, Philadelphia, 1915.)

NACKICH

Ich seh nix as nackiche Menner
Un Weibsleit uf yeder Hand;
Es wimmelt mit nackiche Mensche
In Wasser un uf em Sand.

Ich wunner ob sie wisse,
Wie wiescht sie werklich sin;
Dann die menschte sin gans zu fett,
Un die annere gans zu dinn.

Ieven's Vieh geht net unni Gleeder,
'S iss alles schee bedeckt
Mit Hoor odder Woll odder Feddere
Gans niedlich un korrect.

Un die Heide draage Gleeder
So g'schwindt sie sin bekehrt;
Dann sie meene nackiche Glieder
Vor Gott sin gans verkehrt.

Die Mensche duhn nix lerne,
Die Welt geht im Gringel rum;
Sie scheint sie macht viel Fortschritt,
Un doch bleibt immer dumm.

Un die Weise un Gelehrte
Iwwerschteige sich net weit;
Un falle zerick in die Fehler
Vun alder dunkler Zeit.

Der Mond scheint ufs Wasser,
'S iss alles so lieblich un schee;
Doch die Mensche verdarwe die Aussicht,
Ich mag sie gaar net seh.

Ich hass die nackiche Mensche,
Es wimmelt uf em Schore;
Marye geh ich widder heem,
Ich hab genunk far en Yohr.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL

COME HITHER, SWEET ROBIN

Kumm doch mol, Amschel,
So sehee un so rot,
Ich nemm der ken eenzichi Fedder;
Kumm doch mol, Amschel,
Ich hab 'n Schtick Brot
Far dich in dem kalte Wedder.

—Aus'm John Birmelin seim MAMMI GANS BUCH

Swiss Place and Family Names

My brief article on "Pennsylvania Swiss Family Names" was printed in the ECK of December 4, 1937. In it I indicated the spelling and pronunciation of the Swiss family names in Lancaster and other counties were changed by two general processes: Pfaelzerizing and Anglicizing. The emigrants in many cases lived temporarily in the Pfalz or Palatinate, and while there, or else after coming to Pennsylvania, dropped their Swiss dialect and adopted that of the Palatinate. Thus they tended to change their names to the Palatine pronunciation and spelling. So for instance the **b** in Huber takes the **w** sound. In my own name Aeschlimann the **li** tends to change to **el**.

In the Anglicization in Pennsylvania the name Huber changes in many cases to Hoover. My own name changes **Ae** or umlauted **A** to the short **E**, and thus the first syllable becomes **Esh**, the **c** in **Esch** being dropped, and also one of the final **n's**. Aeschlimann finally becomes Eshleman or Eshelman.

But there are many distinctive Swiss syllables or words in place and family names that have for years been puzzling me. I finally sought information from Swiss authorities and the following definitions were kindly sent to me:

EGG—a long-shaped hill, a soft mountain ridge—as in Eggiwil, Scheidegger, and Ruegsegger.

WIL—originally a dwelling place; localities so called were once single farms or units for themselves—as in Huttwil, Ruederswil.

BUEHL—a round-shaped hill—as in Brechbuehl, Kraehenbuehl.

SCHACHEN—flat banks of a river, subject to floods—Trubschachen.

STAUF—a hill of somewhat conic or cylindric shape; a steep, small hill—Stauffacher, Stauffer.

HALDE—a slope, as in Haldimann.

SCHWAND—a place where bushes or woods were cut down—Schwanden, Neuenschwander.

GRAT—a sharp mountain ridge of little extent, as in Hochgrat.

STALDEN—a road up or down a slope, as in Urstalden.

KNUBEL—a small Buehl, or round-shaped hill.

KIPF—about the same as Stauf, a steep hill, but generally smaller.

GUPF—the same as Kipf.

MOOS—a swamp; a moist meadow, as in Niedermoos.

MATT—a meadow, as in Holzmatt, Kleematt.

AU—a rich meadow, as in Aeschau, Littau.

FLUH (plural Fluehi)—a rock of rocks, as in Luetzelfluh, Rahnfluh.

Many Swiss family names have one or more of these syllables. The family historians should first learn what was the original Swiss spelling of their names, after which the meanings of the root syllables can in many cases be clearly seen. The above definitions were furnished me by the Staatsarchivar, Staatsarchiv des Kantons Bern, Bern, Switzerland. Most of them apply to names in Canton Bern, but they are also met with elsewhere in the German Cantons.

Lakewood, Ohio — CYRUS H. ESHLEMAN

YANKEE-DOODLE

Kummt emol der Yankee-Doodle
Uff me gleene Pony;
Er hot en Fedder uf em Hutel,
Saagt's waer Maccaroni.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO

Gickeri—gickeri—guh!
Die Maad verliert der Schuh,
Der Knecht verliert die Geige-seed
Un wees net was zu duh.

Gickeri—gickeri—guh!
Was soll die Maad yuscht duh?
Sie wart net uf die Geige-seed
Un danzt mitaus em Schuh.

Chat About Your Friends

Donald Wilhelm, 845 N. 5th St., star football player of the Harrison-Morton Junior High school, is doing nicely at the Allentown hospital where he underwent a major operation on Wednesday.

Florence Kohl Keller, 39 N. 15th St., will observe her birthday anniversary today.

Mabel E. Mulock, 414 N. Broad St., will celebrate her birthday on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold F. Arndt of 2034 Pennsylvania Ave. are registered at the Hotel Alamac in New York City where Mr. Arndt is pursuing a summer course in church music under Father Finn, director of the Paulist Choristers. Mr. Arndt is Lehigh county court stenographer and former choir director and organist of Dubbs Reformed and Neffs Union churches.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lutte, formerly of 801 N. 7th St., have moved to 217 N. 5th St.

Gloria Koch, 751 Fillmore St., Lois Ritter, 1813 Congress St., and Marilyn Yeakel, 1228 S. 3rd St., accompanied by several Philadelphia friends are vacationing at Lake Minisink.

Mrs. May Cole Thomas, Schoolcraft, Mich., is a guest at the home of Mrs. Stella A. Roeder, 626 N. 11th St.

Dickie Kramlich, son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Kramlich, 1208 Union St., has returned to his home where he is recovering from a tonsilectomy performed earlier this week at the Sacred Heart hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Smith, 330 N. Franklin St., spent several days in Port Carbon.

Mrs. O. J. Mohr and son Richard, and Alma Frantz, 1422 Liberty St., are vacationing in Atlantic City where they are staying at the Hotel Stanley.

May Hummel, 215 N. 8th St., celebrated her birthday on Thursday.

Daniel Wieder, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Wieder, Cetronia, who was bitten on the lip by a dog, was treated at the Allentown hospital.

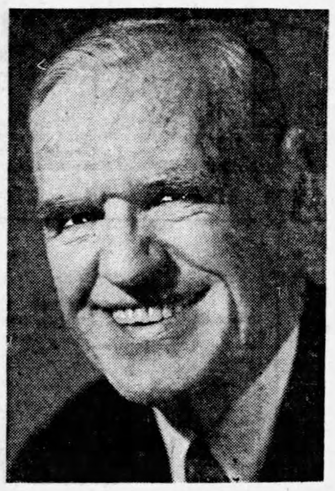
Ralph C. D. Miller, 21st and Wehr Ave., observed his birthday on Thursday.

Those who celebrated their birthday anniversaries yesterday were: John Bocklich, 229 Water St.; Gerald Ehrig, 207 E. Union St., 18; Myrtle Barto, Kutztown; Myrtle Schmoyer, 828 N. Lumber St., and William Moessner, 525½ N. 13th St.

Joyce L. Rose, a student nurse at the Jefferson hospital in Philadelphia is spending a three week vacation at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Rose, 606 St. John St.

Mrs. Charles P. Meitzler, 517 Normandy Ave., Summit Lawn, will celebrate her birthday anniversary today. Mrs. Meitzler is second vice president of the Ladies auxiliary of the Lehigh Democratic club, and is active in the Ladies of the Moose.

THE BUSINESS MAN SAYS—



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Obituaries

Thomas Capwell

Philadelphian Had Been Employed in Foundry at Topton

Thomas Capwell, of 3410 N. Waterloo St., Philadelphia, died Thursday night at the Allentown hospital where he had been taken to undergo a major operation earlier in the day.

Mr. Capwell, who was 46 years old, was employed as an efficiency clerk at the Topton foundry and boarded at the American House, returning to his Philadelphia home on weekends. He had been working in Topton for the last five years. His wife and one child survive.

Mrs. Agnes Csencsitz

Northampton Young Woman Was Bride of Less Than Year

Mrs. Agnes M. Csencsitz, wife of Joseph Csencsitz, died in the Sacred Heart hospital Friday at 9:55 a. m. at the age of 20. Born in Catasauqua, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cebhum, she lived there until her marriage on July 22, 1938, when she moved to Northampton. Mrs. Csencsitz had been ill for the last eight months.

She was a member of St. Andrews church of Catasauqua until her marriage when she joined Our Lady of Hungary church, Northampton. She was a member of the Holy Rosary society of St. Andrew's church, Catasauqua. She worked for the Maiden Fair Corp. in Allentown until the time of her marriage.

Surviving Mrs. Csencsitz are her husband; her parents; four sisters, Mary and Margaret, at home; Mrs. Theodore Harabusa, Barberton, Ohio, and Mrs. Michael Bundra, Coplay; five brothers, Joseph, Andrew, Francis, and Paul, at home, and Stephen, Allentown.

The funeral will be held from her late home, 903 Lincoln Ave., Northampton, with requiem mass in Our Lady of Hungary church. Interment in St. Andrew's cemetery, Catasauqua, Monday. Viewing at her late home from Sunday noon until the time of the funeral.

Ignatz Klucarits

Resident of Northampton Dies in Philadelphia

Ignatz Klucarits, a resident of Northampton for the last 35 years, died yesterday at the University of Pennsylvania hospital, Philadelphia, after an illness of almost a year. For the past seven weeks he was a patient at the Philadelphia hospital. He was in his 54th year.

Born in Hungary, he came to this country 35 years ago and ever since has resided in Northampton. His home was at 1795 Canal St. He was a member of Our Lady of Hungary Catholic church and was affiliated with the St. Joseph's society of Northampton. For more than 20 years he was employed by the Universal-Atlas Cement Co.

Surviving are his widow, Mary, nee Ifkovits, Klucarits; three children, Mary, Agnes and Anna, all at home, and one sister, Mrs. Ignatz Mikovits, in Europe.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 9:30 a. m. daylight saving time from his late home. Requiem mass will be sung at 10 o'clock in Our Lady of Hungary church. Interment will be made in the German Catholic cemetery. Rev. Paul Repchik will officiate.

Mary M. Boyle

Funeral Services Monday Morning for Bethlehem Woman

Mary M. Boyle, daughter of the late Charles and Isabelle Boyle, died at 5 a. m., Friday, at the family residence, 214 Summit St., Bethlehem.

Survivors are a brother, Charles, at home, and two sisters, Mrs. D. J. Bradley, Bethlehem, and Mrs. Francis Sweeney, Freeland.

She was a member of Holy Infancy Parish and the B. V. M. Sodality. The funeral will be held at 9 a. m., Monday, from the late home. Solemn requiem mass will be offered at 9:30 a. m. in the Holy Infancy church. Burial in Holy Saviour cemetery.

Mrs. Agnes H. Holloway

Native of Halifax, Nova Scotia, Dies at 80 in Bethlehem

Mrs. Agnes Howe Holloway, 80, widow of William Holloway, died at 12:30 p. m. Friday at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Niedeck, 1839 Richmond Ave., Bethlehem, following an illness of several months.

A former resident of New York City, Mrs. Holloway came to Bethlehem last January. She was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, May 12, 1859.

Survivors are two daughters, Mrs. J. S. Godfrey of New York City and Mrs. Niedeck, Bethlehem. Burial in Camp Hill cemetery, Halifax.

Hamburg Voters Decide Against New Town Hall

Citizens of Hamburg voiced their disapproval of plans for the erection of a new town hall which would mean increasing their bonded indebtedness by $25,000 when during the past week they cast an overwhelming vote against the proposal. Borough council had planned to purchase a property at 4th and Franklin Sts. upon which the new building was to be erected.

The vote was 504 to 31 and was conducted by a volunteer election board including Walter Loy, Adam G. Hahn, William Merkel and Abraham Williams. A lard can with a hole in the lid was the improvised ballot box.

The referendum was open to anyone 21 years of age who had resided in the borough at least 60 days, which would include about 2,200 citizens, although only 1,400 were registered for the last general election. Borough council is to meet next Monday night to consider the vote.

Phi Gamma Club to Hear The Rev. Kenneth Maurer

Rev. Kenneth Maurer, pastor of St. John's E. C. church, will speak to the Allentown Phi Gamma club at 8 o'clock tonight in the Y. M. C. A. assembly hall. The Horn sisters, Althea, Dorothea and Louise of Grace E. C. church, will sing.

The club will hold its weekly prayer meeting at 7:30 Thursday night at the Shick home, 515 Green St., followed by an open air service at Ridge Ave. and Gordon St.

Rev. Dolman of Suffolk, England, will address the club at its July 15 meeting.

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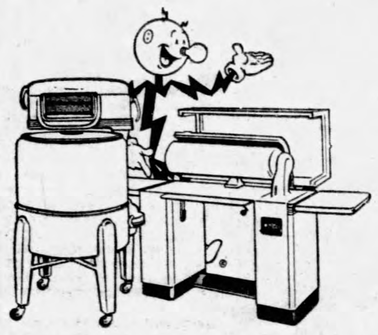
...and have the IRONING *done, too?*



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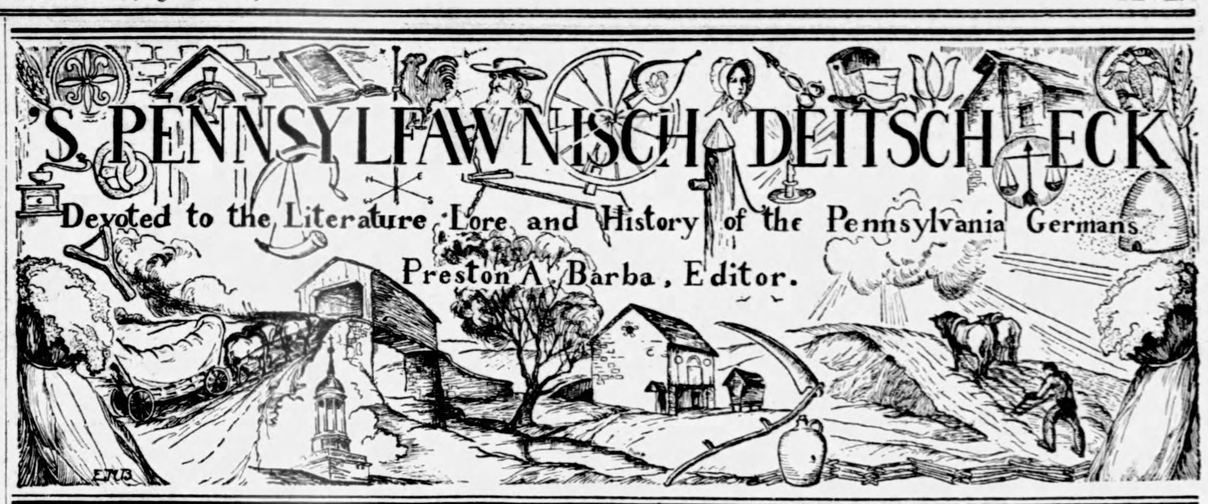

Drescherlied

Dreschet, Brueder, dreschet munter,
Hier hinauf und dort herunter,
Dasz aus unsern Garben allen
Alle Weitzen Koerner fallen.

Werden unsre Arme muede,
Wollen wir mit unserm Liede
Hohen Muth in uns erwecken,
Frisch den Flegel aufwaerts strecken.

Wohl uns, dasz wir Gottes Gaben
In der Scheuer um uns haben!
Weib und Kind und Knecht und Knaben
Soll das Brod im Winter laben.

Stroh soll unser Dach bedecken,
Spreu soll in dem Miste stecken.
Unser Vieh soll bei den Garben
Diesen Winter auch nicht darben.

Gott gab Sonnenschein und Regen,
Gott gab uns'rer Erndte Segen,
Voll sind wieder unsre Scheunen,
Brod het jeder fuer die seinen.

Gott sey dank wenn wir nun essen,
Wollen wir Gott nicht vergeszen,
Auch der Alten, auch der Armen
Wollen wir uns gern erbarmen.

This harvest song appeared in "Der Libanoner Morgenstern" for January 18, 1809, published weekly in Lebanon, Pa., by J. Schnee.—Although in the High German, it is safe to say that all those who spoke our dialect 130 years ago were also familiar with the German of church and school.

Die Bortsche Rutsch

Mei Aerwet g'schaft? Was warrich dann!
Wen geht's dann ebbes aa?
Ich sitz do haus so lang ich kann,
Do hawwich Freede draa.

Ich schockel mich en ganser Daag,
Un sehn die viele Sache;
Die sin doch schlimm; so waahr ich saag,
Doch muss mer efters lache.

Do kummt die widder mit ihr'm Gleene,
Die muss net g'heiert sei;
Schunscht daet mer ihre Mann mol sehne,
So oft sie geht verbei.

O selli Gross? Die schafft an's Hesse;
Ich sehn sie alle Maerye.
Sie daet der Schtor so gaern vergesse,
Hett sie en Mann far saerye.

Sell Fratzel schafft ans Lehe Schtor,
Meent wuners was er waer;
Sei Fraa, die waar mol g'heiert devor;
Sie fechte, wie ich heer.

Un sehnscht du seller Kaerl dart kumme?
Er iss ball immer g'soffe.
Hettscht du so'n Sau far'n Mann genumme?
Waer lengscht schun fartgeloffe!

Wer iss nau selli Fraa dart driwwe?
Ich sehn sie oft do geh.—
Was bischt net noch eweil gebliwwe?
Ich saag dir glei noch meh.

Hee, Mary! Mach dich mol do ruf;
Do setz dich weilche hie;
Hoscht Aerwet! Ich peif der druf!
Was weescht vun sellre Schprie?

Nau schick dich net unschuldich aa,
Du weescht vun wem ich schwetz;
Du saagscht do waer ken waahr Wart dra?
Do bischt du awwer letz.

Weil ich hab g'heert vun eenre Fraa,
Er hett sie hocke losse.
Die Mende do saagt sie wisst aa,
Dass er hett nooch're g'schosse.

Un waar sie'm Sundaag in der Kaerrich?
Well, ich daet mich yo schemme;
Die Schand iss als noch greesser daerrich
So ebbes unnernemme.

Sei'n ruhich! Do kummt die newe draa;
Un guck, was macht sie'n G'fress;
Ich saag eich Sach vun ihre aa,
Eb ich die G'schicht vergess.

Die schafft un butzt en ganser Daag—
En rechti Wasserpuddel!
Noh scharrt sie noch im Grund un Laab,
Iss immer im me Huddel.

Gebore sin so Leit far schaffe;
Die wisse aa net besser,
As wie der Dreck un Schtaab aagaffe,
Far sell hen sie noch Glesser.

Des iss mir gans un gaar zu dumm,
So mied sich abzuschinne;
En Daag der geht yo so schnell rum,
Mer kennt yo nix ausfinne.

Es Middaagg'scharr, des kann mer schteh,
Wen geht's dann ebbes aa?
Uf meinre Bortsch, do sehn ich meh,
Hab net der Leede draa.

Die Rolle Schtaab dart unnich em Bett,
Die mache mir ken Schmarze;
Un wann mei Mann Vermeege hett,
Dann greecht ich mir paar Schwarze.

Waar sell mei Uhr, das g'schlagge hot?
O Gott! Muss 's Esse mache!
Mei Mann hot Schnitz un Knepp gewott,
Un noch viel annere Sache.

Ich schlag paar Oier in die Pann,
Er muss zufridde sei;
Ich schteck net in der Kich far'n Mann—
Dart lernt mer nix debei.

Ach, schtobbe marye widder ab—
Muss meiner Seel nau geh,
Schunscht schellt mei Mann ich waer en Schlapp;
Ich saag eich nau Ad—ye!

June 6, 1939 —LLOYD A. MOLL

Liesel and the Boy Gilbert

1777

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

In September, 1777, General Washington was defeated by General Cornwallis at Brandywine Creek in Chester County, Pennsylvania. There a young man was wounded —see whether you can guess who he was before the end of the story.

Liesel and the Boy Gilbert

Liesel Boeckel sat at one deep-embrasured window and the boy Gilbert at the other. Liesel's father was the overseer of all the farms of the Moravians at Bethlehem. His position was important since on the farms were grown the crops which supported almost six hundred human beings—all the families in the settlement and all the married people living in the Family House and all those in the Single Sisters' and Single Brethren's and Widows' Houses. You didn't want for food if you were a Moravian.

The crops provided food for other people as well. The Sun Tavern stood next to Liesel's father's house and there stopped governors and members of the Congress and famous travelers on their way from Boston to Philadelphia. Such good food, the travelers declared, was not to be had elsewhere in America.

During the last two years, it seemed to the Moravians, everybody in the thirteen colonies had been at one time or another in Bethlehem. Pastor Ettwein wrote in his journal, "First heard of bloodshed at Lexington;" then, "A company of soldiers passed through on their way to Boston." Liesel's father talked to them. Where did they come from? Most of them from Marsh Creek in western York County. They had enlisted at nearby Gettys Tavern. They wore fringed hunting-shirts, and they could shoot, they boasted, much better than the King's men. This they had proved true. Since then there had always been troops here.

Liesel is a little hard to describe; indeed, no one tried to describe her. Everyone called her only "pretty Liesel." She wore a dark dress, a white apron and a white cap tied with pink ribbons. She didn't look as old as twenty-three until she rose to get the boy a drink of water, or began again to sew her father's shirt, taking swift, deft stitches. Then you could see that she was a young person of experience.

"Is there anything else I can do for you?" she inquired in smooth German.

"No, I thank you, my good nurse," answered Gilbert in German with a French accent. Sometimes he put in an English word; there lay on the window-sill beside him an English account of the Moravian Mission in Greenland—from this he was learning new words. "I want for nothing except that you should talk to me."

Gilbert was twenty. He sat in a winged and cushioned chair, his leg, wounded high on the thigh and enormously swollen, resting on an iron bracket, made by the blacksmith. When Liesel looked at his twinkling eyes and his upstanding brush of red hair, she had to laugh—it was so odd that he should be married and have two children—Henriette who was, he said, a darling, and another daughter whom he had not seen and might never see.

The room and the orchard beneath the window and the meadow beyond, where a herd of cattle cropped the late pasture, were quiet, but from outside this charmed circle rose a strange, steady hum.

In the fields west of the tavern stood almost a thousand wagons—heavy, springless and mudcaked. The worn horses that had dragged them here after the Battle of Brandywine were tethered to the fences. From the trampled, hard-baked road before the tavern sounded the shouts of travelers calling for servants. Some cursed when they learned there were no beds left for them in Bethlehem. There was not even floor space, or straw on which to make a bed on the ground. Lying on the bare ground in summer was not bad but now it was October.

Round the buildings where lived the brethren and [illegible] sisters and the widows, and round the church and the school where all should have been seemly and quiet, there was a steady murmur of speech—a combination new to German Bethlehem, made up of German and English and French and now and then a word of Polish. There were British prisoners in the Brethren's house—more than two hundred Highlanders from North Carolina, who sided with the King. Congressmen spoke in subdued voices. John Hancock was here and John Adams and Samuel Adams. They were quiet partly because they were listening.

There was a new rumble of wagons, a tramp of foot-soldiers, the clop, clop of horses' feet. What might it be? A few days ago the Liberty Bell lay here in the dust, the cart, which was carrying it from Philadelphia to Allentown, broken down.

At sight of that which arrived now, men's jaws dropped. Before the rumbling carts rode fifty troopers, beside the carts marched fifty infantry. The books and papers and money of the Congress were here! Then Philadelphia must hindeed be in danger.

Liesel and Gilbert knew at this moment nothing of papers and troopers; they were looking at each other and smiling. They forgot that in the neighborhood of Philadelphia General Washington and his tired army might be meeting the British, triumphant after their victory at Brandywine Creek.

Liesel smiled. "I can tell you my whole life in a few words. I will, if"—Liesel blushed—was it rude to be curious about this red-headed boy? She knew, of course, who he was, how valued and important, but she longed to hear from him how he happened to be here. "I'll tell you my life if you'll tell me yours."

Gilbert shifted his leg a tiny bit; his thigh felt at times as thought it would burst.

"I will," he promised.

"My name's Liesel Boeckel," laughed Liesel. "I was born on December 16, in 1754. My ancestors came from Saxony where they had found refuge from persecution on the lands of Count Zinzendorf. They came to this country for the sake of freedom and peace."

Stern, sharp commands and the roll of wheels entered the window as though carried on a wave.

"My mother died when I was seventeen and my father married again—good Barbara, who's your chief nurse and whom I love," went on Liesel. "I have one brother and four sisters, all older than I and married and gone, and a half-brother—the little boy who comes to see you. I was educated here in the school. That's all my history!"

"What do you do all the day?" inquired Gilbert.

"I knit," answered Lisel. "I sew. I have a garden. I sing in the choir and play the harpsichord for the children's singing."

"Which of your occupations do you like best?"

Liesel glanced at the bandaged leg on the iron frame. "Nursing."

"Would you be satisfied to be a nurse all your life?"

"All my life. That's what I mean to be."

Gilbert stretched out his hands—no German or Englishman would have moved his hands so lightly or could have said so much by a gesture. "Ah!—to help others, that's the real satisfaction." He looked out across the fields and back at Liesel's lovely face. "So that's your long history!"

"That's my long history! Now yours."

"Until I was eleven I lived with the mother and sister of my father, who is dead," said Gilbert. He placed his elbows on the arms of his chair and pressed the tips of his fingers together, studying them as though to read there what he had to tell. "My grandmother and aunt are kind and good. Our religion is a little different from yours but not so very different. Everywhere good people are the same—is it not so?"

Liesel nodded her head.

"Our chateau stands far in the depths of the forest in Auvergne in France. The forest is so thick you can't see even the roof till you're close at hand. There live poor peasants, abused by their masters and preyed upon by fierce wolves.

"When I was a little boy my heart was with the peasants. I believed there were not only wolves but werewolves, imaginary beasts more clever than men, perhaps once themselves men, and I planned that when I grew up I'd spend my time hunting them down.

"When I was eleven, my mother took me to Paris to live with her and my grandfather, her father. In Paris there was worse injustice and poverty than in the country. The King and the nobles lived on the poor. I wrote an essay on liberty—it's a wonder my teachers didn't thrash me for it. They might have, but they knew I'd kill them."

Liesel smiled, her head bent over her work. Poor boy, too weak to kill a fly!

"My mother and grandfather died within a week of each other, then the great property was mine. The talk everywhere was money, money, money. How much more could the King take from the people by taxes? How much could one noble win from another by gambling? You could feel no respect for the rulers, no regard, only hatred and contempt.

"To live in France is to live over fire. The peasants bow low, and say, 'Yes, monsieur!' 'No, my lord!' but when you surprise them their eyes are like the eyes of forest wolves. Oppress too long and you'll turn men into wolves.

"The King's people guessed my ideas and sent me to Metz to military duty. There, visiting, was the brother of King George III of England. He was not like King George. How mad, said he, was King George to shoot down his people in Boston! How worse than mad to hire Germans to send against them!

"One day a courier came with dispatches from England. A new government was formed in America! A declaration of independence was signed! A new day was dawning! Ah, Liesel!"

Liesel blushed red—usually the boy addressed her as "my nurse" or "my good nurse" or "Madamoiselle Boeckel."

"Ah, Liesel! Then my heart enrolled in the cause of liberty! I purchased a vessel—Victoire, I named her. I sailed contrary to the wishes of my sovereign. I played tricks to get away." Gilbert laughed until he winced. "Oh, my leg!" he cried, still laughing. "I was already on my ship; I was summoned to return, but instead of going to Paris I stole away to Spain and told my captain to meet me there. I slept in the straw between the horses in the inn stable, and when a maid brought me breakfast, a tuft of my carrot-top showed under my wig. I gave her a gold coin to say nothing and we laughed together.

"When we landed in South Carolina—that was how little I know of America and the distance between Charleston and General Washington—I breathed freely for the first time in my life. Here was the air of liberty! When at last I saw General Washington, it was as though my own father had come back—thus I adored him."

Gilbert winced again and grew pale. Liesel laid down her knitting. "I can always tell how you feel from the color of your freckles," she said. "Then you fought at Brandywine. They say you fought recklessly, heroically. Now you must get back to bed. Mother Barbara will scold and Dr. Shippen will scold and the Monsieur de Gimat will scold and General Washington will send me a scolding by courier and"—

Liesel stopped short, her eyes fixed on the boy's eyes, her brows frowning. Was that thunder? She had heard that distant soft thunder before—from Princeton in January, from Brandywine two weeks ago. Philadelphia was nearer, the thunder would be louder. How wild with impatience her charge would be! She laughed—she had made a joke of his long name; she might divert him for a few more moments.

"Tell me your name," she said. "Tell it all and tell it slowly."

His freckles showing more brightly against his pale skin, the boy laughed, though laughing must have hurt.

"Your name's 'Liesel Boeckel,'" he said, making the sounds as short as he could. "A little name! And mine"—he drawled, a pause after each word, partly to make Liesel laugh and partly because he began to hear the distant thunder from Germantown, forty miles away. "My name is Maria—Joseph—Paul—Yves—Roch—Gilbert du Motier— Baron de Vissac—Seigneur de St. Roman—Marquis de Lafayette."

"And General," added Liesel. "Don't forget that!"

"Yes, General," laughed Gilbert. "General Lafayette—that's greatest of all."

The thunder echoed; vast hollow balls seemed to strike one another.

"Ah, Madamoiselle, I hear it!" cried Gilbert. "Washington's giving battle, and I am not there!"

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Chat About Your Friends

George Kleckner, 958 Wyoming St., spent Thursday at Lake Wallenpaupack.

Elsie Zimmerman, 312 N. Jerome St., has returned to her home after visiting friends in Washington, D. C., for the past two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Moll and son Richard, 906 N. Van Buren St., have returned from New York City where they visited the World's Fair.

James L. Marshall Jr., has enrolled for one month in the C.M.T.C camp at Fort Hoyle, Md.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Price, 35 S. 10th St., have as their summer house-guest Betty Moll of Schenectady, N. Y., Mrs. Price's niece, who is attending sumer school.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Flores, 1134 Maple St., celebrated their sixth wedding anniversary on Monday.

Alfred Spand, 343 Ridge Ave., is fishing at Brielle, N. J.

Joseph Neisfetter, 1027 S. 7th St., and Robert MacEllroy, 1029 Wyoming St., are spending the week in Syracuse, N. Y.

John Fulmer, 963 S. 8th St., is fishing in Canada this week.

Lillian Goslier, 973 Walnut St., is recovering from a lengthy illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Booker, 1114 Wyoming St., have returned home from a week's vacation at Ocean Grove, N. J.

William Finady, 1062 Wyoming St., and Harris Heffernon, 1111 Wyoming St., are spending the weekend at Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Herman Senger, 1015 Lehigh St., spent the past week at Barnegat Bay, N. J.

Edward Lamm, 727 N. 7th St., spent a day in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Peter Mink, 824 N. 6th St., is spending two weeks in the Poconos.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Schweyer of 824 N. 9th St., will have as their weekend guests Mr. and Mrs. P. Dinger of Vienna, N. J. Mrs. Dinger is a sister of Mr. Schweyer.

Richard Gangeware, 730 N. Fountain St., left yesterday to visit the World's Fair.

Mrs. Annie Balliet, 510 N. 5th St., has as her guest her granddaughter, Margaret Balliet of Morris Plains, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald G. Shoemaker, 1136 Oak St., have as their house-guest for several weeks Eleanor Jane Hontz of Lehighton.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Bauman of 220 S. 14th St., entertained Mr. and Mrs. Robert Schadt of Reading.

Among those who celebrated their birthday anniversary yesterday were: Evelyn Dennis of 228 E. Union St., Harriet Ehrig of 227 E. Union St., Richard Womer of 351 Hamilton St., Molly Rizzetto of 390 Greenleaf St., Anna Sultis of 11 E. Third St., Bethlehem; Ruth Theaphelas of 1516 Court St., Robert Hiysa of 728 Greenleaf St., Carson Yost of 132 S. Jefferson St., Mrs. Mary Rezzonica of 392½ Greenleaf St., Ethelbert Stephens of 937½ S. 5th St., Harvey Lilly of 936 Chew St., and Mrs. Raymond Olenwine of 948 Liberty St.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nothstein, 325 N. Franklin St., have as their guest John Bowman of Connecticut.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Laudenslager, 842 N. 9th St., are spending the month of July at their cottage at Lake Wallenpaupack.

Betty Byrne, Arlene Metzger, Dorothy Hartman, Marian Hartzell, Mrs. Helen Miller and daughter Jean, this city, have returned from a 10-day vacation in Wildwood, N. J., where they stayed at the North Penn hotel.

Henry Worman, 748 Lumber St., has returned home from Atlantic City.

Lena Sorrentino, 509 Chew St., is spending a two weeks vacation in Brooklyn and the World's Fair.

Rev. John Cooper, 541 N. 7th St., is spending a season with friends and relatives in Des Moines, Ia., where he attended the funeral of his father, S. J. Cooper.

Violet E. Long, 1027 W. Broad St., Bethlehem, will celebrate her birthday anniversary Sunday.

Helen Smith Raumert, 1035 N. 21st St., will observe her birthday Sunday.

Mrs. Sallie E. Schantz, 315 S. 23rd St., returned home after spending a week visiting Mrs. Harry Bartholomew, 3563 89th St., Jackson Heights, L. I. Mrs. Schantz and Mrs. Bartholomew visited the World's Fair.

Mrs. Stella S. Lattimore of 805½ N. 6th St. is celebrating her birthday anniversary today, attending the New York World Fair with her son, Stanley.

A six-and-a-half pound baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Zeigler of 2131 Liberty St. at the Allentown hospital yesterday. Mr. Zeigler is music supervisor at Raub Junior High school.

Mrs. S. S. Johnson, 748 N. Front St.; Mrs. Clifford B. Bush and daughter Joan Claire, 729 N. 7th St., and Dorothy Mae Hubbert, 221 S. 2nd St., Lehighton, spent Thursday as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Raudenbush, 310 S. Main St., Sellersville. Mrs. Bush and Mrs. Raudenbush are daughters of Mrs. Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Durham Jr., 45 S. 16th St., are guests at the Hotel Weylin in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Eberhard, 1527 Turner St., are registered at the Chalfonte-Haddon Hall while vacationing in Atlantic City.

Ruth Frick, Salisbury House, Allentown, is attending Camp Edith Macy, Girl Scout national training school at Pleasantville, N. Y. She is taking a course in group leadership.

Ann Felegy, formerly an employe in the office of the Allentown Community Chest, returned to Washington, D. C., where she is now working, after spending a week with friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Moser and family of Pittsburg, Calif., who are visiting in the east this summer will welcome friends of this vicinity at an open house party Sunday at the home of Mr. Moser's parents, 244 Main St., Freemansburg.

Mrs. Anna Walker and Mary Molchan, both of Catasauqua, have returned from a week's visit to the New York World's Fair.

Charles Snyder Jr., 408 E. Hamilton St., and Richard M. Schaffer, 410 E. Hamilton St., returned yesterday from Harrity, Carbon county, where they spent the past week with the former's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. George Ruch.

POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT

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Obituaries

David B. K. Moyer

Farmer Succumbs to Heart Attack at Home Near Alburtis

David Benjamin K. Moyer, lifelong farmer, died of a heart attack early yesterday at his home near Henningsville, Alburtis R. D.

A son of Isaac and Maria, nee Kline, Moyer he was born in Longswamp Township, Berks county. Mr. Moyer was a member of the Lutheran congregation of Huff's church.

Surviving are his wife, Louisa, nee DeLong; two sons, Edwin, of Catasauqua, and Alue, of Boyertown; one brother, Abraham, Allentown, and 14 grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at his late home Tuesday afternoon at 1.30 o'clock, followed by services in Huff's church and interment in adjoining cemetery. Rev. James N. Blatt of Old Zionsville, will officiate.

Mrs. Albert Ziegler

Wyoming St. Woman Had Been Born in Hereford in Berks County

Mrs. A. Victoria Ziegler, wife of Albert Ziegler of 518 Wyoming St., Allentown, died yesterday morning at her home at the age of 65 years.

A native of Hereford, Berks county, she was a daughter of Nathan and Anna, nee Eshbach, Moyer. She was a member of Zion E. C. church, this city.

Surviving, besides her husband, are two daughters, Mrs. Emma Lichtenwalner and Mrs. Cora Eastman, both of Allentown; a son, Edwin, at home, four grandchildren, one great-grandchild, and six sisters, Mrs. Lillie Gery Palm; Mrs. William Yeakel, East Greenville; Mrs. John Gery, Allentown; Mrs. William Clemmer and Mrs. William Hassler, both of Schnecksville, and Mrs. John Smale, Allentown.

Funeral services will be held on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. at her late home, with continued services in Zion church, E. Susquehanna St. Interment will be in St. Mark's cemetery.

John M. Newhard

Former Northampton Councilman and School Director Called by Death

John M. Newhard, former Northampton borough council member and twice a Northampton school board director, died yesterday morning at his home, 637 Washington Ave., Northampton.

Mr. Newhard had been in ill health the past 10 weeks. He was 67 years old.

A baker for 45 years of his life he operated his own shop at his home. He was a member of Grace Evangelical and Reformed church, Northampton, serving as an elder at the time of his death, and was affiliated with the Northampton Rotary club and a charter member and first treasurer of Alliance Fire Co.

He was born at Cementon, a son of Aaron and Christiana, nee Bachman, Newhard. In 1895 he was married to the former Mary Beil.

Surviving besides his widow are two sons: Elwood and Robert, of Northampton; three daughters: Mabel, at home; Mrs. Dora Boyer, of Northampton, and Mrs. Foster Weitknecht, of Allentown; seven grandchildren and two brothers: Will and Harvey, both of Northampton.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Monday from the late home with continued services in Grace Evangelical and Reformed church. Interment will be made in the Allen-Union cemetery.

Wilma Mae Yost

Young Tamaqua Woman Ill Two Years With Heart Ailment

Wilma Mae Yost, 23, of 610 Arlington St., Tamaqua, died in the Dr. Hays Health Center, Mt. Pocono, at 5 a. m. yesterday. She had been bedfast for the past week and was ailing with a heart condition for two years.

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar L. Yost, she was a member of St. John's Evangelical Lutheran church of Tamaqua.

Besides her parents, she is survived by a sister, Lois, and two brothers, Baund and Edgar Jr.

Funeral services will be held from her residence, 610 Arlington St., Tamaqua, at 2 p. m. Monday, with Rev. Earl Mohney, pastor of St. John's Lutheran church, officiating. Interment will be made in the parish cemetery.

Frances Burke

Resident of Bethlehem Was 64; Funeral on Monday

Frances Burke, 64, Bethlehem, died Thursday night in St. Luke's hospital, where she was admitted Jan. 1, 1939, as a medical patient.

She was a member of the household of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Schick, 1306 Prospect Ave., Bethlehem, for the past 25 years.

A native of Lost Creek, she is survived by a sister, Mrs. Mary McCook, and a niece, Mrs. Paul Stanton, both of Philadelphia.

Funeral services will be held at 10 a. m. Monday in St. Columbia's church, Philadelphia. Burial will be made in the parish cemetery.

May Hayden

Resident of Easton Had Been Ill for Several Months

May Hayden died Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock at the home of her aunt, Mrs. William Kuebler, 14th and Bushkill Sts., Easton. She had been ill for several months.

Miss Hayden was born in Easton, a daughter of the late Dan and Jennie Hayden. She was a member of Christ Lutheran church.

Survivors are two aunts, Mrs. Kuebler and Mrs. William Thume, also of Easton, and a niece, Beatrice Gross, Philadelphia.

Private funeral services will be held at the Kuebler residence at 2.30 p. m. Tuesday, with the Rev. Paul Wolper officiating. Burial will be in Easton cemetery.

Laid to Rest

MRS. MARY E. LYNN

The funeral of Mrs. Mary E. Lynn was held with brief services at the Mennonite Brethren in Christ home, Center Valley, followed by services in Mennonite Brethren in Christ church, Coopersburg, the Revs. P. B. Hertzog and E. N. Cassel officiating. Interment was in Arndts and Messingers cemetery, Forks township, Northampton county.

Floral tributes were from: Son Roland and Bessie, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nase, Misses Hinkle, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Villard, Mennonite Brethren in Christ Sunday school, nieces, William J. Lobb employes, and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bertrand and family.

MONROE A. SCHADT

Funeral services for Monroe A. Schadt were held in the J. S. Burkholder Funeral home, the Rev. Simon Sipple officiating. Interment was in West End cemetery. Pallbearers were: Arthur Nagle, Frank DiLeo, Frank Stutzenberger, Frank Cole, Frank Kolb, Thomas Armbuster and Wilmer Hedrick.

Floral tributes were from: Family, sister Kate and family, John and Sallie and Mr. and Mrs. Keiter.

STANLEY G. LITZENBERGER

Funeral services for Stanley G. Litzenberger, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph L. Litzenberger, were held in the J. S. Burkholder Funeral home, the Rev. Titus Hottel officiating and the Rev. H. T. Sell assisting. Interment was in Grandview cemetery. Pallbearers were: Edwin Litzenberger, Donald Appel, LeRoy Appel, Lester Appel, Gerald Appel and Carson Litzenberger.

Floral tributes were from: Mother and father, grandmother and grandfather Koch, grandmother Litzenberger, aunt Sadie and Nick, Edwin Litzenberger, uncle Harry and family, uncle Ed and family, uncle George, aunt Bess and Tommie, aunt Naomi and uncle Harold, uncle Martin and family, aunt Sallie and uncle Gust, Paul, Florence and Marilyn, Doris, Eva and Ray, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Wenner, Waidlich family, Mabel and Hattie Kepner, Mrs. Ella Bachman, Kuntz family.

Thrie family, Faust family, Zimmerman family, neighbors, Bureau of Parks, City of Allentown; Dick Kroninger, Mr. and Mrs. William Schoener, Mike Miller, L. V. T. Co. bus operators, Mr. and Mrs. W. Glass, Cedar Beach life guards, Mary Rutherford and Donald Peters, members of Allentown Band, Boyer family, Mr. and Mrs. Mumbauer, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Schweyer and daughter Jayne, William Lehr, teachers of Franklin school, A. H. S. swim team, Roberts and Moyer families, Mr. and Mrs. David R. Hackett and son, leaders and members of Y. M. C. A. Vacation club, Joseph Breslin Jr., Mr. and Mrs. W. R. McGee and Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Graham.

Deaths

TROXELL—In New Tripoli, July 14, 1939, Raymond Troxell, husband of Anna C., nee Rice. Troxell, aged 65 years, 5 months and 23 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services from the Heckrotte and Spacht funeral home, 824 Walnut St., Allentown, Tuesday at 2 p. m. daylight saving time. Interment in Fairview cemetery, Allentown. Friends may call at the Walter S. Bard funeral home, Schnecksville, Monday from 7 to 9 p. m. Walter S. Bard.

STROHL—In Northampton, July 14, 1939, Mrs. Emma J. (Gogel) Strohl, wife of Wesley E. Strohl, aged 76 years, 1 month, 24 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services from her late home, 3rd St., Cementon, at 1:30 p. m. (DST) Tuesday and continued services in St. Paul's church, Cementon. Interment in Egypt cemetery. Friends are invited to call 7-9 p. m. Monday. Bethlehem papers please note. Schisler.

KELCHNER—At Slatedale, July 14, 1939, Samuel P. Kelchner, husband of Ursula, nee Krause. Kelchner, aged 41 years, 3 months and 17 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services at the home of Mrs. L. O. Heintzleman, Slatedale, Monday at 2 p. m. daylight saving time. Regular services will follow in the Unionville church at Neffs. Interment will be made in the adjoining cemetery. Friends may call Sunday from 7 to 9 p. m. L. O. H. and Son.

FAUST—At Lehighton, July 14, 1939, Sallie, nee Jones, Faust, wife of Daniel R. Faust, aged 55 years, 2 months and 21 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services at the home of Mrs. L. O. Heintzleman, Slatedale, Tuesday at 2 p. m., daylight saving time. Interment in the Slatedale cemetery. Friends may call Monday from 7 to 9 p. m. Reading papers please copy. O. H. and Son.

BORGER—At Kunkletown, July 12, 1939, Elmer D. Borger, aged 54.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services from his late home in Kunkletown at 1:30 p. m. Monday with continued services and interment at St. Matthew's church, Kunkletown. The Rev. Ralph Hatzell of Gilbert will officiate. Hamm.

McFADDEN—In this city, July 14, John S. McFadden, husband of Catherine (nee Carroll) McFadden, aged 75 years.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from his late home, 318 Ridge Ave., at 8:30 a. m. Monday. Solemn mass of requiem will be sung in the Church of the Immaculate Conception at 9 a. m. Burial in English Catholic cemetery. O'Donnell.

Ernest B. Zimmerman
New Funeral Home
1124 Walnut St.
Phone 2-5534



Is Pennsylvania German A Language?

AN OLD DISPUTE

Our attention has recently been called to an old dispute which was reported in THE EDUCATOR, (Kutztown, Pa.) edited by the Reverend A. R. Horne, for January, 1873, and which may still be read with interest 66 years later. Many of our readers will remember the Reverend A. M. Horne as the editor of the once popular PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN MANUAL, or 'M HORNE SEI PENNSILFAWNISH DEITSH BUCH.—Ed.

Quite an animated discussion had taken place at the Lehigh County Institute on the Pennsylvania German question. In the EDUCATOR for January, 1873 we read: "The editor of the EDUCATOR maintained that Pennsylvania German is a language, and his standpoint was violently assaulted by Prof. Braulick of Allentown. This debate like most other institute discussions would have attracted no further notice had not some Allentown papers taken up the subject and tried to excite prejudice against our position. . ."

The following extract from the ALLENTOWN DAILY NEWS will explain the subject. "Rev. Horne next appeared upon the floor (during the Friday afternoon's proceedings). He said that the wants of the Pennsylvania German element should occupy the attention of all educators. He said they were often spoken of as the "dumb Dutch." This was not so. He spoke of the intelligence of the German nation. He said our Pennsylvania Germans were characterized by the same spirit as those of the mother country. Our forefathers settled here, they felled the forests, they settled the country, but had to a certain extent neglected the education of their children. But that day is past. The Pennsylvania Germans are aroused to the great interest of education. German Pennsylvania has done more for education than any other section within the last ten years. As evidence of this he called the attention of the Institute to the fact of salaries, school houses, etc. as an illustration of this fact. The Pennsylvania Germans are the bone and sinew of this part of the country. They have a right to their language. He denied that the Pennsylvania German was not a language.

Prof. Braulik denied that the Pennsylvania German was a language. He said it was only a dialect, and it had no grammar. The question was asked what composed the Pennsylvania German language. He said it was only German with a change of termination. (Mr. Lyttle asked whether the Pennsylvania tongue was a language or a dialect. Rev. Horne said it was a language. Prof. Braulik rose and emphatically denied the same (Applause) . . . He said to Rev. Horne, "You have no grammar, no literature for yourself." Rev. Horne asked the Professor, "What is grammar?" Prof. Braulik said: "A grammar is a systematical solidity of rules for a language, and the language the means of communicating the thoughts correctly according to that system." Mr. Lyttle inquired of Mr. Horne whether he would teach the Pennsylvania German as a language in his school. He replied, "Yes, I would." (Great Applause).

Prof. N. C. Shaeffer took up the subject. He said: "It has been said that Pennsylvania German is no language, because it has no grammar. This argument is false. The Greek language is the most perfect in existence . . . The most elegant writers of the tongue, such as Plato and Homer, knew nothing of grammar, because the science of grammar originated many years afterwards, when the natives of Athens began to instruct the young Romans in foreign languages. Hence it cannot be said that the "dutch" is no language, because it has no grammar. Pennnsylvania German is much older than the classic German. This is shown by the fact that we use many words in their original sense, whereas in classic German these words have undergone a change of meaning."

The Allentown Daily News continues the argument editorially: "Professor Horne of the Keystone State Normal School, succeeded in creating a sensation and eliciting applause from some of the teachers at the Institute yesterday, by maintaining that the dialect commonly known as "Pennsylvania Dutch" is a language, and, in reply to a question, emphatically asserting that he would teach it as a language in the school-room. It is difficult to understand how the learned Professor can maintain such a position as this in face of the fact that there are no text books in existence for the use of scholars, and that without them the utmost that can be expected of pupils is to pick up the "language" just as the children do now, from hearing it spoken. The enthusiasm of some of the defenders of the dialect has ere now carried them to the length of proposing that this little defect should be remedied, and the construction of a Pennsylvania Dutch Grammar be set about immediately. We have no desire to ridicule enthusiasm that is engendered of a very real feeling for the "good old language of our fathers" and associated with sentimental recollections of the early words lisped at a mother's knee. Nevertheless, it appears to us that a gentleman in Prof. Horne's position should be practical rather than sentimental, and advocate that which would be for the benefit of the rising generation, even though it run counter to the prejudices of the generation that is passing away. The old things that are passing away have held back the people of Pennsylvania for many years, and among them, it is admitted, none has been a more serious bar to their progress in moral and scientific culture than this same Pennsylvania German. Either the German or the Pennsylvania Dutch must give way in this locality, and it is not difficult to see which it will be, in spite of Prof. Horne and others. To set up the claims of a dialect with nothing to recommend it except that it was spoken (it could not be written) by the early settlers here, against a language so rich in literature, so admirable in construction and so beautifully adapted to the expression of lofty thought as the German is ridiculous, though it be done by twenty Professors. Whatever tender recollections of childhood may cluster round the Pennsylvania Dutch dialect (and we do not for one moment make light of them), they must not be, and they will not be, permitted to interfere with the progress of the youthful Pennsylvanians in our public schools. Pure English, or pure German, or better still, both of them, should and will be taught. It does not seem to us to require much consideration to determine that it is the wiser course to teach the rising generation to read German books and understand German preaching, instead of turning backward so that the dialect shall be elevated into a language that can be taught in our schools, and in which a Bible can be printed, wherefrom ministers may take their texts."

The above editorial is followed by the following remarks by the Editor of the EDUCATOR, the Reverend A. M. Horne:

It would be entirely out of place, without a previous agreement on the terms employed, to enter into a discussion with the "Allentown Daily News" upon the subject whether Pennsylvania German is a language or a dialect, inasmuch as the whole matter hinges upon the definition of the terms. Here lay the cause of a disagreement among the debaters of this question at the Allentown Institute. If we accept their definition of language and dialect, then undoubtedly Prof. Braulik and the "News" are correct. But what business have they to make their own definitions. Have not we as good a right to use our authorities, as they have to accommodate their definitions to their assertions? We asked Prof. Braulick on the floor of the Lehigh County Institute: "What is your definition of a language?" To this he replied, "a language must have a grammar." We then asked him, "Were the Greek, Latin and German no languages before they had a grammar?" To this he replied: "I can't express myself."

Dr. Blair, a standard authority, says: "Language signifies the expression of our ideas by certain articulate sounds, which are used as the signs of those ideas."

Webster, another good authority, defines language to consist in the oral utterance of sounds, which usage has made the representative of ideas.

Heyse, who should certainly be regarded as an authority by our German friends, says: "Sprache—die Gedankenaeuszerung durch Worte" (Language is the expression of thought by means of words). —It is useless to quote any more authorities on this subject. Who are right in their definition of what constitutes language, Prof. Braulik and the "Allentown News," or Blair, Webster and Heyse.

The Pennsylvania Germans either use a language or they do not . . . What difference does it make whether we call Pennsylvania German a language or a dialect. We are not particular about the word. We prefer to say language, Prof. Braulik and the "Allentown News" may say dialect. It does not always matter by what name we call a thing. "A rose by any other name, etc." The principle remains the same under either name. Yes, we would teach Pennsylvania German in school, we would make use of it, wherever necessary to explain a point to a Pennsylvania German pupil, if he cannot understand an English or a purely German expression. Yes, we would be practical rather than sentimental, and use every lawful means for illustration in the school room though it be Pennsylvania German, and if we can find a more expressive term in that language than in German or English, even at the risk of being pitched into, "iwwer die Kohle genumme zu warre," by a hypercritical professor or editor, we will do it.

We argue by no means that the Hochdeutsch should be superseded or displaced by the Pennsylvania German, per contra, we would have it taught in every school to the fullest possible extent. Yes, the Pennsylvania German is a fact, a reality, it is spoken by two thirds of our population east of the Susquehanna, and spoken by 500,000 persons in Pennsylvania who have no other medium by which to express themselves. It has a literature in papers and books, and claims equal, if not greater antiquity, in a number of its words than the "Hochdeutsch"—these are facts, which we as educators dare not ignore, and, if we do, we commit the same mistake, which European Germans, and Americans have persistently made during the last one hundred years—from which we have suffered irretrievably.

It is high time that we should awake to realize our position, and the Pennsylvania German who proves recreant to his trust in this particular, denying his parentage, and is ashamed of his mother-tongue should be condemned as a traitor, who is fitted for stratagem and spoil.

We are all co-laborers in the one same great cause, there is no time to fight on the way, we have no energies to waste in bickering—let us no longer waste our resources but unite in laboring for the common good, and though we may differ in the definitions of terms, may we for once, at least, whether European or Pennsylvania German, or English American, lay aside our prejudices, selfishness, and personal feelings, and make common cause in the great work of developing the talents of our Pennsylvania Germans. This can be done, no by casting flings at them as the "dumb Dutch," but acceding to them their rights and recognizing in them that talent, energy, industry, honesty and high-toned religious sentiment, that love of country, family, home and God, for which they are proverbial, wherever their character is rightly understood.

(Sixty-six years have passed since the above dispute took place and those who had participated in it have long since departed this life. Similar disputes have taken place and no doubt others will follow. In the meantime the Pennsylvania German continues to be spoken by hundreds of thousands. Speech is more tenacious and enduring than those whose lips pronounce it.—Today we are satisfied to agree with scholars in general that Pennsylvania German is a dialect, one of some two hundred German dialects. Of course dialects also have their grammar, whether written or waiting to be written, for the grammar of any tongue is only the behavior of that tongue with relation to its parts of speech. Dialects also have their literature, and German dialect literature is today looked upon as a vital part of German literature. Only recently a history of our own Pennsylvania German literature appeared in Leipzig. See the ECK for June 17th.—ED.)

Es Picknick Fiewer

Now iss es Picknick Fiewer do,
Mir sin aa unerschprechlich fro;
Zu lang hen mir gelidde mit
Dyspepsy, Bauchweh un der Grip,
Un Rummadis, un zu viel Gall,
Un's Picknick Fiewer biet sie all;
So nemmt mer now en gudi Zeit
Un geht ab noch de Picknick heit.

Die gans Fmilie, un der Hund,
Die travele noch em Picknick Grund.
Darrich Schtaab un alle Hitz un Wedder,
Bei Fuss un alle Sarte Redder;
Mer nemmt die Bewwy bei Surprise
Un fiehrt sie noch dem Paradeis,
Wu yeders haerrlich iss mit "pop"
Un Ice-cream in seim Hawwersack.

Die Band geht vannehaer un macht
En wunnerbaari grandi Yacht;
Es geht em noch em Kopp wie Wei,
Mer kann net ruhich schteh debei;
Un wann ich bissel dans un wals,
Dann hoff ich waerd's vergewwe als,
Far seller Knippel uf de Drumm
Schlagt Schliwwere aus meim Grischtendum.

Am Picknick Grund dart sin mer eens
Un schpiele alle Sarte Games;
Race schpringe wie en Schtraahle Blitz
Iss G'schpass in so 're gliedich Hitz;
Un Balle schpiele bis der Schpeck
Em rausrinnt an de Hosseseck;
Un alsemol en Maedel dricke,
Sell g'heert doch aa zu dem Picknicke.

Der Parre macht en glee Address.
Die ann're mache en hungrich G'fress.
Un eb er naegscht kummt an's Gebet
Schpringt yeders far en bess'ri Weed,
Un weist sei Hunger iss ken Sham
Un schtofft sei alder Diaphragm
Mit Hinkel, Kuche, un so Koscht,
Bis sei Kalbleder Belt schier bust.

Die Tillie hockt sich uf en Schtumpe
In ihre feine seidne Lumbe,
Un schwarze Umense sin dart,
Die schpiele schteckle as es batt,
Un schpringe nuf an ihre Bee!
Dann scharrt die Till wie'n Hund mit Flee,
Un schprengt die Gallusgnepp schier ab,
Un 's iss en gross Excitement dart.

Der Daadi hot en gross Schtick Pie
Un schafft's zu seine Schtarze nei,
Un dreizeh Micke nemme en Reid
Uf sellem Schtick zu Ewigkeit!
Un Keffer, Schkieters un so Dinger,
Die fliege iwwerall iwwer's Dinner,
Un kennt mer's zaehle odder messe,
Dann hett mer Germs beim dausend g'fresse.

Uf Angel Cake mit alle Beiss,
Gehn Germs der Weg noch Paradeis;
Un alle maulvoll Hinkel nemmt
En Million Microbes schnell zum End;
Un gingt mer efter wennich fart
Un hett en Picknick, nemm mei Wart,
Dann waere Germs un Microbes raar;
Des glaaw ich iss verhaftich waahr.

Far wann's em iwwel iss graad do,
Un alles scheint em schwarz un blo,
Un wann mer fiehlt wie'n alder Hund,
En Picknick macht em frisch un g'sund.
Mer sin of course e wennich matt
Mit so viel Germs im Hawwersack,
Awwer marye sin sie all digest,
Noh gucke mer am very bescht.

En Picknick iss en bully Zeit,
Do kumme all die Nochbersleit
Un saage: "Hullo, Bill, bin froh,
Bei Gosch dich widder sehne do!"
Un Weiwer as net oft vun heem
Viel weiter as die Picknick gehn,
Die saage. "Ei du liewer, ei, ei, ei,
Des iss yo die Betz! Good-bye!"

—SOLLY HULSBUCK
(1871—1939)

Wie die Leit's Nemme Bei Me Landregge

DER HITZKOPP:

"Schtaern Gewitter Dunnerkeitel!
As mer schier verzwaerzle kennt
Bei dem miseraawle Wetter,
Meent des hett yo gaar ke End.

Waart yuscht, Laabfrosch, alder Greckser!
Meensecht ich fang der noch en Mick,
Fer des viele Reggewetter?
Ich verbrech der liewer's Gnick!

Un des Wetterglass, des lumpich,
Muss mer aa noch aus em Haus;
Wann des Wetter sich net ennert
Schmeiss ich's noch zum Fenschter naus!

Regge kummt noch immer runner,
'S iss de Fisch yo bal verleed;
Daet 's dem Wettermann noch gunne
Wann er aa versaufe daet.

Regge — Regge — nix wie Regge,
Wie mit Kiwwel kummt er bei, —
Schtaern Gewitter Dunnerkeitel!
Suddelwetter — Seierei!"

DER GEDULDICH:

"Reggewetter,
Liewi Zeit,
Schun e Woch lang
Un aa heit!

'S iss waahrhafdich
Nimmi schee,
'S werd mer schteif
In meine Bee!

Doch, was batt's dann
Wann mer brummt?
Am beschte iss,
Mer nemmt's wie's kummt.

'S blogt eem aa
Ke Hitz un Schtaab —
Frisch un grie
Iss alles Laab.

Werd der Himmel
Widder blo,
Dann iss alles
Doppelt froh!"

DER GRIWWELKOPP:

"Ach Gott, 's iss nimmi auszuhalde,
Ach Gott, ich glaab ich kumm noch um!
Ach Gott, was soll dann des noch waerre?
Ich druwwel mich noch bucklich, grumm!

Ich hab der Huschte un der Schnuppe
Un aa en weher, g'schwellner Hals;
Es batt ken Tee un aa ken Droppe,
Ken Hunnich un ken Englisch Salz!

Ich will aa net zum Dokter schpringe,
Ich weess, ich grick die Rhummedis,
Es zwickt mich schun, o Haerriyarem!
Nau hawwich aa noch kalte Fiess!

Ach kent ich doch uf Schtelze laafe
Wie sellemols als gleener Bu.
Des Wetter schlackt mer uf die Naerve,
Bal weess ich nimmi was zu du!

Ich bin so maerb wie'n nasses Bretzel,
Mei Greiz iss a noch schteckeschteif,
Ich glaab, ich glaab ich mus bal schtearwe,
Es schmeckt mer net emol die Peif!"

DER GLEICHGILTICH:

Liewer Friede! Guck mol anne!
'S reggert, reggert immer noch.
Well, des iss emol en kalti,
Ufgeweechti, nassi Woch!

Un was iss aa do zu mache?
'S aller bescht, mer bleibt deheem;
Ya, do geht mer net schpaziere,
'S droppet yo runner vun de Baem!

Brauch sich net der Kopp verbreche,
Weil des hett yo gaar ke Zweck;
Denk, mer geht aa net in's Waertshaus,
Net bei all dem Suddeldreck!

Aldi, bring mer mol mei Kaffi!
Bissel Dunkes waer net schlecht,
Un — des waer aa net so iwwel —
Mach mer aa mei Bett zurecht!

Ya, des maag so runner giesse,
Hot yo'n Dach, do kummt nix rei.
Ich geh hie un leg mich schlofe
Un loss Regge — Regge sei!"

—JOHN BIRMELIN
Adapted from Lina Sommer's SO SACHE

Chat About Your Friends

Consuelo M. Kelly, this city, will celebrate her birthday anniversary Sunday. Miss Kelly is a member of the Business and Professional Women's club.

Babs Unger, 746 N. 8th St., will celebrate her birthday anniversary Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Horn, 2533 Washington St., were among the guests this week at Pinnacle Inn in Banner Elk, located in the mountains of western North Carolina.

Mr. and Mrs. William Brown, 2035 Main St., Northampton, spent a day at Pinebrook in the Poconos.

Mrs. James T. McIntyre, 947 Liberty St., is spending a two-weeks' vacation in Washington, D. C.

George Heimbach, Syracuse, N. Y., was the recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur C. Held, 426 Auburn St.

Mr. and Mrs. Stan S. Schweinter, Reading, are visiting Dr. and Mrs. Aaron D. Weaver of Macungie, at the latter's summer home, "Ful-Vue."

Forrest Schaeffer of 102 S. Bradford St., Mrs. Pearl Snyder of 1412 Chew St., Gladys Jones of 107 N. Silk St., Fred Rindock of 822 Tilghman St., Ralph Cressman of 916 Cedar St., Paul Hammersly of 913 Court St., William F. Wolf of 740 N. 9th St., Roger Minder of 46 N. 10th St., Arthur Williams of 1025 S. 7th St., and Mrs. Margaret Issermoyer of 1319½ Liberty St. were among those celebrating their birthday anniversaries yesterday.

Mrs. Vilma Kresh, 236 E. South St., is spending a week at the New York World's Fair.

Harvey A. Lockwood, 519 Liberty St., is at Camp Dent this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Simon Scarlata of 801 S. Pike Ave., Summit Lawn, had as their weekend guests Mr. and Mrs. Louis Criscis and son of Bridgeport, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Saylor and children, Ruth and Jacob, 123 N. West St., will spend several days vacationing at Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stocker of 510 N. Hazel St. had as their guest recently John Steidel of Philadelphia.

Willis Oswald of 512 N. Hazel St. is convalescing at his home after a recent appendectomy.

Mrs. Clara Minner, 531 N. 7th St., has returned home after a two weeks' vacation in the South.

Bryan Arnold, 814 N. Lumber St., will return home Monday from Philadelphia where he has spent the past two months.

Mrs. Charles Graver of 446½ Hanover Ave. is recuperating at the Allentown hospital after a recent operation.

William Hunsicker, formerly of Allentown, has returned to his home in Olean, N. Y., after spending two weeks at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Fritz, 517 N. 11th St.

Catherine Schoenly, Barberton, O., is vacationing with relatives in this vicinity.

Sylvia Gross, 464 Washington St., and Toby Blum, 418 Washington St., are visiting at Kiameflia Lake, N. Y.

Mrs. Lloyd Brensinger, accompanied by her daughter Florence, returned to Allentown after an absence of three years in St. Petersburg, Fla. They are visiting Mrs. Brensinger's son, Edgar, at 609 N. West St. They will remain three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George Knecht, 936 N. 18th St., returned yesterday from a vacation at the New York World's Fair.

A. Katherine Miller, assistant professor of biology at Moravian College for Women, Bethlehem, and Marion E. Kern, Nazareth, teacher in English at Nazareth High school, are taking a summer course at Cornell university, Ithaca, N. Y.

Christine Reuber of 521 N. 8th St. is spending eight weeks with her sister in San Diego, Cal.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rickert, 640 N. Lumber St., Mr. and Mrs. Ira Rickert and son Richard, 625 N. Poplar St., and Felton Levan of the Lumber St. address, motored to Budd Lake, N. J., to visit Fern Rickert who is vacationing there.

E. Miriam Snyder, who is confined to the Allentown hospital following an operation on Monday, is recovering nicely. She is under the care of Dr. R. L. Schaeffer and Dr. W. Stump. She is celebrating her birthday anniversary today.

Joseph Gaydos, son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Gaydos of 1048 Fullerton Ave., is celebrating his 16th birthday anniversary today.

Mrs. Mary Osman, 423 E. Court St., is observing her 74th birthday anniversary today.

Marion Hartney left for her home in Daytona Beach, Fla., after spending two weeks with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Percy D. Culver, 313 N. 14th St.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence P. Tighe, Philadelphia, former residents of Allentown, are the parents of a daughter, their first child, born yesterday morning in the Misericordia hospital, Philadelphia. Grandmothers are Mrs. Dorothy S. Fisher, 414 Turner St., and Mrs. Mary A. Tighe, 634 N. 4th St.

A son was born at 8:10 o'clock yesterday morning at the Sacred Heart hospital to Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Zampell, 441 Gordon St.

Esther C. Smith, Orefield, and Miss E. Rockel left by motor for the Smoky Mts., Tenn.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Meitzler, 421 N. Fulton St., are the parents of a son born yesterday afternoon at their home. Dr. Ralph F. Merkle is the attending physician.



POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT

for Recorder of Deeds

Jesse Reichard Slutter

DEMOCRAT

1,000 Lehigh Valleyites Expected for State Picnic

Of the 10,000 Pennsylvanians expected to participate today in the picnic of the Shirt Workers' Union of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, approximately 1,000 will be from the Lehigh Valley. The picnic is to be held at Lakewood park, E. Mahanoy Junction.

A New Jersey Central train will leave Allentown at 9 o'clock this morning, and will transport picnickers from this city, Northampton, Palmerton and chighton. Buses will bring workers from Quakertown and Bangor to make up the Lehigh Valley contingent.

A number of important leaders from the national offices of the union in New York will be present, including Joseph Schlossberg, general secretary and treasurer of the Amalgamated, J. S. Potofsky, assistant to the president, as well as Franz Daniels, national organizer.

The program will last all day, during which technicolor moving pictures will be taken, and the famous Oriole band of Lebanon, will give a band concert.

At 11.30 a. m., there will be a grand parade of locals, with banners, and prizes to be given the best costumed groups. The Pennsylvania Joint Board manager David J. Monas, will then deliver an address, followed by greetings from the general officers.

At 2 o'clock, there will be games and contests, with I Peiffer and P. Swoboda in charge. A softball game will be played between Allentown and Minersville. Entertainment will be provided at 2.30 o'clock, when choral and dancing groups in native costume, from Frackville, Mahanoy City, Minersville, Mt. Carmel, Palmerton, Pottsville, Shamokin and Shenandoah, will appear. A minstrel show by Minersville local 136, and a motion picture, "America Disinherited," will be given at night. Dancing will be enjoyed in the pavilion.

Weed Cutting Deadline Set for Monday, Police Plan To Penalize Non-Cutters

Monday has been set as the deadline for owners of vacant lots in Allentown to rid their properties of weeds. Clarence R. Mensinger, chief of police, announced yesterday that after Monday district men will be ordered to check violations and owners will be dealt with accordingly.

Chief of Police Clarence R. Mensinger reminded vacant lot owners today that next Monday is the deadline for ridding properties of weeds. After that time, he warned, district men will be ordered to check on violations and owners will be dealt with accordingly.

Following the first warning issued ten days ago a number of lot owners cooperated with the police department and removed weeds. However a large number of persons has ignored the warning, according to Chief Mensinger.

"Out of respect for the health of the city and the reputation which Allentown enjoys as being the 'clean city of the Lehigh Valley,' lot owners should possess sufficient community pride to remove all weeds," the head of the police department said today. "We have tried to be reasonable but in fairness to those who have complied with the rules and regulations the department cannot overlook the negligence of others who permit their properties to grow wild."

An ordinance approved by city council on March 15, 1932, provides that lot owners must keep properties clear of weeds. The measure stipulates that violators are liable to a $5 fine for each violation, or in default of payment face imprisonment of 24 hours.

Obituaries

Mrs. Jennie E. Bastian

Wescosville Resident Would Have Been 70 July 31

Mrs. Jennie E. Bastian, widow of Oliver C. Bastian, died at 11 o'clock Thursday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Marcks, Wescosville. She would have observed her 70th birthday anniversary on July 31.

Mrs. Bastian had been in ill health for the last several years. In 1932 she fell and broke her hip and never recovered from that injury. She grew more helpless as time went on and for the past six weeks was bedfast.

Born in Upper Macungie township, she was the daughter of William H. and Marianna, nee Haines, Huff. She was a member of the Reformed wing of the Trexlertown Union church and a charter member of the Trexlertown Grange. She was also a member of the Lehigh and Northampton Pomona Grange.

Mrs. Bastian was a lover of music and in her younger days was the Sunday school organist and also a member of the Trexlertown church choir.

The only survivors are three brothers, William of Shimerville, Charles and George, of Allentown. A son died several years ago and her husband preceded her in death by three years.

Rev. Ralph Althouse will officiate at funeral services to be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Marcks, Wescosville, on Tuesday at 1.30 p. m., DST. Further services will be held in the Trexlertown church and burial will be made in the adjoining cemetery.

Mrs. Alberta Druckenmiller

Former Easton Woman, 27, Dies In Philadelphia

Mrs. Alberta Williamson Druckenmiller, 27, wife of Reid Druckenmiller, former resident of Easton, died at 4 a. m. Friday at her home, 345 S. 19th St., Philadelphia. She had resided in Philadelphia for two years. Her husband is a state law enforcement officer.

Mrs. Druckenmiller was born in Easton and was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Milton A. Williamson, 337 Porter St., Easton.

She is survived by her husband, her parents and four brothers, Ellwood, Wilbert, Ralph and Milton A. Williamson Jr. She was a member of Grace Evangelical Reformed church, Easton.

The body will be brought to Easton for funeral services and interment.

John F. Kuklentz

Bethlehem R. 3 Man, 69, Victim of Heart Attack

John F. Kuklentz, 69, of University Heights, Bethlehem R. 3, died suddenly at 1:45 p. m. Friday at the late home. Death was due to a heart attack. The elderly man had been under the care of a physician for some months.

Mr. Kuklentz was born in Bethlehem, June 17, 1870, a son of the late John and Augusta Schramm Kuklentz. He had been employed by the Bethlehem Steel Co., since 1881, in recent years as a foreman of the forge department. He was retired on pension about nine months ago.

He was a member of the Seidersville Democratic club, and the Bethlehem Steel Co. Employes Relief Assn.

There survive his wife, Mary Louise Cope Kuklentz; one son, William Edward, University Heights; two daughters, Mrs. Allen Schantz, University Heights; Mrs. Everett Miller, at home; four sisters, Mrs. Hulda Grant, Quakertown; Mrs. James Hunter, Kearney, N. J.; Mrs. Francis Erwin, Freemansburg; Mrs. Joseph Mills, Fairview, N. J.; also four grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at 1 p. m. Tuesday, July 25, from the late home, with the Rev. Corson C. Snyder, pastor of St. Peter's Lutheran church, Bethlehem, officiating. Burial in Fountain Hill cemetery.

Deaths

KUKLENTZ—Suddenly at University Heights, Bethlehem R. 3, John F. Kuklentz, 69, at 1:45 p. m. Friday. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral service to be held at the late home, at 1 p. m. Tuesday, July 25, 1939. Burial will be made in the Fountain Cemetery. Friends may call on Monday evening. Bergstresser.

LEH—In this city, July 21, 1939, Harvey E. Leh, husband of the late Amanda, nee Frantz, Leh, aged 65 years, 8 months and 5 days.

Relatives, friends and members of the Fraternal Order of Tigers are respectfully invited to attend services at the Heckrotte and Spacht funeral home, 824 Walnut St., Tuesday at 2 p. m., daylight saving time. Interment at the convenience of the family in Fairview cemetery. Friends may call Monday from 7 to 9 p. m. Heckrotte and Spacht.

Ernest B. Zimmerman

New Funeral Home

1124 Walnut St.

Phone 2-5534





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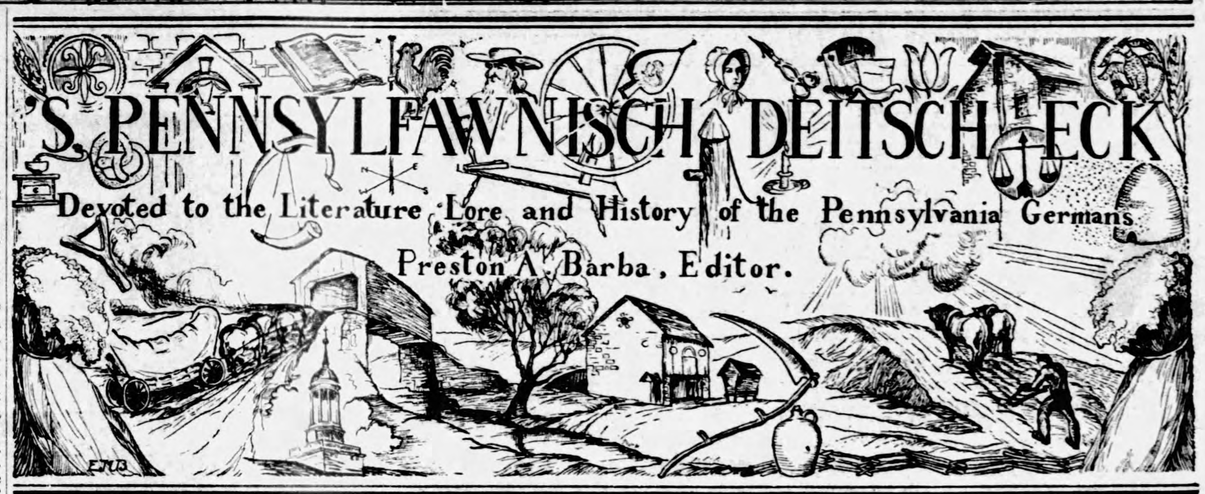

'N Ausgeordne Schillgrott

'S iss ordlich weit do owwe draus,
Dart in re gleene Leen;
In me gleene Heischen waar
En alti Fraa deheem.

Do waar viel Aerwet, meh wie recht,
Des hot ihr Zeit genumme;
Hot alfert g'schaft, un waar deheem,
Iss naeryets schunscht hiekumme.

Sie hot mol Ursach g'hat far geh
Ordlich weit vun heem;
Zu weit far Gaul un Wagge geh,
So geht sie mit der Dreen.

Des waar zu ihre all so fremm,
Waar ordlich viel dezu;
Sie waar devor noch net vun heem,
Sie kaum wees was zu duh.

Die Nochbere hen zusamme g'saat,
En Freind iss in der Not:
Noh gehn sie zu der alte Fraa,
Un gewwe guter Rot.

Sehnscht viel Sach, wu do net sehnscht,
So'n Drip iss arrick schee;
Un wann'd mol iwwer'm Baerrick bischt,
Dart sehnscht noch viele meh.

Hen ihre 'n scheeni Zeit gewinscht,
Un hen ihr aa des g'saat;
An so me Blatz dart iss die Lein,
Noh bischt im naegschte Schtaat.

Die Fraa kann des net recht verschteh,
So fremme, fremme Sache;
Hot ausgemacht sie geht druf los,
Un 's Bescht devun zu mache.

Dann iss sie in der Depot gange,
Die Dreen waar noh schun daert;
Geht in die Coach un nemmt en Sitz,
Noh waar sie aa glei faert.

Conductor hot zu ihre g'saat:
"Gehscht ordlich weit vun heem"—
"Ya," saagt sie, "zu weit far'n Gaul,
So geh ich in der Dreen."

"Alles iss mer arrick fremm,
Bin traewwele net gewehnt;
Mei Freind waar'n mir en grossi Hilf,
Sie hen mir Sach expleent.

"Sie hen mir so viel Sache g'saat,
Ich wees net was sie meene;
Awwer wann mer an die Schtaat Lein kumme,
Die daet ich mol gern sehne.

"Ich wees net was en Schtaat Lein iss,
Ich hab noch nix so g'sehne;
Ich hab gedenkt du daetscht verleicht
Die Lein zu mir expleene."

'S hot g'scheint die Fraa waar bissel dumm,
Hot's g'heert an ihrem Schwetze;
Hot ausgemacht, do grickt er G'schpass,
Far'n Drick uf sie versetze.

"Ich wees graad wu die Schtaat Lein iss"—
Sei Kopp, den dutt er nucke—
"Ich bin zurick in blendi Zeit,
Un saag dir wann zu gucke."

Der Conductor kummt noh glei zurick,
Hot g'schwetzt as wie gedruckt;
"Nau nemm du mei Binoculars,
Noh waerd mol glei geguckt.

"Binoculars sin en hendich Ding,
Wann bischt sie mol gewehnt;
Mit so me Glas kannscht Sache sehne,
As 's blose Aag net sehnt."

Noh hot sie darrich's Glas geguckt,
Sie hot schier nimmi g'schtoppt:
Der Conductor langt owwe uf sei Kopp,
En Haar sich raus geroppt.

Er hebt die Haar graad var des Glass,
Browiert es zu expleene;
"Wann du nau recht scharf guckscht,
Dann kannscht die Schtaat Lein sehne."—

"Ich sehn die Schtaat Lein arrick ut,
'S iss alles arrick schee;
Un wann ich net bedroge bin,
Dann sehn ich aa noch meh.

"'S iss ebbes uf der Lein as zawwelt,
Es guckt selleweg zu mir;
Ich kann net saage was es iss,
Es guckt wie'n wild Gedier."

Der Conductor hot noh nei geguckt,
Die Lein waar net gans glaar;
Des hot ihn schun gebaddert g'hat,
'S war ebbes uf der Haar.

Er guckt es zwett mol, arrick scharf,
'S hot ebbes dart gewaddelt;
Er nemmt die Haar g'schwindt weck, es iss
En Laus druf naus gegraddelt.

Des hot ihn so gebaddert g'hat,
Hot ordlich schei geguckt:
Mer hot gemeent er waer vertschoked,
Er hot schier nimmi g'schluckt.

Sie wees, dass er der Humbug schpielt,
Far sie recht wiescht bedriege;
Er hot browiert sie's glaawe mache,
Mit yuscht e bissel liege.

"Ich saag dir, was du g'sehne hoscht,
Do kannscht dich druf verlosse;
Sell waar en Schillgrott uf der Lein,
Sie iss druf naus geloffe.

"Do hot's Gediere aller Sart,
Un wann sie gehn schpaziere,
Dann laafe sie dart uf der Lein,
As sie sich net verliere."

Dass sell Gedier en Schillgrott waar,
Des hot die Fraa gezweiwelt;
Hett er sell vannenaus gewisst,
Hett er sie net gedeiwelt.

"Gediere so wie ich do sehn,
Des hawwich net erwort;
Schillgrotte hemmer aa deheem,
Awwer sie sin net ausgeort.

"Dei Schillrott Schtori guckt net gut,
Glaab net as dich viel batt;
Alle Schillgrott hot en Schwanz,
Die do hot kenner g'hat.

"Nochdem, wann'd Leit Sach weise witt,
Un weescht es iss net waahr,
Dann loss dich net verwische mit
'Re Schillgrott uf der Haar."

* * *

Ich geb eich Leit en guter Rot,
Den kenn' ihr aa noh palte;
Wann ihr vun heem gehn, loss so Kerls
Eich net far Narre halte.

—DR. D. GEORGE KNECHT
June 1939

The Hostler of Hereford, Pennsylvania

DR. ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

THIS is a study in leather, in wagons and horses. Leather harness, from gears to ivory bridle rings and beautifully encased rosettes; vehicles from the colonial covered wagon, the tallyho stage coach to the rubber tired buggy; horses from here to heaven in a parade of stunning grandeur; these are the elements which make the hostler of Hereford tick and those who know him tingle in amazement.

Mr. A. D. Spaar is a landlord of a wayside inn at the junction of roads which lead in various directions from his hotel to Allentown, Reading and Philadelphia. The village which surrounds his unique establishment is named Hereford, situated on the boundary between Berks and Lehigh Counties of Pennsylvania. This is the heart of the truly Pennsylvania Dutch country. On every hand the traveller may see the imposing farm houses, the well painted barns and fields rich with the promise of a fruitful harvest. If the wayfarer will pause to listen he may hear the natives discoursing in the patois of the Palatinate just as their ancestors spoke two centuries ago, when they emerged from the filthy tubs which brought them to Philadelphia from Germany. Adam Spaar is a Pennsylvania German and modestly proud of his heritage.

"Yes I speak Dutch, broken English and dumb" he exclaims, but quickly adds "You see I can speak three ways and these English fellers can speak only one."

A few years ago the innkeeper was two hundred and sixty-five pounds of man but recent illness has worn him down to approximately two hundred and forty pounds by the platform scale which forms a part of his museum. Gray hairs form at his temples, proclaiming advancing age, lines form in his face when one catches a glance of him in repose. The age of the man in years, may be anywhere between fifty and seventy but in spirit he is eternally young, particularly when he is privileged to "shadow drive" a team of horses before an appreciative audience. For shadow drive he must. The fast moving events of the last few decades have changed his world and only vicariously can he command his four dappled greys. While he speaks his huge body sways rythmically and gracefully with the imaginary tilt of a wagon rolling at high speed over rutted roads. His voice sinks to an almost inaudible whisper as he exhorts his beasts. "Easy now Pete e-e-easy there Dan—wo-o-o-" in soft sibillant tones he purrs when he wants them to measure a careful stride and a sharp "Whoa" when his team must halt.

Spaar prefers to speak German but he always addresses his horses in English. "It's too hard for a horse to learn two languages" he explains "I bought many horses from English people and rented them to Englishers so the horse was always broke to English."

Then, mischievously, he adds "But when I get mad and forget myself I swear at them in Dutch. I can let myself out better with Dutch swear words." And then, as if reading the thoughts of his auditors, "Only don't get me wrong I don't let em know I'm mad. I talk kind like to 'em even when I am mad, even when I swear Dutch words." To illustrate his methods of discipline he will embark upon a harangue in the Pennsylvania German addressing his imaginary charge "Donnervetter Pete you must do better, if you don't behave yourself I must sell you to the Englishers. 'Kriementichs nochemol' how often must I tell you to hold your head up so you won't stumble for me. I-I-I—it is too much. Harry Yommer now try it again. See I have a sugar lump if you are good."

The lecture on equestrian-culture has taken place in the barroom of the Hereford Hotel of which Spaar is the landlord, and bartender. Overhead, suspended from beams and rafters, hang innumerable objects of curious interest. There are flasks in the shape of fishes; flails for threshing grains, long iron spoons which once hung at the sides of some open hearth. Many kinds of antiquated tools and weapons dangle from the ceiling. In comment the modest proprietor says "Yes I got some dings which the odders ain't got and odders has dings I ain't got and so it goes." But the dominant note struck in this chauvinistic display is one of horses, harness and four wheeled vehicles. The pictures of roses in red and green painted on the windows and on the borders of the walls seem out of place in the stable-like atmosphere. Square placards posted at frequent intervals, proclaiming in crude verse that credit is not extended or quaint philosophy in regard to the evil of drink, seem out of place, somehow, when one expects to hear the swish of a horse's tail, the stamp of a hoof or a halter rattling against the heavy oaken sides of the feeding trough or the rustle of dry hay being snatched from a ladder rack and munched by huge jaws moving in monotonous cadence.

As if suspecting that his guests need closer contact with reality mein host swings open the great doors of his barroom and bows his audience out. "We will now go to the Museum," he says, as leads the way to a long shed which forms for nearly one hundred yards along the Allentown road. These sheds once were his stables. In the heyday of his Riding Academy and his Horse Circus the stalls on each side of the long livery stables were filled with horses, mules and ponies.

A pungent odor, reminiscent of horseflesh, still lingers but cobwebs are spun across hay racks. The elevated mangers are broken down in many places, partitions between the stalls have been torn away to make room for his huge museum pieces. While horses no longer whinny and neigh to greet their rotund master the vehicles which they drew, the saddles they carried and the harness they wore are still there as if patiently awaiting some resurrection day.

There are buggies of all descriptions, Phaetons, Jenny Linds, democrats and piano boxes. Single trees and double trees hang on huge hand wrought nails along the walls. A dozen or more saddles, polished to a shiny brilliance, now ride a long wooden pole, permanently at rest. There are English saddles, Western saddles and of course the mid-victorian side saddle which met milady's demand for modest equipment so vital to propriety in bygone days.

The harness room is clearly marked by a large sign above a closed door. Silently the ageing landlord opens the door and invites his guests to survey his treasures. Black leather, with shining silver buckles and sharply contrasting white ivory rings forms a pretty picture when the sets are arranged in rows for purposes of display. There are bits of shining steel, reins of soft thin leather and broad belly bands, some of them lined with wooly sheepskin. Cruppers, driving reins, check reins and ornamented wither saddles from which project glistening nickle plated rings through which the driving reins are supposed to pass. Broad britch bands with Yankee straps attached and the long leather traces, nearly an inch thick and fully an inch wide, form the heavier harness. It is all well oiled, pliant and soft, ready to equip a horse at a moment's notice.

Out again in the passage way the landlord leads his guests along empty stalls. His whole being seems changed. The vivacious, gesticulating showman of the barroom, just a few minutes ago, has become silent and almost morose.

He measures his tread lumberingly and speaks only to answer queries. It is almost as if he were a ghost, haunting the scenes of his former activities and fearing to speak lest he break the charm. Occasionally he pauses at a stall and lingers there while his guests utter inane remarks about horseshoes which bring luck and curry combs are likened to beauty parlor equipment. Is it a tear that rolls along the wrinkles below his eyes as he picks up a thin, polished horseshoe and places it reverently on a peg in stall Eighteen? Somehow wisecracks sound like blasphemy in a consecrated temple.

At the far end of the long passageway a neighing sound penetrates the ear. The clatter of horses hoofs against the paneled stall calls the visitor to a sense of reality again and mein host becomes loquacious once more. Two horses still are housed in the spacious stable. Or, more correctly, one horse and a small pony are the only survivors.

While Mr. Spaar strokes the face of the sorrel mare he explains that he keeps her to clip the grass in the amusement park which adjoins his hotel "I and her keep the grass down. She eats it and I work the lawn mower. I used to hitch her into a one horse mower but it went through me to see her work so. Now we work easier."

The pony? "Oh I just keep her for the kids in the neighborhood. Every kid likes a pony you know."

The park referred to by the master of the estate extends along the rear of the stables. It is a large open lot dotted here and there with relics of wagon days. A crumbling shed houses a hearse and a covered wagon, as well as other outmoded carriages. Placed on each antique is a large placard with a fitting epitaph, which in another setting might seem humorous but here seems melancholy indeed. Certainly the attitude and bearing of the owner does not suggest levity when he calls attention to a tombstone erected to the memory of a horse or to the placard on the hearse which states that it has carried many good men and women to their reward in heaven.

Near to the shed stands an open air stage. On this platform Spaar conducted his horse circus for the pleasure of visitors at regular intervals, which meant as often as he could between teaching his horses new tricks.

The showman is irrepressible in this German horseman. He will demonstrate the antics which he taught his charges and show keen delight in so doing.

"Now Pete what do the boys do to the girls?" he will ask and then with his own lips imitate a horse in the act of kissing.

"And now what do the girls do to the boys" again imitating the action of his imaginary horses he will simulate a horse's head bobbing up and down while he strokes his own cheek with his hand indicating that the girls like to cuddle close. In this way a horse show is produced with horses in absentia.

Occasionally the hostler of Hereford has opportunity to revel in his old joys. A few years ago the Alumni of Muhlenberg College staged a parade in Allentown. They rented his band wagon which is ninety years old, procured four mules, two white and two black, and hired Spaar to drive the team. He was in his glory and the old grads of Muhlenberg won first prize in the parade. Now and then enterprising couples plan Victorian weddings which call into service his out-moded vehicles and give him a chance to don his high silk hat, his frock coat, checkered vest and flowing tie while he is perched atop a tallyho. In 1936 he was asked to check on the equipment of a horse and wagon parade in Reading, Pennsylvania, which was staged in preparation for a Merchants' Bargain Day. The Chamber of Commerce was exasperated because he would not permit any part of the parade to get under way until the manes of all the horses were combed just right, or every buckle fastened at just the right position and every detail cared for down to the most minute fleck of dust on the mirror-like dashboards.

Auf Wiedersehen Herr Spaar. Perhaps you are right when you say that there must be horses in heaven!

(The Pennsylvania German antiques collected and exhibited in such a bizarre manner by the quaint character above described, continued through many years to attract guests to the well known hostelry at Hereford. However, since Dr. Graeff wrote the above sketch, the collection has ceased to exist. It was dispersed at public auction only a short time ago.—ED.)

WIE GROSS?

Ich hab emol gelese
Vum me Kaater so gescheit;
Er hot sich ausgesproche
Iwwer Sache weit un breit.

Mer daete Ebbes heere,
Kennt schwetze unser Vieh,
Was sie vun uns denke
Un saage schpot un frieh.

Mer daete ordlich schrummple
In der Wog mit unsrer Katz,
Un der Hund daet viel meh wiege,
Wann er waer an unserm Platz.

In der Kewwich mit seim Voggel
Kennt mancher kraddle nei,
Der yetzt braucht zwansich Schtuwwe,
Un Gaarte newe bei.

Mei Nochber hot en Hundel,
Sie fiehrt es an der Schnur,
Des meh Verschtand wie sie hot,
Vun sellem bin ich schure.

Un mancher hot en Esel,
Der hot viel meh Verschtand,
As wie sei ufgeblosner Meeschter
In Schpite vun Geld un Land.

Wann ye die Zeit dutt kumme —
Un pletzlich iwwer Nacht —
Dass unser Vieh daet schwetze,
Dann saag ich eich—geb acht!

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL

Chat About Your Friends

Hazel H. Heffner, 647 N. 9th St., well-known contralto, will celebrate her birthday anniversary today.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Gearhart and children Phyllis and Billy, 1134 Green St., and Mrs. Norman H. Houseknecht and daughter June, 1138 Green St., will leave this morning to spend a week's vacation at Promised Land in the Poconos. They will stay at Wilson's hotel.

Billy, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. B VanEtten, Catasauqua, is celebrating his fifth birthday anniversary today.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brown, 301 S. 17th St., are today celebrating their 20th wedding anniversary. Mr. Brown is the popular tonsorialist at the Hotel Traylor.

Joyce Kercher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Kercher, 519 Hazel St., will observe her 11th birthday anniversary today.

Charles A. Reppert, 508 Leanna St., will celebrate his seventh birthday anniversary today.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy W. Roth, 1322 S. 3rd St., are the parents of a son, their first child, born on Friday morning, July 21, at the Allentown hospital

Randall Lichty, son of Mr. and Mrs. Luther Lichty, had his tonsils removed yesterday morning at the office of Dr. H. E. Guth, Orefield.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Wolf, 1137 Tilghman St, are the parents of a daughter, their first child, born on Monday, June 24, at 7.20 a. m., at the home of the maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Nonnemacher, 1034 Allen St. The baby will be named Grace Clara. Mr. Wolf, who is associated with the Ivins Biscuit Co., is the son of Mrs. Ida E. Wolf of Minneapolis, Minn., formerly of Allentown.

Viola Demore, Reading, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Santora, 839 N. Jordan St., for two weeks.

Mrs. Chester Willey, Washington, N. J., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul I. Demmy, 810½ N. 9th St.

Paul Chiaradia, 801 N. Jordan St., celebrated his sixth birthday anniversary Thursday

Nelson Frack, 1709 S. 4th St., will celebrate his birthday anniversary today.

Ruth Frack, R. N., 622 N. Law St., left Thursday for the Girl Scout camp at Mosey Wood Pond, where she will be camp nurse.

Thelma Phillips, 26 N. 18th St., and Donald Reinicker, 35 N. Fulton St., have just completed their first year at Ohio State university at Columbus. Miss Phillips, who was enrolled in the fine arts course, is a member of Alpha Epsilom Phi sorority. Mr. Reinicker, a commerce student, holds membership in Sigma Chi fraternity.

Franklin B. and Myrtle Bascom, 1342 Walnut St., were in New York City.

George Farne, 323 S. St. Cloud St., first sergeant in Battery B, Coast Artillery, at the Fort Monroe, Va., C. M T. C. camp, has passed the expert gunner's examination and has been appointed range officer for the battery.

Christie Strohl and Henry Getz of Big Creek are spending a week at the New York World's Fair.

Anna Abbott and her niece, Mary Ann Davis, both of Lanark Manor, are spending a week at Ocean City, N. J.

Ruth E. Barnett, pharmacist at the Allentown hospital, and her mother were registered at the Senator hotel while in Atlantic City.

Carlton Moyer of 736 7th St., Harvey Youse of 928 North St., Raymond Rezzonico of 392½ Greenleaf St., Elmer Seltzer of 1433 Liberty St., and Mrs. Emmett Kresge of 447½ Washington St., celebrated their birthday anniversaries yesterday.

Pvt. Richard Walin LeVan of Aircraft One, V. S. M. C., returned to Quantico, Va., after spending a 21-day furlough in Allentown. He was accompanied by his mother, Sue E. LeVan, Whitney Bartholomew, this city, and Mr. and Mrs. Milton Zimmerman, Werley's Corner.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Russoli, 387 Cedar St., have returned home after a week's stay in Atlantic City.

Lillian Falconi, 736 N. Jordan St., will visit Atlantic City this coming week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Taverna, 826 N. Jordan St., had as their guest on Wednesday, Mrs. Mary Gallo of Union City, N. J.

Donald Yocum, 720 N. 8th St., was taken to the Sacred Heart hospital after fracturing his arm at Jordan park

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jenkins and Beulah Daniels, 1826 Hanover Ave. and Mrs. Eva M. Eddinger and her brother, Ray Laub, 1830 Hanover Ave., have returned from a week's vacation at Atlantic City.

Harry L. Gehris of 640 Sherman St., Harvey T. Osenbach of 642 Sherman St., and Allen Acker have returned from a camping and fishing trip to the Poconos.

Fred J. Gross, 944 Maple St., has returned from a visit to the New York World's Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Schultz and family, 628½ Randolph St., will visit the Schultzs' son at Fort Hoyle, where he is camping in the C. M. T. C. today.

John Groman, James Helfrick, Bud Bleiler, John Jones and William Minnich, all of this city, will visit friends in Boston, Mass., over the week-end.

Marie and Bernice Farnschlader, 715½ Greenleaf St., are visiting friends in Lansdale.

Mr. and Mrs. John Flanagan, 808 N. 9th St., have as their guest their daughter, Mrs. Oliver Remaley, of Slatington.

Mrs. Earl E. Moyer, 502 N. 7th St., has returned to her home after spending several days in Philadelphia as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Davies.

Mrs. F. Egly, 711½ S. Hall St., has as her guest her grandsons, Paul Frye Jr., of Ardmore and Andy Gallagher of Wayne.

Hulme Thomas, son of Officer and Mrs. Willard Thomas, 319 S. Franklin St. and a member of the Lehigh university football team, returned home Thursday after six weeks at the Aberdeen, Md., proving grounds. He and other Lehigh R. O. T. C. members were in training there.

Mrs. Claude Heller, 908 S 10th St., visited relatives in Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. O. Smith of 118 N. 4th St., Allentown, will leave today for a week's stay in Atlantic City and the World's Fair. Mr. Smith is employed at the Freihofer Baking Co. plant.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tunney, Pittsburgh, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Pat Herrity, 42 S. 17th St.



Ernest B. Zimmerman
New Funeral Home
1124 Walnut St.
Phone 2-5534





Mrs. Annie Gilbert

Native of Catasauqua Dies of Heart Disease

Ill for the past two weeks, Mrs. Annie Gilbert, widow of David W. Gilbert, passed away at 1.45 a. m. Friday of heart disease at her home, 724 4th St., Catasauqua.

She was born in Catasauqua Feb. 26, 1862, the daughter of the late Joseph and Lavina, nee Kratzer, Frey, and lived in Catasauqua all her life. She was a member of Salem Evangelical and Reformed church and of the Mite society.

Surviving are three sons, George F of Newark, Clarence R. of Fullerton and Charles W. at home; one daughter, Emma, wife of Daniel Harte, Wilkinsburg; one sister, Mrs. Sarah Davies, Catasauqua. Four grandchildren also survive. Her husband died in 1916.

Funeral services will be held on Monday at 2 p. m. at the Oliver S. Burkholder Funeral home, 3rd and Walnut Sts., Catasauqua. Burial will be made in Fairview cemetery, West Catasauqua.

Mrs. Jennie M. Laudenslager

Aged Woman Dies After Long Illness at Home of Son-in-law

Mrs. Jennie M. Laudenslager, 76, died after a long illness at 3:45 a. m. Friday, at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Schreiber, 902 N. 19th St.

She was born at Seipstown, a daughter of Henry and Priscilla, nee Xander, Frey. Her husband, William O. Laudenslager, died in 1922.

Mrs. Laudenslager was a member of St. Luke's Lutheran church and of the pastor's Bible class, Ladies' Aid society and Women's Missionary society of the church.

Surviving are a daughter, with whom she resided; two grandchildren and one great grandchild.

Services will be held at 11 a. m. Monday from the Bachman Funeral home, 1030 Walnut St. Interment will be made in the Grandview cemetery.

Edgar W. Snyder

Bethlehem Man Passes Away in St. Luke's, Aged 54 Years

Edgar W. Snyder, 230 E. 5th St., Bethlehem, died in St. Luke's hospital Thursday at 4 p. m. He was 54 years old.

Born in Bethlehem on July 23, 1885, a son of Jeremiah and Mary E., nee Eckert, Snyder. He was a member of St. Peter's Lutheran church, Bethlehem.

Surviving are four brothers and four sisters. They are Robert, Morris, Russell and John Snyder, all of Bethlehem; Mrs. Charles Brock, Philadelphia; Mrs. Russell Diehl, Wydnor; Mrs. Harold Benner, Allentown, and Florence Snyder, at home.

Funeral services will be held at his late home on Monday at 1:30 p. m., with continued services in St. Peter's church at 2 p. m. Interment will be in the family plot in Fountain Hill cemetery.

Obituaries

Milton C. M. Kratzer

Veteran Member of Allentown Fire Dept. Dies at 74

Milton C. M. Kratzer, a member of the Allentown Fire department for 35 years before being retired on pension in 1933, died at 10.10 o'clock Friday morning at his home, 741½ N. 8th St. He was in his 74th year.

Prior to joining the fire department, Mr. Kratzer was employed by the Seifert Coal Co. It was in April, 1898, that he entered the fire department and was stationed at the Pioneer Co. He remained with that company until 1933, when he was pensioned.

On March 28, Mr. and Mrs. Kratzer observed their golden wedding anniversary when they entertained their friends at an "open house." The couple was married March 28, 1889, by the late Rev. Speiker in the parsonage at 9th and Turner Sts. Mrs. Kratzer is the former Anna Liskey of Walnutport.

Born in Whitehall township, March 6, 1866, Mr. Kratzer moved to this city at an early age and received his education in the Allentown schools. He was the son of William J. and Mary E., nee Deibert, Kratzer.

Among his many fraternal affiliations were: Sons of Veterans, No. 6; Loyal Order of Moose, Pioneer Fire Co., Knights of Friendship, No. 9; One Year Beneficial society of the Pioneer Co., of which he served as president for a term; Police and Firemen's Beneficial Assn. He was also a member of St. Michael's Lutheran church.

Surviving besides his widow are two daughters, Mrs. Frank R. Heil of this city and Mrs. Raymond C. Steiner of Freemansburg, and one son, George M., of this city. There are also eight grandchildren and one great-grandchild who survive. A son preceded him in death.

His pastor, Rev. Conrad Wilker, will be in charge of services to be held on Monday at 10:30 a. m., at the J. S. Burkholder Funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St. Burial will be made in the West End cemetery.

Mrs. Mary Knopf

Native of Hungary Had Been Resident of Northampton

After an illness of one month, Mrs. Mary Knopf died Thursday night at the home of her son, Joseph Knopf, 1346 Vienna St., Northampton, at the age of 83.

A native of Hungary, she came to the United States 30 years ago and since that time has resided in Northampton.

Survivors are three sons, Louis, Joseph and Andrew, all of Northampton and ten grandchildren.

The funeral will be held from the late residence on Saturday at 10:30 a. m. Requiem mass will be sung in Our Lady of Hungary church at 11 a. m. Interment will be made in the German Catholic cemetery.

Mrs. Bertha Lilly

East Stroudsburg Resident Was Native of Switzerland

Mrs. Bertha Lilly, of 386 Hancock St., East Stroudsburg, died Thursday at the Rosenkrans hospital, aged 71 years. She was the wife of Amdus Lilly, and was a native of Switzerland, coming to the United States when two years of age.

Mrs. Lilly leaves her husband, two sons, LeRoy B., of Camden, N. J., and Herbert N., of Tonawanda, N. Y.; two sisters, Mrs. William Hamburg of Madison, N. J., and Mrs. Henry Danzer of Lehighton and one grandson.

Funeral services have been scheduled for 1 p. m. today at the Kisor funeral home, Stroudsburg, with the Rev. P. N. Wohlsen of St. John's Lutheran church in charge. Interment will be at the Laurel cemetery, White Haven.

Eliza Kohlhaas

Native of Tamaqua Would Have Been 90 Apg. 17

Miss Eliza Kohlhaas, native of Tamaqua, died yesterday at the home of her nephew, Warren Zehner Sr., 1307½ Liberty St., Allentown. She would have been 90 on Dec. 17. She has been ill only ten weeks.

Miss Kohlhaas was born in Tamaqua and spent most of her life there and in Bowmanstown and the Mahoning Valley. She was a daughter of Valentine and Elizabeth Kohlhaas. She was a member of the Lutheran church at Bowmanstown.

The only survivors are several nieces and nephews.

Services will be held at the Zimmerman Funeral home, 1124 Walnut St., Allentown, Tuesday at 1 p. m. (DST). Interment will be made in the Odd Fellows' cemetery, Tamaqua.

Edwin H. Gehringer

Wholesale Confestioner in Wescosville Dies in Allentown Hospital

Edwin H. Gehringer, wholesale confectioner in the Wescosville section for about 40 years and an uncle of Joseph E. Gehringer, assistant district attorney, died at the Allentown hospital at 9.30 o'clock Friday morning. He was 69 years of age.

Mr. Gehringer was taken ill on Sunday and was removed to the hospital two days later. He was a native of Weisenberg township and was born Feb. 15, 1869, the son of Joseph and Caroline, nee Steigerwalt, Gehringer.

Fraternally, he was affiliated with the Claussville castle, Knights of the Golden Eagle and the Toxelax tribe of Alburtis. He was a member of St. John's Lutheran church, Fogelsville

Mr. Gehringer retired from his confectionery business in 1924 and for many years has resided with his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Lesher Moritz at Wescosville, R. 1.

Besides his daughter, there survive two brothers, Granville of Kempton, and Milton of Emmaus, and two sisters, Mrs. William Werley of Ziegel's church, and Mrs. Edwin Kuhns of Allentown. His wife, the former Annie, nee Klotz, Gehringer, died in 1920 and

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 2 p. m. at his late home at Ruppsville. Interment will be made in the Fogelsville cemetery. Friends may call Monday from 7 to 9 p. m. Rev. William Wolford will officiate.

Harold C. Strunk

31-year-old Bethlehem Man Found Dead in Bed

Harold C. Strunk, 31, 516 2nd Ave., Bethlehem, succumbed suddenly to a heart attack Thursday night. He was found dead Friday morning.

Deputy Coroner Dr. R. S. Rinker released the body to Undertaker Paul Zimmerman. The Rev. Benjamin Lotz, pastor of Holy Trinity church, will officiate at services at 1 p. m. Tuesday in the Zimmerman home, 153 W. Broad St. Burial in Portland cemetery.

Mr. Strunk was a native of Pen Argyl, a son of Isaac and Grace Strunk. Survivors are his parents; his grandmother, Mrs. Eva Brungess, Bethlehem, and six sisters, Mrs. John Goff, Cleveland; Mrs. Clyde Eifler, Glassboro, N. J.; Mrs. Freeman Kennedy, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Roy Gackenbach, Bethlehem; Mrs. John Sandt, Mt. Bethel; Mrs. Thomas Richard, Bangor; one brother, Charles, Bethlehem, R. 2.

(Continued on Page Nine)

Deaths

KOHLHAAS—In this city, July 28, 1939, Eliza Kohlhaas.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the services Tuesday at 1 p. m. (DST) at the Ernest B. Zimmerman funeral home, 1124 Walnut St. Interment I.O.O.F. cemetery, Tamaqua. Friends are invited to call Monday, 7-9 p. m., at the funeral home.

Ernest B. Zimmerman.

STRUNK—In Bethlehem, July 28, 1939, Harold C. Strunk, 516 2nd Ave., Bethlehem, son of Isaac and Grace Strunk, Pen Argyl, Pa.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral service Tuesday, 1 p. m., from the Paul J. Zimmerman funeral home, 153 W. Broad St., Bethlehem. Interment in the Portland cemetery. Friends may call Monday evening, 7 to 9.

Paul J. Zimmerman.

GEHRINGER—In this city, July 28, 1939, Edwin H. Gehringer, husband of the late Annie, nee Klotz, Gehringer, aged 70 years, 5 months and 13 days.

Funeral services will be held at his late home at Ruppsville, Tuesday at 2 p. m. daylight saving time. Relatives friends and members of the Claussville Castle, Knights of the Golden Eagle, and the Toxelax Tribe of Alburtis are respectfully invited to attend without further notice. Interment in the Fogelsville cemetery. Friends may call Monday from 7 to 9 p. m. Reading papers please note.

Schmoyer.

KEHNER—In this city, July 28, 1939, Alice M., nee Frick, Kehner, wife of Albert J. W. Kehner.

Relatives, friends and members of all organizations with which she was affiliated are respectfully invited, without further notice, to attend services at the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St., Monday at 2:30 p. m. Interment in Arlington Memorial park. Friends are invited to call Sunday from 7 to 9 p. m.. Pottsville papers please note.

B.



DIE SINDFLUT

LLOYD A. MOLL

"Ich glaab es gebt en nassi Schpell",
So saagt der Noah seine Buwe.
"Es waar schun lang net glaar un hell,
Uf Baem dutt's Laab sich gaar net uwe.

"Un wann's mol reggert, noh gewwen acht!
Des schitt far Daage, losst net noh,
Un waerd so dunkel wie die Nacht;
Noh sin mir nimmi sicher do.

"So an die Aerwet, bau'n en Arrich,
Wu mir noh Zuflucht nemme welle,
Mit Dach, das losst ken Regge darrich,
Noh breiche mir ken Umberelle.

"En Paar vun yeder Greadur,
Sowohl wie vun dem Ungeziffer;
Die hol 'ner bei, un unne Schnur
Gehn sie ufs greescht vun all de Schiffer.

"So bau'n sie gross, mit recht viel Blatz
Genunk far'n Dieregaarde nei,
Der Elefant, so wie die Schpatz,
Soll aa doch gut zufridde sei.

"Es waer doch schaad far die verseefe,
Mir wolle ihre Lewe schpaare;
Die Sindflut mecht sie unnerschleefe,
So loss sie in der Arrich faahre."—

"Ach Paep, wann'd awwer letz sei sottscht,
Mir daete all die Aerwet schaffe—
Was meenscht dass'd mit der Arrich wottscht?
Die Leit, die daete schrecklich lache."

So saagt der Hamm zum alte Mann;
Der schnarrt ihn aa un saagt, "Nau haerrich —
Es Wasser kummt, ich wees net wann;
Wann net, dann nemmer sie far'n Kaerrich." —

"Des muss doch so verleedlich sei,
In so 're Arrich, die Welt so nass;
So duh en Haerd vun Affe nei,
Die mache uns en laschter G'schpass."

So saagt der Schemm, un aa demiedich.
"Yuscht zwee!" hot Noah recht gegrische,
Un saagt dezu aa noch so wiedich:
"Loss mich net meener drin verwische."

Der Jepheth hot gebroteschtiert
Far'n Schiff zu baue uf em Land,
Bis Noah sei Geduld verliert,
Hot g'scholte, 's waar en rechti Schand.

"Genunk gegaxt! Heilich Gewesser!
Un Greitzbedallye noch emol!
Bin' ich net Vadder? Ich wees doch besser!
Wer mir net folgt, dem geht's net wohl."

Sin fleissich an die Aerwet gange.
Die Schpotter duhn sie schackeniere;
Die Arrich gebaut, die Diere g'fange,
Dass sie ihr Lewe net verliere.

Wie alles fix un faerdich waar,
Hot Noah's Wedder mol bedracht.
"Es reggert indem sonderbaar —
Mer wolle sehne wer noh lacht.

"So schaff'n eich in die Arrich nei,
Die Greadure sin gelaade;
Der Schtarrem brecht, un des aa glei,
Des dutt uns yo noh gaar ken Schaade."

Es blitzt un dunnert, 's waar dewaert,
So wie es Wasser runner fallt;
Versichert iss nix uf der Aerd.
Versoffe! Yuscht ihr Elend schallt.

Der Noah sitzt in seine Arrich,
Schun uf em Wasser dreissich Daage;
Er iss vergniegt, 's alles haerrlich,
Er hot yo weiters nix zu glaage.

Die Diere sin des Schiff gewehnt,
In Friede leie hie un fresse.
Der Hamm schwetzt uf un hot gemeent
"Nau hot mer aa mol Zeit zum esse."

Es waar en Kunscht die all zu zaahme,
Sie hen en guti Aerwet g'schafft;
Sie nenne nau sie yuscht bei Naame,
Noh sin sie ruhich, ken Hundel blafft.

Der Leeb un's Lamm, die sin gans eenich;
Die Katz un Meis, doch Feind gebore,
Sin Freind un fressé nimmi 'leenich;
Ihr Hass hen sie nau all verlore.

So lang dass alles friedlich geht,
Do kann der Noah net grackgeele;
Wie schee die Arrich's Wasser schwebt,
Es iss yo nix far ihn zu gwaele.

Es iss doch immer schee var'm Schtarm,
Das haust un dobt im heesse Summer.
Was heert er nau? Was des far'n Larm?
Des macht ihm so en grossi Kummer.

Gedaucht un mit me grosse Sarye,
Sitzt Noah nau in seinre Arrich;
Un sott des Lebdaag geh noch marye,
Iss bang er macht's noh nimmi darrich.

Der Elefant hot ihm gegnallt
En heftiches graad uf der Kopp;
Der Noah yohlt, es hot recht g'schallt;
"Kotzhageldunnerladder! Schtopp!"

Der Geesbock hot ihn so geschtosse,
Dass alle Gnoche in ihm rabbelt;
Er hot geblarrt un aa geblose,
Wie Noah vun em Bock weck wabbelt.

Zufridde waare all die Diere —
Nau was verursacht so'n Gedunner?
Er kennt sei Religion verliere,
Es waer verhaftich aa ken Wunner.

Die Elefante blose,
Der Schofbock hot geschtosse;
Der Ewwer hot gegnarrt,
Die Kieh, die hen geblarrt.

Die Lewe hen gebrillt,
Die Arrich gans gefillt
Mit so're Greischerei —
Verschtescht ken Wart debei.

Die Schlange hen gebisse,
Die Katze hen verrisse,
Die Affe hen gezittert
Wie'n banger Hund, wann's g'wittert.

Die Hinkel hen gegaxt,
Die Ente hen gegwaxt,
Die Hummler hen gebrummt,
Farsande hen gedrummt.

Die Harnesel hen geschtoche
So dief bis in die Gnoche;
Der Deiwel do regiert,
Sin all verkollebiert.

Der Noah ruft zu sich sei Sehne,
Un setzt die drei mol uf die Schpur,
Far auszufinne was sie meene
Verursacht all der gross Ufruhr.

Der Hamm kummt bei, hot ausgefunne
Die Ursach vun dem Larm un Yacht;
Des Ungeziffer hot genumme
Die Iwwerhand far Daag un Nacht.

Der Schemm meent, "hettscht mei Rot genumme,
Un meener Affe eigelaade,
Die Leis waer'n net zu Gnaade kumme,
En Wans dutt aa 'me Aff ken Schaade."

Noh waerd der Noah bees un zarnich,
Em Schemm schlackt's Maul mit flachi Hand;
"Hawwich net g'saat, duhn in die Arrich
Yuscht zwee vun allem Dier vum Land?

"Der Deiwel iss do eigerisse,
Die Wanse losse em keh Ruh;
Die Fleh un Leis hen's Vieh verbisse,
Mer wees ball nimmi was zu duh."

Der Jepheth saagt, "nau Daadi, harrich —
Mir hen geduh wie aabefohle;
Yuscht zwee vun yedem in die Arrich,
Die annere soll der Deiwel hole."

"Un mit em Schemm doschtimm ich ei;
Hettscht meener Affe in die Arrich,
Dann breicht net so en Lebdaag sei,
Un waer net alles iwwerzwarrich.

"Hoscht du vergesse wie ich saag,
Das Leis un Fleh un Wanse warre
En Grossmutter in eenem Daag
Mer kann die net in Kewwich schparre."

Der Noah gratzt sei langer Bart,
Un reibt sich heftig in de Rippe,
Als yeders vun de Buwe waart
Uf was noh kummt vun seine Lippe.

"Mei Baart voll Leis un ihre Niss!
Ach geht's so fart, warr ich noch narrisch;
Bin iwwerall voll Wanse Biss,
Ich warr gans kibberisch dedarrich.

"Dart hol mer'n Aff die Leis zu fange,
Un geb der Maem der anner hie;
Noh gewwen acht, dass selli Schlange
Ken Lumberei hen mit em Vieh."

So sitzt der Noah un dei Fraa,
En Aff hebt yeders in der Schoss;
Un fleissich sin die Affe aa,
Bis sie verschrecke vun me Schtoss.

Die Arrich wedder en Baerrick bummt,
Sie hen ihn gaar net g'sehne g'hat;
Die Diere sin noh raus geschtummt—
Noh waare sie uf Ararat!

June 6, 1939

News in Allentown 128 Years Ago

Translated from the German Allentown paper "Der Unabhaengige Republikaner" for Friday, July 26, 1811. Northampton Borough, as Allentown was then called, had just been incorporated on March 18th of the same year. Have the times changed essentially? Let the public read and judge.—ED.

FOREIGN NEWS

According to last reports, the King of England is very ill and his death is expected at any hour.

We have received a letter from St. Petersburg which by no means confirms the probability of war between Russia and France in the near future.

Papers from Paris have arrived dated as recently as May 29th. They contain a most important article, which we have every reason to believe, namely that the Allied Army has been defeated in a second combat at Massena. Bonaparte still continues to be upon his vacation with the Empress and the Young King of Rome. They left Caen for Cherbourg on May 26th.—The more we reflect upon the situation of the Allied Army in the Peninsula (Italy), the more we are convinced that the end of this war will only be to the disadvantage of our own brave fellow countrymen (the Germans).

(June 6th).—The Duke of Cadore has been relieved of his post by Napoleon's Secretary, Marat. He has sent the following letter to the American agent in Paris:

"Sir: According to the decision of the Emperor (Napoleon) all American ships which have arrived in the French harbors since last November 2nd are given their freedom.—I have the honor to be, etc etc. —".

* * * * *

A New York paper assures us that the official information has arrived that Bonaparte has removed the embargo upon American ships and has left the same with their cargo to the disposition of their captains or their owners.—How much we hope this report may be true! However, since we have been so often deceived, and since Napoleon has up to this time never promised anything good, unless he lusted after some millions of American property, we shall not trust him until we see our ships back in our own harbors.—Until this is done, we hope our merchants will guard against letting still more property be caught in a new mouse-trap.

* * * * *

At a gathering of Federalists on July 4th (1811) Robert Smith's Address to the People of the United States was read instead of the Declaration of Independence And for what reason may this have been done? Does our former Secretary of State require any peculiar honor for this address? Certainly not! For when our President must be in danger that every thing that takes place in his cabinet will be brought to the light of day, as soon as one of its members resigns, then the purpose of our constitution in creating a cabinet is defeated, and the President may no longer take council with the Secretaries of the various departments out of fear of betrayal, but he must in future follow only his own council! Every citizen of the U. S. is therefor obligated to show his disgust for a man who so abuses the high trust placed in him as Robert Smith has done, however much the opinions of the President may be at variance with his own; and people to whom Smith's address is of greater importance than our Declaration of Independence would sell our Liberty and Independence for a mess of pottage.

* * * * *

Married

Last Tuesday by the Reverend Pastor Heining, Mr. Paul Knautz of the Borough of Northampton to Miss Elizabeth Dickenschitt of Upper Milford Township, Northampton County.

* * * * *

Just from the press, and to be had from the printer, of this paper, Christian J. Hueter:

Wohlgemuth's Liederbuch

A collection of the best German songs for friends of jest and innocent joy.—Price—50 cents.

* * * * *

Who Hesitates

loses $2000.—Whoever should like to win $1000, or even $2000, let him call at the printing-shop of this paper and buy without delay

Tickets

for the Union Schoolhouse Lottery

authorized by Act of the Assembly. The commissioners announce that on account of the rapid sale of the tickets, the drawing of the lottery can begin as early as the first Monday in August. The Schoolhouse is already built and stands forth as an adornment and a credit to the County.

What well-meaning man could refuse to contribute $2 to it, even though the prospect of winning a fine prize did not urge him to buy a ticket.

PLAN

2 Prizes at $1000	$2000
4 Prizes at $500	$2000
4 Prizes at $250	$1000
4 Prizes at $100	$ 400
8 Prizes at $50	$ 400
15 Prizes at $25	$ 375
60 Prizes at $10	$ 600
2490 Prizes at $2.50	$6225
6500 Prizes at $2	$13,000

2587 Prizes to 3913 Blanks

Tickets can be had from the Commissioners: Daniel Schneider, Friedrich Hausman, Peter Kern, Michael Deiber, Stephan Balliet, Peter Butz.

* * * * *

Uncalled for letters lying in the Post Office of Northampton Borough:

Charles Bruckman, Mrs. Fanna, Stuffel Felker, John Gickle, Abraham Hartzel, George A. Hower, Mrs. Hornbeck, Frederic Jordan, Michael Job, James Kerr, Sen., Abraham Levan, Henry Moser, John Miller, George Miller, Owen Morris, Daniel May, William Reynolds, William Samuel, George Smith, 2; William Stinson, Henry Schadt, Adam Smith, John Schaeffer, John Thompson, John Wagner, 2; Michael Weaver, Abraham Worman, Anna Younker.

Northampton, July 19, 1811

Jacob Martin, P. M.

* * * * *

A Stubnosed Liar

I herewith declare that Yockel Hartzell, who some time ago put me in Mr. Huetter's paper (Der Unabhaengige Republikaner), is a low-down, scurry liar, until he makes good what he has said about me.....I had no desire to put my brother-in-law in the paper, for any one who does that is a miserable jackass, only I could not secure for myself any satisfaction in any other way, and had to do it, although I take no pleasure in exonerating myself in this fashion.

Jacob Wieand

Upper Milford Township
July 26, 1811

* * * * *

Excellent Bitters in Flasks

to be had from the publishers of this paper—July 26, 1811.

Chat About Your Friends

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Walters and family, 519 N. St. George St., left yesterday for a week's vacation at Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Eisenhard, 439 N. 10th St., have returned from a month's stay at Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. John Leinbach, 2717 Liberty St., have returned from a visit to Pittsburgh.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Schuler, 839 Washington St., visted Princess Anne, Md.

Mr. and Mrs. Clement Wetherhold and daughter, Doris, 1040 Green St., toured Maryland recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Schmidt of Fullerton are spending the week in the Poconos.

Marianne Roth, 424 Auburn St., has returned home after a week's stay at her grandparents' bungalow at Swamp Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bauer, 389 Greenleaf St., are entertaining guests from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd W. Mohr, 230 S. 14th St., are spending several days in Atlantic City, N. J.

Willam Adams, 1319 Turner St., has returned from Camp Dent where he served as a junior counselor.

Lydia Reppert, 1415½ Union St., is visiting Ocean City, N. J., this week.

Charles J. Hacket, 615½ N. 5th St., was 80 years of age yesterday. Mr. Hacket, a resident of Allentown for more than half a century, was employed at the Allentown Water Works until he became ill two years ago. Mr. Hacket is again in good health, reads the daily papers and visits with his neighbors and friends in the community.

Audilla Bartholomew, 202 N. 8th St., and Gladys Mantz, 1115 Turner St., returned yesterday from a week's vacation in New York City. While in the metropolis they spent several days at the World's Fair.

Among those who celebrated their birthday anniversaries yesterday were: Shirley Cook, 417 Max St., 9 years old; Stephen Mittura, 607 Spruce St.; Mrs. Nelson Reppert, 1030 Maple St.; Fred Miller, 301 Main St.; Mrs. Forrest Dewalt, 542 New St., and Clifford Wagner, 720 N. 2nd St.

Mrs. Erwin Peters, 501 Chew St., celebrated her birthday anniversary last night at a party in the Lehigh Saengerbund. A number of out of town friends attended.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Senderowitz and daughter, 1802 Hamilton St., are in New York City, where they are stopping at the Hotel St. Moritz.

George H. Laudenslager, 453 Tilghman St., former assistant city assessor, has been confined to his home with an attack of rheumatism.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Osman, 814 Walnut St., and Mr. and Mrs. O. Sensinger, 1014 Allen St., are on a motor trip to Buffalo, N. Y., Niagara Falls and Canada.

Lucille Osman, 416 N. 7th St., sailed on the S. S. St. Louis for Bermuda. Mrs. Emma Osman accompanied her daughter to New York to bid her bon voyage.

Mr. and Mrs. Clair Moyer and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Fehr of Germansville attended the seventh annual World's Poultry Congress in Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul N. Ziegler of Hancock are the parents of a daughter, born July 28 at the family residence. Dr. E. H. Mohr of Alburtis was the attending physician.

Patrick Grider, Grand Rapids, Mich., a former Allentonian, is visiting relatives and friends in this city.

Emily G. Rothermel of 1118 Turner St., is spending the week in Atlantic City. She is registered at the Hotel Devonshire.

Mrs. Rose Grossman of 212 N. 4th St. is observing her birthday today.

Dorothy M. Glose, 114 S. Lehigh Ave., West Catasauqua, is observing her birthday anniversary today.

A son was born at 5:05 o'clock last night at the Sacred Heart hospital to Mr. and Mrs. Michael Buckno, 1820 Main St., Northampton.

William J. Wilt and son Billie, 621 N. 11th St., are visiting the New York World's Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson E. Rickert and daughter Ethel of 215½ N. 17th St., returned yesterday from a week's vacation spent visiting the World of Tomorrow exposition at New York City.

Obituaries

Mrs. Eva M. Walsh

Wife of Allentown Barber Was Ill 10 Days

Eva M., wife of Frank Walsh, Allentown barber, died at 9.30 o'clock last night at her home, 602 N. 8th St., Allentown. She had been bedfast the past 10 days.

Mrs. Walsh, aged 50, was a native of Frackville, Schuylkill county, and was born April 9, 1889, the daughter of John and Rosetta Richards. She was educated in the Frackville school.

On Feb. 22, 1911, she married Mr. Walsh, who conducted a barber shop in Frackville until two years ago, when he located in Allentown with Harold Shearer at his N. 6th St. shop.

In addition to her husband, she is survived by two sons, William of Birmingham, Ala., and John, at home, and one daughter, Bethlehem, wife of Joseph Servokey of Harrisburg, who was married less than a month ago. A twin sister, Mary, wife of Philip Bevan of St. Clair, and two brothers, William and George, both of Philadelphia, also survive.

Funeral services will be held on Monday at 9 o'clock with a requiem mass at St. Francis of Assissi church, this city. Burial will be made in Frackville, preceded by a viewing at the Nice Funeral home, that place. A viewing will also be held at her late home Sunday night from 7 to 9 o'clock.

Ellen G. Scheirer

Resident of West Catasauqua Was Aged 71 Years

In ill health for the past year, Ellen J. Scheirer died at 12.15 a. m. yesterday at the home of her brother, Albert J. Scheirer, 70 2nd Ave., West Catasauqua. She was 71.

Miss Scheirer, who was a twin, was born in Whitehall township, Feb. 14, 1868, a daughter of the late Charles L. and Abigail, nee Stern, Scheirer. Her twin brother died in infancy. Her father was a carpet weaver in Mickleys for many years.

She was a member of St. John's Lutheran church, Mickleys, and of the Home department of the Sunday school and the Mite society.

Surviving are two other brothers, Albert J., West Catasauqua, and Edwin L., Allentown; two sisters, Rosa A., widow of Oliver Gehris, Mickleys and Elizabeth C., wife of Dr. E. F. Eshelman, Palmerton.

Rev. Harvey T. Sell will officiate at brief services to be held on Monday at 1:30 p. m. at the Oliver S. Burkholder Funeral home, 3rd and Walnut Sts., Catasauqua. Regular services will follow in St. John's church, Mickleys at 2 p. m. Interment will be made in Mickleys cemetery.

Lillia A. Weidner

Graduate of Allentown College for Women Was 86

In ill health since January, Lillia A. Weidner of Emmaus R. 1, died Thursday night at 11.45 o'clock. She was 86 years old.

Miss Weidner was born in Trexlertown but moved to her present home, near Center Valley, at an early age and spent practically her entire lifetime there. She received her preliminary education in the Center Valley schools, and later was graduated from the Allentown College for Women.

Miss Weidner was never married and resided with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William Weidner. For a time, a cousin, Revere Weidner, first president of the Theological Seminary of the Evangelical and Lutheran church in Chicago, also resided there. He died in 1915.

Miss Weidner was a member of the Lutheran wing of St. Paul's church. Her brother is the only survivor.

Rev. Daniel D. Kistler and Rev. Franklin Gehr will be in charge of services to be held at the late home, Emmaus R. 1, near Center Valley, on Monday at 2 p. m., DST. Interment will be made in Woodland cemetery, Blue church.

William H. Crone

Former Fullerton Resident Dies in Portsmouth, Va.

Word has been received of the death of William H. Crone, 93, who died July 29 at the home of his son, William, 1607 Ward Terrace, Portsmouth, Va., where he has resided for a few years.

Mr. Crone was born and raised in Fullerton and is well known in this city. The funeral took place on Aug. 1 in Portsmouth.

John F. Breitfeller

Coplay Man, 46, Was Milk Distributor for 21 Years

John F. Breitfeller, 46, for 21 years a distributor for the Howertown dairy, died at 11:30 a. m. Friday at his home, 33 8th St., Coplay.

Widely known throughout Lehigh, Northampton and adjoining counties, Mr. Breitfeller was the husband of Anna G. Gongarichk, with with a daughter, Catherine, survives. Two sisters, Mrs. Joseph Groller, West Coplay, and Mrs. Julia Winefoer, New York, and two brothers, Joseph and Frank Breitfeller of New York, also survive.

Fraternally Mr. Breitfeller was a member of the W. O. W., Egypt; German society, No. 703, D. O. H., Northampton; Northampton Exchange club, Coplay Fire Co. and German Beneficial society, West Coplay.

The funeral will be held Monday at 8:30 a. m. from the late home. Solemn high requiem mass will be offered at 9 a. m. in St. Peter's church, Coplay. Burial in the family plot in St. Andrew's cemetery, Catasauqua.

Mrs. Leona Black

Summit Hill Woman in Philadelphia Hospital Since June

Mrs. Leona Black, 114 E. Amidon St., Summit Hill, died at the Jefferson hospital, Philadelphia, Thursday. She was 51 years of age and was a lifelong resident of Summit Hill.

She had been ill for the past two years and had been a patient in the Philadelphia hospital since June of this year. She was a member of the Summit Hill Methodist church. Her husband, John Black, died eight years ago.

She is survived by six children: Nelson and Wilbur, Summit Hill; Mrs. Edward Becker, Lehighton; Daniel May and Millicent, at home; two brothers, Daniel Jones and Fred Llewellyn, Summit Hill, and three sisters, Mrs. Margaret Benson, New Jersey; Mrs. Mary Hespell, Lansford, and Mrs. Sarah O'Neill, Philadelphia.

Henry Angney

Resident of Emmaus Last 15 Years Was Born in Bucks

Henry Angney, a resident of Emmaus for the last 15 years, died yesterday at the Allentown hospital where he had been a patient the past two weeks. He was 69 years of age.

A native of Bucks county, he came to Emmaus 15 years ago to reside with his son, Artemus, at the latter's home on S. 6th St. Mr. Angney was employed as a watchman in silk mills.

He was a member of the St. John's Reformed church, Emmaus.

Survivors include his son, Artemus; a sister, Mrs. Isaac Moyer, Perkasie; a brother, John Angney, Quakertown, and three grandchildren.

Services will be held Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. (DST) from the Reinsmith funeral parlor, 32 N. 4th St., Emmaus, with Rev. Royce Schaeffer officiating. Interment in Keller's church cemetery, Bucks county. Viewing Monday 7-9 p. m.

(Continued on Page Nine)

Deaths

CORNMEYER—At Ancon, Panama Canal Zone, July 7, 1939, Robert J. H. Cornmeyer, U. S. A., son of Mrs. Alma Cornmeyer, of the Old Sun Inn, Bethlehem. Funeral services at 2 p. m. Monday, Aug. 7, in the Grim Home, 817 W. Broad St., Bethlehem. Burial in the family plot in Blue Church cemetery. Lena E. Grim.

BREITFELLER—In Coplay, Aug. 4, 1939, John F. Breitfeller, 46, husband of Anna G. Gongarich Breitfeller.

Relatives and friends and members of the W. O. W., Egypt; German Society, 703, D. O. H., Northampton; Northampton Exchange club, Coplay Fire Co., German Beneficial society, West Coplay, are invited to attend the funeral at 8:30 a. m. Monday from the late home, 33 8th St., Coplay. Solemn requiem high mass in St. Peter's church, Coplay, at 9 a. m. Burial in St. Andrew's cemetery, Catasauqua. Marcella McGovern.

HERBEIN—Near Dryville, Berks county, Aug. 4, 1939, Hannah R. Herbein, widow of David Herbein, aged 87 years, 6 months and 20 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services Tuesday at 2 p. m. (DST) from the late residence near Dryville and the further services in Mertz church, Dryville. Interment in the adjoining cemetery. Friends are invited to call Monday, 7-9 p. m. Schofer.

ANGNEY—In this city, Aug. 4, 1939, Henry Angney, aged 69 years, 8 months, 5 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend services Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. (DST) from the Reinsmith funeral parlor, 32 N. 4th St., Emmaus. Interment in Keller's church cemetery, Bucks county. Friends are invited to call Monday 7-9 p. m. Reinsmith.

Ernest B.

Zimmerman

New Funeral Home

1124 Walnut St.

Phone 2-5534

TODAY'S . . . Shoe Event Extraordinary!

WETHERHOLD & METZGER

FINAL

CLEAN-UP SHOE SALE

Hundreds of pairs of REALLY fine shoes at Ridiculously Low Prices!

BASEMENT SHOE STORE

88c — INFANTS', CHILDREN'S AND MISSES' SHOES

Styles and leathers which are very much in today's youthful fashion picture.

Were up to 1.95



1.38 — WOMEN'S AND GROWING GIRLS' SUMMER SHOES AND KEDETTES

A massive array of summer styles priced for rapid clearance. Styles and colors too numerous to mention. Broken sizes in many styles.

Were up to 3.95



49c — BOYS' AND MEN'S SNEAKERS

Black, brown or white. First quality. An absolute necessity for a comfortable vacation for feet.



1.88 — BOYS' OXFORDS

Summer styles to wear right now and late into Fall including styles selling for as high as 3.95.



1.88 — MEN'S OXFORDS

White, black or brown leathers. Goodyear welts. Buy several pairs for the price often paid for one pair.



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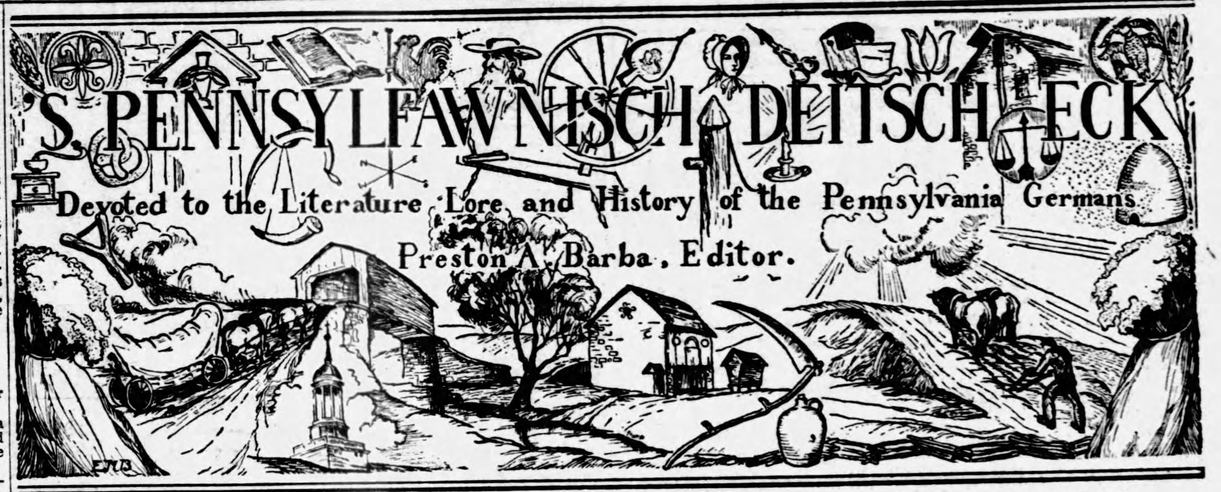
Store Open Saturday Evenings Until 8.30 o'clock



WER NET UF DER BAERRICK KANN, BLEIBT BESSER IM DAAL

Kaerriche Sache Veralters

Der Kaerrichegang in alter Zeit waar en scheeni Sach gewest. Do hen die Leit noch Hunger un Luscht g'hat far geischtliche Sache. Die Landsleit hen net die Wege g'hat wie heit. Domols waare 's Dreckwege gewest. Die waare net aagenehm gewest far Laafe odder far Faahre. Im Winter waar's dreckich, wann's net g'frore waar odder zugeblose, un summers schtaawich. Awwer sell hot nix ausgemacht. Wann en Mensch hungrich iss, guckt er net uf die Weitichkeet. Es waerd uns g'saat, dass es Vieh viel Melle gingt far Wasser un Sals zu finne. Un wann em Mensch sei Seel Luschte hot fars Ewich Wasser, so geht er hie wu er sich erfrische kann.

So waar's als gewest in alter Zeit. Die Leit hen Biewle un Gebetbicher g'hat in der Heemet, die aa gelese sin warre. Wu des der Fall iss, hot die Kaerrich aa ebbes devun. Biewel Lese macht Hunger, un wu Hunger iss, do geht's aa der Kaerrich engege. Wu ken Kaerrichegang iss, waerd aa wenich Biewel gelese. Wann die Leit mit ihre Biewel bekannt sin, breiche sie net froge, wann sie in der Kaerrich waare, un der Parre hot's Evangelium gebreddicht, "Was hot er dann g'saat? Er breddicht uns iwwer die Kepp naus!" Wann er es Evangelium breddicht, dann geht er uf me bekannte Weg naus, wu die Leit veralters geloffe sin. Uf kors, heitzudaags weess mer net eb mer en Fliegmachin mitnemme soll odder was. Oft waerd's Evangelium gaar net gebreddicht. Des dutt mol em Deiwel net viel Schaade! Er gleicht's Evangelium mol gaar net! es drefft ihn graad, wu er's net gleicht. Un so iss es mit viel Leit. Sie saage, "Breddich, awwer duh uns net beyuse!" Sie wolle net gedroffe sei. "Dokter, helf mer, awwer duh mer net weh!"

Wann der Parre Dr. Wm. A. Helffrich uf der Kansel waar, do hen die Leit die Ohre schpitze misse. Er hot gut Deitsch breddiche kenne, un er waar mit der Schrift bekannt. Ken Dummheite far ihn! Er hot aa grosse Schtee schmeisse kenne! Es waar en Freed gewest far ihm zuzuheere. Domols waar die Kaerrich immer ufg'fillt gewest. Die Leit hen ebbes mit heem nemme kenne. Es waar dewaert zu geh. Verleicht fehlt's Leit graad an daerer Sach. Der Helffrich hot noch Busse un Bekehrung gebreddicht. Er hot geglaabt, dass so ebbes iss as wie Sinde, die es Haerz verrumeniere un der Leweswandel en letzer Weg nausfiehrt. So en Verkollebierung kann yuscht ee Ding rechtsetze—'s Evangelium vum gekreizichte Heiland. Es allee kann's duh. Awwer du musscht aa Glaawe hawwe un's aanemme. Es waar ken "verleicht" in seim Breddiche. "So saagt's Wart" waar sei Richtschnur. Er hot ken ufgedoktert Evangelium gebreddicht. Er hot noch die rechte Arzenei g'hat. Un ich denk mer sin all eeschtimmich, dass des heit noch am Beschte iss. Farn' diefe Wund zu heele, musscht dief faahre odder gaar net.

Domols iss es Lied noch vorg'saat waare. Die Leit hen net all Singbicher g'hat un hette dann net mitsinge kenne, awwer der Parre hot g'saat, "Mer kenne all singe" un hot die Warte vorgelese un dann hot die Gemee g'sunge. Was waar doch des en Freed gewest. Do hot aa niemand vorschpringe kenne. "Halt dich in der Roi," hot's do g'heesse! En yedes hot eig'schtimmt un mit g'sunge. In deel Gemeene iss es Singe aa nimmi Fasching. Die Leit, denk ich ,sin bang sie daete zu viel Luft eihauche un mechte krank warre!

Ya, sie hen aa domols alsemol g'schlofe. Der Parre Kramlich hot mol eener ufgeweckt, der heftich g'schnarrickst hot uf der Bordkaerrich. Wie er am Breddiche waar, do hot der Sinder Riewe gekocht un des hot gemacht! Der Kramlich hot bumbs g'schtoppt zu breddiche un guckt nuf un dutt die Hand in die Heeh schtrecke un saagt, "Wach ihn auf, er schteert mich." Ich denk er hot des net so g'schwind vergesse g'hat! Ich denk deheem waer en besserer Blatz gewest zu schlofe, awwer noh waer er net in der Kaerrich gewest! Es hot noch Leit, die saage, "Noh waar ich doch in der Kaerrich gewest," wann sie aa net aadechtich waare. Es meene viel, mer gingt in die Kaerrich far zu schwetze! Die Kaerricheschtiehl gemaahne viel Weibsleit an die Fense, wu sie so oft schtehne un schwetze mit ihre Nochbere far Schtunne un wann aa 's Wetter ihne die Verkeltung bringe kennt.

Mol eemol waar's Wetter net so aagenehm gewest ee Winter Sunndaagvarmiddaag un 's waare yuscht drei Leit in der Hecktowner Kaerrich. Sellemols waar der Parre Welden Breddicher dart. Un weil's so blo ausgeguckt hot, saagt der Parre, "Ich denk mer hen heit ken Gottesdiensecht," un en alter Hartzel, wie'n Flint schiesst aus: "Saagt's Wart net —'wo zwei oder drei..'—? Er hot's net faerdich mache kenne, un der Parre hot's ihm abg'schitte, "Ya, mer hawwe Gottesdienscht." Un sie hen aa g'hat. Der Parre hot nix rausg'schnitte. Sie hen g'sunge un hen en Kollect genumme, un so weiter. 'Es sin net viel bekehrt warre, awwer die wu dart waare, hen ebbes mit heem genumme, das ihne gut geduh hot. So sott's immmer sei, "Mach dei Mund uf un heer ball uf," so duh ich.

—PARRE C. A. BUTZ
Bethlehem, Pa.

Zu Viel Leit

Mer heert als die Leit saage es waere zu viel Leit in unserem Weltdeel. Sie kenne schier nimmi all do lewe, mer sett fattgeh, hie wu's net so viel Leit hett. Die Waahrheet iss awwer, as wie die Welt eigericht iss, hot's net halwer Leit genunk. Mer maag hingucke wu mer will, fehle Leit. Es hot net genunk Mannsleit, net genunk Weibsleit, net genunk Maed un net genunk Buwe. Geh darrich die Schtadt un darrich die Schtaedtel un du waersch sehne, dass iwwerall Leit fehle. Die Schtore sin voll Goods un die Schtor-kipper hocke die Helft vun de Zeit debei mit nix zu duh do, as waarte far die Customers kumme un ihre Goods kaafe. All die Waert im ganse Land hette gaern e paar dausend Customers meh far ihre Schnapps drinke, un yeder Parre hett gaern a paar dausend Gemeensglieder, yeder Schuhschtor hett gaern en Lot aarme, baarflessiche, die Schuh hawwe misse far der Winter; yeder Gleederschtor daet winsche, as paar dausend halb Nackiche kumme daete far Gleeder kaafe; yeder Lawyer winscht es daet about zweemol so viel Narre gewwe, die schtreite un Lawsuits schtarte daete; yeder Dokter wott, as es about zweemol so viel Granke gewwe daet; yeder Drucker meent es sett about fimf dausend meh Leit do sei far sei schlechti Zeiting nemme; yedi Weschfraa meent es sette about dreimol so viel Leit kumme mit schmutzichi Wesch, even Dotegraewer hette gaern meh Dote zu begraawe, un yeder Schtaat hett gaern noch e paar dausend Eiwuhner. Des iss en deitlicher Beweis, dass es net halwer genunk Leit gebt.

Awwer dann gebt's widder viel Bletz, as mer meent die Welt hett gans un gaar zu viel Mensche un mer muss sich watche, as sie em net die Rippe neirenne un em dot drete. Geh mol an Bletz wu viel zu fresse un zu saufe iss far nix, dart find mer alsfert en grossi Crowd. Alles iss lewendich un guckt wie en grosser Iemeschwarm, yuscht net so decent un so andlich.

Geh emol an Boliticks Conventions, wu e paar Emter ausgedeelt warre, odder wu en Blatz uff iss far en Appointment, wu mer Geld grabbsche kann, e wennich schtehle un e wennich raawe mitaus in die Jail kumme, dart sin alsfert zu viel Leit. Un guck emol wu en Fessli Bier far nix ausgedeelt waerd odder zu Keffer Brieh gedriet waerd, dart sin eenichi Minut zehemol so viel Leit as notwennich. Nixnutziche, verdarwene, schtolze, eibildische, hochmiediche, dreckiche, lausiche un unehrliche Leit sin viel do, awwer rechtschaffene, ehrliche, braafe, demiediche, fleissiche, guthaerziche un sobere Leit sin zu wennich, un vun sellere Sart kennt mer noch Millione brauche.

Vum BOONASTIEL (T. H. Harter)

Der Yohli Verschteht's Net

ASTOR C. WUCHTER

Beim Yohli schtopp ich immer gaern,
Er iss en Mann as denkt;
Er iss net dumm, verloss dich druf,
Er weess wu's Ledder henkt.
Er iss net ufgebookt wie deel,
As darch die College sin;
Wann's awwer mol ans Schwetze geht,
Sin wennich mit em drin.

Er iss en Mann vun Common Sense,
Sei Judgment, des iss gut;
Drum tip ich immer, wu's aa iss,
Varm Yohli schee der Hut.
Mit Leit zu blaudre, wie's deel hot,
Iss yuscht verlorni Zeit;
"Ya," 's gebt aa Ledder," saagt er als,
"Wie Elbedritschel Heit."

"Silfanus! weesscht du wie des iss,
Ich kann's net recht verschteh;
Wann ebber'n guter Krischt will sei,
Nemmt's net zwee gute Bee?
Net die am Leib, mit Schuh un Schtrimp,
'S gebt noch en ann'ri Aart;
Zwee gute Bee—Vernunft, Verschtand,
Wie Mann un Fraa gepaart.

"Do iss der Dolly Warden Joe,
Gut ab, was Welt aageht;
Er schmokt die 'Cremos' bei der Box,
Iss immer gut gekleet;
Er treat die crowd, der Hostler mit,
Un crackt en Joke so schee;
Am Sunndaag graabt er var der Cent—
Ich kann sell net verschteh.

"Do iss der Bushy Diedelschmitt,
Er travelt uf un ab;
'S weess nimmand as er'n Handwerk hot,
Position odder Job.
Er iss schier immer uffgeduh,
Un schmokt sei Meerschaum, ye!
Sei Daadi—well, hot aa net viel—
Ich kann sell net verschteh.

"Do iss der Kuni Balsamblatt,
Mer riecht en schunn uf weit;
Er travelt noch em Schtehbock zu
Uf regler Schedule Zeit.
Der Dokter hot em paarmol schun
Die 'tremblers' aus de Bee,
Un saagt: 'Nau schtopp!" 's batt awwer nix,
Ich kann sell net verschteh.

"Do iss aa noch der 'Schtorebox' Jake,
Sei Trade iss net im Tax;
Er g'heert zu alles, Lodge un Club—
Gans darrich 'orthodox'.
Dart heesst's: 'Nau huscht', noh huscht er aa,
Un 's dutt ihm gaar net wen;
Kummt awwer eens fars Parresgeld—
Noh kann ich's net verschteh.

"Am Sunndaag hot der Parre do
Sei Nachtmol widder g'hat;
Sie sin aa gange, wie mer sott,
Un hoff 's hot aa gebatt.
Wann awwer eens de naegschte Daag
Der Schtrohsack fillt mit Schpee,
Un charged der heechschte Preis im Marrik—
Sell kann ich net verschteh.

"Der Parre hot mer aa geklaagt,
Er hett sei Fuhr un Gaul,
Un breicht sei Hawwer un sei Hoi
Farm 'Jim' sei hungrich Maul.
'S waer nix zu kaafe, aaryets meh;
Sie breichte 's all, noch meh;
Fallt's Schussboard awwer aus em Marrick,
Sie kumme—kannscht's verschteh?

"Mer hen doyetz so g'schwetzt devun,
Wie's mit dem Law-dings waer;
Mer weess wie's haergeht viel zu oft,
Net alles fair un square;
Ee Seit misst recht sei, eeni letz,
Die Law erlaabt net meh;
Prooft noh der Lawyer weiss iss schwarz—
Ich kann sell net verschteh.

"Ich waar doyetz in Pickletown—
Mei Ledder waar schier all,
Noh hot'n Bissniss-Mann dart g'saat:
'S muss ebbes gewwe ball,
Mer duhne Bissniss uf Kredit—
Guck naus, dart sensecht sie geh,
Excursions, Shows un Deiwelschtreech,
Ich kann's ball net verschteh'.

"Do hot mei Nochber Schuh gebrocht,
Die Sohl iss abgewetzt;
Die Kappe sin aa newe draus,
Die Zehe gans vermetzt;
'S iss ewwe, weescht, so Factory Schtock,
So ausse wunnerschee:
Babierne Sohle, Kappe, Heels—
Der Deiwel kann's verschteh.

"Der Josie hot doyetz verzaehlt,
Wie's haergingt in der Schtadt;
'S waer alles Hochmut, ya die Helft,
Die esse sich net satt;
'S waer owwedruf wie Raahm im Fass,
'S kennt nimmi weider geh;
En 'Mobil mit 're Mortgege druf—
Ich kann sell net verschteh."—

"Ya, Yohli," hawwich endlich g'saat,
Der Humbug, der iss gross;
Deel dreiwe 'n noch mit Hend un Fiess,
Die Biwel uf em Schooss.
In Religion un Politick,
In Tariff, Schul, Armee;
Wu unsereens der Kopp sich kratzt,
Der Herrgott kann's verschteh.

1908

Aus Unserm Briefkaschte

Stuttgart, Germany
June 21, 1939

To the Editor of the ECK:

In the introductory remark to my article on "Afrikaans and Pennsylvanish," which appeared in the ECK for March 25, 1939, you state that the author "infers that there is no reason why our own dialect should not become an important language"—just as Afrikaans did. Permit me to say that I did not mean to convey such an idea. I was merely trying to point out that 70 years ago, around 1870, Pennsylvania German was in actually the same condition as Afrikaans and had exactly the same chance of getting lifted upon a higher plane. I do not believe that such a chance exists today. I doubt the feasibility (to say nothing about the advisability) of making Pennsylvanish the principal medium of literary expression for the Pennsylvania Germans.

As I see it, Pennsylvanish can survive merely as a dialect subordinated to a literary language. This language has been, up to 1870, the High German. Now it is English. Still there is a basic difference between past and present conditions. High German, being closely related to Pennsylvania German, did never tend to destroy the dialect. There never was the least hindrance to their living peacefully side by side. On the other hand, English is not, or only remotely, related to Pennsylvania German and is innately inimical to its survival. It tends to destroy the dialect from without (by replacing it) and from within (by influencing and, in the long run, corrupting its syntax and vocabulary). Pennsylvania German could live on under the rule of the High German as a spoken tongue with little or no effort to use it in writing and make it accessible in and through books. Under the present-day conditions, when English is holding sway over Eastern Pennsylvania, Pennsylvania German cannot live on without being systematically cultivated. This implies a number of consequences: first, that there are persons, circles and organizations devoted largely or exclusively to such cultivation of the dialect; secondly, that a systematic effort be made to have the spelling unified (which effort is being made right now); thirdly, that a series of books be brought out using this new system of spelling; fourthly, that a number of children's books be among these books; fifthly, that school teachers be permitted to teach some Pennsylvania German (songs, etc.) in grades one and two; sixthly, that the teaching of German (i.e. High German) in the high schools of the "Dutch" counties be broadened so as to include some teaching of Pennsylvania German (reading and writing); seventhly, that at least one state normal school (preferably the Kutztown Teachers' College) should include in its curriculum an optional course on Pennsylvania German as well as High German.

Sincerely
(Signed) DR. H. KLOSZ.

BEE

Bee! Bee! Iwwerall!
Dicke Bee un dinne!
Nix as Bee uf yeder Seit,
Vun vanne un vun hinne!

Wann emol die Fashion iss,
So leppisch maag sie sei,
Die Weibsleit dripple immer mit
Un sin noch schtolz debei.

'S profitiert aa immer
Ebber uf der Welt.
Die Schtrimpmacher sin owwer druf,
Die mache jetzt ihr Geld.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL

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Chat About Your Friends

Mr. and Mrs. William Graver, 221 N. 10th St., and John Geiger Jr. of 742 N. 9th St., are spending several days at the New York World's Fair.

Friends of Mrs. Charles Deibert, 914 Cedar St., who has been seriously ill, will be glad to know she is recovering.

Kenneth Nicholas, 446 Tilghman St., is celebrating his birthday anniversary today.

George Kidd is seriously ill at his home, 626 N. Poplar St.

Cecilia Ulinak of Walnutport is spending a week in Atlantic City.

Mrs. B. T. Wragg and daughter Nancy of 314 N. 13th St. returned from a week's visit in Syracuse, N. Y. They also visited Niagara Falls and the Thousand Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. O. K. Weisel, 1002 Tilghman St., yesterday marked their 33rd wedding anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis M. Wolf, Sr., 740 N. 9th St., observed their 33rd wedding anniversary yesterday.

Barbara Ann Frank, 1021 Lawrence St., celebrated her birthday anniversary yesterday.

Jean R. Nonnemacher, 963 Tilghman St., is spending a week at Trumbauersville.

Mrs. Thomas Keiper and granddaughter, Doris Haney, 657 Filmore St., returned yesterday from Norfolk, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Brady, 213 N. 6th St., marked their 37th wedding anniversary on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Moran, 2014 Tilghman St., have returned home after vacationing at Baums, West Virginia.

Dorothy Behney, Allentown, R. 3, was 17 years old yesterday.

Catherine Pavanello, 367 Cedar St., Thursday marked her birthday anniversary.

Earl L. Fairchild, 617 N. 8th St., marked his birthday anniversary yesterday.

Mrs. G. Wesley Marquardt, 541 N. 11th St., Thursday observed her birthday anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. John Tyler, 2211 Fairview St., are spending a four weeks' vacation in California.

Merslow Kloss, 549 N. 4th St.; Cecelia Venus, 212 N. 2nd St.; and Anna Muell, 221 N Jerome St., marked their birthday anniversaries Thursday.

Mrs. John Keglovich, 327 Law St., is spending two days in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bodish, 525 N Jordan St., have as their guest for two weeks, Mary Koenig of New York City.

Harold Wolf, 731 Chew St. returned home after spending three days at the World's Fair.

Norman Faringer, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Faringer 266½ E. Hickory St., is spending the week with the Boy Scout Troop, No. 17, of the St. Paul's Reformed Church at Camp Trexler.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Seislove, 528 Turner St., have moved to 136 S. Franklin St.

Martha Garfinkel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Garfinkel, 428 S. 18th St., is home from New York on a two weeks' vacation. She is taking a course of study at the Wood Secretarial school, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Lick, 24 E. Susquehanna St., marked their 15th wedding anniversary on Wednesday.

Madeline Kuhns, Greenawalds, returned home after vacationing in Atlantic City for three days.

Elaine Ruth Stattler, 814 Ferry St., Easton, yesterday marked her birthday anniversary.

Mrs. Elmer Wetzel, 1232 Allen St., will return today from Lake Ariel where she has been spending the past two weeks.

Homer Haaf, 135 N. 12th St., left yesterday for Florida where he will spend his vacation.

Mrs. Harold Stiner, 309 N. 6th St., is recuperating from a shoulder injury.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Pellettieri, 314 N. 6th St., and children, Geraldine and Yolanda, are spending the week with relatives in New York City.

Marie Jacoby, 1037 Walnut St., returned from a ten day vacation in Lancaster.

Jean, Althea, Dorothy and George Zanger, 138 S. 8th St., were members of a deep sea fishing party at Little Creek, Del.

Althea Held, 815 Jackson St., returned from the Allentown hospital where she underwent an operation for appendicitis.

Thomas Morrow, 134 S. Hall St., is spending a few weeks visiting in Connecticut.

Mrs. Fred Snyder, 528 Washington St., is vacationing at Lake Harmony.

Mrs. Ralph Steinmetz, 529 N. 13th St., is confined to her home with illness.

Dorothy Neitz, 324 E. Hamilton St., observed her birthday anniversary yesterday.

Mary Newhard, 331 N. 10th St., has returned home after a month's visit with her sister, Mrs. H. E. Motter of West Palm Beach, Fla.

Jack Bachman, 721 N. 5th St., has been taking a trip along the Hudson.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. B. Snyder and son, Dickey, 829 S. 10th St., and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Furler, 538 Cleveland St., have returned from Lake Harmony where they spent several days.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hoffner, 1244 Tilghman St., have as their house guests for a few weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Eckert, 143 Columbia Ave., Palmerton.

Gladys Kudlich, Colonial Apts., S. 15th St., has as her guest Marjorie Bastian of Hazleton.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Zellner, 631 Cedar St., have as their guest, June Sourwine of Egypt.

Evan P. Paul, 743 S. 10th St., is spending the week in New York City.

Thomas Buxton, Bethlehem, yesterday observed his 79th birthday anniversary.

Frank Wagner Sr., 728½ N. 4th St., marked his birthday anniversary yesterday.

Helen Cervoni, 618 N. 4th St., is vacationing at Wildwood, N. J.

Mrs. William Reinsmith 118½ S. 15th St., is spending a few days at Hershey, Pa.

Clyde Scholl, 714 Green St., marked his birthday anniversary Thursday.

Pauline Fritch, 914 N. 6th St., observed her birthday anniversary Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Baer, and son Dale, and Bill Schonenberger and Helen Funk, all of Cetronia, will spend the weekend at Wildwood, N. J.

Elmer Updegrove, 433 N. 11th St., has been visiting at Lake Harmony.

Albert Roma, 811 N. Jordan St., marked his birthday anniversary yesterday.

Elsie Fink, 135 S. 5th St., visited friends in Philadelphia over the weekend.

Lawrence Herman, 814 Liberty St., will spend two weeks' vacation at Camp Dent.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Tweedy of 1821 Washington St., have as their houseguests, Mrs. William Peck, her daughter Jean, and son, Richard, and Ted Johnson, all of Pine Plains, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. William Swoyer and daughter, Delphine, 1320 Turner St., returned this week from a six weeks' stay in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Steckle and family, 1438 Gordon St., moved to their former home after living in California for the last four years.

Mr. and Mrs. William Nickum and son, 242 S. 13th St., returned home after a weeks' stay at the New York World's Fair

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Gates, 211 S. 13th St., are vacationing at Atlantic City.

Mrs. Harry Fallstick, 151 E. South St., yesterday observed her birthday anniversary.

David Jones, 162 E. South St., celebrated his birthday anniversary yesterday.

Eight members of the Nezod club of Allentown are vacationing for two weeks at the Rest Haven cottage, Saylors lake. In the group are Catherine Fels, Doris Walck, Eleanor Erdell, Jean Wieand, Nancy Weidman, Gladys Perna, Betty Gangawer and Betty Heiny. The chaperones are Mrs. Samuel Heiny and Mrs. Irvin Heiny.

Obituaries

Mrs. Martha Olson

Lansford Woman, Aged 60, Succumbs to Heart Disease

Martha, nee Fahrman, wife of John Olson, of 632 E. Bertsch St., Lansford, died at 5:30 a. m. yesterday in the Allentown hospital where she had been a patient since July 5. Death was attributed to a heart condition. She was 6? years old.

A native of Germany, she came to America at the age of 14, her family settling in Hauto. She has been a resident of Lansford the last 37 years. A parishioner of Trinity Lutheran church, Lansford, sh was an active member of the Ladies Aid society and the Ladies Bible class of the church.

She is survived by her husband, four children, Hillmer, Harold and Malvin, at home, and Mrs. John Keefer, Bath; her mother, Mrs. Wilhelmina Fahrman, Lansford; two brothers, Emil, Allentown, and August, Utica, N. Y.; two sisters, Mrs. Mary Anderson, New Britain, Conn., and Mrs. Thomas Gibson, Lansford. Six grandchildren also survive.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Monday with Rev. E. Richard Acker, pastor of Trinity Lutheran church, Lansford, officiating. Interment will be made in the Grand Army cemetery, Summit Hill.

Warren Edelman

Nazareth R. 1 Man Was in His 24th Year

Warren Edelman, 23, Nazareth R. 1., died at 6:45 a. m. Friday in St. Luke's hospital of a blood infection. He was born Dec. 8, 1915 and was a son of the late Herbert and Sarah Ann Correll Edelman.

He was employed at the Bethlehem Steel Co. and conducted a gasoline gasoline service station on the William Penn highway near Edgeboro.

Mr. Edelman was a member of Minnetonka Tribe, 284, I. O. R. M. and Grace M. B. C. church, Nazareth.

Survivors are a sister, Mabel, wife of Robert Stump, Northampton R. 1; and four brothers, Wilson, Nazareth; Oscar, Nazareth, R. 1.; Paul, of Fullerton and Howard, of Kerndale, Nazareth R. 1.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Tuesday at the home of the latter, with further services in Hecktown Dryland church. Burial in Hope cemetery. Friends may call from 7 to 9 p. m. Monday.

Mrs. Malvina Marko

Native of Austria Survived Only by Husband, Frederick Marko

Mrs. Malvina Miller Marko, 53, wife of Frederick Marko, 132 Gordon St., Allentown, died yesterday at the Sacred Heart hospital. She was admitted to the hospital Monday.

Mrs. Marko was born in Austria and came to this country 28 years ago. She came directly to Allentown. She was a member of the Sacred Heart of Jesus Catholic church, the Allgemeiner Ladies society and the Workingmen's Sick and Death Beneficial fund.

Her only survivor is ner husband, Frederick Marko.

Gregory Domitrowich

Young Nazareth Resident Had Been in Ill Health for Past Fight Years

Gregory Domitrowich, 28, died at his home in Nazareth early yesterday. He had been ill for the past eight years.

He was born in Northampton, the son of Rosina Astle and the late Joseph Domitrowich. He attended the public schools.

Surviving him are his mother, Rosina Domitrowich, a brother Joseph of Allentown and a sister, Mrs. Frank Hollendoner of Trenton, N. J.

The Rev. Paul Repchik will have charge of the funeral services to be held from Swallow's funeral home at W. 17th St. and Newport Ave., Northampton Monday at 9:15 a. m. Requiem mass will be sung in Our Lady of Hungary church, Northampton at 10 a. m. Interment in German Catholic cemetery.

Mrs. Celia O'Gorman

Coaldale Woman Had Been Ill a Long Time; Was 59

Celia, nee McGeehan, wife of Andrew O'Gorman, of 159 2nd St., Coaldale, died at her home yesterday afternoon after a lengthy illness. She was discharged from the Temple hospital, Philadelphia, a week ago after receiving treatment there for five weeks and was also a patient, for two weeks, in the Coaldale hospital. She was 59.

A lifelong resident of Coaldale, she was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Edward McGeehan, Coaldale. She was a parishioner of St. Mary's Roman Catholic church, Coaldale.

She is survived by her husband, three daughters, Mrs. Donald Boyle and Celia, Coaldale, and Mrs. James King, Long Island, N. Y.; four sons, Edward and John, Scranton, and Thomas and Robert, at home; three sisters, Mrs. Jerry Smith, Mrs. Irene Marks and Anna McGeehan, Coaldale, and two brothers, James McGeehan, Coaldale, and John McGeehan, Philadelphia.

Funeral services will be held from her home at 9 a. m. Monday with high requiem mass at 9:30 a. m. in St. Mary's church, Coaldale. Interment will be made in St. Jerome's cemetery, Tamaqua.

Henry Milander

East Weissport Man Ill Past Two Weeks; Was 48

Henry Milander, 48, of East Weissport, died in the Coaldale State hospital at 9 a. m. yesterday after an illness of two weeks.

A native of Czechoslovakia, he came to America at an early age. He had been employed as a miner at Nesquehoning colliery for the past 25 years. A member of St. John's Lutheran church, Upper Mauch Chunk, he also belonged to the Woodmen of the World.

Surviving are his wife, Pauline; two sisters, Mrs. Margaret Hartler of Long Island, N. Y., and Mrs. Arnold Jakoley, California; two brothers, Martin of Hokendauqua and John of Czechoslovakia.

Funeral services will be conducted at 2 p. m. Tuesday at the Heller and Son chapel, Weissport, with interment in the Evergreen cemetery, East Mauch Chunk. Rev. Addison C. Planz will officiate.

Mrs. Anna Laub

Allentown Woman, 58, Was Ill Last Two Months

Five hours after she had been admitted to the Allentown hospital, Mrs. Anna Laub, wife of Joshua Laub, 635 Union St., Allentown, died at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. She was in her 58th year. She had been ill two months.

Mrs. Laub was born in Macungie township, a daughter of the late George H. and Agnes (Larosh) Clause.

She was a member of Zion Reformed church and the Ladies' Bible class of the church.

Besides her husband there survive two children, Eliza and George, both at home.

James Sanders

Retired Slater, 67, Was Native of Cornwall, England

James Sanders of 809 Turner St., Allentown, a retired slater, died at 4:35 Friday afternoon in the Allentown hospital, aged 67 years. His wife, Annie (Vaughan) Sanders, preceded him in death little more than a year ago.

Mr. Sanders was born in Delabole, Cornwall county, England, and came to this country 59 years ago. He lived for a long time in the slate region.

He was a member of Christ Episcopal church, Slatington.

The only survivors are a brother, John Sanders in England, and the following step children: Sidney Vaughan, Mrs. Earl Clauss, both of Allentown; Earl Vaughan and Roland Vaughan, Slatington.

Louis Mazziotta

Allentown Barber Came Here from Italy 24 Years Before Death

Louis Mazziotta, 64, of 330 Limestone St., Allentown, who had been confined to the Sacred Heart hospital since last Saturday, died there at 9:50 p. m. Thursday.

A native of Italy, he came to reside in Allentown 24 years ago. He

(Continued on Page Nine)

Deaths

KAUFFMAN—At Alburtis R. 1, Aug. 10, 1939, Frank B. Kauffman, husband of Emma, nee Smith, Kauffman, aged 80 years, 2 months and 5 days.

Funeral services will be held at his late home, near Lehigh church, Alburtis R. 1, Tuesday at 2 p. m. daylight saving time. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend without further notice. Friends may call Monday from 7 to 9 p. m.

Schmoyer.

MILANDER—At Coaldale, Aug. 11, 1939, Henry Milander, East Weissport, aged 48 years.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services from the Heller and Son chapel, Weissport, at 2 p. m. Tuesday. Interment will be made in the Evergreen cemetery, East Mauch Chunk, with Rev. Addison C. Planz officiating. Friends may call Monday night.

Heller and Son, Weissport.

Ernest B Zimmerman
New Funeral Home
1124 Walnut St.
Phone 2-5534

WETHERHOLD & METZGER
Basement Store and Main Floor

TODAY ONLY!

Special FINAL Clean-up Prices...

1.25 WOMEN'S SUMMER FOOTWEAR
Short end lines of Women's summer styles.
Were up to 3.95
BASEMENT STORE
HURRY PLENTY!



1.75 BOYS' OXFORDS
All white or sport combinations. Various patterns. Short end lines.
Were up to 3.95
BASEMENT STORE
BUY PLENTY!



2.15 WOMEN'S SHOES
Women's discontinued Summer styles of Bilt-Rite, Arch-Rite and Dr. Drake Shoes. Various leathers and styles.
Were up to 3.95
BASEMENT STORE and MAIN FLOOR
SAVE PLENTY!



NOT ALL SIZES IN EVERY STYLE—BUT PLENTY OF STYLES MAKES THIS NO HANDICAP!

Store Open Saturday Evenings Until 8:30

"The Store of Famous Shoes"
719 Hamilton Street — Allentown



Die Alte Lieder

O sing mer doch die alte Lieder,
Die ich so lieb hab, noch emol;
Sie fliesse darch Gemiet un Glieder
So heilich un so sabbathvoll!
Der Choir, der scheint mer yuscht ze blarre;
Ken Sunndaag kann mer heilich sei,
Wann net gemeindlich g'sunge warre
Paar vun de alte Melodei.

Die alte Lieder losst uns b'halte:
"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott,"
"Wer nur den lieben Gott laesst walte,"
Un "Sei getreu bis in den Tod;"
"Ich weiss dass mein Erloeser lebet,"
"Mein Gott, das Herze bring ich dir;"
So Lieder, O ihr Singer! webet
Zum harrliche Kranz melodisch mir.

Mei Kindheits Karrich iss abgerisse,
Die alte Schtimme sin verhallt,
Doch darch mei Seel noch immer fliesse
Die liewe Lieder—nie net alt!
Schtimmt ei, ihr Schweschtere un ihr Brieder
En alter Sunndaag noch emol!
Un singt die gute alte Lieder
So heilich un so sabbathvoll!

1882. —Charles Calvin Ziegler. (1854-1930)

A Gift

Through the generosity of Prof. William L. Werner of Pennsylvania State College, the library of Muhlenberg College has recently received a valuable addition to its growing list of Pennsylvania German items. It is the rare little book "Pennsylvania Dutch. A Dialect of South German with an Infusion of English," by Samuel S. Haldeman.

This is not only the earliest, but continues to be one of the most notable scientific treatises devoted to our Pennsylvania German dialect. It was published in London in 1872. Its author was at that time Professor of Comparative Philology in the University of Pennsylvania. How this scholarly treatise came to be published in London becomes clear from the prefatory remarks by the eminent English scholar, Alexander J. Ellis. While the latter was engaged with the third part of his work "Early English Pronunciation" Professor Haldeman sent him a reprint of some humorous letters by Edward H. Rauch: De Campain Breefa fum Pit Schwefflebrenner un de Bevvy, si alty, gepublished olly woch in "Father Abraham". Perceiving at once an analogy between this debased German with English intermixture and Chaucer's debased Anglo-Saxon with Norman intermixture, Ellis requested and obtained such further information from Haldeman as enabled him to give an account of this singular modern production (quoted from Ellis) and of the manner in which our English language itself was built up, and insert it in the introduction to his chapter on Chaucer's pronunciation in his work "Early English Pronunciation" (pp. 652-663).

Ellis continued to be further interested in this living example of a mixture of languages and requested Prof. Haldeman to draw up a more extensive treatment of the dialect in the form of a paper to be read before the Philological Society of London. The professor responded, but since he himself was absent from England, Ellis read Haldeman's treatise before the Philological Society in London on June 3, 1870. Ellis also supervised the printing of the treatise and added a few foot-notes. In his introduction to Haldeman's little book, Ellis presents the following ideas, which, although since then familiar enough to investigators in linguistics, were at that time most stimulating. We quote as follows: "Sufficient importance does not seem to have been hitherto attached to watching the growth and change of living languages. We have devoted our philological energies to the study of dead tongues which we could not pronounce, and have therefore been compelled to compare by letters rather than by sounds, and which we know only in the form impressed upon them by scholars of various times.... We are thus enabled to see as little of the real genesis of language, in form, in sound, in grammatical and logical construction, in short in the real pith of philological investigation, as the study of the full-grown salmon would enable us to judge of the marvelous development of that beautiful fish."—Such studies as Haldeman's, the English writer thinks, will serve among others to stimulate exertions on the new direction, for we can not learn life by studying fossils alone.

This little work consists of sixty-nine pages. It was prepared by Professor Haldeman at Chickies, near Columbia, Pa. The manuscript bears the date of February 16, 1870.

The chapter titles will give our readers some idea of the contents of this interesting little volume: I. People—History, Location, Condition; II. Phonology; III, Vocabulary; IV, Gender; V The English Infusion; VI Syntax; VII Comparison with other German dialects.

On page 3 of this book we find an item which is of special interest to our local readers, and which is quoted from the Deutsch-Amerikanisches Conversations Lexicon, under date of December, 1869, as follows: "The German element is strongly and properly represented in Allentown, and in Lehigh County generally, where the German language has retained its greatest purity, and so strong is this element, that in the city itself there are but few persons who speak English exclusively. An evidence of this is found in the fact that in seventy of the eighty Christian congregations in the county, some of which are over one hundred years, Divine service is conducted in the German language. Allentown has seven German churches: (two Lutheran, one Reformed, two Methodist, one United Brethren, and one Catholic); and nine Germn journals, of which are published weekly; Der Unabhaengige Republikaner (59 years old), Der Friedensbote (57 years old), Der Lecha County patriot (43 years old), Der Weltbote (15 years old, with 12,000 subscribers) and Die Lutherische Zeitschrift. The Stadt-und Land-Bote is a daily, the Jugendfreund semi-monthly, with 20,000 subscribers; and Pastor Brobst's Theologische Monatschefte is monthly Since the beginning of the year 1869 the German language has been taught in the public schools."

—Ed.

SAMUEL S. HALDEMAN, LL.D.

In continuance of our plan to publish from time to time sketches of famous Pennsylvania Germans we offer here the biography of Prof. Samuel S. Haldeman, who achieved eminence in many fields and was looked upon both at home and abroad as one of the great scientists of his day. He is the author of the treatise "Pennsylvania Dutch" published in London in 1872, considered elsewhere in this issue of the ECK.—Ed.

SAMUEL STEMAN HALDEMAN, was in every sense a typical and worthy specimen of the Pennsylvania German. The story of his life will cause many a youth of similar birth, to emulate his greatness with new aspiration, and will fill the bosoms of many others, and some no longer youths, with a feeling of just racial pride.

His lineal descent is from an honored German-Swiss stock, sometimes spelled Haldimand, according to the French, or Halderman, more distinctively German. The first immigrant and progenitor of the American branch of the family was Jacob Haldeman, who was born at Neufchatel, Switzerland, October 7, 1722, and settled in Lancaster county, Pa., where he married and reared a large family, and died February 27, 1783. He was a grandson of Gaspard Haldimand, and a cousin of Sir Frederick Haldmand, who figure prominently on the British side of the French and Indian War, and who later (1778) became Governor General of Quebec and Canada.

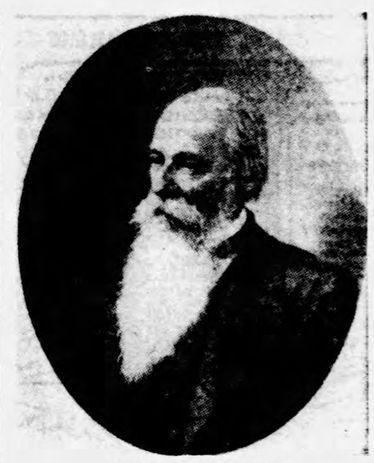
Of Jacob Haldeman's family, John (1753-1832), the fourth child (third son), was the grandfather of the subject of this sketch. John's fourth son, Henry (1787-1849), was the father of Samuel Steman, who was the first-born of his father's family. Up to this generation the numerous progeny of the original Haldeman settler have mostly lived in either Lancaster or Dauphin counties, in the townships or towns closely skirting the Susquehanna, where many of them have attained wealth and have long been locally honored for their thrift and integrity. Prof. Joseph P. Lesley, in a memoir delivered in the National Academy of Washington, D. C., November 16, 1881, describes them as "hardy, thrifty, hard-working people; who acquired land, saved money, and were full of enterprise and energy, lovers of freedom and shrewd politicians."

As Prof. Haldeman has worked his way up into fame as an eminent naturalist, ethnologist, philologist and archaeologist, from the environment of a plain and unvarnished, but sturdy and honorable ancestry, we are glad that we can furnish so minute an account of his upward course by one who is thoroughly acquainted with the facts. We therefore take pleasure in inserting a sketch, kindy furnished us by his nephew, Mr. Horace L. Haldeman.

Prof. Haldeman, the eldst son of Henry Haldeman, who was well-known as an active business man and prominent in the local political circles in his day, was born at Locust Grove, near Chickies, Lancaster county, Pa., on August 12, 1812. When young he was well supplied by his father with books on general literature. The latter appreciated culture and endeavored to foster a love of learning in his children. His mother died when he was not quite fourteen years of age, so she had little influence upon his after career. She was an accomplished musician and it is possible "his great accuracy of ear in detecting and analyzing unusual sounds in language may have been inherited from her." His education began at a small local log school house close to his home, of which Mr. Jefferies was the master. One of his first acts was to get his deskmate, the late Daniel Engle, to teach him to spell in German. Whilst always a close student, he was at the same time an active lad, fond of all the outdoor sports which he fully enjoyed with his companions. He early formed habits of observation which later were applied to the study of the sciences. When quite young he amused himself examining the objects of natural history around his home and formed a small cabinet of rude anatomical specimens made from the small wild animals and birds of his neighborhood. These a traveling Methodist minister taught him to prepare and mount. He once wrote in later life, I collected shells on the banks of the Susquehanna long before I knew the meaning of genus and species." He discovered in his observation two facts, then new to science, i. e., that the peregrine falcon of this country nests in rocks as in Europe, and that the eagle, when unable to rob the fish-hawk, will himself dive for prey.

In the spring of 1826, Prof. Haldeman was sent to the Academy of Dr. John Miller Keagy, at Harrisburg. He had a high appreciation of his preceptor's abilities, as is shown by several published papers written by Prof. Haldeman. Dr. Keagy was familiar with Hebrew, German and French and in the absence of text-books, taught the natural sciences orally, in an excellent conversational style. Prof. Haldeman remained under Dr. Keagy's care for two years, after which he entered Dickinson College, where he formed the friendship of Prof. H. D. Rodgers, one of the faculty, who was subsequently a distinguished geologist. As the restraint of the college course became irksome to one of his temperament, eager to explore for himself, he remained at Dickinson Collge but two years, leaving there in 1830, without obtaining his degree, but in good standing as is shown by the testimonial from its president. After this he continued his own studies at home and added to his collections of natural history. He also began adding to his scientific and linguistic library. In 1833-34 he attended lectures at the University of Pennsylvania, especially those on chemistry and anatomy, after which he returned home and assisted his father at the Chickies sawmill. His father desired him to take up law, but this he never did. For the purpose of collecting specimens on conchology he drove in a light wagon to Kentucky, via Pittsburg, with his younger brother, Cyrus S., as a companion, who was then but a lad.

Whilst he never took any active part in the management of either the saw-mill or the blast-furnace, in which he was interested, his advice was always sound on practical affairs connected therewith and his perception quick. He was familiar with all the technicalities of making pigiron and he wrote two papers, one on "Smelting Iron with Anthracite Coal," and the other on "The Construction of Furnaces to Smelt Iron with Anthracite Coal," published in Silliman's Journal. The production of pigiron with anthracite coal then being a novelty, the "Chickiswalungo Furnace," of which he was a one-half owner, was among the pioneers in the use of that fuel. Charcoal was never used in this furnace. He was the architect and made all the drawings and specifications for the large mansion dwelling house at Chickies, when he was twenty-one years of age. The Pictorial Sketch Book of Pennsylvania says of this residence that it is the "most stately edifice in this part of the country." He also laid out the grounds connected therewith, collecting the trees and shrubbery from the best native specimens in the surrounding country and also from some foreign varieties imported by Mr. Barton, of Philadelphia. All of these he planted with his own hands.



SAMUEL S. HALDEMAN
1812—1880

In 1835, Prof. Haldeman married Mary A. Hough, of Bainbridge, Pa., a descendant of John Hough, of Hough, Chester county, England, and Hannah his wife, "who arrived in the river Delaware in the Ninth Month, 1683."

The same year (1835), he made his first appearance in print in a contribution to the Lancaster Journal, of an article refuting Locke's "Moon Hoax." From then until his death his life was devoted to science During some forty-five years he spent most of his time in his library, at Chickies, where, during his vigorous manhood, he worked sixteen hours a day. "Though he accepted several professorships, and delivered a number of courses of lectures, he preferred being master of his own movements in the quiet of his home. Here books and cabinets accumulated under his laborious hands, only to be scattered again and give place to others, when his insatiable appetite for knowledge led him into new fields of investigation. He traveled, but it was only to gather material for further research." In 1836 he became an assistant in the State Geological Survey of New Jersey, under Prof. Rogers, his old preceptor, and the following year he occupied a similar position in the Pennsylvania State Geological Survey. He also did much to promote surveys in other States. Whilst thus engaged he discovered the Scolithus linearis, a new genus and species of fossil plant, also the most ancient organic remains in Pennsylvania, upon which he published a monograph, in 1840. During this period he was also collecting and studying shells, the result of which was published in 1840 under the title of "A Monograph of the Fresh-water Univalve Mollusca of the United States." This work, when completed, contained nine parts and was published in 1845. It was illustrated with forty copper-plate engravings, drawn and colored from original shells and living animals. The Revue Zoologique, of Paris, commended it as "very well done in a scientific point of view and perfectly executed in regard to plates and typography." Benjamin Silliman, in Silliman's Journal, wrote: "It is in advance of similar work." His next publication on shells was a "Monographic du genre Leptoxis," Paris, 1847, with five plates, folio, including 117 colored figures, forming part of Chenu's "Illustrations Conchyliologiques," and written in French. Ten of his publications are devoted to shells, the last on that subject having been published in 1863. In 1844 he issued a communication on "Species and their distribution," which developed into Darwinism. Darwin mentions this paper in the preface of his "Origin of Species," p. vii. In 1843 he appeared with a "Catalogue of the Coleoptera of Southeastern Pennsylvania." Some time after he writes to a friend, "I intend to devote myself almost exclusively to this branch of zoology hereafter, and am gradually acquiring a good entomological library," and again, "I collected 2,050 specimens last season in all the orders but principally coleoptera, with 300 hymenoptera"; and later again he writes, "So much of my time is occupied with insects and so little with snells, that I have suffered your last to lay quite a long time unanswered." His principal entomological writings are "Materials toward a History of Coleopterous Longicornia of the United States," "Descriptions of North American Coleoptera," making some twenty three papers on this subject.

Prof. Haldeman's other work in natural history consists of two papers on arachnoidae, five on crustaceae, six on annelides and worms and seven on geology and chemistry. Of geology it was said of him that "he reads rocks like capital letters." He also wrote a small work on fishes, for which the specimens were collected and prepared by his own hand. This was never published. A large work on Unios "was also crowded out after being nearly ready for the press."

He declined to edit a magazine devoted to natural history in 1843 for the reason, as he wrote: "You may think the assertion a strange one, but I would not have time to conduct such a work. Between studying general zoology, collecting, dipping into German, and writing lectures, my time is pretty well occupied, and if I had more to spare I could, I think, employ it better in original research." He was at that time lecturing in public, having been chosen professor of Zoology by the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, in 1842. These lectures, with numerous illustrative drawings accompanying them, were lost later by fire. To a remark made as to the varied branches of learning he had mastered, he replied: "I take up a new study in order to rest myself."

(To be Concluded)

Chat About Your Friends

Rev. and Mrs. C. J. Yoder of 513 N. 6th St., have as their houseguest, Mildred Denuse of York.

Friday's birthday list included: John Kohler, 920 Gordon St.; Jane Mahler, 961 Tilghman St.; Mrs. G. Hertzog, 420 Auburn St.; Mrs. Silvio Delercia, 387½ Cedar St.; Joseph Alteri, 205 Washington St.; Mrs. J. H. Silfies, 1219 Turner St.; Mrs. Lola Guth, 801 Filmore St.; Virginia Craven, 104 S. Bradford St.; C. Walter Bartholomew, 621 12th Ave., Bethlehem; Billy Downs, Slatington; William Fry, 415 E. Walnut St., and Helen Newbauer, 184 Chew St.

Jean Nonnemacher, 963 Tilghman St., returned home Wednesday after a week's visit at her grandmother's bungalow, Trumbauersville.

Mrs. Andrew Rosetti, 301 S. Fulton St., went to Astoria, L. I., Thursday.

Ralph Smith, 765 Lawrence St., has just returned from a six-week stay at Camp Mohicab, Belvidere, N. J.

Mrs. Anna Balliett, 510 N. 5th St., is spending the week with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Balliett, Morris Plains, N. J.

Ellsworth H. Weiss of Lehighton, is the houseguest of Mr. and Mrs. R. Shoemaker, 1136 Oak St.

Alverta Roncolato, who is vacationing at Saylors lake, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Roncolato, 389½ Greenleaf St.

Clifford Yost, formerly of this city, is spending several days with his mother, Mrs. Helen Yost, 504 N. 7th St.

William Dale Dayton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Dayton, Orefield, R. 1, will be one year old today.

Marion M. Scholl, 645 E. Susquehanna St.; Florence M. Lehn, 923 Filmore St.; Leara M. Moatz, 954 Walnut St., and Ruth E. N. Scheirer, 1110 N. 19th St., will return home tomorrow from a cruise to Massachusetts and a motor trip through the New England states.

Mrs. Marcus A. Miller, 971 Green St., will celebrate her birthday anniversary today.

Helen MacAnally of 306 S. St. Cloud St. has recovered from an illness which kept her confined to her home for the last few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Ridgely, Maryland inn, Petersville, have just returned from Detroit, to which city they motored for a vacation in celebration of their 13th wedding anniversary. Although they are both Allentonians, they were married in Detroit and the recent trip was a pilgrimage to the church in which they were wed.

Ruth Sechrist, 931 N. 5th St.; Gerry Kleckner, 625 N. 10th St.; Dorothy Kutz, 1031 Court St., and Mildred Resh, 431 Green St., have returned from a two weeks' vacation spent at Atlantic City.

The following residents of Allentown are guests at the Seaside in Atlantic City: Dr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Rutherford and daughter, Mary E., of 112 N. 13th St., and Cora A. and Ida Peter, 112 N. 13th St.

Mrs. Homer Heller, 1518 Liberty St.; Mrs. Walter Wagner, 1530 Allen St.; Mrs. Percival Wean, 1210 Gordon St, and Myrtle Thomas and Florence Selfert of Catasauqua, are vacationing in Atlantic City.

Mrs. H. M. Tobias, 738 N. 6th St., wife of the pastor of Grace U. B. church, will celebrate her birthday anniversary tomorrow. Mrs. Tobias is teacher of the Ladies' Bible class of Grace U. B. Sunday school.

Anna LaRoche Gaumer, 1830 Hamilton St., is visiting Jane Perry, her former roommate at West Chester State Teachers college, in Doylestown.

Patricia Ann Lesko, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Lesko, 305½ N 3rd St., Allentown, is observing her third birthday today.

Mrs. Robert Nott Merriman, instructor in French at Cedar Crest college, has returned after attending the summer school of languages at Middlebury college, Vt. She took four courses in French, including 18th century and contemporary French.

Program for the Weekend For Dorney Park Patrons

A busy night tonight and a big day tomorrow loom for patrons of Dorney Park. Tonight from 8:30 to 1:00 a. m. daylight time, Castle Garden will echo to the music of two orchestras in a "battle of music." Mitchell Ayres and his "Fashions in Music" will be pitted against the Romig-Moore orchestra of 13 men.

Sunday afternoon another program of Midget auto races will be held on the Dorney Park oval beginning at 2:30 sharp.

On the theatre stage program tomorrow night at 7 and 10 o'clock are the International Trio, popular comedy trio in a little bit of everything, Seed and Morton, in a variety of dancing, singing and hokum comedy, Fields and Georgie in comedy potpourri, the Daytons, novelty gymnastics and Jerry Toman in impersonations, singing and comedy will act as master of ceremonies.

As an added attraction at both shows the park management will present Donn "Ice" Hart, the "human icicle."

At the beginning of each show Hart will be placed in 1400 pounds of ice and left there for a period of 30 minutes at least, while the show is presented.

Funeral Services Held For George C. Keck

Funeral services were held at 2 o'clock p. m. Friday for George C. Keck, a retired machinist of the Bethlehem Steel Co., who died Tuesday at the home of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Smith, 438 Hamilton St. at the age of 86.

The Rev. Dr. Simon Sipple conducted the services at the Rabenold funeral home, 116 S. 8th St. Burial was made in the Fairview cemetery.

Mr. Keck's six grandsons, Charles, Samuel, Neil, Richard and George Boyle and George Hafner, acted as pallbearers.

Private Funeral

(Continued from Page Five)

ney John L. Cutshall for court permission for Miss Cowan to view her sister's body this morning, prior to the funeral rites.

It was denied without comment by Judge Richard W. Iobst.

The usual crowd of the morbidly curious was absent last night at the Strunk funeral home on W. Broad St., Quakertown, where, serene in death, the body of Mrs. Saeger was lying to permit her friends in that section to pay their last respects.

There was not the file of curious who usually throng to funeral parlors to see the victim of murder. Instead, friends from the Spinnerstown section where her husband is a dairyman and a number of Quakertown people viewed the body.

To prevent any possible gathering of curious for the funeral—although residents of the Quakertown section have displayed their willingness to allow the family of Mrs. Saeger to mourn their loss without interference—the funeral today will be private and at the convenience of the family.

No definite time has been set for the funeral. Services will be conducted by the Rev. William J. Rupp, pastor of the Spinnerstown Reformed church, at which Mrs. Saeger worshiped. Interment also will be at the convenience of the family in Fairview cemetery, this city.

While the services for her sister are being held, Miss Cowan, whose self-styled "mercy slaying" freed—in death—her sister from her hospital bed, will be in the Lehigh county jail.

Feeling grew yesterday that Miss Cowman will not be called to face trial for the death of her sister but would be sent to a mental institution.

Dr. Harry Good, physician at the county jail, has been ordered by District Attorney Cutshall to examine Miss Cowan in regard to her mentality.

If the report of the physician justifies it, Warden John Henninger will petition the court, through the district attorney, to have a mental commission established to determir Miss Cowan's mentality.

In the event she was adjudged ov the commission as being unable to determine "right or wrong" in the slaying of her sister, Miss Cowan would be sent to an institution by the court.

If this happens, Miss Cowan will be sent to a mental hospital in the hospital where she fatally wounded state, similar to the Allentown State her sister to end her sister's suffering.

District Attorney Cutshall said he expected a report, through Warden Henninger, next week and said if a request were made for a sanity commission he would be glad to petition the court.

Members of the Cowan family, the district attorney said, are in no financial position to secure counsel for Miss Cowan and she has expressed a desire that they make no effort to have a lawyer retained.

Her hearing is scheduled for 2 p. m. next Tuesday before Alderman Joseph Slough. Mr. Cutshall said he doubted if the court would be asked prior to that to name counsel for Miss Cowan, who, under the laws of the State, is entitled to be represented at trial.

This was seen as a further indication that Miss Cowan, instead of facing a judge and jury, will have her destiny determined by a sanity commission.

Deaths

FARRELL—In this city, Aug. 18, 1939, Mrs. Mary Farrell.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral at 8:30 a. m. Monday at St. Martha's Old Ladies home, 417 Pine St. Requiem High Mass at 9 a. m., at the Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Interment in St. Michael's cemetery. Viewing Sunday from 3 to 9 p. m. Becker.

SCHOENEWOLF—In Allentown, Aug. 18, 1939, Christian Frederick Schoenewolf, aged 72 years.

A funeral cortege will leave the home of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Howard K. Towles, 413 N. 23rd St., Allentown, for Baltimore, Md., where funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Monday at the William J. Tickner funeral home. Interment in Woodlawn cemetery, Baltimore. C. D. B.

KUHNS—In this city, Aug. 18, 1939, Edwin G. Kuhns, husband of the late Elesina (Henninger) Kuhns, aged 87 years, 8 months, 19 days.

Relatives, friends and members of the Woodlawn Fire Co. are respectfully invited to attend funeral services Monday at 2 p. m. (DST) from the home of his granddaughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Warmkessel, 2201 Walbert Ave., Woodlawn section, and the continued services in the Jordan Lutheran church. Interment in the adjoining cemetery. Friends are invited to call Sunday 7-9 p. m. Schmoyer.

Obituaries

John Pichacolas

Operated Hotel in Tamaqua for Last 15 Years

Funeral services for John Pichacolas, 56, of E. Union St., Tamaqua, who died yesterday morning in the Palmerton hospital, will be held at 9 a. m. Tuesday at SS. Peter and Paul's church. Interment will be made in the parish cemetery, Owl Creek.

Pichacolas, who conducted a hotel in Tamaqua the last 15 years, was a native of Lithuania. He came to America in 1903, residing in Shenandoah.

Surviving are two sons, Dr. Joseph F. Pichacolas, Tamaqua, and John, at home, and a brother and sister in Lithuania. His wife preceded him in death two years ago.

Mrs. Jenny C. Dorney

Was Widow of Founder of Old Allentown Commercial School

After an illness of several weeks, Mrs. Jennie C. Dorney, of 115 S. 14th St., passed away at the Allentown hospital at 1.05 a. m. yesterday.

Mrs. Dorney, widow of Oliver C. Dorney, founder and president of the old Allentown Commercial school, had fractured her leg in a fall at her home last Saturday and had been confined to the hospital since that time. Her husband died Dec. 6, 1928.

Born in Providence, R. I., she was the daughter of William and Ann, nee Thornton, Wood, and had been a resident of this city for the last 50 years. She was well loved by everyone and was a devout Christian. The only survivors are several nieces and nephews.

Rev. Sydney Buxton will be in charge of private funeral services to be held at the late home on Monday at 2 p. m. Burial will be made in Fairview cemetery.

Mrs. Emma E. Shifter

Native Allentonian Was Aged 52 Years

Mrs. Emma R., nee Snyder, wife of Harry E. Shiffer, died at her home at 532 Linden St. at 6.30 a. m. yesterday at the age of 52.

Mrs. Snyder had been ill for four years but had been bedfast for just a week. She was born in Allentown, the daughter of James and Susan Snyder, and had lived here all her life.

She was a member of Trinity Reformed church, the Pocohontas lodge, the Daughters of America and the Maccabees.

She is survived by her husband and one son, Robert, at home.

Funeral services will be held at the Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St. Monday at 2 p. m. with the Rev. F. R. Cardwell officiating.

Edwin G. Kuhns

Retired Farmer of Guthsville Sector Was 87 Years Old

Edwin G. Kuhns, a farmer in the Guthsville sector nearly his entire lifetime, died at 11:15 o'clock yesterday morning at the residence of his granddaughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Warmkessel, 2201 Walbert Ave., Woodlawn section. He was 87 years of age.

Born in Upper Macungie township, he was the son of the late Samuel and Salome (Stettler) Kuhns. He had participated in the farming occupation until 20 years ago when he retired.

His wife, Elesina (Henninger) Kuhns died 22 years ago. A son also preceeded him in death.

He was an honorary member of the Woodlawn Fire Co. and a member of the Jordan Lutheran church.

Survivors include a son, Clinton E. D. Kuhns, Allentown; five daughters, Mrs. Harvey A. Miller, Allentown; Mrs. Samuel Haas, Wescosville R. 1; Mrs. Samuel Gehringer, Breinigsville R. 1; Mrs. Alexander Holben, New Tripoli R. 2; Mrs. Morris Schmoyer, Spinnerstown; 15 grandchildren, 16 great-grandchildren, a brother, Levi Kuhns, Chapmans.

Funeral services will be held from the late home Monday at 2 p. m. (D.S.T.) with continued services in Jordan Luthearn church. Interment in the adioining cemetery. Rev. W. E. Wenner will officiate. Viewing Sunday 7-9 p. m.

Mrs. Rebecca J. Elliott

Heart Attack Causes Death of Ellsworth St. Woman

A heart attack caused the unexpected death yesterday afternoon of Mrs. Rebecca J., nee Edwards, Elliott, wife of James G. Elliott, at her home, 145 Ellsworth St., Allentown. She was aged 67 years, 5 months and 2 days.

Mrs. Elliott was born in Mt. Carmel but had been a resident of this city for the past 35 years. She is survived by her husband and the following children: Mrs. Ethel Geesey, Royaltown, Pa.; James Elliott, Philadelphia; Mrs. Harvey Wooster, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mrs. Lester E. Wilson, Scranton and Lloyd Elliott, at home.

She was a member of the Baptist faith. Funeral arrangements will be made today.

William G. Harris

Former Pen Argyl Baker Was 50 Years Old

William G. Harris, 50, 405 William St., Pen Argyl, died Friday morning in the St. Luke's hospital. For some time he was a bakery shop operator with his brother, Harry Harris, in Pen Argyl, but for the past several years he has been connected with several small textile mills in Northampton county.

He was born in Cornwall, England, the son of the late John and Ellen Harris. He was a resident of Pen Argyl for the past 33 years.

He is survived by his wife, Emma Jago Harris; one daughter, Virginia, at home; two sons, Thomas of Bethlehem and Donald, at home, and the following brothers and sister: Harry Harris of Pen Argyl, John Harris of Sydney, Australia; Nellie Harris of Plymouth, England.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Monday at the Pullis Funeral home, 126 Pennsylvania Ave., Pen Argyl, with the Rev. Charles R. Allen, assistant pastor of the Pro-Cathedral Episcopal Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem, officiating. Burial in the Fairview cemetery, Pen Argyl.

Mrs. Anna S. Houck

Resident of Saylorsburg Active Fraternally; Was 57

Mrs. Anna S. Houck, 57, of Saylorsburg, died at the Palmerton hospital on Thursday night after a brief illness. Mrs. Houck was a native of Saylorsburg, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Young, and became the wife of Norman Houck, who survives.

During many years, Mrs. Houck was very active in the work of the auxiliary of Sons of Union Veterans of the American Civil War, the auxiliary of the Saylorsburg Fire company, the Hamilton Lutheran church and the P. O. of A. of Saylorsburg.

Besides her husband, she leaves two sisters, Mrs. Catherine Houck and Mrs. Ella Hagerman, Snydersville, and five brothers, Darwin and Henry Young of Brodheadsville, Warren and George Young of Saylorsburg and Howard Young of Snydersville.

The funeral will be held at 2 p. m. Sunday at the Kisor Funeral home, Stroudsburg, with interment at Mt. Zion. Friends may call between 7 and 9 tonight.

Christian F. Schoenewolf

Retired Baltimore Businessman Resident Here Nine Years

Christian Frederick Schoenewolf, 72, died at 1:55 p.m. yesterday at the home of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Howard K. Towles, 413 N. 23rd St., Allentown, after a long illness. Born in Baltimore, Md., Dec. 1, 1866, Mr. Schoenewolf had been a wholesale grocer in that city until nine years ago, when he retired and came to Allentown to live with Mr. and Mrs. Towles.

In addition to Mrs. Towles, he is survived by another sister, Mrs. Otto W. Von Eiff, of Baltimore, and by a brother, John Schoenewolf, also of Baltimore.

A funeral cortege will leave Allentown today for Baltimore, where funeral services will be held at 2 p.m. Monday at the William J. Tickner funeral home, Baltimore. Interment will be made in Woodlawn cemetery, Baltimore.

Mrs. Virginia Smylie

Washington, D. C., Woman Will Be Buried Today in Bethlehem

Mrs. Virginia Peters Smylie, widow of Matthew Smylie, died Thursday in Washington, D. C., and will be buried in Nisky Hill cemetery, Bethlehem, at 1 p. m. today.

Services will be conducted by the Rev. Percy Hougton, Philadelphia, close friend of the family, assisted by the Rev. Charles Allen, of the Pro-Cathedral Church of the Nativity.

Mrs. Smylie was the mother of the late Mrs. George W. Van Fossen and grandmother of Mrs. James E. Schwab. Her husband's family were pioneers in Bethlehem and Fountain Hill and among the founders of the Pro-Cathedral of the Nativity.

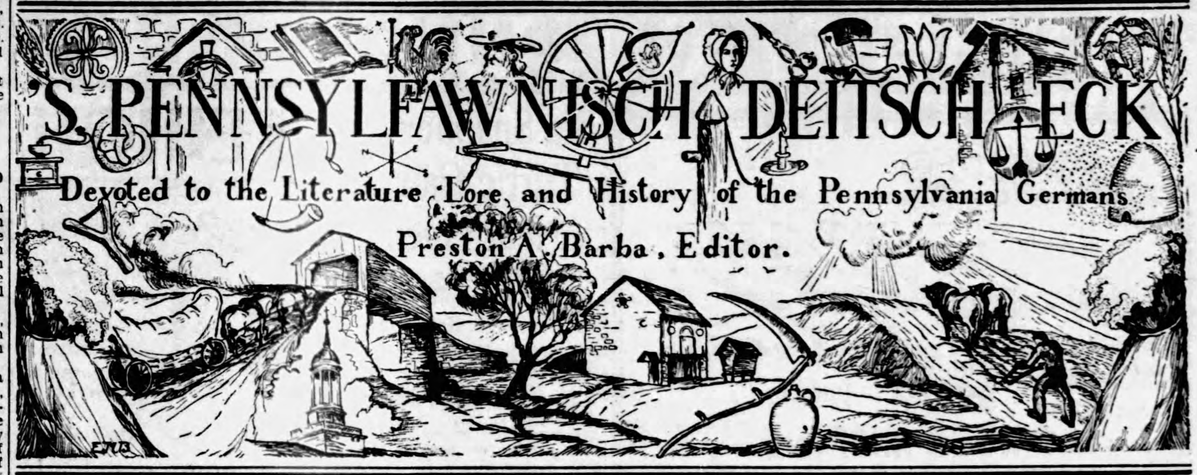
Mrs. Louisa White

Stroudsburg Woman Had Been Ill Several Months

Mrs. Louisa White, 65, died Thursday night at her home at Arlington Heights, Stroudsburg, after an illness of some months.

A native of New York City, she made her home with her husband, Frank White, in Stroudsburg. The husband and a daughter, Grace Edna, survive. A sister Grace Lyon, and an aunt, Euphemia Lyon, at the home; a sister, Mrs. Abigail Lisk, Cranford, N. J., and five brothers also remain. The brothers are David Lyon, Bethesda, Md.; Frank and Harry Lyon, Belmar, N. J.; William Lyon of Ocean Grove, N. J., and Walter Lyon of Plainfield, N. J., also survive.

Burial services will be held at 2 p. m. Monday at the White residence. Friends may pay their respects Sunday between 7 and 9 p. m.



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

Die ald Mammi Schwank,
Sie geht an der Schank
Un sucht ihrem Hundel en Gnoche;
Do war nix zu finne
Wie Schtaab un Schpinne,
Es Hundel hot g'schnuffelt, geroche.

* * * * *

PAT-A-CAKE

Batsche-kichel, Batsche-kuche,
batsche, Beckers Mann;
Back en Kuche, dummel dich,
as ich en hawwe kann;
Hetsche, wetsche, petsche, detsche,
geb em noch en Schtrich,
As ich mol en Kuche hab
fer's Bobbel un fer mich.

* * * * *

DOCTOR FOSTER

Noch Lange Schwamm,
Geht Dokter Schtamm,
Es hot aa noch reggere misse;
Er hot sich verdappt,
Im Wasser rum g'schlappt,
Nau will er nix meh devun wisse.

Aus'm John Birmelin seim MAMMI GANS BUCH

Aus Unserm Briefkaschte

We have recently received a thesis from the University of Illinois, Urbana, Illinois, which should be of interest to the many readers of Pumpernickle Bill's daily column in the MORNING CALL of Allentown, Pa. The thesis was written by John William Frey and submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts in German in the Graduate School of the University of Illinois, 1939. It is entitled "A Morphological and Syntactical Study of the Pennsylvania German Dialect of Pumpernickle Bill". The work was done under the supervision of Dr. Herbert Penzl, of the German Department of the University of Illinois, who has at various times contributed to the ECK ("The Pennsylvania German Dialect in Sterling, Ill." in the Eck for April 10, 1937; "A Pennsylvania German 'Srach Insel' near Arthur, Ill." in the Eck for March 12, 1938.)

Mr. Frey points out that while folklorists and historians have been studying the Pennsylvania German traditions and language for a long time, it is only recently that a keen interest has been aroused in the individual dialect writers as to the mechanics of their language. Circumscribing his field, as is believed to be desirable for a scientific approach, he has focused his work upon the dialect as used by Pumpernickle Bill in his daily column.

The writer approaches his subject in a purely objective manner. His thesis is mainly devoted to the syntax of his matter since he is dealing only with the written and not the spoken word. He adheres strictly to the dialect as he has found it in Pumpernickle Bill's Column and in his correspondence with him. He intends in this study "to place more accentuation on the German syntactical characteristics which have been retained in Pennsylvania German despite all American English corruption throughout the years and to show the importance of some syntactical details peculiar only to the dialect." The writer devotes a chapter to word-order alone, because he believes this part of the syntax has not received sufficient attention heretofore. Phonology as such he does not include in his study save to explain some phonological questions due to a misinterpretation of Pumpernickle Bill's spelling. He admits that his study is not complete and that it forms but the framework of an exhaustive study of Pumpernickle Bill's use of the dialect. He further points out that he has not attempted to trace etymological developments or semantic changes back through the New High German and old Germanic dialects, nor has he laid stress upon the English infusion for the reason that it does not form an essential part of the syntactical basis of the dialect.

Mr. Frey's thesis is divided as follows: Introduction, in which he considers the genesis of Pumpernickle Bill's column from Obediah Grouthomel's earlier colmn entitled "Dreck"; and the nature of the column today. In Chapter I, Pumpernickle Bill's Spelling System, he presents a very general and inexact treatise of his spelling representations in order to facilitate the reading and understanding of his orthographical system. In transcribing the sounds which the columnist represents, the writer employs the alphabet of the Association Phonetique International. While Pumpernickle Bill's spelling is English in the main, the writer points out that he has borrowed certain spellings from the German, due partly to the influence of "Obediah Grouthomel" and partly to his own study of German. In punctuation he adheres neither to the German nor the English rules.—Chapter II, Morphology and Syntax, is devoted to the treatment of the absolute forms and their syntactical construction. The forms found in Pumpernickle Bill's writings are those typical of the dialect in general and similar to those found in Horne's Pennsylvania German Manual, but for differences in spelling. The syntax of each morphological group is then discussed in connection with the presentation of the forms of the parts of speech.—In Chapter III the writer considers the nature of the Word Order in the dialect, which in its general aspects is the same with that of the German, under two subdivisions, Word Order in Independent Clauses and Word Order in Dependent Clauses. Here he treats at some length the peculiar use of the finite verb in a dependent clause when in a medial position. For example: "Won sie uf kours afforde hetta kenna (instead of "hetta afforda kenna"); "Won er die heels net grawd moche date lossa" (instead of "Won er die heels net grawd dade moche lossa"); and under a few other conditions, and comes to the theory that this peculiar construction is a result of the sentence intonation and rhythm of the word-group. Why this sentence intonation and group rhythm should occur very generally in our dialect and only very sporadically in other German dialects does not become clear.

A somewhat limited Bibliography is attached to the thesis. The Appendix contains a "Lavens Lawf" written in the dialect by Pumpernickle Bill (William S. Troxell) himself. It offers to the reader an example of the writer's style.

The thesis indicates on every hand a conscientious effort on the part of Mr. Frey to deal exactly with his subject matter. The severely restricted field of his investigation carries with it disadvantages as well as advantages, for much that was set forth here must of necessity also apply to other writers in our dialect. It is regrettable that the writer did not have access to Albert Buffington's "A Grammatical and Linguistic Study of Pennsylvania German" (still in manuscript), a comprehensive and thorough treatment of the grammar of the dialect, in which a considerable portion of the work done by Mr. Frey was already done against a larger background.

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A Pennsylvania German Columnist in Illinois

Also from the University of Illinois, through the courtesy of Mr. Frey, comes the information that Alfred L. Shoemaker, of Schnecksville, Lehigh County, Pa., now a graduate student in Germanics in the University of Illinois, is writing a column in our dialect for the local paper of Arthur, Ill. It appears weekly under the title "'M Schuulmeschder sei Schtick". His own Lehigh County dialect is modified slightly to satisfy the wants of the Amish, who came from Somerset County, Pa., in 1865 and settled in central Illinois. Arthur, a town of 1800 inhabitants, is today the centre of a rich rural community, forming a so-called "language-island" in the midst of an English-speaking area. See Dr. Penzl's article "A Penna. German 'Sprach Insel' near Arthur, Ill." in ECK, Mar. 12, '38.—Ed.

SAMUEL S. HALDEMAN, LL.D.

(Conclusion)

What Prof. Haldeman considered his greatest triumphs were won in a very different field from those we have mentioned. His private letters show that he conceived at an early date, the idea of studying languages in a philosophical manner and at one time he thought of applying for an Indian Agency for this purpose. In a letter of July 5, 1844, he writes: "As sounds cannot be conveyed except orally, I am convinced that a universal alphabet can only be prepared after a careful comparison of many living languages, and the place to effect this is Rome, where one hundred different languages and dialects are taught in the missonary college." In 1845 he wrote a system of phonography to which he refers thus: "I wish to give philosophical principles for the guidance of others, not being anxious to found a system or to have the credit of one." Two other contributions on language also have this date, viz: "On the Natural Order of Articulate Sounds of the Human Voice," and "On the Phonology of the Wyandots." At the same time a series of lectures was composed of which he writes: "My examples are not taken from books which is an important consideration. They (the lectures) would be pretty full (of sounds) from our Indian languages, eight of which I have heard spoken by the natives, and five by the whites, who have been amongst them, but so nice are the distinctions to be taken into account in the pronunciation of words not familiar to us that I place little value upon the latter." These lectures he delivered, at the request of Prof. Henry, before the Smithsonian Institute, in 1849. He, however, did not at this time give up natural science. In 1849 he published a paper "On Some Points of Linguistic Ethnology," and at the annual scientific convention held at Cambridge that year, after speaking on Language, he gave a description of two newly discovered insects. The two subjects run parallel until 1852, the date of his last paper in the natural sciences, entitled "Zoology of the Valley of the Great Salt Lake Insects," Utah, 1852. Owing to the constant use of the microscope his eyesight was affected, forcing his abandonment of this kind of investigation.

In studying the aboriginal languages he saw the necessity of having some definite alphabet in which to convey the unwritten sounds of those languages which led him to turn to Latin as the most universally known. The result was the publication of "Elements of Latin Pronunciation," 1857. Whilst this work was noticed favorably by a few reviewers it seemed to be in advance of the day and was not fully appreciated until some twenty years later. Prof. Richardson, of Kentucky, who had been appointed by his State to gather data on the merits of the various pronunciations of Latin in the institutions of learning in the United States, chanced upon Prof. Haldeman's work and thus writes him: "In this orthoepy matter you have the most enviable position of any man living on either side of the water. You set this ball in motion before any of them." And Prof. March, of Easton, also writes: "You ought to be delighted to see how the pronunciation of Latin has changed since you took hold of it. I think the victory is substantially won for the Romar method, but our book-makers will need admonition for some time yet."

His next volume of importance was "The Trevelyan Prize Essay," 1858, published under the name of "Analytic Orthography: an Investigation of the Sounds of the Human Voice," in 1860. "This was undertaken at the request of his wife, and gained a prize offered by Sir Walter Trevelyan, of England, over sixteen competitors among the best European philologists. The work contained specimens of some seventy languages and dialects as heard from the lips of natives themselves." One of the judges to decide upon the competitive papers, Alexander J. Ellis, of London, famous in such matters, wrote: "I found it one of the greatest intellectuals treats which I have had for a long time."

Five years later appeared "Affixes to English Words," which claims to be a key to the analysis of one hundred thousand words. The London Contemporary Review, in July 1867, notices the latter as follows: "Mr. Haldeman has compressed into an elegantly printed volume . . . a collection more rational, complete and exhaustive of component parts in our language than we have had any right to hope for within the present century . . . a most practical, useful work . . . absolutely indispensible to systematic and thorough students of language."

His "Pennsylvania Dutch" was prepared at the request of the Philological Society of London, appearing in 1872; "Outlines of Etymology" was issued in 1877; "Word-building," in 1881. His works on language amounted to over thirty titles. He had also for many years contemplated writing an etymological dictionary, and had accomplished much work towards this end, which he did not live to complete. He was a frequent correspondent with Noah Webster who credits Prof. Haldeman with many words and definitions in his dictionary. He was also engaged in the "National Dictionary," published by the University Publishing Company, New York; on Lippincott's late edition of Worcester's Dictionary; and was associate editor of "Johnson's Cyclopedia," for which he wrote many articles.

He was one of the earliest in this country to agitate the necessity of spelling reform and was a member of the first committee raised by the American Philological Association to consider the reform of English spelling. He presided in the International Convention in behalf of the Amendment of English Orthography, held at Philadelphia in July, 1876.

In 1851 he was elected a member of the British and American Phonetic council. Here he stood alone in his views, believing that an alphabet should be cosmopolitan; he opposed all perversions, and would have everything reduced to the Latin standard, even to assigning the power of the English "W" to "V" and "Y" to "J", saying, "Any course, but one, proceeding upon some such broad principle of justice would tend to give a different alphabet to every language. Musicians have a notation which is uniform throughout the world, why should not the cultivators of literature have the same?"

Impatient at the slow movement of the world in this direction, he, as early as 1850, undertook a spelling reform in his own writings, sending in his contributions to Heck's "Iconographic Encyclopedia," clothed in a new guise. His friend, Prof. Spencer F. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute, describes the effect thus:

"Gariqua (the New York publisher of the work) is in raptures with your manuscript, but swears at the orthography, which took him eight hours to correct. . . . He has read every word with the greatest interest and is more than satisfied." Mr. Garique, in one of his letters, thanks Prof. Haldeman for the "love" with which he has worked.

Archaeology was the latest study which engaged Prof. Haldeman's attention. Having been directed by his physician to take out-door exercise, he carried out a design, long contemplated, of digging for Indian relics in a small cave at the base of Chickies Rock, near his residence. The opening was formed by the anticlinial axis of the rock. Here he discovered the interesting collection which he presented later to the American Philosophical Society, and which he described before that body, June 21, 1878. His monograph "On the contents of a Rock Retreat in Southeastern Pennsylvania" has been published by the society since his death, illustrated by fifteen quarto plates. A memoir of this discovery was previously sent to the Congres International des Americanistes, which met in the Grand Duchy of Luxemborg in 1877, and was published in the proceedings of the same. Seven other papers on archaeology were published during the short time prior to his death.

Under some of his miscellaneous publications may be mentioned "Tours of a Chess Knight," 1864; "Rhymes of the Poets," 1868; "Modern Spiritism," Penn Monthly, 1877; "American Dictionaries," 1867; "Sketches of the Natural History of Lancaster County," 1844; Rupp's "History of Lancaster County," chapter xiii; "Outlines of the Zoology of Pennsylvania," in Trego's "Geography of the State," 1843, and about thirty others. Whilst we are not certain as to the number of his publications, we know of one hundred and thirty-seven, of which ten are on Conchology, twenty-three on Entomology, two on Arachnideae, five on Crustacea, thirteen on Annedides and worms, thirty-three on Philology, seven on Archaeology, and thirty-seven on miscellaneous subjects, the titles and description of all of which space forbids us to enumerate.

He was received as an authority, as his personal correspondence shows, and he gave freely and cheerfully of his knowledge to all who applied. Inquiries came from all parts of this country and all other parts of the world. He had correspondents in the Cape of Good Hope, Russia, Sweden, Norway, France, Switzerland, Germany and England. Letters of inquiry from publishers asking opinions of books; authors begging for information; teachers with a pronunciation to be settled, or a knotty point to be unraveled; naturalists forwarding packages of shells, insects, or minerals to be identified; farmers and others sending soils to be analyzed; learned societies submitting manuscripts for his examination; requests from struggling talent—all poured in on him. And owing to his wonderful memory he could at once, without apparent thought, generally answer these questions with the most apparent ease and without further reference. A friend once remarked: "You have the greatest amount of out-of-the-way knowledge I ever knew any one to possess." No letter ever remained unanswered, no request unfilled that it was possible for him to grant.

He was credited by Drs. Holbrook and Binney, in their respective works on "Reptiles" and "Land Mollusca," for species and notes furnished. The latter in a letter asks :"Could you not manage to run over my list and suggest any changes?" P. A. Brown, 1852, writes: "I wish you were within speaking distance, so that more time was allowed that I might submit it (his manuscript) to you before publishing." Aggassiz, 1853: "I long to see your work on etymology. I have always been delighted with the originality with which you treat those subjects"; and again, in speaking to Dr. Holbrook at the annual scientific meeting held at Troy, N. Y., the same year, Aggassiz said: "That man, Haldeman, has an idea behind every word he utters."

Illustrating Prof. Haldeman's quickness of memory an amusing anecdote is related. About 1871, at the annual meeting of the phonologists, at Hartford, a young entomologist, who had commenced the study after Prof. Haldeman had left it, and who knew him only as a writer on Language, commenced speaking, at dinner, of an insect he found in that locality. Prof. Haldeman gently corrected the way he pronounced its name. The young man objected to this correction, and upheld his pronunciation in a long argument. The old naturalist let him proceed until finished and then answered with a twinkle in his eye:

"Well, I called it so when I named it."

"You! Did you describe it?"

"If you refer to your books you will find that I am credited with it, and you know a man objects to having his children ill treated."

Yet Prof. Haldeman was considered a severe critic and so he was where falsehood or pretension were concerned, but he was as rigid with himself as with others. He spared no labor to acquire facts. Eminently truthful he detested what he called "wild assertion." It was the habit of writing without sufficient preparation or wilful perversion that he condemned. It was the "quackery" in literature that he denounced, and there his interest in the subject forced him to be inflexible. But none was more conscientious in giving others their due or more willing to aid one with or without credit. In presenting his ideas he detested a word or sentence that could be avoided. "Spare your adjectives," was the advice he once gave a young author, and "Eloquence is fraud," is another of his apt sayings.

We know of twenty-eight societies to which he was elected to membership, and there may possibly be more. Among the foreign societies were: Entomological Society of Stettin, Prussia, 1839; Societe Curierienne, Paris, 1842; Natural History Society of Nuremberg, 1849; Imperial Economic Society of St. Petersburg, Russia, 1857; Philological Society of London, England, 1872; Societe des Americanists, Belgium, 1876.

In this country he was elected a member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, 1837; the Entomological Society of Pennsylvania (of which he was one of the founders), 1842; the American Association for the Advancement of Sciences, 1844; the National Academy of Sciences, Washington, D. C., 1876, and to some eighteen other American societies in addition to honorary memberships in numerous lyceums, literary and college societies.

He was chosen Professor of Zoology in the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, in 1841; chemist and geologist to the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society, 1852; occupied the chair of Natural History in the University of Pennsylvania from 1850 to 1853; the same position in Delaware College, Newark, 1855-58, and that of Comparative Philology in the University of Pennsylvania from 1876 to his death. This University conferred upon him the degree of LL. D.

Prof. Haldeman traveled in Europe in 1859, '61, '62, '66, and '75. His time was principally spent there in the library of the British Museum, the Magazine and Government Libraries of Paris, at the Propaganda at Rome, about old book-stalls and shops, and in all kinds of out of the way places, studying languages, dialects or pronunciations from the natives. Thus he heard Hawaiian at Liverpool and from Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands, who visited London while he was there in 1866; Gudjerati from a Parsee in Paris, the language of the Tonga Islands and Courdish from natives studying at the Propaganda College at Rome.

In religion Prof. Haldeman was a Catholic, which Church he joined when about thirty years of age, although his parents were Protestants. Politically he was a Democrat and when young frequently addressed political meetings. He was, however, liberal in both his political and religious views.

His death occurred suddenly at seven o'clock p. m., Friday, September 10, 1880, from paralysis of the heart.

Biographical notices of him will be found in "Men of the Time," London, 1865; "Allibone's Dictionary of Authors," 1858; "Appleton's Encyclopedia," "Johnson's Cyclopedia," and numerous works of reference of later dates. Memoirs of him will also be found in the Popular Science Monthly for July, 1882, by Chas. Henry Hart, read before the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia, in 1880; by D. G. Brinton, M.D., read before the American Philosophical Society, February 4, 1881; by Chas. H. Hart, in the Penn Monthly for August, 1881; address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, by its President, at Cincinnati, August 17, 1881; by Prof. J. P. Lesley before the National Academy at Washington, November 16, 1881. A list of seventy-three of his works are given by Aggassiz in his "Bibliographia Zoologicae et Geologicae," 1852.

Prof. Haldeman took very little interest in business affairs outside of those connected with his own firm at Chickies. He was for some years a Director of the First National Bank, of Marietta, Pa., but as he laughingly related, "I was elected and re-elected director of a bank, and my evident popularity gave me much satisfaction, until I remembered that I had never been present at a meeting." After his father's death he, for a few years, held the position of president of the turnpike from Columbia to Marietta, which instances, we think, cover all his active business associations.

At a dinner to the Farmer's Club of Pennsylvania, at the residence of Hon. J. Don. Cameron, U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania, at Washington, on April 13, 1882, Hon. John Welsh, of Philadelphia, who had recently returned from England, where he had been U. S. Minister to the court of St. James, was a guest. Mr. Welsh informed Mr. Paris Haldeman (the brother of Prof. S. S. Haldeman) also a guest, that the Prince Imperial of France (son of Napoleon III) on an occasion when they met, asked him if he knew Prof S. S. Haldeman, of the United States, and upon receiving an affirmative answer, said, "Prof. Haldeman is one of the greatest men living." It is possible that the fact that Prof. Haldeman corresponded with Jerome Bonaparte on scientific subjects, may have had something to do with calling the Prince's attention to him.

—Rev. P. C. CROLL, D. D.

Chat About Your Friends

Mr. and Mrs. Bartholomew of 1025 Tilghman St. will visit relatives in Barberton, Ohio for a week.

Charles Wieder, son of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Wieder of 1514 Union St., spent the week in Emmaus with his cousin, Phillip Kline.

Rhodell Jacoby of 806 Traylor St., Northampton, is spending the summer in the Boston Red Sox' training camp where he is trying for a place on the team. He is catcher for the Northampton High school baseball team.

Cora Lobach of 819 Linden St. is spending her vacation at the New York World's Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Price and Niece, Betty Moll, of 35 S. 10th St. are spending two weeks touring in New York State and Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Neff of 510 Greenleaf St.; Mr. and Mrs. William Neff and son William of Wellington, Kans., spent Thursday at Atlantic City.

Mrs. Annie Balliet of 510 S. 5th St., returned after a week's visit with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Balliet of Morris Plains, N. J.

Grace Bauer, who has been a guest of her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Cordes of 810 S. 10th St. for the past week, returned to her home in Lehighton.

Mrs. Mildred Gruver of 806½ N. 9th St., spent last week-end at Mrs. Wilmer Lehr's, Fogelsville.

Mrs. James Seip and daughter Anna of 327½ N. 15th St. and Mrs. Katherine Smith spent last week-end at Nescopeck.

Marcus Freyman of New York City, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Freyman, 1430 Turner St.

Mrs. Molly Kahn of 145 S. 8th St., is entertaining guests from New York City.

Morgan Leiser of 131 N. 7th St., is spending a week at Echo Horn.

Mrs. Lawrence Kester and son of 135 S. 8th St., will leave for Atlantic City until Sept. 5.

Althea Held, 81 Jackson St., is recuperating from an appendicitis operation.

Gloria Decking is recuperating at her home at 105 Waverly Ave., Fullerton, after a tonsilectomy.

Harry Balliet, two-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Balliet of 1039 Linden St., is ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Romig, 638 New St., and Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Yarnall, 1001 Cedar St., are spending the week at the New York World's Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman J. Haldeman, 323 Fullerton Ave., Fullerton, are today celebrating their 13th wedding anniversary at their home. A gathering of their friends will be held tonight. They are parents of two children, Norman, 12, and Dolores, 11.

Mrs. W. M. Johnson and Dorothy Johnson, 324 S. St. Cloud St., and Dr. and Mrs. P. DeLong and son, 1150 Linden St., are guests at the Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, Atlantic City.

Friends of Raymond E. Mintzer Sr., 2007 Green St., will be happy to know that he has been discharged from the Allentown hospital, where he was confined for seven weeks, and that he is convalescing at home.

Susan Shurin, 540½ Ridge Ave., has returned home from a week's vacation spent with Mr. and Mrs. George Hermany at Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Frey, 540½ Ridge Ave., have returned from a vacation in the Pocono Mountains.

Mrs. Howard Jurden, 318 N. 6th St., celebrated her birthday anniversary, Mrs. Jurden is a Call-Chronicle employe.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Wiseman, 335 Ridge Ave., will entertain Sunday in honor of the birthday anniversary of their daughter, Rochelle Emily Wiseman, who will be four years of age.

Catherine Benner, 218 Eugene St., Catasauqua, will celebrate her birthday anniversary today.

Among those who observed their birthday anniversaries yesterday were: Jennie Zaboy, 140 E. Walnut St.; Mrs. Frank Toth, 628 E. Juniata St.; Mrs. Alfred Mertens, 1620 S. Albert St.; Grace Lynn, 643 Chew St.; Helen Stout, 237 E. Union St.; Harry Miller, 846 Chestnut St., Emmaus, and Betty Klase, 1368 Lawrence St.

Louis Szukics, 1004 Main St., Northampton, spent two days in Atlantic City.

Mrs. Herbert Ervin, 2132 Liberty St., who underwent an operation Tuesday at the Sacred Heart hospital, is on the road to recovery.

Luther Eichelberger of Allentown R. 60 is today celebrating his birthday anniversary.

Andrea Stoltz of 141 N. 7th St., Allentown, is today observing her 5th birthday anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fenstermaker of 733 Cedar St. are the parents of a son born at 11:28 Friday morning in the Sacred Heart hospital.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Quigg, W. Catasauqua, at 2:56 p. m. Friday in the Allentown hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Shoemaker of Wescosville R. 2 welcomed a son into their family circle at 2:32 p. m. Friday in the Allentown hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wolfe and infant daughter Dorothy have taken up residence at 2134 Fraley Ave., Philadelphia. Until recently they lived in Allentown. Mr. Wolfe is employed in the office of the Philadelphia Navy Yard.

Mrs. Herbert H. Cassler, 715½ N. Jefferson St., will celebrate her birthday anniversary today.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rabich of New York City are spending two weeks at the home of Mrs. Estella Sensenbach, 224 Railroad St. They are also visiting the Swing club on Adams Island in the Lehigh river over the weekend.

Carl Wieder and John Zimmerman will spend the weekend fishing at Shawnee-on-the-Delaware.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Koch, daughter Gloria and nieces Myralin Yeakel and Virginia Stephens, are vacationing at Lake Minisink.

Florence Stephens, 918 Filmore St., is spending a week at Spruce Creek, Pa.

Mrs. Naomi Vlot, 1540 Allen St., celebrated her birthday anniversary last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Keck of 522 E. Hamilton St., observed their 31st wedding anniversary last Tuesday.

Francis Guth of 801 Filmore St. has returned home from Camp Trexler, where he camped most of the summer.

William Mensinger and family of 452 Chew St. are spending the week-end in Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Silfies and daughter Elaine, 707 S. 5th St., are vacationing at Riverwood - on - the - Delaware.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger W. Wimmer and family, 614 N. Fountain St., and Mrs. Wimmer's mother, Mrs. Harry C. DeLong, 402 N. 12th St., are vacationing at Wildwood, N. J.

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CATASAUQUA 11

POLISH-AMERICAN GROUP CALLS MEETING SUNDAY

The Polish-American Citizens society will meet Sunday at 6:30 p.m. in its headquarters, 1074 Fullerton Ave. President Michael Kuschak will be in charge of the meeting at which the principal business will be proposal and discussion of the sponsoring of a political rally.

Henry S. Hautman Interred in Arlington

Funeral services were held yesterday for Henry S. Hautman, retired superintendent and manager of the old Rionor Silk Co. and former superintendent of a plant in Moscow, who died on Tuesday at his home, 45 S. 13th St. at the age of 82 years.

The Rev. Phares Beer, pastor of Grace Lutheran church, officiated at services held at the Zimmerman funeral home, 1124 Walnut St. Interment followed in Arlington Memorial park.

Mr. Hautman, a native of Bavaria, had been connected with the Rionor Co. for about 23 years. Former coworkers served as pallbearers. They were: Theodore Oeschger, Clinton Eisenhard, Ravane Stoudt, Mahlon Eck, Ed Seip and Richard Ross.

Obituaries

Charles B. Baily

Pensioned Employe of Bethlehem Steel Dies in Philadelphia

A former resident of Allentown and a pensioned employe of the Bethlehem Steel Co., Charles B. Baily, died Thursday noon at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Otto Thurnland in Philadelphia. Mr. Baily had been residing there for the last two months. He was 78.

Born in Tamaqua, he later moved to Bethlehem where he entered the employ of the Bethlehem Steel Co. In 1925 he was pensioned and for ten years lived with his brother Charles at 207 S. 13th St., Allentown.

Besides Mrs. Thurnland, the following children survive: Daisy, wife of William Walck, Alburtis; Ruth, wife of Carl Boyer, Bethlehem; Charles O., Allentown; Harry B. and Clarence A., both of Bethlehem; Walter of Easton. There are also two brothers, Harry T. of New York City and Bertram of Norristown, and a sister, Mrs. Bella Haupt of Norristown, surviving. There are also 30 grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held on Sunday at 2 p. m. from the home of Harry Baily, 641 7th Ave., Bethlehem, and burial will be made in the Hellertown Union cemetery.

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ALLENTOWN DIAL 2-7721

Mrs. Josephine Wheatcroft

Mother of Former Pastor of Allentown Church Succumbs in Phila.

Friends in this city have been informed of the death in Philadelphia of Mrs. Josephine Wheatcroft, formerly of Allentown, mother of the Rev. Allen Wheatcroft, who served as pastor of the First Baptist church here for a number of years.

Mrs. Wheatcroft died at her home, 1435 Cayuga St., Philadelphia, on Wednesday night. She was 76 years old.

Mrs. Wheatcroft resided in this city for a period of five years, while her son served as pastor of the First Baptist church. She was well-known here.

She moved to Philadelphia with her son more than two years ago, when he was transferred from Allentown. Mr. Wheatcroft is serving as pastor of the Nicetown Baptist church in Philadelphia at present.

Funeral services will be held tomorrow in Philadelphia.

Donota Gallucci

Native of Italy Was Employed at National Dyeing Co., Allentown

Donota Gallucci died at the home of his brother at 136 Green St., Allentown, yesterday at the age of 45.

He was born in Molinara, Italy, and came to America in 1910. In 1915 he returned to Italy because of the World War. After the war, in 1920, he returned to America and to Allentown. Until five years ago he was employed by the National Dyeing Co. of Allentown.

He was a member of the Italian American club and a social member of the S. M. club. He was a member of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel church.

He is survived by his brother, Louis Gallucci, at whose home he lived and two sisters, Matelana and Mariadonata, in Molinara, Italy. Three nephews and a niece also survive.

Mrs. Fred J. Hollenbach

Allentown Resident Was an Active Church Worker

An active church worker, Mrs. Fred J. Hollenbach, passed away at 9.30 o'clock yesterday morning at her home, 1434 Linden St., Allentown.

Mrs. Hollenbach had been in ill health since May and was bedfast for several weeks. She was 55 years of age.

A faithful member of St. Stephen's Lutheran church, she was active in several organizations, namely, English Bible class, Women's Missionary society and the Ladies Aid society. She was also affiliated with the Good Shepherd home auxiliary and the Phi Eta sorority, the mothers club of the Phi Kappa Tau fraternity at Muhlenberg college.

A native of South Whitehall township, she was the daughter of William H. and Malissa, nee Wenner, Reichard, and for the past 44 years has resided in this city.

Besides her husband, there survive the following children: Catherine R., wife of Luther Schmoyer, Boyertown; John W., Madison, Wis.; Frederick A. and William S., both of this city. Also three sisters, Mrs. Eva Drach, Bethlehem; Mrs. Jennie Krieder, Baltimore; Mrs. Emily Meyer, Allentown, a brother William Reichard, Bethlehem and her father, William Reichard, Bethlehem. Two grandchildren also survive.

Services will be held Monday at 2 p. m. (DST) from the St. Stephen's Lutheran church, Franklin and Turner Sts., with interment in Greenwood cemetery. Viewing at the late home Sunday 7-9 p. m.

Domingas M. Ruela

50-year-old Bethlehem Man Was Native of Portugal

Domingas M. Ruela, 50, 23 Princeton Ave., Bethlehem, for the past 19 years employed by the Bethlehem Steel Co., died Friday morning in St. Luke's hospital where he was admitted on Monday for surgical treatment.

Ruela was a native of Portugal where his father, three brothers and two sisters, his only survivors, reside.

The funeral will be held at 9 a.m. Monday from the Francis Connell home, 427 E. 4th St., Bethlehem. Requiem mass will be offered at 9:30 a.m. in the Church of the Holy Infancy. Burial in Holy Saviour cemetery.

Deaths

HOLLENBACH—In this city, Aug. 25, 1939, Escie J. (Reichard) Hollenbach, wife of Frederick J. Hollenbach.

Relatives, friends and members of the Phi Eta Tau Mothers club of Muhlenberg college and Ladies auxiliary, Good Shepherd home, and members of all church organizations with which she was affiliated are respectfully invited to attend services Monday at 2 p. m. (DST) at the St. Stephen's Lutheran church, Franklin and Turner Sts. Interment in Greenwood cemetery. Viewing at her late home, 1434 Linden St., Sunday 7-9 p. m. O.S.E.R.

BAILY—In Philadelphia, Aug. 24, 1939, Charles B. Baily, formerly of Bethlehem and son of the late William and Rosina (Thomas) Bailey, aged 78 years, 10 months, 3 days. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the home of his son, Harry B. Baily, 641 Seventh Ave., Bethlehem. Interment in the family plot in Union Cemetery, Hellertown. Friends may call Saturday evening.

Tamaqua papers, please copy.

Bergstresser.

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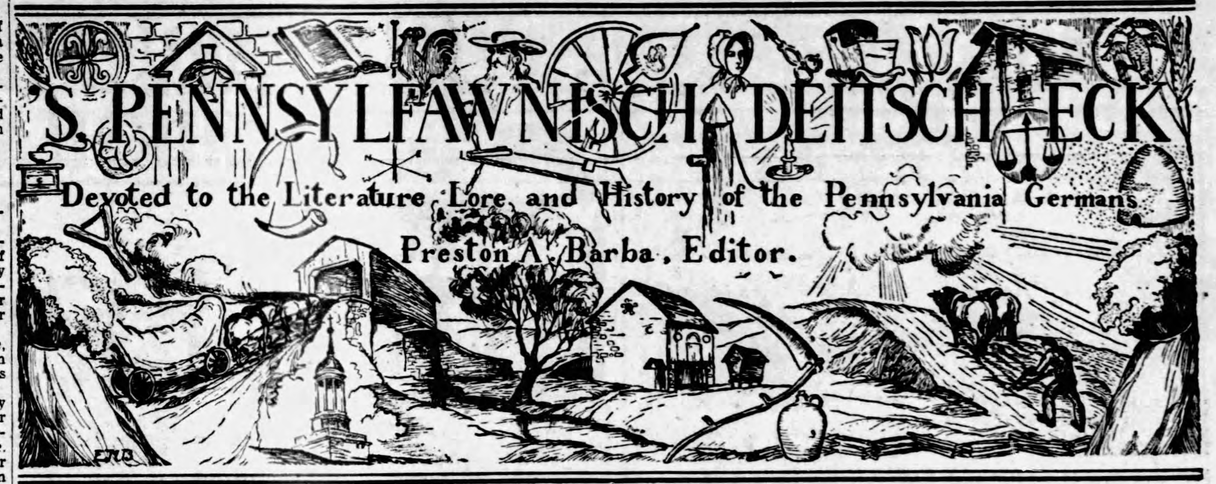

The Letter of a German Immigrant in Pennsylvania 1734

(Translated from the German)

Germantown, Dec. 20, 1734

The Grace of God be with you.

To my faithful brother David Seibt:

Most worthy and dearly loved brother and sister—I, my wife and my children and other good friends send you kindly and heartfelt greetings, wishing you the grace and peace of God Almighty in spiritual and temporal things.

Dearly loved brother, it is but reasonable that I should write you a detailed account of the long and distant journey which we have (Thank God) safely ended and tell you how uneasy I was that this was not done upon the first opportunity. It happened through the neglect of a certain person who had promised me to notify me (as I was not in Philadelphia) when the mail would be gathered.

As an account of our journey from our company in general has been sent to our brethren remaining in Germany and our Fatherland Silesia (which if safely carried has no doubt reached you ere this) I will restrict myself to what concerns and befell me, my wife and children. You are already acquainted with all that transpired between home and our arrival upon the banks of the river Mense in Holland. Upon leaving Helfort, the last city in Holland, we encountered considerable though not unusually high winds. Though no danger was apprehended, the ship was mightily rocked by the waves, which produced the usual unpleasant sensations of seasickness, to which nearly all the passengers succumbed. I was not much affected, but mother (Judith) suffered pretty severely. Our oldest son Christopher was likewise but slightly affected, but the most complete victim was Casper our youngest son; for several days he was quite unable to sit up or to take any food. But he as well as the rest of us mended before reaching Plymouth, England, after a voyage of about six days. (Of the time, however, I am not quite sure, but the Account of Travel will show it.) Here a heavy toll is exacted so we were detained twelve days while the captain's cargo was inspected. Of our things nothing was examined but a chest. At 8 A. M., July 29, we left Plymouth, but owing to very little and that contrary wind we were unable to proceed more than a quarter or at most half an English mile when we again cast anchor and waited for a more favorable wind which sprang up in the evening and launched us in the great sea or ocean also called the world sea, for it encircles the whole earth and is so deep it cannot be sounded with lead and line. Here we enjoyed five or six days of very fair wind, when again the wind rose and the passengers were prostrated, my wife and youngest son as usual being the severest sufferers. I and my oldest son Christopher were not sick in the least all of the ocean voyage, and the whole time enjoyed good appetites. When perhaps half way over Judith was taken ill and for fourteen days suffered alternate chill and fever with violent headache and heaviness in the limbs but was better before we reached land on Sept. 22 (new method). The first days after our arrival I enjoyed good health, but the next fourteen was confined to bed and suffered great heaviness in the limbs, but, thanks to God, am well again. The rest, however, have been very well since our arrival, except Judith, who was confiend to bed for two days and suffered likewise with heaviness which with her, however, is a rather deeprooted complaint of old.

In the Fatherland we often heard and spoke of the ocean and its wild moods, in the Scriptures and other instructive books often read of it, until I imagined it very difficult if not impossible to cross it; no doubt if God chooses to punish, danger accompanies the attempt but far removed from its shores one is apt to exaggerate its terrors. If fair winds predominated, which they do not, navigation would be very pleasant; yet for the most part it cannot be regarded agreeable, though its dangers be less than imagined, one unaccustomed to the water encounters many unpleasantnesses that make him long for the land.

We encountered many contrary winds, but only eight hours of veritable storm; the journal of the voyage will give the day. Though loss of life was not imminent, the necessity of tightly closing the ship caused great inconvenience to the many passengers and might have resulted in serious sickness if the good and merciful God had not stilled the wind and waves and brought us safely to our desired haven.

Now with reference to this country I must say that though much was said of its advantages in Germany and much written from here to there in praise of it, I find it to fall short of representation in many respects. It is true a good workman receives good wages, but on the other hand their number prevents their finding steady employment. Likewise the day laborer receives probably twice the wages received in Saxony or Silesia, but not the amount of work.

Bread, it is true, is not much dearer than in Saxony (much wheat bread, mostly hearth-baked, is used here), but most other edible grains bring double their price in Germany Meat is not dear, and much is used; but all that serves for clothing is pretty high price". He who comes to this country with some money and devotes himself to amassing wealth may be successful. But to do so is contrary to the spirit of the Bible as well as our teachings which warn us against such things. We do not yet know if the spinning industry can be introduced and made self-supporting; the Scholtzes intended to make an effort to establish it. Spinning can be secured in the country, as the people here hire their flax spun as they do the tow in Germany. Farm land is not so easy to secure as one thought. There is plenty of it, to be sure, but money is needed for its purchase, as very little can be had cheap. Yet we will not suffer want, and with God's help we will certainly be able to earn necessaries. Nor is building so easy as imagined. In Philadelphia a thousand dollars will not build much, but in the country would be more efficient; there they do not build large houses, but in Philadelphia everything is built a la mode and handsomely as also in Germantown, where I am living.

In what pertains to the clergy and the advancement of Christianity, I cannot give much praise to this land, for the kingdom of this world has here, too, its adherents, and the Prince of this world has full swing; and though there is apparent peace and liberty, it is not so easy as one would thing to provide for true peace; so that a true Christian might be constrained to exclaim with our dear cousin Martin John, blessedly asleep in Jesus:

O world of thine I'm weary,
In thee no peace is found.
For which my soul doth thirst;
For it from thee I turn,
My soul with love doth burn,
For Christ the Prince of Peace.

Verily Christ's words will be fulfilled that in these last days not much good will be found upon the earth. Lately we inquired of a man who was visiting us if the aurora was seen here. He answered no and wished me to describe it; upon our doing so, he assumed it a sign of the last days, and expressed the opinion that the end of the world was not far off, quoting as a convincing proof the fulfillment of Christ's words, "Then if any man shall say unto you, Lo here is Christ, believe it not." He seemed to be a quite logical and observant man, and went on to say that here in Philadelphia there are so many and various religions each claiming, Here is Christ, here is Christ, and that apparently all nations are inflame with pride and godlessness and claiming all these things as indications of the end. Here in the city of Philadelphia, where I have been eight weeks, very luxurious living is indulged in, and the extravagance is not less than in Germany. In the country you may find some very clever people, particularly among the Mennonites and Anabaptists, nevertheless much heed is paid to style and many, especially the young people, are very light-minded. Liberty of conscience is certainly allowed here, each may do or leave undone as he pleases. It is the chief virtue of this land, and on this score I do not repent my immigration (particularly as it was necessary) and hope and pray God to make it serve to the praise of His name and the eternal welfare of me and mine. But for this freedom, I think this country would not improve so rapidly, though it is greatly to be deplored that many misuse it by leading bad and unthankful lives. It is a great boon to those who employ it to the praise and in the love of God.

My dear brother, if indeed I cannot in temporal and spiritual things give this land the unqualified praise some have done, and though here, too, is found the corruption consequent upon the wretched fall of our first parent Adam, yet there are many who, realizing their own sinful nature, are not prepared to follow their own devices, but through the help andn grace of God endeavor to resist the evil and avail themselves of Christ's merits for their own shortcomings. So if trouble or war should befall you, it would give me and mine much pleasure to have you come here.

I trust the dear and faithful God will care for us in body and soul. I would also like to have our sister Susan with us, if it would be her will to come. Reports have been circulated of great distress in Germany on account of the war, and I would like to have reliable news concerning the state of affairs. My dear mother-in-law did not complete the journey undertaken with us, but after an illness of five weeks, and having lost all consciousness for the last ten days, she breathed her last upon the banks of the Delaware. My heart-loved brother, how it pains me that we are so widely separated, your own heart will tell you, for I am persuaded that you feel as I do.

Though thousands of miles lie between us, my spirit often lingers with you; indeed, I may say not a day passes without thoughts of you. I beg you will always keep in remembrance me and mine, nor forget us in your prayers, and I will do the same for you. God strengthening me in my weakness with His help and grace. Dear brother, it would give me much pleasure if the dear Lord were to allow us to meet again upon earth, but I would like to spare you the long and toilsome journey; still if you were to incur any opposition in religious or secula strife, I would much rather that you would come here, the dear Lord would lighten and make bearable all hardships, as He did for us. Dear brother, we cannot know that we will see each other again, even should you conclude at once to come, for life is uncertain and you have often thought you would not live long, as for myself, most of my years have passed, though I can and must add that I am now hearty and well (thanks to God for his mercy), yet I perceive many symptoms which indicate that my life will not be long, therefore nothing is more necessary than to be daily prepared for death (for we have here no abiding city) and to pray that the Lord will transplant us unto the land of the living where will be no alternation.

Now, dear brother, if you conclude to come you might buy some seeded bread; if you come down the Elbe, buy it at Madgeburg, where the best is to be had; that is likewise the best way to take, and then at Altona you can have the bread sliced and baked the second time to take with you on shipboard. We cannot complain that the fare on board was short; on the contrary, those who had not great appetites had bread left, but it was unseeded, and would not suit every one, though not unpalatable.

But it is well to be prepared with some seeded bread (Zwieback) out of which if needed you could make soup. Dried fruit, apples, plums or pears, are likewise useful. You should provide yourself with some wine and brandy. We got some in Holland, and found it very useful. You might buy it in Rotterdam; wine and brandy are cheaper there than in Haarlem. If you should come, bring with you an iron stove, too. They are dear here, are better than ertthen ones that do not last so long, and are very high priced. I do not know where to tell you to buy it, but you can find out by inquiry; the people of the Palatinate generally bring them with them, and I think they buy them in Rotterdam or they bring them with them out of their own country.—I cannot tell certainly. A whole stove (or oven) consists of five plates, which can be divided into two, if desired, and the cost lessened. You might also bring a kettle, copper is very dear here; if you buy it in Holland, you can care for it well enough on shipboard. On those large vessels much or little to load is of no consequence; a grubbing hoe, a rasp, one or two engraving tools and an auger like a ladder or scale auger, if they are not too cumbersome for you.

My dear brother, I hope you will get some idea from this letter what things are like here. I have inquired well into all I have written about, and hope nothing I have said is untrue. I commend you and Susanna to the protection and fatherly care of the Triune God, and with many heartfelt good wishes for you both, hope this may find you in life and well. Please greet our cousin George and give them our good wishes; the same to all our good friends particularly to Abraham Wagner.

If you should have money you must bring no silver with you, for gold, copper and paper are used here. I should like to have our ——; bees are not dear here.

The ship passengers were very friendly toward us, and had great patience with us.

The most of the time it was a little warm, so that many of us were out on deck.

The sailors have no leisure; they are always at work.

(The original of this letter, of which the conclusion seems to be missing, was in the possession of the late John F. Hartranft, by whose direction a translation was made for the late A. H. Seipt. This translation appears in THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN for August, 1908.

Ehns Fun Denna Dahga

Ehns fun denna Dahga wann ich fertig bin schaffa
Und ich fin ich hab weiders nix meh zu duh,
Doh geh ich uf der Weg mohl rum zu gaffa
Und der Platz widder sehna wu ich dahehm war en Buh.
Noh hock ich mich aweil uf die alt Portscha Bank
Und guck nach der Scheier durch die Drauwarank
Zu denka an die alta fergangena Sacha
Wie ich g'wunnert hab als was ich fun mir will macha.

Ehns fun denna Dahga geh ich dort in der Garta
Die Planza zu sehna fun allerlei Arta,
Der G'schmack fun die Kornsdrauwa widder zu griege,
Die Buchsschtoeck zu sehna und's Gartasach riecha,
Noh lahf ich so langsam es Paethelchie naus
Und fin dass der Garta kummt nimmie so raus
Wie ich en als g'sehna hab Jahra zurick
Und die Kornsdrauwe g'watscht fer die zeiticha so dick.

Noh lahf ich durch's Hiwwelfeld nuf uf die Hoeh
Und guck um mich rum iwwer die Landschaft so schoe.
Es hehmelt mich recht die alt Landmaerck zu sehna;
Die Daehler, Buesch, Hiwwla, die grossa und glehna,
Wu die Tulpehack, Muehlback, und Brunnakill reisa,
Und en halb-dutzend Kerchathuerm himmelwarts weisa—
Der Adler-Kop, Ferness-Berg, Cushion Holl driwwa;
Der Summer-Berg, Schull Hill, und Bloh-Berg hiwwa.

Ehns fun denna Dahga wann der Ohwet kummt bei
Und ich fin ich kann nimmi fiel laenger do sei,
Noh geh ich uf der Weg nach der alt Hehmet zu
Der letscht B'such zu macha und mich gewwa in die Ruh.
Dann kumma mei Freund mich widder zu sehna,
Und nemma mich hie wu die Grabschteh schtehna.
Die Heidelberger Hiwwla halta guthie Wacht dort;
Ich bin now dahehm, und ich geh nimmie fort.

About 1914

MICHAEL A. GRUBER
April 24, 1855—1938.

For Michael A. Grube's Life and Works see the ECK for April 9, 16, 23, 30. 1938. The spelling of the original manuscript has been retained.

Die Alt Verlosse Miehl

Ich wander drunne rum an der alte Miehl,
Wu ich g'schpielt hab zu alte Zeite;
Do waar noch die Welt un alles darin
En Siegeslied der Freide!

Der Hiwwel, der Damm un die Wies sin noch do
Un doch fiehlt mei Haerz wie en Schtee,
Denn die Miehl, die schteht schtill, un der Miller iss dod,
Un ach! ich bin gans allee!

Ya, die Miehl, die iss schtill, un der Miller der schloft,
Ya, er iss in der ewige Ruh;
Das Wasser lauft fart, awwer's Raad, des schteht schtill,
Un em Miller sei Aage sin zu!

Ya, das Rad, das schteht schtill un geht nummi rum,
Un der Miller iss Asche un Schtaab;
Un die Buwe die g'schpielt hen in der Miehl,
Hen g'weint am Miller seim Graab!

Un die Buwe die g'weint hen am Miller seim Graab,
Die g'schpielt hen im Miller seim Hof—
Bal warre sie alt un runslig un gro,
Bal schlofe sie 'm Miller sei Schlof!

Translated from George B. Marquart's "The Deserted old Mill" by Dr. Ezra Grumbine.

Der Mammi Ihre Schindel

Wann im G'sicht vun meiner Mammi sich en G'witter zammeziegt,
Wann sie mich nei in die Schlofschtub fiehrt un iwwer's Knie mich biegt—
Dann weess ich, dass es glei eischlecht, un ich fang aa zu schneppre,
Un es finkelt mer im Rick schun eb ich heer die Schindel kleppre.

O die Schindel, wie sie klingelt, un die Mammi, wie sie kloppt!
As wie dausend Feierschtraahle faahrt mer's nuf bis in der Kopp.
Unner'm Rockschwanz fiehlt's wie leme, ja, un Weschpe, 'n ganzer Schwarm,
Un die Schindel kleppert alsfart—un sie iss so siedich waarm!

Im me Schplotter kummt mei Daadi—hab gemeent g'hat, der waer fart
Secht der Mammi: "Geb's dem Schlingel nau mol gut, schlag yuscht recht hart!"
Er gunnt mer noch mei U'glick—un die Mammi biegt sich vor,
Un die Musick vun der Schindel klingt mer double-quick ins Ohr.

Uf eemol schtoppt die Mammi; denk ich: nau iss's Zeit, schwetz uf!
"'S sin mei Sunndaagshosse, Mammi, schlag doch net so wiescht do druf—
Du verschprengscht sie yo"--die Mammi losst emol die Schindel runnerr
"Sell iss so, ich hab's vergesse; well, die ziege mer yuscht nunner."

Guter Moses, liewe Engel! war sell net en dummer Schtreech?
Kumm doch dapper, alter Dokter, mach mer'n Poultice, kiehl un weech!
Awwer 'n Esel will ich warre, un sei Ohre will ich b'halte,
Wann ich nochdem widder neischwetz far die Schindel vun mer halte.

Translated by H. A. S. from an English poem "My Mother's Shingle" (author unknown) THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN, May, 1906

845

Chat About Your Friends

Mrs. Reilly W. Weaver of 460 Linden St., Mrs. Robert Turner of Upper Darby and Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Wolfe of Easton left yesterday afternoon by auto to visit Mrs. Turner's mother, Mrs. Guy Proctor of Corina, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Edwin Moyer of 502 N. 7th St., had as guests Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Armstrong and family and Mrs. John Flanagan of Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Meyers and daughter Jean of 515 N. 7th St., visited Mrs. Meyers' sister, Mrs. Paul Kelly of Norristown.

Veronica Kotulka of 522 N. 7th St., visited her aunt in Camden.

Marline Matern of Philadelphia visited her mother, Mrs. Nell Mattern of 502 N. 7th St.

Mrs. Elizabeth Brown of 708 N. 12th St., spent the past week with her son at Carbondale.

Mr. and Mrs. James Toolan of 708 N. 12th St., spent a week with Mrs. Toolan's sister, Mrs. Ernest Clauser, at Kresgeville.

Mr. and Mrs. H Hanlon of 514 N. 6th St., spent a day in Portland.

Glenn Mayer of 502 N. 7th St., is spending several days in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Moyer had as their guests Mr. and Mrs. H. Cole and family of Harrisburg.

Mrs. William Ellsworth and children Billy and Flora Jane of Guthsville spent several days with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Diehl of Swamp Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Moyer and daughter Betty of 1516 Union St., and Dr. and Mrs. Edgar S. Brown of 937 Walnut St., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Norton L. Lichtenwalner of North Hills, Philadelphia.

Adam Pottenger of 33 S. 9th St., is leaving for a four-day trip to Toronto, Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Dutt of 942 Jackson St., left for Niagara Falls

Yesterday's birthdays included Walter Long, Milford Square; Edwin Dennis, 228 E. Union St.; Erma Shankweiler, 121 S. Bradford St.; Donald Hoffman, 234 E. Union St.; George Reinert, 140 E. Susquehanna St.; John Warrick Jr., 128 Tilghman St.; Julia Sarmir, 909 Front St.; Marianna Roth, 424 Auburn St.

Mr. and Mrs. John Redline and Jennie Redline, 535 Green St.; Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Wieder and children Martin, Frances and Richard, 828 Wyoming St.; Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Eckert and daughter, Anna May, 917½ Washington St., and Joan Boe, 826 Wyoming St., are spending the weekend at Cape George and Saylors lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Heimbach and daughter Barbara, 714 Hanover Ave., and Mr. and Mrs. William Weikert, 934 Linden St., are motoring to Limestone, N. Y., Niagara Falls and Canada.

George Swayze, Canton, Ohio, is visiting his sister, Mrs. Samuel Heiney, 624 Chew St. Mr. Swayze arrived by plane.

Esther L. Heffner, 1428 Union St., will observe her birthday anniversary today.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dierolf, 134 W. Saucon St., have returned home after four weeks at their summer home along the Perkiomen. They brought with them four large carp.

Alice Osenbach, 262 E. Hamilton St., will celebrate her birthday anniversary today.

Mrs. Mayme Smith, 309 Arlington St., Tamaqua, will celebrate her birthday anniversary on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Garris and family of Glens Falls, N. Y., returned home after spending a week's vacation with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Keck, Allentown R. D. 4 Mrs. Garris and Mrs. Keck are cousins.

Elizabeth Miller, 971 Green St., returned home after spending a vacation in Pottstown with Emma Evans. Miss Evans came to Allentown with Miss Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Mellis M. Kuntz and family, 1437 Liberty St., and Earl Young, 1325 Greenleaf St., are touring New York State and Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Palmer Dieter, 914 Washington St., have returned from a vacation spent at Pleasant Corner.

Mr. and Mrs. William Diehl of 1815 Washington St. are today observing their 25th wedding anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Dorney of Cetronia became the parents of a daughter, their third child, born Thursday at their home. Both mother and daughter are doing well under the care of Dr. Fred Haas.

Vernon Dehrs of Crackersport, Eugene Carl of Allentown and Forrest Dorney of Cetronia spent last weekend at the World Fair.

Lorraine Diehl, 610 St. John St., returned home after spending a vacation with her grandparents at Swamp Creek.

Myrtle Greenzweig, New York, is visiting friends in this city and at present is the guest of Esther Max, 144 S. 8th St.

Joyce Kincaid, 732 Hickory St., visited friends in New York and attended the World's Fair.

Jeanette Choma, 1050 Catasauqua Ave., returned home from Chicago where she visited friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Grover Ehret, 1220 Gordon St.; Julia Artl, 632 Hanover Ave., and Dorothy Moser, 226 E. Union St., spent the week in Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon B. Leiser, 1106 Fullerton Ave., visited the New York World's Fair.



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Dramatic Society in Charge Of Christ Reformed Service

The Dramatic society of Christ Evangelical and Reformed church will be in charge of the Sunday morning worship service at 10:30. The society will present a one act religious play, "And He Came To His Father," written by Erna Kruckemeyer. Those taking part in the service are: Verna Roth, Erma Shankweiler, Hulda Mosser, Kathryn Sherba, Louis Soraruf Jr., Lois Fink, Phyllis Fink, William Mosser, "Buster" Trump, Raymond Flood, and Robert O. Nagle.

The society wishes to announce to its members that the first business meeting of the fall season will be held on Thursday, September 7.

Musical Evangelist At Milford Camp Grove

Mrs. Esther M. Dyer, musical evangelist and chalk artist, assisted by Geraldine Richards, both of Reading, will be in charge Sunday at the 11 a. m. service at the Milford camp meeting. The meeting is being held in Milford grove, along Routes 29 and 100, between Hereford and Emmaus.

The 2.30 and 7.30 p. m. services will be featured by addresses by Rev. Earle M. Schlichter of Reading. Music at both these services will be offered by the Lebanon Valley Gospel band, comprising 30 young people of Ono.

The camp meeting will close Monday with a service at 10.30 a. m., addressed by Rev. Ellison, colored Baptist preacher of Augusta, Ga., and afternoon and evening worship programs at which Rev. Kenneth P. Stevens, Methodist minister of Pleasantville, N. J., will preside.

Obituaries

Sarah A. Fetherman

Forer Saylorsburg Woman Was 72 Years Old

Sarah A. VanBuskirk, 72, widow of Jerome S. Fetherman, died suddenly Friday afternoon at the Allentown State hospital.

Former resident of Saylorsburg, Mrs. VanBuskirk was born in Ross Common, June 12, 1867, a daughter of the late John and Ellen (nee Arnold) VanBuskirk. She was a member of the Mount Eton Lutheran church, Saylorsburg.

There survive three sons, John, Allentown; Alonzo J., Dayton, Ohio, and George R., Cascades, Montana; three brothers, Richard, Pen Argyl; Jacob, Bangor, and James, Ross Common; one sister, Mrs. Benjamin Nuding, Easton; also five grandchildren.

The funeral service will be held at 2:30 p. m. Monday in the Mount Eton Lutheran church, Saylorsburg, with burial in the cemetery adjoining Friends may call at the Steyers funeral home, 70 E. Broad St., Bethlehem, Sunday night.

Mrs. Emma L. Ross

Weisenberg Township Native Had Been Ill for Several Years

Mrs. Emma L. Ross

Ailing for the last five years, Mrs. Emma L. Ross of New Tripoli R. 2, died at 9 p. m. Thursday at the home of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Loch, New Tripoli R. 2. She was 61.

Born in Weisenberg township, Feb. 22, 1878, she was the daughter of Joel and Massina, nee Fink, Bittner. She was a member of the Weisenberg church.

The only survivor is her sister. Her husband, George Ross, died about six years ago.

Rev. William Wolford will be in charge of services to be held on Monday at 1 p. m., standard time, at the Snyder Funeral home, New Tripoli. Further services will be conducted at the Weisenberg church and interment will be made in the adjoining cemetery.

Mrs. Joseph Hammond

Catasauqua Woman, 62, Was Born in Ireland

Mrs. Annie, nee Dawson, Hammond, wife of Joseph Hammond, died at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon at her home, 1217 N. 2nd St., Catasauqua, following a week's illness. She was aged 62 years.

Mrs. Hammond was born in Ireland but had been a resident of Catasauqua since 1918. She was highly esteemed and was active in the St. Lawrence church and the Altar and Rosary Society of the church.

She is survived by her husband and two children, Joseph Moore and Mrs. William Cunningham, both at home.

Mass of requiem will be sung in the St. Lawrence church, Catasauqua, at 10 a. m. Monday and interment will be made in the church cemetery.

Mrs. Sarah J. Scheffler

Moorestown Woman Was in Her 84th Year

Mrs. Sarah J. Scheffler, 84, widow of Reuben Scheffler, died Thursday at her home in Moorestown. Two children, Robert J. Daniel of Nazareth and Mrs. Stewart Miller of Moorestown, and one grandchild survive. She was a member of Altonah Union church.

The Rev. Victor J. Bauer will officiate at funeral services at 2 p. m. Sunday at the late home. Burial in the Altonah cemetery.

Mrs. Emma Appel

Allentown Woman, 69, Was Ill Last Four Weeks

Mrs. Emma Appel of 26 S. Dauphin St., Allentown, widow of Charles Appel, died at 12:30 p. m. Friday in the Sacred Heart hospital, aged 69 years.

She had been ill four weeks.

Mrs. Appel was born in Allentown, a daughter of the late Edwin and Sabina (Derr) Hoffert. She was of the Reformed faith and was a member of the Ladies auxiliary of the E. Allentown Fire Co., State Fireman's auxiliary, Allentown branch of the same body and the Hanover Aid society.

Surviving are a daughter, Eleanor Appel, at home; a sister, Ada Hoffert; and a brother, Harry Hoffert, both of Allentown. She was preceded in death by her husband and a son, Franklin.

Funeral services will be held at the late home Tuesday at 3 p. m., with interment in Highland cemetery. The Rev. Simon Sipple, D. D., will officiate.

Elvera Fragnito

Allentown Girl, 27, Had Been Ill for Last Two Years

Following an illness of two years, Elvera Fragnito, daughter of Pasquale and Grazia, nee Monteforte, Fragnito died at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon at the home of her parents, 422 Railroad St. She was aged 27 years and 2 months.

Until the time of her illness, Miss Fragnito was employed for seven years by the Lehigh Valley Shirt Co. She was a member of the Church of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel and was affiliated with the Prino Del Pianno lodge of the Sons of Italy.

Miss Fragnito is survived by her parents and these brothers and sisters: James, Harrisburg; Raymond, Nicholas and Anthony, at home; Mrs. Joseph Carfara, Catasauqua; Philemina, Christine, Jennie and Josephine, at home.

Solemn mass of requiem will be offered in the Church of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel at 9 a. m. Monday. Interment will be in the Italian cemetery.

Deaths

FRAGNITO—In this city, Sept. 1, 1939, Elvera, daughter of Pasquale and Grazia, nee Monteforte Fragnito, aged 27 years, 1 month and 30 days.

Relatives, friends and members of the Prino Del Piannio lodge, 15, Sons of Italy, are respectfully invited to attend the funeral at 8:30 o'clock Monday at the late home, the residence of her parents, 422 Railroad St. Solemn mass of requiem will follow at 9 a. m. in the Church of Our Lady of Mt Carmel. Interment will be in the Italian cemetery. Weber.

HAMMOND—At Catasauqua, Sept. 1, 1939, Annie, nee Dawson, wife of Joseph Hammond, aged 62 years, 3 months and 4 days.

Relatives, friends and members of the Altar and Rosary Society of the St. Lawrence Church are respectfully invited to attend the funeral at 9:30 o'clock Monday from her late home, 1217 2nd St., Catasauqua. Solemn mass of requiem will follow at 10 o'clock in the St. Lawrence church. Interment will be in Calvary cemetery, Catasauqua. Hazleton and Wilkes-Barre papers please copy. Weber.

Ernest B
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New Funeral Home
1124 Walnut St.
Phone 2-5534

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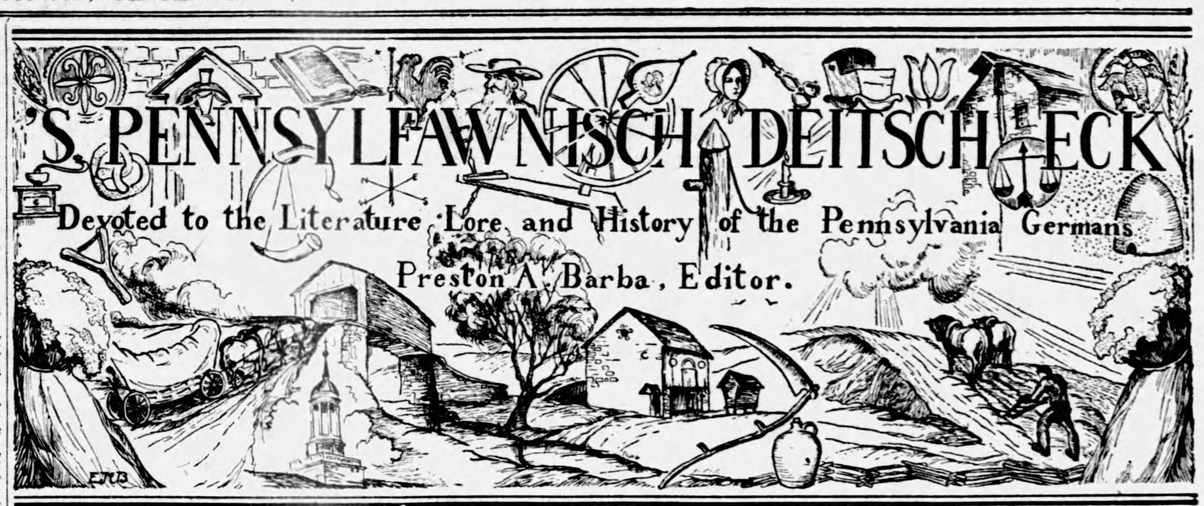

Der Gepenschende Maerder

Vum me Aagezeige selwer verzaehlt

Eb des nau schure so g'happent iss? Hu, waar ich dann net selwer wie mer Lawkerls saage "en Eye-witness," he? Des Ding waar so—darrich so'n "Act of Assembly" wie mer Lawkerls es heessen, iss en Schtick vum ewwere Deel vun Iesdaun County g'schnitte waare, un aus sellem Schtick hen mer Kerls Pike County gemacht. Die Sach iss so g'schwind gange, as mer haerli Zeit herr g'hat far uns reddi zu mache. Was ewwe dennoh so die Headkerls im County waare, wie ich un e Deel annere, sin denoh graad nuf zum Governor mit so 're Petition un hen uns g'schwind appointe losse far County Officers. Ich waar eener vun de County Commissioners, der Daniel S. Blind waar der Judge un der Philip Leichtkop un der Samuel K. Schwenker waaren die 'sociate Judges—ewwe so Kerls as der Judge uf en Aart wie seconde. Wie mer heem kumme sin, hen mer g'schwind en Haus gelehnt far'n Courthouse un die County Offices un weil die Schtuwwe so glee waarn, do hen mer Officials als unser Turn nemme misse far in die Schtuwwe far die County Bissniss zu duh. Well, 's iss alles recht gange. Im April hen mer der erscht Term vun de Court abhalte wellle, un darrich der Winter hen mer so im Courthouse rum g'hockt un mitnanner geblaudert, wie ewwe so Officials duhne, un hen nanner ge'instruct, was zu duh, wann Bissniss kumme daet. Do ee Daag kummt der Bill Frissel, so'n halbgscheiter Narrischer in unsere Office un secht, as er en Nigger dod g'schlagge hett, un er wett now aa devor g'henkt warre. Ich un der Sheriff Binder hen ihn graad gepackt un die Hend uf der Buckel gebunne, un wie der Frissel gemeent hot, des waer net notwennich, er daet yo net darrich geh, hawwich's ihm ge-explained, so missten mer Lawkerls officiate, weil's according zu de Law waer. En deel vun de annere Kerls hen ihn in der Keller verschtecke welle, bis es County en Reward aabiete daet far'n zu fange, awwer der Frissel hot sell aa net duh welle, weil er bang waar, mer daeten dennoh en annerer Kerl fange un henke, un dennoh waer er haus. Well, weil der Judge un sei Seconds graad in de Courtschtubb waar'n un gewaart hen far Bissniss far der Abril Term aazufange, sin mer mit em Frissel nuf un ich hab die Case ge-report. Der Judge hot mit seinere Seconds gepischpert, un hot dennoh g'saat, des waer en guti Case far die Kauntie Bissniss zu naugurate, un hot dann der Sheriff geaddert der Frissel eizuschperre, un die Evidence vor die Court zu bringe.

Well, dennoh hawwich g'saat, as according zu de Law Proceedings, misst erscht en Jury her, far der Frisoner far die Court zu jwwerbinne un der Judge hot dennoh der Courterier geaddert en Jury zamme zu suche, weil noch kee Jurylischt gemacht waar. Es waar im Abril, un die Shad sin arrick schtarrick der Rewwer rufkumme, un weils Fische so gut waar, do waar die Menschte vun de Population of course fische gange, un der Courterier hot sich die Bee schier ablaafe misse bis er en Jury zamme gried hot, un do hen ich un er un noch drei annere Officers uf die Jury geh misse, yuscht far mol de County Bissniss en Schtart zu gewwe. Well, mer sin eig'schwore warre, dann hot der Judge der Trial uf de naegschte Marye aag'saat un hot uns ge-instruct mit em Coroner naus zu geh far der Nigger zu investigate. Ich hab die Jury noch selle same Daag naus ans Hellers Kopp genumme, un der Sheriff hot so lang der Frissel in der Keller g'schparrt un hot sich mit 're Flint an die Dier g'hockt, weil er en Idea g'hat hot, as die Law sell so inschpecte daet vun ihm. Mer hen unser Report ufgried far der naegschte Marye, un noch die same Nacht hen mer en Ben uf em Garret eigericht far em Frissel sei Prison un der Frissel hot selwer helfe Board nufdraage. Er hot wull gemeent, so Unkoschte waer en Sind un en Schand, awwer ich hab's ihm ge-explained, as die Law verlange daet, as wann mer en Prisoner hawwe wett, do misst mer aa en Jail hawwe far' neiduh. Ei, yuscht about zwee Woche devor, hot unser Nacht Watchman en Geilsdieb g'fange, un weil er kee Platz g'hat hot far ihn neizuduh, hot er ihn, will ich 's Deiwels sei, die gans Nacht mit sich rumg'fiehrt, so as er net darrich geh hot kenne. Well now so ebbes basst doch net zu de Dignity un de Importance vum me County!

Am naegschte Marye iss der Trial aagange; die Courtschtubb waar voll g'schtoppt, weil yuscht about dreissich Leit nei gekennt hen, besides die Jury un die Courthaus Officers. Der Judge hot die Meeting zu Order rufe losse vum Courterier un dennoh hen er un sei Seconds gewaart bis der Sheriff der Frissel aus em Garret g'holt hot, dennoh hot der Judge g'saat, der Sheriff sett der Prisoner an der Bar schtelle, un do will ich iwwer der Damm geh, wann sell Kameel net nufgeht un em Judge ins Ohr pischpert er hett en Boddel im Sack, ob er net em Frissel en Schwaller dart raus gewwe sett far Zeit zu schpaare, es waer gewiss drei Vaertel Meil bis ans Waertshaus. Well, der Judge hot sich die Lefz g'schleckt un hot em Sheriff g'saat, wann er net so'n schtarnsguter Kerl waer, dann daet er ihn $10 fine far Contempt vun de Court, er hett net sell gemeent, "vor der Bar schtelle" in de Law, sell waer, en Prisoner vor der Judge bringe. Der Sheriff hot der Frissel g'schwind ufschteppe mache un der Judge hot ihn g'frogt eb er en Lawyer hett far ihn zu defende.

"Ich brauch kee Lawyer," secht der Frissel; "selli Unkoschte kenne mer schpaare." "Du muscht awwer gedefend sei," secht der Judge. "S iss net notwennich. Ferwas dann do dem County so Exschpenses mache," secht der Frissel. "Well, awwer die Law demands," sechts der Judge. "Ich will awwer kenner," secht der Frissel, "ich schmeiss mich in daere Case uf die Ignorance vun de Court." "Uf die was?" greischt der Judge un reisst sich die Brill iwwer die Aage far zu sehne eb er aa recht g'heert hett.

Do bin ich aus der Jurybox g'schteppt un hab zum Judge g'saat der Prisoner hett kee Larning un kee Eddication un nix, un daet gewiss "Intelligence vun die Court" meene, yuscht er kennt's net recht saage; un do greischt der Courterier hinnich mer: "Silence in de Courthouse!" wull aa yuscht far zu browiere eb er's aa recht saage kennt; awwer's hot mich verzaernt un ich hab ihm g'saat eb er net wisse daet, wie mer zum me County Commisioner schwetze daet, dann iss der wiedich warre un hot "Silence in the Court!" gegrische un hot gemeent, as wann in de Courtschtubb gegast warre misst, waer er do far dezu zu tende. "Wu sin die Zeige?" frogt der Judge. "Mer breiche do kee Zeige," secht der Frissel. "Ferwass dann noch Zeigegeld do wegschmeisse?"

"Well," secht der Judge, "wu iss dann em Coroner sei Report?" "Do bin ich ufg'schteppt un hab g'saat, "Judge, ich hab die Jury un der Coroner nausgenumme ans Dillers Kopp, wu die dot Leicht leid un mer hen die Condition vun de Surroundings beguckt. Seller Nigger iss dot; er leid in de Schtross so bissel Nard, Nardoscht mit em Kopp, un Sied, Siedwescht mit de Bee; er leid meh uf eener Seit vun de Schtross as uf de annere—about 5 Fuss 6 Zoll ee Weg, un 7 Fuss 6 Zoll der anner; er hot bloe Iwwerhosse aa, as mit de Bee in seinere Schtiwell schtecke, en blo wolle Hem un en schwarzer Rock un en Kapp leid neewich ihm, un sei Maul iss half uf."

"Well, wu iss er geinjured—ewwe, wehgeduh?" "Well," saag ich, "mer hen net draagedenkt far zu gucke, awwer er iss schure ganung dot; sell kenne mer schweere."

Dennoh frogt der Judge der Frissel, "Du sechscht, du hettscht seller Nigger dot g'schlagge, as draus ans Dillers Kopp uf de Schtross leid?" "Yes, sir; sell hawwich-" Ferwas hoscht du ihn dot g'schlagge?" "Well, ich will der Erscht sei as in unserem County g'henkt warre iss, un dann, aa far de County Officers ebbes zu duh gewwe, as en public schpiriter Mann, un dann aa noch so as die Leit vun mer schweize—ich muss mer doch uf ee Weg en Naame mache."

"Hot der Nigger dir ebbes in der Weg gelegt?"

"O, nee, net yuscht abaddich—er hot yuscht gemeent er kennt mich leddere, sell waar all." "So, dann henner gefochte?" "Well, ich hab en bissel, er net, anyhow net genung far mich fechte zu mache. Er hot mer yuscht die Chance gewwe, far ihm eens neizuhalte; dennoh hot er sich hiegelegt un hot sich der Kopp uf en Schtee g'schlagge un bissel gezawwelt un dennoh waar er dot, hu!"—un der Frissel hot gans ge-disgust geguckt.

"Wie iss der Schtreit aagange?"

"Well, mer hen nanner aageguckt, er hot nix g'saat, un ich hab nix g'saat, yuscht geguckt hemmer, un so hot ee Wart's anner gewwe—es waar alles gans friedlich bis die Fechterei verbei waar."

"So g'schtehscht du's ei, dass du der Nigger dot g'schlagge hoscht?"

"Ei, of course!" "Well, dann bischt du mol schure guilty un kannscht's net legele!"

"Ich duh yo aa net!"

"All right! Now gentlemen of de Jury," secht dennoh der Judge zu uns, "do iss der Bill Frissel, as content er hett der Nigger dot g'schlagge, as ihr ans Dillers Kopp uf de Schtross leie hen sehne, un according zu de Law un de Evidence iss sell Mard im heechschte Graad, un mitout Defalcation odder ebbes so, un er muss of course g'henkt warre, now was sagen ihr, guilty odder not guilty?"

"Guilty!" hemmer all g'saat.

"Well, now, Prisoner," secht der Judge zum Frissel, "hoscht du eenich ebbes zu saage ferwas du net g'henkt warre settscht?"

"No, sir; sell iss graad was ich will!"

Well, dann hot der Judge ihn ewwe g'setenced, wie mir Lawkerls duhne un hot dennoh zum Sheriff g'saat, "Do iss der Bill Frissel duly gekonvict un gekondemned warre far zu henke, now duh du dei Duty."

"Die County Commissioners kenne now vun de Jury runner um mit em Sheriff die Preparations mache far die Execution."

Well, mer hen der Frissel deenoh nuf uf der Garret g'schparrt un am naegschte Marye sin mer drei Commissioners nummer noch Iesdaun County far'n Galge zu lehne, awwer sie hen $800 hawwe welle far uns der Galge mit ihrem Sheriff zu lehne! Dennoh sin mer ins anner County gange un dart hen sie $750 far der Galge hawwe welle unni der Sheriff. So hen mer unsere Geil zwee Woche lang schier die Bee abgeritte, awwer iwwerall hen sie so viel far ihre Galge hawwe welle, as es unser County ufgebroche hett far eener zu lehne.

All die Weil hot der Sheriff em Frissel sei Esse aus em Waertshaus g'holt un eb mer's recht gemerkt hen, waar's County $36 Koschtgeld beim Waert schuldich; un weil mer noch gaar kee County Taxe gekollect hen g'hat, hen mer Commissioners selli Bill aus em Sack bezahlt; well, mer hen net recht gewisst eb mer sei Lewes unser Geld widder griege odder net, un do hen mer gedecide es waer wollfeler der Frissel net zu henke, un ich bin zu ihm far die Sach zu compromise.

Ich hab g'saat, "Now, Bill, die Henkerei do koscht anyhow $1000 un sell kenne mer alleweil net ufmache; now will ich dir en guti Proposition mache. Mer nemmen dich nunner an der Rewwer, verseefen dich uf die vedderscht Manier; des waer net so deier un halt yuscht so long."

"No, sir, bei kennere Meening net?" greischt der Frissel; "sell iss net im 'Greement. Der Judge hot g'saat, 'Hang ad de Neck till your ded, ded, ded!' Sell hot er dreimol g'saat, un wann en Judge ebbes dreimol secht un noch dezu uf Englisch, dann iss es die Law un die Constitution, un ich verdefendier mich dart druf. Un ich kann's Wasser net verdraage. Un ich appeal an die Supreme Court." Well, sell hot mich dennoh aa verzaernt, un ich hab g'saat, "Was verschtehscht dann du vun de Law un de Constitution wie mer Kerls in de Law; un wer bischt dann du as du do die Ehr hawwe witt fars erscht in unserem County g'henkt zu warre? Du bischt yo gaar nix ge'eschtimiert. Ya, wann du now, welle mer saage, en County Officer, odder even en Lawyer, odder en Dokter, odder en Parre, odder so ebbes waerscht, dann wott ich nix saage, awwer du bischt yo gaar nix as an eegesinnischer Kerl," un bin runner un hab die Sach gereport, un dann hen mer ausgemacht der Frissel kennt in seinere Ben verhungere wann er wett. Der Sheriff hot ihm kee Esse meh nufgedraage, awwer was dutt der verdollte Kerl? Er macht die Dier uf un geht, hol's der Deiwel, selwer ans Waertshaus esse, un geht dann graad widder zerick in sei Ben un schliesst sich ei.

Well, mer hen dem Arrangement weil zug'sehne bis der Waert widder en Bill far $36 eigehand hot; dann bin ich zum Judge un hab's ihm ge-explained as mer gedecide hette der Frissel net zu henke, wann es so deier waer, er waer yo selli Exschpenses net wert, un hett kee Bisniss g'hat uns so Unkoschte ufzulaade un unser Country misst yo vum Sheriff ausverkaaft warre, un es daet ihm yuscht recht g'schehne, wann er net g'henkt warre daet, un der Judge iss da zu der Conclusion kumme, as er's net wert waer, un hot der Frissel in de naegschte Court en Lifeterm in der Jail gewwe. Der Frissel hot dann deiwelisch gedobt wie er selli Sentence g'heert hot. Er wett satisfaction hawwe un er daet's County far Damages reschte un der Judge far False Pretense packe un so on. Well, mer hen ihn gedischtert so gut wie mer gekennt hen, un hen ihn ewwe sei Esse hole losse wie devor. Well, dennoh hen mer ihm aagebotte, er sett ausbreche un darrich geh. Sell hot er net gewollt, er wett net zu all dem Druwwel geh, sich henke zu losse far nix.

"Awwer Bill," hawwich g'saat, "wie du weescht, der Judge hot dich commuted, wie mer Kels vun de Law saage, un 's iss net dewert as du do en Fuss machscht. Mer hetten dich verleicht g'henkt, awwer now duhne mer's var Schpite net. Now wann ich dich waer, daet ich graad parbes darrich geh."

"Was! un all den Druwwel far nix hawwe! No sir, ne beim Karrebvoll! Ich will mei Recht, sell iss was ich will. Der Judge hot mer sei Wart gewwe un according zu der Law muss er's halte!

"Ya, awwer er hot net gewisst, as es so deier waer, un as mer noch kee Geld in der Treasury hen. Du bischt uns aa viel zu g'schwind iwwer der Hals kumme. Now will ich dir saage, wann ich dich waer, daet ich fartgeh, mer gewwe dir noch $10 uf der Weg."

"No, sir!"

"20!"

"No, sir!"

"$30!"

"No, sir! Du weescht velleicht net as ich dich fange losse kennt farr mich do zu bribe un zu corrupte wie's in der Law secht."

Wie der Frissel so g'schwetze hot, bin ich graad nunner un hab die annere County Commissioners g'holt un hab ihne g'saat mer kennten do in en deiwelische Druwwel neikumme, un dennoh sin sie aa bang warre, un mer hen em Frissel $50 aagebotte un verschproche ihm $2 die Woch zu schicke wann er yuscht darrich geh daet.

Well, nooch vielem Schwetze un Bettele hot er g'saat er wett uns dessemol der Favor duh un darrich geh, wammer ihm $200 Cash nunner gewwe, un ihm $2 die Woch anyhow zwee Yohr lang schicke, un dann noch verschpreche as wann mol ebber g'henkt sett warre im County, as mer ihm die ersht Chance gewwe daeten.

Mer hen ihm sechs Monet selli Pension vun $8 der Monet g'schickt bis mer mol ee Daag g'heert hen as er far Geilschtehle g'henkt waer warre.

Ferwas as mer net selwert en Galge gebaut hen? Hu, mer hen gaar net draa gedenkt!

The Pennsylvania German, August, 1903

Der Verlore Esel

ASTOR C. WUCHTER

'S waar mol en Mann im Maryeland,
Der waar uf weit un breed bekannt
Far'n langer Bart un g'scheiter Kopp
Un hinner'm Ohr so'n Trickse Knopp.

Er waar en Mann arg dief gelehrt,
Un yeders hot en hoch geehrt,
Weil mol der Keenich Schnuppduwack
Ihm g'schenkt hot im me seid'ne Sack.

Ee Dutzend Aemter hot er g'hatt,
Doch waar ihm aus der ganse Latt
Ken eens so lieb wie's Kadi-amt,
Weil sell vum Keenich Salmon schtammt.

In sellem Amt gebt's viel zu duh,
Deel Leit sin graad wie'n gleener Buh;
Wann ebber will, sie wolle net,
Noh gebt's en Lawsuit—un deel fett.

Well, ennihau, ee Nammidaag
Kummt eener mit re Hiobsklaag;
Er waar verschwitzt vun Kopp zu Fuss,
Wie'n nassi Schwalm im Scharnschtee Russ.

Er hot mol weil nooch Ochdem g'schnappt,
Wie'n Fass wann ebber Seider zappt;
Er hot nix as wie g'schtottert weil,
Doch endlich kummt's in aller Eil:

"Mei Esel! ach! mei Esel! du,
Iss fattgedappt! wu such ich, wu?
Ee Beh iss schteif un's anner alt,
Im linkse Ohr, dart iss 'n Falt!

"Sie meene all du kennscht gewiss
Mer saage wu mei Esel iss;
Wann eens so'n grossi Larning hett,
Des wisst yo alles, A bis Z."

Der Kadi hot der Bart gezoppt,
En weissi Hoor sich raus geroppt;
Noh secht er: "Well, so wie mer's scheint,
'S iss ewwe 'n Essel; never mind!

"Des Ding iss ums Browiere yo,
Am Freidaag frog ich eifrich noh;
Der Dieb kummt noch der Mosque verleicht,
Noh sehnt mer wu der Esel greischt."

Der Freidaag kummt, doch nix kumm raus,
'Ss wees nimmand nix im ganse Haus
Vum Esel as verlore waar
Paar Daag zerick im Schtadtbazaar.

Der Kadi hot en Weil gewaart,
Noh schtreicht er mol sei langer Bart
Un saagt zum Volk: "Ee Weg gebt's noch
Far'n Esel finne, glaab ich doch.

"Basst uf! un horcht, so as dihr's wisst —
Wer noch ken Weibsmensch hot gekisst,
Wer noch ken Lieb im Haerz verschpiert,
Wu 'n Mensch in alle Dummheit fiehrt,

"Wer noch ken Glessel Wei versucht,
Un meent die Musick waer yuscht Zucht;
Wer des kann saage, der bleib schteh!
Die annre all, die kenne geh."

'S iss alles uf un sachte fart,
'S guckt nimmand rum, ken's schnauft en Wart;
Yo, doch, 's bleibt endlich eener schteh—
Er waar schun alt, gans darr un glee.

Schtolz hot er um sich rumgeguckt,
Die Achsle bissel schepp verzuckt;
Noh secht er: "Well! ich denk mer sin
Vum rechte Schtofft, ee Blei, ee Zinn!

"Was Weisbleit aageht, geh mer weck!
Do geb mer liewer Supp vun Dreck;
Heit sin sie scharf un marye schtump,
Sie sin arg viel wie'n Floh im Schtrump.

"Vum Wei do heest's im Al Koran,
Sell Schtofft verdarbt der beschte Mann;
Der Eblis (Deiwel) hot's gemacht,
Mit Blut rot g'farbt un noh gelacht.

"Dem Singe un dem Dudle—well,
Dem reiss ich aus so zimmlich schnell;
So'n Greckse un so'n dumm Gegrisch,
Wie Hund un Katze unner'm Disch."

Der Kadi hot sich rumgedreht
Zum Mann as gaern sei Esel hett:
"Dei Esel, denk ich, der iss fart,
Un 's batt nix as mer lenger waart.

Do nemm den Kerl un zaahm en uff,
Un hock dei Bindel hinne druff;
So'n Esel findt mer kenner meh
Vun Ispahan bis an der See!

(An Oriental tale which the poet based on some High German source.)

December, 1898

Chat About Your Friends

Mrs. James Stull of 1524 Willington St., Philadelphia, is the guest of Mrs. H. Claude Weidner and family of Morning Side Terrace.

Betty Jean Stull of Philadelphia is the house guest of Marilyn Roray of 2014 S. Aubrey St.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Robins, 736 N. 9th St., celebrated their first wedding anniversary on Wednesday.

John Siegfried, 336 N. 8th St., is leaving for Penn State college where he is a student.

Isabell Brearley of 336 N. 8th St. returned from a week's vacation in Canada.

Anna Campbell of 715 Walnut St., spent a day in Harrisburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reichert of 715 Walnut St. spent Labor Day in Shoemakersville.

Mr. and Mrs. John Miller of 225 N. 12th St. have returned from a week's vacation in the Poconos.

Recent visitors at the New York World's Fair included: Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Schroth, Eaton Ave., Bethlehem; John Siegfried, 336 N. 8th St., and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Amey and daughter Dolly, 715 N. 5th St.

Among those who celebrated birthdays yesterday were Jean Memmert, 247 Washington St., Bethlehem; Dorothy Kershner, 215 S. Bradford St.; Calvin Oberle, 268 E. Fairview St.; Jean Nicholas, 240 E. Fairview St.; Amy Hilbert, 282 E. Elm St.; Charleson Troxell, 936½ Chew St.; Harry Stocker, 510 N. Hazel St.; Bobby Moser, 230 E. Union St.; Richard Rohrbach, 248 E. Union St., and Ruth Rohrbach, 248 E. Union St.

Birthdays Thursday included: Norman O. Merkle, 1136 Russell St.; Edward Bachman, 520 Cleveland St.; Shirley Fink, 258 E. Union St., and Mrs Warren Gross, 944 Liberty St.

Mrs. Luella S. Hausman and Raymond E. Hausman, 26 S. Howard St., and Edith Hinnersheetz and Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer Hausman, Topton, visited the New York World's Fair.

Grace Bauer, 520 Coal St., Lehighton, celebrated her birthday anniversary on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell R. Bisbing, 939 N. 19th St., spent several days in Atlantic City where they stayed at Chalfonte- Haddon Hall.

Ernest Schneck, 726 Union St., this city, and Joseph Zsigovits and Julius Salady, Coplay, visited friends in Pottsville.

Frank Szivas, Rudy Kovacs, Roy Zerfass and Bob Deutsch, all of Coplay, returned home after visiting the New York World's Fair.

Charles, 6-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ruppert of 945 Oak St., Allentown, underwent a major operation several days ago in Jefferson hospital, Philadelphia. His condition is serious.

Frank Szivas, 44 Front St., Coplay, and Louis Salady, 48 Front St., Coplay, attended a baseball game in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. John Klepeiss, Coplay, visited the New York World's Fair.

Marie E. Hassler, 721 Linden St., will celebrate her birthday anniversary today.

Dr. Pauline Hinkle Wells, 719 Hamilton St., will today observe her birthday anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Nonnemacher of Wescosville have returned from a three-day vacation at Atlantic City. While there, they were registered at the Continental hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Lopez, 330 Mechanic St., Bethlehem, are the parents of a boy. Mrs. Theresa Marek, attended.

A boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Moncmos, 1134 Fullerton Ave. Mrs. Theresa Marek attended.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Mickley, 1202 N. 19th St. will tomorrow celebrate their 52nd wedding anniversary.

Obituaries

Rev. C. H. Eagle Dies, Aged 68

Rev. Charles H. Eagle, a former pastor of Immanuel Evangelical church, 153 Turner St., Allentown, died at 4.35 a. m. yesterday at the parsonage of Emanuel Evangelical church, 2nd and Walnut Sts., Catasauqua, aged 68 years and 4 months. He suffered an attack of apoplexy two weeks ago and had since been confined to his room. A second stroke came last Monday.

Rev. Eagle was one of the oldest members of the East Pennsylvania Conference of the Evangelical church in active service. During his ministerial career he served congregations at Birdsboro, East Reading, Phoenixville, Wayne, Telford, Mohnton, Williamstown, Weissport, Allentown and Catasauqua. He was pastor of Immanuel church, this city, for five years and entered upon his fifth year as pastor of Emanuel church, Catasauqua, following the sessions of the East Pennsylvania conference last spring. At Birdsboro and Phoenixville he was stationed twice.

Besides his pastoral duties, Rev. Eagle did considerable evangelistic work throughout the conference. He preached for the last time at the Evangelical camp meeting at Milford park on Thursday evening, Aug. 17.

Evidence of the high esteem in which Rev. Eagle was held is the fact that he served as vice president of the Catasauqua Ministerial Assn.

Rev. Eagle was born at Amityville, Berks county, April 16, 1871, a son of the late Mark and Ellen, nee Hartranft, Eagle. He was reared and educated at that place and began his ministerial activities at an early age. During his many years of pastoral work he was active in the work of the various branches of the denomination.

Surviving are his widow, Annie D., nee Robeson; one son, Charles A. Eagle, Williamstown, Pa.; two daughters, Miriam L. and Ruth E., both at home; one grandson, LaMar, two stepbrothers, George and Daniel Bause, Pottstown; and a step-sister, Mrs. Bertha Schoch, Pottstown.

Funeral services will be held in Emanuel church, Catasauqua, on Monday at 1.30 p. m., in charge of Rev. I. F. Bergstresser, district superintendent. Interment will be made in Grandview cemetery, Allentown.

Mrs. Matilda Wenner

Lower Macungie Native Was Emmaus Resident 18 Years

Mrs. Matilda Wenner of 216 N. 4th St., Emmaus, died at 5.30 o'clock yesterday morning after an illness of the past few months. She was 88 years old.

A native of Lower Macungie township, she was the daughter of Nathan and Sarah, nee Schantz, Andreas and for the past 18 years had resided in Emmaus.

Surviving are the following children: Rev. Victor J. Bauer, Bethlehem; Mrs. William Kern, Macungie; Mrs. Lewis Lichtenwalner, Allentown; Robert of Ruppsville, Albert of Alburtis, Walter of Philadelphia and Jennie at home, and a brother, Peter Andreas, Greenawalds. There are also eight grandchildren and three great-grandchildren surviving. Her husband died 16 years ago.

Mrs. Wenner was a faithful member of St. John's Lutheran church, Emmaus.

Rev. Paul Spieker will be in charge of funeral services to be held from her late home on Monday at 2 p. m., DST. Burial will be made in Western Salisbury cemetery.

John W. Watkins

Former Resident of Emmaus Dies in Philadelphia

Local relatives of John W. Watkins of Philadelphia, son-in-law of Mrs. Nathan S. Miller, Pennsylvania Ave., Emmaus, have been informed of his death Wednesday, following a lingering illness, in the Philadelphia General hospital.

Mr. Watkins was a former resident of Emmaus, where he was in the auto repair business.

Funeral services will be conducted in the Stroud Funeral home, 600 N. 63rd St., Philadelphia, tomorrow evening. Interment will be made in the Emmaus Moravian cemetery Monday noon.

Solomon T. Boger

South Penn St. Man Was 47 Years of Age

Solomon T. Boger of 34 S. Penn St., Allentown, died shortly before noon yesterday at the Sacred Heart hospital after an illness of five days. He was in his 48th year.

Born in Lehigh county, he was a son of the late Charles V. and Rosa A. C., nee Heller, Boger. He was a hod carrier by trade.

Surviving are one brother, John Boger of Allentown; a sister, Mrs. Kate Wheeler of Chicago; a nephew and niece, Clarence Ruch and Mrs. Earl C. Arnold, both of Allentown.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 2:30 p. m. at the Rabenold funeral home, 116 S. 8th St. Interment will be in the Western Salisbury church cemetery. Friends may call Monday from 7 to 9 p. m. Rev. D. E. Schaeffer of Emmaus will officiate.

Mrs. Emma L. Boyer

Funeral Services for Bowmanstown Resident to Be Held Monday

Mrs. Emma L. Boyer, a former organist for 20 years at Trinity Lutheran church, Bowmanstown, passed away early Friday morning at her home, E. White St., Bowmanstown, aged 64 years.

Mrs. Boyer was an active member of the Gnaeden Huetten chapter, No. 203, Order of Eastern Star, Lehighton, and Camp 69, P. O. A.

Besides her husband Edwin, there survive: one son, E. Frank Boyer, Bowmanstown; one brother, Harvey Balliet of Springtown, Bucks county and three grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held from her late home on Monday at 2 p. m., DST with regular services in St. John's Towamensing church, of which she was a member of the Lutheran wing. Rev. M. Luther Worman and Rev. R. E. Kutz will officiate and burial will be made in the family plot in Towamensing cemetery. Friends may call Sunday from 7 to 9 p. m.

Mrs. Ella M. Ehmann

Former Philadelphia Woman Dies in Bethlehem

Mrs. Ella M. Ehmann, widow of Carl Ehmann, a former resident of Philadelphia, died Friday morning at the home of her nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. George Heft, 637 11th Ave., Bethlehem.

She was born in Philadelphia, a daughter of the late Daniel and Harriet Wetzel Fogel. Nieces and nephews are her only survivors.

The funeral will be held at 11 a. m. Monday from the Heft home, with the Rev. H. I. Crow officiating. Burial in Memorial park.

Mrs. Edward Webster

Slatington Resident Was Active in Lodge, Church Affairs

Roseanna (nee Dunlap), wife of Edward Webster of 211 Walnut St., Slatington, died in the Sacred Heart hospital at 11:53 p. m. Thursday, aged 69 years, 4 months and 8 days. She was admitted to the institution last Saturday.

Mrs. Webster was born in Phillipsburg, N. J., a daughter of George and Emma (nee Pfeiffer) Dunlap. She resided in Slatington the past 26 years and was a member of the Pythian Sisters, Dames of Malta, ladies' auxiliary of Knights of the Mystic Chain and St. John's Reformed church.

Besides her husband, Edward, the following survive: A son, Harold, at home; a daughter, Mrs. Howard Nicholas, Slatington; a granddaughter; a great-grandson; two brothers, William Easton, and Stewart, Elizabeth, N. J.,

(Continued on Page Ten)

POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT



PULL LEVER NO. 16A

Ralph E. Diefenderfer

RECORDER OF DEEDS

POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT

Dr. George H. BOYER — for — SHERIFF



My last appeal before the primary election to the voters of Lehigh County:

The primary campaign is rapidly drawing to a close.

Throughout this campaign I have tried to be fair and liberal-minded.

I believe that I tried to keep it clean and honorable.

By this time every voter should be definitely convinced as to my merits as an aspirant to the office of sheriff.

I appeal to the public to compare my qualifications with those of my opponents with an unbiased mind.

Again I ask you, in all sincerity, for your vote and support in making me the successful nominee at the primary election, Sept. 12.

I am,

Sincerely yours,

Dr. George H. Boyer



Mother "GOT" the surface dirt . . . The REST came off on Father's shirt

It's time to get to the bottom of this cleaning problem. The old method of "over the surface" cleaning doesn't do a thorough job . . . it doesn't get the imbedded grit, the dirt and the grime nestled deep in the nap that cut the threads and wear out your rugs and carpets, prematurely.

Today's modern Electric Vacuum Cleaners are designed to get ALL this dirt WITHOUT CAUSING ANY DUST. Electric Cleaning is so much quicker, easier, and more efficient, too, than the old-time, arm-wearying way.

Decide now to Vacuum Clean your rooms the safe, healthful way . . . electrically! Everything is in your favor. Prices are right . . . and easy time payments can be arranged if you desire.



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Thoughts on Teaching And School Discipline

At the opening of another school year the following essay may be of some interest to our readers. It was written for a local Teachers' Institute by an obscure Pennsylvania German teacher 73 years ago, at a time when teaching was only an art and not yet a science. Its author was Amandus Hermany, brother of the dialect poet Edward Hermany, one of whose poems appears in the adjoining columns. The editor found the essay in a manuscript volume of Edward Hermany's poems.

Fellow members of this institute:

It has become my duty by the laws and customs of this institute to write and deliver an "Essay" before you, on any subject that I may select. I am well aware of my inability to do justice to any subject that I may choose; however, to prove that I mean to be a peaceful and law-abiding member of the Institute, I shall try to perform this obligation to the best of my abilities.

I design to write about Teaching and School Discipline, presenting such thoughts and hints, as I have found, in my capacity as a teacher, to be practicable and conducive of good results in the management of our common schools in this district. Our schools are institutions established for the purpose of educating our youth. The educating of our youth does not consist merely in a daily routine of lessons in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, etc. No! The teacher who has conceived this idea of his work has certainly made a very low estimate of the duties of his profession. The true object of teaching is the development of all the faculties of human nature, the moral, social and physical as well as the intellectual.

It is a fact as obvious as it is deplorable, that the cultivation of the moral, social and physical faculties of our youth have been sadly neglected in our schools, receiving not more attention than was indispensible to secure immediate subordination in the school room. The work of instruction by most teachers is principally directed to the cultivation of the intellectual faculties. This is an error in the principles of teaching. The ultimate and true purpose of an education is the qualification of its possessor for the active duties of life, to prepare himself for usefulness in society, that he may be the means of elevating his fellow beings, and to prepare them and himself for a higher and better state of existence after this life.

To gain these vital objects the moral, social and physical faculties are principally called into action. Therefore it is evident that they ought to receive the same attention, if not more, as the intellectual faculties. By the cultivation of the moral faculties I mean the developing and calling forth into action such faculties as Truth, Love, Honesty, Benevolence; by social development the instruction of such qualities as Kindness, Politeness, Modesty, Cheerfulness and general etiquette, and by physical training I mean the development of the bodily organs with a view to the promotion of health and vigor. "A sound mind in a sound body," is certainly a standard worthy of the most strenuous efforts of every teacher to attain, both as regards himself and his pupils.

A person may possess all the admirable qualities of an intellectual development, and yet be sadly deficient in morality, or he may be perfect in morality and be very unsocial. Have we note instances of great and learned men of questionable morals, and others of good moral qualities who are so unsocial and possess so much dignity that they are almost unapproachable by those whom they consider their inferiors. Are such persons specimens of perfect gentlemen? No, they are not. From these facts it follows evidently, that it is of the greatest importance that all the faculties of our youth are impartially and harmoniously developed.

To promote these vital points in the education of our youth skillful school discipline is indispensable. It is not merely the teacher's duty (as I have remarked before) to enter upon a routine of lessons in reading, writing, arithmetic, etc., but he should strive to teach habits of diligence, patience, perseverance, and punctuality; in short, everything that will contribute to the usefulness of the pupil in acting his part in life. It has been said "labor for completeness of character." I would say to the teacher, labor not only for it, yourself, but labor to produce it in your pupils. The teacher is necessarily brought into contact with many various dispositions and shades of character, and he will naturally find some difficulty in adapting himself to the peculiarities of each. Some will need restraining, while others will need constant urging. But all faults should be gently and patiently born with, except the one great fault of disobedience, in any form. Let it at once be distinctly understood that you mean just what you say, and that you intend to make no wavering vacillating course.

Children are generally pretty keen judges of character. They will at once see that you intend to be obeyed, and they will respect you the more highly for your firmness. Still it should be the teacher's aim, to rule by love and kindness rather than by severity. Strive to impress on the minds of your pupils, that you do not punish merely for the sake of the punishment itself, but for its wholesome effect upon themselves. Let the punishment be at all times proportionate to the offense.

It is almost needless to add that personal feelings of ill-will should not on any account ever be allowed to dictate the manner or measure of punishment. A candid and well-balanced mind will not find it very difficult to decide upon the course which will prove most beneficial for the pupil; as was before remarked, the teacher will be brought into contact with many various dispositions. He will need to study them closely, so as to adapt himself to each one. A mode of punishment which would prove beneficial in one case, would not answer at all in another. A few words kindly spoken in private, to one, will be amply sufficient. Another will regard as a great punishment a few minutes detention after school. Corporal punishment should be resorted to as rarely as possible. I have known some of the most unmanageable, obstinate and rebellious boys become quiet, docile and obedient scholars, by a course of continued kindness and attention to their interests. Such boys are completely worn out by an appeal to their self-respect and sense of honor.

Fault-finding should be seldom or never practiced. It has the most pernicious effect upon the minds of children; only tending to discourage them, and rendering their tempers sour and morose. Try to find something which you can consistently and conscientiously commend, and you will find it has a far more cheering result.

Situated as a teacher is, he becomes in himself a center of influence. How careful then should each teacher be, that his example be exerted for good upon all who come within the circle of his influence. Pupils generally look up to their teacher, and all their words and thoughts imperceptibly take color from him. To wield this influence successfully, the teacher should have sound moral principles. He should inculcate both by precept and example, love and obedience towards God, and under him towards parents and all other rightful authority, also abhorrence of all profane and indecent language, and respect and reverence for all things holy and sacred. The teacher should cultivate a cheerful, amiable and obliging disposition. It will go far towards producing the like qualities in his pupils. Kindness and forbearance towards one another should be especially dwelt upon.

The teacher should therefore be firm and earnest in the discharge of the duties in his great mission and educate the moral, mental, social and physical faculties of his pupils impartially and harmoniously. The faithful teacher who thus discharges his duty will be amply repaid for his devoted labors, by seeing the development of those budding flowers which ere long will burst into full bloom, and scent with their sweet fragrance the intellectual, moral, social and physical atmosphere of the world.

AMANDUS HERMANY.

Jacksonville, Pa., Feb. 1, 1866.

ECKENROTH

Edward Hermany

1832—1896

This poem, appearing here in print for the first time, is from the pen of our foremost satirist. Edward Hermany was ruthless in flaying his neighbors for their follies and foibles. Now that more than 65 years have passed since his poems have been written, during which time they have remained in the possession of members of the family, it is safe to assume that the original characters are no more among us and that the appearance of the poems can cause no offense.—Eccentric in his poems as in his life this poet may not appeal to all of our readers. The more serious student of our dialect will however find no other so rich in old and unusual words and phrases and none that shows more clearly how much we have lost.—ED.

Bei all de Lumbereie,
Die do in Roie leie,
Waar eener immer vannedraa;
Den muss ich net vergesse,
Correctly abzumesse,
As wie der Sausli hot sei Fraa!

Er waar ken Dummlack never,
Doch meener rough wie glever!
'S gebt so Mensche iwwerall;
Wu ebbes iss zu beisse,
Do wolle sie sich weise —
Un griege oftmols uf der Baal!

Gans unne zu bedenke,
Duhn sie ihr Meiler henke
In alle heesse Sibcher nei;
Uf course sie duhn sich brenne,
Die Naas arrick wedderrenne—
Doch des iss ihne eenerlee!

So waar der Kerl, en Biffel,
En Schlingel un en Shliffel,
Mit Hand un Maul in yederm Brei!
Viel arryer as die Arrickschte,
Viel schtarryer as die Schtarickschte,
Hen all sei Sache misse sei!

Sei Faahre, Laafe, Reide,
Sei Maule, Schelde, Schdreide,
Sei Maehe, Schneide un sei G'scharr,
Uf course waar allfert besser,
Wie'm annre Mann sei Messer!
Warum? Am Maul hot g'fehlt en Schparr!

En Braller un en Bohrer,
En "Buster" un en "Roarer,"
En Fechter un en Flucher aa;
En Schbitzbu un en Labbes,
En Debbel un en Dabbes,
Waar er in alles "Rah! Hurah!"

Beim Esse hot er g'fresse,
Beim Liege net gemesse—
"En Lewe bischt mer schuldich, Welt!"
Beim Drinke hot er g'soffe,
Un iss devun geloffe—
"Wer will, bezaahlt's, ich hab ken Geld!"

E bissel lang, doch schdummbich,
E bissel dinn, doch glummbich,
Un gaar net "Nett" waar sei Puschdur!
'S waar ebbes letz, verschteht sich—
Doch die Geschtalt verdreht sich,
Un was er waar, kummt net redur!

Sei Naas waar dick ungrebbich,
Wie'n Gnoddel wollner Debbich,
Un hot als g'funkelt wie en Kohl!
Sei gleene, runde Ohre,
Die waare schier verlore,
Wie Blumme in re dreck'che Bowl!

Sei Aage waare schimblich—
Es scheint mer alles glimblich,
Was ich domjt vergleiche duh!
So Deiwelskatze Aage—
Ich will's yuscht eemol saage—
Noh mach sie zu un loss sie zu!

Er hot geguckt, o, Schrecke,
Wie'n Hanswarscht gans voll Flecke,
Vun achtzich odder neinzich Yohr!—
Er waar gans unne Zweiwel
Vun gleenem uf en Deiwel,
Un hot noch g'hat—schier rode Hohr!

Do schteht er now var Aage,
In seine g'sunde Daage,
Un dutt rumore wie en Leeb!
Zu alles saagt er, 's schatt nix!
Zu alles saag ich, 's batt nix—
Du gebscht ball uf mit deim Geweb!

So iss es endlich kumme,
Sei Raase un sei Brumme
Hot alles nohgelosst in Zeit!
Doch awwer sei viel Schdreide,
Um Haader zu verbreide,
Waar endlos wie die Ewigkeit!

Die Zung dutt oftmols halte
Bei ausgeworne Alte,
Wie'n Bendel vun re Olehaut—
Yo, wann der Kerper wackelt,
Un's Aag schier nimmi fackelt,
Do iss sie als noch scharf un laut!

En Lewe gans voll U'zucht
Losst ihm noch die gross Zuflucht—
Dem Eckenroth sei wackri Zung!
In alle Glieder schwechlich,
An Leib un Seel gebrechlich,
Bleibt ihm die Zung doch ewich yung

Die kerperschwache Daage,
Hen ihn gebrocht zum Draage—
Znm Zammedraage in der Aern!
'S waar hart! Er un sei Weibche,
So'n schnebberich alt Deibche,
Hen des geduh—gewiss net gaern!

Die Zammedraeger zaehle,
Wann sie sich aa schun gwaele,
About so viel as wies fimft Raad
Im Wagge, dutt mer saage—
Now mecht ich eich doch fraage,
Hett ihr's drin g'hatt? Now in der Daad?

En yeder lausich Barschdel,
Des hot sei Lewwerwarschdel,
Sei Schlang im Hut, sei Darn im Aag
Un bosst sei scheckich Kiehche,
Un riehrt sei schmutzich Briehche,
Un gnefzt un griwwelt alle Daag!—

Ich meen en yeder Grutzer,
Monarch wie Uhrebutzer,
Weess yuscht der karzschte Weg zum Himmel,
Un dutt securely kendre,
Wu annre alles fendre—
Er reid der eensichscht weisse Schimmel!

Genunk! doch muss ich singe,
Er drefft's in alle Dinge,
About as wie der Yaerrick sei Schtor!
"Do howwe, musscht du wisse,
Hot mich ins Bee gebisse
En schwarze Schlang bigatt—schier gaar!"

Der Graage iss am engschde,
Der Daag am allerlengschde,
Der Brandewei uns Wasser nei;
Der "Cidereil" uns "Grickel"
Bei vederm "Elendszwickel"
Am allerheechschte im July!

So waar's, abscheilich grievous,
Bei unserm Fuggadivus,
Gans ausgegargelt vun der Hitz!
Sei beesses altes Weibche,
Des schnebberich glee Deibche,
Waar now so zimmlich "Keenich Fritz"!

Du weescht, die yunge Weiwer
Sin alsemol die Dreiwer,
Un faahre's Mennche in der Dreck!
Be schur, en aldi Hudsel
Hot ihr verdammt Gegrudsel—
Fresst's Rot un losst em Mann der Schbeck!

So waar's, abscheilich grievous,
Bei unserm Fuggadivus.—
Viel Schnitter mache aa viel Scheeb;
Viel Zammerdraeger zarre,
Un hinnerhendich warre,
Un hen en schreckliches Geweb!

So waare unser Gargler,
Die aarme alte Wargler,
Vun Schweess un Graahne hart geblokt;
Sie waare ausgeloddert,
Un hen doch arrick gegnoddert,
Un langsam hinnerum gepokt!

Die Alt waar schlecht am zaehle,
Un dumm farn Blatz zu waehle,
Un hot die Roie grum gebrocht—
Noh hot's aafange brenne,
Er hot's net helfe kenne—
Dem Alde hot sei Blud gekocht!

En paar so dicke Wolke,
Wie in der Millich Molke,
Hen hoch am schtille Himmel g'hanke;
Zu schwer um sich zu welze,
Zu weiss um zu verschmelze—
So schauerlich wie Dodsgedanke!

Dem Alde sei verlorne,
Sei lang un hartgeworne,
Verhunsde Grefte kumme z'rick!
Er rollt sei Kaader Aage,
Er reisst sei waerrickner Graage,
Un gebt der Sunn en wied'cher Blick!

Er welzt sich in der Schdobble,
Un dutt sei Wut verdobble!
Er hockt sich uf un schdeibert sich;
Er gloot sich an die Schiwwere,
Un losst's uf emol schliwwere—
O, furchtbaar, furchtbaar firchterlich!

"Ich wott dass en heilich Dun—
Nerwetter ufschdeige daet,
Un daet Funke schmeisse as wie
Barge, un daet en graasgrieni
Heckefens aaschdecke, un al—
Le alte Weiwer verbrenne!"

Chat About Your Friends

Friday's birthday celebrants included: Wanda Koczan, 259 Water St.; Kathleen Seem, 265 E. South St.; Ralph Moll, 246 E. Fairview St.; Harry Elliott, 246½ E. South St.; Robert Stuber, 240 E. Walnut St., and Jack Cramsey, 146 Hamilton St.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Haftl, 415 Grant St., observed their 25th wedding anniversary on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Kuhns, 715 N. 6th St., and William Kuhns, 133 Jasper St., visited the New York World's Fair Thursday.

Amos Ruhe, 1534 Turner St., is vacationing at the home of his son, N. Ruhe, Milwaukee, Wis.

Pat Angelic 715 Gordon St., is visiting relatives in New York.

Betty Brittenburg, 250 E. Moser St., was among those whose birthday anniversaries occurred Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. O. Hunsicker, 915 Allen St., celebrated their 13th wedding anniversary yesterday.

Three residents in the vicinity of 15th and Gordon Sts. will today celebrate their birthday anniversaries. They are: Harlan Kreitz, 1530½ Gordon St.; Mrs. Ray Rabenold, 1534 Gordon St., and Marie Romig, 1528 Gordon St.

Mrs. M. Frederick who had been residing at 8th and Union Sts., has taken up residence at 107 N. 6th St.

A son was born on Tuesday at 9:30 a. m. to Mr. and Mrs. John Tosh at their residence at 435 Washington St. The boy will be named John Jonas Tosh. Dr. Anna Ziegler is the attending physician.

Rev. William J. Muir and his daughter, Mrs. Florence Muir Newcomer, both of Scottdale, were recent visitors in this city.

Civilian Conservation Corps Will Enroll Boys Here

Boys 17 to 23½ years of age, who are eligible in other respects, will be enrolled Oct. 11 by the Civilian Conservation corps at the old Allentown armory, 4th and Union Sts., according to an announcement yesterday by Weston M. Kelsey, head of Lehigh county's DPA office.

The public assistance office located at 10th and Turner Sts., is now accepting applications. Included in the scope of enrollments are boys from public assistance rolls, W. P. A. families, private relief agencies, and border-line cases, i. e., boys from families not receiving assistance but in which the income of the family is below a reasonable standard.

According to the local officials of the Department of Public Assistance, the status of the C. C. C. as it relates to enlistment in the regular army is similar to that promulgated at the inception of the program, in that the corps is decidedly not a unit of the army but is a program pertaining to civilians. Enrollees cannot and will not be subject to army regulations and military training. Naturally, rules of discipline and order comparable to regular army camp are followed but this factor has been and will continue to be a primary function of the corps.

Boys are enrolled for a period of six months, during which they receive vocational and avocational training, indulge in recreational activities and assist in conservation work. If after six months, a boy desires to remain at camp, he may re-enroll there for another period of six months. However, this is entirely at the volition of the boy and not compulsory.

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DIAL 4125

State to Launch Attack On Hazards During Fire Prevention Week Oct. 8-14

HARRISBURG, Sept. 15. (AP) — A unified attack on fire hazards will be launched during fire prevention week, October 8 to 14, by state and local agencies.

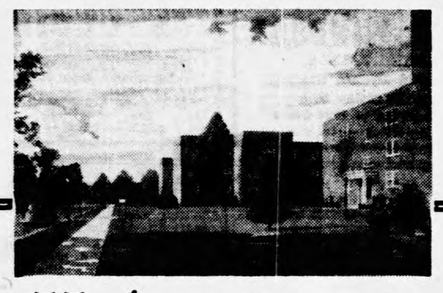
Lewis G. Hines, secretary of labor and industry, said today. Systematic inspections in every community except Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Scranton, will be conducted by his department's inspection bureau, in cooperation with local fire chiefs. The fire and panic act excludes the three largest cities.

Exits, fire alarms, emergency lighting and sprinkler system will come under the scrutiny of the inspectors, Hines said.

Aisles and exits will be measured for compliance with state laws, in moving picture and other entertainment places. School-houses, hotels, lodging houses, factory buildings where storage of chemicals and lack of "good housekeeping" may invite dangerous fires will be viewed.

Harry D. Himmel, head of the bureau of inspection, will direct operations.

Aside from the inspections, state men, fire chiefs and assistants will hold fire drills in factories where women are employed, in public and private institutions, hospitals, schools and colleges.



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Y Drive Chairman



C. DONALD BACHMAN

Warren D. Miller, general secretary of the Allentown Y. M. C. A., yesterday announced preliminary plans for the association's annual membership roundup in October.

C. Donald Bachman will again serve as general chairman of the campaign.

The "Y" membership committee, headed by H. Stanley Reichenbach, will meet in a few days to set the campaign dates and select division majors and team captains.

Award Road and Bridge Contracts in County

Contracts for road improvements and bridge repairing were awarded yesterday by the State Highway Department in the Lehigh county area.

The General Paving Co. of Allentown, at its bid of $15,395.60, was awarded the contract for the laying of .20 of a mile of concrete base with sheet asphalt surface on Route 222 (15th St.) Allentown.

At the same time the Vassilaros Contracting Co., New York, received the contract for the painting of five bridges on State routes in Lehigh, Northampton and Carbon counties. They follow:

Lehigh-Northampton—Bridge on Route 235 at Kern's dam across the Jordan creek near Claussville, North Whitehall township.

Bridge over Trout creek and railroad tracks on Route 309 in Slatington borough.

Bridge across Lehigh river joining Slatington, Lehigh county, and Walnutport, Northampton county, on Route 245.

Bridge on Route 145 over Lehigh river between Coplay, Lehigh county, and Northampton, Northampton county.

Carbon—Route 903 across Lehigh river between Mauch Chunk and East Mauch Chunk.

The bid of the General Paving Co. is the second received by the State from the same firm for the same project. The first bid was rejected.

St. Andrew's Girl Scouts Hear Summer Activities Report

Reports of summer activities were presented Thursday night as the Girl Scouts of Troop 1, St. Andrew's Reformed church, held their initial meeting of the fall season. Present were: Lieut. Lucy Keim; Lieut. Jeanetta Miller, Lieut. Althea Miller, Capt. Odeta Tate, Alice Hausman, treasurer, and Martha Schaffer, scribe.

Cambria Club to Meet Monday Night at YMCA

The Cambrian club will hold its first fall meeting on Monday night at 8 o'clock in the assembly hall of the Y.M.C.A., with Mrs. William H. Evans, president, conducting the business session. A "Schooldays" program, arranged by Mrs. Lloyd I. Miller, will include "reading, writing and arithmetic," and a spelling bee.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS HAS MEETING AT WIND GAP CHURCH

The Helping Hand class of the Salem Congregational Sunday school met Thursday night at the church in Wind Gap.

Present were Mrs. Harold Roberts, Bangor; Mrs. William Wray, Pen Argyl; Mrs. May Acker, Philadelphia; Emma Andrews, York; Mrs. Humphrey Davis, Mrs. Florence Jones, Paul Weaver, Mrs. Harry Oaten, Mrs. Isaiah Dacey, Mrs. Hugh Gard, Mrs. Thomas Peters, Mrs. Thomas Williams, Elsie Roberts, Mrs. Richard Jones, Mrs. Ray Wagner, daughter Janet and Martha Ann Jones.

Hostilities End

(Continued from Page One)

reliable, expressed belief that some sort of non-aggression pact between the two nations already had been signed and might be announced tomorrow.

A patching of the quarrel between the two nations probably would have a tremendous effect upon Japan's campaign in China. The Soviets have been more or less openly supporting the Chinese with materials.

A Russo-Japanese agreement also would deal a blow at the British foothold in Asia and might possibly affect United States interests in the Far East, observers here said.

Hitler Gets Credit

As a result of today's developments, much deeper significance is now attached to a communique issued yesterday by Tass, official Soviet news agency, which said Russia had not taken any Manchoukuo territory and had no intention of doing so.

Ever since the signing of the German-Soviet non-aggression pact on Aug. 24, Germany has been trying to promote a reconciliation between Moscow and Tokyo.

It was learned that Ambassador Togo has had four conferences with Molotoff in the last four days, although there were few details of the possibly momentuous meetings.

The signing of a non-aggression pact between Russia and Japan would be considered another diplomatic triumph for Adolf Hitler.

There have been intense efforts among Nazi officials to stave off what was feared might be British efforts toward some understanding with Japan.

—

Japanese troops garrisoned in Manchoukuo have had repeated border clashes with Soviet-Mongolian troops along the winding 1,000-mile frontier. Reports of these skirmishes have been vague except for occasional communiques from Moscow or Tokyo or journeys to the isolated front by neutral correspondents.

Outer-Mongolia, under Soviet protection, has long disputed her boundary with Japanese-dominated Manchoukuo. The most recent series of border clashes started last May 11 and have continued intermittently.

Some of the engagements were reported so extensive that planes, tanks and mechanized forces took part. Bombing raids were engaged in by both sides.

—

Clarifies Mobilization Move

BERLIN, Sept. 15. (UP)—Soviet Russia is "concerning herself" with the fate of 11,000,000 White Russians and Ukrainians in the areas of East Poland that belonged to Czarist Russia before the World War, the official German news agency, D.N.B., said today.

The statement gave approval to a rather cryptical editorial in the official Communist party newspaper Pravda in Moscow assailing Poland's "exploitation" of the White Russian and Ukrainian minorities.

Nazi government officials insisted, however, that there is no confirmation to be had for reports that Germany is negotiating with Russia on the question of the White Russian and Ukrainian minorities.

The statement was made in reference to unconfirmed reports that Germany and Russia have agreed to creation of a "buffer" Polish state after the Nazi military operations there are completed and that the White Russian and Ukrainian minorities might eventually be restored to Russia.

The D.N.B. statement referring to Pravda's editorial and the reported mobilization of at least 4,000,000 Red army troops along the Russian western boundary from Finland to Rumania said:

"This clarifies the background of the Red army's mobilization on the western frontier . . . Foreigners who refused to believe that Soviet Russia would concern herself with the fate of the Ukrainians and White Russians in Poland again were bitterly mistaken."

Action Against Poles Seen

In connection with the mystery surrounding Soviet Russia's intentions—some extremist Nazis are predicting imminent Soviet military action against the Poles—the question of how close to Russia the new German eastern frontier will be placed continued to be the subject of speculation.

The amount of Polish territory which Fuehrer Adolf Hitler will see fit to keep for either political or economic needs or military necessity is being discussed now that Nazi military operations east of the Vistula have reached what the Germans call "mopping up" stages.

Many competent observers here incline to the opinion that Hitler intends to restore an eastern frontier roughly along the lines of the Brest-Litovsk treaty of 1918, when central Poland was created as a "buffer state" against Russia.

This would give Germany control of the headwaters of the Vistula and Bug rivers and, more important, the main railroad line from Cracow to Lwow (Lemberg) and to Russia in territory formerly Austrian.

The Polish corridor and Posnan undoubtedly will be kept by Germany, as well as a chunk of territory adjoining the southern border of East Prussia above Warsaw.

Partitioning Proceeds

This would be sufficient, it is contended in Berlin, to secure Germany's gains strategically and economically and still leave adequate space for protection of the new eastern border.

As to Warsaw itself, it is worth nothing to Germany from a military standpoint and would be a liability to both the army and the political administration. Thus, it is generally believed that Warsaw will be handed back to the Poles once Nazi prestige has benefited from the psychological effects of its capture.

Brest-Litovsk, 115 miles east of Warsaw toward the Soviet border and being encircled by German forces tonight, likewise is of little military importance to the Germans although it is a railroad head to Russia.

In the final settlement Brest-Litovsk probably will not be retained, it was said, due to the difficulties of protecting it.

It was reported in German trade quarters today that new Soviet-German economic talks are under way, aimed at increasing Germany's recent trade credit of 200,000,000 marks (roughly $8,000,000) to about double that amount.

It was understood that the chief difficulties encountered thus far in the Soviet-German trade talks have concerned means of transport. Both countries are said to be seeking new trade routes and, according to one report, even have considered the possibility of transporting some goods by air.

Mrs. Mary Ella Ingraham Of Stroudsburg Succumbs

Mrs. Mary Ella Ingraham, wife of Lee J. Ingraham of Stroudsburg, died at 3:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon in the Rosenkrans hospital at East Stroudsburg. She was aged 83 years and had been ill for three days.

She was a native of Monroe county and was the daughter of Joseph and Helen, nee Wolfinger, Fetherman. She is survived by her husband, a brother, George Fetherman of Marshalls Creek; a sister, Mrs. Martha Dunfeld of East Stroudsburg.

The funeral will be held at 2 p. m. Monday at the Lanterman funeral parlors, East Stroudsburg. Services will be conducted by the Rev. Alfred Stokes and interment will be in the Wesley Brick cemetery, Middle Smithfield township.

Obituary

Mrs. Rachel Reiss

Widow of Geoge Reiss Dies in Golden Eagle Home

Mrs. Rachel Reiss, widow of George Reiss, died at 4:25 o'clock yesterday morning at the Ladies of the Golden Eagle home, near Locust Valley, of ills incident to her age. She was in her 80th year.

Mrs. Reiss, a former resident of Philadelphia had been a guest at the home for the past eight years. She was born in Philadelphia, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Hull. Nieces and nephews are the only survivors.

Funeral services will be held at 1:30 p. m. Monday at the chapel of Fairmount cemetery, Franklin and Wyoming Sts., Philadelphia. Interment will be made in the Fairmount cemetery.

Philip Sabatine

Roseto Man, 73, Dies Hours After Admission to Hospital

Philip Sabatine, 73, Chestnut St., Roseto, died at 11 a. m., Friday in the Easton hospital, one hour after he was admitted. He was a member of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Catholic church, Roseto.

Survivors are his wife, Leonarda Trigiani Sabatine and five children. Nicholas, Michael, Anthony and Mrs. Anthony Cataline, Roseto and Mrs. James Mottola, Los Angeles; a brother Anthony Sabatine, Roseto; a sister, Mrs. Ralph Basso, Bangor, and nine grandchildren.

Deaths

REISS—At Coopersburg R. 2, Sept. 15, 1939, Rachel, nee Hull, widow of George Reiss, in her 80th year.

Funeral services will be held 1.30 p. m. Monday in the chapel of the Fairmount cemetery, Franklin and Wyoming Sts., Philadelphia, to which relatives and friends are respectfully invited. Interment in the Fairmount cemetery. Friends may call from 7 to 9 p. m. Sunday at the Willard Gruver funeral parlors in Coopersburg. Willard Gruver.

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An Der Allentowner Fair

JOHN BIRMELIN

Ya, well! Die Zeit iss widder do
Fer an die Fair zu geh;
Es losst mer widder gaar ke Ruh,
Mir zawwelt's in de Bee.

Die Aerwet iss so zimmlich g'schafft—
Un wann sie aa net waer!
Des geht die Leit mol gaar nix aa;
Mer gehne an die Fair.

Un Maeryets frieh werd ufgepackt,
Die Ald iss aa debei;
Sie saagt 's waer immer bissel G'faahr,
Do misst sie bei mer sei.

So gehn mer dann nooch Allentown,
Was iss es do mit Leit!
Mer gengde in die Schtore nei,
Doch hemmer net die Zeit.

Un draus am Fairgrund, ei du Yeh!
Dart schtreemt yo alles bei;
Mer duhne'n Vaerdel in die Box
Un gehn zum Falder nei.

Erscht hen mer nooch em Ochdem g'schnappt
Dart hinner selle Fens,
Dann laafe mir de Annre noh
So graad as wie die Gens.

Im Kuddelwese sin mer bal
Un kenne nimmi raus;
Es geht uns wie de Annre aa,
Ya, well! Noh macht's nix aus.

Un glei kummt aa der Abbedit,
Der bleibt emol net weck.
'S sin grosse Dutte Grundniss dart,
Ich glaab sie halde'n Beck.

So hen mer mol en Dutt voll kaaft,
Die waar net gaar so schwer;
Do waar gemuldert, drei mol rum,
Die Dutt waar halwer leer.

Noh gehne mer fer Lemonade,
So schee un rot im Glaas;
Sie mache's gut, duhn blendi nei,
Mer sehnt's yo var de Naas.

Mer hen's versucht—ya, was iss letz?
Des waar wie leppisch Wasser;
Des was mer amme Brunne holt
Iss besser, wann net nasser.

Ya, well! Dann widder rum gedappt,
Mer will doch ebbes sehne;
Dass unser Welt so Naerre hett,
Des sott mer gaar net meene.

Do hen sie'n aarmer alder Leeb,
Er meecht am liebschte schlofe;
Sie schtaerre'n bis er hesslich brummt,
So Leit, die sett mer schtrofe!

Sie schprenge'n dann im Gringel rum,
Doch dut er nix verreisse;
Ya, wann des unser "Wasser" waer,
Der daet am End noch beisse!

Do greischt en wieschder "Wilder Mann,"
Sie gnalle mit de Beitsche;
Un gehn ich nei, was sehn ich dart?
En Pennsylweeni Deitscher!

Do saag ich, "Jim, was iss mer des?
Du sedscht dich awwer schemme!"
Er saagt, "Ich hab ken Aerwet g'hatt,
Ich hab des misse nemme."

Dart schmeisse sie mit holzne Ring,
So graad as wie beim Quaete;
Wer weess, mer hette aa mol Glick,
Wann mir's browiere daete.

Sackmesser, Schteck un all so Sach,
Sogaar noch paar Revolver;
Die Ringel flitsche driwwer hie—
Schier gaar iss net ganz halwer.

Do legt mer Welschkarn uf en Kaard,
Un "Bingo" werd gegrische;
'S iss immer'n Nummer as eem fehlt,
Mer kenne nix verwische.

Uf's Eelduch schmeisst mer Bense hie,
Nau sel sett awwer bleche!
Noh schteht so'n frecher Limmel dart
Un dut sie zamme reche.

Noh gehn mer nei fer Sauergraut,
Sie saag'n 's waer heemgemacht;
Mei Aldi hot's emol versucht,
Noh hot sie yuscht gelacht.

Ya, well! Mer nemme's so wie's kummt
'S iss ewwe nix zu mache.
Glei sin mer widder uf de Fiess,
Begucke annre Sache.

Do schwinge Gaunsche in de Luft,
Dart geht's im Gringel rum;
Es waerd eem daermlich yuscht vum Guck,
Mer bleiwe weck devun.

Un wann mer an der "Midway" kummt,
Ya was mer dart erscht find!
Mit Dudelsack un wilde Maed—
Ich glaab des iss en Sind.

Die Ald hot mich am Aarm gezuppt,
Sie saage, "Mer welle geh!"
Ich denk, do kummt mer nimmi hie,
Un bleib noch wennich schteh.

Ich hett aa gern mol nei geguckt,
Yuscht was sie mache daede;
Noh saagt die Ald, "Un wann de duscht,
Dann loss ich mich noch scheede!"

So gehn mer niwwer nooch de Schtaell,
Bedrachde mol des Vieh;
Moral iss dart noch zimmlich gut,
Dart basst mer besser hie.

Du Yeh! Was waar en Laschter dart
Vun Kieh un Schof un Sei;
Ya, selli kumme aa net vun
Re aarme Bauerei.

En grosser Bull, den sehnt mer dart,
Gewiss der schennscht im Land,
Iss g'sund un fescht, es glenzt die Haut,
Dem g'heert aa'n blohes Band.

Dann gehn mer nei in's Hinkelhaus
Un duhne's mol begucke;
Mer sehnt vum feinschte Feddervieh,
Ken Blatz fer alde Glucke.

Rhode Island Red un Plymouth Rock,
Sowie die gleene Bendi;
Ee Haahne noch zum anre graeht,
Sie saage nanner blendi.

Un Kandidaate, ei du Yeh!
Die 'Lection iss net weit;
En yeder schittelt eem die Hand
Was sin des neise Leit!

Es laafe paar fer Coroner,
Sowie e paar fer Schrieff
Un noch e Deel fer Councilmann—
'S iss kenner uf "Relief."

Un Baeryemeeschter vun de Schtadt
Un Lawyer an de Court;
Do waerrn die Matches ausgedeelt,
Des hot en rechti Aart.

'S frogt kenner eb ich Hunger hett!
Verleicht e bissel Daerscht.
Wie waer's dann mit me Glessel Bier,
Un aa paar Schtickel Waerscht?

So gehn mer an die Waertschaft hie
Un hen mol rumgeguckt;
Ken Kandidaat zu finne dart,
Die hen sich all verschluppt.

Ya, well! 's iss Zeit, die Owetsunn
Iss schun am unnergeh;
Ich denk mer hen aa nau genunk,
Was duhn die Fiess so weh!

Ya, wammer yuscht ken Graehaag hett,
Noh kennt mer's besser schtende.
Mer hen aa noch paar Cent im Sack,
Die misse mer verschpende.

Well, Aldi! Nau was denkscht, wie meenscht?
Paar Grundniss, wann de witt?
Paar Bretzel, Pop Corn—en Balloon,
Den nemme mer noch mit.

Mer sedde aa zufridde sei,
Des Backebuch iss leer;
Doch saag ich eich, 's hot gut geduh,
Mer waare an de Fair!

A Pennsylvania German Platoon

During the World War a platoon of American soldiers was ordered to a strip of woods near the edge of the Argonne Forest some distance northwest of Apremont. It was night. Directions were vague and the men were uneasy because they did not know their exact position in relation to the enemy lines. Their commanding officer, Captain Ralph Schwalm, relates that due to the quiet of the night something seemed to be telling all of the men that many of them were spending their last night on earth.

They were in No Man's Land.

A bridge crossed a small stream just ahead of the advancing platoon. Captain Schwalm ordered one of his men to descend the bank of the creek and determine the depth of the water. These orders were given in Pennsylvania German and the subordinate who investigated the stream shouted back his reply in the Pennsylvania dialect.

The men continued on their way without being molested by the enemy.

During the battle which took place on the following day Captain Schwalm's company captured a number of German prisoners. One of these prisoners startled Schwalm's men by relating that German soldiers were located in the stream near the bridge, that they had heard the platoon crossing the bridge.

Why did they not open fire?

Because they heard conversation in Pennsylvania German and thinking that it was one of their own detachments, they withheld their fire. Had the Germans attacked they could have killed or captured the entire platoon.

The American soldiers who had this narrow escape were a part of Company D of Pinegrove, Schuylkill County. Thus the use of Pennsylvania German saved the lives of 40 men.

—DR. ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

CIGARETS

Es iss en fermlich Fiewer,
'S fresst um sich wie der Gretz,
Die Wiebsleit wie die Mannsleit,
Sie schmoke Cigarets.

Sie schmoke rechts un schmoke links,
Un schmoke Daag un Nacht,
Un der wu ebbes degege saagt,
Der waerd yuscht ausgelacht.

Die annere Mensche hen ke Recht,
Die decent wolle sei;
Die Luft iss iwwerall vergift,
Un schtinkich owwedrei.

Es iss net gut far yunge Leit,
Die Alte batt's aa nix;
Es geht mit "Booze" un Kaartespiel,
Un allerhand so Tricks.

Die Aussichte far unser Land,
Es kummt mir vor, sinn schlecht;
'S hot niemand ke Reschpeckt far Law
Un annere ihr Recht.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL
(1862—1934)

Die Weibsleit

Die Weibsleit sin die greescht Invention as die Nadur sei lewe ausg'funne hot. Wann die vergesse gange waere, dann waer die Welt schunt lang verdarwe gange. Wann es gaar ken Weibsleit gewwe daet, dann daete die Mannsleit graad alt un wiescht warre. Die Sunn un der Mond daete sich verliere, die Bullfrogge daete nimmi greische, die Baem daete unnerschich wachse, die Elefande daete gucke wie Schillgrotte, die Karschebaem daete Bullfrogge draage, die Kieh daete Meiskepp griege, un die Sei daete Woll un Harner griege un daete gucka wie Schof. Die Mannsleit daete mit verrissne Hosse rumlaafe, weil sie niemand hette far sie flicke. Die Mannsleit misste melke, un denoh daet sell vergesse geh. Mer daet ken Musch un Millich meh griege, awwer dart daet aa net viel verlore geh, far wammer kens hett zu esse, dann daet mer aa sei Maul net verbrenne. Die Mannsleit misste koche far sich selwer, un far sell waere sie zu faul, dernoh daete sie drufschnappe.

Karzlich hot en Mann zu mer g'saat, dass die Weibsleit nix waert un far ken Use waere. Ich glaab awwer as seller Mann en Schparre los hot odder Ratte uf seim ewwere Schpeicher, schunscht daet er net so dumm schwetze. Far eenich ebber weess doch dass die Weibsleit gut sin un as mer net unne sie sei kennt. Seller Chap hot mich yuscht so dumm aageguckt un hot gewunnert ferwas as sie dann zu brauche waere. Ich hab ihm g'saat er waer net recht g'scheit. Ei, wann es ken Weibsleit meh gewwe daet, dann daet es yo ken Partys un ken Viert July meh gewwe. Un wann es ken Viert July meh gewwe daet, dann daet die Welt unner geh, un die Grotte versaufe.

Unne Weibsleit waere mer yo graad wie en Lump. Mer muss Weibsleit hawwe far eem sei Hosseflicke, sei Hemmer wesche, sei Schtand-up-Collars zu biggle, sei Schuh zu blacke, sei Schtrimp zu schtobbe, sei Gleeder zu suche, zu koche, zu melke, die Sei zu fiedere, der Gaarde zu tende, un far noch annere Sache—awwer ich hab alleweil net die Zeit far devun zu schwetze. Ich geh nei far die Weibsleit, far ich sehn dass sie en grosser Sege zu der Welt sin un ich nemm ihre Bart un daet fechte far sie so lang as ich kennt. Eenich ebber, der saagt, dass die Weibsleit nix waert waere, iss en verflammt Kalb.

Aus'm BOONASTIEL (T. H. Harter)

Chat About Your Friends

Jane B. Strauss, 826 N. 5th St., will celebrate her birthday anniversary today.

Ellen K. Doughty, 322 N. 7th St., spent several days in New York City where she stayed at the Hotel Belmont Plaza.

Joseph A. Ridley, Ralph E. James, Lester C. Bailey, C. J. Garland and E. H. Grove, all of Allentown, were among recent arrivals at the Hotel Belmont Plaza in New York.

Hattie M. Johnson, 112 N. Penn St., celebrates her 42nd birthday today.

Mrs. Oscar Burrell, 276 E. Fairview St., has as houseguests her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Stahler of Columbus, Ohio. This is Mr. Stahler's first visit to Allentown in 26 years. His wife and he are visiting the Allentown Fair and also plan to spend some time at the World's Fair.

Jean V. Patterson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Patterson of Bethlehem R. D. 3, has returned to the Philadelphia Museum School of Art to resume her studies in illustration. Miss Patterson was graduated from Allentown High school in 1937.

Paul H. Smith, 226 E. Fairview St., visited friends in Salisbury, Md.

Mrs. J. J. S. Katzenmoyer, 1419 N. 12th St., Reading, has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Elsie Mae Smith, 226 E. Fairview St., for the last two weeks.

Catherine K. Helffrich, 853 N. 5th St., returned home on Thursday after spending five days at the New York World's Fair.

Among those who celebrated their birthdays yesterday were: Willis Cope, 508 Park St.; James Siegfried, 218 E. Union St., and Gilbert Hope, 248 N. Jordan St.

Mrs. Italo Russoli, 388 Cedar St., will celebrate her birthday anniversary today.

Edward Remaley Sr., 419 Cedar St., observed his birthday on Thursday.

Mrs. Joseph Wolfer, 389 Greenleaf St., returned home from a two months stay in New York City.

Bruce Miley, son of Mrs. C. Spenser James, 213 N. West St., has enrolled at the Valley Forge Military Academy. Miley, who was graduated from the Allentown High school in June, is a member of the academy band.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Groeller of 708 Mohr St. are the parents of a daughter born at 11:20 o'clock Friday morning in the Allentown hospital.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Falman, Northampton, at 3:37 a. m. Friday in the Allentown hospital.

Mrs. Oscar Fitch of 632 Tilghman St. yesterday observed her birthday anniversary.



Obituaries

David S. Rohrbach

Funeral Services for Late Resident of Bally Monday Morning

David S. Rohrbach, of Bally, husband of Viola H. Rohrbach, nee Sell, died on Thursday at the Sacred Heart hospital, aged 42 years.

A son of the late William and Fianna, nee Stengel, Rohrbach, he had been a patient at the institution since Sunday.

Surviving are his wife; five sons, Lester, James, Walter, Richard and Robert, all at home; two daughters, Mrs. William Becker of Boyertown and Emma Rohrbach, at home; two brothers, Joseph of Gilbertsville and William of East Greenville; three sisters, Mrs. Sylvester Frey, Allentown, Mrs. Llewellyn Koch, Allentown, and Mrs. William Kelsh, Bally.

Funeral services will be held from the late residence at Bally on Monday at 8 a. m. Requiem high mass will be offered in St. Philip's Neri Catholic church, East Greenville at 9:30 a. m. Interment in Bally Catholic cemetery.

Mrs. Charles Woodring

Lifelong Catasauqua Resident Succumbs at Age of 53 Years

A native of Catasauqua and a resident of that community practically all her life, Mrs. Charles Woodring, of 618 Race St., Catasauqua, died in the Allentown hospital at 9:55 p. m. Thursday, aged 53 years.

The passing of Mrs. Woodring marks the sixth death in the Steitz family within the last three years. A sister, Mrs. Frank Edwards died last June and a brother, August S. Steitz, former county poor director, passed away about two years ago.

A daughter of Christian H. and Rebecca, nee Laubach, Steitz, she was born July 9, 1886. On Dec. 24, 1912, she was married to Mr. Woodring at Bath by the late Rev. William U. Helffrich, Reformed pastor. She was a member of the Shoenersville Reformed church and the East End Fire Co. ladies' auxiliary.

Surviving are her husband and two brothers, Fred Steitz of Catasauqua and Charles Steitz of East Greenville; one sister, Marie, wife of Clayton Mack, Fullerton.

Funeral services will be held from her late home on Monday at 2 p. m. and burial will be made in the Shoenersville cemetery.

Mrs. Amanda Luce

Philadelphia Woman, 93, Had Been Educated at Old Allentown Academy

Mrs. Amanda Martha Luce, a native Allentonian but a resident of Philadelphia for the last several years, died in a Philadelphia hospital early yesterday. She was in her 93rd year.

Mrs. Luce, the daughter of Enos and Eliza Weiss, was educated in the local public schools and was graduated from the old Allentown Academy.

Following her marriage to George Luce, she resided in New Jersey for a number of years, after which she took up residence at 1004 N. 64th St., Philadelphia. Her husband died a few years ago.

Mrs. Luce was a member of Zion Reformed church, this city.

About five weeks ago her leg was broken in a fall and she was confined to a hospital for the last four weeks.

The only survivors are four nieces and nephews: Mrs. Annie Weikert, Frank Romig and Charles Weiss, all of this city, and Mrs. Mae Fairbancks, of Washington, D. C.

Alfred Smith

Had Been Employed by Lawrence Cement Co. for Many Years

A respected resident of Northampton for many years, Alfred Smith of 45 W. 27th St., Northampton, passed away at the Allentown hospital early yesterday. He had been confined to the institution since Sept. 15 and was in his 86th year.

An employe of the Lawrence Portland Cement Co. up until June, 1937, he had served in many capacities. He was last employed as a watchman.

Since 1891, Mr. Smith had been a member of the Zion Stone church and the Sunday school.

Born at Rittersville, Hanover township, he was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smith and had resided in Northampton since 1905.

Surviving are one son, Henry, with whom he resided; five grandchildren and one great-grandchild; one brother, Milton of Bethlehem, and one sister, Lucy, wife of Morris Kichaline, Harrington, Del. His wife, nee Henrietta J. Keck, died in 1925.

Rev. George E. Kopenhaver will be in charge of funeral services to be held on Monday at 1:30 p. m. from the late home with regular services in Zion Stone church. Burial in the adjoining cemetery.

Mrs. Ralph Kerschner

General Cigar Co. Office Manager's Wife Dies After Long Illness

A long illness from a complication of ailments ended early yesterday in the death of Mrs. Ada E. (Garman) Kerschner, 817 N. 5th St., Allentown, wife of Ralph O. G. Kerschner, office manager of the General Cigar Co. and widely known in Masonic affairs.

Mrs. Kerschner died at the Allentown hospital, where she had been a patient since Aug. 8. She had been in ill health for the past 19 years.

She was born 50 years ago in Trevorton, Northumberland county, a daughter of the late Mrs. George Snyder, who lived in this city for many years and was widely known.

Mrs. Kerschner was a member of Asbury M. E. church, a past matron of Mary Livingston chapter, 167, O. E. S.; the auxiliary of Allen chapter, Knights Templar; the Past Matron's Society of the Eastern Star, and was also affiliated with the Junior auxiliary of the Allentown hospital.

Surviving beside her husband is an only sister, Mrs. Hannah Seislove, this city. A daughter died in infancy.

Mrs. Pearl Eckman

Weissport Resident Suffered Heart Attack; Was 58

Mrs. Pearl McHenry Eckman, 58, of East Weissport, wife of John Eckman, died at her home Thursday night following a heart attack.

Mrs. Eckman, was a native of Millville, Columbia county. She was a resident of East Weissport for four years.

Surviving are her husband; five daughters: Mrs. Arnold Miller and Mrs. Beatrice Berry, Allentown; Mrs. Ernest Sherman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; and Dean and Betty, at home; four sons: Donald, William and Joseph, at home; and Samuel, Lehighton; three sisters: Mrs. Goldie Wilcox, Millville; Mrs. Nellie Smith, Hughesville; and Mrs. Celia Bodine, Philadelphia; and two brothers, Robert and Frederick McHenry, of Register.

Private services will be held at the home at 10 a. m. Monday followed by services at the People's E. C. church, East Weissport, Rev. J. K. Rapp officiating. Interment will be made at the Millville cemetery.

Joseph Whitehead

Operated Farm for Several Years in Blommingdale Valley

Joseph Whitehead of Bloomingdale Valley died Thursday in the Palmerton hospital following a lingering illness.

A native of England, he came to Summit Hill about 25 years ago where he resided until he purchased a farm several years ago in Bloomingdale Valley.

Surviving are two sons, Thomas of Bloomingdale, with whom he resided, and Alfred of Mauch Chunk. Ten grandchildren also survive.

Funeral services will be held from his home at 2 p. m. Sunday with Rev. F. E. Reichard of the Packerton Lutheran church officiating. Interment will be made in the G. A. R. cemetery, Summit Hill.

Mrs. Dorothy Garis Hughes

Former Bethlehem Woman Dies Suddenly at Silver Springs, Md.

Mrs. Dorothy Garis Hughes, daughter of Mrs. F. A. Garis and the late Dr. Garis, formerly of Bethlehem, died suddenly Thursday at her home in Silver Springs, Md.

Survivors are her husband and mother. Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Sunday at the Hysong funeral parlors, 1300 N. St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Loraine Wiley

1-year-old Girl Was Daughter of Bethlehem Policeman

Loraine, 10-year-old daughter of George and Helen Donchetz Wiley, 233 E. 5th St., Bethlehem, died Friday morning in St. Luke's hospital.

She was a pupil in the fifth grade in the Quinn School. Her father is a member of the Bethlehem police department. Besides the parents she is survived by a sister, Georgene and a brother, Robert.

The funeral will be held at 6:30 a. m. Monday from the late home. Requiem mass will be offered at 10 a. m. in St. Joseph's Windish church. Burial will be in the Holy Saviour cemetery.

(Continued on Page Eleven)

Deaths

LUSE—At Philadelphia, Sept. 22, 1939, Amanda M., nee Weiss, Luse, widow of George Luse, aged 93 years, 10 months and 5 days.

Services will be held at the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St., Allentown, Monday at 11 a. m. standard time. Interment will be made in the Allentown cemetery. Friends may call Sunday from 7 to 8 p. m.

ECKMAN—At East Weissport, Sept. 21, 1939, Mrs. John Eckman, aged 58 years.

Private funeral services will be held at the home at 10 a. m. Monday, followed by services at the People's E. C. church, East Weissport, Rev. J. K. Rapp will officiate. Interment will be made at the Millville cemetery. Friends may call at the home Sunday night.

Heller and Son, Weissport.

REIMERT—In this city, Sept. 22, 1939, Kathryn F., nee Schultz, Reimert, wife of Irwin Reimert, aged 31 years, 10 months and 24 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services from her late home, Palm, Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. Regular services will follow at 2 p. m. in the Palm Schwenkfelder church. Interment in the adjoining cemetery. Friends may call at her home Monday from 7 to 9 p. m. T. H. Benner.

SMITH—In this city, Sept. 22, 1939, Elaine Jane Smith, daughter of Samuel and Lydia (Siegfried) Smith, aged 2 years, 7 months and 12 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited without further notice to attend services at the Schisler funeral home, 2119 Washington Ave., Northampton, Tuesday at 2 p. m. Interment in the Egypt cemetery. Viewing Monday from 7 to 9 p. m. Schisler.

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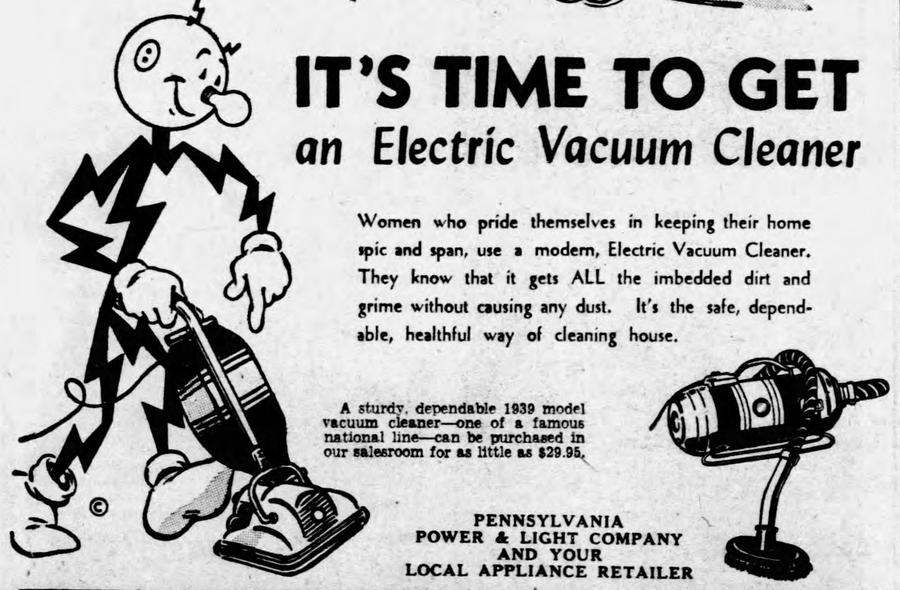

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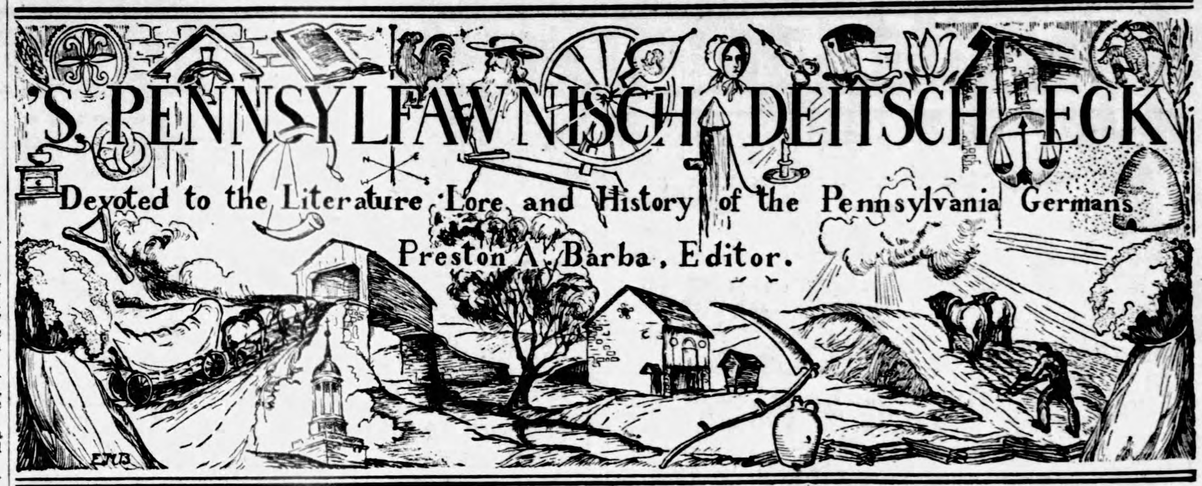

The Pennsylvania German as a Formative Influence in the Upbuilding of Our Commonwealth and in the Development of Eastern Pennsylvania

By *Col. Thomas C. Zimmerman*

On October 14, 1904 the following address was delivered before the faculty and students of Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pa. Colonel Zimmerman, historian and scholar, of Reading, Pa., won renown for his excellent translations from German literature, notably his fine rendition into English verse of Schiller's narrative poem "The Bell."—Ed.

BANCROFT says of the Germans in America: "Neither they nor their descendants have laid claim to all that is their due." It has been said that this may be attributable partly to language, partly to race instincts and hereditary tendencies. Quiet in their tastes, deeply absorbed in the peaceful avocations of life, undemonstrative to the verge of diffidence, without clannish propensities, they have permitted their more aggressive neighbors to deny them a proper place even on the historic page.

And yet so large is the infusion of the German element in the population of our country that in a volume recently written by Prof. Goebel, at the head of German Literature in the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, it is claimed that it is not an exaggeration to say that at least one-third of all the white inhabitants of the country, and perhaps one-half, have some German blood in their veins.

I propose, therefore, to invite your attention this evening to an interesting chapter in the story of the Germans in America, with particular reference to the Pennsylvania Germans—what they have done in peace, for they have contributed largely to industry, to education, to science, to art, to all that goes to make the life of the American people happy and prosperous and honorable and successful, and incidentally to show what an important factor they were in the upbuilding of our Commonwealth and in the development of Eastern Pennsylvania.

And I will start out by making the claim that in the magnificent development of her vast natural resources—in her teeming manufactories of every variety—in her splendid and scientifically cultivated farms—in her railroads, canals and public works of every description in her busy and progressive cities, towns and villages—in her institutions of learning, her noble public school system and her newspapers, Pennsylvania stands today the peer of any State in the Union. She is an empire within herself, and there is upon earth no other which could bear complete isolation upon all outside intercourse with so little disadvantage. Her natural advantages are the endowment of beneficent Nature, but their unparalleled development and her steady progress are in great measure attributable to the sterling character of the Pennsylvania Germans.

Their social life, pure as the streams that ripple in their meadows, is the outcome of a simplicity born of a wealth of native cheerfulness and manliness that scorns ostentation, and that cares nothing for the glittering baubles of ultra-fashionable life.

Over eighty years ago Duponceau, in an eloquent reference to the people of this State, as well as to the beauty of their environments, as they existed during the first century of our social existence, said: "Should Pennsylvanians hereafter degenerate, they will not need, like the Greeks, a fabulous Arcadia to relieve the mind from the prospect of their crimes and follies, and to redeem their own vices by the fancied virtues of their fore-fathers. It is certain," he adds, "that no country on earth ever exhibited such a scene of happiness, innocence and peace."

It requires no strained effort of the mind to say that all this was and still is applicable, notably to the eastern section of our State, where the great bulk of our first German immigrants found lodgment and where precious memories of their acheivements in peace and war hang around their honored names like "cherubs on monuments of emblazoned glory."

That race character, which has been developed out of a thousand years of history on another continent, is unaltered by the influences which usually work our radical changes in these matters.

As with the German immigrant of today, so with the Germans who settled in Pennsylvania in the early days of this country. They did not look upon the United States as an El Dorado, but as the best country under heaven for a man or woman willing to work, and Germans are workers. They had heard of this new country, with its promise of fertility and loveliness and enduring treasures. It was to them a sort of Elysium which had long been prefigured in the chambers of a delighted expectancy.

Filled with high hopes and aglow with a restless energy, the lives and destinies of these people which at home had been hardened under years of severe discipline and surrounded with scenes of disappointment and joyless stagnation, were upon reaching our shores lifted into the light where "paradise found its fancied parallels"; where the earliest glimpses of this fair land must have been to them like the influence of the premonition of a first passion, when

"Every bird of Eden bursts
In carol, every bud in flower."

Chief among those who shed lustre upon the early history of our Commonwealth was Conrad Weiser, sometimes called "the Father of the Pennsylvania Germans"—the pioneer, hero, patriot, soldier, and trusted interpreter—concerning whom the prophetic words of General Washington have peculiar significance at this time, now that there is a movement in Berks county to erect a monument to his memory. Standing at Weiser's grave at the time of Washington's visit to Womelsdorf, the "Father of His Country" said, "The departed man rendered many services to his country in a difficult period, and posterity will not forget him." The fruition of the movement in Berks would, it is true be merely a local tribute and doubtless would long ago have been accorded to the pioneer of any other people than the modest Pennsylvania Germans. The broader tribute that he merits in the pages of history should not be more difficult or tardy of achievement.

Daniel Boone, a man of German American stock, was among the first, if not the first, to penetrate the wilderness of the far West. German and Swiss industry opened the forests of Eastern Tennessee. In Northern Louisiana German and Alsatian settlers were found as early as the time of Louis XV. A German Marylander, Johann Lederer, was the first to explore in 1669, the country west of the Alleghenies. A German made the first adequate map of Maryland and Virginia. John Zenger, a German printer of New York, was the father of the liberty of the press of this country. The two Conrad Weisers, father and son, were the first interpreters of the Indians. General Muhlenberg, of Revolutionary fame, who was afterwards the first Speaker of Congress, and his illustrious sire, were Germans. A German American, J. L. Hassler, created our coast survey. Two Germans, the Roeblings, father and son, planned and set into execution the great Brooklyn bridge. The iron railroad bridges, which span the ravines and rivers of this continent, were the invention of Wendell Bollman, a German of Baltimore, the father of the canning industry was a German, William Numsen, of the same city.

For a number of years in succession the sons of Pennsylvania Germans have led the graduating classes in many of the leading institutions of learning, and not so long ago one of them graduated at the head of his class at the West Point Military Academy, with another of the same race a close second, while at another of the large colleges a Pennsylvania German boy carried off a $400 money prize for proficiency in learning.

Only a few years ago occurred the death of a Pennsylvania German, Dr. Charles Rudy, a most remarkable man, who was founder and president of the International Institute in the city of Paris—a school that attracted students from all over the world; that had one hundred and fifty professors, and that had the patronage of counts and princes, of priests and prelates—among them the Prince of Wales and Pere Hyacinthe.

The Superintendent of the Public Schols of Pennsylvania is of the same stock, as is also the Deputy Superintendent—both of whom are among the foremost educators in the country. So were a number of the best Governors of the State—Snyder, Ritner, Shultz, Wolf, Shunk, Bigler, Hartranft and Beaver. So is Pennypacker, probably the most distinguished, in a literary sense, as well as in matters of jurisprudence and historical research, of the Pennsylvania Germans elected to the Chief Magistracy of the Commonwealth. So was David Rittenhouse, Pennsylvania's illustrious astronomer, who discovered the compensative pendulum and made an orrery for Princeton College much superior to anything before attempted, and who was a member of all the learned societies in this country and Europe. Of this same stock is George F. Baer, president of the Reading Railroad. So, too, with your newly-elected president, Dr. Haas, reared and educated in Pennsylvania, a graduate of her principal university and of the Theological Seminary, and whose scholarship is well authenticated in the half-dozen volumes of commentaries, criticisms and other departments of literature he has given to the public. And so on. The list of Pennsylvania-Germans who have achieved eminence in this Commonwealth, and who have contributed to its glory and development might be indefinitely extended, so plentiful is the material represented in all the avocations that go to make up our social, educational, professional, industrial and commercial life.

It may with truth be said, that in many portions of the State the descendants of the Pennsylvania German settlers are today the central influence and impelling power of a large proportion of the more important activities, viz., in commerce, industry, education, agriculture as well as in the professions. They are not only on your farms and in your workshops, but at your bars, in your pulpits, in your colleges, on your newspapers. They have become teachers, professors, scientists, judges, senators, congressmen, governors—aye, in every calling in life, be it high or low, you will find a brilliant array of men—descendants of ancestors who not only made this portion of the State so rich in historic reminiscence and its people so tolerant of religion, but who laid deep the foundations of a stable and an enduring prosperity.

Look wheresoe'er you may, you will find well-nigh countless evidences of German genius and German skill, while along every artery of trade are felt the quickening currents of German life.

Here in Allentown, as in Reading, and, indeed, throughout the whole of Eastern Pennsylvania, there are industrial quarters, especially in the manufacturing districts, where the Germans introduced various handicrafts in a modest way, that are now grown to be among the largest in this country.

It is likewise true that the Germans gave to the University of Pennsylvania some of its best teachers, and, both in its Medical School and at the Pennsylvania Hospital, such men as Wistar and Kuhn, Dr. Gross and the brothers Leidy, showed by their names the extent to which German birth and education benefited Philadelphia. At Bethlehem and Nazareth and Ephrata were the best schools of their day, and from the Moravians and Dunkers went out the missionaries to the Indians, the real prophets of peace, bringing back the Indian children to be educated into useful men and women. The quaint old Moravian graveyard at Bethlehem perpetuates the names of these converted Indians alongside of those who were the leaders in the work of education.

So in our own day the names of the Germans who are foremost in finance, in science, in art, in every branch of work that contributes to the public wealth and private happiness, ought to be gratefully borne in mind. The triumphs of peace are as great as those of war, and when the orators on "German Day" speak only and mostly of the Germans who were soldiers in the wars of the United States, they tell but half—and that the less important part of the story of the Germans in America, viz., their achievements along the lines of peaceful avocations.

Note, if you please, the extent and activity of the German press in Colonial America. Printing was carried on in thirty-one different places in Pennsylvania: three in Maryland; four in Ohio; five in Virginia; one in Massachusetts; one in New York, and one in New Jersey; and one in Nova Scotia. A list of the printers and publishers of German books from 1728 to 1830 is as follows: At Allentown there were 6; at Easton, 8; at Ephrata, 9; at Germantown, 9; at Hanover, 6; at Harrisburg, 11; at Lancaster, 26; at Reading, 17; at York, 8; at Lebanon, 5; at Philadelphia, 47, besides others elsewhere.

As partly showing what influence the early German settlers, right here in this part of the State, exercised in the development of our Commonwealth, how they made their way in spite of hostile legislation, it may be well to recall the time, 186 years ago, when the Quaker Assembly of Pennsylvania ordered that none but the English-speaking immigrants should be the subjects of naturalization, and that every foreigner to the English government arriving after the passage of this act should pay a duty of forty shillings and swear allegiance to Great Britain and the province. In spite of this and kindred adverse legislation, the proscribed German came and took possession of some of the fairest portions of our country, while the Quaker was gradually passing away.

"He perished in no great tumult of wars," says a writer, "nor by the march of any pestilence. He was neither indolent nor lacking in shrewdness; he did not starve to death, nor did the Germans so much as crowd him. He died simply because he was too good to live. But the proscribed German steadily bided his time. He came, paid his duty and stayed. He took possession of the rich farms along the Susquehanna, the Lehigh and the Juniata, and filled the glorious valleys which lead down to the rivers."

The writer, who should have included the Schuylkill, adds:

"The most timorous Quaker, fearful of German ascendency, could scarcely have had a prevision of the complete triumph attained by his Teutonic rival at the beginning of the present century. The Quaker was already little more than a memory; the German the potent factor of the social and political order."

It may be well in this connection to recall the fact that between 1750 and 1780 the Friends were quite influential in Berks, and about ten times as numerous in membership as they are at the present day. Before the Revolution they held many important offices, and we find most of the members of the Colonial Legislature from Berks were Friends.

History further informs us that between 1720 and 1760 Germans flocked to this country in vast numbers. They rapidly filled up these beautiful valleys of ours, encircled these stony hills with their habitations, surrounded and stifled the English Friends by a cordon of adverse influences, and held the Welsh at bay in the southern townships of the county.

These settlers were not martyrs in the religious sense of the word, but were driven by poverty from their native land to seek a livelihood in the New World. On their arrival in this country, some of them proceeded up along the banks of the Schuylkill for about forty miles, until they came where the Maxatawny empties into the Schuylkill.

The first clearings of these pioneers were in the neighborhood, if not on the actual site, of the farm of Colonel Peter Weaver, in Amity township. At this time, it should be remembered, there was no settlement at Reading or Allentown, and probably not one white man had penetrated so far into the western wilds. Philadelphia was only a straggling hamlet—a mere plot on the surveyor's chart.

And this leads me to the consideration of another phase of the subject, viz., the marvelous growth of this colony, and the wonderful prosperity which has attended the well-directed industry of the generations which grew out of it—recalling, in the one case, historic memories of a most worthy ancestry, and, in the other, reflecting the sturdy qualities of their numerous progeny. They tell a story of thrift and prosperity that may be read in the fruitful valleys and on the cultivated sides of our mountains; in the blooming orchards and flower-fringed gardens that may be seen on every hand; in the rich garniture of golden sheaves and in the extensive cultivation of the purpling grape with its imprisoned treasure of liquid sunshine. One, too, may read the story in the comfortable homes that everywhere dot the landscape, as well as in the splendid physical development and hardiness of the race of good men and true who, after enduring afflictions compared to which those suffered by the Pilgrim fathers were mild experiences, came here and wrought out the blessings and comforts of civilization.

Brave men were these pioneers; not weaklings. Hearts of oak had they; not mere palpitating machines that fluttered at the thought of danger. In their struggle for bread willing hands and vigorous constitutions were supplemented by healthful impulses and nerves of steel. They came not hither to settle down in the lap of affluence, nor to bask in the favor of kings. They came to wrestle with untried difficulties—to grapple with Fate—in a new world; to cut down and clear up unbroken forests, in which they were confronted at almost every step by hostile savages and wild beasts. Many and fierce were their struggles, "recalling the conflicts of Covenanters and clansmen in the highlands of Scotland, the bloody deeds of banditti in the defiles of Greece, the battles of Saracens and Crusaders on the plains of Asia Minor." But why recount this story of suffering and disaster?

(CONTINUED)

Die Amschel

Ich gleich es wann die Amschel singt
Im Schpotyohr; 's laut so schee!
So dief es in die Seel nei dringt,
Mer meent schier 's daet em weh.
Es bringt Moiblimmle in der Sinn,
Un Yunis Rosebracht;
Un widder darch die Waelder grie
Die Yugend danst un lacht.

Du bringscht der Friehyohr mit deim G'saang,
'S Schpotyohr mit dir vergeht;
Un darch der Winter kalt un lang
Ebmols mer dich aa g'seht.
Dei rote Bruscht iss wie en Schild
Gemalt vun Summerglut;
Mer denkt an Summer sanft un mild,
Wann sinke will der Mut.

Der liewe Gott hot dich geschenkt
Zum Troscht in daerer Zeit,
En lichter Blacke, das em linkt
An die Vergangenheit.
Dei Danklied dringt zum Himmel hie
Wie unsers dringe soll,
Waer unser Herz wie deins aa nie
Vun nix as Freude voll!

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL

Mer nemmt's wie's kummt

Wann's immer Summer bei uns waer,
Mit Blumme draus im Gaarde,
Un Hunsdaage es gans Yohr rum,
Wann daet mer Schlidde faahre?

Wann's immer hell waer, immer klor,
Ken Schadde far drin loafe,
Wann's Sunneschein waer Daag un Nacht,
Was daet mer duh far schlofe?

Wann's niemand gaar ken Elend hett
Sei G'sundheit zu verdarwe,
Un's Lewe gingt so ewich fart,
Was daet mer duh far schtarwe?

Wann Leit so waere, as kens wett
Nix as sie net verdiene,
Un yeders gut un ehrlich waer,
Wer daet der Deiwel diene?

Supposin' wann mer fische geht,
Kennt mer en Mess rausziege
Vun nix as grosse Katzefisch,
Was daet mer duh far liege?

Supposin's het ken aarme Leit,
Un yeders kennt afforde
Far immer lewe unne g'schafft—
Wer daet die Welt supporte?

Wann all so gut beim Lewe sin,
As wie sie g'heesse warre
Uf ihre Graabschtee nooch em Dot,
Was waer die Use vun Parre?

Supposin' Maed waere all so schel,
As wie sie duhn appeare,
Wann Buwe um der Wek rum sin,
Wann daet mer karassiere?

Wann gaar ken Schreit waer in der Welt,
Un's hett ken Ungerechte,
Wann alles immer Friede waer,
Was daet mer duh far fechte?

Wann alles gingt graad wie mer's will,
Mit gaar ken Schdarm am brummle,
Un's Cash kaemt immer blendy rei,
Was daet mer duh far grummle?

Ich denk mer losst's so wie mer's fint,
Un geht so fatt mitnanner;
Der Kerl wu's bescht dutt as er kann,
Bringt Erd un Himmel zamme.

Der Sally Hulsbuck
(Harvey M. Miller)

P3

Chat About Your Friends

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Dantzer, Jr., 933 W. Emaus Ave., had as their guests, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Dantzer, Sr., of Astoria, L. I., N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Aubrey Meyers, 515 N. 7th St., had as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Hosfeldt of Philadelphia.

Yesterday's birthday celebrants included: Robert Russoli, 388 Cedar St.; Alfred Rogan, 387 Greenleaf St.; Robert Yeakel, 731 Whitehall St.; Mary Heck, 123 S. 8th St.; Arlene Karrell, 501½ S. Bradford St.; Berese Christoff, 105 S. Bradford St.; Roslyn Roth, 135 N. Ellsworth St., and Arlene Hornell, 501½ S. Bradford St.

Mr. and Mrs. J. McFadden, 420 Grant St., marked their wedding anniversary yesterday.

Mrs. A. Faccinetto, 397½ Greenleaf St., is visiting friends in Pittsburgh.

William Fisher, 802 Jackson St., has returned from the Allentown hospital where he had been a patient.

New York World's Fair visitors included: Vincent Daddio, 903½ N. 4th St.; R. Laudenslager, 411 N. 10th St.; Mr. and Mrs. Nevelin Bartholomew and daughter Barbara Ann, 1420 Gordon St.; Karl Fenstermaker, 1247 Chew St., and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Frantz and son Charles, 1423 Liberty St.

D. Hendricks, 954 Chew St., is visiting relatives in Detroit, Mich.

Albert Felix, 940 Oa. St., is spending the week-end in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Laura Mease, Northampton, is visiting her nephew and niece, Dr. and Mrs. H. Madren, at Wantagh, Long Island. Mrs. Mease expects to motor through the New England states before returning home.

Mrs. Howard S. Kramer of 821 Jackson St. returned from New York City where she spent a week at the World Fair and at Radio City.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Levan, 1936 Tilghman St., will leave Sunday on a two-weeks' tour of the southern states in celebration of their 22nd wedding anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert C. Dorman of 702 Filmore St. yesterday celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary. They were married in Emmaus by Rev. Ruth.

Frank Druckenmiller, Mertztown, celebrated his 77th birthday anniversary on Sept. 17.

Obituaries

Jonas Benner

Sudden Death of Son, Charles, Believed Cause of Demise

While he had been ailing the past few years, the sudden passing of his son Charles on Sept. 18 last, is believed to have hastened the death at 11.30 p. m. Thursday of Jonas Benner, of 831 Chew St.

In his 83rd year at the time of his death, Mr. Benner had been bedfast for only two days. His son Charles died of a heart attack when he was about to start work at the General Ribbon Mills, Catasauqua, ten days ago.

A native of Lehigh county, Mr Benner was the son of Samuel and Hannah Benner, and up to the time of his retirement had been employed at the now defunct Lehigh Carwheel and Axle Co., of Fullerton. Later he worked for the Reber-Korn Co., this city.

He was a member of the Chestnut Hill church and of the local P. O. S. of A. chapter.

The last of his family, the only survivors are three children, Robert of Philadelphia and Victor of Allentown, and Mrs. Charles Korn, this city. His wife, nee Sarah Faust, died 35 years ago.

Tentative funeral arrangements call for the service to be held at the J. S. Burkholder Funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St., on Monday at 1.30 p. m., with burial in the Chestnut Hill cemetery.

Mrs. Katherine Borilla

Funeral Services for Nis Hollow Resident on Monday

Funeral services for Mrs. Katherine Borilla, Nis Hollow resident, who died in her 60th year following a heart attack at her home Thursday, will be held at SS. Peter and Paul's Catholic church, Lehighton, Monday.

A native of Austria, Mrs. Borilla was a resident of Nis Hollow for the past 30 years.

Surviving are her husband, Joseph, and ten children: Mrs. Mary Kelly, Nis Hollow; Mrs. Anna Hancharick, Lehighton; Joseph, Katherine, Michael, Stephen, John, Paul, George and Margaret, all at home.

A requiem high mass will be held in SS. Peter and Paul's church, Lehighton, with Rev. Charles Saas, pastor, officiating. Burial will follow in the parish cemetery.

Mrs. Frank Windish

Native of Austria-Hungary Survived by Seven Children, Husband

Mrs. Frank (Theresa) Windish, 56, died Thursday night at her home, Alburtis R. 1, near Henningsville.

A native of Austria-Hungary, she is survived by her husband, four sons, three daughters, three grandchildren and one brother. Surviving children, all of whom are living at home, are: Mrs. Michael Horwath, Charles, Frank, Hermina, Mary, Joseph and Paul. A brother, John Krobath, is living at Walnutport.

She was a member of St. Mary's Roman Catholic church at Kutztown.

Francis J. Gillespie

Bethlehem Man Dies of Heart Attack in Hospital Dispensary

Francis J. Gillespie, 59, 215 E. Packer Ave., Bethlehem, better known as "Warry" died at 3:30 a. m. Friday in the dispensary of St. Luke's hospital.

Stricken with a heart attack at his home he was rushed to the hospital where he died shortly after being admitted.

He was a lifelong resident of Bethlehem and was a son of the late Chambers and Mary Coyle Gillespie. He was affiliated with the Bethlehem Fish and Game Assn. and the American-Irish Assn.

Survivors are his wife, Rose Schaffer Gillespie; a daughter, Dorothy; a son, George, and a sister, Mrs. Peter J. Morrissey, all of Bethlehem. Two grandchildren also survive.

The funeral will be held at 9 a. m. Monday with requiem mass at 9:30 a. m. in the Church of the Holy Infancy. Burial will be in St. Michael's cemetery.

(Continued on Page Nine)

Deaths

DAVID—Near Lehigh Church, Alburtis R. 1, Sept. 29, 1939, Jane R., nee Kehm, David, wife of Aaron V. David, aged 69 years, 7 months and 27 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited without further notice to attend funeral services from her late home, near Lehigh Church, Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. Regular services will follow in the Western Salisbury church. Interment in the adjoining cemetery. Friends may call Monday from 7 to 9 p. m. Schmoyer.

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JERSEY CENTRAL RAILROAD



The Pennsylvania German as a Formative Influence in the Upbuilding of Our Commonwealth and in the Development of Eastern Pennsylvania

By *Col. Thomas C. Zimmerman*

On October 14, 1904 the following address was delivered before the faculty and students of Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pa. Colonel Zimmerman, historian and scholar, of Reading, Pa., won renown for his excellent translations from German literature, notably his fine rendition into English verse of Schiller's narrative poem "The Bell."—Ed.

CONCLUSION

I often think of those thirteen eGrman families, who on the 24th of July, 1683, embarked at Gravesend, England, for America, where they arrived on the memorable 6th of October following, 221 years ago on Thursday of last week. Out of their German homes along the classic Rhine, away up close to the borders of Holland, these emigrants carried the teachings of their fathers.

In his description of the Teutonic heart Tacitus was right in naming the three great characteristics as "love of country, love of freedom, and love of domestic life." It was because of the hatred of tyranny by these early settlers, and their love of home and country, that they sought an asylum here. It was because of this that the blood of these early immigrants came to be among the first that flowed into the veins of the new Christian Commonwealth—the "holy experiment" which William Penn invited them to join in.

One can almost see that band of brothers, with great free heart, and solemn talk and prayer, giving thanks of God on that blissful eventide when they arrived on the banks of the Delaware. It must have been to them like standing on the shores of a golden age of Hope. And as they stood there in prayer, throwing themselves for the hundredth time

Upon the great world's altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,

the eye of fancy can almost see the glimmer of the rising moon upon the whitened sails of the good ship Concord, after its months of tempestuous sailing, bearing upon their ruffled bosom a light that seemed prophetic of the happiness and prosperity which would sometimes illumine their homes in the El Dorado which they had just found in the new world.

The stability of the German character is well defined in the expression that the Palatines were the "one race in the United States which most fully got into the soil," and in the fact that they have held their ancestral seats with less change of ownership than any other. In an article by Rev. Dr. Griffis, of Boston, who is author of several important works on Corea and Japan, that gentleman refers in eloquent terms to these people as surpassed by none in their loyalty to the cause of American independence in the time of the Revolution. He says:

"They formed one-third of the population of Pennsylvania. The German regiments usually went into battle singing hymns. Maryland also sent a German regiment and Washington's body guard of fifty-seven men were Germans. The European drill masters, chief of whom was Steuben, the man for the hour of Valley Forge, and who so drilled the Continentals that they never again were worsted by equal forces, were Germans. The most stubbornly contested, and, for the numbers engaged, the bloodiest battle of the war, was fought at Oriskany, N. Y., by the Palatine Germans. The preaching and social and personal influence of the Pennsylvania-Germans—led off by Washington's 'baker general,' Ludwig—did more to decimate by desertion, and weaken by enlightenment, the ranks of the Hessians—honest men, misguided and goaded to strange acts by British officers' lies about the Americans—than all the infantry bullets or artillery balls of militia and Continentals, or the accidents and sickness of war. The first ecclesiastical protest (1688) against slavery, the first book (1737) published against slavery, the first paper mill (1690), the first Bible (1743) printed, the finest and largest specimen of colored printing and book-making, the first work (1770) on the philosophy of pedagogics, in America, came from the Pennsylvania-Germans."

These words can hardly be said to be new, but they are true. That they come from New England gives them special value, for in that region the Pennsylvania-Germans have been most frequently misrepresented.

And these are the people whom and whose ancestry it has become the fashion in certain quarters to deride; of whom it is said they have no culture and no literature; whose language is held up to ridicule and whose thrift is made the subject of disparaging comment.

But what are the facts in the case? Let us call up competent testimony. "Of the persons emigrating from Germany to the United States," says Consul-General Mueller in a late report to the State Department, "nine hundred out of every thousand are fitted to enter the various walks of active American life." He adds: "As a rule, they are strong, well-trained and intelligent." And this from an English source; "Germany yields more intellectual produce than it can use and pay for," says the gifted George Eliot. What a magnificent tribute to the intelligence of these people! And yet, well educated as are the large proportion of those who come to this country, they are not of a kind

Whose pride of intellect exalts its horn
In proud contumely above the wise and meek.

Hegel was undoubtedly right in declaring that the German spirit is the spirit of the new world. As early as 1790, when the total population of Pennsylvania did not exceed 435,000, there were already 145,000 Germans. It is estimated that from this stock have sprung descendants in this State to the number of nearly 2,000,000, and that within the past seventy years over 5,000,000 German immigrants have come to this country—as some one aptly puts it—"every man of them with four hands." They came from every part of Germany and Austria, and they were of all trades except those of gentleman, idler and tramp.

What their influence on the wealth, the development and progress of this country is, it is impossible to estimate. It, however, forms no inconsiderable part, and as to the future, in the language of Andrew D. White, late United States Minister to Germany, "the healthful element of German thought will aid powerfully in evolving a future for this land purer in its politics, nobler in its conception of life, more beautiful in the bloom of art, more precious in the fruitage of character."

Cradled into freedom by hated injustice, and richly dowered with conscience, and the sterner virtues of civilization, our forefathers naturally became liberty-loving and Christian people. Their earnest and hopeful spirit, in full sympathy with the upswelling tide which marked the triumphs of humanity, were in fierce contrast with the spirit of langour which finds its chief satisfaction in the pursuit of pleasures that either cloy with their sweets or elude possession as soon as grasped.

The story of the Puritan and Cavalier, self- assertive and proud of their ancestry, has been told a thousand times—how they laid the foundations for the construction of the grandest Republic in the history of man—how they wrested a wilderness from savagery, and how they have made the annals of a century and more of our national life illustrious with the part they took in the early struggles of American liberty.

The descendants of this noble lineage fully realize, as they should, that great deeds cannot die—that they live in the forms and in the language which centuries cannot efface. As with our own ancestry, they came to this country "like a dawn, wherein a beam had slanted forward, falling in a land of promise, where fruit would follow."

But it was left for the German to wait for time and numbers to proclaim his mighty influence in helping to fashion the institutions of this country.

Indeed, it has not been so long ago that, in a systematic way, the Pennsylvania-German has been demanding recognition for the part he took in the great national drama. And what an important service he rendered in laying the foundation of this Commonwealth. As has been well said: "The Scotch-Irish influence has been stamped indelibly on our institutions and the fierce mastery of law, organization and nature. But the German—philosophic, calm, brave and patient—has been building noble and imperishable the superstructure of our greatness upon the foundations of the forefathers."

The native shrewdness of the Pennsylvania-German was shown in his acquisition of the choicest lands in the Pennsylvania and Virginia valleys. These he caused to bloom under a cultivation which represented the joint product of a scientific knowledge and patient toil. Comfort, order and cleanliness have ever been his handmaids, and a contented spirit the outcome of his patience and simple tastes. True, he had tasted of the dregs of poverty, and smarted under the stings of persecution. "He had known Sorrow, oft supped with her, and broke with her the ashen crust."

I might add that the same race characteristics: the same full measure of patriotic devotion; the same spirit of forbearance; the same sterling virtues of thrift, honestly and sobriety; the same love of personal and political liberty; the same spirit of religious tolerance; the same general aspirations for freedom; the same respect for the domestic virtues; the same sweet simplicity of character; the same all-pervading spirit of conservatism; in short, the same racial traits that were observed by Roman historians two thousand years ago and chronicled in the pages of Caesar and Tacitus, are present in the Pennsylvania-Germans of today—qualities which have come to them by inheritance, and which have been transmitted unimpaired through the waste and injuries of centuries of time and tide.

While all this is true and something to be proud of, but little can be said in favor of the perpetuation of the Pennsylvania-German dialect. In other words, notwithstanding the extraordinary vitality of the vernacular, which has survived the wreck of centuries, there need be no undue solicitude about its gradual, but ultimate disappearance from the languages of the earth. Its somewhat limited capabilities have been fully tested by Harbaugh, Horne, Fisher, Grumbine, Rauch and others, all of whose writings show that while the dialect is ample for the ordinary needs of expression, from its inherent limitations it lacks compass and flexibility. But the compulsory teaching of English in our public schools must eventually displace it as a medium of intercourse, even in this section where its lodgment has been so deep-seated and its use so general.

While I yield to none in reverence for the associations of childhood—and the Pennsylvania-German dialect is interwoven with every warp and woof of my early days—and while admitting the value of the vernacular as a help to the understanding of the pure German, with opportunities for appropriating something from its storehouse filled with treasures of human intelligence, it is not a growing indifference to its merits which prompts me to say that, in the category of living tongues, it should take its place as a purely secondary lingual accomplishment.

Tenacious as its life has been, it cannot, of course, lay even the shadow of a claim, as can the dead language of Rome, which exists only by sufferance in the liturgy of an ancient faith, to be "the voice of Empire and of Law, of War and State; breathing the maxims of the world and not the tenets of the schools"; nor yet like that of Greece, which "speaks to the ear like Italian, to the mind like English"; but it has proved itself good enough for the social and business intercourse of millions of people for hundreds of years.

As for their treatment in literature, the Pennsylvania-Germans have been sneeringly depicted by cheap newspaper scribblers as a typically stupid people. Some of these writers have no doubt portrayed some illiterate specimens of rustic simplicity—perhaps some lounger in a bar-room of a country town—exaggerated his peculiarities, or having no sentiment, manufactured a deliberate lie in the hope that it might find lodgment in the vacant cell of some already prejudiced mind.

The prejudice against these people is as unjust as it is ill-founded. Malignant ingenuity could hardly concoct a viler slander than that which emanated from the correspondent of a paper published in the northern part of the State of New York not so long ago, who described them as a people in whom ignorance, selfishness and greed are the governing traits."

These detractors of the Pennsylvania-Germans studiously ignore the thrift, industry, patience, honesty and piety of a people who have ever been celebrated for their virtues—virtues that "make the house a home, home a heaven, and create that patriotism of the soul that dares to storm the forts of tyrants, and win for mankind freedom of thought and independence of action."

It is not, however, a one-sided racial egotism that seeks expression here and now from me—no assertion of self-superiority of the Pennsylvania-Germans vaunting its vanity before the world, but it is well, on occasions like this, to re-kindle the spirit of liberty that had its inspiration in the patriotic heart of Germany which centuries ago rushed forth out of the deep repose of its woods like the breath of thunder, and, amid its revealed lightnings, lit up the popular heart with an ardor touched as by Promethean fire. It is rather, the recognition, in a formal way, of the work of our forefathers as a formative force in the upbuilding of our national system.

Let us, therefore, in season and out of season, do what we can to correct a prevalent and an unjust impression that is abroad concerning this much misunderstood people. Let us not be backward in giving, for the sake of the living who do not know, and for those who will come after us, a just representation of the sturdy character of the Pennsylvania-German.

Time will not be long before the lives of those who make up the ranks of this people will be a matter of tradition and history, and while we may have no mural tablets to unveil in honor of their needs, let us at least burn a little incense in honor of the good and true, whose achievements open to us like sweet-scented flowers, and satisfy the conception of affectionate memory.

Other nationalities are taking care of themselves. Let it not be said of us that through blindness or indifference of ours shall the memory of the generations of Pennsylvania-Germans, past and present, be clouded or obscured. Let us rather, in this regard, emulate the example of the people of the Island of Saints and Martyrs, whose unconquerable instinct of nationality persists in asserting itself, in spite of 800 years of the most savage and relentless policy of repression; in spite of massacre and exile; in spite of penal laws and the establishment of hostile garrisons on their soil; in spite of all the resources of barbarism and civilization, until it has forced a tardy admission of the justice of its claims from the conscience of England itself.

The vital characteristics of the Pennsylvania-German are earnestness and manhood. The great Commonwealth within whose borders we stand today, owes much to the solid character of this element in her population, who, from the beginning of our Satehood until now, have illustrated in their lives the development of an uncommon respect for law, the establishment of ideal homes, the adornment of every sphere of private and public service, and last, but not least, the building up and perpetuating of a system of husbandry that has drawn from the depths of earth's mighty productivity a steady and luxuriant return that has not only enriched the State and promoted the general welfare, but beautified her broad acres until, it may be said, they blossom as the rose.

The Pennsylvania-German has also an inherited characteristic of human nature, a certain phlegmatic temperament, a kind of fatalistic philosophy, a disposition to accept whatever the fates send, so far as outside circumstances are concerned.

Die Alt Cider Miehl

Wann die Baerrickbletter faerwe
Un die Keschte draage brau,
Un der Wind peift darrich die Whiskers
Un mer mescht die Friehling Sau;
Wann die wiedich Glucke feddre
Un der Mush brot in der Pann,
Un die Mammi schafft am Sauerkraut
Un macht en halwi Ton;
Wann die Kaerbsecustards backe
Un es Welschkarn iss im Schock;
O sell's die Zeit far Bauchweh
Mit me dicke Cidersack!

Die Cider Miehl's am kleppre
Hinnich de alte Gaardefens,
Un die Schwarzkepp Hummler schwarme rum
Un schittle ihre Schwenz;
Der Daadi schitt die Eppel nei,
Der Knecht iss an de Miehl,
Un dreet die Henk lebhaftich
Wie en Drehargel Geschpiel,
Un die Maad iss bissi schnitze,
Un sie hockt sich uf en Weschp—
"Hail Kolumbi!" kreischt sie marderlich,
Un tschumpt sechs Fuss vum Nescht.

Der Eppelwei iss goldich
Un laaft im me siesse Schtrom
Graad nunner in der Zuwwer
Un's guckt owwedruf wie Raahm;
Un glei widder noch en Jigger,
Un's schmackt ihm gut, so nemmt er glei
Eens widder, widder, widder,
Bis endlich schlippt en Hummler
In sei alder Cidersack,
Dann g'schwellt er un explode dart uf,
'S waar en wunnerbaarer Schock!

Noh lest mer in der Zeiting
Vum grosse Accident im Deich,
Un die Landsleit kumme Meile weit
Am Cidersack sei Leicht.
Die alt Cider Miehl iss ruhich
Un der Knecht iss ufgeboxt;
Er waerd geblanst wu niemols nix
Wie Eppelwei ufwachst;
Awwer wie sie schtehne dart am Graab
Un losse ihn ball nidder,
Dann macht er mol die Aage uf
Un frogt far noch en Jigger.

Der Solly Hulsbuch
(Harvey M. Miller)

The word "Zeitgeist" was a favorite with his ancestral prototype, as it is with the Germans of today, by which is sought to be expressed the idea of the tendency of things, or, as we should say, "the spirit of the age."

Apropos, it is related of the great German metaphysician, Hegel, that, when lecturing at the University of Jena, in 1806, there came into his classroom one day the echoes of the cannon of Napoleon, who there prostrated the old Germanic Confederation in dust and blood. Hegel calmly remarked: "Young gentlemen, there is a zeitgeist in town and we will adjourn."

One need not quote history to prove that the American-German has stood for liberty of thought and personal rights. In learning, in solid public and private virtues, and in patrotism, he is the peer of any in the land. He is a typical man, and belongs to a strong, noble class of citizens whose "true measure is the real measure of the State."

There is, moreover, much of the quality of iron and adamant in the German character—a quality that enters largely into the make-up of his American descendant, and helps to the building up of a stronger and better civilization, with the promise of a nobler destiny and a more enduring peace.

With these facts before us, the Pennsylvania-Germans and their brethren who settled in the Mohawk region of New York, may well look back with a pride as great as that of the New England Puritan to Godfearing ancestors who sought the forests of America to find freedom to worship accouding to the dictates of their conscience. By a singular coincidence these sturdy Protestants from the Rhineland embarked, like the Mayflower Pilgrims, from the harbors of Holland. Like them they belonged to sects oppressed by governmental intolerance; like them they came in congregations with their ministers and teachers, singing their pious hymns. They were a poor folk—mechanics and peasants with hard, angular features, showing the influence of generations of toil and privation, but next to religion they prized education, and the church and the school house rose side by side in their villages. There is abundant testimony throughout the Eastern section of this State, showing that they brought with them, too, habits of plodding indusry, of honest handiwork and careful farming, which soon earned for them prosperity in their new homes. The importance of this early German Emigration is seldom rightly estimated by people who read only the English-American side of our Colonial history.

And now, before closing, I may be permitted to express the hope that in the temple of Good Fellowship the Pennsylvania-German will hereafter take his seat as an honored guest between his more pretentious brethren, the Puritan and the Cavalier. He has been content, heretofore, wtih a mere passing glimpse of its portals, better satisfied to leave to others the seductive pleasures of the feast, with its tempting viands of solid comforts, the soothing swirl of its music, and all the cognate fascinations of the entertainment, while withdrawin ghimself to the sweet silence of restful solitude.

Looking back we see, or seem to see, an ethereal bridge spanning the centuries—one of its approaches supported by the golden traditions and precious memories of a noble ancestry; the other resting upon the deep-laid foundations of an undying reverence and affection of a grateful progeny. Generations of dear ones are clasped in loving embrace across the shadowy structure, and the clasp starts an impulse that is felt along the line of the departed years. Although the farther shore is dim, yet across "the pulsing stream there are lines of lights" by the aid of which the imagination may behold the sainted splendor of sacred shrines whereat our forefathers syllabled their hopes and fears in prayerful petitions, and found fancy linger lovingly for a little while upon the parental nest where patriotism and valor and all the domestic virtues were tenderly nurtured, and where frugality, honesty and sweet content had their habitation.

Better and far more sacred than "the glowing purple of Tyre, the gold of the Ark, the sapphire and ruby of Persia, the unforgotten spoils of ruined Babylon, the tinged reveries of the early Christians as they slept in the dens of amphitheatres, waiting death," are the sainted memories of our forefathers, for the successful transmission of which we should labor unceasingly.

May the mellow music of those golden memories, like incense-laden zephyrs, sweep with tenderest touch over every heart-string until each responsive chord becomes vibrant with the voluptuous swell as of some divine melody.—The Reading Times, October 15, 1904.

(Also printed in The Pennsylvania German for April 1905).

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Chat About Your Friends

Lois Fullmer, 922 S. 8th St., is a member of the committee which will be in charge of a dance tonight at Bloomsburg State Teachers college. Miss Fulmer will have charge of programs.

Lorraine Lichtenwalner of Allentown has been elected senior representative of the Student Government Ass. at Bloomsburg State Teachers college.

Mrs. Clifford Jones, 69 Custer St., Wilkes-Barre, will celebrate her birthday anniversary tomorrow. Mrs. Jones is the former Kathryn Conrad, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Conrad, 419 E. Court St., Allentown.

Robert Weindel, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Weindel, 1420 Walnut St., Allentown, has enrolled with the current class at Babson Institute, Wellesley, Mass.

Mrs. Harry B. Schall, Allentown, has returned from a visit with her grandniece and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Beary Jr., Williamsport.

Clark P. Brown, 627 N. Muhlenberg St., Allentown, arrived Wednesday at San Pedro de Macoris, D. R., after flying from Miami aboard a Pan-American Clipper ship.

Gilda Gerlach, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gerlach, 610 Ridge Ave., is today celebrating her third birthday anniversary. Her mother observed her natal day last Tuesday.

Marie Schmeer, 738 Green St., has entered the University of Pennsylvania, where she will take up dental hygiene. Miss Schmeer was formerly employed by the Bell Telephone Co.

Celebrating their birthday anniversaries yesterday were: Florence Ziegler, 19 S. 4th St.; Stella Oswald, 940 N. 5th St.; Aaron Gaumer, 724 N. 16th St.; Kathryn Peters, 464 Union St.; Elmer Transue, 1024 S. 8th St., and Patrick Prutzman, 811 N. 6th St.

Thursday's birthday celebrants included: Grace Hanschue, 331 E. Howe St.; Louis Briggo, 851 Jordan St.; William Goebert, 433 N. 4th St.; and Jean Feifle, 922 N. 6th St.

Mrs. J. W. Griswold of Akron, O., is visiting her cousins, Anna F. and Miriam M. Weida, 238 N. 9th St. This is the first trip East in 13 years for Mrs. Griswold who is the former Edna Zimmerman.

John R. Wertz, 811 S. 7th St., and James Finley Sr., 907 Allen St., Allentown, and James F. Finley, Bethlehem, were guests at the New York World's Fair last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar L. Shoemaker and son Eugene of 213 Linden St., motored to Harrisburg to spend the weekend with friends.

Anna M. Schlegel of 117 N. 14th St., publicity chairman for the State Luther League, is in Greensburg assisting in the first of two departmental conferences sponsored by the Luther League of Pennsylvania for its district workers.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Schnerr, 223 Linden St., are the parents of a daughter born yesterday at 3.25 a. m. at the Sacred Heart hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. John Folwell of 614 St. Elmo St. are the parents of a son born at 1.28 o'clock Friday afternoon in the Allentown hospital.

Wright "ARCH-PRESERVER" Shoes

STOP FOOT ACHES




Wright Arch-Preserver shoes with their patented health features, make a dozen city blocks seem no farther than just around the corner. Come in—Try their easy street comfort— Their bond street styling.

The Colgate—$10
Black and Brown

WETHERHOLD & METZGER
Famous Men's Shoes
719 Hamilton Street — Allentown, Pa.

Dubbs Oyster Supper

The Dubbs Memorial Bible class of Dubbs Memorial Reformed church will conduct an oyster dinner and supper in the social rooms of the church at 5th and Allen Sts. on Wednesday, Oct. 25. Meals will be served from 11 a. m. to 1 p. m. and from 5 to 7 p. m. The women of the class are preparing a menu to tempt the appetites of all.

Obituaries

Man, 87, Found Dead on Birthday

James F. Bartholomew Conducted Hotel Livery Stables Many Years

Yesterday was the 87th birthday of James F. Bartholomew, 830½ N. 6th St., Allentown, and an impromptu party was held for him at his home but he had been ailing recently and asked one of the little girl guests to blow out the candles on his birthday cake, arranged in orders of seven and eight.

Shortly after 10 o'clock last night, Mr. Bartholomew, who conducted stables in connection with the best hotels in the city years ago, was found dead in the tub in the bathroom at his home.

Deputy Coroner Joseph Lieberman, M. D. and Detective Arthur V. Yohe were notified and the deputy coroner released the body.

Mr. Bartholomew was born in Slatedale, a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Bartholomew and had been a resident of this city for the past 62 years. He was preceded in death nine years ago by his wife, Henrietta, nee Semmel, Bartholomew.

When he came to this city, Mr. Bartholomew conducted the stables in connection with the Black Bear Hotel, which was on the site of the present Hess Bros. building and later had the stables at the Eagle Hotel, located on the northwest corner of Center Square where the Globe store stood later. He returned to the present Hess Bros. site when the Grand Central Hotel was located there and later conducted a stable at the Cross Keys Hotel, where the Strand theatre is now located. For a number of years he was connected with the Arbogast and Bastian Co. until he retired 12 years ago.

Mrs. J. C. Keller

Mother of Muhlenberg Faculty Man Dies in New York State

Word was received in Allentown yesterday morning of the death of Mrs. J. W. Keller, 36 Margaret St., Binghamton, N. Y., at the Binghamton hospital at 3 a. m. yesterday. Mrs. Keller was the mother of Dr. John C. Keller, member of the Muhlenberg college faculty.

Taken to the hospital immediately when she became seriously ill eight days ago, Mrs. Keller had been under medical treatment there since. Dr. Keller was called to his mother's bedside a week ago and remained in Binghamton until Sunday night. He was again called to the hospital Thursday night, reaching her before her death.

Mrs. Keller was known to a number of Allentonians from her frequent visits here, which included a week's stay at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Keller, 39 N. 15th St., in late August.

Born in Olean, N. Y., Mrs. Keller, a Presbyterian had been very active in her church and its organizations as well as the Literary Guild of Binghamton.

Surviving besides her son is a daughter Marie, wife of James Swain, Binghamton contractor.

Mrs. Jane L. Braucher

Kutztown Resident Was Aged 76 Years

Mrs. Jane L., nee Sechler, Braucher, widow of Alfred C. Braucher, died this morning at her home, 18 Maple St., Kutztown. She was 76 years old.

Mrs. George A. Leidich

Mother of Slatington High Principal Ill 8 Years

Mrs. Mary A. Leidich, mother of Frank Leidich, principal of the Slatington high school, died at 8.30 a. m. yesterday at her home, 736 3rd St., Catasauqua.

Mrs. Leidich had been in ill health since she suffered an apoplectic stroke eight years ago. She was 64 years old at the time of her death.

Born near Friedensville, Northampton county, she was a daughter of Enos and Sara, nee Lerch, Heft. In 1892 she was married to George A. Leidich and had resided in Catasauqua the past 42 years.

She was a member of St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran church and of the Women's Missionary society.

Surviving besides her husband and son Frank are four other sons: Raymond and Lloyd of Painesville, O.; Russell of Catasauqua, and Edwin, head of the science department at Catasauqua High school, and six grandchildren.

Services will be held at 2 p. m. on Monday from the Oliver S. Burkholder funeral home, 3rd and Walnut Sts., Catasauqua. Interment will be made in the Fairview cemetery, Catasauqua.

(Continued on Page Eleven)

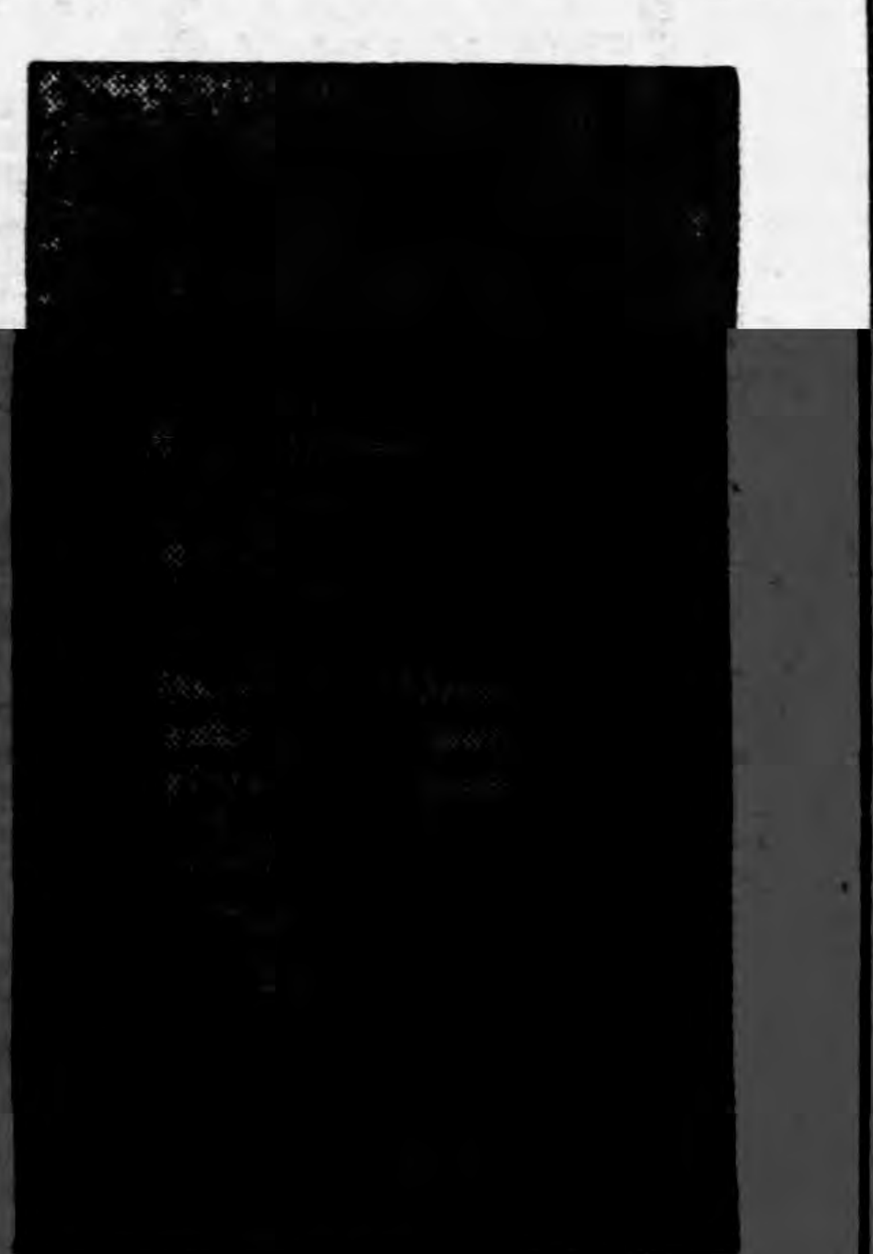
Deaths

KEIPER—In this city, Oct. 6, 1939, Kate R. (Boyer) Keiper, widow of Edwin D. Keiper, in her 65th year.
Relatives, friends and members of the Sunbeam Circle class of the Zion U. B. church are respectfully invited to attend funeral services from her late home, 1234½ Tilghman St., Tuesday at 3 p. m. Interment in Greenwood cemetery. Friends are invited to call at the late home Monday, 7-9 p. m. O. S. R.

BITTENBENDER—In this city, Oct. 6, 1939, Frank G. Bittenbender, son of Hannah (Measler) Steinberger and the late Mano Bittenbender, aged 58 years, 8 months and 5 days.
Relatives, friends, employes of the Allentown Bobbin Co. and members of organizations with which he was affiliated are respectfully invited to attend services from the Rabenold funeral home, 116 S. 8th St., Tuesday at 1 p. m. Interment in the St. Peter's Union church cemetery, near Macungie. Friends are invited to call at the funeral home Monday, 7-9 p. m. O. S. R.

SCHEETZ—In this city, Oct. 6, 1939, Jacob Scheetz, aged 63 years.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend services at the Ernest B. Zimmerman funeral home, 1124 Walnut St., Monday at 2 p. m. Interment Grandview cemetery. Friends are invited to call at the funeral home Sunday, 7-9 p. m. Ernest B. Zimmerman.

CRESSMAN—In this city, Oct. 6, 1939, Jesse D. Cressman husband of the late Ida (Miller) Cressman, in his 69th year.
Relatives, friends and members of organizations with which he was affiliated are respectfully invited to attend services at the Rabenold funeral home, 116 S. 8th St., Monday at 1:30 p. m. Interment in Hillside cemetery. Friends are invited to call at the funeral home Sunday 7-9 p. m. O. S. R.



WILLIAM S. LIVENGOOD

REPUBLICAN COUNTY MEETING

Today, October 7th

2 P. M.

Castle Garden

DORNEY PARK

MUSIC

By

Pioneer Band of Allentown

HEAR

HON. WILLIAM S. LIVENGOOD, Jr.

Secretary of Internal Affairs

MISS MARION MARTIN

VICE-CHAIRMAN REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE

Other Prominent Republicans

Meeting Will Be Held
Under Cover in Castle Garden
Regardless of Weather



MARION E. MARTIN



SCHPOTYOHR

Mer sicht un heert as es Schpotyohr do iss. Uf alle Seite waerd mer des bewaahr.

Die Gricksel greische owets un nachts as em kalt der Buckel nuf laaft.

Die Feggel sin am ausziege far der Winder an waarme Bletz schpende.

Die Cider Press iss bissy.

Die Bauere sin ball faerdich ihre Frucht eisammle.

Die Polly gebt widder Beweis as die Hausbutzgichtere schier iwwer sie kumme.

Die Fairs sin schun im Gang.

All die Familye hen scheints ihre Reunions g'hatt. Sie kennen nanner now besser wie devor.

Lattwaerrick Parties warren g'halte im Land.

Die Parks in der Schtadt warren zugemacht.

Die Weibsleit gucken rum far die neie Fashions nohmache.

Karessiere uf der Porch waerd unblessierlich.

Die yunge Haahne graehe blessierlich eb sie die Kepp verliere.

Die Kinner fange aa in die Schul geh mit grosse Seifzer.

Die Eldere sin froh as sie net die Kinner tende misse darrich der Daag.

Grumbiere kumme runner un Kohle gehne nuf.

Die Vacation Leit kumme heem un gratze widder far die expenses meete.

Der Wind iss heecher un brummt lauter.

Die Kandidaate warren haerzsaftticher.

Hochziche kumme in fashion.

All des un meh gemahnt em wichdichlich as der Summer verbei iss.

Viel Leit winsche es waer immer Summer un annere as es alfert Winder waer. Es iss ee gut Ding in unserm Land: es hot Bletz as es alfert waarm iss odder alfert kalt. Mer kann dann hie geh wu's em's beschte basst.

Iss es net ordlich as es Wechsel vum Yohr un vum Wedder so viel zu duh hot mit unserm Lewe? Mer muss so viel verennere far sich neischicke. Mer muss anneri Aerwet oft aafange, annere Gleeder weare, un sich annerschter gewehne yuscht far besser fiehle debei. Un doch sin so viel Leit net zufridde. Sie hetten gaern Winter im Summer un Summer im Winter, un alles annerscht. Es scheint, sie fiehle's bescht, wann sie ebbes zu grageele un glaage hen.

Awwer so geht's. Mer sin net all gleich genotioned. Wann mer waeren, waer's aa net gut.

HIROM HULLERHECK

(From the Macungie Progress, Sept. 8, 1910, by courtesy of Mr. O. P. Knauss.)

DIE GOSSIPS

Sie wisse yuscht about Alles
  Was in em Town vorgeht,
Vun Yung un Alt, von Glee un Gross,
  Vun Buwe un vun Maed.

Sie wisse was en Mann verdient,
  Un was en yeder schpent,
Was far ihn schteht vun seinre Aunt
  In ihrem Teschtament.

Sie wisse wu er owets bleibt,
  Wann sei Fraa hockt allee,
Un wie sei Kinner in der Schul
  In ihre Classes schteh.

Sie wisse wann der Butcher net
  Sei Bills collecte kann;
Sie wisse wann die Sallie Jones
  Globbt ihr versoffner Mann.

Sie wisse wann die Mary Schmidt
  Hot aa en neier Frock;
Sie wisse sie hot ihn gekaaft
  Mit wennich Geld im Sack.

Sie wisse wer die Hinkel schtehlt,
  Warum die Haahne graehe!
Un viel, viel meh, was gaar net waahr
  Un niemols iss geschehe.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL
1862—1934

Die Leit wu Alfert g'heert sei welle.

Hoscht du in deim Lewe en Engine g'examined? Wann du hoscht, hoscht du acht gewwe, as die gleene Redder, wu die Machine dreiwe, die wennischt Yacht mache? Es Fly-raad, des brummt un blost un schlagt rum un mer meent es daet es gans Ding im Gang halde, un doch daet's ken Zoll mov-e wann's net waer far die gleene schtille Redlin unnich der Engine as mer schier net sehne kann, un as alles mit Schmutz verschmiert sin.

So iss es mit de Leit. Wann en Movement g'schtart waerd, dann sin alsfert e deel as es blose duhne, fliege rum un mache en Fuss as wann sie die gans Machine waere—un die Fact iss, sie duhne gans wennich unni sie hen ihre Seck gelined mit guter Pay far alle Move as sie gemacht hen. Sie manage, as alsfert ihre Naame var de Leit iss, eb sie es heere welle odder net. Sie kenne's denk ich net helfe. Es iss en Grankkheit as sie hen far wolfeli Notoriety, un ich denk es daet sie dot mache wann niemand ihne helfe daet ihre Reputation ufhalde.

Du kannscht der Unnerschitt sehne an der Grick. Wu's Wasser dief iss, heerscht du ken Yacht. Dart iss wu die grosse Fisch leie. Dernoh geh an en Riffle un dart heerscht du awwer en Yacht. Do iss es Wasser dinn un du finscht do die Suckers.

Nemm en Baerl un fill's mit Sand un roll's en Hiwwel nunner. Du heerscht ken Yacht. Nemm dernoh der Sand raus un duh e paar Walniss nei un du meenscht der Deiwel waer losgebroche, wann du's der Hiwwel nunner rollscht.

Es iss net der Mann wu die gross Racket macht, as die viel Aerwet dutt. Es iss der schtill Mann, wu net die Zeit hot far sei Naame zu schpasiere var de Leit, as die Bissniss dutt. Der Mann wu ehrlich, ufrichtich un hartschaffich iss, brauch sei naame net advertised griege. Seller Mann schafft far Karakter. Der anner schafft far Reputation. Es iss en grosser Unnerschitt g'schwische Karakter un Reputation. Karakter iss was en Mann really iss. Reputation iss was die Leit meene as er iss. An Ounce Karakter iss meh wert as en Carload Reputation, un en Mann as meh concerned iss in seinere Reputation as in seim Karakter, dem kannscht du net draue noch sehe Uhr in der Nacht. Wann en Mann getempt iss far letz duh un er guckt der ins Aag un saagt: "Ich kann's net duh. Es iss net recht," dann nemmt der Deiwel en hinnere Sitz. Sell iss Karakkter. Wann er awwer saagt, "Ich darf's net duh, ich waerr ausg'funne," dann look out! Seller iss bang far sei Reputation, un wann der Weg glaar waer, as er net daet ausg'funne warre, dann daet er die goldner Benner schtehle an der Himmelsdeer un der naegscht Sunndaag widder's Nachtmohl nemme wie en General.

Awwer so iss die Welt. Es nemmt alle Sarte Leit far sie fille, un es sin about vaerzich per cent schlechte in der Lot, awwer vun all denne schlechte behiet dich vum Mann, as sei Naame peddled as wie en Pohaahne sei Schwanz—alsfert in der Heeh, wann er denkt as ebber guckt.

Aus'm BOONASTIEL
(T. H. Harter, 1854-1933)

Vum Lattwaerrick Koche

EDWARD HERMANY

1832—1896

Goodbye, ihr aernschte Sache,
Ich will mol Vaersche mache
  Uf gans en annri Ort un Weis!
Die scheene Buweyohre,
Uf ewich now verlore,
  Die hen als noch en guder Breis.

Ich weess es dutt em reie,
Dass sie begraawe leie,
  Un bliehe niemols widder uf;
Mer meege wie mer wolle
Die gans weit Welt ausdrolle —
  Mer hole aus em Graab nix ruf!

Doch des iss widder draurich!
Mei Dichter Himmel schaurich
  Un dick mit schwarze Wolke g'schtreet!
Well, well, en diefer Kummer
Grickt lang ken feschder Schlummer—
  Des weess der allerdummscht Brofet!

Muss ich am End browiere
En bissel karessiere
  Beim Lattwaerrick Koche in der Kich?
Velleicht dutt's Haerzweh weiche,
Wu Seele zamme schleiche
  Un waerme sich un—brenne sich!

So'n Scheelmetsch auszulege,
Iss net in meim Vermeege—
  Ich meen so pinktlich, wie's sei sott!
Ich waar net eemol gange,
Ich hab net g'hat 's Verlange,
  Wie yedi annri gleeni Grott!

Kannscht's Maul net besser halte?
Du brauchscht die Schtarn net falte,
  Wann ich so sing "Wie'n gleeni Grott"!
In alle gleene Pfitze
Hot's grosse Wunnerfitze—
  Mer heesse sie — doch net zum Schpott!

Zum erschte—'s Ebbellese,
Des iss en recht schee Wese
  So lang mer hungrich iss un esst;
Doch's Maul muss endlich ruge,
Wie Ochse iwwerm Bluge—
  Noh henkt die Sunn lang in der West.

Un so des Cider Mache—
(Was dutt die Miehl als grache!)
  So lang mer darschtich iss un drinkt;
Yedoch der Maage fillt sich,
Un all's Verlange schtillt sich,
  Noh guckt mer ob die Sunn ball sinkt!

Die Nochberschaft iss g'heesse,
Verschteh, net alle—G'schmeesse!
  'S waerd oft e bissel Schpeit veriebt,
Un nimmand eigelaade,
Der karzlich waar im Schaade,
  Der schee iss un zu viel geliebt!

Die Kiche un die Schtuwwe,
Die sin voll Maed un Buwe,
  Allrum g'dresst so zimmlich schmart.
Mer meent 's waer net yuscht schicklich
Doch gucke sie so glicklich,
  Un denke all: "'S iss wull dewaert!"

Die Maed un die Buwe sitze
Im ring rum iwwerm Schnitze
  Gans naegscht beinanner anyhow!
Un Mitte in dem Ringche,
Was schteht dann do far'n Dingche?
  En Ziwwerche—ich sehn es now!

Vun Aafang geht's wie Blitze,
'S iss g'fillt mit scheene Schnitze,
  Un muss schun weggedraage sei!
Ferwas ken Zuwwer schtelle?
Ihr dumme Schofgeselle—
  Noh kaemte zu viel Grutze nei.

Paar Schaeler mit paar Miehle,
Die hocke fescht uf Schtiehle,
  Un draage g'schwind un bollre laut;
Doch des iss aa verschtennich,
Am Blaudre hinnert's wennich,
  Un macht die Bleede meh verdraut!

Now kummt mol eens mit Cider,
Des macht die Haerze heider—
  Mer hen's als annerscht g'sunge, Jake!
Doch ich bin baddich heeflich,
In der Moral unschtraeflich—
  Mit sellem bleibscht mer yuscht eweck!

Vum Koche un vum Riehre
Maag ich gaar nix aafiehre.
  Beim Schnitze un de scheene Maed,
Beim Cider un beim Lache,
Beim Pischbre un so Sache,
  Do hawwich alleweil mei Freed!

Hurrah! all sin die Ebbel!
Now weck mit dem Gerebbel—
  Die Ziwwer naus, der Floor geschwiebt—
Es geht ans Ringschlack schpiele,
Mit Haerze voll Gefiehle,
  Die noch ken Elend hot bedriebt!

Die Wohret laut im Ganse,
Das sett deelmol aa danse
  Bis dass der Daag im Oschte bleecht!
Now iss mei Zeit—ich wunner
Was ich do duh, beim Dunner—
  In aller Luschtbaarkeit verscheecht!

Gutnacht un gute Marye!
So Lattwaerrick macht viel Sarye—
  Net yuscht des Koche bei der Nacht,
But newe bei noch Schmaerze
In unerfaahrne Haerze—
  Hoscht du so'n Scheelmetsch mitgemacht?

Gut Nacht un gute Marye,
Wer vun der Nacht dutt barye
  Waerd Koppweh griege yuscht wie ich!
Verdolltes Ebbelscheele,
Un vun de Maed verzaehle—
  Du weeches Kisse, bischt far mich!

Wer fromm iss un zufriede,
Den duhn die Engel hiede,
  Wann er sich legt zum Schlofe hie.
Der Jacob hot yo g'sehne,
Wie uf un ab sie gehne
  Vum Himmel hoch—glaabscht net an sie?

Drum duh ich Haerz voll singe
Var alle annre Dinge,
  Zum siesse Schlof, der iss zu lowe,
Vun yedermann uf Erde,
In Freede un Beschwerde—
  Bis an der Himmel nuf zu lowe!

Die Aerwet un die Sarye,
Die kumme alle Marye—
  Doch alle Owet kummt der Schlof!
So sing ich un so denk ich
Un yederm Mensch, dem schenk ich
  Den Wunsch: "Gott geb ihm siesser Schlof!"

Edward Hermany's Poem

"Vum Lattwaerrick Koche," appearing in this issue of the ECK, has never before been printed. The editor has believed it desirable to recast Hermany's spelling, which was based rather arbitrarily upon that of the English. For those who may find the poet's original forms interesting, we print here the first four stanzas of the poem.

FOOM LOTWERK KUCHA

Goodbye, iehr arnshda Socha,
Ich will mull Farsa mocha,
  Oof gons 'n onry Awrt oon Wise!
Dea shaena Boova Yohra,
Oof ayvig now f'rlohra,
  Dea hea ols nuch 'n goohda Brise.

Ich wase 's dood 'm rya,
Dos sea bagrawva lya,
  Oon bleaha neamoles widder oof;
M'r mayga wea m'r wulla,
Dea gons wide Welt ausdrulla—
  M'r hohla ouse 'm Grawb nix roof!

Duch des is widder drowrig!
My Dichter Himmel showrig,
  Oon dick mit shwordsa Wulka g'shdrayt:
Well, well, 'n deefer Koommer,
Grickt lung k'n feshda Schloommer—
  Des wase d'r ollerdoomsht Bruffayt!

Mooss ich om End braveera,
'N bissel "Korrasoora"
  Byme "Lotwerk-kucha" in d'r Kich?
F'rlicht dood's H'rdswae wycha
Woo Sayla tsomma schlycha,
  Oon werma sich oon—brenna sich!

Chat About Your Friends

Mrs. Samuel Snyder, 205 E. Union St.; is a patient in the Allentown hospital.

Yesterday's birthday list included: Gordon Bishof, 226 E. Elm St.; Helen LaMar, 734 Hickory St.; Mary McMullen, 354 Barber St.; Letizia Taverna, 836 N. Jordon St.; May Moker, 305½ N. Jordan St.; Anna Korotek, 710 Gordon St.; Anna Yabletsky, 164 Bridge St.; Mrs. Mae E. Volheye, 529 N. Howard St.; Robert Williams, 233 N. Fountain St.; Bernard Stimmer, 523 N. Jordan St.; Jean Yohe, 22 N. 7th St.; Robert Wallitsch, 341 Linden St.

Thursday's birthday celebrants were the following: Russell Handwerk, 244½ E. South St.; David Defrain, 215 Foundry St.; Elsie Spangler, 523 N. 7th St.; Walter Reese, Allentown, R. 3; Edward Vitalos, 726 Railroad St.; George Yanolko, 111 Bryan St.; Gloria Roma, 807 N. Jordan St.; Jane Adams, 822 N. 10th St.; Ruth Yoder, 513 N. 6th St.; Carl Lentz, 624 Whitehall St.; Mary Argeson, 453 N. St.; Virginia Beischel, 617½ Cedar St.; Donald Mertz, 932 Allen St.; and Dorothy Lirvies, 613 New St.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Gombes, 844 N. Penn St., returned home on Wednesday from New York.

Melba Schmalzigan, 143 N. 9th St., is a patient at the Allentown hospital.

Recent New York World's Fair visitors included: Thelma Andrews, 209 E. Union St.; Preston Bessler, 745 Fountain St.; Frank Coaster, 818 N. 9th St.; Jay Demmy, 810½ N. 9th St.; William Kizer, 502 Allen St.; Warren Briesch, 619 N. Law St.; Donald Derhammer, 438 Chestnut St.; William Dankel, 427 Turner St.; Sarah Knerr, 823 Linden St.; Mr. and Mrs. Allen Sell, Allentown R. 2; Mr. and Mrs. Herman Shafer, 532 N. Law St.; and Mr. and Mrs. Theaster Shafer, 528 Green St.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Lory, 732 N. 9th St., marked their 19th wedding anniversary yesterday.

Mrs. Mayme M. Yost, 711 St. John St., has returned from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Lester Wolfe, New London, N. H., where Mr. Wolfe has joined the faculty of Colby Jr., College.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Ramage, 2348 Tilghman St., stopped at the Hotel Commodore while in New York City.

Robert M. Kline, 238 N. 11th St., who is a patient at the Allentown hospital where he is receiving medical treatment, observed his 61st birthday anniversary on Thursday. Mr. Kline is a floor man on the first floor of H. Leh and Co.

Word has been received of the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Grube, San Diego, Calif., on Wednesday, Oct. 4. Mr. Grube is serving in the U. S. Navy and is stationed on the U. S. S. Dorsey. Grandparents for the first time are Mr. and Mrs. Warren F. Grube, 236 N. 10th St., this city.

Carolyn Phillips, 26 N. 18th St., has been pledged to Alpha Epsilon Phi sorority at Syracuse University.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Miller and children, Gloria, Thomas, Kenneth and Gerald, 114 S. Brook St., and Betty Murdy, 367 Union St., were recent guests in New York City and the World's Fair.

John McNally, son of James C. McNally, 112 N. 10th St., is enrolled at Kiski prep school and has won a berth as a guard on the school's football team.

In honor of her 21st birthday, Mrs. Paul Kemmerling, 1218 Gordon St., was given a surprise party by Mr. and Mrs. Grover Ehret, 1220 Gordon St.

Willard Seidel, 806½ N. 9th St., and Albert Felex, 940 St., visited friends in Sunbury.

Obituaries

Henry A. Beltz

Was Democratic Committeeman of Emerald

Henry A. Beltz, Democratic committeeman of Emerald, died at his home in Emerald at 11:35 p. m. Thursday, aged 38 years

Mr. Beltz, who was active in several fraternal organizations, was a silk worker. He was a member of St. Peter's Evangelical church of Emerald

Fraternally, he was affiliated with Slatington lodge, No. 624, I.O.O.F.; Emerald Castle No. 221, A.O.K of M.C.; Emerald Assembly, No. 62, Daughters of Naomi.

A native of Emerald, he was the son of the late Thomas and Sussana, nee Dorward, Beltz.

Besides his wife, nee Arlene Smith, there survive two brothers, Arthur of Allentown and Ernest of Emerald.

His pastor, Rev. E. M. Moyer, will officiate at funeral services to be held at the late home on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. Burial will be made in the Union cemetery, Slatington.

Mrs. Elizabeth Miller

87-year-old Woman Dies at Sister's Home in Tamaqua

Funeral services for Mrs. Elizabeth Miller, 87, who died Thursday night at the home of her sister, Mrs. John Cox, 116 Greenwood St., Tamaqua, will be conducted at 2 p. m. Monday from the E. Franklin Griffiths funeral parlors, Tamaqua. Rev. George Powis, pastor of the Primitive Methodist church, Tamaqua, will officiate. Interment will be made in the Odd Fellows cemetery.

Mrs. Miller, nee Fenstermacher, had resided with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. William Correll, Elwood apartments, Schuylkill Ave., Tamaqua. She suffered a heart attack Tuesday. She had been visiting her sister the past two weeks.

Daughter of the late Peter and Abbie Fenstermacher, she was born in Summit Hill. Her husband, Samuel, died about 22 years ago.

Also surviving are a son, William Miller, Hazleton, and a sister, Mrs. Abbie Moyer, Dunellen, N. J.; three grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

John D. Scholl

Retired Slate-worker Dies at Slatington, Aged 80

John D. Scholl, retired slate worker, died yesterday afternoon at 1:50 o'clock at the home of William William, 595 W. Church St., Slatington, at the age of 80 years. He had been ill several weeks.

Born in Saegersville, he was the son of the late Griffith and Angelina (Salem) Scholl. He was a member of the St. John's Reformed church, Slatington.

Survivors include one daughter, Mrs. Edward Prior, New Haven, Conn.; two sons, Charles of Bayonne, N. J., and Allen of Hartford, Conn.; a brother, Richard Scholl, Bethlehem.

Services will be held Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the funeral home of David Heintzelman, 314 2nd St., Slatington. Interment in Fairview cemetery, Slatington. Viewing at the funeral home, Sunday, 7-9 p. m.

James Leviedies

Funeral Services Sunday Afternoon for Bethlehem Man

James Leviedies, 43, died Friday morning at his home, 309 Fillmore St., Bethlehem. Survivors are his wife, Mary and two sons, John and George, at home.

Funeral services at 2 p. m. Sunday in the home of H. A. Conahan, 413 E. 4th St. and at 2:30 p. m. in St. Nicholas Greek Orthodox church. Burial in the parish cemetery.

Alfonso DeNofa

Bethlehem Man in Hospital Four Days

Alfred DeNofa, 738 Shields St., Bethlehem, died at 12:45 p. m. Friday in St. Luke's hospital, where he was admitted Monday, for medical treatment.

Survivors are his wife, Marie Assetto DeNofa; a son, Thomas, and two daughters, Anna of Bethlehem and Mrs. Margaret Durant, Philadelphia.

A resident of Bethlehem for 35 years he was a member of the Sons of Italy. Funeral at 9:30 a. m. Monday from the late home with requiem mass at 9:30 a. m. in the Holy Rosary church. Burial in St. Michael's cemetery.

Laid to Rest

HERBERT SAYLOR

The funeral of Herbert Saylor was held from his late home, 912 Sherman St., on Wednesday at 9 a. m. High mass of requiem was offered in the Church of Our Lady Help of Christians at 9:30 o'clock. Interment was made in the Sacred Heart cemetery. Rev. Joseph Matlus was the celebrant at the mass and also conducted the committal services.

The pallbearers were: Henry Roedel, Frank Kinsinger, Andrew Zimmerman, Edward Buehrle, Joseph Scharle and Mr. Schnurman.

Donors of floral tributes were: Children, grandchildren, Millie, Eleanor and Harold, Mr. and Mrs. John Beehrle and family, Lollie, Mark and Jim, Herman Spiegel and family, Mrs. Rose Commerford and family, Mr. and Mrs. C. Peters and family, Allentown Bethlehem Gas Co., Schade family, Yost family, neighbors, fellow employes of American Steel and Wire Co., Ladies Card club, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bartholomew and family

Spiritual bouquets were offered by: Mother, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Saylor and family, Frank Saylor, uncle Frank Stolpe, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Roedel, Anna and Ray Roedell and family, Mr. and Mrs. William Buehrle, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Buehrle, Joseph Hoffman family, Catherine Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. Peter King, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Yates, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kinsinger, Mrs. Florence Buck, Anna Sauers. The slumber robe was presented by the family.

OSCAR F. KING

The funeral of Oscar F. King was held at the late home, 1804 Hanover Ave., Rev. Warren Heiney officiating. Interment took place in Rittersville cemetery.

Floral tributes were from: Brothers and sisters, Betty and John, Elmer and Rose, Dorothy, Florence, Ted and Teddie, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Kleckner and family, nephews Merritt and Albert, nieces Clara and Virginia, Ted, Jacob and Peter Kleppinger.

Pallbearers were: Paul O. Brown, John King, Elmer King Jr., Theodore LaRose, Howard Kleckner.

LEONARD ZAK

The funeral of Leonard Zak was held from his late home, 629 Penn St., North Catasauqua. High mass of requiem was sung in Saint Andrews church at 9:30 a. m. Rev. E. A. Kucharic was celebrant and also conducted committal services in Saint Andrew's cemetery. Pall bearers were Steve Danko, John Molchan, Steve Rusnok, John Chus, John J. Kovach and Andrew Kocis.

Floral tributes: Wife and family, children, L. O. O. M. No. 1362, Catasauqua; Moravek family, F. W. Wint and Co., F. W. Wint and Co. employes, Joseph Chvila and family, neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Benorick.

Spiritual bouquets: Joseph Chvila and family, Stephen and Theresa Janega.

Slumber robe was given by the wife.

BYRON C. DAUBENSPECK

Funeral services for Byron C. Daubenspeck were held at the Rabenold Funeral home, 116 S. 8th St. Rev. Wunder officiated. Interment was made in the Highland cemetery.

The pallbearers were: George A. Smith, William Minnich, John Hoffman, George Lehr, Daniel Stettler, and J. Herbert Kohler.

Floral tributes were from family and sister-in-law Pauline: brother John and family; grandchildren: Dorothy, Anna May, Roy Jr. and Ray; brother Clarence and family; Tina, Arnold and Paul; William Brandauer, Pauline and John Schaub; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kemmerer and family; Helen Englert; neighbors; Good Will Fire Engine Co. No. 3.

FRANK BITTENBENDER

Funeral services for Frank Bittenbender were held in the Rabenold Funeral home, Rev. Kauffman officiated. Interment was in St. Peter's church cemetery.

Pallbearers, all fellow employes of the Allentown Robbin works, were: Eugene Keller, James Gehris, William Schleicher, Paul Wolf, Harold Barnes, and C. J. George.

Floral tributes were from: Family, sister Stella and family, uncle, Charles and wife, Homer the boys, good friends, and Allentown Bobbin works.

AARON J. HARTER

The funeral of Aaron J. Harter was held on Thursday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock at his late home, Germansville R. 1. Services were continued in the Heidelberg church and interment was made in the adjoining cemetery. Rev. E. S. Kidd officiated. The bearers were directors of the New Tripoli National Bank: William Krause, Robert Peters, Elmer Bachman, Nathan Snyder, George Bausch and James Loy.

The floral tributes were for the children, grandchildren, sister Carrie and William, nephew George and family, sister Emma and Rob, B. G. Hoffman and family, Mr. and Mrs. Owen Metzger, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Schellhamer, Horace Gosser, Mr. and Mrs. George Warner and family, Kistler and Stopp family, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Hartman, Chas. Stettler and and family, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Leh, William F. Deibert, Mark Hoffman and family, Walter R. Unangst, Allied Mills Inc.; John Deer Plow Co., Directors of the Lehigh Valley Motor club, Germansville Fire Co., Lehigh County Hotel and Restaurant Assn., Lehigh Exchange and employes, Pennsylvania Independent Oil Co., New Tripoli National Bank. Employees of Germansville Post Office, George Herber, Willis Hunsicker, Lillian Herber, Albert Hoppes, Floyd Schmick, Marvin Harter, Allentown Nest 127 Fraternal Order of Oricles, S. L. Jones, Keystone Portland Cement, girls and boys of office, Pleasant Corner ball club, Baugh & Sco. Co., B. P. O. E. 1284, Allied Mills.

The slumber robe was presented by the wife.

Deaths

KRAYNAK—In Allentown, Oct. 12, 1939, Alice, daughter of Stephen and Anna (Michrina) Kraynak, aged 8 years, 8 months and 26 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from the William J. Weber funeral home, 334 N. 2nd St., Monday at 9:15 a. m. High mass will be offered in St. Michael's Greek Catholic church, Ridge Ave. and Green St., at 9:30 a. m. Interment in St. Michael's cemetery. Friends may call Sunday from 7 to 9 p. m. Weber.

KLOIBER—In Allentown, Oct. 13, 1939, Julius, husband of Hedwig (Unser) Kloiber, aged 54 years, 3 months and 5 days.

Relatives, friends and organizations with which he was affiliated are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from his late home, the Exchange hotel, 433 Lehigh St., Allentown, Monday at 9:15 a. m. High mass of requiem will be offered at 10 o'clock in the Sacred Heart church. Interment in Sacred Heart cemetery. Friends may call Sunday from 7 to 9 p. m. Weber.

RARIG—Entered into rest, Oct. 12, 1939, Sarah C., wife of Elias Rarig, aged 78 years.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral service Monday, 10:30 a. m., from the late residence, Ringtown, Schuylkill county. Burial in the Lutheran cemetery. Friends may call Sunday evening, 7 to 9.

Paul J. Zimmerman, Bethlehem.

SCHOLL—At Slatington, Oct. 13, 1939, John D. Scholl, aged 80 years, 3 months, 29 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend services Monday at 2 p. m. at the funeral home of David Heintzelman, 314 2nd St., Slatington. Interment in Fairview cemetery, Slatington. Friends are invited to call at the funeral home Sunday, 7-9 p. m.

David Heintzelman.

Ernest B Zimmerman
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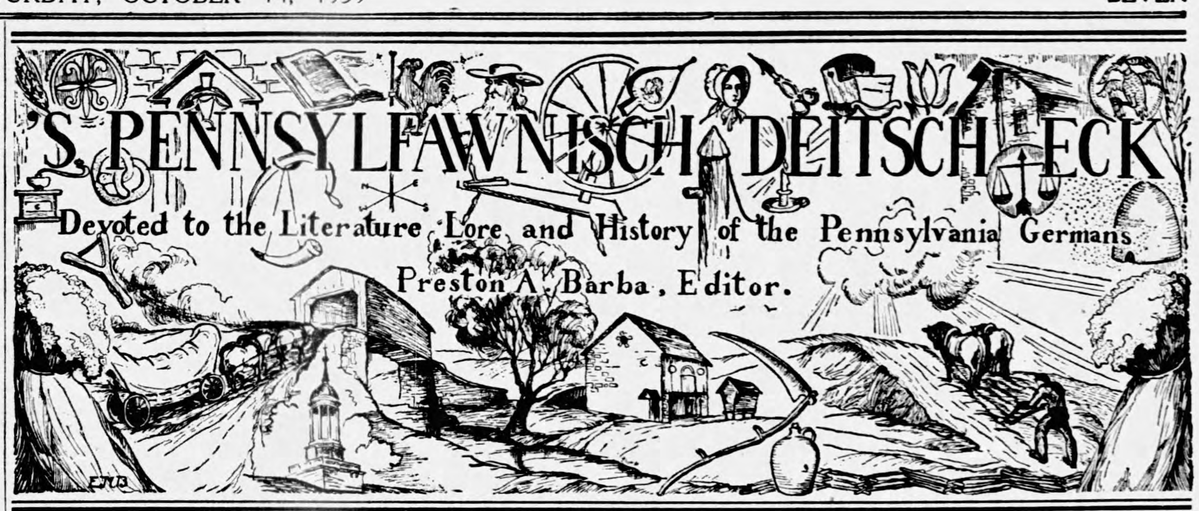

IM HAERBSCHT

Die Bletter falle sachte
Un leis as wie der Schnee;
Sie glenze rot un brau un geel,
Un alles guckt so schee.

So iss yeder Busch un Gaarde,
Un yeder Baam un Blumm;
Un hinne draa die Berge blo
Schtehn wie Soldaate schtumm.

Draa denke macht mich draurich,
Die Yohre gehn dohie;
Yuscht wie Bletter vun de Baem,
Un niemand hinnert sie.

Mer kennt die Yohre faerwe
Yuscht wie die Bletter schee,
Mit gute Daate, das mer daet,
Dass Mensche kennte seh.

Noh waer des Menschelewe,
Anschtatt en Schand e Bracht;
Un die Yohre daete falle,
Wie der Schnee so sanft un sacht.

—Louise A. Weitzel
(1862-1934)

Nimmi Wie's Waar

Der Schimmelgaul schteht an de Fens
Un hot net viel zu saage;
Die Welt hot wennich meh far ihn,
Er muss sei Elend draage.

Sie breich'n en net far fohre geh,
Sie gehne nau un kumme
Als wie en Schtraahle unni Geil,
Es dutt yuscht wennich brumme.

Die Wegge fliege hie un haer,
Die Schtross so ruf un nunner;
Es puscht sie nix, es ziegt sie nix,
Un gehne wie der Dunner.

Die Hexewegge gucke dumm,
Der Schimmelgaul muss lache;
Doch wie sie fohre, wees er net,
Kann's kenne Weg ausmache.

Ihn hen sie als ins Weggli g'schpannt
Un sin noh fatt schpaziere,
Odder fohre in de Landschaft rum
Un duhne sich blessiere.

Die Kutsch waerd aus em Schopp gepuscht,
Wann sie noch de Kaerrich gehne;
Der Daadi graddelt iwwers Raad,
Die Memm sitzt bei de Gleene.

Un uf em Heemweg mannich Mol,
Mache sie der Schimmel dratte,
Un fohre Race der Turnpike haer—
Was hen sie G'schpass als g'hatte.

Now schtet der Schimmel dart allee,
Sei Aage drieb mit Dreene;
Fresst an de Fens, guckt uf un ab,
Ken Weggli kann er sehne.

Er laaft eweck, sei Haerz iss schwer,
Ken Blatz meh far die Alte;
Iss alles nei, geht alles schwift,
Kann nimmi mit ufhalte.

Mir misse uns, so kummt's ihm ei,
In die neie Wege schicke;
Noh schwentzelt er, tschumpt in die Heh,
Un dutt e paar mol kicke.

Der Gus
(William H. Erb)

Unser Reichdum

Sie kumme vun alle Seite,
Die Kinner weit un breit,
Un fille e manches Schulhaus
Mit Yugendluschtigkeit.

Sie saage uns iwwer un iwwer:
"Amerika iss gross"
Es scheint as wann der Himmel
Legt alles in unser Schoss.

Doch Reichdum beschteht net in Felder,
In Factories un Geld.
Die gewwe uns nix zu bragge
Iwwer annere uf der Welt.

Wann Amerika will beschtehe,
Braucht es en feschter Grund
Vun Schulheiser un Kaerriche
Voll Kinner braf un gesund.

Un loss die Kinner.lerne,
Dass Fried iss besser wie Schtreit;
Un Recht iss besser as Kanone,
Un Lieb wie Dynamite!

—Louise A. Weitzel

Brassica Oleracea Capitata Fermentum

By DR. ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

FORGIVE the etymological capers cut by this curious caption. Vainglorious ostentation does not inspire it, nor is it pedagocial pedantry. There is involved no attempt to invent imperial terminology, even though, forsooth, few edible garden products are so worthy of majestic nomenclature as is the succulent delicacy of which I write. Since infancy I have thrilled and thrived on saur-kraut but alas! there is no standard spelling for the word. Phonetics has led to vicious orthography. Saur kraut; sour crout; souer graut; sauer kraut, all these and others are used promiscuously and carelessly. Consequently this culinary waif has no standing in court and is ruled out in many of the best families.

During the World War hysteria against everything German, surcharged editors urged that the German sauer kraut be Americanized, suggesting as a fantastic substitute "liberty cabbage". A few fad fanatics followed the suggestions, but the terms never advanced beyond the facetious stage. Staid old housewives still served saur kraut to the edification of all who inhaled its pungent aroma and regaled themselves with its piquant flavor.

The German language has been acclaimed as a tongue in which nouns have singular meanings. The wide range of its vocabulary alolws separate words to designate names of things. And yet the word "kraut" is bent to serve many and devious purposes. The noun may describe any herb, a generic term for weeds; sumac; a cure; a rascal; an ordeal; a jelly; a garden hoe; a country bumpkin; lettuce or foliage of any kind. The word is not a specific. Sour kraut might mean any fermented leaves judging by its etymology.

Brassica Oleracea describes any leafy plant of the cabbage family; **Capitata** isolates the solid cabbage head; and **Fermentum** describes the chemical action which transforms the humble garden vegetable into a relish for peasants and kings provided their tastes have been properly cultivated. Cumbersome though the four-word term may be, it is clear, unmistakable and unmisinterpretable (excuse please). If beeksteak can become filet mignon; if baby sharks can be cut into fillet of sole and tuna fish can be christened chicken-of-the-sea; there is no extant legislation against labelling sour-kraut as **Brassica Oleracea Capitata Fermentum.**

The cabbage is the noblest of all our vegetables. It is the only thing in all creation which grows with its heart in its head. Insects and their larvae attack its outer ramparts but its strength is from within and given a fair chance in combat with its beseigers it will build new walls and bastions faster and firmer than its enemies can devour or penetrate its protective covering. Arsenate of lead, or other insecticides under various guises can be showered on its surface without impairing its wholesomeness to the human system, because it grows from the inside, bulging, tightening, solidfying from the dewy dawn through the starlit night. From a narrow stem it is fed into globes, rotund eliptical or oval, many times the thickness of the supporting trunk. Nothing that grows becomes quite as fat, nothing else will defry frost, drought and parasites as effectually. Nothing maintains a uniformity of flavor, utility and succulence as does this ingredient from which sour krout is concocted.

Solid heads are severed from their stems just before they burst. In the exuberance of growth the cabbage will explode from a surplus of energy before it will rot or decay. The bursted head is not selected for the manufacture of saur kraut. The shreds, like noodles, are more delectable when they are thin and bursted heads will not submit to the selective incisions of the cabbage cutter.

A special device is used in every home that has learned the art of preparing its own stock of sour krout. The cabbage cutter is an oaken board flanged at both sides eighteen inches in length and wide enough to accomodate an average sized head of cabbage. In the middle of the board a steel blade is set at a thirty degree angle to both flanges. An aperture of one quarter of an inch is cut into the board beneath the blade, permitting the stringy shreds of cabbage to drop through the board into a container, usually a dishpan, on which the board rests.

The cabbage head is stripped of its green outer leaves, next the core is removed by a deft twist of a paring knife; then the careful housewife examines the surface of the head carefully, guarding against green worms or black larva. A rinsing in clear spring water is a necessary preliminary. The proud head is bought to the guillotine. Gentle pressure is necessary when the shredding operation begins. The head must become adjusted to the blade. A pendulum motion is set to action, as the hand pushes the unprotesting sacrifice along the surface of the board, constantly flattening and diminishing its bulk but at the same time causing a pile of loose thin shreds to form in the receptacle below. Astonishing how great a heap of shredded cabbage one head will form!

When the contents of the dishpan rise to the "high water mark" and threaten to overflow the agate walls the artist dumps its contents into a five gallon earthern crock. Its floor is covered, four or five inches thick with crisp, white moist strands of leafy food. Mixed with the proper condiments it might be cole slaw. But the artist is not thinking of garnishing that day's feast with a salad relish. She has visions of days when the leaves have been blown from the limbs of hickory trees, when snow has covered her garden and nature takes a rest from the whirligig of production. She is guarding against an empty pantry and squirrel-like is storing surplus against scarcity.

Salt is the great preservative. Almost valueless intrinsically, it is, nevertheless, the most indispensible mineral to human existence. Salt will brew a brine. It will set up fermentation in the juices of the cabbage and preserve these many shreds against the winter months when the garden is white instead of green. Accordingly a moist hand is dipped into muslin bags containing refined salt. One handful, properly scattered will suffice for the first layer of shredded cabbage.

A potato masher is an ideal tool for stamping the juices out of the cabbage shreds. Applied with a rotary motion and, not too hastily. After persistent pounding little pools of cloudy liquid collect in the depressions formed by withdrawing the crushing instrument. At this point in the operation the proper procedure calls for plunging the index finger into the concentrated liquid, carrying the digit to the tongue and carefully tasting the flavor of the concoction. If its salinity blends with the cabbage flavor in proper proportion, then the deck is cleared to rub new heads on the cutting plane, build new mounds of whitish green, and new quantities of salt and stamp out more brine.

After these operations have been repeated three or four times the five gallon container will be almost filled. A peak of shredded cabbage will be surrounded by a sea of brine. Perhaps it will not be wise to crush the last dishpanful, after all, there must be some work for teeth and gums when it is served. Nor is it wise to fill the huge cylinder to the rim. The sealing process might cause the brine to overflow and rob the contents of their natural juices.

Sealing the crocks calls for care and circumspection. In the process of fermenting a greenish mold will form along the sides and on the surface. If large, green outer leaves of cabbage are placed on top of the shredded cabbage, the mold will cling to these leaves and not effect the food properties of the compound. Fermentation is accelerated by placing a heavy object on the contents of the earthen container. The liquid will be forced to rise above the shreds and all the fibrous substance will be completely submerged in brine.

There must be discrimination in selecting the weights. Iron will not serve—rust and oxidation must not be risked. Limestone will not serve—calcium carbonates are not chemically suited to the fermentation process. Sandstone will chip, and gritty sand in sour krout is annoying to say the least. Quartz is the answer to the problem. The whitest substance, constant in nature, is the proper crown for a tub of crout. A clean pine board or inverted earthern plate is used as a supporting back for the heavy rock.

The final operation is tying a piece of cheesecloth around the rim of the cylinder, thus fending off sour flies and insects, rats or mice or any hungry germs which by their keen olifactory detection, might find and sample the brew.

A dark corner of the cellar, not too damp, not to cool, is the ideal place to store the five gallons of succulence until fermentation is completed.

The process of fermentation requires a time period of six or eight weeks. During this period it is not necessary to go near to the earthen jar. One will smell it in all corners of the house. Like some indescribable incense its aromatic scent is wafted into one's nostrils. Unbidden it makes its presence known. To cultured palates its message prompts the salivary glands to swell and float the tongue on a lake of gastric fluids. To the uninitiated there seems to be something rotten in the cellar. However—the Italian to his stringy spaghetti; the Sino-American to his bamboo sprouts; the Frenchman to his truffles and the Englishman to his tea—saur kraut in the Dutchman's diet is the juice from which his blood is brewed, and its acrid, pungent, piquant scent stimulates the best fibres of his system. Perhaps it is a stench to the unenlightened, but 'twas ever thus. Ignorance finds only the gruesome in the unfamiliar and curls its nose in disdain when confronted with the imponderable.

From October until March, MEIN HERR'S groaning board will be regaled, at frequent intervals, with steaming dishes of yellow brown shreds of fermented cabbage. Fresh pork and mashed potatoes are the proper side-dishes. No housewife serves pork with sourkrout; it is always sour krout with pork. She serves ham and eggs; ham and beans; chicken and waffles; beef and stew; mutton and potatoes; fish and chips; liver and onions; but in this one instance sour krout has the order of honor in the menu.

When it is cooked its scent is scattered into every nook and corner. The curtains, the linen, the bathroom, the parlor all testify eloquently to the bounteous repast which has past. It is one delicacy which one can eat and have it too. The memory lingers on.

Aus Unserm Briefkaschte

Bethlehem, Pa.
Sept. 23, 1939

Editor of the ECK:

The speech of Col. Thomas Zimmerman, which you included in your 'S Pennsylfawnish Deitsch Eck for Sept. 23, has some historic value for its presentation of the German settlement and contribution on Pennsylvania. I regret, however, that you reprinted the paragraphs regarding Quakers in this state. They are full of inaccuracies, to speak mildly.

It is true that in the eighteenth century Quakers withdrew from the Colonial Assembly and other political affiliation. Mennonites and Dunkards have had similar views regarding any active part in government. That is no longer true of Quakers today. Many are active in civic affairs and one has been president of the United States.

Quakers did not die out in Pennsylvania after the Germans came. They had very friendly relations with the group led by Pastorius and with other German sects. John Woolman, the Quaker minister from Mount Holly, visited Indian communities in the Lehigh Valley in the company of Moravian missionaries. There is a Friend's Meeting House at Reading, and one at Quakertown. There are Friends in other communities in this part of the state. There are about 20,000 Friends in Pennsylvania today, as well as some in New Jersey and Delaware.

There are about 100,000 Friends in the United States, in almost every state, with the greatest number in Indiana. There are about fifty thousand Friends in other countries, with the largest number of these in England. There are even about 200 Quakers in the German Yearly Meeting, with headquartesr in Bad Pyrmont, and a centre in Berlin. This group is the nucleus for relief work among needy German citizens, with the permission of the German Government.

I happen to be a descendant of David Rittenhouse, who is also mentioned in this speech. He was a Quaker.

Yours very truly,
Margaret W. Pickett
(Mrs. Ralph H. Pickett)

In reprinting (in the ECK for Sept. 23). Col. Zimmerman's address, made 35 years ago, it was of course foreign to our thoughts to injure the reputation of the Quakers, which we could hardly do if we set out to do so, for we all know what the Quakers have meant to American life. Nor do we think that Col. Zimmerman had any such intentions. Rather he wished to point out that despite hostile legislation against the German element in colonial Pennsylvania, despite the advantages the Quaker settlers had, the latter nevertheless in the course of time faded into the background. In one portion of his address Col. Zimmerman quotes an unnamed writer's statement that the Quaker died because he was too good to live. Who this writer was we do not know. The statement is of course not to be taken literally. Neither by tradition nor inclination could the Quaker cope with the tenacious German peasant stock which soon outnumbered the Quaker. The latter as time passed became more and more centered in towns and cities, whereas the former penetrated into the hinterland and developed those agricultural counties that have since been the glory of the state.

For ex-President Hoover's Pennsylvania German ancestry see the ECK for Oct. 12, 1935.

Mrs. Pickett's Quaker ancestor, David Rittenhouse, was also a Pennsylvania German.—ED.

Personals

Mrs. William G. Bonneville of the Hotel Traylor, Allentown, Pa., is a recent arrival at The Waldorf-Astoria.

Rev. and Mrs. Sydney Buxton, 1407 Linden St., attended the annual Parents Day exercises at Albright college, Reading, on Wednesday. Their son, Donald E. Buxton, is enrolled as a sophomore at Albright in the science curriculum.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Christman, Slatington, R. 1, will celebrate their sixth wedding anniversary today.

Yesterday's birthday celebrants included: Howard J. Etner, 214 Washington St.; Mrs. A. Meulich, 821 N. 5th St.; Mrs. H. Kovacs, 821 N. 5th St.; Ruth Itehr, 1021½ S. 6th St.; George Kressley, 241 Walnut St.; Dorothy Haffner, Allentown, R. 60; Donald Mosser, 1122 Tilghman St.; Donald Shentzel, 447 N. 2nd St.; John Dalla Pallu, 710 Mohr St.

Junior Kern, 238 S. Blank St., was admitted to the Allentown hospital on Wednesday for an appendectomy.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Scotta, 830 Elliger St., had as their guests, Mr. and Mrs. N. Camain of New York City.

Robert Perkinson, 111 N. 11th St., yesterday celebrated his birthday anniversary.

The following from Allentown and vicinity are included on the dean's list of honor students at West Chester State Teachers college: Helen Hopkins, Russell Kunkle and Leonard Laubach.

There are three students of Allentown and vicinity enrolled this year at Syracuse University: Carolyn Phillips, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Abel H. Phillips, 26 N. 18th St.; Fred G. Klotz Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Klotz, 126 N. 9th St., both of Allentown, and Albert B. Geary, son of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd E. Geary, 1802 Main St., Northampton.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Demko, 832 Tilghman St., will celebrate their 6th wedding anniversary on Sunday.

Rose and Anna Marth, Bertha Prickler and Theresa Rosencranz, all of Northampton, spent several days visiting relatives and friends is New York City. They were guests while there at a party given in honor of Mary Csensits.

Blanche Moyer, 409 Mack St., and Joyce Smith, 411 Mack St., spent Thursday at the World's fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Fink of Los Angeles, Cal., formerly of this city, welcomed a son born at 3 p. m. Thursday, according to information received by relatives here. Mrs. Fink is the former June Crouthamel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Aaron W. Crouthamel, 315 S. Franklin St.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Evans, 220 N. Broad St., will observe their 37th wedding anniversary today, and in honor of the event a family dinner will be given Sunday at the Evans home. They are the parents of Mrs. W. Russell Ide, Kingston, and John D. Evans, Chester. Their two grandchildren are William R. Ide and Buddy Evans.

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Obituaries

Catherine McNamara

Former Bethlehem Woman Dies in Philadelphia

Catherine C. (nee Hennessy) wife of Frank L. McNamara, died Wednesday in Philadelphia. She was a former resident of Bethlehem and a sister to Mrs. Abbie Wolfe, 126 Graham Court, Bethlehem.

The funeral will be held at 8.30 a. m. Monday from the parlors of Harold B. Mulligan, 1119 W. Lehigh Ave., Philadelphia. High requiem mass at 10 a. m. in the Visitation church. Burial in New Cathedral cemetery.

Mrs. Henry Weiss

Had Apparently Been in Good Health Until Just Before Death

A native Allentonian and a resident of this city practically all her life, Mrs. Minnie B. Weiss, 43, died at 12:45 a. m. yesterday at her home, 401 Ridge Ave., Allentown.

Mrs. Weiss had been in good health, suffering only a slight cold during the past month.

The daughter of William and the late Carrie, nee Grow, Moerder, she received her education in the Allentown public schools. She was a member of the Christ Lutheran church, Harirsburg.

Besides her husband Henry and her father, there survive three children: Bruce, Henry Jr. and Richard, all of this city. Her mother and a brother preceded her in death.

Henry Sigafoos

Riegelsville N. J. Man, 82, Dies Suddenly in Bank

Henry Sigafoos, 82, Riegelsville, N. J., died suddenly Thursday afternoon in the First National bank, Riegelsville, Pa., where he was a director for a number of years.

He was a native of Pennsylvania and active in business, religious and lodge circles. He had been a resident of Riegelsville since 1900 and was engaged in the contracting business.

The late John B. Poore of Riegelsville was a partner of Mr. Sigafoos, who retired from business at the age of 73 in 1930.

In addition to being a bank director he was a member of Bethlehem Lodge, No. 140, F. and A. M., of Bloomsbury, N. J., and Lehigh Consistory, Scottish Rite Masons, Allentown.

He was an officer of the Riegelsville Building and Loan Assn. and was a member of St. John's Reformed church, Riegelsville.

Funeral services at 2 p. m. Monday, the Rev. Samuel J. Kirk officiating, at the late home in Riegelsville, N. J. Burial in Riegelsville, Pa., cemetery.

Mrs. Erdman Brauchle

Bethlehem Woman Was in Her 38th Year

Mrs. Anna Rose, nee Stisak, Brauchle, 37, 237 W. Goepp St., Bethlehem, died in the St. Luke's hospital Thursday night.

Surviving are her husband, Erdman Brauchle, and the following children: John, Erdman Jr., Elizabeth, Thesera, Charles, Jean, all at home. Also surviving are the following brothers and sisters: John and Joseph, Bethlehem; Mrs. John Zaun, Mrs. John Klebesh, Bethlehem; Mrs. George McCarty, Philadelphia and Agnes Stisak, New York City.

Piotr Mikokajczyk

Native of Poland Lived in Lansford Last 20 Years

Piotr Mikokajczyk, 46, died at his home, 45 Jones St., Lansford, at 6 a. m. yesterday. He had been in poor health since spring.

A native of Poland, he resided in Lansford the past 20 years, being employed as a rockman at Nesquehoning colliery of the Edison Coal Co. He was a parishioner of the Polish National church, Summit Hill.

Surviving are his wife and the following children: Victoria, Blanche, Jennie, Frances and Peter, Lansford. A brother, Joseph, Lizard Creek Valley, and a sister, Mrs. Anna Olexy, Lansford, also survive.

Funeral services will be conducted from his home at 1 p. m. tomorrow with further service in the Polish National church, Summit Hill. Interment will be made in the parish cemetery, Summit Hill.

Mrs. Margaret Oster

Nesquehoning Resident Was Native of Summit Hill

Mrs. Margaret Oster, 52, wife of George E. Oster, 132 Mill St., Nesquehoning, died at 1 p. m. yesterday in the Coaldale State hospital after a long illness. She was admitted to the institution Oct. 9 as a medical patient.

She was born in Summit Hill but had resided in Nesquehoning most of her life. She was an active parishioner of the First Baptist church, Nesquehoning.

Surviving besides her husband are two sons, William, Nesquehoning; and David, Mauch Chunk; and a brother, David Jones, Nesquehoning.

Funeral services will be conducted at 2 p. m. Monday at the First Baptist church Nesquehoning. Officiating will be Rev. L. S. Erb, pastor, assisted by Rev. Harry Wray, Williamsport, a former pastor of the Nesquehoning church. Interment will be made in the Nesquehoning cemetery.

Mrs. Catherine Stofflet

89-year-old Stroudsburg Resident Was Native of Northampton County

Mrs. Catherine Stofflet, 89, died at her home at 21 S. 8th St., Stroudsburg, Thursday night after a long illness.

Mrs. Stofflet, native of Northampton county, had been a resident of Stroudsburg for many years. She was the widow of Juriah Stofflet, once sheriff of Monroe county.

Mrs. Stofflet leaves a son, Russell Stofflet, of New York City, Robert iKntner, Washington news writer and commentator, is a grandson. Jere Stofflet and Mrs. Frank P. Edinger, Stroudsburg; Mrs. Lillian Strothers, Mountain iVew, N. J., and Marion Stofflet, East Stroudsburg, are also grandchildren.

George H. Frank

Bethlehem Man, 69, Victim of Apoplexy

George H. Frank, 69, 54 E. North St., Bethlehem, died of apoplexy at 2:10 a. m. Friday. He was stricken last Tuesday while on his way home from work.

He was a son of the late Fred and Sarah Ann Ochs Frank and was born in Bethlehem July 5, 1870. For the past 45 years he was employed by the Bethlehem Steel Co. as weighmaster.

He was a member of Salem Lutheran church. His wife, Mabel V. Neligh Frank, died in March, 1938.

Survivors are three sons, Fred, George and Charles, at home; four daughters, Elsie Frank, New York; Mrs. Carrie Serfass, Bethlehem; Mrs. Ray Hahn, Bethlehem; Mary Frank, Allentown, and four grandchildren.

The Rev. Dr. G. Franklin Gehr will officiate at funeral services at 2 p. m. Monday in the Steyers home, 70 E. Broad St., Bethlehem. Burial in Memorial Park.

Clark Horn

Retired Stone Church Farmer Was 72 Years Old

Clark Horn, 72, retired farmer, died suddenly Friday morning at his home at Stone Church, Upper Mt. Bethel township.

He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Horn and spent his entire life in Upper Mt. Bethel. He was a member of the Bangor Camp, P. O. of A., and Christ Lutheran church at Stone Church.

Survivors are his wife, Charlotte Good Horn; a son, Charles Horn, Mt. Bethel R. D.; two daughters, Mrs. Roy Yetter, Mt. Bethel R. D.; Mrs. Clarence Mench, Bangor R. 2; two brothers, Roderick Horn of Mt. Pocono and Jacob Horn, Bangor R. 4, and two sisters, Mrs. Laura Fell of Belvidere, N. J., and Mrs. James Van Kirk of Stone Church.

The Rev. Luther L. Lengel will officiate at funeral services at 2:30 p. m. Monday at the residence and later in Christ Lutheran church. Burial in Stone Church cemetery.

Deaths

BRAUCHLE—In Bethlehem, Oct. 19, 1939, Mrs. Anna Rose, wife of Edmond Brauchle, 237 W. Goepp St., aged 37 years. Due notice of funeral.
Daniel B. Snyder.

FRANK—Passed into life eternal, in Bethlehem, Oct. 20, 1939, George H., husband of the late Mabel V. Frank, 54 E. North St., Bethlehem, aged 69 years. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral service Monday, 2 p. m., from the Steyers funeral home, 70 E. Broad St., Bethlehem. Burial in the Memorial Park. Friends may call Sunday evening. Steyers.

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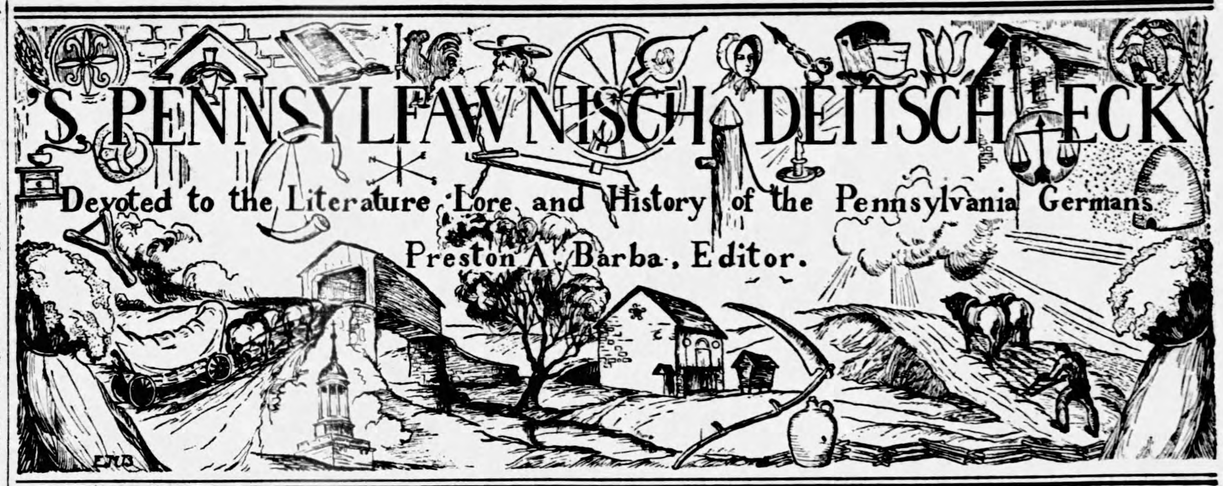

Far From the Madding Crowd

Some time ago we stood at the lonely grave of Mountain Mary in a remote private burial ground in the Oley Hills. Following the main highway between the Hill Church and Pleasantville in Berks County, we turned north, up a little-travelled, wooded mountain road, and came finally after about one and one-half miles, to a clearing of several acres, upon which stood an old stone house and a log cabin, with crystal spring water running from a pipe nearby. The present occupant informed us that here had been the site of Mountain Mary's abode. Her log hut, according to tradition, had stood on a spot just in front of the present farmhouse, which was built only about seventy years ago.

And where do we find her grave? We were lead across a corn-field, on whose edge was a little graveyard, perhaps twenty feet square, enclosed by a stone wall, long ago fallen into ruin. Within the enclosure we found three graves, head and foot marked by unhewn field stones, without inscriptions. The middle grave, out of which had grown a cedar tree venerable with age, is thought to be the grave of Mountain Mary.

But who was Mountain Mary, or "Baerrick Mariche," as she is fondly known among the Pennsylvania Germans. Is she a memory or a legend? Still, with the recurring years, people continue to visit her grave, and still some loving hands place wreaths there. The summers and winters of one hundred and twenty years have come and gone since Mountain Mary was borne to her lonely resting place. What manner of life did this simple German woman live, and what were her deeds, that she should be remembered with love and esteem after so long a period of time?

Along the main highway and at the turn of the mountain road leading to the little burial ground a tablet with the following inscription has been erected:

To the Memory of Mary Young

"Mountain Mary"

"Barricke Mariche"

who lived to the north in these hills from early womanhood until her death, Nov. 16, 1819 at the age of 70 years. A pioneer nurse, comforter of body and soul, benevolent, pious, brave and charitable,

"She hath done what she could."

Erected by Berks County Chapter D. A. R. 1934.

The account of Mary Young in this issue of the ECK was written by a contemporary. It came to light nearly a century later, appearing in the Pennsylvania German Magazine for July, 1902. It will inform our readers of the identity of Mountain Mary. We know of no better. Between tablet and account there is a discrepancy of dates. We are inclined to believe that Mary Young was 75 at the time of her death.—ED.

Mary Young

The following poem appeared in a volume entitled "The Phantom Barge, and other Poems," by the author of "The Limner," published in Philadelphia in 1822.

Whoe'er has trod by Schuylkill's shore,
Where Oley's Hills are stretched along,
And in romantic beauty soar,—
Has heard of Mary Young.
They tell for many a mile around,
Where her lone dwelling may be found,
And show the green hill where it stands
Surrounded by its cultured lands,
Where oft the traveler stops to see
The poor and humble devotee.

Far from the world and all its strife,
And care, old Mary dwells alone—
And tho' she treads the vale of life,
Her mind is not o'erthrown;
But the bright evening of her days,
Is passed away in prayer and praise,
Like that fair bird, whose latest hour
Is full of music's magic power,
And who, in death, awakes a tone,
Far sweeter than his life had known.

She owns no sect—but thus has trod
The path of piety from youth—
And she is one who worships God
In spirit and in truth.
Her praise is pure—devoid of art—
The adoration of the heart;—
And tho 'tis simple, owns no less
The majesty of holiness;
And shines as bright, where prayer is heard,
As aught by loftier lips preferred.

As the sweet star of evening shines,
When sinking brightly to repose,
Towards life's last goal she now declines,
The horizon of her close—
With as much calm serenity,
As tho' she waited but to die;
As tho' the toils of time were o'er,
And she were lingering on the shore,
'Till the light bark of death should come,
To bear her to a better home.

There is a little spot, which she
Now holds within her cottage view,—
There sleeps her line of ancestry
And she will sleep there too.
And tho' the name of Mary Young
Be not, on earth, remembered long,
There is a world where virtue lives
Beyond the limit memory gives;
And from its earthly frailities free,
Blooms on, in one eternity.

MOUNTAIN MARY

Die Baerrick Maria

By BENJAMIN M. HOLLINSHEAD

IN the summer of 1819 I made a journey through the northern counties of Pennsylvania, in company with my friend, Dr. Jesse Thompson. On the second day after leaving Philadelphia, we arrived in the valley of Oley, Berks county, about twelve miles from Reading. We had been furnished with letters of introduction to Benjamin Wright, a friend, residing in the valley, and from him and his family we received so kind a reception, that we remained willing captives nearly three days, instead of departing, as we had intended, the morning after our arrival.

Our friends proposed that we should ascend the Oley hills—that we should spend part of a day at least, on the banks of the Manatawny, beautiful stream, which after winding its way through the valley, enters the Schuylkill near the town of Pottsgrove; but above all we must make a visit to Mary Young, commonly known in the neighborhood as "Mountain Mary."

On the first of July a party of five started for the residence of the hermitess.

After riding a few miles along the valley, we began to ascend the mountains, as they in realty are, although in the Alpine regions of Pennsylvania they bear the humble appelation of hills. On reaching the summit and passing through woods, we came to an enclosure, on the opposite of which was situated the humble log cabin of "Mountain Mary." Fastening our horses to the fence, we lowered the bars, and walking slowly over the green sward, were met by the hermitess at the threshold of her dwelling. She received us kindly and after an interchange of inquiries on the part of her and our friends, she commenced speaking in a religious strain, informing us through a lady of our party who acted as interpreter, that on serious subjects she was obliged to speak in her native language, the German.

Her remarks breathed a strain of devotional feeling which had a solemnizing effect upon the company, and the countenance of the speaker was one of the most benign I had ever beheld. After a pause which succeeded her discourse, we walked forth to take a survey of the premises. The view was bounded by the surrounding forest except in a northern direction, where a farm house was seen on a slope of one of the neighboring hills. Mary took us into her milkhouse, which was a few steps from her door, and which was beautifully supplied from the solitary cow which then stood near us. A limpid stream from a neighboring elevation, was conducted into the building and then glided peacefully away irrigating the meadow in its course down the mountain. We now walked to the margin of the woods, where we found a square enclosure of rails, which contained three graves, one of the mother, the others of the sisters of Mary, and a head and foot stone for another grave.

On returning to take our leave, we were surprised to find a table spread with delicious bread, butter, cream, milk and preserved fruits; and we were invited to partake in a manner so sincere and courteous, that we did not distrust our kind hostess when she assured us we were welcome.

Never had I witnessed so unshaken a faith as was manifest in this extraordinary woman. To the alarmists who occasionally visited her and who expressed their apprehension that she might be taken sick and die alone, her reply was that her confidence was in the Almighty, and that she felt assured that nothing would be permitted to happen to her that was not intended for her own good. On our return we called at the house of Isaac Lee, a worthy member of the Society of Friends. He informed us that for many years, Mary sent by him, her butter, cheese and other produce of her little farm, to the Philadelphia market, and that she invariably put up a parcel, with instructions that it should be given to the poor.

To my extreme gratification, I afterwards found that I was well acquainted with several individuals in Reading and Philadelphia, to whom Mary was well known, and who are among the most respectable families of German origin in this State. They all concurred in bearing testimony to her great worth, and anecdotes were related to me, which gave conclusive evidence that in many of her actions she was guided by more than human judgment.

Mary had lived alone more than thirty years. She, her mother and sisters, emigrated from Germany, about the year 1765, and settled near Germantown, Pa.; thence they removed to Oley, that they might enjoy in seclusion the satisfaction of worshiping the Supreme Being in the manner most congenial to their feelings. In November, 1819, Mary was taken ill, but was happily attended by a female friend who had gone to visit her and who remained with her during the two weeks of her illness, which terminated in her death, on the 16th of the same month, in the 75th year of her age.

[Mrs. Mary Mayer Sprague, of Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., writes in this connection as follows:

"The friend spoken of by Mr. Hollinshead was an ancestor of mine (Mrs. Susanna de Benneville Keim, wife of John Keim, and daughter of Dr. George de Benneville), who, upon awakening from a vivid dream, in which she saw 'Mountain Mary' in dire distress, was so impressed that she made immediate preparations to see Mary. The lady's son tried to dissuade her from going, saying the distance was great, through roads almost impassable, the weather inclement, and the lady herself neither young nor robust. 'My son,' said she, 'Mary needs me. My Master has bidden me seek her. I dare not disobey his call.' With the early morning light the old lady, with her grandson, started, taking such comforts as she thought might be needed. Upon arriving there, she found her vision confirmed—Mary confined to her bed, and the creatures dependent upon her care in bad need. Great-grandmother stayed with Mary until the end. Mrs. Keim was frequently heard to say, that she counted among her earthly blessings the privilege of being with this sainted woman in her last hour, to witness her loving faith and confidence in her Heavenly Father, who has promised He will never leave or forsake His children who seek Him in spirit and in truth."]

A large concourse of neighbors attended her funeral solemnities. Her remains were deposited in the rustic cemetery, where four months previous I had stood with moistened eyes, as I gathered a few mementoes for myself and friends from the graves of the pious pilgrims.

Several years later a young friend of mine intending to visit the valley, I requested him to send me such information as he could obtain respecting "Mountain Mary." The following is his letter:

"In accordance with your request when I was about to visit this happy valley, I have endeavored to collect some information about Mary Young, who resided in this neighborhood.

"She was born in Germany near Frankfort-on-the-Main; her parents emigrated at an early period of her life to America, and located in Germantown; there they pursued the occupation of cotton-spinning by the hand wheel. The family consisted at this time of a father, mother, and three daughters; the father dying, and the Revolution breaking out, immediately after the battle of Germantown they took refuge in the Oley hills. After the lapse of some years the mother and two sisters dying, left Mary alone, where she continued for more than thirty years to occupy the house of the mountain brow, from which she soon acquired the name of 'Mountain Mary.'

"She was said to be a very intelligent and religious woman, and was visited by her neighbors to have her advice on their difficulties, which was often so judicious and far-seeing that she was thought by some to have a way of acquiring knowledge unknown to many.

"The most interesting feature in her character, perhaps, was her great industry. She kept three or four cows, food for which she raised on a meadow near her cottage. The grass she used to cut herself, and after drying, carry home. Her cattle were cared for in a superior manner and consequently she was enabled to make a great deal of butter, this she carried on her head to a person who took it to market for her, and who lived about three miles off. She also had bees and collected a large quantity of honey; she likewise practiced vivisection, these appear to have been her occupations, which had not only enabled her to live, but to amass considerable money.

"When the family first settled on the mountain, the road to their dwelling was tortuous, winding round and round for a long way. When she was left alone, to shorten the distance to the world below, she set to work and cut a path along the side of the mountain, through the rocks and roots of trees for the distance of a mile, by which she shortened the distance very much in carrying her produce to her factor. It is really a surprising work, and when you consider it was all done by the unaided hands of a gentle woman, showing what they are capable of when they have an object in view worthy of their exertions.

"Her dwelling, I need not tell you, was beautiful, with a fountain near the door, and surrounded by an orchard in which she took great delight.

"Her character was one of benevolence; she was frugal and honest, living well, and when any of her friends made her a visit, she would never suffer them to depart without partaking of some refreshment. She visited all the poor in her neighborhood, in their necessities, taking them medicine and provisions.

"The following conversation is said to have taken place between her and a person who made her a visit:

"'Mary, are you not afraid to live alone?'

"'Afraid of what?' asked she in response to the question.

"'Why, for instance, when the skies are covered with dark clouds and fiery lightning striking in all directions, with the loud voice of thunder resounding from hill to hill.'

"'I, no When such is the case, and the storm rages around, I always open my window and look at the Almighty power of my Maker.'"

"This little incident will serve to show the placid state of mind in which, even when the storm in its wrath howled around the bleak mountain on which she dwelt, this wondrous woman lived.

"The consideration of animals even of a noxious kind, seems to be a strong trait of a refined and benevolent heart; she had a garden beside her cottage enclosed by a stone wall, that she dressed with great care and took much delight in. Some marmots fancied the garden likewise. They took up their abode there, and began to increase and multiply, much to the annoyance of the proprietor of the gardens, digging trenches when she wanted it smooth and eating roots that she intended for seed, and annoying her in various ways, until the nuisance had to be abated. She placed traps and captured them, many of them in the very act. Instead of putting them to death, which she might have done as sole lady of the garden, she took them to the neighboring hills, telling them to go and trespass no more.

"Another trait in her character was her love for peace. In her will was a special clause, that if any of the persons to whom she bequeather her property should grumble at their share, their names should be stricken out, that all might be harmony among her heirs."

Note.—From the above account it becomes clear that there are four graves in the little burial ground. Since only three are marked, but without inscription, there must remain some doubt as to which is the grave of the hermitess.

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Personals

Wilbur C. Wood, 819 Gordon St., is on the sick list.

Joseph Swartz, 237 E. Fairview St., was injured while playing football

Yesterday's birthday celebrants included Phyllis Ritter, 1145 Cumberland St.; Harold Marks, 1042 Wyoming St.; Hilda Wirth, 1122½ Catasauqua Ave.; Mrs. John Hercek, 734 Lawrence St.; Mrs. Lester Heckman, 627 Whitehall St.; Irene Secrist, 139 N. Fountain St.; Russell Johnson, 530 Liberty St.; Carolina Hoffner, 232 South St.; Ernest Reppert, 244 E. Mosser St.; Rose Marie Salovay, 272 South St.; Mary Rishko, 151 Green St.; Lawrence Zipeto, 624 Gordon St.; Reno Rozza, 370 Green St.; Donald Matthews, 722½ Whitehall St.; Larry Beers, 232 N. 9th St.; Mrs. Annie Berund, 1018 Green St.; William Young, 677 N. Sherman St.; Mike Kraniak, 738 Front St.; Paul Troecy, 517 Front St.; Samuel George, 434 Spruce St.; Gloria Ottens, 308 N. 2nd St.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Minchin and sons Kenneth and Jay, 229 E. Fairview St., spent the weekend in Rochester, N. Y., visiting relatives.

Mrs. Lucy Snyder, 205 E. Union St., returned home from the Allentown hospital where she had been a patient for the past four weeks.

Pauline Wittman, 15 E. Brook St., is a patient in the hospital for an appendectomy.

Alfred Simitz, 435 Cedar St., spent the weekend in Philadelphia.

Mrs. John L. Fisher is seriously ill at her residence, 440 N. 9th St.

Milton "Pappy" Fluck, father of Allentown's prize-ring famous "Prince Henry," is at present enjoying his first trip to New York City in 40 years. "Pappy" is the guest of his granddaughter, Mildred Roth, while in the metropolis, and has already spent three days at the New York World's Fair.

Jackie, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Motsko, 1140 Third St., is celebrating his sixth birthday anniversary.

Ken Dinger, 120 W. Susquehanna St., is attending the annual home coming at Wheaton college, Wheaton, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Dieter and daughter Ruth, Bowmanstown, left on Tuesday to spend the winter at their Weirsdale, Fla., home.

Robert Bogert has returned from the CCC camp to spend a week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson P. Bogert, 220 E. Elm St.

Mrs. Thomas A. Kirkwood, Norwalk, Conn., and Mrs. W. F. Kearney, New Canaan, Conn., are the weekend guests of the former's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Simon Sipple, 41 N. 8th St. Mrs. Kirkwood is the former Sara Sipple.

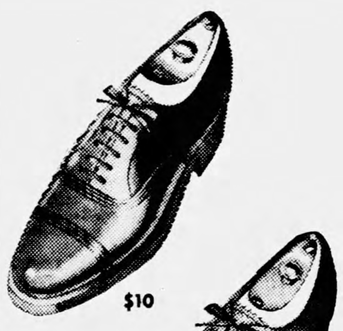
Harry D. Peters, well known Lehigh Valley railroad employe, and his wife, the former Alma E. Carl, of 636 N. Law St., celebrated their 22nd wedding anniversary by moving into their newly built home, 1724 Whitehall St., yesterday.



The HIGHLAND, $10

FLORSHEIM
Winterweights

You won't find Florsheims "fair weather friends" when the mercury slides to zero. They're made to keep you in good health as well as good looks, and their stout double soles, plump leather uppers, and storm welts are triple safeguards against snow, slush, and dampness.



$10



$8.75

The Greatest Florsheim Value in 47 Years $8.75 SOME HIGHER

WETHERHOLD & METZGER
The Store of Famous Shoes
719 Hamilton Street, Allentown

Obituaries

Mrs. Mary E. Kratzer

Widow of William Kratzer Was Aged 86 Years

Mrs. Mary E. Kratzer, a former resident of Allentown but who resided at 215 Mauch Chunk St., Easton, for some time, died in the Easton hospital at 4:10 a. m. yesterday.

Mrs. Kratzer, the widow of William Kratzer, was in her 86th year. Her husband died a few years ago.

Survivors include the following children: Charles Kratzer, Mrs. Bertha Serfass and Lillian Kratzer, all of Allentown; Samuel Kratzer of Easton and Mrs. Ella Beers of Phillipsburg, N. J.

Raymond J. Keeney

Former Lansford Call-Chronicle Correspondent Succumbs

Raymond J. Keeney, 51, of 10 Leisenring St., Lansford, died yesterday morning in the Coaldale hospital at 6.20 where he had been a surgical patient since Oct. 8.

Born in Tremont, he spent the past 26 years in Lansford. He was employed as chief clerk to the trainmaster of the Lehigh and New England Railroad at the Arlington terminal, near Tamaqua; was secretary of the East End Rod and Gun club, Lansford; the Lansford Camp of the POS of A., the Lansford Daughters of America and belonged to the Junior Mechanics of America. He was a parishioner of the English Congregational church, Lansford, and was formerly employed as Lansford correspondent for the Call-Chronicle newspapers.

He is survived by his wife, Gwendolyn nee David; two children, Mrs. Raymond Henninger, Lansford and a son Marshall, Harrisburg; his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Keeney, Pottsville; a brother Ervin Keeney, Tremont; three sisters, Mrs. Ruben Thomas of

(Continued on Page Ten)

"IT'S NEW-FASHIONED!"





ENTIRELY NEW RIDING COMFORT

Softer springs, both front and rear. Improved spring suspension* and a new torsion bar ride-stabilizer.* You'll be enthusiastic about the easy, level, comfortable ride in the 1940 Ford.

22 IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS

FOR COMFORT—More room inside. New Controlled Ventilation. New torsion bar ride-stabilizer.* Improved spring suspension.* Self-sealing shock absorbers. Two-way adjustable driver's seat. New-type resilient front seat backs. New "Floating-Edge" Seat Cushions.

FOR CONVENIENCE—New Finger-Tip Gear-shift. Engine more accessible. Two-spoke steering wheel.

FOR SILENCE—Improved soundproofing. "Easy-shift" transmission. Curved disc wheels. Improved drums for big Ford hydraulic brakes.

FOR SAFETY—Sealed-Beam Headlamps. Dual windshield wipers at base of windshield. Larger battery and generator. Battery Condition Indicator on all models.

FOR STYLE—New exterior beauty. New interior luxury. New instrument panel.

*85-hp models only

'Tis FORD FOR '40

Big, Roomy De Luxe Ford for 1940 with New Ride-stabilizer. OVER-ALL LENGTH 190 INCHES

FORD V-8 for 1940

Take the quality features you expect in a Ford V-8: V-type engine, economy, reliability, style leadership and low price.

Add 22 NEW, IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS—in size, comfort, convenience, safety, silence and style!

That's the 1940 De Luxe FORD V-8! It's different from any other 1940 car—or any previous Ford car! It's a big, roomy beauty—the biggest Ford car ever built. Five inches more over-all length. Four inches more usable inside length in Sedans.

Arrange today to drive this BIG 1940 Ford. Sincerely,

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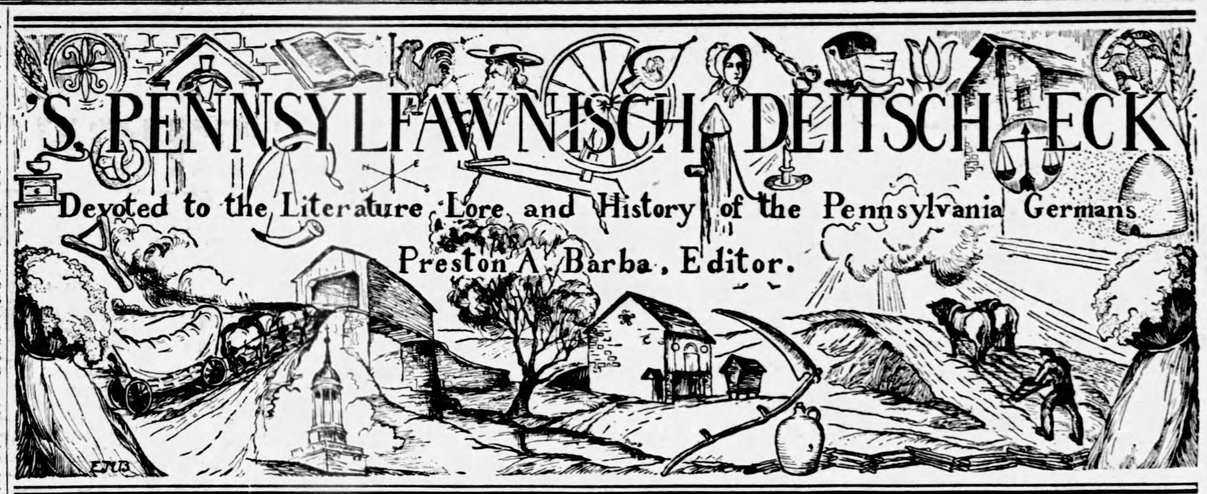
MILES L. HALLMAN, Emmaus, Pa.
W. E. KELCHNER, Neffs, Pa.

FORD Dealers Offer Low Finance Rates



Es G'schpuck vum Lange Schwamm

JOHN BIRMELIN

Der Abs'l kann net lese,
fer Schreiwe macht er's Greiz,
Wuhnt drowwe in de Hecke,
heert selde ebbes G'scheits;
Er hockt in seinre Blockhitt,
beim driewe Kohleellicht,
Verzaehlt mer vun de Geischter,
un manchi Hexeg'schicht.

Er schmokt sei alder Grutze,
kann gaar net drunner sei,
Un duwackschwere Wolke
die blost er uf mich drei;
Legt drucke Holz uf's Feier
un hot am Offe g'schtarrt—
Es yohlt der Wind um's Heisel,
sei Hund, der hot gegnarrt—

Er hockt sich widder anne,
noh hot er zummer g'saat:
"Es iss en mancher Doder,
bleibt net in seinre Laad.
Der Leib iss am verfaule
un's Graab deckt alles zu;
Der Geischt muss ewich wandle,
hot Daag un Nacht ke Ruh.

"Er kann net in der Himmel,
dart hot er gaar ke Recht;
Der Deiwel will en aa net,
dem iss er noch zu schlecht.
Noh fangt er aa zu g'schpucke
wie Newwel un wie Feier;
Mol hockt er amme Greizweg,
dann schteht er an de Scheier.

"Do waar en reicher Bauer,
en harter, wieschter Mann;
Ken Gnecht im ganze Township
as fer ihn schaffe kann.
Er hot gegnappst am Esse,
bezaahlt aa net so gut,
Un doch die Leit gedriwwe
un g'schunne bis uf's Blut.

"Er kummt an's End vum Lewe,
do will's em nimmi geh;
Er zaehlt sei goldner Haufe
un winscht er hett noch meh.
Dann muss er aa noch schtaerwe,
graad so wie'n aarmer Mann;
Nau leit er schun begraawe
deel Yaahr im Lange Schwamm.

"Dart hot er bei de Dode
ke Rascht un aa ke Ruh,
Der Warrem in seim Gewisse,
der naagt noch immerzu.
Er dut die Blatt verschiewe
an sellem alde Graab,
Noh sehnt mer ebbes wiehle
im dode, braune Laab.

"Es waerwelt immer heecher,
Noh kummt er aus de Gruft,
Geht iwwer Schwamm un Felder
un schwebt so daerrich die Luft.
En Eil, die heert mer greische
im alde hohle Baam,
Die schwarze Wolke ziege
verbei wie'n schwerer Draam.

"So yaagt er immer weiter,
bis an die Bauerei
Un fliegt wie'n heller Schtraahle
zum Giwwelfenschter nei.
Es schallt daerrich leere Schtuwwe
en deiwelswiescht Gelach,
Es bollert dief im Keller,
es zittert uf em Dach.

"Fer'n Weilche iss es ruhich,
noh heert mer leicht Gedapp,
Dann rappelt widder'n Schpaerrkett
die Schtege uf un ab.
Noh heert mer ebbes glaage,
as wie wann's heile daet;
Bis Maerryets iss es ruhich,
so bal der Haahne graeht."

Em Abs'l geht die Peif aus
er hot sie ausgegloppt,
Noh reecht er fer der Duwack
un hot sie widder g'schtoppt;
Glei brennt sei alder Grutze,
er ziegt en Weilche draa,
Er blost paar dicke Wolke,
noh fangt er widder aa:

"Im Haus kann niemand bleiwe,
bei dere G'schpuckerei;
Die Buwe schtehn vun Weitem
un schmeissen Fenschter nei.
Im Hof so wie im Gaarde,
do schteht des Ungraut hoch;
's iss alles am verfaule
un niemand guckt dernooch.

"So'n G'shpuck wie sell zu banne
iss net so leicht, wie's scheint.
Erscht bringt emol der Hohmann
sei 'Lang Verborgner Freund;'
Der hot en Ufbegehres,
en aerrig's Wese g'hatt;
Sei Warde un die Zeeche
hen alles nix gebatt.

"Dann kummt die Mammi Schwambach—
zu yedem Wart en Fluch—
Browiert emol vum Moses,
des Sechst un Siwwet Buch;
Die hot so recht gegeefert,
un lest sich aa noch fascht,
Des G'shpuck fangt aa zu dowe,
der Deiwel noch zu Gascht."

Der Abs'l hot ge'eifert,
der Ochdem werd em karz—
Die Lamp fangt aa zu schmoke,
der Lichterglob werd schwarz,
Die Schtubb waar halwer dunkel—
er pischbert mir in's Ohr,
"Verzaehl der aa noch mehner,
des iss verhafdich waahr:

"Do kummt der Baapscht vum Baerrig—
yuscht frog mich net wer's iss!
Der kummt dohaer geritte,
in aller Finschterniss;
En Hengscht, en kohleschwarzer,
der bringt ihn im Gallopp,
En Mantel um die Schultre,
en Belskapp uf em Kopp.

"Sie saage der hett Haerner
un Fiess as wie en Geess;
Mer kann's wul net beweise,
doch weess mer, was mer weess.
Un wie die Leit verzaehle,
iss Graft in sellem Mann:
Ken G'schpuck un aa ken Deiwel
as er net banne kann.

"Er schwingt sich aus em Sattel
un laaft so gross an's Haus,
Er schwarz un golde Bichel,
dart lest er'n Weilche draus;
Uf eemol heert mer's grache,
es bratselt in de Luft,
's dut ebbes wiedich schnaufe,
un des hot gaschdich g'flucht!

"Des G'schpuck waar wul gebennicht,
doch waar'n sie's noch net los;
's hot ebbes dart gezawwelt,
im Graawe an de Schtross.
Die Leit hen darde g'schtanne,
's hot niemand sich gemuckt;
Der Baapscht hot wennich g'schmunzelt,
des Ding mol aageguckt,

"Noh macht er mol en Zeeche
mit seinre daerre Hand,
Do waar'n vier schtaerrye Maenner
so graad as wie gebannt;
Er zwingt sie an der Graawe,
sie misse naecher hie,
Die Zaeh hen ihne g'schnattert,
gewackelt hen die Gnie.

"En Hewwel wie en Wennring
grickt yeder in die Hend,
Den hot en yeder grefdich
zum Graawe nei gerennt;
's hot kenner ebbes g'sehne,
doch henke sie mol ei,
Un was sie hen gedraage
waar schwerer noch wie Blei.

"Der Baapscht iss schun im Sattel,
reit langsam vanne haer;
Die Viere duhn sich bloge,
hen's net so gut wie er.
Sie wolle proteschdiere,
do hot er yuscht gelacht;
So lang as sie ihm folge
hot's ihm nix aus gemacht.

"Sie waare bal aus Ochdem,
un hen sich iwwerduh,
Mit windelnasse Gleeder,
verschwitzt bis in die Schuh;
Doch hen sie fart gedraage
bis an der Diehlekopp,
Un ganz am Gippel drowwe,
dart mache sie en Schtopp.

"Sie lege's uf der Waasem,
des G'schpuck vum Lange Schwamm;
So bleech as wie die Dode
Waar'n vier vun selle Mann.
Der Baapscht iss dann geritte
drei mol im Gringel rum;
Des G'shpuck iss imme Bannring,
's bleibt yeder weck devun.

"Sie bringe'm dann en Besem,
en Schtrohhut un paar Schuh,
Es fangt aa auszukehre,
weil 's hot yo doch ke Ruh;
Die Daerre Bletter fliege,
es wewwert hie un haer,
Doch schunscht iss nix zu sehne,
rings rum iss alles leer.

"Noh schtreckt der Baapscht dei Mantel,
wie Fliggel newe naus;
Wie'n ungeheiri Schpeckmaus,
so schrecklich guckt er aus;
Er gebt em Hengscht die Schpore
un gaellopt in die Nacht,
Vun weitem rollt der Dunner,
die Hunde hen geblafft."

Der Abs'l schtreckt die Hend aus,
graad wie in dere G'schicht,
Er schwingt sie in de Luft rum—
un aus geht's Kohleellicht!
Ich selwar waar verschrocke,
sei Hund, der hot gegnarrt,
Ich loss der Abs'l hocke
un mach mich widder fart.

Nau was iss do zu denke
vun dere Geischterei?
's sin Deel, die duhne's glaawe,
Deel gewwe's gaar net ei.
Verleicht iss ebbes Waahres,
mit allem drum un draa,
So gehn mer an der Diehlekopp
un gucke's Ding mol aa.

Dart iss en hocher Felse,
der iss yo gut bekannt,
Guckt iwwer Daal un Felder
un weit rumhaer im Land.
Die Feggel sehnt mer fliege,
die Wolke gehn verbei,
Do muss, im schtille Friede,
der Himmel naecher sei!

Noh geht mr bissel weiter,
's iss yuscht en enger Paad,
Do sehnt mer'n flachi Runding,
so wie der Abs'l g'saat;
's iss leicht bedeckt mit Waasem,
en Blimmche hie un do,
Ich hock mich uf en Felse
un denk so driwwer noh.

Do kummt en gleenes G'schwaerlche
un hot en wennich g'schaerrt,
Es hot aa ebbes g'funne
im schwarze Boddem dart.
Un dann, bei allem draame,
do fallt mer ebbes ei,
Do waar vor hunnerd Yaahre
en Kohlebrennerei!

Die Kohle hen sie g'faahre,
mit Wegge un mit Geil,
Am Baerrigweg draa nunner,
en manchi langi Meil;
Un alles an die Fanness,
des waar die "Mary Ann,"
Wuh sie vum beschte Eise
var Alders g'schmolze hen.

Nau sin die Kohlebrenner
schun laengscht in ihrem Graab,
Im Busch, do heert mer's rausche,
es schpielt der Wind im Laab,
Der Abs'l un der Bauer,
die hen ihr Druwwel g'hatt—
Un drowwe uf em Diehlekopp
iss yuscht en Kohleblatt.

HALLOWEVE

Hexe, Geischter un Katze,
So schwarz as wie en Kohl!
Sie grinse raus an yedre Eck—
O mei! yuscht guck emol!

Sie kumme darch die Fenschter,
Sie rapple uf em Dach:
Sie battre mich uf aller Seit,
Ich weess net was ich mach.

Sie schpringe, tschumpe, fliege,
Sie schleiche ei un aus.
Es iss kee Schtubb wu sie net sin
Iwwerm ganse Haus.

Sie gleiche mich verschrecke,
Es macht 'ne viel Blessier;
Sie lache wann ich greische duh,
Sie hen gaar kee Manier.

Es sin yuscht Kinner anyhow,
Ich kenn die alte Tricks!
Es macht 'ne Zeitverdreib,
Un schatt doch niemand nix.

—Louise A. Weitzel

Chat About Your Friends

Jean White, 921 Wyoming St., was on yesterday's birthday list.

Mrs. Dorothy Miller, 628 N. 16th St., observed her birthday anniversary on Wednesday.

Gladys Heitman and Muriel Harrison of Audubon, N. J., were the guests yesterday of Mrs. and Mrs. James W. Laros, 1846 Livingston St.

Joan Egan, 621 N. 6th St., marked her birthday anniversary on Wednesday.

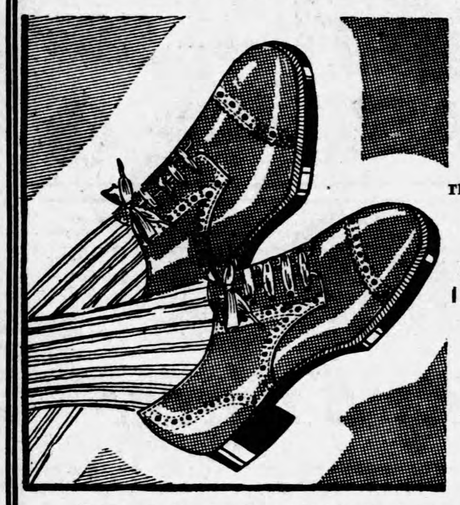
Elsie Pernotti, 914½ Elliger St., yesterday celebrated her birthday anniversary.

Mary Rizetto, Emmaus R. 1, yesterday marked her birthday anniversary.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert L. Schaeffer, 32 N. 8th St., were in New York City where they stayed at the Hotel Commodore.

"BOOTMAKER FINISH"

For Modern Boys!



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WETHERHOLD & METZGER

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BASEMENT STORE 719 HAMILTON ST.

Mrs. T. J. McNabb Names Two Chest Workers

Mrs. Samuel D. Frederick and Mrs. M. M. Gottlieb have been named to important posts in the General City Solicitation division of the Community Welfare Campaign, according to announcement of Mrs. Thomas J. McNabb, chairman.

Mrs. Samuel D. Frederick will serve as chairman of the Motor Corps, assisted by Mrs. Samuel Kleppinger and Mrs. Birdie Henninger as co-chairmen. The duties of the Motor Corps is to drive the solicitors, without cars, on their visits.

The Turn-Back division will be headed by Mrs. M. M. Gottlieb, with Mrs. Samuel Chosiad as co-chairman.

Mrs. McNabb has announced that there may be some workers who have served in other years who may not have been contacted. She is eager to have any such persons who are interested in serving on a team for the present campaign call Hazel Heffner, women's division secretary, at the campaign headquarters, 3-5296.

Obituaries

John L. Beidler

Allentown Salesman Was 83 Years of Age

John L. Beidler, a well known salesman in this city for many years, died at 1.20 o'clock yesterday morning at his home, 622 N. 5th St., Allentown, after an illness of two months. He was 53.

For about the last four years Mr. Beidler was a salesman for the Fisher Baking Co., and prior to that was employed by the General Baking Co.

For about 20 years before he became affiliated with the baking companies, Mr. Beidler had worked at the Allentown News Agency, having managed the establishment for a number of years.

A native Philadelphian, he lived in this city most of his life. He was the son of Morgan S. and the late Josephine, nee Keck, Beidler.

Mr. Beidler received his education in the local schools and was a member of the Immaculate Conception church.

Besides his wife, nee Ellen Mulligan, and his father, Morgan Beidler, there survive four children: John, Thomas, Edward, and Catherine, all of Allentown, and two grandchildren. His mother and a brother preceded him in death.

The funeral will be held from his late home on Monday at 8:30 a. m. Solemn requiem mass will be sung in the Immaculate Conception church at 9 a. m., and interment will be made in Our Lady of Mt. Carmel cemetery.

Mrs. Elizabeth Buss

Bethlehem Woman Was 52 Years of Age

Mrs. Elizabeth Mara Brader Buss, 52, wife of Charles W. Buss, of 1743 Madison Ave., Bethlehem, died early Friday morning at her home.

She was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Clinton A. Brader, of Bethlehem township. In addition to her husband, Mrs. Buss is survived by two sons, Edward C., of Hellertown and Paul B., of Bethlehem; one daughter, Mary, at home; three grandchildren; three brothers, Harry Brader, of Butztown; Paul C. Brader, of Farmersville and William Brader, of Bethlehem and two sisters, Mrs. Laura Buss, of Bethlehem and Mrs. Eva Fox, of Easton.

Funeral services at 3 p. m. Monday at the late home. The Rev. Earl Christianson, pastor of Edgeboro Moravian church, of which she was a member, will officiate. Burial in Farmersville cemetery.

Mrs. Buss was an associate member of the Ladies Aid society of the church.

R. Garfield Evans

Was Interior Decorator at the Hotel Traylor

R. Garfield Evans, employed as an interior decorator at the Hotel Traylor, Allentown, died, following a week's illness, at the home of his brother, Edward Evans, with whom he lived, at 548 W. Franklin St., Slatington, Thursday night. He was aged 36 years, three months and 14 days.

He was the son of the late Edward T., and Ann, nee Davis, Evans, and two sisters, Mrs. Harry Lodbell, New York City and Mrs. Hugh Hughes, Slatington.

Funeral services will be held from hs brother's home Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock with burial in the Fairview cemetery, Slatington. The Rev. R. Lewis Jones will officiate.

Daniel F. Romig Jr.

Allentonian Succumbs on 71st Birthday Anniversary

Confined to the Sacred Heart hospital for the past five weeks, Daniel F. Romig Jr., who would have observed his 71st birthday anniversary yesterday passed away at 7 o'clock yesterday morning.

Born in East Penn township, the son of Daniel Romig Sr., and Lavina, nee Hoffman, Romig, he lived in Allentown for the last 26 years. He resided at 730 Washington St.

For a number of years he was employed at the Bethlehem Steel Co. and prior to that had worked in machine shops at Packerton.

Mr. Romig was a member of Seibert E. C. church and the Willing Workers Bible class of the church. He was also a member of the Order of of Buffaloes, No. 17, Lehighton.

Besides his wife, nee Saide Schultz, there survive one daughter, Isabel Romig; two sons, Clyde S., Detroit Mich., and Ray D., Allentown; two brothers, Calvin A., Warren Ohio, and Victor, Bowmanstown; one sister, Mrs. Thomas Yenser, Palmerton. One brother and a sister preceded him in death.

Services will he held on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. at the J. S. Burkholder Funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St. Rev. Ralph Bornman will officiate and burial will be made in Greenwood cemetery.

Mrs. Mentena Unangst

Williams Township Woman Was 75 Years Old

Mrs. Mentena Maria Unangst, 75, died at 7:45 a. m. Friday at the home of her son, Harold Unangst of Morgan's Hill, Williams township. Mrs. Unangst, widow of Charles D. L. Unangst, had been bedfast for two weeks.

She was born in Williams township, a daughter of the late John and Elizabeth Beidleman, and had lived in Williams township all her life.

She is survived by her son, with whom she resided, and a sister, Mrs. Sue Hess, Springtown. She was a member of St. John's Lutheran church, Williams township.

Funeral services at 2:30 p. m. Monday at the late residence with the Rev. F. K. Fretz, pastor of St. John's Lutheran church, Easton, officiating. Burial will be in the New Williams cemetery.

Deaths

HARRIS—In Allentown, Nov. 3, 1939, Luelar, nee Grantham, Harris, in her 45th year.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services at the Apostolic Emmanuel church, 377 Union St., Tuesday at 11 a. m. Interment in St. Mark's cemetery. Rabenold.

Laid to Rest

Two cousins, Gerald Scheirer and William A. Jones, and two uncles, Burton Bartholomew and Wilbur Bartholomew, served as pallbearers at the funeral of Virginia Jean, seven-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph J. Bartholomew of Bethlehem.

Services were conducted at the Oliver S. Burkholder funeral home, 3rd and Walnut Sts., Catasauqua, by the Rev. Willard A. Kratz, pastor of Salem Evangelical and Reformed church, Catasauqua, assisted by the Rev. T. C. Brown, of Grace Reformed church, Bethlehem. The remains were interred in Fairview cemetery, West Catasauqua. Many sympathizing relatives and friends attended the funeral.

Among donors of floral tributes were: The parents, Wenner family, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence A. Lonz, Primary department of Grace Reformed Sunday school of Bethlehem, Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Mills and family, grandma and grandpa Bartholomew and family, Charlie, Harold, Kitty and Mary, Mrs. Evelyn McHose, grandmother Miller and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Conashan and Vincent Tate.

Sister Catherine Ann, Bernard Hoffner and family, Miller family, Carloyn, Mrs. Sallie Benner and family, Stempack family, banking department office, Madison school of Bethlehem, Patricia Anne Brown, Patricia, O'Connell, Rose Elfert, Connie Newhard, Mary Golden, Sally Harvey, Sherry Lehman, Gloria Gershenow, Kathleen Paterson, Connie Hoffner, Jimmie Klotz, Edward Long, Kathleen Golden.

Cousins Alfred, Joyce, John, Junior, Joan, Janet, Gene, Grace, Gerald, Ronnie, Betty, Billy, Glen, Carol, David, Buddy, Dot, Roger, Nelson, Fritz, Dolly, Dale, Jackie, Susie, aJck, Bruce, Richard, Fred, Patsy, Irene Balliet, BenVenuti family, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Harmony, Bud Rader and orchestra boys, Billy Jones, Valida Kochler, Mr. and Mrs. John Komet of Bethlehem, Marshall family, Leonard Wilson and family, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Rau of Bethlehem, Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Hoffner and family, the Wenners, aunts and uncles and father and Virginia, Salem Reformed Sunday school, Young Ladies' Bible class of Grace Reformed church.

MRS. RUTH NAUROTH

Funeral services for Ruth nee James, wife of Francis Nauroth, were held from the William J. Weber funeral home, 334 N. 2nd St. on Wednesday at 1:30 p. m. Continued services were held in the Pentecostal church, S. Bradford St. at 2.00 o'clock. Interment was made in the Sacred Heart cemetery. Rev. Edwin C. Conrad, pastor, officiated.

The pallbearers were: Bernard Heydt, Henry Nauroth, William McCoy, Mahlon McElroy, Raymond Fiyte and Harold Schaffer.

Spiritual bouquets were offered by: Husband, Mother Hartman, Herman Hartman and Ellworth Ruhmel.

Donors of floral tributes were: Husband, mother, father and family, Lucy Hartman and family, Mr. and Mrs. Ray James, brother Edward James and family, sister Florence and family, brother Percy, sister Marguerite and family, brother Ed and family, Jennie, Paul and Emma, Ronnie, uncle Bob and aunt Ella, uncle Harry and family, aunt Mabel and uncle Dan, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Kempf, Paul Nauroth, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Nauroth, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Reese, Mrs. George T. Hershey, Mae Eck, Pentecostal church and Sunday school, Jimmy Lynch, Mrs. Irene Zelina and sons Ronald and Jackie, Anna Nace and employees, L. R. Healy, second floor Pressers and Packers of National Underwear, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Stutzman, John Milander and family, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Heil, Daniels family, Snydman family, Mrs. Knebel and sister, the Herbst family, Margaret Gaugler and family, Dorothy Brandt and Ebner Snyder. The slumber robe was presented by the husband. A hand bouquet was presented by Ann.

POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT

Re-Elect

ROBERT F.

'Bob' GOOD

For

County

Commissioner



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PULL LEVER "6A"

St. Joseph ASPIRIN NONE FASTER NONE SURER

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLER AT 10¢

POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT



MY PROGRAM

A pleasant City wherein harmony and courteous treatment prevail as an attraction for visitors, tourists and industry.

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Cooperation with civic and business groups, home owners and city government departments on tax problems.

Advertising Allentown and its products so as to promote increased patronage of the City and its facilities.

OLIVER H. PETER

FOR MAYOR

I sincerely solicit support of those citizens who also desire improved conditions in Allentown.

DEAFNESS...



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Mary of the Mountain

For a full account of Mary Young, better known to Pennsylvania Germans as "Die Baerrick Maria" or "Baerrick Mariche," we refer our readers to the ECK for October 21.—The following verses were written many years ago by Mrs. Charles Evans, wife of the founder of the Charles Evans Cemetery, Reading, Pa., for her friend, Mrs. Mary May Keim, wife of General George de Benneville Keim.

Upon the lofty mountain's brake
With verdant trees o'ergrown,
Within a little lowly cot,
Which seems by all the world forgot,
Poor Mary lives alone.

To her, her garden nice and trim,
Is worth a miser's hoard—
With many a blooming floweret fair,
And many a shrub of virtue rare,
And fruits and cereals stored.

Beside her little cottage neat
A hedge of briar grows,
Where berries red, with grapes entwine,
By cultivation made more fine,
And mingled with the rose.

And all around a meadow green
Slopes toward the mountain side,
The softened valley lies below
The woods above wave to and fro,
Extending far and wide.

Beyond th' expansive fertile vale,
A range of mountains lie,
Where cultivated fields are seen,
Among the wild wood's thick'ning green,
To charm the wanderer's eye.

I've traced the footpath way that goes
Across the meadow green,
That passes this, an orchard fair,
Leads to a shady grove and there
Displays a melting scene.

Within a little rustic fence
Beneath the dark wood shade,
Dressed with affection's kindest care,
And dewed with many a tender tear,
Three shaded graves are made.

Two sisters and a mother dear,
Here rest their kindred clay,
There Mary finds a kind relief
From every care and every grief,
For here she comes to pray.

Where Mary's self may shortly rest,
Remains a narrow space—
Two stones by nature polished o'er
From off the mountain side she bore,
To mark her future place.

Her's is a meek and lowly mind,
In heaven she puts her trust;
Her humble knees had daily press'd
The sod that wraps her mother's breast,
And worn it to the dust.

She never leaves her peaceful cot
Of worldly joys to hear,
But by the bed of pain or grief
To watch, to soothe, to give relief,
Is her peculiar care.

A sacred piety of mind
Illumes her pensive face—
Her eyes are soft, expressive, blue,
Her hair not changed, her wrinkles few,
Her manners marked by grace.

Her form is gently bent by time,
Her voice is soft and meek;
The rose and lily had combined,
And still their tints remain behind,
Tho' faded on her cheek.

No sad presage of future woe,
No hope of future gain,
None save the blessed hope of heaven
To have her frailities all forgiven,
And then in bliss remain.

No wild, tumultuous, giddy joys,
Nor vain tormenting pains,
Disturb the tenor of her mind;
Alike to good or ill resign'd,
And free from worldly gains.

From persecution's iron hand,
And fierce religious strife;
From Belgian's hostile shore she fled,
And here for thirty years has led
A peaceful, quiet life.

Her ample mind is uncontrolled
By superstition's sway;
No rigid sectary is she,
Who thinks the road to heaven free
To only such as they.

Or in the world, or solitude,
Grace must be sought by prayer;
For even in the desert wild,
The human heart may be beguil'd;
The tempter comes e'en there.

She thinks the temple of the Lord
Is all Creation's space,
That every fervent prayer is heard,
Whether from mountain top preferred
Or consecrated place.

The Savior's precepts, fair and mild,
She studies to obey,
And always prays with fervent zeal
For those who cannot, will not feel,
But trifle life away.

No mewing cat or barking cur
Companions of her way,
For midst the hollow tempest's moan
She never feels herself alone—
Her Bible is her stay.

And all within her cleanly cot
For comfort is, or use,
No shrilly croak of chanticleer,
Nor busy cackling pullet there,
Nor noisy, gabbling goose.

The dawning day beholds her rise
To say her matin prayer;
A sober, sleek, domestic cow,
That feeds upon the mountain's brow,
She cherishes with care.

The milk is Mary's daily food,
Nor craves she aught beside,
Save wholesome vegetable roots,
And wild and simple mountain fruits,
And these are all supplies.

When the late blasts of Autumn strip
The leaves from every tree,
These Mary heaps beneath a shed
To make her cow a winter bed,
And warm and snug is she.

'Tis silence—all save distant sounds,
Borne by the breeze along,
And if an evening mild and still,
Close by her side the whip-poor-will
Will chant his mournful song.

One winter night when not a light
Was seen the country round,
And hollow blasts came whistling by,
And drifting snow and sleet did fly,
And covered all the ground:

As Mary lay in calm repose,
Strange accents met her ear;
"Open to me your cottage door,
For I am cold and I am poor,
And you have naught to fear;

"I've wandered, and I know not where,
And can't the road regain,
My hair is stiff with frozen sleet,
My hands are cold, benumbed my feet,
Oh! haste, relieve my pain."

The voice was rough, the time was late,
'Twas at the midnght hour;
"Protect me, God of Love, most bless'd;"
And as she whispered out the rest,
Unbarred the cottage door.

She trimmed her little sinking fire
And made a blazing heat,
She dried his garb with kindest care
And thawed and wrung his sleety hair,
And bathed his aching feet.

And when his kindliest eye confess'd
His life-blood warm and free,
She spread her simple cottage store,
And what could courtly grace do more—
'Twas nature's courtesy.

And now the 'wildered wandering guest
Would tempt the dreary night;
The path was hid beneath the snow,
And louder did the tempest blow,
Nor moon nor star gave light.

Then Mary lit her lantern clear
And left her warm abode;
O'er craggy rocks, both wild and steep,
And glens whose snows were drifted deep,
She led him to the road.

And ere the dawning mornng rose
Returned to watch and pray—
May equal purity of mind,
As calm, as holy, and refined,
Reward my latest day.

May I like her life's journey end,
In calm and peaceful rest,
And when the breath forsakes this clay,
Be my soul's spirit borne away,
To mansions of the blest.

Die Welt iss gaar en Bobbli G'schpiel

Die Welt iss gaar en Bobbli G'schpiel;
Deel Leit sin dumm un ann're g'scheit;
'S iss kenner gans graad was er meent,
Un manche lewe yuscht far Leit.

Der Eend geht aa, als waer er Gott,
Doch act wie's Vieh uff allerhand;
Er schnarrt doh rum, as wie net g'scheit,
Un iss mit Gott yo net bekannt.

Der anner sucht, der weess net was;
Er iss am geh, er weess net wu;
Mit all seim Geh, kummt er net weit—
Im Bobble Show geht's graad so zu.

Was kennscht du sei mit bissel Mieh,
Wann fescht dei Haerz uff Gott daet schteh;
Wer recht will duh, der recht muss sei;
Des iss doch glaar zu Gross un Klee.

Suchscht ann'res Glick, so hoscht's yo aa;
Wie meh sie hen, wie meh hoscht du;
Sell iss die Law von Gott gemacht;
Wer sie befolgt, find Himmel's Ruh.

Ee Sach iss glaar un bleibt aa so;
Graad so wie's Haerz die Gaab muss sei;
Vun nix kummt nix—vergess es net—
Wer schtaerbt far's Gut, lebt doch debei.

—PARRE CHARLES A. BUTZ

Foot Ball

Ich wunner was die Buwe hen
An ihrem Foot Ball schpiele,
En grosser Balle schmeise rum
Un uff em Bodde wiele.

Es kummt mer vor merkwerdig dumm
Zu graddle, schpringe, schmeise;
Verbrochene Knoche gebt's genung,
Verschtand dutt's net beweise.

Ya well, sie misse ebbes dhu
Die Yugend auszudowe;
Aus annerem Mischief bleiwe sie,
Fer des sett mer sie lowe.

Schlimm as verbrochene Knoche sin,
Mer kann sie besser flicke,
As wann en Herz verbroche iss.
Kee Doktor findt die Schticke!

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL

Aus Unserm Briefkaschte

Philadelphia, Pa.
October 30, 1939

Editor 'S Pennsylfawnisch Deitsch Eck:

Allow me to express to you my delight in the ECK for October 28. The author of ES G'SCHPUCK VUM LANGE SCHWAMM has done many fine things in our much beloved dialect, but to my mind nothing finer has yet come from John Birmelin's pen than this latest beautiful and illuminating poem.

Will you pardon me for injecting a very personal note? —After reading this poem there was awakened in my memory out of the distant past of my own childhood a recollection of ghost stories, more than one, told by my own mother to us her children and later by her to a favorite granddaughter—stories in detail very like that told in John Birmelin's latest poem.

My mother was a native of Berks County, born one hundred and five years ago near Lang Schwamm (she died at the age of 76 years). I am therefore claiming kinship with one whom I love to call brother, one who is happy in the mastery of the Dutch—mei Mutterschprooch. Thanks to the genius of John Birmelin, its knowledge and growing culture shall not pass soon off the face of the earth.

Yours very sincerely
Daniel Longaker, M. D.

Blessier uf de Bauerei

Der Mensch iss en ordliche Kreadur. Vun der Zeit, as er weess was "was" iss, sucht er far Blessier, un allemol findt er es yuscht far ihm odder hinnich ihm—nie net bei ihm. Wie ich en gleener Bu waar, nawwich gewinscht far en Mann zu sei, en Fraa zu hawwe, un Boss zu sei vun meinere eegne Shanty. Now sidder as ich en Mann bin un der Druwwel mit der Polly uf de Achsle, wott ich mich widder en Bu winsche, im Fenseck hocke un Weidepeife mache mit meim alde Barlow Messer.

Wann ich als mei Aage zu mach, kann ich mich widder zerickdenke an die alt Heemet, un ich sehn die alt weiss Scheier mit em Schkaffold voll Schprau, un's Kiehreff unnedraa, 's Welschkarn Heisli, der Waggeschopp, der Schofschtall, der Bumpedrog un alles iss als widder nadierlich. Ya, ich sehn die Hinkelneschter, riech die faule Neschtoier, wu mer als nanner an die Kepp g'schmisse hen, un schpier die Leis graddle. Un wann ich die Aage zumach, dann gehne mer die Ohre uff un ich heer die Hinkel gackse. Ya, ich heer der Wagge bollere, was reikummt far der naegscht Waggevoll Mischt, wu mer gelaade hen, nausfaahre, un ich muss der Bully Haahne geh losse, schunscht fangt der Daadi mich. Der Haahne hot alles geleddert uf em Hof, un allemol as ich ihm sei Kopp dreckich gemacht hab, hen die annere ihn net gekennt un sin in ihn neigepitscht, yuscht far widder verflammt geleddert waare. Der Mischt iss drauss un mer sin am Sootweeze aus reite mit de Geil. Der Daadi iss an 're Leicht un 's Dresche geht langsam. Mer duhne die Maschtochse ins Denn far der Weeze ausdrede, awwer sie schtehne yuscht un fresse. Mer schteibere die Scheierdenn Dier zut mit Blanke, nemme die Hund 's Hoiloch nuf, schmeisse sie ins Dreschdenn unnich die Ochse un greische "hiss". Blitz, Dunnner, Gnelleise un Schloosse Schtarm! Die Ochse hen die Kepp un Schwenz in der Heeh! Dreiudreissich mol sin sie schunt ums Dreschdenn rum un hen noch ken Loch g'fange far nausschpringe! Der Weeze waerd nass un schlipperich! Es schtiemt un schmokt im Dreschdenn! Die Hund gauze un beisse far die Ochse vun sich halte, die Ochse schpringe un blarre far die Hund abhalte! Der Deiwel iss loss un wer kann ihn banne? Endlich fliegt's Scheierdor uf un 's verschrocke Vieh fliegt dezu naus as wann der Deiwel ihne nooch waer. Ich denk sie sin noch am Schpringe. Es waar alles fariwwer in fimf Minutte, awwer es Gedenkness bleibt mer so lang as ich leb.

Aus'm BOONASTIEL
(Thomas Hess Harter, 1854-1933)

Personals

Charles F. Bush, 455 Chestnut St., celebrated his 67th birthday anniversary yesterday. Mr. Bush, a veteran printer, was formerly elevator attendant at City Hall.

On yesterday's birthday list were: Louise Monti, 27 N. Jordan St.; George Laub, 1444 Gordon St.; William Fiertag, 120 Chew St.; Joseph Younis, 171 Tilghman St.; Joseph Joseph, 187 Tilghman St.; Michael Rychinka, 730 Brick St.; Mrs. Flossie Drak, 310 N. 7th St.; Theresa Szewczak, 538 N. 2nd St.; Rudolph Wagner, 832 Elliger St.; Lucil Oneil, 1429½ Liberty St.; Betty Jenkins, 214 Howard St.; Dick Kurtz, 232 Railroad St.; and William Muhr, 162 Oak St.

Mrs. Miles Yeager, 936 Liberty St., has recently returned home from the hospital where she had been a patient.

Among those who marked their birthday anniversaries Thursday were: John Hodges, 406 N. Halstead St.; Mrs. John Kramer, 746½ N. 9th St.; Dolores Kline, 523 Greenleaf St.; Donald Shankweiler, 620 Whitehall St.; Marilyn Shearer, 845 Greenleaf St.

Marion L. Grider, 141 Brookdale Ave., will celebrate her birthday anniversary today. Miss Grider is Girl Reserve Secretary of the Y. W. C. A.

Althea V. Wood and Clarence Zimmerman visited the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar S. Wood, 819 Gordon St. Miss Wood is a teacher in Elizabethville, Pa.

Jennie Bieler, this city, will today observe her birthday anniversary.

Hulda M. Ibsen, Summit Lawn, today will observe her birthday.

Mrs. Carrie W. Snyder, 134 N. 10th St., will celebrate her birthday anniversary on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Barna of North Coplay are celebrating their fourth wedding anniversary today, which will also be Mr. Barna's birthday anniversary.

Martin Frisch, North Coplay, will celebrate his birthday anniversary today.

Paul Edward Miller, Fountain Hill, will celebrate his birthday on Sunday.

Luther Eisenhard, Cementon, celebrated his birthday anniversary yesterday.

Gloria Stauffer, daughter of Mrs. Ruby Stauffer, 764 S. 8th St., is today celebrating her 11th birthday anniversary, and, what is more, she came into the world at 11 a. m. on Nov. 11, eleven years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Monk of 827 N. Plymouth St. are the parents of a daughter born Friday morning in the Allentown hospital.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Powell of 212 N. 6th St., at 12:55 p. m. Friday in the Allentown hospital.

A New Peak in Beauty and Tone at this Price!

1940 AUTOMATIC RCA Victrola



Liberal Allowance For Your Old Radio

NEW! CAMERON'S RECORD SHOP

Visit our Modernistic Record Bar equipped with sound-proof booths. Hear the world's finest records—popular and classical, including a marvelous assortment of Red Seal Albums.

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951 HAMILTON STREET

Store Open Every Evening

SECURITY FOR VALUABLES



Where do you keep your insurance policies? Your income tax reports? Social security records? Bonds or stock certificates? Family documents? Serious delay and inconvenience may result if these and other records cannot be located promptly when you want them. Avoid the risk of loss or misplacement. Keep all important papers and other valuables in one safe place—in a safe deposit box in our vault.

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ESTABLISHED 1855

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

Deposits in this bank are insured in the manner and to the extent provided under the terms of the Banking Act of 1933, as amended

DEVIL'S FOOD WITH PRESTO MAGIC



MAKE the finest cakes ever and do it easily, economically and without worrying about failure. Do as so many smart women are doing—use *Presto* for success! The baking powder and salt are already mixed in, exactly right. Only one sifting—it's so fine! Think of all the work *Presto* saves! Amaze yourself and your family. Send for the free *Presto* recipe book and bake this wonderful Devil's Food Cake.

Hecker-H-O Division, Dept. P
88 Lexington Avenue, New York City



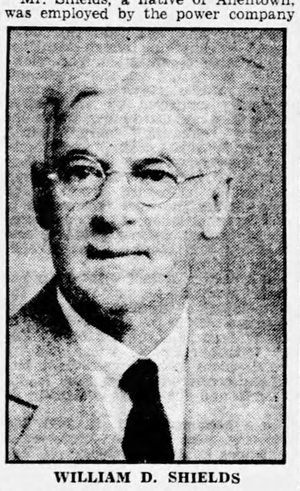
Obituaries

Wm. D. Shields Ill 7 Months

Veteran P P and L Employe Was Former Post Office Clerk

In ill health seven months, William D. Shields of 1030 Tilghman St., Allentown, veteran employe of the P. P. & L. Co., died at 7:15 Friday evening in the Sacred Heart hospital where he had been a medical patient four months. He was aged 66 years.

Mr. Shields, a native of Allentown, was employed by the power company



WILLIAM D. SHIELDS

for 20 years. In recent years he was in charge of the delinquent department. Earlier in his life he worked for 15 years at the Allentown post office.

Mr. Shields captained and organized the first post office baseball team, and taught school for several years when a young man.

He was a son of the late Dennis and Grace (McGady) Shields. He was a member of St. Francis of Assisi church and the Holy Name society.

Surviving are his wife, Catherine E., nee Gallagher, Shields; nine children, Francis, Mrs. Roy Buchmoyer, Mrs. Marc Crawford, John all of Allentown; Mrs. George Miller of Bethlehem, Mrs. Harry Goss of Reading, Agnes, William Jr. and Matthew, all at home; five grandchildren, a brother and four sisters, Anthony, Mrs. Catherine Reed, Nellie Shields, all of Philadelphia, and Margaret and Frances, both of Rochester.

Funeral arrangements will be announced today.

Stephen Ollar

Good Shepherd Home Guest Was Aged 32 Years

Stephen Ollar, a guest at the Good Shepherd home, died at 9:10 a. m. yesterday at the Temple University hospital, Philadelphia, where he had been admitted Oct. 30. He was in his 32nd year.

Mr. Ollar first came to the Good Shepherd home in February, 1926 and left the institution three years ago, securing work with the State Unemployment Bureau.

For a time this past summer he had been in the University hospital and then returned to the Good Shepherd home. When his health failed to improve he was returned to the hospital where he passed away today.

A native of Lebanon county, he came here at an early age and was graduated from the Allentown High school and the Allentown Business college. He was a member of Grace Lutheran church.

A sister, Mrs. James Morinco of Lebanon, is the only known survivor.

Mrs. Emma Lery

Funeral Services Sunday for Trumbauersville Woman

Mrs. Emma Lery, Trumbauersville, passed away Thursday at 2 a. m. at the home of her son Howard. Another son, Harry, survives, also three grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. Funeral services will be held at 1:45 p. m. Sunday at her late home and at 2 p. m. in Christ's church.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend. The Rev. Mark Heller will officiate.

Mrs. Emma W. Ball

Quakertown Resident Was in Her 78th Year

Mrs. Emma W. Ball, widow of the late Frank Ball, a prominent undertaker in Quakertown several years ago, died at her home, 28 Front St., Quakertown, at 10 p. m. Thursday. She was in her 78th year.

Mrs. Ball, the former Emma Weldy, was born in Philadelphia but resided in Quakertown for many years. She was a charter member of the Quakertown Woman's club and was active in civic affairs in that community.

Surviving are a daughter, Ethel Ball Hallowell, of Ivyland; two brothers, Frank and John Weldy, both of Philadelphia; one sister, Mrs. Samuel Morrell, Philadelphia, and six grandchildren.

The funeral will be held from her late home on Monday at 2 p. m. Harry Shaw, Friends speaker, will officiate and interment will be made in the Quakertown Union cemetery.

Harry J. Dehnhardt

Allentonian Was Active in Business, Political Life

Harry J. Dehnhardt, a well known figure in the business and political life of this city, died at the home of his son-in-law and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Weaber, 211 N. 8th St., at 8 o'clock yesterday morning. He was in his 82nd year.

Mr. Dehnhardt, who made many friends during the twelve years he was custodian of the vault 'n the recorder of deeds office from 1912 to 1924, had been ailing for some time and was confined to his bed since Tuesday.

Active fraternally, he was a member of the Loyal Order of Moose and the Phil Sheridan council, F. P. A., both of this city, and the Independent Order of Red Men of Philadelphia. He was also a member of Salem Reformed church, this city.

Born in Philadelphia, the son of Charles and Catherine, nee Roebuck, Dehnhardt, he moved to Allentown in 1891 and had resided here ever since.

Surviving are the following children: Reba, wife of Robert C. Herbein, this city; Laura E., wife of Dr. Thomas H. Weaber, this city, and Ruth I., wife of Richard J. Schmoyer, Lynn, Mass. His wife, nee Laura M. Newhard, died in 1935.

Also surviving are these grandchildren: Jean D. Weaber, Thomas H. Weaber Jr., Robert S. Herbein, Lois R. Herbein and Anna L. Schmoyer.

His pastor, Dr. William F. Kosman, will officiate at funeral services to be held at 11:30 Monday from the late home, 211 N. 8th St. Burial will be made at the convenience of the family in Fairview cemetery.

Mrs. Arminda Horn

Easton Widow Was 88 Years of Age

Mrs. Arminda Horn 88, widow of J. Calvin Horn, died Thursday night at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Krantz, 1020 Washington St., Easton.

She was born in Lower Mt. Bethel township, a daughter of the late Joseph and Margaret Smith. A resident of Easton for the past 17 years, she was a member of St. John's Reformed church, Bangor.

Besides Mrs. Krantz, she is survived by a sister, Mrs. Lizzie Speer, Easton, and one grandson.

Funeral at 2 p. m. Monday from the late home. Burial in the Reformed cemetery, Stone Church.

Frank Schamenek

Resident of Bethlehem for 27 Years Succumbs at Hamburg

Frank Schamenek, 118 Graham Court, Bethlehem, died at 8:30 a. m. Friday at Hamburg. He had been a resident of Bethlehem for the past 27 years.

Survivors are his mother, Mary Schamenek and three sisters, Mrs. Thomas Culver, Mrs. Louis Donchez and Mrs. John Pors, all of Bethlehem.

He was a native of Hungary and had been an employe of the Bethlehem Steel Co., for a number of years. He was a member of St. Joseph's Windish parish.

Funeral at 8.30 a. m. Monday from the residence of his niece, Mrs. Thomas Howard, Jr., 718 Wyandotte St., Bethlehem. Requiem mass will be offered at 9 a. m. in St. Joseph's Windish church at 9 a. m. Burial in Holy Saviour cemetery.

Mrs. Mary Strawn

Bethlehem Woman Was in Her 49th Year

Mrs. Mary Strawn, 48, wife of Lester Strawn, 52 E. Ettwein St., Bethlehem, died at 11:30 p. m. Thursday at her home of a liver condition.

She was born in Moorestown, March 21, 1891, a daughter of Elizabeth Bernhart Transue and the late James A. Transue, and was a member of Apple's New Jerusalem church.

Survivors are her husband, three sons, Mahlon, Bethlehem; Robert and Albert, at home; a daughter, Mrs. Allen Heckman, Bath; her mother; three brothers, Emery Transue, Hellertown; Floyd Transue, Bethlehem; William Transue, Leithsville; two sisters, Mrs. Pierce Schlosser, Leithsville; Mrs. Mamie Weierbach, Bingen, and two grandchildren.

The Rev. Daniel Kistler will officiate at funeral services at 2 p. m. Tuesday in the Steyers home, 70 E. Broad St. Burial in Fairview cemetery.

Mrs. Sarah A. Creyer

Bath Widow Was 71 Years, 11 Months Old

Mrs. Sarah A. Creyer, widow of Oliver Creyer, died at 1:50 Friday morning at home, Green St., Bath, aged 71 years, 11 months and 12 days.

Mrs. Creyer was born in Northampton county, a daughter of the late Reuben and Fyetta (Longenbach) Delp. She was a member of the Lutheran congregation of Little Moore township church.

Surviving are four sons and a daughtr, Mrs. Clinton Wuchter of Northampton R., Howard Creyer of Northampton, Elmer, Frances and Thomas Creyer, all of Bath; 15 grandchildren, three sisters, Mrs. Catherine Moser of Danielsville R. 1, Mrs. Harvey Deemer of Bath R. 2 and Mrs. Eliza Heffelfinger, Northampton.

The funeral will be held from the Schisler funeral home, 2119 Washington Ave., Northampton, Monday at 1:30 p.m. Continued services will follow in Little Moore township church and burial will be made in the adjoining cemetery.

(Continued on Page Eighteen)

Deaths

RIEDY—In Allentown, Nov. 10, 1939, Ethelbert Riedy, 32 N. Glenwood Ave., Greenawalds, in his 29th year. Due notice of funeral.
Walter Bard.

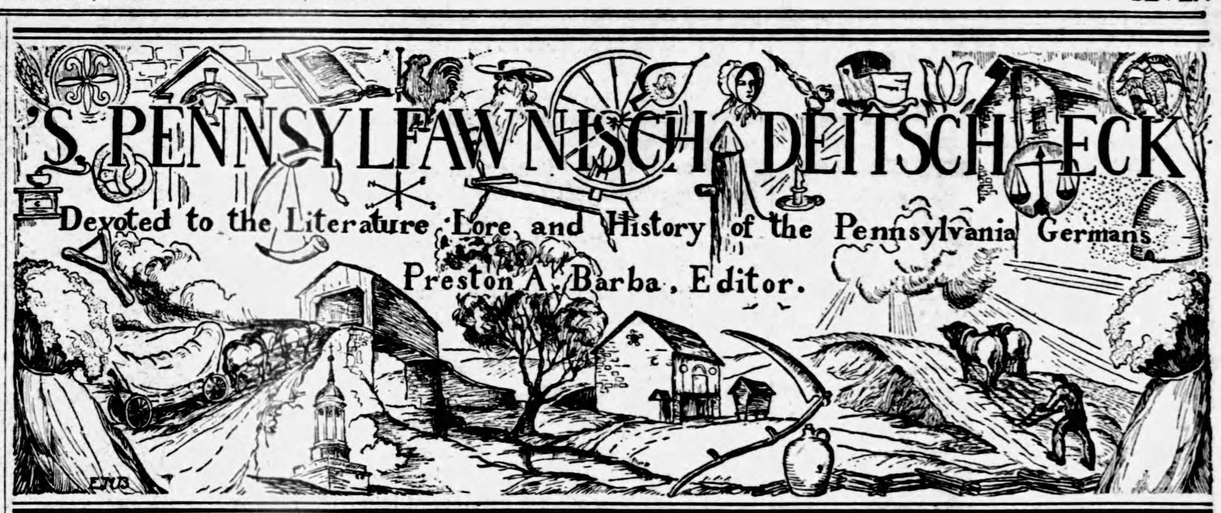
HOLLMAN—In this city, Nov. 9, 1939, Frank, husband of Mary (Unger) Hollman, aged 53 years, 5 months, 2 days. Relatives, friends and members of organizations with which he was affiliated are respectfully invited to attend funeral services from the late home, 622 N. 4th St., Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. and continued services in the St. Peter's Lutheran church, Ridge Ave. and Chew St. Interment in Grandview cemetery. Friends are invited to call Monday 7-9 p. m.
Weber.

HILTON—In this city, Nov. 10, 1939, Thomas M. Hilton, husband of Dora L., nee Simpson, Hilton, aged 63 years. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend services at the Heckrotte and Spacht funeral home, 824 Walnut St., Sunday at 4 p. m. Further services will be held Tuesday in the First Baptist church in Norton, Va. Interment in Norton, Va. Friends may call Sunday from 2 to 4 p. m.
Heckrotte and Spacht.

MUTH—In this city, John Richard Muth, son of Godfrey and Ada (Jones) Muth, aged 4 years. Due notice of funeral.
William H. Derr.

DERR—In this city, Nov. 10, 1939, Franklin F. Derr, aged 78 years, 1 month and 23 days. Due notice of funeral.
W.

KNITTLE—In this city, Nov. 10, 1939, Victoria L. (Wingert), widow of J. Frank Knittle, aged 78 years, 1 month and 8 days. Due notice of funeral.
W.



En Feschtred

The following address in the dialect was made by Prof. Clyde Stine of Lebanon Valley College upon the occasion of the third annual meeting of the PENNSYLFAANISCH DEITSCH VERSAMMLING VUN BAERRICKS COUNTY, which was held in the Rajah Temple in Reading, Pa., on April 14, 1939.

BEI so re Feschtred iss es der Gebrauch aazufange mit en paar g'schpassiche G'schichte, un sell iss aa was ich 's aersecht im Sinn g'hatt hab zu duh, awwer ich fiehl net far G'schpass mache den Owet. Die Music waar gut un mer waar'n all luschdich, un doch iss es mir verleed. An so re Versammling wie die browiere mer unserer Aerbschaft neecher zu kumme, mer browiere Sache aus der Vergangenheit zurick zu hole, vun de feinschte Sache in daere Welt, das mol unser waare, gute deitsche Sache, das mer am vergesse sin. Es dutt mer leed, as des net die hunnert un dritt Baerricks County Versammling iss schtatts yuscht die dritt, un as den Owet net en hunnert dausend vun unsere deitsche Leit do sei kenne, schtatts vun yuscht ee dausend.

Ich will, wie ich g'saat hab, vun nichs G'schpassiches schwetze; ich will schwetze vum me Grieg, en Grieg vun Warte, net Kuggele; en Grieg vun Bicher un Zeitinge; net Kanone; en Grieg g'schwischich uns Pennsylfaanische Deitsche un selle dumme un iwwerg'scheide Englische as uns net geh losse, as liege iwwer uns, as saage, mir hette nichs geduh far Amerika, un as saage mir misst Englisch sei in Schprooch un Lewe, wann mir Amerikaanisch sei welle. Ich will net so viel rede vun was die Pennsylfaanische Deitsche geduh hen in unserem Land, awwer vun was sie zerick grickt hen un griege heit noch, un vun was sie duh misse un duh sette, wann sie ihre Kepp in die Heeh hewe welle.

Far des zu duh, misse mir zerickgeh in die Zeit wie unsere Voreltere do riwwer kumme sin. Die Englische hen die aerschte letz verschtanne un hen iwwer sie gelogge. Vun de Deitsche as riwwer kumme sin, hot en hochgelaernder Schreiwer, der S. G. Fischer, g'saat in seim Buch, THE MAKING OF PENNSYLVANIA (p. 119): "The immigrant lists (of the Pennsylvania Germans) in which they signed the oath of allegiance seems to show that a large number of the men could not write. In those lists . . . . the names of those who could not write are marked with a star, and one can easily see that in many of the lists over one-half are illiterate." Awwer maerrickt des—er saagt net all vun de Lischte, er schwetzt yuscht vun de schlimmschte. Wammer all die Lischte nemmt, un die hawwich ausgerechelt, findt mer, dass schier 75% vun de Deitsche schreiwe hen kenne, un sell waar eb 1775. Now des meecht net wie viel erscheine, awwer 75% im achtzehnte Yohrhunnert waar gut. Vun de Auslenner, wu riwwer kumme sin im Zwansichschte Yohrhunnert, waare vun eem Land—ich will net saage well Land, es meecht der Mussolini verzaerne —70% as net schreiwe hen kenne.

Der Benjamin Franklin hot aa iwwer unsere Voreltere g'schriwwe. In eens vun seine Brief schreibt er: "Those (Germans) who come hither are generally the most stupid of their own nation . . . . Few of their children know English." Noh schpaeter schreibt er im me Brief: "They import many books from Germany; and of the six printing houses in the province, two are entirely German, two half-German, half-English, and but two are entirely English. They have one German newspaper and one half-German." Wammer do alles lest, waare unsere Voreltere doch net so dumm. Sie hen so viel gedruckt un so viel gelese as die Englische, un verleicht meh. Wie kummt's dass der Franklin so g'schriwwe hot? Die Ursach kann mer finne wammer weiter lest im Brief un findt des: "I remember when the Germans modestly declined intermeddling with our elections, but now they come in droves and carry all before them." (Quoted from Jared Sparks: THE WORKS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Vol. VII, pp. 71-73.)

Awwer die Englische hen net yuscht Sache g'schriwwe as letz waare. Sie hen gebrowiert Sache zu duh as letz waare. Unsere Voreltere waare Deitsch, sie hen Deitsch g'schwetzt, sin in deitsche Kaerriche gange, un hen g'schtimmt wie sie gewellt hen. Un es waar verschtanne, dass sie die Rechte hawwe un b'halte sette, wie der William Penn sie eingelaade hot do riwwer zu kumme. Awwer die Englische hen des all verennere welle. Sie hen Schule ufg'schtellt far die Deitsche, net far ne en Laerning gewwe, awwer Schule wu sie die Deitsche lehre kennte, wie zu schtimme un in welli Kaerrich zu geh. Vun de Schule hot eens vun de englische Grosskepp g'saat: "The schools shall always be conducted with due regard to the interests of the Church of England. I offer a scheme for uniting with the Church, all the German Lutherans of this country, which I am sure would easily take effect." (Smith, H. W., THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE REV. WM. SMITH, p. 146) Un en englischer Parre hot g'schriwwe: "The Germans in general are well affected to the Church of England, and might easily be brought over to it. A law obliging them to give their children an English education, which could not be deemed an infringement on their liberty, would soon have this effect." (Perry, W. S., PAPERS RELATING TO THE CHURCH IN PENNSYLVANIA, p. 376).

Endlich hen sie 10 Schule gebaut far 50,000 Leit. Sie hen unsere Voreltere weismache welle, die Schule waerde in der deitsch Schprooch, awwer wie die Kinner hie kumme sin, waar immer alles Englisch. In fimf Yaar sin die Schule zu nichs gange, weil die Deitsche net hie sin. Sie waare doch net so dumm.

Awwer die Deitsche hen Schule g'hatte, Sie hen ihre eegne Schule gebaut. Im Yohr 1763 hot der Alexander Murray g'schriwwe do in Reading: "The country for miles around this town is thickly peopled, but few else than Germans and Quakers. The Germans are computed at twelve to one of all other nations together, and seem to be well provided in teachers . . . . They might be at no loss for Englisch schoolmasters, yet they choose to send their children to German schools, which they have everywhere in great plenty." (Ibid., pp. 344-346) Un des hen die Pennsylfaanische Deitsche aag'halte daerrich die Yohr bis 1834. Im Yohr 1834 waare die Freischule reigrbrocht. Un do griege mer's widder ins G'nick. Wammer die Bicher lewe iwwer die Pennsylfaanisch Schulhistory, finne mer, dass die Deitsche gege Laerning waare un dass sie gege die Freischule g'fochte hen. Dart iss en wennich Waahrheit debei, awwer sie iss so vedreht, as es doch gelogge iss. Bis 1834 hen die deitsche hunnerte vun Schule g'hatte daerrich gans Oscht-Pennsylfaani. Des waare deitsche Schule mit deitsche Bicher un in der deitsch Schprooch, un sie waare net Freischule. Die Deitsche hen nichs g'schenkt grickt. Die Schule waare Kaerriche Schule un waare so gut as zu finne waare in Amerika. Der Superintendent Al Kemp saagt mir, der Horace Mann, berichmter Lehrer in Amerika, waer noch Baerricks County kumme die Deitsche Schule zu schtudiere, eb er sei Schule ufg'schtellt hett in Nei England.

Es iss waar, viel vun de Deitsche waare gege die Freischule, awwer net weil sie gege Laerning waare, awwer weil sie ihre eegene Schule gebaut g'hatte hen, un aa weil sie gemeent hen, dass ihre Kinner eppes vun Gott laerne sette in de Schule. Awwer es iss aa waar dass die Pennsylfaanisch Deitsche so viel geduh hen die Freischule reizubringe as die Englische hen. Der aerscht Governor as far die Freischule g'schwetzt hot waar der Andrew Schultz, en vollschtendicher Deitscher vun Baerricks; der Governor as die Freischule daerrich g'fochte hot, waar der Georg Wolf, widder en Deitscher vun Baerricks; der Legislator, wu es G'setz reigebrocht hot Geld ufzumache die Freischule ernaehre, waar der William Audenried vun Schuylkill, aa en Deitscher; un der Governor, wu die Schule ufg'schtellt hot, waar der Ritter, widder en Deitscher. Un noh schreiwe die Grosskepp, dass die Deitsche nichs geduh hette far die Schule in Pennsylvani.

Awwer ich hab g'saat mir wette net schwetze vun was die Deitsche geduh hen, awwer was sie zerick grickt hen. Mir hen do iwwer paar Sache g'schwetzt, wu Leit die Waahrheit verdreht hen iwwer uns. Awwer wie die Frieschule all Englisch waare, hen mir's aersecht grickt! In selle Schule hen sie immer gebrowiert uns Englisch zu mache; verschtanne, net Amerikaanisch, awwer Englisch. Deitsche Sache sin immer ausg'schpott warre, die Kinner hen oftmols ken Deitsch schwetze daerfe. Sie sin gelehrt warre Deitsch waer letz, Deitsch waer dumm, un dass mer yuscht Englisch schwetze daet, wann mer Amerikaanisch sei wett. Sell warre unser Kinner aa heit noch gelehrt, un iwwer sell will ich aa noch en bissel schwetze.

Hot net der Conrad Weiser Deitsch g'schwezt? Un wer kann saage, er waar net Amerikaanisch? Un die Leit, wu do howwe am Bloe Baerrick g'fochte hen die Insching zerickzuhalte, weil die Englische in Phildelphi g'hockt hen, wie sie ihre Dote, wu gemardt warre sin vun de Insching, vergraawe hen an Bethel un g'sunge hen "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott"—waare sie net Amerikaanisch? Un die Pennsylfaanisch Deitsche im Freiheitsgrieg, wie sie ihre Glesser in die Heeh g'howe hen un g'saat hen "Ohne Schwefel und Salpetre, keine Freiheit,"—waare sie net Amerikaanisch? Un die Pennsylfaanisch Deitsche Soldaate vun Pine Grove as nachts daerrich die deitsche Leine geh hen kenne im Weltgrieg yuscht weil sie Deitsch g'schwetzt hen—waare sie net Amerikaanisch? Un die hunnerte vun Pennsylfaanisch Deitsche Buwe, deel vun ne as schier ken Englisch schwetze hen kenne, un deel vun ne, as heit noch driwwe im alte Land liege, wu sie hie gange sin annere Leit vun deitsch Blut zu fechte—sin sie net Amerikaanisch? Un ihr Leit, wie ihr do g'schtanne hen den Owet un hen g'sunge "Mei Land ich sing vun dir, Siess iss die Freiheit mir"—waart ihr net Amerikaanisch?

Mir wisse dass es der Gebrauch iss heit bei unsere hochmiediche Deitsche zu verlegle, as sie Deitsch verschtehe un schwetze kenne. Zu bedauere sin die, awwer net zu hasse. Sell hen sie gelaernt in de englische Schule un sie wisse net besser. Sie meene es waer ganz recht deitsche Sache zu verschteckle un ihri deitsch Schprooch zu verhehle. Awwer des kenne sie net duh. Es gemahnt mich an sell schee Gedicht vum Parre Eli Keller:

Ich schwetz in der Mutterschproch.
Lieb sie aa un halt sie hoch.
Sie iss ken verlorenes Kind,
Das mer in die Hecke findt.
Sie kummt her vum scheene Rhei,
Wue sie Drauwe hen—und Wei!

Des iss yo en alter Schtamm,
Gut im Maerrick, un treu und fromm;
So hen unser Elt're g'schwetzt
Ganz zu Aafang un zu letzt.
Wer net Vater und Mutter ehrt,
Iss gewiss ken Bohn meh wert!

Wolle Kinner Englisch sei,
So was sott bei uns net sei—
Reite uf em Englische Gaul,
Passt sich aa zum deutsche Maul.
Loss sie reite, flink un gut,
Deitsch steckt doch noch un'rem Hut!

Now des iss net alles, das die Deitsche grickt hen. Wie die Schulleit so hart gebrowiert hen die deitsch Schprooch weckzudreiwe, hen sei aa annere Dinger geduh. Sie hen uns net yuscht ausg'schpott un uns dumm g'heesse; sie hen aarick gut acht gewwe unsere deitsche Kinner nichs zu laerne vun ihre deitsche Voreltere. In alle Schule daerrich die Welt laerne Kinner vun ihre Voreltere, sie heere ihre Voreltere gelobt, sie laerne die Vergangenheit vun ihrem Volk zu ehre. Des kenne mir sehne in England, Deitschland, Japan. Des sehnt mer aa in Massachusetts, Virginia, California. Awwer es iss ee Blatz wu mer des net sehnt, un seller Blatz iss in de Schule vun uns Pennsylfaanisch Deitsche. Unsere Kinner heere alles vun so Rumlaefer wie der Miles Standish odder der John Smith, awwer vun Leit as ebbes geduh hen far Amerika wie der Conrad Weiser un die Muhlenberg Familie, heere die Pennsylfaanisch Deitsche Schulkinner nichs. Sie kenne net ausfinne in de Schule vun Pennsylvania, dass Pennsylfaanisch Deitsche Soldaate vun Reading die aerschte waare noch Cambridge, Mass. zu geh vum ganze im Freiheitsgrieg; dass der Washington die Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche besser gedraut hot, as wie die Englische Amerikaaner; dass die aerschte Soldaate im Civil Grieg—die First Defenders — widder Pennsylfaanisch Deitsche waare; dass die 4th Penna. Infantry eens vun de paar National Guard Regiments, as iwwer der See gange iss im Spanish American Grieg, widder Pennsylfaanisch Deitsche waar un waar g'heesse "the Dutch Regiment." Nee, die Sache sin net zu finne in de Schulbicher.

Un net yuscht sell. Mir Pennsylfaanisch Deitsche hen ken annerer Blatz, wu mir die Sache ausfinne kenne. Doyetz hawwich der James Farley heere schwetze uf me "nation-wide hook-up". Er hot die Irische gelobt, zu ganz Amerika geblose, was Irische Soldaate geduh hen im Freiheitsgrieg. Er hot's mensche vun de Scotch-Irische g'schwetzt, awwer hot's net gewisst. Ich hab zu mer selwer gedenkt: Kennt en Pennsylfaanisch Deitscher so schwetze zu ganz Amerika vun unsere Leit? Un mer hen doch so viel un meh geduh as die annere aa.

Un noch schlimmer! Mir Pennsylfaanisch Deitsche helfe de annere noch iwwer ihre Vergangeneit zu blose un saage nichs vun unsere eegne. Paar Woche zerick hen sie en Schulprogram g'hatte net meh as 30 Meil vun Reading. Die Leit uf em Program hen all gute Pennsylfaanisch Deitsche Naame g'hatte. Hen sie vun Pennsylfaanisch Deitsche Sache un vun Pennsylfaanisch Deitsche Leit g'schwetzt? Nee, des iss was sie g'hatte hen—The Wearing of the Green, A Little Bit of Ireland, When You and I were young, Maggie, un The Story of St. Patrick. Denkt ihr mir kennte sei Lewe en Drupp Irische heere uf me Program, as die Pennsylfaanisch Deitsche ehrt, odder en irische Schwetzer iwwer so ebbes wie "The Story of Henry Melchior Muhlenberg? Alle annere Leit in Amerika, Scotch-Irish, Irish, Huguenot, Holland Dutch, Puritan, Cavalier—all sin stolz driwwer. Yuscht die Pennsylfaanisch Deitsche welle ihre Voreltere verschteckele!

Un es iss ken Ursach devor. Unser Leit hen viel geduh, wu mir stolz sei sette driwwer, un sie hen nichs geduh, wu mir uns schemme sette driwwer. Vun de Zeit as sie in Amerika aagelandt waare im Yohr 1683 hen sie ken ee "protest meeting" g'hatte, odder "petitions g'schickt zum President, odder Geld zammegrickt iwwer Schtreit im alte Land. Unsere Voreltere sin do riwwer kumme Amerikaanisch zu sei, sell waare sie noch immer, sell sin mir heit, un sell bleiwe mir aa! Stolz sette mir sei! Leit as ihre Eltere un Grosseltere net ehre kenne, duhne aa nichs as ihre Kinner un Kinskinner ehre kenne. Un annere duhne des net far uns. Mir misse uns selwert helfe.

Was kenne mir duh? Mir kenne sehne dezu, dass unser Kinner un ihre Eltere nimmi ausg'schpott warre in de Schule yuscht weil sie Pennsylfaanisch Deitsch un Pennsylfaanisch Deitsch Sache b'halte wolle. Mir kenne foddere, dass unser Kinner net yuscht vun annere Leit schtudiere solle, awwer as sie aa ebbes iwwer ihre eegene beriehmte Leit laerne. Es soll ihne niemand saage die Pennsylfaanisch Deitsche waere net Amerikaanisch, es soll uns niemand meh die Pennsylfaanisch Deitsche ausschpotte, un es kann niemand mich mei Pennsylfaanisch Deitsch Blut un mei Pennsylfaanisch Deitsche Voreltere verlegele mache.

Die Kinneryohr

ASTOR C. WUCHTER

Die Kinneryohr, die scheene Yohr,
Mer meent es kennt net sei;
Sell waare Zeite, liewer Droscht,
Uf ewich now verbei.
'S iss waahr un bleibt aa immer waahr,
"Die Yugend die iss blind";
Sie weess net, sehnt net, glaabt's aa net:
"Dei Paradies, o Kind!"

Ken Platz so schee, wie's waar deheem
Mer hett net g'schwappt, o mei!
Far's schennschte Haus im ganse Daal
Mit Geil un Bauerei.
Beim Daadi un der Mammi waar's,
Was hot mer meh gewott?
So'n Zuflucht iss now kenni meh
Except beim liewe Gott.

Wann's eenich ebbes gewwe hot,
Wie's oft genunk so waar,
Noh iss mer yuscht der Mammi noh
Un oft noch g'heilt sogaar.
Die hot em noh gedroscht un oft
Die Backe rot gebosst;
Sell waar'n viel bessri Medizin
As eenicher Doktor losst.

Die Welt, die waar net greesser viel
As wie um Haus un Schtall;
Vum Donatskopp bis zum Bloberg
Waar's weitscht—un noh waar's all.
Was driwwer draus waar meh wie'n Draam,
Ken Aafang un ken End;
Mer hot gewunnert, sich verseimt,
Sei Schpielsach in de Hend.

Waar B'such im Haus un hot verzaehlt
Vun lang haer un vun weit,
Was hot mer net die Ohre g'schpitzt—
Zum Schlofe waar ken Zeit.
Hot eens noch vun de Insche g'schwetzt,
Vum G'schpuck ans Lange Fens,
Mer waer net owets vor die Dier
Far'n hunnert dausend Bens.

Waar als der Daadi nachts vun heem,
Die Mammi gans allee,
Was hot mer net so ordlich g'fiehlt,
So bang—ums Haerz rum weh!
Hot ebbes aryets sich geregt,
Hot's Haerz em schun gekloppt,
'S waar alles voll vun—weess net was,
'S hot an de Hoor geroppt.

Ach! hett mer net die Mammi g'hatt,
Was hett mer dann geduh?
Sie hot am Bett noch mit gebet,
Glei waar mer in der Ruh.
Wie siess waar seller Schlof gewest,
So schloft mer nimmi ei;
Wer winscht net alsemol er kennt
So'n Kind noch eemol sei?

Un wammer kennt, waer's besser noh?
Mer wisst wie gut mer's hett?
Ach nee! mer wisst net meh devun
Wie'n Kind im Drondlebett.
Deel Dinge gebt der Herr uns oft,
Deel gebt er yuscht eemol;
Die schennschte Daag gehn vanneweck
As wie bem Miller Dohl.

Iss eens as sich erinnre kann,
Wie'n Kind die Zeit verdreibt?
Was! fufzich Yohr! Saag zwansich, dann?
Ken Buch as sell uns b'schreibt?
Ich meen die Welt wu's Kind drin lebt
Sei Aaschlaeg, Denke, Sinn;
Ach, wer dart driwwer draus mol iss,
Weess net wie's hergeht drin.

Die Kinneryohr, die scheene Yohr,
Sin ewich now verbei;
Un doch, wer winscht net alsemol,
Er meecht en Kind noch sei?
'S iss net die Aelt, 's iss net Verdruss,
As winscht, gaern howwe wott—
Es fehlt em ebbes—ach! mer weess,
As yuscht die Kindheit's hot.

Chat About Your Friends

Yesterday's birthday list included: Mrs.. Eugene Erb, Waldheim; Mrs. George Hawk, 612 N. 10th St.; Mrs. Herman Long, Sherersville; G. E. O. Reinhard, 522 N. 9th St.; William Reiterman Jr., 725 N. 12th St.; Andrew Jacobs, 609 Carbon St., Walnutport; Robert Piehl, 351 N. Bradford St.; Martin Campetto, Steckel's Farm, Mary Bortz, 1139 Green St.; Elaine Yeager, 418 N. 10th St.; Eugene Roth, 831 Walnut St.; Kathryn Tomashak, 209 Grant St.; Eleanor Seaman, 165 Pine St.; and Mike Macisak, 431 Bellevue St.

Gene Shock, 1605½ Tilghman St., celebrated his birthday anniversary on Monday.

Elizabeth A. Laury, 535 Liberty St., had as her guests Thursday: Esther B. Laury, Leah Sewell, Liane Poirier, teachers in New York City schools and Anna Parker of White Haven, Pa.

Ruth Howe, home economics teacher at Cedar Crest College is spending the holidays with relatives in New Windsor, Md.

Bobby Seng, 121 N. Lumber St., is ill at his home.

Benjamin Lipsky, 329 S. 16th St., is recuperating after a recent illness.

Among those who marked their birthday anniversaries Thursday are: Elena Altieri, 645 N. 6th St.; Florence Youngcourt, 829½ Tilghman St.; Pauline and Cecelia Day, 127 Furnace St.

Albert Piovesan, 378 Washington St., celebrated his birthday anniversary yesterday.

John Bigatel, 365 Cedar St., visited friends in Bethlehem on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bauer, 389 Greenleaf St., are entertaining guests from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Dyjack, 244 Park View St., are entertaining guests from Trenton, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold W. Merkel and daughter Marlene, 1138 Russell St., and Mr. and Mrs. Norman O. Merkel and son Kermit, 1136 Russell St., spent Thanksgiving Day in Wescosville at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Merkel where a family dinner was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Bauer and daughter Grace, 502 Coal St., Lehighton, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Cordes, 801 S. 10th St., on Thanksgiving.

Eleanor Ruth Seaman, 165 Pine St., observed her 11th birthday anniversary.

Carolyn Schleicher, R. N., of Philadelphia, left on Thanksgiving Day for Baltimore, Md., where she will enter Johns Hopkins university hospital to take a post-graduate course in surgery and operating room management. She was accompanied by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Schleicher, and sister Christine and brother Charles, of 1350 Chew St.

Mrs. Edward M. Griswold of Stonington, Conn., will observe her birthday anniversary on Sunday. Mrs. Griswold, who was married recently, is the former Catherine A. Wescoe of 1612 Chew St., this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Newhard, 1242 Main St., Northampton, celebrated their seventh wedding anniversary yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Worman of Allentown R. 1, will celebrate their silver weding anniversary tomorrow. They were married Nov. 26, 1914, by the late Rev. J. J. Schindel at Allentown. Mr. Worman is an automobile salesman for Ritter and Yost.

FATHER JOHN'S MEDICINE USED OVER 80 YEARS
for COLDS and COUGHS DUE TO COLDS
Treats Inside—Rich in the Essential Vitamins A and D.

Obituaries

Mrs. M. C. Lutz Dies, Aged 97

Mrs. Mary C. Lutz, of Wanamakers, oldest woman in Lynn township, died yesterday morning following illness from bronchial pneumonia which she contracted over a week ago. She was aged 97 years and 22 days.

The widow of Charles H. Lutz, a Civil war veteran who preceded her in death 42 years ago, she was born in Wanamakers, the daughter of Aaron and Polly, nee Dietrich, Donat.



MRS. CHARLES LUTZ

Surviving are two daughters, Deatta at home and Mrs. James Oswald of Slatington; and a granddaughter, Velma Oswald, teacher in the Slatington schools. One son preceded her in death. Two brothers of Wanamakers, James and Lewis Donat also survive.

Private funeral services will be held from her late home Tuesday afternoon. A public service will follow at Jacksonville Union church of which she was a member of the Reformed faith. The Rev. D. A. Bachman and the Rev. Clarence Rahn will officiate. Interment will be made in the church cemetery.

Henry W. George

Veteran Allentown Salesman Was Aged 71 Years

Henry W. George of 232 S. 13th St., Allentown, a salesman in Allentown for the past 29 years, died at the Allentown hospital at 12.35 a. m. yesterday, after an illness of five weeks. He was in his 71st year.

Mr. George had been a salesman for a number of concerns, but since residing in this city he had been a salesman for the Allentown Wholesale Grocery Co.

Mr. George, a native of Ashland, was a charter member of the P.O.S. of A. of Aristes, in Columbia county. He was also a member of Zion U. B. church, Allentown, and the Men's Bible class of the church.

Besides his wife, Nettie May, there survive three children: Chester E., Allentown; Herbert A., Fairfield, Conn.; Robert G., Philadelphia. Six grandchildren also survive.

Rev. Allan Ranck will be in charge of funeral services to be held on Tuesday at 1.30 p. m. from the J. S. Burkholder Funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St. Interment will be made in Fairview cemetery.

Ernest Kreig

Allentown Resident Suffered Stroke Tuesday

A former cabinet maker who had been living retired for many years, Ernest Kreig, of East Rock Road, Summit Lawn, died at 8.45 o'clock yesterday morning in the Allentown hospital.

Mr. Kreig, who was in his 84th year, had been ailing of a heart condition for the past four years. On Tuesday he suffered a stroke and was taken to the hospital where he died this morning.

For a number of years Mr. Kreig had been employed as a watchman at the Winona silk mill, near Mountainville.

Born in Saxony, Germany, he came to this country when he was 13 years old, and with the exception of the past 26 years, had lived in Philadelphia most of the time.

Since moving to Allentown, he had resided with Mr. and Mrs. Emil L. Barth, at Summit Lawn. He was a member of the Lutheran faith.

The only survivors are one son, Louis E., Allentown, and two grandchildren. His wife, nee Matilda Sherman, died in 1912. Three children and several brothers and sisters preceded him in death.

Funeral services will be held on Monday at 10 a. m. at the Rabenold Funeral home, 116 S. 8th St. Interment will be made in the German Lutheran cemetery, Philadelphia.

Joseph G. Holko

Catasauqua Native Succumbs at Sanatorium

Joseph G. Holko, 27, a native of Catasauqua, died at 9 a. m. yesterday in South Mountain sanitarium, Mount Alto, Pa., following a long illness.

Born March 19, 1912 he was the son of the late Stephen and Mary, nee Adams, Holko. He was a member of the St. Andrews Slovak church in Catasauqua.

Surviving are four brothers: Andrew and George, Catasauqua, Michael, U. S. Army, Ft. Howard, Maryland and John, U. S. Army Air corps, Langley Field, Va.

The funeral will be held Monday morning at 9 o'clock from the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Balik, 329 Church St., Catasauqua. High mass will be sung in St. Andrew's Slovak church with interment in the church cemetery.

Henry Hucke

Allentown Resident Ill Last Seven Months

Henry Hucke, 278 E. Maple St., died at his home yesterday morning at 6:30 o'clock following seven months' illness. He was in his 54th year.

Born in South Bethlehem, he was the son of Frederick and the late Annie, nee Deppen, Hucke. For the past 50 years he lived in Allentown and until his retirement 15 years ago had worked as a laborer in various local business establishments. He was a member of the Reformed faith. He had never married.

Besides his father, a sister, Mrs. Harry Moyer, Bethlehem, survives.

Services will be held from the Heckrotte and Spacht Funeral home, 824 Walnut St., Allentown, Tuesday at 2 p. m. Interment at the convenience of the family in St. Mark's cemetery. Viewing Monday 7-9 p. m. Rev. Robert Hucke, Reformed minister in Scranton, will officiate.

Wallace Reed

Sumneytown Resident Was 60 Years of Age

Wallace Reed, of Sumneytown, died early this morning at the Quakertown Community hospital. He had been a patient at the institution since Nov. 1. He was about 60 years of age.

Charles Endy

Was Allentonian For Last Thirty Years

In ill health for the past two years and confined to the Allentown hospital since Monday, Charles Endy, of 838 Union St., Allentown, died at the institution at 3.05 a. m. yesterday. He was 80.

Born at Wilkes-Barre, Mr. Endy had lived in Allentown for about the last 30 years. Prior to moving here, he had resided in Tamaqua for several years.

Mr. Endy had been a brick foreman, but was retired for many years. He was a member of the Seibert E. C. church and of its Sunday school.

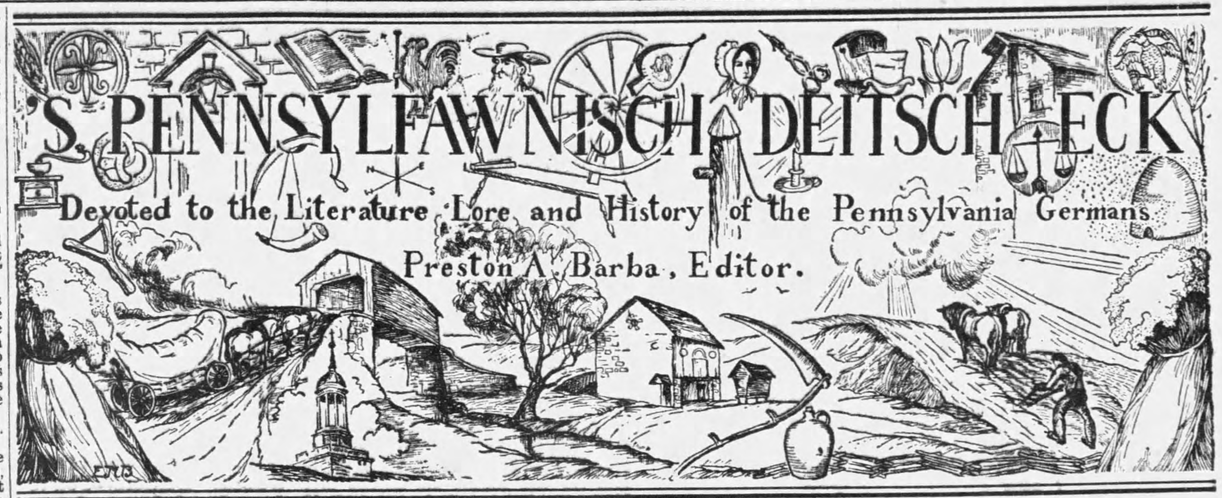
Besides his wife, nee Mary Haiman, there survive two children, Raymond and Elmer, both of Allentown; one sister, Mrs. Reuben Shock, Tamaqua; two brothers, Edward Endy of Tamaqua and Samuel Endy of Frackville. Three grandchildren also survive.

Funeral services will be conducted on Tuesday at 1.30 p. m. from the Rabenold Funeral home, 116 S. 8th St. Rev. Ralph Borneman, assisted by Rev. Robert Beisel, will be in charge of the services. Interment will be made in Grandview cemetery.

(Continued on Page Eleven)

Deaths

KOCH—In Bethlehem, Thursday Nov. 23, 1939, Mrs. Carolina H. Minnich Koch, 70, widow of Clinton Koch. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral at 2:30 p. m. Sunday with services at the residence, 929 Wyandotte St., Bethlehem. Burial in Friedensville cemetery. Viewing Saturday evening. Calvin F. Miller.



The Conestoga Wagon

(A Pennsylvania German Product)

By H. C. FREY

The Conestoga wagon was unquestionably a Pennsylvania German product. Lancaster county gets the credit for its origin. Many claimants say that it was modeled after the old English covered wagon. Might not the old English covered wagon have been modeled after the type of covered wagon that was used centuries ago and is still being used by the peasants in certain parts of the Rhine Valley and other parts of Germany? That, however, is a European problem and I shall not go into any further detail concerning it.

The purpose of this article is to show that the covered wagon, that originated in Lancaster County, is a Pennsylvania German product. Had it originated in or near Boston, New England's literary geniuses would have written volumes about this old freight-carrying vehicle, and had it had its home in the South (Old Virginny) its praises would have been eulogized even beyond the imagination of a New Englander. In Pennsylvania German communities, where farming, farm exporting and wagoning have been given the greatest amount of attention for generations, folks are prone to sit idly by, or to be so busily engaged in agricultural and industrial pursuits that they have little time to display their civic pride on such an historical subject as the Conestoga Wagon.

The name "Conestoga" has been associated with almost everything from a shinplaster to a National Bank, and something should be said about the derivation of the word. Just exactly how this word came into use is a question and would furnish an interesting problem for the student of etymology. One of the earliest references to a world similarly pronounced is the name "Onestega" given to a stream on a map by August Herman dated 1665. The name of the tribe of Indians, the stream and the manor of Conestoga in Lancaster County, is another study, but we do know that all three of these were named long before the Conestoga wagon or the Conestoga horse existed. It is also believed that both the horse and the wagon were named from the section of Lancaster County from which they originated. Whether the wagon was named from the Conestoga breed of horse or the horse from the wagon is another conjecture of little concern.

Quotations from early writers indicate that the Conestoga Wagon in all its forms was a Pennsylvania German product: Probably one of the earliest printed references to the Conestoga wagon is that in the following advertisement in the Pennsylvania Gazette, Philadelphia, under date of February 5, 1750: "Just imported and to be sold very cheap for ready money by Thomas White at his house in Market Street, between 4th and 5th, almost opposite the sign of the Conestoga Wagon, etc." Just one week later the same advertiser uses the term "Dutch Wagon" in a similar advertisement. In those very early days the expressions "Dutch Wagon" and "Conestoga Wagon" must have been synonymous terms.

In 1754 Governor Pownall visited Lancaster, and in his journal says the place then contained "five hundred houses and two thousand inhabitants; that it was a growing town and making money, having then a manufactory of saddles and pack-saddles." (1) This would indicate that at that time pack horses instead of wagons were used as the principal mode of long-distance freight carrying.

However, in the following year, Benjamin Franklin (2) advertised in Lancaster for one hundred and fifty wagons, with four horses to each wagon, and fifteen hundred saddle or pack horses, and secured all of these to aid General Braddock in his expedition against Fort Duquesne.

A remnant of the type of wagon reputed to be used in Braddock and Forbes' expeditions conveyed Abraham Weber, family, and household goods in the year 1807 from Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, (now Kitchener) to Berlin, Ontario, Canada. This old wagon is still preserved in the museum of the Waterloo Historical Society. An examination of the registry of names of members of this society today would show that nearly all are of Pennsylvania German heritage.

In "An Account of the European Settlements in America," published in London in 1757, the writer, Edmund Burke, in speaking of Philadelphia, says:

"Besides the quantity of all kinds of produce which is brought down the rivers of this province—the Delaware and Schuylkill—the Dutch employ between eight and nine thousand wagons, drawn each by four horses, in bringing the produce of their farms to this market."

In a diary (3) kept by Captain Wiederholdt, a British officer, who was taken as a prisoner at the Battle of Trenton, he says that he and other Hessian prisoners were taken on December 31, 1776, to Philadelphia in wagons covered with ducking. These were undoubtedly Conestoga wagons, but were not mentioned as such on his diary entry.

Twenty-five years after the earliest reference to the term "Conestoga Wagon," under date of May 17, 1775, the following entry appears in Washington's diaries: "din'd at Mr. Saml. Griffiins. After wch. Attended a Commee at the Conestoga Wagon." (4) The Conestoga Wagon Inn mentioned by Washington was located on Market Street, Philadelphia, above Fourth Street, and was the same tavern mentioned as "The Sign of the Dutch Wagon" in the Pennsylvania Gazette early in 1750.

Again in 1783 we have a record of "Major General Lee (5) dying in a small, dirty room in the Philadelphia tavern called the Canastoe Wagon, designed chiefly for the entertainment and accommodation of common countrymen," which shows that this hotel was undoubtedly used as a stopping place for Pennsylvania German farmers.

While the date of its origin is not definitely known, would it not be logical to assume that, following the primitive sled and cart, the very beginning of wagoning in the Conestoga section of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, either on the farms or on the roads, was also the true origin of the Conestoga Wagon and its name as we know it today, and that it did not come about through any long consecutive evolutionary process?

Let us assume another proposition, that the Conestoga Wagon (synonymously and formerly called "Dutch Wagon") was conceived and created by the Pennsylvania Dutch in the Conestoga Valley at a time when the first necessity arose there for the use of such a wagon.

Dr. Rush, writing in 1789, says: "A large, strong wagon, "the snip of inland commerce," covered with a linen cloth, is an essential part of the furniture of a German farm. In this wagon, drawn by four or five horses of a peculiar breed, they convey to market, over the roughst roads, 2,000 and 3,000 pounds weight of the produce of their farms. In the months of September and October it is no uncommon thing, to meet in one day fifty or one hundred of these wagons on their way to Philadelphia."

In the translations recently made from the "Neue Unpartheyische Lancaster Zeitung und Anzeige Nachrichten" (New Unpartisan Lancaster Gazette and Advertising News) some interesting advertisements have been found, establishing the fact that in the town of Lancaster and Lancaster County taverns had adopted the name "Conestoga Wagon" at early dates. In the issue of October 28 1789, there is an announcement that John and William Michael have moved into "that old famous tavern 'Sign of the Conestoga Wagon' in the borough of Lancaster, formerly occupied by Mr. Christopher Graffert."

Johan Schoepf, writing in 1784, said: "There were probably seven or eight thousand Dutch Wagons with four horses each, that from Time to Time bring their Produce and Traffick to Philadelphia, from 10 to 100 miles distance. Sometimes there were as many as eight horses to a wagon. Each wagon had its feed trough suspended at the rear and the tar can swinging underneath. The procession on busy days must have been startling."

Josiah Quincy described the first part of a trip he made from Philadelphia to Washington as follows: "At three o'clock this morning (February 10, 1826) the light of a candle under the door, and a rousing knock, told me that it was time to depart and shortly after I left Philadelphia by the Lancaster stage, otherwise a vast illimitable wagon, with seats without backs, capable of holding some sixteen passengers with decent comfort to themselves, and actually encumbered with some dozen more. After riding till eight o'clock, we reached the Breakfast House, where we partook of a good meal. We then proceeded through a most beautiful tract of country, where good fences and huge stone barns proved the excellence of the farming. The road seemed actually lined with Conestoga wagons, each drawn by six stalwart horses, and ladened with farm produce." (6)

The "vast illimitable wagon" referred to was generally known as a stage wagon. A better kind of passenger conveyance was the elegant, comfortable and brilliantly-painted stage coach.

As a poet, Mr. Quincy spoke of the Conestoga wagons thus:

" ..... Many a fleet of them
In one long upward winding row.
It ever was a noble sight
As from the distant mountain heigth
Or quiet valley far below,
Their snow-white covers looked like sail." (7)

H. L. Fisher, a poet of half a century later wrote a poem of thirty-one stanzas entitled "Wagoning" (8) The fifth stanza is almost identical with the one written by Josiah Quincy. Only the first stanza of Mr. Fisher's poem is here given:

There were two classes of these men,—
Men of renown, not well agreed;
"Militia-men" drove narrow treads,
Four horses and plain red Dutch beds
And always carried "grub" and feed;
Because they carried feed and "grub"
They bore the brunt of many a "rub."

An old wagoner from Western Pennsylvania, shortly after the Civil War period had this to say about Lancaster County teamsters: (9) "Two brothers, Abner and David Peirt, natives of Lancaster County, at one time left their home county and came to the western part of the state where they secured jobs as teamsters on the National Pike, among wagoners of all kinds, including a few colored men. The easterners were called the 'Pennsylvania Dutch' teamsters and were admired for their steadiness, straight-forwardness and honesty. Their teams were frequently commented upon as being of the genuine Conestoga strain." This is only one example to show that of all the teams and teamsters on all the roads in Eastern United States, the Pennsylvania Dutch teamster with his Conestoga breed of horses, from Lancaster County ranked second to none.

In the gubernatorial campaign of 1835 Joseph Ritner, often called "The Wagon Boy of the Alleghenies," because he had been a wagoner in his early days, was the teamsters' choice for the highest office in the state. At taverns, and other places where the teamsters gathered and often while driving in strings, along the pike, wagoners were heard singing the following verse in support of their candidate for Governor:

Wote nunner der Irisher
Der Josef Ritner is der Mann
Der unser Staat regieren kann.

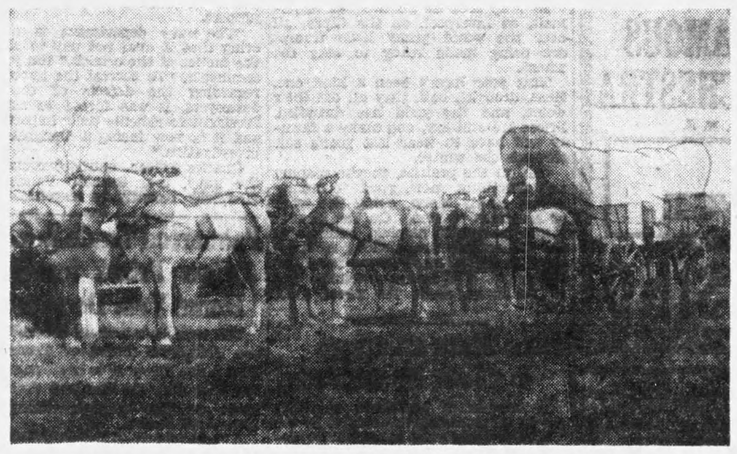
Ritner was elected.

"The Pennsylvania German migrating from the Rhenish Palatinate in large numbers between 1685 and 1710 had no lack of master artisans of the anvil. They brought with them many centuries of experience in iron working and found here an abundance of ore together with the necessary fuel for their forges. During the eighteenth century there was hardly a village or crossroad so small that it couldn't boast of a skilled iron worker and blacksmith, whose shop stood where the garage now holds forth. And—make no mistake—he wasn't viewed as an ordinary laborer but was considered a highly respected citizen, often a leader. A glamour of romance surrounded his work and the blacksmith shop was the forum and country club combined. The halcyon dream of the country lad was to grow up and rule the forge and when an apprentice was needed the smith usually had the pick of the surrounding countryside." (10)

Some of the ironing on the Conestoga wagon was very ornate, especially the tool box. This part of the wagon afforded an opportunity for the blacksmith to show his artistry.

Much might be written about the ironing of the lid of the tool box. There was an early use and knowledge of iron in the Province of Pennsylvania. The smith shaped the traditions of the old world and the lore of the Black Forest in what he made, and his decorations of these old boxes are an unfailing delight. Some are almost all covered with ornate iron work, symmetrical, uniform and strongly riveted. The staples of the hinges were driven through the top rail and clinched. The hasp fitted over a staple and could be fastened by a hook or a padlock. Many different designs were used on the tool box lid. The hinges looked like snake heads, flowers, and other decorative objects. There was also a pleasing variation of axe sockets. Few sockets are decorated but they take many shapes and sometimes there is a latch to keep the axe from jumping out on a rough road. There are in existence some axe sockets, the face of which took the form of a fish and which were highly decorated, the fish eye and the fish scales being intricately worked out by the dexterous hands of the smith. The designs in this ornamental iron work were cut out with chisels and not filed. Many of the hooks and ends or fastenings were elaborate and many of the nuts had curled thumb pieces. The ingenious hook and link on the chains that kept the wagon bed from spreading deserved to be patented.

(To be continued)



Conestoga Wagon and Complete Outfit Owned by H. C. Frey, Harrisburg, Pa.

1.—Wm. Sipe: The Pennsylvania Railroad.
2.—Franklin's Autobiography.
3.—Diary of Captain Wiederholdt (Ed. by Learned and Grosse).
4.—Washington's Diaries (Ed. by John C. Fitzpatrick)
5.—Thorton: An American Glossary.
6.—Jacob Gossler: An Old Turnpike Road.
7.—Alice Morse Earle: Stagecoach and Tavern Days.
8.—H. L. Fisher: Ye Olden Times.
9.—T. B. Searight: The Old Pike.
10.—The Antiquarian (March, 1925).

Altzeit Fuhrmans Lied

Noch Baltimore geht unser Fuhr
Mit dem gedeckte Wage;
Der Turnpike zeigt uns die Geschpur,
Die Geil sin gut bechlage;
En guter Schuck, Glick zu der Reis,
Der Wiskey schteigt, Flaur fallt im Preisz—
So blose die Posauner—
Hott! Schimmel, hott, ei Brauner!

Mer fahre bis zum Blaue Ball,
En deutscher Wirth, en guter Schtall—
Hott! Schimmel, hott, ei Brauner!
Do schteht en Berg, dort ligt 'n Dhal,
En Zollhaus gegeniewer—
Es singt e' Lerch, es peift en Schtar—
"Die Freiheit isch uns liewer"—
Hott! Schimmel, hott, ei Brauner!

Es regert, un' der Belz wert nass,
Mer schteige in der Wage
Un' ziege aus 'm erschte Fass
Was gut isch for der Mage,
Un' macht das wider frischer geht,
Sunscht bleiwe mer dahinne;
Denn, wer des fahre recht ferschteht,
Loszt sich net lodisch finne—
Hott! Schimmel, hott, ei Brauner!

Wan Flaur un' Wiskey sin ferkauft
Un's Gelt isch in de Tasche,
So, wan mer wider z'rick sin, braf,
Dhun mir's in Kischt un' Kaschtes
En guter Schluck, Glick zu der Reis,
Der Whiskey schteigt, Flaur fallt im Preisz--
So blose die Posauner—
Hott! Schimmel, hott, ei Brauner!

Jetz hen mer, ah en gute Lod
Fon allerlee e' Ware.
Do fahre mer mit heemzus grad,
Um Zeit un' Gelt zu schpare.
Der Fuhloh zahlt des Zehrgelt z'rick—
Mir sin ke' schalke Jauner—
En guter Schluck, zu allem Glick!
Hott! Schimmel, hott, ei, Brauner!



"Loui" Miller
1796—1882

The original drawing from which the above likeness has been engraved was made by Lewis Miller himself when he was in his eighty-first year.

The above "Waggoner's Song" is attributed to Lewis Miller, better known to the citizens of York, Pa., of two generations ago as "Loui." He was born of German parents in 1796 in the town of York, where he followed the carpenter's trade for more than forty years. He had enjoyed good schooling under his father's tutelage in the German Lutheran Parochial School. Though untrained, he was an artist of no mean attainments, and through his long life with pen and brush chronicled the life and history of early York and of the young nation. Some 1500 such sketches are now the prized possession of the Historical Society of York County. They are unique in the annals of early American Art. Lewis Miller died in 1882.

The Pennsylvania German dialect poet Henry Lee Fischer, a contemporary and friend of Lewis Miller, writes of him in an article prepared for John Gibson's History of York County, 1886, as follows: As a rustic poet and writer of popular Pennsylvania German songs, Loui Miller had few superiors. Following is the "Waggoner's Song" of the olden time, when all surplus farm products, no small part of which was whiskey, apple jack, and peach brandy, since almost every big farmer had his little distillery where these popular and necessary beverages were made, and which together with flour, clover, timothy and flaxseed, were from this and some other southeastern counties conveyed to the Baltimore market in Conestoga wagons drawn by four or five stalwart horses driven by a jolly teamster, usually the farmer himself, his oldest son or hireling. The back-loading consisted of dry goods, groceries, etc., for the village or country stores, and oysters and sweet potatoes for private use."

We have printed Lewis Miller's "Waggoner's Song" as Henry Lee Fischer published it in his book "Kurzweil un' Zeitfertreib." It has the swing of a real folkballad, and we can only regret that no other of Miller's songs have come down to us. It must be looked upon as one of the earliest songs of Pennsylvania German origin. Ann Hark in her recent book "Hex Marks the Spot" includes a slightly different version, that found in Dr. Harry H. Reichard's "Pennsylvania German Dialect Writings and Their Writers."

Chat About Your Friends

H. N. Erb, 1022 Lehigh St., is spending the week shooting at English Center.

Tom Hoffman, Lester Berthold, Frank Forker of Souderton and Charles Sprage, 2303 S. Albert St., are spending two days hunting in the Pocono Mountains.

Among the Allentonians who observed their birthdays on Wednesday, were Charles Mengel, 118 N. 8th St.; Kenneth Woley, 752 N. 9th St.; Mrs. Ray F. Baumer, 1120 Allen St., and Mrs. Norman Dennis, 1033 Green St.

Mrs. Rewellian Heintzelman, 635 Green St., celebrated her birthday anniversary yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Check, 701½ E. 6th St., Bethlehem, are parents of a son born at Sacred Heart hospital at 12:22 p. m. yesterday.

Robert E. Peters of Saegersville spent yesterday in Allentown transacting business.

Mrs. William F. Boyle, 116 S. Howard St., entertained friends from Boothwyn, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Mummey, Berlinsville, are celebrating their 23rd wedding anniversary.

Grace Wagner, 227½ N. Hall St., is reported recovering from an attack of pneumonia which kept her confined to her home for the last two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Enus Freed, Souderton, visited friends in Allentown.



Obituaries

Mrs. Rebecca Greenberg

Brooklyn Woman Dies at Home of Daughter in Bethlehem

Mrs. Rebecca Greenberg, of Brooklyn, N. Y., died Friday morning at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Philip Frishberg, 1204 Lorain Ave., Bethlehem, while on a visit.

Undertaker H. A. Conahan removed the body to New York where burial was made Friday afternoon in Washington cemetery.

Mrs. William Wilson

Hokendauqua Resident Was 72 Years of Age

Mrs. Annie Wilson, nee Evans, wife of William Wilson Sr., died at 5 o'clock yesterday morning at the family residence, 115 Third St., Hokendauqua, aged 72 years, 7 months and 9 days. She had been in failing health for several years. Over the weekend she contracted pneumonia.

A daughter of the late George and Mary J., nee Dowdell, Evans, she was born in County Derry, Ireland, April 22, 1867. She was a resident of Hokendauqua for 49 years.

There survive her husband, who was for many years in the employ of the Thomas Iron works at Hokendauqua; four sons, George of Catasauqua, John and William Jr., of Hokendauqua, and Charles Wilson of Barberton, Ohio; two daughters, Mrs. Martha Snyder of Fullerton; and Mary J., wife of John Kelly, of Barberton; eight grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. Mrs. Wilson was a member of St. Stephen's Episcopal church, Catasauqua.

Funeral services will be held at her late home on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m., Rev. William F. Colclough officiating. Interment will be made in Fairview cemetery, West Catasauqua.


NIGHT COUGHS due to colds...checked without "dosing". VICKS VAPORUB PROVED BY 2 GENERATIONS

Michael Waselow

Child Was Son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Waselow

Admitted to the Sacred Heart hospital on Tuesday, Michael Waselow, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Waselow, of 133 N. 3rd St., Allentown, died of pneumonia at 5:05 a. m. yesterday. The little tot was 14 months old.

Besides the parents, Peter and Catherine, nee Haluschak, Waselow, there survive the following brothers and sisters: Dorothy, John, Olga, Charles, Stephen and Margaret, at home; Mrs. Al Mazziotta and Mrs. Joseph Durs, of this city, and Helen Hochunceck, of Detroit, Mich.

James Allen

Retired Railroad Employe Succumbs at Tamaqua Residence

James Allen, a retired railroad employe, died at 6 p. m. yesterday at the home of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Boyle, 322 Market St., Tamaqua, with whom he had lived for the past 21 years. He had been sick since January. He was a member of the Zion's Lutheran church, Tamaqua.

Surviving are three daughters and three sons, Elmer and Roy Allen, Tamaqua; and William Allen, South Carolina; Mrs. Boyle, Mrs. Arthur Hoover, Reading; and Mrs. Max Acker, Mauch Chunk. Thirteen grandchildren and three great-grandchildren also survive.

A private funeral will be held from the home Monday at 2 p. m. with Rev. Maynard C. Hallock of Zion's Lutheran church officiating. Interment in the Odd Fellows cemetery.

Edward J. Boyle

Tamaqua Native Survived by Wife and Four Children

Edward J. Boyle, aged 64 years, died at 1 p. m. yesterday at his home, 536 E. Union St., Tamaqua. He was a native of Tamaqua. He had been bedfast for 10 weeks and had been ill for eight months. He was employed at Tamaqua colliery.

He was a parishioner of St. Jerome's church and a member of the Holy Name society. Surviving are his wife, Mary nee Lenahan; three daughters, Mrs. Margaret Geiger, Clark St., Mrs. Valentine Fox, Columbia St., Tamaqua, and Mrs. Elmer H. Trudell, Detroit, Mich., one son, George, at home, twelve grandchildren and a sister, Mrs. Mary McLaughlin, Tamaqua.

Funeral services will be conducted at 9 a. m. Monday from his residence with solemn requiem mass in St. Jerome's church at 9:30. Interment will be made in the parish cemetery.

Mrs. Emma H. Clemmer

Widow, 67, Dies Suddenly of Heart Attack

Mrs. Emma H. Clemmer, widow of Harvey F. Clemmer, died suddenly of a heart attack shortly before noon yesterday at her home, 431 Tilghman St., Allentown. She was aged 67 years.

Mrs. Clemmer, a graduate of the old Kutztown State Normal school, taught school in Lower and Upper Milford townships and E. Allentown for 12 years prior to her marriage in 1902.

Mrs. Clemmer was born in Hanover township, a daughter of the late Levi and Henrietta (Reichard) Bachman.

She worshipped at Gospel Hall, 5th and Turner Sts.

Surviving are a brother, Milton H. Bachman, Emmaus, and a sister, Lillie A., wife of Charles F. Schadt, Allentown. She was preceded in death by a daughter, Ruth, and two sons, Stanley and Russell.

Funeral arrangements will be completed today.

Mrs. Maria J. Eltringham

Private Funeral Services Monday for Tamaqua Woman

Mrs. Maria J. Eltringham, widow of John H. Eltringham, died at her home, 459 E. Broad St., Tamaqua, Thursday night. She had been ailing for several months and bedfast for three weeks.

Born in Blaine, England, she came to this country in 1869. Her husband died in 1921 and a daughter, Edna, in 1933. She attended the Primitive Methodist church.

One son, Curtin E., freight manager for the Lehigh and New England railroad, and one brother, Thomas Lewis, Railroad St., Tamaqua, survive.

Private funeral services will be held Monday at 1 p. m. from her residence with Rev. George Powis of the Primitive Methodist church officiating. Interment will follow in the Odd Fellows cemetery.

Daniel Leiby Sr.

Heart Ailment Fatal to 80-year-old New England Valley Man

Daniel Leiby Sr., died late Thursday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Claude Stibitz, New England Valley, of a heart ailment. He had been bedfast two weeks. Born in West Penn township 80 years ago, he moved to New England as a boy.

He was a parishioner of the Reformed wing of the Lewistown church and a member of the O. I. A., Tamaqua.

Survivors are his wife Flora nee Miller; two daughters, Mrs. Clarence Bensinger and Mrs. Claude Stibitz, New England Valley; three sons, Edward J., Cheswold, Del.; Albert, Bath; Irvin, Arlington St., Tamaqua. Two brothers, Dennis, Arlington St., Tamaqua, and Eli Bergenfield N. J., and two sisters, Mrs. Saray Schaller, Lewistown, and Mrs. Mary Schock, Parryville, also survive.

The funeral will be held Monday at 2:30 p. m. from the Stibitz home. Rev. Mark Wagner, pastor of the Reformed church, will conduct the services. Interment will be made in the Lewistown cemetery.

William H. Merrill

Bethlehem Steel Ordnance Expert Was Native of Kentucky

William H. Merrill, 52, 618 3rd Ave., Bethlehem, inspector of engineering materials in the ordnance department of the Bethlehem Steel Co., died of apoplexy at 5:30 a. m. Friday in St. Luke's hospital.

He was stricken Thursday while at work and was removed to the hospital.

Mr. Merrill was born May 22, 1886, in Kentucky, a son of Mary Pennot Merril and the late John Merrill.

He came to the Bethlehem Steel Co. plant in 1938 from the U. S. Engineers office, Huntington, W. Va. and was considered an expert on ordnance.

Survivors are a daughter, Mrs. Marianna Merrill Meadows, Fullerton, Ky.; his mother, a brother, J. B. Merrill, Greenup, Ky. and one grandchild.

Undertaker Clifford E. Ruth will send the body today to Greenup, Ky., where burial will be made.

J. Thomas Dietl

Former Bethlehem Man Succumbs in Lancaster—Was 53

J. Thomas Dietl, 53, 122 N. Ann St., Lancaster, died Thursday in St. Joseph's hospital, Lancaster of a heart ailment. He was ill three months.

He formerly resided on E. 4th St., Bethlehem and had for the past 14 years been a machinist for the Consolidated Cigar Co. He was born in Wilmington, Del., a son of Thomas and the late Catherine Cheney Dietl.

Mr. Dietl was a member of St. Anthony's Catholic church, the Holy Name society and the Fraternal Order of Eagles.

Survivors are his father, his wife, Mary C. Keating Dietl; two daughters, Rose Mary and Eleanora, both at home and the following sisters: Mary, wife of Thomas S. Moylan, W. 3rd St., Bethlehem; Agnes, wife of J. Rodney Good, and Margaret, wife of F. W. Bingell, Cleveland, O.

Mrs. James Ebert

Nis Hollow Woman Suffered Heart Attack in Sleep

Mrs. James Ebert, aged 75 years of Nis Hollow, was found dead in bed yesterday morning by her husband. She suffered a heart attack during the night.

Surviving are her husband, a daughter, Mrs. Elwin Warner, Nis Hollow; two grandchildren and one great-grandchild, and an adopted son, Clifford Schweibenz, Union Hill. Mrs. Ebert was a member of Dinkey Memorial church, Ashfield .

Services will be held at the home at 2 p. m. Tuesday with Rev. Richard Beck, Bowmanstown, officiating. Interment will be made in the Lehighton cemetery.

(Continued on Page Nine)

Laid to Rest

ROBERT CHARLES HANDLER

Funeral services for Robert Charles, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Handler, were held from the home of the parents, 453 East 11th St., Northampton. Angel mass was sung in Our Lady of Hungary church and interment was made in the German Catholic cemetery, with Rev. Paul Repchik officiating.

Floral offerings were received from the following: Parents, Maibroda family, brother Joseph, sister Theresa, uncle John and family, Mary and Russel, aunt Minnie and family, uncle and aunt Anna and daughter, Vandegrift family, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Novogratz and family and Frank Csensitz and family.

MRS. NANCY TOLAN

The funeral of Mrs. Nancy Tolan, widow of Thomas Tolan, was held from the O. S. Burkholder funeral home, Catasauqua. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. Samuel Colman, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Catasauqua. Interment was made in Fairview cemetery, West Catasauqua.

Pallbearers were: W. Russell McCandless, James Tolan, John Tolan, Andrew Galm, William M. Snyder and Willard Snyder.

Floral tributes were from: Children, William Snyder, Mr. and Mrs. A. Hoffner, Barberton; Eagles lodge, Mr. and Mrs. J. Sherman, Russell Bergenstock, Mr. and Mrs. John Tolan, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Tolan, Mr. and Mrs. James Tolan, Mr. and Mrs. William Tallock, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore J. Geiger, William McCandless and family, employes of Geiger's restaurant.

Granddaughters, Alice and Willard, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Falk, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Sneyd, Mr. and Mrs. William Bleam, niece Mame and nephew Will, Dolly, Bobby and Martha, quilling, inspecting and twisting departments and office of Cands Fabrics Co., McCandless, Junkin, Eagle, Thomas and Everett families, nieces and nephews, Sallie, Annie, Albert and John, neighbors, Jessie and Elizabeth and Moose Lodge 759.

MRS. LILLIAN M. SCHANTZ

Funeral services for Mrs. Lillian M. widow of Preston L. Schantz, were held from her late home, 1317 Chew St., Rev. David E. Kauffman officiating. Interment was made in the Old Zionsville Lutheran cemetery. Pall bearers were: Thomas Haines, Charles Haas, Charles Stephens and Samuel Schantz.

Floral tributes were from: Daughter Madeline and husband: Tommy, Thomas Haines and family: Mrs. Packler and son, Milton: Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Stephens and family; Mr. and Mrs. Percy Kleckner, Louise and Verdi, Mary, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Haas and family; neighbors.

HARRY J. MARSH

Funeral services for Harry J. Marsh were held Friday afternoon at his late home near Seemsville, Nothampton R. 2, with burial in the St. Peter's cemetery, Seemsville. The Rev. George Laubach officiated.

Floral offerings were from Stella Frederick, Verna and Preston Marsh, Grandmother Marsh, sisters, grandmother Baker, Mildred and Walter, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beck and family, Cora Braker, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Braker family, Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Braker family, Elsie and Burch, David and Ruth and family, Allene and Leland.

MARY R. BARTHOLOMEW

Funeral services for Mary R. Bartholomew were held Sunday afternoon at her late home, 2260 Dewey Ave., Northampton, with regular services in St. Paul's Evangelical and Reformed church, Northampton and burial in the Fairview cemetery, Northampton. Rev. Sidney Smith officiated. Pallbearers were Milton, Charles, Elmer and Frank Roth, George Fisher and George Stoneburner.

Floral offerings were from Maintenance Dept. Universal-Atlas Cement Co., brother Elmer and family, Harriet and Jack, St. Paul's Evangelical and Reformed Sunday school, brother Frank and wife, Arivesta, David, Myra and Ralph, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Santee, Lehigh Council, No. 60, D. of A., Rose Croix chapter, No. 235, O.E.S., Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Price, the Kleppinger family, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd W. Koons and family, George Fisher family, brother Charles and wife, Percy and family, Ladies Aid of St. Paul's Reformed church, Harvey and William Young, Mary and Robert Bartholomew, brother Milton and family, family, management and sales force Fenstermacher & Rems Co., Mr. and Mrs. George Stoneburner and Willard Hawk, the Barkley family.

CARRIE L. SILFIES

Funeral services for Carrie L. Silfies were held Wednesday afternoon with all services at the Schisler Funeral home, Northampton, and burial in the Coplay cemetery. The Rev. Bertram Werkheiser officiated.

Floral offerings were from son George and family, son Robert and family, Marie and Ed, Alice and Tom, sister Mabel and Tom, neighbors.

Deaths

SHELLY—In Bethlehem, Friday, Dec. 1, 1939, Laura May Shelly, 59, wife of Irwin J. Shelly, 42, E. Spruce St.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services at 2 p. m. Monday in the Steyers home, 70 E. Broad St., Bethlehem. Burial in Memorial Park. Friends may call Sunday evening. Marvin M. Steyers.

Emma H., nee Bachman, widow of Harvey P. Clemmer.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend services at the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St., at 9 a. m. Tuesday. Interment in Pomfort Manor cemetery, Sunbury. Friends are invited to call from 7 to 8:30 p. m. Monday. Sunbury papers please note.

B.

CARL—In Emmaus, Dec. 1, 1939, Mrs. Lydiann (Ortt), widow of Alfred D. Carl, aged 73 years, 1 month.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend services Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. from the Ritter and Buzby funeral home, 36-38 S. 5th St., Emmaus, and further services in the Reformed church, Old Zionsville. Interment in the adjoining cemetery. Friends are invited to call at the funeral home, Monday 7-9 p. m.

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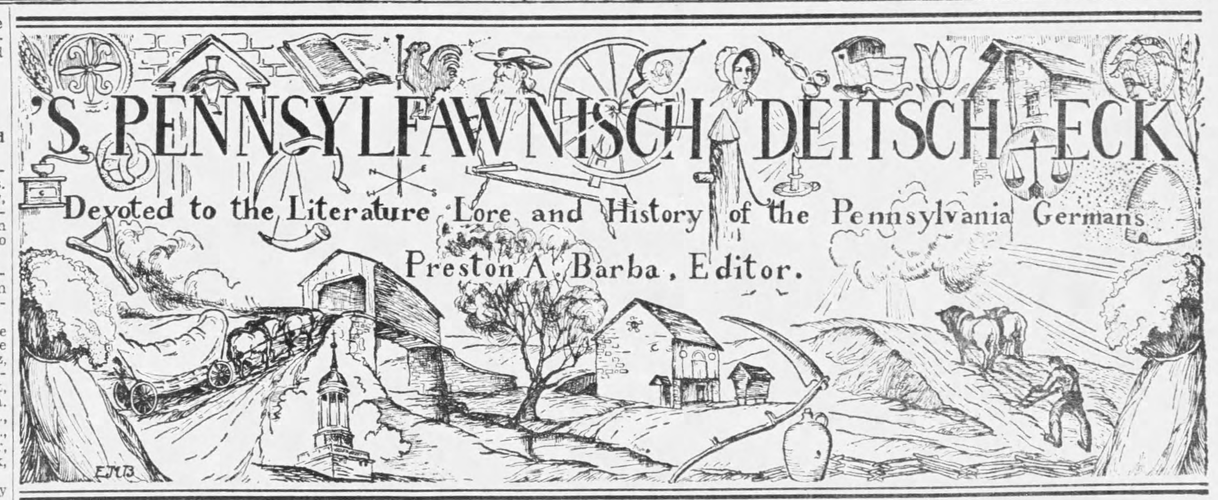


Wagoning

The following poem will take the reader back to the days of the Conestoga wagons, and particularly to the thirties of the nineteenth century. It is found in Henry Lee Fisher's OLDEN TIMES: or, Pennsylvania Rural Life Some Fifty Years Ago, published in York, Pa. in 1888.

O! for the good old moderate times
Which have been, but no more can be;
Each farmer had his still-house then,
And stilled his surplus fruit and grain;
From exciseman and excise free,
In Conestogas drawn by four
He hauled the "bree" to Baltimore.

Free from the odious whiskey-tax,
For this repealed was now no more;
And "Liberty and No Excise"
Had come by law, free from the vice
Of Tom the Tinker's lore;
And old Monongahela-bree
Flowed exciseman and excise-free.

Methinks I see the sturdy team
Once more en route with heavy load
Of flour and whiskey, moving slow—
So slow it scarcely seems to go—
Upon the winding turnpike-road;
Thus man and beast, to toil inured,
In patient hope the toil endured.

* * *

There were two classes of these men,
Men of renown, not well agreed;
"Militia-men" drove narrow treads,
Four horses and plain red Dutch beds,
And always carried "grub" and feed;
Because they carried feed and "grub,"
They bore the brunt of many a "rub."

These were the thrifty farmers' teams
That wagoned only now and then;
They made their trips in winter-time;
They trudged along through rime and grime
And hurried through it, back again;
An annual trip, or two, they made,
And drove a sort of coastwise trade.

They gathered up promiscuous loads
Of produce in the neighborhood—
Some whiskey, flour and cloverseeds,
To suit a city dealer's needs,
And always did the best they could,
By hauling these to Baltimore—
Back-loaded for some country-store.

The "Reg'lars" boldly ventured out,
Despising danger, doubt and fear;
And like the gallant merchant-ships,
They made their long, continuous trips
All through the seasons of the year,
No matter whether cold or warm,
Through heat and cold, through calm and storm.

I've seen a many a fleet of them
In one long, upward, winding row;
It ever was a pleasant sight,
As seen from distant mountain-height,
Or quiet valley, far below;
Their snow-white covers looked like sail,
From mountain-height or distant vale.

I see them on their winding way,
As, in the merry olden time,
I saw them with their heavy loads
Upon the old-time turnpike-roads,
The rugged mountains climb;
Like full-rigged ships they seemed to glide
Along the deep-blue mountain-side.

The "Regulars" were haughty men,
Since five or six they always drove,
With broad-tread wheels and English beds,
They bore their proud and lofty heads,
And always thought themselves above
The homespun, plain, Militia-men,
Who wagoned only now and then.

(Who has not seen, who has not felt,
The cursed arrogance of purse!
E'en in the wagoners of the past
Was seen this haughtiness of caste,
And felt the old, old social curse,
That measures manhood by success
More than by native nobleness.)

So were all goods transported then—
By "Reg'lar" or "Militia" team—
And though a slow and toilsome way,
It was the best known in its day,
Before the world had got up steam;
As now this steam-dependent world
Is round its business-axle whirled.

I hear the music of the wheels,
Slow moving o'er the frozen snow:
Like distant bugle-notes they sound,
While from the mountain-height's around,
Or from the dark-green depths below,
Perchance the music of the bells
This weird, enchanting echo swells.

I hear the wagoner's hoarse, harsh voice
Still urging on the lab'ring steeds;
I hear the sharp crack of his whip,
I see the horses pull and slip,
Still urged to more herculean deeds,
The while their steaming breath congeals
Like hoar-frost in the wintry fields.

O'er mountain-heights and valleys deep,
Still slowly on and on they move
Along their tedious, rugged way—
Some eighty furlongs in a day—
Their stalwart strength and faith they prove,
And oft to their extreme delight
Some old-time tavern looms to sight.

There Custom always called a halt,
To water, rest and take a drink;
And not unlikely, while they stopped,
A jig was danced, or horses swapped;
And so perchance a broken link
The smith was hurried to renew,
Or tighten up a loosened shoe.

Meantime the jolly wagoners stood
And swaggered 'round the old-time bar—
The latticed nook, the landlord's throne,
Where he presided all alone,
And smoked his cheap cigar,
And reckoned up the tippler's bill
For whiskey at a "fip" a gill;

Or other kinds of old-time drinks,
All full of good and hearty cheer;
As apple-jacks, and peach-brandies,
Or cider-oils, or sangarees,
Or, O, the foaming poker'd-beer;
Or apple-toddies, steaming-hot,
Or cherry-bounce, almost forgot.

(To be continued)

The Conestoga Wagon

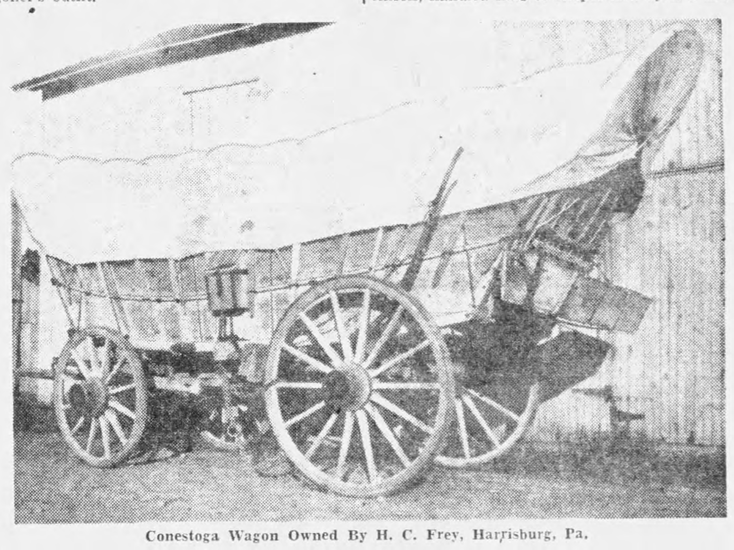
(A Pennsylvania German Product)

By H. C. FREY

(Continued)

The blacksmith saw to it that every part of the wagon that needed strengthening or that was subjected to unusual wear was properly ironed before it was turned back to the wheelwright for painting. Many of the parts were almost entirely encased in iron. The tongue was plated with iron almost from one end to the other. The double-tree pin was usually made in the shape of a hammer so that it served a two-fold purpose. The hammer hasp was a favorite place on which the smith stamped or cut his initials and the date of making. The stay chains and stay chain hooks were varied and showy. It is not until you have actually seen and handled these chains with their hand-forged links, which were made in such infinite variety that you can appreciate the excellence of the craftsmanship of the blacksmith, who put so much of beauty as well as strength into his work. The "grease table" on the forward hounds was made of heavy iron; the brake lever and rods belonging thereto were also made of a heavy material. The wooden axles, that fit into the hubs, were covered with iron that extended almost around the axle and nearly to the middle to the axle-tree. The ends of the axle were reinforced by a shrunk-on band or cup-like covering.

The wheel hubs were boxed inside and strengthened with iron bands on the outside, and frequently a removable hub cap was placed over the outer end of the hubs to keep out the road dust. All parts of the wagon bed were carefully ironed and braced, sometimes as many as two hundred and fifty hand-made rivets being used to hold the poplar lining to the wagon bed frame. Each rivet had a hand-made square strap-iron washer under the head to keep it from wearing into the soft wood. The rivets were made from old horse-shoes by the apprentice. He also worked patiently hour after hour forging iron into tapered brace rods. The feed box was covered with strap iron to keep the horses from gnawing it. Of course, as said before, the tool box gave the smith an opportunity to show his artistic skill, and it was not uncommon to see the hasps and hinges of the lid intricately worked out in the heart and tulip design. The blacksmith ironed all spreaders, double trees, single trees and made all the chains and other iron fittings that were essential to a wagoner's outfit.



Conestoga Wagon Owned By H. C. Frey, Harrisburg, Pa.

It was not an uncommon thing for the old blacksmiths of the road who were mostly Pennsylvania German, to work all night at shoeing horses and repairing wagons. The blacksmith worked while the teamsters slept. The ring of the anvil at twilight served as a lullaby to put the children to sleep and also as a summons to call the male adults of the community together for loafing and tall story telling. The neighbors from far and near would gather at this "night club" to watch the sparks and smoke, the 'striking while the iron is hot', the volumes of hissing steam, and to hear the exchange of puns. The persistence of working out heart, tulip, snake and knob-end motifs; the painstaking symmetry of tapering doublelink, hold-back chains; the graceful turning of hooks; and the keenness of the optic of the village blacksmith were qualities that won the attraction of all who knew him.

The smoke-blackened shop with its forge-flame illumination and cometlike sparks compared favorably with the Roman amphitheater of past centuries or the modern theater of today with its stellularly lighted ceiling.

Only the absolute necessity of getting a few hours' rest in the home bed before the next day's work broke up these nightly meetings of drowsy but highly-entertained loafers of the blacksmith shop.

Mr. Henry K. Landis, an authority on Pennsylvania German lore, thus describe (11) the appearance of a blacksmith shop, the smith at work, and the customary way of putting on a large Conestoga wagon wheel tire:

"The brawny smith stands before his hearth with left hand on the bellows pole, behind him a sturdy anvil and beside it a sawed-off barrel, or a trough, with water; the tongs are in his right hand as he studies the glowing iron; soon it will be on the anvil and sparks will fly as the hammer merrily pounds an old horseshoe into a door bolt. For, the smith was a versatile genius and prided himself on making anything which could be made of iron; necessity was the spur to his genius; whether knives or forks, spoons or ladles, Conestoga wagon iron or trace chains, hinges or latches, iron pans or oven peels,—it mattered little to him. He was there to make things from iron. He even made his tools; all the iron shapers and handles he made and the ring of his anvil was heard by the weary plowmen far across the fields, to remind them to have their plowshares sharpened more frequently. He knew just what temper to give an axe and how to draw it. Iron was a necessity and the smith was just as necessary. So, they brought their wagons for new tires, their sleds for new runners, their horses for new shoes; wagons, pumps, doors and farming implements had to be ironed. The smith was always busy and the boys stood around in wide-eyed admiration to watch the sparks fly as he welded a wagon tire or broken rod. A mighty man was he.

"A supply of split stumps was kept to heat the ponderous Conestoga wagon tires, and spectators gathered to watch the operation of shrinking on the tires. The loose tire was first removed and heated in the forgefire, cut, bevelled and again welded to the circumference desired, as measured by a 'traveller' or hand wheel. Then the tire was laid on iron or stone blocks and wood piled along its length to heat it. The wheel was placed on a peculiarly shaped trestle, the heated tire was lifted with right-angle tongs by several men, or more often a tool especially designed for this purpose was used. The huge tire was thus placed on the wheel and lustily hammered into place. Water had been placed conveniently and this was poured over the hot tire as soon as it was back on the wheel properly, shrinking it very tightly on the felloe. Sometimes the water was in a trough and the wheel was hung from two posts, the tire being immersed as the wheel was revolved. Sudden or local cooling might have resulted in a broken tire and yet it had to be cooled before the wood was charred.

"Around the shop were many curious tools, such as a barnacle of iron, which gripped the end of the horse's nose if unruly during shoeing. A twitch was used in the same way, consisting of a loop of leather or rope running through the end of a wooden handle. As the handle was burned, the loop tightened and held the horse. As a horse can think of but one thing at a time the twitch bothered him more than did the shoeing and this prevented much forcible conversation.

"The bellows with their wheeze and flop of the valve were a wonderful contrivance to raise the wind. There was a bench with stock taps and dies, and iron vise, compasses, center punches, ornamental punches, a name punch sometimes to put on new work, a charge book or slate, paint for new work which was generally red lead that had to be ground in the paint mill each time it was used, borax or other flux for welding, stock of horseshoe nails made by the smith himself from charcoal or iron nailbars received from Norway, and many other things. Around the anvil block hung punches, chisels, handled flats or shapes and upon a nearby stand was a large selection of shapers. Nearby stood a conical mandrel for making rings and there were special shapers for links used in making chains.

"We must not overlook the helper and his heavy sledge. As much work as possible had to be done before the iron became too cool, and the blows of the small and large hammers alternated rapidly and musically while the sparks flew against leather aprons and sometimes bare arms, making a notable and picturesque scene."

The following sentimental poem by Jack Pearson helps us to visualize the romance of the days of the village blacksmith:

The old blacksmith shop is closed;
Gone is the "smith"—
The venerable Murray, a kind old man was he—
Never known to hurry.
Faithful "Shep" no longer lies at the door;
The old cronies gather no more
At the Old Blacksmith Shop.
The swallows chirrup sadly on the chimney top.
The big horses no longer stamp the floor
Of the Old Blacksmith Shop.
The water barrel is empty,
The fires no longer burn,
The wheels no longer turn,
There are no orders on the slate,
All is cold, and dead and desolate
In the Old Blacksmith Shop.
There is no longer clang of tools,
No balking, rearing mules,
The hot shoe no longer cools
In the Old Blacksmith Shop.
The window panes are falling out,
The roof is falling in,
The bellows pipe and smoke-flue
A mass of rusty tin.
The anvil never rings,
The sparks no longer fly
The smith no longer welcomes
His neighbors passing by
The Old Blacksmith Shop.
But its memories still are mine
Of the "Days of Auld Lange Syne,"
At the Old Blacksmith Shop.

In the foregoing pages the writer tried to show the part the Pennsylvania German blacksmith played in the ironing of a Conestoga Wagon. It now remains to show the Pennsylvania German influence built into the wagon by the wheelwright or wagon maker. John W. Sheaffer, an old Pennsylvania German resident of New Holland, writing in 1897, gives us briefly an idea of the construction and use of these vehicles. He says: "In 1820 the building of a Conestoga Wagon was more important to the people of the New Country than the construction of several luxurious Pullman cars of today are to the present generation. To complete one of these useful wagons from the woods of the forests, fully equipped with bows, feed box, tar pot, and cover, four men would be busily engaged for two months. A finished wagon cost about $250.00. The wagon weighed from 3000 to 3500 pounds. A wagon carrying four hogsheads required four horses and a five hogshead wagon required six horses. From thirty to thirty-five barrels of flour made a full load. A thousand dollars or sometimes twelve hundred dollars were invested in one of these teams. A careful driver, who would care well for the horses and goods, was selected to have charge of it. Hills, bad roads, thieves and careless drivers were to be watched, and all depended on the driver to make it pay. Usually a squad of teams went together, four or six. The drivers slept in their wagons or on the tavern floor."

11.—Lancaster New Era Newspaper, June 23, 1920.

(To Be Continued)

Chat About Your Friends

Mrs. Lina Messic, 757 Lawrence St., observed her birthday anniversary yesterday.

Jacqueline and Robert Pizzalto, 388 Sumner Ave., were on yesterday's birthday list.

Ralph Keeler, 1017 S. 6th St., was among those marking their birthday anniversary yesterday.

Mrs. Beatrice Grieder, 523 Park St., is confined to her home because of illness.

Mrs. E. Dyjack, 925 N. 19th St., celebrated her birthday anniversary yesterday.

H. Jacob Ruhe, 1012 Club Ave., is celebrating his 84th birthday anniversary today.

A. S. Shimer, 1339 Liberty St., is celebrating his 84th birthday anniversary today. He and Mrs. Shimer make their home with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Skagerborg. They are the parents of seven children, and the grandparents of seven.

Mr. and Mrs. Durbin E. Woodring, 1548 Walnut St., are leaving this morning for New York City, where they will sail on the Clyde Mallory steamship Shawnee for Jacksonville, Fla., from where they will go to Orlando to register at the Empire hotel for the winter. They expect to return about April 15, 1940.

Ruth Radice, S. Law St., celebrated her 17th birthday anniversary yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Slade, 2735 Greenleaf St., were recently registered at Chalfonte-Haddon hall in Atlantic City, N. J.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lutz, 831 Chew St., Friday morning in the Allentown hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Crane of 750 N. 19th St. are the parents of a son born last evening in the Allentown hospital.

Obituaries

Ex-Sousa Band Member Dies

William H. Herb, a former member of the famous John Phillip Sousa band and well known musician in Allentown circles for decades, died at 11 a. m. yesterday in the Allentown hospital.

The 60-year-old man, who never took a lesson in his life but became an expert tuba player, succumbed suddenly 20 minutes after he was admitted to the Allentown hospital. The fatal illness was diagnosed as a heart ailment.

Herb, a resident of 322 N. 8th St., Allentown, had been playing in bands and orchestras since the age of 7. He was born in Bechtelsville, a son of the late George and Ellen, nee Delicker, Herb, and started his career as a young boy with the Junior band of Pottstown.

His "big chance" came in 1924 when he joined Sousa's band and stayed with the organization until the leader's death in 1932.

In 1898 he was married to the former Annie Brown, the couple moving to Allentown from Reading the same year. He was a member of the 12th St. Baptist church.

Surviving besides his wife are three sons: George, William Jr., and Oscar, all of this city; three daughters: Mrs. Paul Zettlemoyer, Mrs. Russell Wen, and Mrs. William Schaffer, all of Allentown; eight grandchildren; one sister, Mrs. Laura Liggett, of Reading and a brother, Harvey, also of Reading.

Amandus Danner

Lifetime Resident of Petersville Was Aged 84

A lifetime resident of Petersville, Amandus Danner, 84, died at the Allentown hospital on Thursday. He had been a patient at the hospital since Monday.

The son of the late Aaron and Sallie, nee Danner, Danner, he was born in the Petersville section where he worked all his life as a farm laborer.

Surviving are one brother and four sisters: Mrs. Sarah Ritter, Bethlehem; Mrs. Mary Bachman, Bethlehem; Mrs. Anna Uhler, Freemansburg; Mrs. Catherine Saylor, Easton R. D. and James Danner of Petersville.

Rev. George Kopenhaver will officiate at funeral services to be held on Sunday at 2 p. m. from the Schisler funeral home, 2119 Washington Ave., Northampton. Interment will be made in Zion Stone church cemetery.

Michael Bender

Bethlehem Man Was 58 Years of Age

Funeral services for Michael Bender, 58, of 528 3rd Ave., Bethlehem, who died Thursday in St. Luke's hospital, where he was admitted last Saturday, will be held at 9 a. m. Saturday from the late home, followed by solemn requiem mass at 1 a. m. in St. Michael's church, Easton. Burial in St. Marys Magdalene cemetery, South Easton.

A resident of Bethlehem the last 35 years, Mr. Bender was born in Lithuania. Besides his wife surviving are: a daughter Mrs. William Butwich, New Philadelphia; and the following sons, Simon, Loretto, John Shenandoah; Algerd, Joseph, Vincent and Albert, all at home.

Michael Rickert

Injuries Suffered in Fall Prove Fatal

Injuries suffered when he fell down the stairs at his home, 158 Cherry St., Coplay, proved fatal to Michael Rickert who died at 5.50 a. m. yesterday in the Sacred Heart hospital. He had been confined to the institution since Tuesday.

A native of Austria, Mr. Rickert, who was 56, had lived in this country for the last 39 years. For about the last three years he had been employed at the Dutch Maid Food Packing Co., Allentown.

He was a member of St. Peter's Catholic church, Coplay, and the St. Joseph society, Northampton.

Besides his wife, nee Katie Strobel, the following children also survive: Mrs. Edmond Sommer, Mrs. John Plugler and Emma Rickert, all of New York City, and Helen, at home; one sister, Mrs. Savina Sauerlopf, in Europe, and seven grandchildren.

Clifford Dewey Koch

Native of Allentown Succumbs at Naval Hospital

Clifford Dewey Koch, 41, a native of Allentown, died Thursday in the United States Naval hospital, Philadelphia, after an illness of two years.

Koch, who was well known in American Legion and Sons of Veterans circles, was a son of John S. and Beatrice, nee, Masters, Koch. In recent years Koch lived in Hellertown. His parents reside in Lower Saucon township.

Enlisting in the United States Army in Bethlehem on May 8, 1917, Koch saw service overseas. He was honorably discharged June 26, 1919. Koch was a member of Edward H. Ackerman Post, American Legion, Hellertown.

Funeral services will be held at his late home in Hellertown at 1:30 p. m. Sunday. Interment will take place in Hellertown Union cemetery.

Mrs. Sarah E. Rowe

Easton Woman Would Have Been 84 Years Dec. 16

Mrs. Sarah E. Rowe, 83, died Thursday night at the home of her son, Harrison Jones, 815 Grant St., Easton. She was the widow of Thomas Rowe, who died eight years ago in Bangor.

She was born in Fairhaven, Vt., a daughter of the late Edwin and Ellen Little. She went to Bangor 60 years ago and resided there until her health began to fail in 1932, when she went to reside with her son. She would have been 84 years old Dec. 16 and was a member of the Bangor Methodist church.

She was twice married, her first husband being William D. Jones. She is survived by a son, with whom she resided; a granddaughter, Mrs. John K. Balentine, New London, Conn.; a great-granddaughter, Connie Balentine, New London; two brothers, Frank Little, Fairhaven, Vt., and Charles Little, North Adams, Mass.; a sister, Mrs. George Moss, Vineland, N. J., and two step-sons, Fred Rowe, Bangor, and Herbert Rowe, Burholme, Philadelphia.

Funeral services at 2 p. m. Monday at the Heck Memorial home, 13th and Bushkill Sts., Easton, with the Rev. Clarence B. Felton, pastor of the Second Methodist church, Easton, officiating. Burial in Bangor.

Mrs. Eliza Miller

Nazareth Resident Was in Her 96th Year

Eliza Miller, nee Correll, died at 9 a. m. yesterday morning at the home of her grandson, William Stewart, 353 Broad St., Nazareth. She was in her 96th year. Death was attributed to general disability.

Born in Monroe county, Sept. 28, 1844, she was the daughter of the late David and Mary, nee Smith, Correll. She was a member of the Reformed wing of St. Peter's church, Seemsville.

She is survived by one son, David S. Miller, Drummond, Wis.; one stepson, John B. Miller, Easton; one daughter, Mrs. Sarah J. Stewart, Nazareth R. 1; one brother, Sylvanus Correll, Kunkletown; one sister, Mrs. Salena Gower, Kunkletown; 12 grandchildren, 42 great-grandchildren and 24 great-great-children.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 1.30 p. m. from the home of her grandson, William Stewart, 353 Broad St., Nazareth, with complete services following in St. Peter's church, Seemsville. Interment will take place in the adjoining cemetery.

Dorothy Louise Boyer

Parents and Two Brothers Survive Lehighton Infant

Dorothy Louise Boyer, Lehighton, died at the Palmerton hospital Thursday night following a brief illness. She was aged two and one-half years.

Surviving are her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elvin E. Boyer, and two brothers, Elvin Jr. and William F. Boyer.

Funeral services will be held from the Swartz Memorial home, Lehighton, at 10 a. m. Monday with Rev. J. C. Roth, pastor of Mennonite Brethren in Christ church, Lehighton, officiating. Interment will be made in the Lehighton cemetery.

(Continued on Page Eleven)

Deaths

MILLER—In Nazareth, Dec. 8, 1939, Eliza Miller, nee Correll, aged 95 years, 2 months and 10 days.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services from the home of her grandson, William Stewart, 353 Broad St., Nazareth, Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. Regular services will follow in St. Peter's church, Seemsville. Interment will be made in the adjoining cemetery. Bartholomew.

HERB—In Allentown, Dec. 8, 1939, William V., husband of Anna (Brown) Herb, in his 61st year.
Relatives, friends and members of organizations with which he was affiliated are respectfully invited to attend services at the Rabenold funeral home, 116 S. 8th St., Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. Interment in Grandview cemetery. Friends may call at the funeral home Monday from 7 to 9 p. m. Reading and Pottstown papers please note. Rabenold.

RICKERT—In Allentown, Dec. 8, 1939, Nicholas, husband of Katie (Strobel) Rickert, aged 56 years.
Relatives, friends and members of St. Joseph's society of Northampton and the Coplay Maennerchor are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from his late home, 158 Cherry St., Coplay, Monday at 8:30 a. m. High mass of requiem will be offered in St. Peter's Catholic church, Coplay, at 9 o'clock. Interment in Our Lady of Hungary church, Northampton. Weber.

GOLD—At Fountain Hill, Dec. 8, 1939, Mary, nee Hoch, widow of Thomas J. Gold.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral at 2 p. m. Tuesday at the R. J. Bartholomew funeral home, 221 E. Center St., Nazareth. Interment in the Howertown cemetery. Friends may call from 7 to 9 p. m. Monday. R. J. Bartholomew.

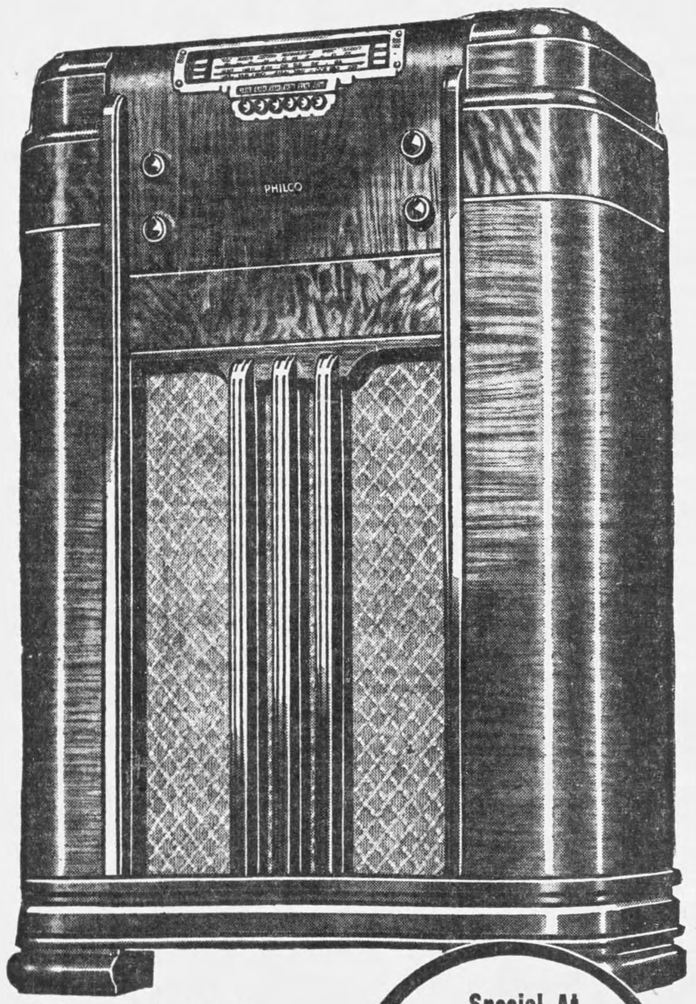
MONTAGUE—In this city, Dec. 7, 1939, the Rev. Father Edwin V. Montague, son of Mary and the late John Montague.
Reverend clergy, relatives and friends are respectfully invited to the funeral. Divine office will be chanted at 10 a. m. Tuesday in the Church of the Immaculate Conception. Solemn requiem mass will follow at 10:30 o'clock in the church. Interment will be made in the New Cathedral cemetery, Philadelphia. McCarty.

KEIFER—In Nazareth, Dec. 8, 1939, William Monroe Keifer.
Relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral on Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 2 p.m. at Rohn's Funeral parlor, 154 South Main Street, Nazareth, Pa. Friends may call Monday evening, 7 to 9 p.m. Rohn.

PROTZELLER—In this city, Dec. 8, 1939, Hattie M. Protzeller.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral at 2 p. m. Monday at her late home, 228 N. Fulton St. Interment in Mickleys cemetery. Friends may call from 7 to 9 p. m. Sunday.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST
ALLENTOWN, PENNA.
announces a
FREE LECTURE on CHRISTIAN SCIENCE
Entitled:
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE: THE SCIENCE OF CHRISTIAN HEALING
by
DR. JOHN R. CARR, C.S.
of PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Member of the Board of Lectureship of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass.
ALLENTOWN HIGH SCHOOL
17th and Turner Streets
Tuesday Evening, December 12, 1939
at 8:15 o'clock
THE PUBLIC IS CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND

This Christmas . . . Be Sure It's A
PHILCO



1940 model—165K

This year make it a musical Christmas! But be sure . . . it's a PHILCO. Benesch's offer this sensational new 1940 model, exactly as illustrated, at a price and on easy terms, within the means of everyone. Just look at this handsome new model, with genuine walnut veneered cabinet. Has built-in super aerial system. No aerial or ground to clutter your roof or room. Twin-loop aerial and triple-power Television Tube give you foreign reception as well as pure, clear tone even in noisy locations. Electric pushbutton tuning. Equipped with six high efficiency tubes and concert type speaker. Hear this marvelous radio today. Note the easy terms. Order yours now for Christmas delivery.

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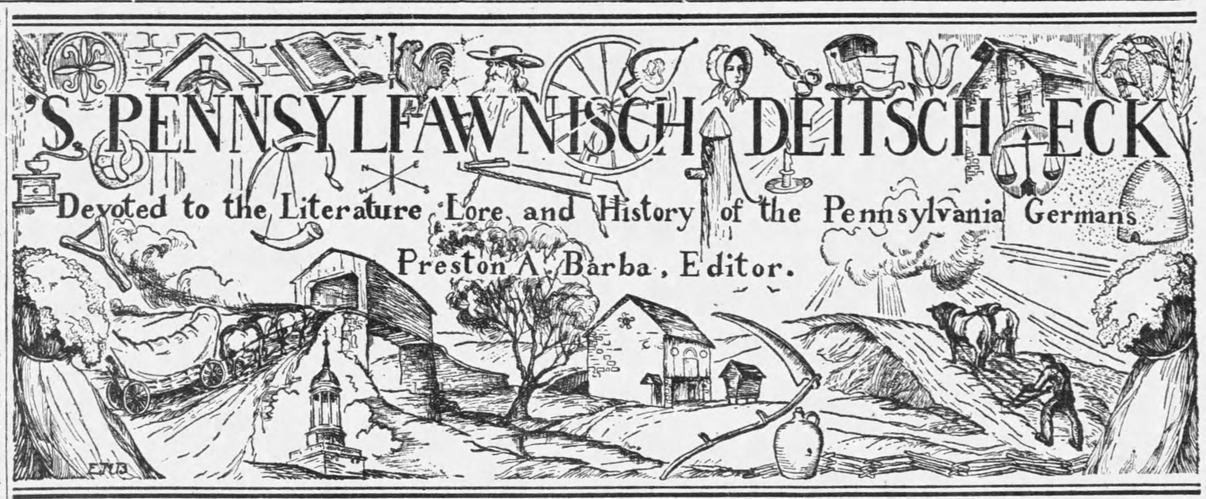


The Conestoga Wagon

(A Pennsylvania German Product)

By **H. C. FREY**

(Continued)

M. G. Weaver, of Pennsylvania German descent, writes about his father, a builder of Conestoga Wagons. He says: (12) "From 1836 my father, Gideon Weaver, was a builder of Conestoga Wagons during the 'sixties' and 'seventies' in the Conestoga Valley. He continued producing the same style of wagons without canvas tops, and without the full swell of the body, for the use of forges, furnaces, and iron mines in Eastern Lancaster County. I can attest to having seen many forest trees taken from the stump and converted into one of these cumbersome ships of early commerce. They were made by hand with the exception of using a saw and a turning lathe operated by water power.

"The saw mill cut the huge logs into planks, running from four inches down to two inches, by half inch differences in each plank. Another log would contain in its grading, boards of thicknesses from one-half inch to one and one-half inches. Another log would make the hubs. Several log butts produced the spokes. All were split and hewn out of the rough by the dexterous use of the hand-axe.

"In this condition the planks, spokes, hubs and boards were ranked in their proper places and re-ranked twice. This lumber was kept under the careful eyes of the wagon maker for three years, before any of it was used in a newly constructed, first-class wagon.

"There were many wagons made with six wheels—the higher set to be used for a trip to Philadelphia; and the lower set to be used on the farm. The wheels used under the front carriage in a trip to the city would be used under the rear part when the wagon was used on the farm.

"The high bodies were different to fit their intended uses. The commercial wagons had high sides with three adjustable chains across the tops to hold them together. The bottom had an enormous double swell, so that barrels, casks, or hogsheads, which constituted many of their loads, would work towards the middle instead of breaking out the sides as the wagons rolled along the road. The body used for hauling charcoal from the mountains had only one swell, but much higher sides and extra top shelvings with extra guard chains.

"The furnace teamster wanted the swell in the bottom, lower sides, with less bend in the top rails. The iron ore men demanded stronger lower sides and movable bottom. Gradually, but surely, the identity of the old ship of commerce has been lost.

"There were four varieties of lumber used in the construction of the early wagons. The axles were hickory and the hubs were of gum. These two parts were the foundation of a good wagon. The heaviest pieces were always seasoned four years before used. On the cut of the wooden spindle, the proper iron plating, and the setting of the ponderous wheels, depended the success or failure of the construction. Any practical teamster, or wagon maker, could tell the quality of a wagon when the many squads or caravans lumbered down the pike. All the other parts of the wagon and body were made out of white oak excepting the sides of the body and tool boxes, which were made of half-inch popular. The white oak sliding board, which extended from the left side under the body, was pushed back under the carriage when not in use. It served as a seat or standing place for the driver when he adjusted the brakes (with a lever at the side of the body). This was a dangerous perch, and a break of the seat might mean death to the driver and destruction to the team and load."

Probably the most delicate part of the wheelwright's work was the shaping of the axles and the making of the wheels with the proper dish to stand the strain of heavy hauling over all kinds of roads. The dish in the wagon wheel was necessary in order to keep the wheel from collapsing and to brace the wagon during side sway. The axles on the ends of the axle tree were cut cone-shaped, for strength and easy removal of the wheels. The blacksmith covered the tops and bottoms of the axle with closely-fitting flat iron called "a skein." The hubs of the wheels were cut to fit the axles. The inner wearing surface for the hubs was boxed at both ends with iron rings. To make the proper dish in the wheel the wagon maker had to cut the mortises in the hub for the spokes so that they set at a slight angle. The tenons on the ends of the spokes and the corresponding holes in the felloes were also cut to the same angle.

The wheel wright used a gauge to assemble the wheel in order to give it the necssary dish. The spokes were driven into the hub with a heavy mallet, each spoke being gauged as it was placed so that the wheel when finished would be properly dished. Too little dish or too much dish would not make a good wheel. If the wheelwright did not get the dish exactly right it was up to the blacksmith to give the wheel a more perfect dish when he put on the tire. These "tricks of the trade" (dishing wheels and shrinking on tires) were important, but do not come in for detailed explanation here. It can be said, however, that to the wheelwright the making of a good wheel was of great importance, while the blacksmith was considered an expert if he could make a brake or lock that would work satisfactory under all conditions.

Conestoga Wagon bodies were painted a Prussian blue and the running gears a vermilion red. If colors can be associated with any sect of people certainly we could associate blue and red with the Pennsylvania German as closely as the sun is associated with the day. Pennsylvania German Amish have in the past and some still paint the yard gate a pale blue if an unmarried daughter resides within. Why not say then that the Conestoga Wagon was painted an Amish Blue and a Plain Dutch Red? The cover was white cloth.

It is generally conceded that the idea of the colors for the American Flag was gotten from the coat-of-arms of George Washington's family. Who knows but that a new Conestoga Wagon from a Pennsylvania German section of the state travelling into Philadelphia, with its vermilion red running gears and sideboards, its Prussian blue body, and its snow-white cover, did not give Bety Ross, or her advisers, the idea of making the first national emblem in these same three colors!

CONCERNING TAVERNS

"It stands all alone like a goblin in gray,
The old-fashioned inn of a pioneer day,
In a land so forlorn and forgotten, it seems,
Like a wraith of the past rising into our dreams;
Its glories have vanished, and only the ghost
Of a sign-board now creaks on its desolate post,
Recalling a time when all hearts were akin
As they rested at night in that welcoming Inn."
(James Newton Matthews)

One writer of old says that the portraits on tavern signs of half the kings of Europe, of many warriors, and statesmen, and of numerous things animate and inanimate made the streets of Lancaster City an outdoor picture gallery. There were in Lancaster County alone such taverns as The Black Horse, The Hickory Tree, The Sorrel Horse, The Fish, The Lamb, The Swan, The Western, The Red Lion, The Hen and Chickens, The Grape, The Plow, The Sign of the Wagon, The Globe, The Hat, The Green Tree, The Eagle, The Three Crowns, Cross Keys, The Sign of the Buck, The Sign of the Ship, The Sign of the Stage and many others distinguished by pictures as well as names.

Would it be too far-fetched, then, to say that the highways, with their tavern signs, pictorially represented the pages of a Pennsylvania German primary reading book?

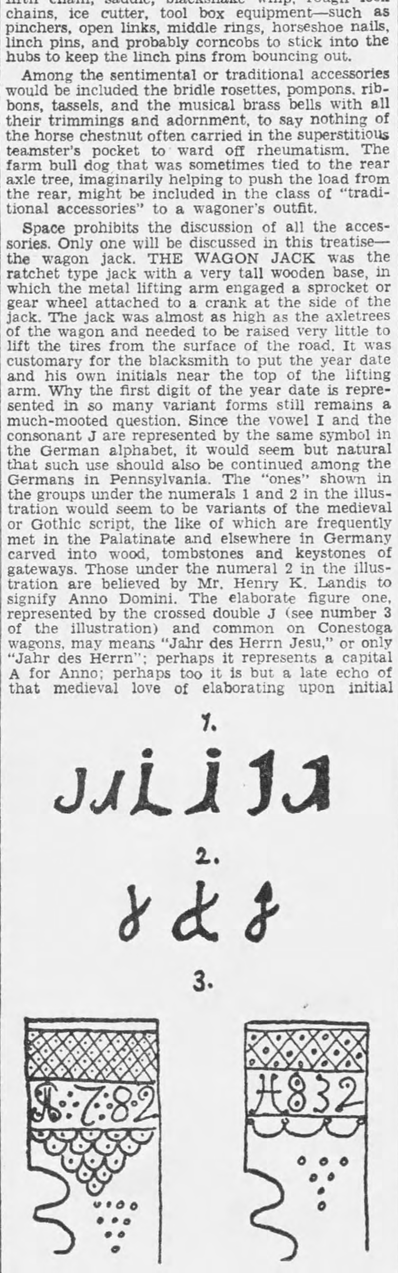
CONCERNING ACCESSORIES

A whole chapter could be written about the accessories to a Conestoga Wagon. These accessories might be divided into two classes—the necessary accessories and the unnecessary (sentimental or traditional) accessories.

The first class would include the tar pot, the axe, the water bucket, jack, teamster's mattress, harness, bridles, hames, collars, housings, line, spreaders, fifth chain, saddle, blacksnake whip, rough lock chains, ice cutter, tool box equipment—such as pinchers, open links, middle rings, horseshoe nails, linch pins, and probably corncobs to stick into the hubs to keep the linch pins from bouncing out.

Among the sentimental or traditional accessories would be included the bridle rosettes, pompons, ribbons, tassels, and the musical brass bells with all their trimmings and adornment, to say nothing of the horse chestnut often carried in the superstitious teamster's pocket to ward off rheumatism. The farm bull dog that was sometimes tied to the rear axle tree, imaginarily helping to push the load from the rear, might be included in the class of "traditional accessories" to a wagoner's outfit.

Space prohibits the discussion of all the accessories. Only one will be discussed in this treatise—the wagon jack. THE WAGON JACK was the ratchet type jack with a very tall wooden base, in which the metal lifting arm engaged a sprocket or gear wheel attached to a crank at the side of the jack. The jack was almost as high as the axletrees of the wagon and needed to be raised very little to lift the tires from the surface of the road. It was customary for the blacksmith to put the year date and his own initials near the top of the lifting arm. Why the first digit of the year date is represented in so many variant forms still remains a much-mooted question. Since the vowel I and the consonant J are represented by the same symbol in the German alphabet, it would seem but natural that such use should also be continued among the Germans in Pennsylvania. The "ones" shown in the groups under the numerals 1 and 2 in the illustration would seem to be variants of the medieval or Gothic script, the like of which are frequently met in the Palatinate and elsewhere in Germany carved into wood, tombstones and keystones of gateways. Those under the numeral 2 in the illustration are believed by Mr. Henry K. Landis to signify Anno Domini. The elaborate figure one, represented by the crossed double J (see number 3 of the illustration) and common on Conestoga wagons, may means "Jahr des Herrn Jesu," or only "Jahr des Herrn"; perhaps it represents a capital A for Anno; perhaps too it is but a late echo of that medieval love of elaborating upon initial



After Drawing by Mr. Henry K. Landis

letters, which is also characteristic of Pennsylvania German fraktur writings. All blacksmiths learned their trade by working as apprentices and they learned to do things exactly as the master did them, and if any blacksmith would have been asked a century ago why he made such a peculiar "one" in dating, he probably would have answered by saying that he was taught to do it that way. It is altogether reasonable to assume that he was but working in the spirit and in the traditions of his forebears in the fatherland.

The writer is the owner of four of these old wagon jacks, dated 1760, 1808, 1809, and 1824 respectively. He has seen many others and has made a careful study of their construction and dating. Those of the eighteenth century period were made without a ratchet and pawl on the outside to hold the handle from reversing. A hook and staple held the crank in place. The figure "one" on the jacks of the eighteenth century was like that of 1782 in the illustration. The nineteenth century jacks had a ratchet and pawl on the outside, and the figure "one" on jacks of this period was made like that of 1832 in the illustration.

CONCERNING SONGS

Even the songs of the Constoga Wagoners assumed a decided Pennsylvania German aspect. The long-distance teamsters of a century ago whiled away many hours singing. On the road they usually sang those long narratives like "Barbara Allen," "Darby Ram", the never-ending Liewer Heindrich, ets. In the barrooms they usualy sang their favorite drinking songs—"Lauterbach", "O du Lieber Augustin," and "Little Brown Jug" being most popular.

Skitty songs like "O'Reilly," and "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" were sung by the wits to amuse the crowd.

The old Pennsylvania population were intensely religious, frowning on levity and gaiety, and their song collections were either romantic or pious. Those daring to flout this sober atmosphere were looked down upon and relegated to the devil. Their songs were often unfit for print. It is certain that most of the old teamsters took part in the hilarious and devilish type of singing. Most teamster songs were horrible examples of English "as she should have been spoke." The context of their songs was often meaningless, ridiculous, and sometimes profane and vulgar. The music varied but little in range or key, although the old tunes never became monotonous to the listening ear.

For the past several years a group of descendants of Pennsylvania German teamsters from York county, under the direction of the writer, appeared at the Pennsylvania State Folk Festivals under the name "Conestoga Wagoners." These amateur songsters attempted to revive the traditions of their forefathers by singing the old songs of wagoning days. Their performances at these unusual events attracted wide attention because of the selective old songs contained in their various programs.

In conclusion the writer wishes to say, after a careful analysis of the blacksmith's forging, the ingenius and ornate hooks and fastenings he created, the wood carving and the stability worked into the wagon by the wheelwright (to say nothing of Pennsylvania German influence shown in tavern signs and the songs of the Conestoga Wagoners) that only the ingenuity and skillful craftsmanship of the Pennsylvania German people could construct such a useful and commodious freighter as the Conestoga Wagon proved itself to be.

12.—M. G. Weaver: History of New Holland.

To be Concluded

Wagoning

The following poem will take the reader back to the days of the Conestoga wagons, and particularly to the thirties of the nineteenth century. It is found in Henry Lee Fisher's OLDEN TIMES: or, Pennsylvania Rural Life Some Fifty Years Ago, published in York Pa. in 1888.

(Conclusion)

There never was a rougher set,
Or class of men upon the earth,
Than wagoners of the Reg'lar line,
Nor jollier when in their wine,
Around a blazing bar-room hearth;
How did they fiddle, dance and sing?
How did the old-time bar-room ring?

There were few idle fiddles when
Old wag'ners drank their jolly fill
Of beer and cider by the quart,
And wines and gins of every sort,
And whiskey, measured by the gill,
And cherry-bounce and cider-oil,
And bitters spiced with penny-royal.

Sometimes the question, who should treat,
Was left to doubtful luck, or chance;
A game of cards at whist, or loo,
Of checkers, chess, or domino;
And after that the hoe-down dance;
Sometimes the question—who had beat?
Was settled by the landlord's treat.

Around a blazing hearth at e'en,
Or roaring ten-plate Pinegrove stove,
Those heroes of the turnpike-roads—
Those haulers of the heavy loads,
Or weary drivers of a drove,
Forgathered many a winter's night
In freedom, fun, and fond delight.

They sat in all the different ways
That men could sit, or ever sat;
They told of all their jolly days,
And spat in all the different ways
That men could spit, or ever spat;
They talked of horses and their strength,
And spun their yarns at endless length.

Sometimes they raffled for the stakes,
And sometimes shot therefor at mark;
A many a foolish wager laid,
And many a reckless swap was made
Of horses, traded in the dark;
Sometimes disputes ran wild and high,
To bloody nose or blacken'd eye.

All such disputes were ended quick
By an appeal to harden'd fists;
These were the courts of last resort,
That settled pleas of every sort,
That came upon the wagoners' lists;
No other forum, then, was sought,
When THE decisive fight was fought.

Ten wagoners in a bar-room, well,
Say, twenty feet by scant sixteen;
A ten-plate stove, that weighed a ton,
Stood in a wooden-box-spittoon,
Which was of course not very clean,
'Mid clouds of cheap tobacco-smoke,
Thick, dark, and strong enough to choke.

Huge benches and some pond'rous chairs,
Such as the world no more may see;
An ample pile of hickory logs,
An old tom-cat and several dogs,
And playful pups, some two or three,
All 'round one stove or bar-room fire!
A scene an artist might admire.

And superadded to all these
Were unwashed feet and shoes and boots,
And bootjacks, slippers, tallow dips,
And some greatcoats and Loudon whips
And heaps of wagoners' oversuits;
While currying-shirts and overalls
Embellished the surrounding walls.

But O the kitchen of the inn,
That heaven on earth in days of yore!
The pots and pans and ovens, Dutch,
The home-baked bread we loved so much,
The want of which we now deplore,
While vainly seeking nutriment
In alkalies for aliment.

There buxom lasses and their beaus
On winter nights, in olden times,
In freedom sang their merry songs,
And on the shovel, with the tongs,
Rang out the rude and rustic chimes;
While on the pon'drous iron crane
Hung pot-rack, hook and dusky chain.

There in their homespun woolen gowns,
When daily labors were well o'er,
The lasses used to sing and sew,
Or trip the light fantastic toe
Upon the burnished kitchen-floor;
And though around a kitchen-hearth,
The most enchanting place on earth.

How many a troth was plighted there,
How many a happy match was made?
How many a legend there was said
By tongues and lips long cold and dead!
How many a roguish trick was played
Upon some happy bride and groom
By hands long mouldering in the tomb?

Where are those kitchens of the past,
Those rugged chimneys built of stone?
Where is the pitchy fagot's blaze,
Which, like the Borealis-rays,
From out the chimney corner shone?
Like those who danced and frolicked there,
They're numbered with the things that were.

The fragrance of their memory hangs
And lingers 'round us like the air;
They haunt us in our waking dreams,
And often in our sleep it seems,
As if again we saw them there;
But stern realities arise
While moisture gathers in our eyes.

Chat About Your Friends

Vincent Pizzalato Jr., 860 Elliger St., was on yesterday's birthday list.

Frank Paczona, 761 Lawrence St., marked his birthday anniversary Thursday.

Joseph Molnor, 751 Lawrence St., Thursday celebrated his birthday anniversary.

Betty Jane Beitler, 923 Maple St., was on Thursday's birthday list.

Henry Adler, 301 S. 16th St., who underwent an emergency operation for appendicitis at the Allentown hospital on Tuesday night is reported to be progressing nicely. Dr. Jacob J. Levy performed the operation.

Frances Mengel, 615 N. 12th St., observed her birthday anniversary yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Greenberg, 630 Hanover Ave., are celebrating their 11th wedding anniversary today.

Mrs. Claude Krause is spending a week with her daughter at Upper Darby.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Simons, 115 S. 8th St., are celebrating their sixth wedding anniversary today.

Dr. Norma H. Haberstro, bio-psychologist, is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. William M. Taylor at Taylor university, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Richards and son Bobby, Allentown, visited Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Gorr at Newtown recently.

Mrs. Viola Miller, 426 Union St., was discharged from the Sacred Heart hospital yesterday and is recuperating at her home.

Dr. A. J. Fidler, 441 Linden St., left yesterday for a two-week motor trip to Florida. During his absence Dr. F. J. DiLeo will take care of his practice.

Margaret E. Young, this city, will observe her birthday anniversary today.

Mary Moyer of Catasauqua and Mary Zuick, Tom Roth and Dwight Harrier of Allentown motored Wednesday to Hershey where they witnessed the Ice Follies.

Mr. and Mrs. Norbert Quinn, 538 N. 5th St., become the parents of a daughter, their first child, on Thursday evening, with Dr. Anna Ziegler as the attending physician. Mrs. Quinn is the former Mary Dornblaser.

Mrs. Marguerite Manson and daughter Jeanne, and Jeanne Guignet all of Carlisle, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Guignet of Trexler Memorial park, with whom they attended the Swiss Society concert at the Americus hotel last night.

Mrs. Earl L. Weaver, 1835 W. Greenleaf St., was admitted to the Allentown hospital for surgical treatment on Thursday and, the operation successful, was reported resting comfortably last night.

Additional Seal Sales Reported by L.C.T.S.

Lehigh county's 33rd annual Christmas Seal sale is moving slowly and surely toward its desired goal of $10,000—which has been set for attainment by Dec. 30.

Ruth Crawford, executive secretary of the Lehigh County Tuberculosis society, was assisted by Mrs. Herman Gohn and Annie Conaghan of Catasauqua, two board members, in opening the Christmas seal sale returns yesterday in Merchants National bank. A sum of $228.10 was reported yesterday. This includes $8.32 received from the four booths at the Allentown Post Office, Hess Brothers, H. Leh and Co. and Zollinger-Harned Co. on Wednesday and the sum of $21.55 from the booths Thursday. The 33rd annual seal sale receipts to date thus mounted to $5,312.01 towards the $10,000 goal required to do the necessary work in the city and county next year.

Yesterday's volunteers in opening the mails and recording the sums received were: Mrs. Clyde Thomas, Mrs. Wallace Kern, Mrs. Frank Courey, Jeanne Evans and Jean Benner.

Obituaries

Frank Steltzer In His 47th Year

President-elect of Harugari Home Assn. Was Ill Only Week

Frank Steltzer, president-elect of the Harugari Home Assn., died early yesterday morning in the Sacred Heart hospital where he had been confined since Tuesday. He was 46 and had been ill for about one week.

Mr. Steltzer, well known among the Austrian and German element in this city, had previously served as president of the Harugari for four years, from 1934 to 1938. He resided at 413 Linden St.

His leadership and guidance well recognized, Mr. Steltzer was again named president of the association for 1940. He would have assumed office on Jan. 1.

Other fraternal affiliations of Mr. Steltzer included membership in the German-Austrian War Veterans Assn., Lehigh Saengerbund and the Allentown Turner Liederkranz.

A native of Austria, he was a son of Julia, nee Brunner, Steltzer, and the late Frank Steltzer. He had resided in this country for the past 16 years, all of which were spent in Allentown. He was an interior decorator, working at that trade for the past 27 years.

Besides his wife, nee Hermina Klein, and his mother, Mrs. Julia Steltzer of Austria, there survives one sister, Mrs. Celie Gewolf, of Austria.

Charles R. Keglovitz

North St. Youngster Is Victim of Diphtheria

Charles R. Keglovitz, three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John Keglovitz, nee Wagner, died at the home of his parents, 435 North St., Allentown, yesterday, the victim of diphtheria.

Besides his parents, the child is surviver by the following brothers and sisters: Mary, Alfred, Cecilia and Rudolph.

Strictly private funeral services will be held from the residence, 435 North St., Monday morning at 10 o'clock. Interment will be made in the Sacred Heart cemetery.

Harry K. Bowers

Retired Eastonian Was 62 Years of Age

Harry K. Bowers 62, 921 Lincoln St., Easton, died Thursday night at Easton hospital where he had been unrer treatment since Nov. 30.

A son of the late Howard and Anna Keller Bowers, he was a native of Easton. He had formerly worked for William Laubach and Co., Easton; the John Wanamaker store in Philadelphia and was at one time a conductor for the Easton Transit Co. He had been retired for 15 years.

He is survived by his daughter, Mrs. Norman W. Yost, with whom he resider; a son, Albert, Easton; a sister, Mrs. Carrie Allen, Philadelphia, and a brother, Edwin, Philadelphia.

Funeral services at 11 a. m. Monday at the Shillinger funeral home, 801 Lehigh St., Easton, with the Rev. Paul B. Wolper, Christ Lutheran church, Easton. Burial in South Easton cemetery.

Mrs. Kate A. Smoyer

Macungie R. 1 Widow Was 80 Years Old

Mrs. Kate A., nee Lichtenwalner, Smoyer, widow of Revelis Smoyer, died at 10:45 a. m. Tuesday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lichtenwalner, Macungie R. 1. She was 80 years old.

Mrs. Smoyer had been a partial invalid ever since she had broken her pelvic bone in a fall eight years ago. She suffered a heart attack 10 days ago. She was a resident of Macungie for 58 years.

Surviving are a sister, Mrs. Lizzie Lichtenwalner of Allentown, and a number of nieces and nephews. She was a member of St. Paul's Lutheran church, Allentown.

Private services will be held Wednesday at 1:30 p. m. at 118 E. Main St., Macungie, with Dr. George A. Greiss and Rev. Raymond Miller officiating. Interment will be made in Lehigh Church cemetery.

Monroe J. Leibensperger

Farm Employe, Aged 55, Succumbs to Heart Attack at Work

Monroe J. Leibensperger, hired man at the farm of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bieber, Macungie R. 1, died Thursday morning at 8 o'clock while performing his usual daily chores.

Mr. Leibensperger, aged 55, fell over while at work in the barn. Dr. George Deibert, Wescosville, pronounced him dead. Dr. Alexander M. Peters, Lehigh county coroner, issued a certificate of death, attributing a cerebral hemorhage as the cause. He ordered the body turned over to Undertaker Schmoyer, Breinigsville.

Born in Maxatawny township, Berks county, he was the son of the late Peter and Catherine (Acker) Leibensperger. He was a member of the Lutheran faith.

Survivors include three brothers, George, Allentown; Victor, Catasauqua; Ralph, Allentown; four sisters, Mrs. Oscar Kemp, Allentown; Mrs. Jacob Mohr, Fogelsville; Mrs. Victor Grim, Allentown; Mrs. John Ruch, Bethlehem.

Services will be held Sunday at 2 p. m. from the Schmoyer funeral home, Breinigsville. Burial in the Maxatawny cemetery. Viewing Saturday 7-9 p. m.

Joseph D. Focht

Member of Fleetwood Meat Market Firm Was 34

Joseph D. Focht, a member of the firm of the Focht Bros. meat market, Fleetwood, died yesterday at noon at his home in Fleetwood after a long illness. He was 34 years of age.

Born in Albany township, he is the son of Charles and Kate S. (Smith) Focht. He was a member of Voax lodge, No. 406, F. & A. M., Hamburg; Reading consistory and the Reading Shrine.

Survivors include his parents, two brothers, Charles H. and Howard W., Fleetwood; a sister, Ruth S., wife of William Oldt, Kempton.

Services will be held Tuesday at 1:30 p.m. at the Stump funeral home, Fleetwood, with further services in Friedens church, Lenhartsville. Interment in the adjoining cemetery. Rev. Wilmer H. Long will officiate. Viewing Monday 7-9 p. m.

Henry J. German

New Tripoli Boy, 9, Succumbs to Pneumonia

Henry J. German, 9-year-old son of Stanley German, of New Tripoli, died at 11.25 p. m. Thursday in the Allentown hospital of pneumonia. He had been admitted to the hospital on Wednesday.

The youth attended the New Tripoli schools and was a member of the New Tripoli Sunday school.

Besides the father, there survives one sister, Helen, at home. His mother, nee Pearl Snyder, died in 1935 and a grandmother, Mrs. Lucinda German, died in March of this year.

Rev. LeRoy Bond will officiate at funeral services to be held from the Snyder funeral home, New Tripoli, on Monday at 1 p. m. Further services will be held in Ebenezer Union church, New Tripoli, and interment will be made in the adjoining cemetery.

Mrs. Hattie Geidner

Octogenarian Dies as Result of Fall; Birthday Anniversary Sunday

Mrs. Hattie Geidner, who had been looking forward to celebrating her 85th birthday anniversary on Sunday, died at 7:30 a. m. yesterday in the Allentown hospital.

While she had been ailing for about the last three years, she became more seriously ill following a fall at her home 724½ Tilghman St., on Thanksgiving Day. Since that time she had been confined to the hospital.

Mrs. Geidner was a member of St. Matthew's Lutheran church, and of the Loyal Bible class of the church. At one time she was also affiliated with the Women's Missionary society.

Born Hattie Christ, she was a native of Lancaster, but had resided in this city for about the last 60 years. She attended the schools in Lancaster and later the Millersville Normal school.

Surviving are three sons, William D., Paul T., and Harold W., all of this city, and one daughter, Mrs. N. A. Butz, also of this city. Nine grandchildren and three great-grandchildren also survive.

Her husband, the late James H. Geidner, a prominent Allentown hatter, died in 1927. One son, Charles, also preceded her in death.

Rev. F. C. Wunder will be in charge of funeral services to be held on Monday at 1:30 p. m. at the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St. Interment will be made in Fairview cemetery.

Charles Y. Moyer

Had Been One of First Residents of Y.M.C.A. Dormitories

Charles Y. Moyer, local Y.M.C.A. resident and third oldest of a family of three brothers and two sisters whose ages range from 81 to 93, died yesterday in the Allentown hospital.

Mr. Moyer was 89. A Y.M.C.A. resident here since March, 1922, he was one of the first to move into the "Y" dormitories.

He was removed to the Allentown hospital Oct. 21. A sister, Mrs. Frank C. Wolfe of Allentown, died Nov. 12 at the age of 75.

A native of Powder Valley, Upper Milford township, he was the son of the late Abraham and Sallie, nee Yeakel, Moyer.

As a young man he taught in a rural schoolhouse between Shimerville and Vera Cruz. Later he was bookkeeper for many years for the Evangelical Publishing House then located at Cleveland, Ohio. A late uncle, Reuben Yeakel, was a bishop in the Evangelical church.

At one time Mr. Moyer was superintendent of a local Sunday school for 25 years. He was a member of the Ebenezer Evangelical church.

Never married, he is survived by two brothers and two sisters: Isaac Moyer, aged 93, and Jacob Moyer, aged 91, both of Cleveland, and Mrs. Sarah M. Fritsch, aged 86, and Miss Lydia Moyer, aged 81, both of Allentown.

Deaths

KEGLOVITZ—In this city, Dec. 15, 1939, Charles R. Keglovitz, son of John and Cecelia, nee Wagner, Keglovitz, of diphtheria, aged three years.

Strictly private funeral services will be held from the parent's home, 435 North St., Monday morning at 10 o'clock. Interment will be made in the Sacred Heart cemetery. Becker.

LEIBENSPERGER—Along Macungie R. 1, Monroe J. Leibensperger, aged 55 years.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend services Sunday at 2 p.m. at the Schmoyer funeral home, Breinigsville. Burial in the Maxatawny cemetery. Friends are invited to call at the funeral home Saturday 7-9 p.m. Schmoyer.

SMOYER—At Macungie R. 1, Dec. 15, 1939, Kate A., nee Lichtenwalner, widow of Revelis Smoyer, aged 80 years, 6 months and 12 days.

By her request, private funeral services will be held at 118 E. Main St., Macungie, on Wednesday at 1:30 p.m. Interment in Lehigh church cemetery. Friends are invited to call Tuesday from 7 to 9 p.m. Schmoyer.

MOYER—In this city, Dec. 15, 1939, Charles Y. Moyer, in his 89th year.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend services Wednesday at 3 p.m. from the Ernest B. Zimmerman funeral home, 1124 Walnut St. Interment in the West End cemetery. Friends are invited to call Tuesday 7-9 p.m. Ernest B. Zimmerman.

STELTZER—In Allentown, Dec. 15, 1939, Frank, husband of Hermina (Klein) Steltzer, aged 46 years, 2 months and 22 days.

Relatives, friends and members of the Harugari lodge, German-Austrian Veterans, Lehigh Saengerbund and the Allentown Turner-Liederkranz are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from the William J. Weber funeral home, 334 N. 2nd St., Monday at 1:30 p. m. Continued services in St. Peter's Lutheran church, Ridge Ave. and Chew St., at 2 p. m. Interment in Hillside cemetery. Friends may call at the funeral home Sunday from 7 to 9 p. m. Weber.

for CHEST COLDS RAWNESS TIGHTNESS

QUICK--RUB ON SUPER-MEDICATED PENETRO. LET IT GET IN ITS GOOD WORK. FASTER. BECAUSE IT CONTAINS 2 TO 3 TIMES MORE MEDICATION THAN ANY OTHER SALVE SOLD NATIONALLY FOR COLDS' MUSCULAR ACHES AND NASAL MISERIES.

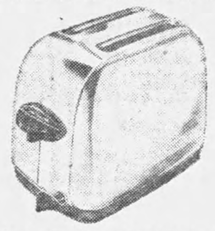
PENETRO MEDICATED RUB

Christmas Suggestions

Fountain pens, pen and pencil sets, desk sets, book ends, stationery, books, Bibles and brief cases.

The Shafer Book Store
33 N. Seventh St.

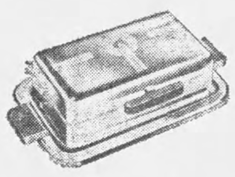
For Really Thoughtful GIVING!



A smart pop-up toaster that browns two slices of bread at one time—on both sides. Dial controlled for the kind of toast you want.



A portable Range-in-miniature that cooks a complete meal for six to eight people . . . occupies only two feet of shelf space. Ideal for small apartments and next summer's camp or cottage.



The Electric Grill fries eggs and meats, toasts sandwiches and grills steaks and chops. A wonderful appliance for quick lunches, parties and late snacks.



An Electric corn-popper that requires no shaking to help it along. Grand for parties and snack lunches.



Perfect coffee — every time—with this smart chrome and glass coffeemaker. For those dyed-in-the-wool coffee lovers, this gift can't be beaten.



A new light-weight, streamlined, dial-controlled Electric Iron that smoothes the work wrinkles out of any ironing.



A honey! This iron bakes TWO waffles at one time . . . dial-controlled so that you get your waffles just simply perfect.



A kitchen helper that mixes; beats, blends and stirs at the flick of the switch. Any woman who cooks will want one of these Electric Mixers.

Give something more than just a present this Christmas. Select Electric Appliances and you'll give service, convenience and easier living as well as beauty! Come in NOW . . . we'll be glad to show you how easily you can buy the appliances you want.

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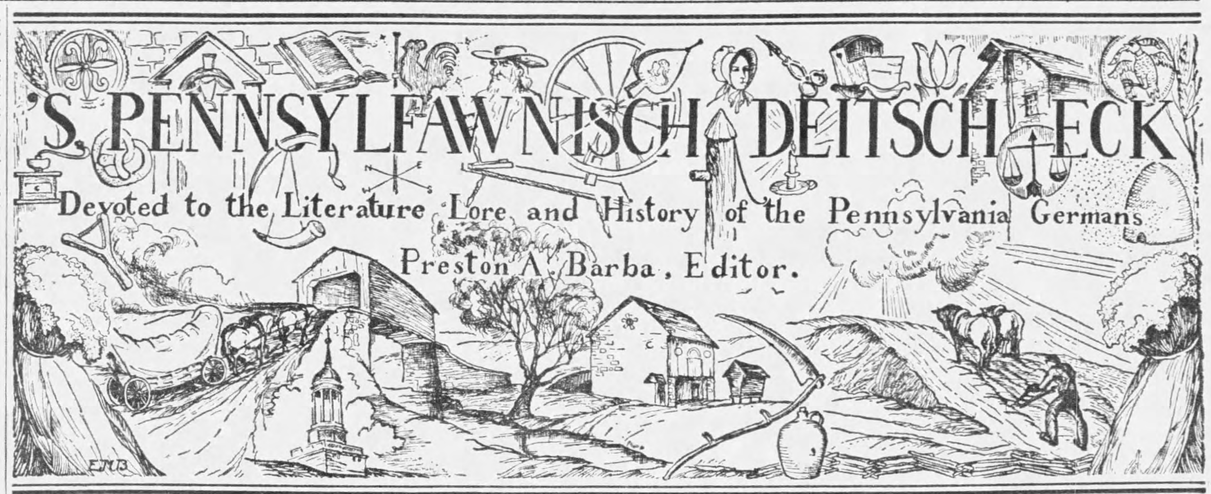

Die Alte Zeite

M'r hen 'n Fier-Geils Fuhrwerk g'hat,
Un 'n gedeckter Waage;
Noch Pittsburgh odder Baltimore,
Isch unser Fuhr als zwe mohls Johr,
Mit Flour un Dram gelaade;
Un's hot e' Woch 'ner drei als g'numme
So bis sie widder z'rueck isch kumme.

Oft hen die Nochbare z'samme g'schpannt
Un sin mitnanner gange;
Es Bett un's Esse hen sie mit
Nooch Baltimore un a'h nooch Pitt',
Un all die Geilsg'scherr-Schtange
Un Hai, hen als die Wert gefunne
For all die fiele Fuhrwerks-kunne.

Flour un Dram, des hen sie als
Nooch Baltimore gefahre;
Un Groceries fon Baltimore
Nooch Pitt', (wie schon mohl g'saad dafor)
Un noch fiel annere Waare;
Fon Pitt', war nix as Blackschmidt Kohle
For Nochbar's Blackschmidt z'rueck zu hohle.

Die Baerschtub un die Wertschaft-kuech
War foll lebhafte Leut;
Die Fuhrleut hen gedanzt un g'sunge
Bis Kuech un Baerschtub hen geklunge
In jener alte Zeit;
Un's war ken Geig im ganse Land
Dort muesig g'hanke an d'r Wand.

* * * * *

Sel ware gute alte Zeite—
Die Leut hen Aerwet g'hat;
Was hen sich Leut un Zeit f'raennert!
Un's hot mich a'h shon oft gewunnert
Was dan die Welt noch waert;
Ich meen ebmohl wan's so fort macht
Geht Nacht zu Dag un Dag zu Nacht.

Juscht guck e'mohl wie des Ding schafft,
M'r braucht jo bal ken Team;
M'r braucht jo bal ken Fuhrwerk meh,
Ken Waage un ken Geil—f'rschteh—
'S waert alles g'runnt bei Schteam;
'S waert bal nix g'schafft as bei Machine,
D'r Mensch, der runn't sich a'h bei Schteam.

M'r travelled nau be Land un See,
Bei Locomotive Team;
'N Fuhr isch nix meh g'eschtemiert,
Un wan mr's Lewe a'h f'rliert,
M'r travelled doch bei Schteam;
Die alte Weg sin all f'rduzt,
D'r Schteam hot alles rewoluzt.

M'r sin als in d'r Stage getravelt,
So uewer die Berge naus;
Nau huckt m'r sich juscht in die Cars,
Un esst un drinkt un schmokd Cigars,
Juscht wie daheem im Haus;
M'r leegt sich hi un schlooft un schnarcht,
Un fahrt nau unner de Berge dorich.

D'r Mensch isch wunderbar erschaffe,
For neue Weeg ausfinne;
Er fahrt un seelt, er mahlt un seegt,
Er wescht un dresht, er schpinnt un weebt,
Un losst das Alt dahinne;
Er isch jo selwer 'n Machine,
Er esst un schlooft un leebt bei Schteam.

An alle Kreuzweg kan m'r's leese
"Look Out For'n Locomotive;"
Ich will net saage juscht an all,
Un doch gewacht! er kummt doch bal,
Er gebt em lawful Notice;
Hoerscht net wie's dunnert un wie's brummt?
Gewacht, wan er um's Eck rum kummt!

So arg das ich d'r Deufel hass,
Er guckt ebmohls doch schoe:
Un's isch nix schoener's in d'r Welt,
As wan'r sich so for em schtellt,
Un bloosd Schteam in die Hoeh;
Un wan'r peift, danort gewacht!
Bleib aus'm Weg, schunscht gebt's 'n Schlacht.

—Aus H. L. Fischers
'S ALT MARIK-HAUS MITTES IN D'R SCHADT, York, Pa. 1879.
(The original spelling has been retained)

The Conestoga Wagon

(A Pennsylvania German Product)

By H. C. FREY

(Conclusion)

APPENDIX

There were many teamsters of Pennsylvania German descent on the road a century ago, but since the names and personalities would not be recognized at this late date it would be useless to mention even a small number of these persons and their experiences. Therefore in this appendix the story of only one of these teamsters of old will be told.

More than a century ago, Moses Hartz, a young man, nineteen years of age, came to the Conestoga Valley of Lancaster County in search of work. He applied at the home of Mr. Mast a farmer, a former teamster, and the forefather of what proved later to be a family of teamsters. Mr. Mast turned the stranger away, telling him that he had no such employment as the young man desired. The penniless young man, with his worldly possessions wrapped in a handkerchief and tucked under his arm, was broken-hearted and turned to walk away. As he walked down the path from the farmhouse, the heart of the old farmer was touched and he beckoned him to come back. A rear view of the youngster showed that he was a strong, robust man of perfect physical proportions with the possibilities of making a hard-working and useful farm hand.

Mr. Mast consented to give him work and adopt him into his home, for a while at least. The young man proved his worth on the farm during the summer and attracted the attention of the neighbors by his honest and trustworthy habits and his willingness to do plenty of hard work.

In the fall the farmer fitted up young Hartz with a Conestoga Wagon, six horses and bells, and told him to wend his way to Pittsburgh and on to Ohio. He was instructed to take on any hauling he could get en route, and to bring from Ohio, a load of clover seed for the use of the Conestoga Valley farmers for their spring sowing. He was requested to be sure to get back in plenty of time to help to do the spring work on the farm. With those parting words young Moses Hartz started his career and venture as a teamster across the sparsely settled mountainous region of Pennsylvania. For the time being the young teamster and his team were in a sense lost to civilization. The means of communication were such that the young man neither communicated with his guardian nor did the old gentleman expect to hear from him during the severe, but what later proved to be a short winter season. Days, weeks, and months passed (the ground hog probably failed to see his shadow) and the warm days of spring made an earlier appearance than in former years. Of course, it goes without saying that young Moses Hartz suffered the same experience as all other long-distance teamsters in those days. He ate but two scanty meals a day, slept on bar room floors, became hard-bitten (maybe frost-bitten) and toughened to the point of despising comforts.

When the spring season rushed in and the weather was favorable for spring work the time was up for the young Conestoga wagon teamster to make his way back to the fertile farm in the Conestoga Valley. Mr. Mast became alarmed and anxious concerning his whereabouts. The suspense of waiting was so great that the old farmer decided he would make a search for the missing teamster. From the number of horses in his stable he selected his best rider, placed a saddle on his back, mounted him and proceeded westward on horseback over the only wagon road then in use in the hope of finding out something about the fate of the boy teamster. He continued on to Pittsburgh and over the Ohio state line. There he found the young man on his way east with the load of clover seed. The team was sleek looking, in excellent shape, and the young fellow was in a most happy mood. Mr. Mast was about to reprimand his ward (tactfully of course) for his tardiness on his return trip, when young Hartz drew from his pockets goodly sums of money which he had earned for his guardian over and above his expenditures. He had been doing short hauls in the western state, business was so good, he was making money, and he consequently delayed his return trip just as long as possible. The old Pennsylvanian was pleased with this report, immediately proceeded back to Lancaster County on horseback, leaving the young man with the Conestoga wagon load of clover seed to find his way back over the mountains to his destination in the East.

By the time Moses Hartz got home clover seed had advanced considerably in price and the Conestoga Valley farmer sold it at a much greater profit than he had expected. The young man who was nearly turned away from the farmer's door had proved his trustworthiness and had shown that his ambition in life was to give unselfish service to others. With this initial trip for Mr. Mast, young Moses Hartz inaugurated his career as a teamster. As was the custom in those days, he worked on a farm during the summer season and teamed to the West in the winter. He was what was commonly known as a "Militia" teamster. Moses proved to be a good manager, an indefatigable worker and a righteous man. He attended and later united himself with the church of which the Masts were lifelong members—called the Old Order Amish Congregation. He married a young woman of the same congregation and he later became Bishop in charge of the church.

Moses Hartz's career as a teamster, a farmer, and a minister, was a remarkable one. He often told of how he started farming with "five wheels", the four wheels on his old Pitt wagon and a wheelbarrow. He and his wife were the industrious, self-sacrificing individuals that worked six days in the week and walked or rode horseback many miles to attend religious services on the Sabbath. He became one of the most prosperous farmers in Lancaster County, was a much respected citizen, a leader in his community, and was reputed to be the owner of one of the largest farms in Conestoga Valley. He was hale, hearty, and robust and managed to ward off the calls of a physician all his life. He accumulated wealth, and died at the ripe old age of ninety-eight.

(Information about Moses Hartz was furnished by H. H. Stoltzfus, Elverson, Pa.)

The author has collected various odds and ends pertaining either directly or remotely to the Conestoga wagon and its wagoners, and adds them here in the belief that they may be found either valuable or entertaining.

Large covered wagons were used at times as long-distance hearses or for carrying funeral parties.

Yes, the Conestoga wagon was the "armored car" used to transport money from the mints. An old account book of a teamster in Chester County shows that he charged $.75 to haul 10,000 large copper cents from the Philadelphia mint to Chester, Pa.

Wagoners, loyal to a tradition, "stuck by their teams" and often refused shelter from the rain if the team had to remain unsheltered.

Wagon loads of hay were at one time sold on center square in the city of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in much the same manner as vendors of peanuts sell their products today.

Wagoners were often drenched by rain at the end of a day's drive and, if the fire in the barroom fireplace burned out during a cold night, they sometimes found their pantaloons frozen stiff the next mroning.

Some long-distance wagoners were so religious that they refused to move their wagons on Sunday.

Many wagoners were so addicted to the use of liquor that they carried a gimlet bit and a little brown jug, stealing their supply of whiskey from the barrels that made up their cargoes.

Economy was practiced to such an extent that empty salt barrels were soaked in water and the water kept on hand for cooking purposes.

Wagon wheels were driven on to planks on cold nights to keep them from freezing in the mud, and horses that stood out all night sometimes had their feet frozen to the ground.

Honest old Jacob Givens, a Philadelphia-Pittsburgh wagoner from York County, Pa., on his death-bed called one of the members of his family to his side and asked him to return to a neighbor a peck of salt he had borrowed for his cattle because he did not want to die with any unpaid obligations. Within a few minutes after the member of the family reported that this matter had been attended to and that his record was clear, old wagoner Given expired.

Some wagoners were so proud of the sound of their team bells that they filed notches in the bells if they did not appear to be properly tuned to their musical ears.

The little rings attached to the big ring through which the single line passed was not an ornament but a jingling alarm to the five horses other than the lead horse in a six-horse team, to pull with the leader when the line was stretched.

A wagoner one time tried to rush a very large wide load of hay through a covered bridge in Berks County, Pennsylvania, with the result that the load became wedged in the bridge and required the greater part of the day to clear the obstruction.

A wagoner used to demonstrate his ability to drive by word of mouth by lying flat on his back in a field back of the barn, then talk to his lead horse, drive the six horses and wagon over his body, turn them around and have them repass over him again without getting off the flat of his back.

Lumber was so plentiful that logs were used to corduroy the low places in the roads and miles of roads were built of planks.

Many wagoners drove thorugh the streams around the bridges in preference to using the bridge. This was done to cool the horses' feet, drive away the flies, and swell the dry wagon wheels. Marks cut into the rocks in the bed of Juniata River can still be traced or seen at Juniata Crossing in Bedford County, Pa.

Short and Steep: A prominent wagon road in Chester County, Pa. at one time contained a grade that was shorter than a wagon was long and so step that the lead horses had to be unhitched in traversing it, because the slightest pull by them would have broken the wagon tongue.

Before PCA laws were effective a cruel teamster would sometimes hitch his "laziest" horse opposite the saddle horse and tie the horse's jaw to the end of the wagon tongue with a rope so that the horse had to pull or break his jaw.

Feats of wagoners included: Lifting a 100 lb. keg of nails on to the wagon by grasping the narrow edge of the keg between the fingers and thumb of one hand; unloading a 600 lb. barrel of molasses single handed; walking off with a half ton of pig iron to win a wager; handling a 56 lb. weight at old mills like the modern gymnast handles a dumbbell; lifting a wagon off its four wheels by lying under it and pushing upward with both hands and both feet.

Wagoners and Wagoning

(The following notes on Conestoga wagons and their wagoners, found in the Appendix of H. L. Fisher's OLDEN TIMES: or Pennsylvania Rural Life, Some Fifty Years Ago (York, Pa. 1888) will supplement Mr. H. C. Frey's valuable article "The Conestoga Wagon," appearing in the ECK since November 25th and concluded in today's issue).

The military terms "Regulars" and "Militia" were applied as sobriquets to the two classes of wagoners; to those who followed the business regularly and extensively, the term "Reg'lars" was applied in the spirit of respect and compliment. To the farmers, or common country teamsters who drove Conestogas, and whose trips were short, few, and occasional, the term "Militia" was applied derisively by the Regulars. A prosperous and successful, or rather lucky, regular was usually the owner of several teams, one, the principal, and finest of which he drove himself in the van of the procession, his hired drivers bringing up the rear. The difference between these two classes of teams and teamsters was very apparent. A "Reg'lar" never drove less than five horses, generally six, and in case of emergency, seven. His harness, or gears, were not so heavy and clusmy as those of the "Militia." Every horse had his housing of deerskin or other suitable material trimmed with heavy red fringe; and the bridle head-stall with bunches of bright colored ribbon. Bell-teams were comparatively common; each horse, except the saddle-horse, being furnished with a full set, trimmed with ribbons of various bright colors. The horses were placed in military order "rank and size," the heavier pair nearest the wheels, the next in size at the end of the tongue, and the lightest and gayest at the lead, or end of the chain.

The wagons used by the "Reg'lars" were heavy, high-wheeled, broad-tread, furnished with the patent-locking machine, or brake . . . The bed or body of the wagon was long, rather deep, and somewhat galley-shaped; painted a deep blue and furnished with sideboards of a bright red color. The "Reg'lars" carried neither feed nor "grub," but depended on the jolly host of the old-time inn for both. He took great pride in his team, and much rivalry and jealousy prevailed among them as to the strength and beauty of their horses and the loads they could haul. Many beautiful teams there were. Sometimes a whole team of one color—iron, or dapple grays, blacks or bays of fine blood and groom. Even the noble horses themselves seemed at times to manifest a certain instinctive consciousness of the pride taken in them by their owner or driver, and when he, proudly enthroned in the saddle, drew the long rein on his prancing leader, flourished his famous Loudon whip, making the sharp snapping silk tingle in their ears, the faithful wagon-dog, the while leaping and yelping encouragement in advance, every horse sprang into the harness, stretching every trace to its utmost capacity, and moving the ponderous load steadily forward with an ease and grace that was simply grand and beautiful, when the train consisted, as it often did, of as many as a dozen teams, all thus moving in steady procession.....

The wagon-beds or bodies were arches with six or eight stately bows, the middle or lowest being midway between the ends, and the rest rising gradually on either side to front or rear, so that the end ones were nearly of equal height; and over all these was stretched the great strong hempen cover, well corded down at the sides and ends. In the red sideboards, white covers, and blue beds, were proudly shown the tricolor of the National Ensign. Not unfrequently the loads were up to the bows, and as many as 60 to 80 hundred pounds, or three to four tons, were hauled at a load.....

All wagoners, "Reg'lars" and "Militia," carried their beds with them. These consisted of rough mattresses, coarse blankets, coverlets or robes, but no pillows. At bedtime they were unrolled and spread, side by side, upon the bar-room floor; and if the occupant appreciated the luxury of a pillow, he readily found it on the back of an inverted chair placed under the head of his bed.....

One important feature of the times remains to be noticed—the great tide of foreign German immigration westward. Thousands and tens of thousands of families annually passed through from the eastern cities to Ohio, Indiana and Illinois; the latter being then regarded as "the far West." In many instances one or more of these families were provided with a wagon which they brought with them from the Vaterland, and in which they transported their meagre household, bed, and other clothing, and such members of their families as were unable to travel on foot. These wagons were small and light, constructed almost exclusively of wood, without paint, and drawn by one or two horses. An ordinary muslin cover stretched over a few rude bows afforded a slight protection from sun, wind and rain to those who were huddled together under it. The rest trudged alongside through dust or mud; many of them begging their way, whilst hundreds and thousands of Thalers were snugly stowed away in the little Koffern (chests) on the wagons, or concealed on their persons. The great mass of them, however, took through-passage, at least to Pittsburgh or Wheeling, on the great road-wagons of the "Regulars;" sometimes to the exclusion of other loading, but frequently "topped out" the usual freight with bedding, women and children, while those who were able, trudged alongside or behind. And what a grotesque group of humanity was a wagon-load of German immigrants! The males in their short blue coats and pants, profusely trimmed with legendary gilt buttons; their clumsy, heavy-nailed boots and shoes, their little, flat, blue cloth caps, and their enormous, long-stemmed gracefully curved pipes, always in their mouths and nearly always in blast. The females in their short gowns, long, heavily-ribbed stockings, or (if in summer) bare limbs, heavy wooden shoes, and their borderless but neatly quilted little caps; these with their children of various ages and sizes, sitting or rather hanging, with their lower limbs greatly exposed out over the sides of the wagons, to say nothing of the unmentionable scenes which sudden emergencies or pressing necessities frequently occasionesd while the caravan was halting to rest and water in a town, a village or at an intermediate tavern. Yet many of these German immigrants and hundreds of thousands of their descendants are now among the worthiest and wealthiest citizens of our great and growing West.

Der Belsnickel

'S waar schier half Nacht un ich waar im Schlof,
Do kummt en grosser Schlitte un faahrt graad uf der Hof.
Was iss dann des? Wer faahrt mer uf mei Graas?
Noh mach ich's Fenschter uf—un do waar der Santy Claus!
"Well, well!" hawwich g'saat, "Du kummscht e bissel schpot."
"Ya," hot der Santy g'saat, "Ich bin aa schier gaar dot."

No hockt er sich hie un fangt aa verzaehle,
Wie hart as es waer die Bresents verdeele:
"Mei greeschter Druwwel waar im me grosse Haus,
Do hawwich gemeent ich kaemt nimmi raus.
Wie ich rei kumme bin, hawwich ebbes geroche,
Ich hab graad gewisst, 's waar Sauergraut am koche.
Do gebt's, wie du weescht, uf der Welt nichs besser—
Ich hab mich hie g'hockt un alles ufg'fresse.
Un sell waar der Aafang vun all meim Unglick—
Far der Scharnschtee nufgeh waar ich nau zu dick. . ."

Eich weiter verzaehle, sell brauch ich kaum;
Ihr sette 's wisse—es waar yuscht en Draum!

—Willard M. George, Palmerton, Pa.

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Chat About Your Friends

Among those who marked their birthday anniversaries yesterday are: Milton Keck, Limeport, Pa.; Oliver Schantzenbach, Limeport, Pa.; Donald R. Christman, 540 Whitehall St.; Isabelle Romig, 730 Washington St.; Aaron Stopp, 746 Lumber St., and Charles E. Hager Jr., Mertz Apartments.

James D. Yoder, 513 N. 6th St., is visiting in York, Pa.

Carlton Wood, son of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Wood, 819 Gordon St., is home from West Chester State Teachers college for the Christmas holidays.

Elizabeth A. Laury, 535 Liberty St., left to spend the holidays with her sister Esther B. Laury of New York City. She will remain there until after New Year.

Thursday's birthday celebrants included the following: James Messic, 757 Lawrence St.; James Fitzpatrick, 1213 S. Race St.; John Kuzmick, 724 Lawrence St.; Mrs. Mary Moyer, 207 N. 8th St.; Elmer G. Burkhardt, 927 N. 5th St.; Norman Wagner, 934 Allen St., and Mrs. George Lehman, 927 S. Hall St.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Greenbaum, 25 N. 18th St., Allentown, arrived Tuesday in Havana, Cuba, after flying from Miami, according to word received in Allentown yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Clauss, 721 N. 22nd St., became the parents of a daughter, born yesterday in the Baer hospital. Mr. Clauss is a member of the firm of Clauss and Fredericks, Inc.

School Director and Mrs. Ezra J. Smith and son Dale left Wednesday for Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., where they will spend the Christmas holidays.

Eva Sussman, who underwent an operation for appendicitis performed by Dr. Jacob J. Levy at the Allentown hospital, on Tuesday evening is reported getting along nicely.

Harvey Heckman, of Kunkletown, who was operated upon at the Allentown hospital on Tuesday is getting along nicely under the care of Dr. Jacob J. Levy.

Irl Freed has built a beautiful manger scene on the porch of his home at 1551 Liberty St.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Freas are celebrating their 10th wedding anniversary on Christmas. They are the parents of three children, Charles Jr., Alice and Paul.

Elizabeth Pfromm, senior at Centenary Jr. college, Hackettstown, N. J., will spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Pfromm, 134 S. 14th St.

Mr. and Mrs. Nevin Williams, 1036 N. St. Elmo St., are celebrating their 19th wedding anniversary today.

Mrs. Sara L. Snyder, 535 Liberty St., will spend the next five weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Floyd H. Steininger, in Harrisburg.

Mrs. George J. M. Lehman, 927½ S. Hall St., celebrated her birthday anniversary on Thursday.

Robert Ferguson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ferguson, 1144 Wyoming St., arrived hom for the Christmas vacation from the Peddie school, Hightstown, N. J., where he is a senior.

Mr. and Mrs. N. K. Berky of Bally are sojourning at the Riviera hotel, Daytona Beach, Fla.

Isabel M. Ehret, 24 N. 13th St., will celebrate her birthday anniversary today.

Mrs. Hilda Moyer, 1317 Hamilton St., will observe her birthday anniversary on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Aronsky and daughter Lillian, 123 S. 16th St., accompanied by Mary Josephs and Reuben Rosenberg left by motor car yesterday for Miami Beach. They expect to return home by the middle of January. Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Cohen son-in-law and daughter of the Aronskys, who have been spending several days in this city will return home today to Newark and next week will fly to Miami to join the party.

Lt. Russell Parks, of Philadelphia, who recently graduated from the Army aviation course at Kelly Field, Texas, and is assigned to the 103rd Pennsylvania Observation squadron, was a guest yesterday at the wedding of his roommate Lt. Richard Ruhf and Sally Ruhe.



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Just *think* of the number of friends you could delight with a gift of the world's favorite straight Bourbon! And think how pleased you would be to *receive* the famous "Double-Rich" Bourbon for your own happy holidays!

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Obituaries

William Z. Freed

Funeral Services to Be Held Sunday Afternoon

William Z. Freed, 66, died Thursday in the Bucks county home, near Doylestown.

Mr. Freed was born in Richland township, the son of Henry and Sarah Ann, nee Ziegenfuss, Freed.

The following brothers and sisters survive: Sylvanus, Idaho Falls, Idaho; Albanus, Quakertown; Isaac, Philadelphia; Mrs. Milton Stickler, Emmaus; Mrs. Amandus Fosbenner, Quakertown, R.D.

Rev. W. F. Furman, pastor of the Tohicken Lutheran church, will officiate at funeral services to be held at the Treffinger funeral home, N. Ambler St., Quakertown, on Sunday at 2:30 p. m. Interment in the Tohicken cemetery.

John Billman

Tamaqua Resident Succumbs to Heart Attack

John Billman, past middle age, of 11 S. Greenwood St., Tamaqua, died of a heart attack while doing his daily chores at his home at 4:45 a.m. yesterday.

Billman was found by Elwood Gerber of Hazle St., Tamaqua, who summoned Tamaqua borough police. Mrs. Mary Jones, deputy coroner of Tamaqua, also investigated and said death was due to a heart attack.

Surviving are his wife, nee Pearl Andrews, of Weatherly; two sisters, Mrs. James Mace and Mrs. Emma McCarty, both of Tamaqua.

He was a lifelong resident of Tamaqua and a member of Harmony lodge, Odd Fellows; P. O. S. of A.; Sons and Daughters of Liberty, Tamaqua, and the Order of Independent Americans, Coaldale.

Funeral services will be conducted from his home at 1:30 p.m. Tuesday. Interment will be made in Union cemetery, Weatherly.

When colds' coughs or sniffles alarm you, get right at such troubles with Penetro . . Faster . . contains 2 to 3 times more medication than any other salve sold nationally for colds' miseries. For help that works both inside and outside . . . Get Penetro.

Edmund O. Hoffman

Was Retired Farmer and Former Northampton Contractor

Retired farmer and former Northampton contractor, Edmund O. Hoffman, 79, died at his home, Allentown R. 60, Thursday night at 7.30 o'clock from a complication of diseases.

Born near Neffs, he was the son of the late Elias and Maria, nee Kern, Hoffman. Preceded in death by his first wife, Emma, who died a number of years ago, he later married Clara, nee Knight, Hoffman. Mr. Hoffman was a member of the Reformed faith.

Surviving besides his wife are a son and daughter, Clyde, Bethlehem and Mrs. Alvin Deibert, Northampton, two step-children, four grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at the Newhard funeral home, 812-14 Washington Ave., Northampton Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock with interment in the Allen Union cemetery. The Rev. Clarence Moatz, of Grace Reformed and Evangelical church, Northampton, will officiate.

Mrs. Giovannina Casciani

Funeral Services Tuesday for Bethlehem Woman

Mrs. Giovannina Casciani, wife of Anthony Casciani, 627 Frankford St., Bethlehem, died Thursday night in St. Luke's hospital.

Survivors are a son, Ernest and two daughters, Mrs. Ferdinand Alisio and Mrs. Pasquale DeNorfrio, Bethlehem; a sister in Italy and seven grandchildren.

She was a member of the Holy Rosary church and the Holy Rosary society.

Funeral at 9.30 a. m. Tuesday with requiem mass at 10 a. m. in the Church of the Holy Rosary. Burial in Holy Saviour cemetery.

Mrs. Sophia Weikel

Was Widow of Milton E. Weikel, Quakertown

Mrs. Sophia Weikel, widow of Milton E. Weikel, died Thursday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Lewis J. Mood, at Quakertown R. D.

Mrs. Weikel, a native of Rockhill township, was the daughter of Elias and Sophia, nee Bissey, Mace. She was 79 years of age.

Besides her husband, there also survive two sons, Harvey of Allentown and Norman, of Los Angeles, Calif., and three grandchildren.

Rev. Charles Schletzer, pastor of St. John's Lutheran church, Richlandtown, will officiate at funeral services to be held on Sunday at 1 p. m. at the church. Interment will be made in Quakertown Union cemetery.

John Rutz

Was Cutter at Local Clothing Company

In ill health since October, John Rutz, 62, died at 10:50 p. m. Thursday at his home, 523 Liberty St., Allentown.

For the past six years Mr. Rutz had been employed as a cutter for Schwartz and Sons, clothiers.

He was born at Allentown R. 3, the son of Frank and Teckla Rutz and attended the Sacred Heart school.

He was a devout member of the Sacred Heart church, and was a collector there for nearly 40 years. He was also a member of the Holy Name society, St. Aloysius society and the Knights of St. George.

Besides his wife, nee Mary Mockenhaupt, there survive the following children: Vincent H., Ann Arbor, Mich.; Paul W., F. Joseph, and Frances A., all of this city; Sister Clement Marie, of the Sisters of St. Francis convent, York.

Also the following sisters and brothers: Mrs. Joseph Fix and Mrs. Ann Schwartz, both of this city; Franklin J. and Henry W., both of Wennersville; Athanatius, Louis and Aloysius, all of Allentown.

The funeral will be held from his late residence on Tuesday at 9:45 a. m. Requiem high mass will be sung in the Sacred Heart of Jesus church at 10:15 o'clock. Interment will be made in the Sacred Heart cemetery.

Mrs. Stewart E. Uhler

Allentonian Had Been Ill One Week

Mrs. Anna M. Uhler, 63, died at 1 o'clock yesterday morning at the home of her brother-in-law, Charles R. Roberts, 520 N. 6th St., Allentown. She had been ill for one week.

Mrs. Uhler, a native Allentonian, was the daughter of Henry and Sarah, nee Wagner, Pauley. She was a member of St. Paul's Reformed church, Bethlehem.

Besides her husband, Stewart E. Uhler, there survive the following children: Mrs. Hilda M. Renihard, Dover, N. J.; Paul H. Uhler, Bethlehem; Anna E. Wighard, Newark, N. J.; Luther M. Uhler, Audubon, N. J. One sister, Mrs. James Beisel, of this city, also survives.

Francis Nickischer

Appendicitis Attack Fatal to Stiles Resident

Francis Nickischer, 3, of Stiles, died at 6.35 o'clock yesterday morning in the Sacred Heart hospital of appendicitis.

Besides the parents, Julius and Ann, nee Kroboth, Nickischer, both maternal and paternal grandparents survive.

SAVE TODAY'S RADIO CHART

A Complete, Handy New Chart of the Entire Week's Programs in the

Call-Chronicle Every Saturday

NOTICE

The regular daily radio programs will be changed starting Monday to include only the highlights and last minute program corrections.

SAVE YOUR RADIO CHART EVERY SATURDAY!

'Tis Christmas once again, and so
We pause to toast your health;
To wish you all good things in life
From Happiness to Wealth.

Your friendship means so much to us
A bond that's firm and true
So here's A Merry Christmas and
Prosperity to you.

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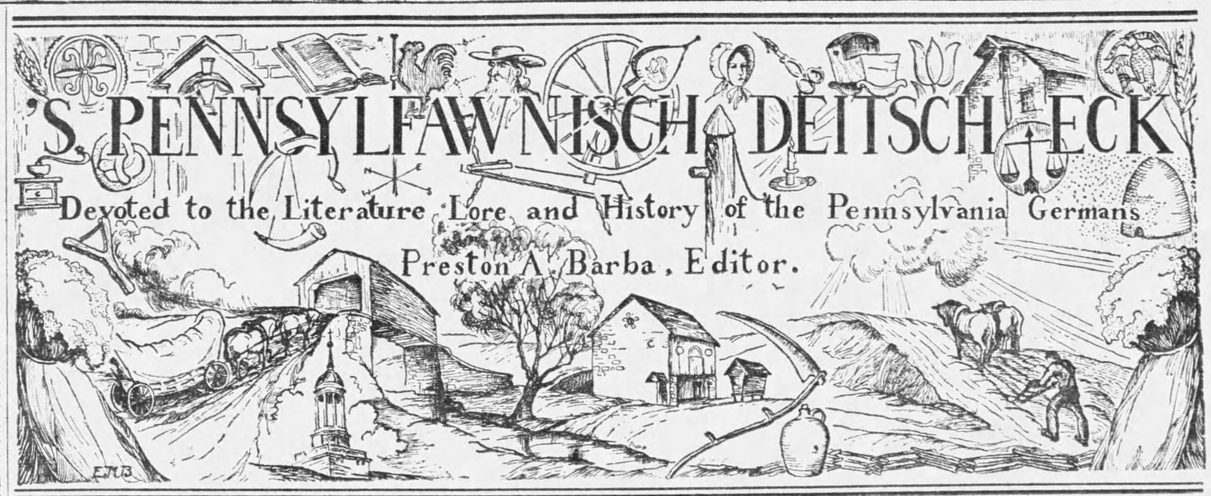

"O Little Town of Bethlehem"

By ANN HARK

'TWAS the night before Christmas—nearly two hundred years ago.

In the heart of the Pennsylvania wilderness a single feeble light pierced bravely through the blackness all around. Like a star of hope—a star such as Thre Wise Men followed to a lowly manger many centuries before—its soft glow beckoned from the window of a small log house. Only a rude, crude dwelling in a wild and lonely land, but to the men and women kneeling there beneath its sloping roof a haven worthy of the deepest thanks.

For the Moravian settlers at the forks of the Delaware had faced hardship and peril to reach this new and distant land. From their home in Herrnhut, Germany, inspired only by the urge to preach the Gospel to the heathen of this foreign shore, they had arrived during the preceding winter, and immediately set about hewing a home from the virgin forest. Now, on their first Christmas Eve in that modest dwelling, they knelt in quiet vigil, unheeding the dangers round about, and raised their voices in a heartfelt prayer.

And as they prayed the spirit of that other Holy Night in far Judea seemed to live with quickened newness in their midst. This, too, was only a humble building, such as the worldly might call mean and poor; this, too, was a shelter for animals as well as for human beings. Even now, through the log partition separating the room in which they worshipped from the stable just next door, the sleepy stirring of the cattle could be plainly heard, and that first Christmas Eve, when a Babe in swaddling clothes slept amid beasts of the field, loomed very near and real.

Especially apt did the comparison seem to one among that kneeling company—an earnest man of fine, pale face and noble bearing: Nicholas Ludwig Count von Zinzendorf, friend and patron of the early Moravian Church. The home of the count in Saxony had furnished refuge for the first fleeing band of presecuted wanderers from Moravia some score of years before, and Zinzendorf himself had become the leading spirit in the re-establishment of the Moravian faith. It was on a visit to Pennsylvania, in the hope of uniting the various religious elements prevailing there, that he stopped on Christmas Eve at the tiny forest esettlement and joined the Brethren at their evening vespers. Stirred by the reminiscent background of the service as he knelt and worshiped wtih the rest, his imaginative soul kindled and took sudden fire. Impetuously he rose to his feet. From a stand near by he seized a lighted taper. Raising his voice in the strains of an ancient Christmas hymn, he led the way to the room beyond.

As the words of that quaint old song, hailing the little town of Bethlehem and the birth of the infant Saviour, rose on the still night air, the vision of the manger and the Holy Child who lay serenely in His humble place seemed very real indeed. And then and there, by common consent, in memory of this night of singular inspiration, the tiny settlement was called Bethlehem.

So, from the city of David in Judea, the city of Bethlehem in Pennsylvania received its name.

Today the descendants of those first Moravian pioneers cherish among their dearest possessions the memory of that Christmas Eve so many years ago. After nearly two centuries of changing life and customs, its spirit still remains the same. Across the river where once glided stealthily the canoes of Indians come to attack the lonely outpost, a huge steel plant has reared its smoking chimneys. The glare of monster furnaces now dims the stars that once shone down on that small colony. However, in the heart of every true Moravian at Christmastime the guiding Star still shines; in many Moravian homes the ancient customs still prevail.

From my own childhood in that quaint and lovely town two unforgettable memories stand out with blazing clearness—the "putz," around which every Moravian Christmas centers, and the cakes that play their important part in the simple festivities. The scent of balsam in a heated room, the aromatic fragrance of burning beeswax candles, the incomparable taste of Moravian Christmas cakes—nowhere is there anything to take their place!

Now a putz—for the benefit of the uninitiated—is the Moravian version of the Christmas tree. The word comes from the German **Putzen,** to decorate. To childish eyes, round with the wonder and the glory of the Christmas season, it is fairyland and Utopia and the beloved Bible story all in one. To adults, it is a miniature picturization of the Nativity. In its making are used small figures of wood or papier-mache, treasured in the family perhaps for generations; gnarled stumps and moss and rocks kept carefully from year to year to serve the same devoted purpose; sand and trees and earth and sometimes running water, all arranged on a low platform beneath the tree in a picturesque portrayal of the old, old Christmas story.

There in a straw-thatched stable gathers the Holy Family, watched by the gentle eyes of sheep and cattle looking out from nearby stalls; there Three Wise Men, led by the guiding Star, come with their loaded camels to pay homage to the newborn King; there on a hillside in the background lonely shepherds watch their flocks by night, and there in the farther distance wild beasts and soft-eyed deer roam through a tangled woodland.

Always the tree itself—and often there are more than one—is kept subordinate to the picture. Sometimes it is decorated, sometimes not; sometimes old-fashioned candles shine from its shadowed branches or the moss-covered platform beneath; sometimes it glows with tiny electric bulbs. In olden days the putz was built in a corner of the room and the two converging walls, solidly covered with boughs of evergreen, from which ornaments were sometimes hung, formed the background for the Christmas picture. But whether tree or boughs, gleaming with tinsel and shiny balls or bare in the dignity of fragrant greenness, it is merely the foil to set off the ancient Christmas drama.

The building of the putz is primarily a grown-up function, with the younger children of the family sternly barred from the sacred portals beyond which stands the gleaming product of their elders' labor. Small hearts may grow weak with longing, young patience be strained to the breaking point, but not until Christmas Eve and the return from church will the glories behind those closely guarded doors be allowed to burst upon their dazzled vision.

But there is one phase of Christmas preparation in which young and old alike take part, and its joys are often so numerous that a week or two before the actual holiday is hardly enough to see them realized. In a Moravian home the baking of Christmas cakes is at once a serious and a happy business. Then ancient family recipes are unearthed—recipes brought to this country by those early Moravian settlers who left their homes in Germany but carried their customs with them, and carefully handed down from generation to generation. Not one or two recipes to a family but half a dozen or more is the usual number, with certain housewives famous for specific cakes, and nearly all including in their Christmas store those inimitably crisp and crunchy bits of deliciousness known as Moravian brown Christmas cakes and Moravian white Christmas cakes.

There is a tradition concerning these two kinds of pastry that is always carefully carried out. The brown cakes, dark and spicy and paper-thin, are cut in the shape of men and dogs and sheep, of camels, lions, roosters, cats and other animals and birds, while the white ones, rich and flaky and faintly golden at the edges, follow the semblance of stars and hearts and diamonds, with sugar and cinnamon often sprinkled on the top, or half a hickory nut placed in the center. The tins used to cut out these cookies are often as old as the recipes themselves, and it is nothing unusual for the same ones to have been used for several generations.

In my own home there was one particular kind of Christmas cake preferred to all the rest: a cake whose baking was marked by special festivity, with children and grownups, friends and relatives—everyone spending the holidays in the old school where we lived—joining together for the grand occasion. The dough had been made two weeks before and set aside to ripen. Into it had gone what to childish eyes seemed like vast quantities of brown sugar and molasses, of spices and citron and blanched almonds, of brandy, butter and flour. And, since no feminine hands were strong enough to work the stiff, unyielding mass, my father had been pressed into service as mixer.

While the rest of the family stood about, alternately sifting another cupful of the endless flour or poking a finger into the huge dishpan that served as mixing bowl to test the progress of the blending, he would spell for us the two confusing names by which these fascinating cakes are called—"Leckerle," the one we chose to use more often, probably because it was the easier to remember, and "Berthelsdorfer," after the village of Berthelsdorf, where the Count von Zinzendorf lived.

When the time came to roll out the dough, again it was necessary to call on masculine muscle, and my father, brother and various of the latter's friends always officiated with the rolling pin, while the feminine members of the party devoted themselves to cutting the cakes, arranging them on large flat pans, painting them with milk and popping them in and out of the huge school ovens. A large washbasketful of shiny rectangular pastries, so hard that only an excellent set of teeth could bite them, so delicious that a large percentage had disappeared before they were entirely cold, was the result of the evening's work, and another batch of mouth-watering cookies was laid aside to await the thrilling day of days.

Another family custom that held a particular charm for us little ones was the filling of "plates" for the various members of the holiday company. Children and adults, teachers and students, servants and friends—all who spent Christmas beneath the old school's roof—were included in the hospitable practice. Under my mother's watchful eye, large old-fashioned soup plates were ranged on a white-clothed table, and while youthful mouths watered longingly, the process of filling them began. Nuts and raisins, popcorn and dates, figs and oranges, tangerines and grapes—one after another the various articles were doled out, until each plate was full and running over, and the matter of inserting the slip of paper on which my father had written the names of each recipient became a nice problem in engineering.

With us, as with all old-fashioned Moravians, Christmas was celebrated on Christmas Eve and not on Christmas morning. But until the return from the early "candle service" in the Moravian church across the way, not a glimpse of the putz or a single mysterious present was permitted us. One sop, and only one, was allowed our childish impatience—we were free to sample the contents of our "plates" on the afternoon preceding. During the long, long hours of that endless day, when every usual occupation palled and only the glories of the night to come held interest in our eager thoughts, we whiled away the time by alternately munching on our favorite goodies and trading with each other the ones we cared for least. And when at last the church bell rang its welcome summons, without regret we left behind our "plates" and their somewhat dwindled contents, to troop across the street in bright-eyed anticipation and take our places in the waiting pews.

For the candle service is the children's own gathering, and next to the putz itself, perhaps, they love it best of all the Christmas customs. In its unpretentious features they sense the underlying spirit of the Moravian Christmas season—a spirit that recognizes the festival as primarily religious in character. To the true Moravian, not Santa Claus, a jolly old gentleman with a generous paunch, but the little "Christ Kindel," meek and mild and gentle, dominates the Christmas scene. In His honor the children attend that picturesque candle service whose fame has spread abroad; in His memory they take home with them the fragrant beeswax candles, made in Herrnhut and ordered each year especially for this purpose, to remind them of the Light that came into the world with the birth of the Holy Child.

To one who has ever experienced it, the mystic glamour of that simple service is something to be remembered through all the years to come. Its spell descends as the first strains of the trombones—those same trombones whose music is a feature of the world-famous Bach Festival—float down from the choir loft at the rear; it reaches its climax with the singing of that hymn which to every Moravian is the keynote and the essense of the Christmas season: Morning Star, O, Cheering Sight! For during this latter part of the service, with the voice of a child soloist echoed antiphonally by choir and congregation, the lights are suddenly dimmed, the wide doors on each side of the chancel are thrown open and men and women bearing trays of blazing candles enter. Through the dusk of the church—a dusk filled with the scent of fir and spruce and balsam and lit only by the soft glow from a large picture of the Holy Family in the upper pulpit—they advance slowly. At the end of each pew they stop. One by one the flickering, paper-trimmed tapers are passed from hand to hand, while the childish voice soars on and its deeper echoes answer. Then, when the entire congregation has been served and the church has hurst into a sea of gleaming lights, the hymn ends in a burst of sound, the candles are extinguished and each family starts homeward for the festivities yet to come.

For now at last the wonders of the putz are actually to be unveiled, now at last those intriguing tissue-wrapped parcels, arranged in separate little heaps on near-by tables, are waiting to be opened. The hours that follow are devoted to family celebration—the only ones of the Christmas season set aside for this particular purpose. For just as Moravian life in days gone by was strictly a community affair, with property and activities shared by all in common, so Christmas even today remains preeminently a community observance.

One of the happiest examples of this community spirit is the quaint old custom of "putzing" that still prevails throughout every Christmas week in Bethlehem. It's then that doorbells ring incessantly and families with unusual putzes hear innumerable times the confidently uttered question: "May we see your putz?" There's only one answer, of course—an answer dictated by whole-souled hospitality and perhaps a bit of simple pride.

Some of the putzes are large—so large as to fill an entire room, with perhaps a dozen trees used as an effective background for the Christmas scene, some are so small as to occupy the top of a few modest packing boxes. Some have elaborate lighting effects that turn on and off at will, to throw into relief one scene after another of the Bible narrative, others still use the beeswax candles whose pungent fragrance makes a memory all its own. Some have ingenious side attractions—such as mill wheels turned by streams of runninp water, small log cabins like that in which the first Christmas Eve was celebrated, waterfalls, bridges, fountains, electric chimes, elaborate mechanical devices of various kinds. But there is one feature that all Moravian putzes share: loving hands have built them for a single loving purpose—to bring home to childish minds the message of the Christmas story.

In former times, after viewing the putz each visitor was served with refreshments, and housewife vied with housewife in offering to her guests the best home-made wine and the greatest variety of toothsome Christmas cakes. Hickory-nut macaroons so rich and crisp they literally melted in one's mouth, "lebkuchen," chocolate cookies, rice cakes, nut drops, "Mandel Spitzen" (almond points), pepper nuts, Scotch cakes of a variety quite different from the usual pastry of that name—such were only a few of the array offered for the callers' pleasure. But with the spread of the putz's fame to other communities and the resultant increase in visitors, the hospitable old custom has of necessity been abandoned. In most old Moravian homes, however, it is still the accepted thing to pass around a plate of Christmas cakes to the friends who come a-putzing.

So, even today, in the midst of frantic bustle and up-to-date modernity, the old-time spirit still prevails. In Bethlehem the Star still shines. Symbols of childlike faith and neighborly love—the Moravian putz and the Moravian Christmas cake!

This story first appeared in the COUNTRY GENTLEMAN for December, 1936. It reappeared in a somewhat modified form in the author's HEX MARKS THE SPOT (J. B. Lippincott Co., 1938). It is reproduced here with the gracious consent of Miss Hark and with the kind permission of the Curtis Publishing Company and the J. B. Lippincott Company.

Das Krischkindel

O du liewer Kindheeds-Krischdag!
Lebscht noch wack'rig in mei'm Herz;
Denk ich an dich, was 'n Pulsschlag
Fiehl ich, was en Heemweh-Schmerz!
Dunkle Wolke sehn ich henke
Zwische mir un seller Zeit;
Du scheinscht awer in mei'm Denke
Beschtes Licht der Kindheeds-Freid.

Ja, ich sehn der Krischtbaam funkle,
Schmunzle an der Schtuwe Wand;
Was en Licht war sell im Dunkle,
Himmel schee' im Erdeland.
Wer kann zehle die Geschenke,
Niss un Zucker allerlei!
Muss m'r schtaune, muss m'r denke,
Wer schafft all' die Sache bei!

Des war schur des gut Krischkindel,
Es hot alles dess gemacht;
Heerscht du net sei' Belleklingel
In der schtille Krischdag Nacht?
Iwer Berge, Hiwwel, Fense
Jagt es mit sei'm Schlitte bei;
Schtoppt am Haus un schluppt gans sacht'
Mit sei'm Sack am Schornschtee' neu'

'S is Alles schtill! Die Kinner schtecke
Schnock im Bett un draame schee';
Santa Claus werd sie net wecke,
Er dhut all sei' Sach allee';
Hengt d'r Baam mit scheene Sache,
Schleicht herum im ganse Haus,
Legt sei' Gabe 'raus mit Lache,
Un dann—Ho!—zum Schornschtee' naus!

Mecht den Wunnermann 'mol sehne,
Doch er is zu schlick un schlau!
Schmokt un lacht er, wie Leit meene?
Is sei' Bart so lang un grau?
Hot er Backe roth wie Eppel?
Is sei' G'sicht so breed un fett?
Hengt sei' lang Haar imme Zeppel?
Is er so gar kreislich nett?

Un sei Renndhier—acht im Schlitte!
Ach, ich mecht ihn sehne geh';
Dess is g'fahre, dess is g'ritte,
Iwer Froscht un Eis un Schnee!
Er dhut bei sich selwer lache,
Net weil's fahre geht so gut;
Awer weil er so viel Sache
An der Kinner Krischtbaam dhut.

Dheel Leit meene, dess waer Fawel,
Es waer keen Krischkindel so;
Vegel peifen nach dem Schnawel,
Schlohe Krischte glaawe schloh.
Ich hab es noch nie gesehne
In der heil'gen Krischtennacht;
Doch sehn ich den Krischtbaam funkle,
Sag ich: es hot dess gemacht.

Sei gegriesst, du scheenes Mennle,
Bleiwe immer frisch un jung;
Deine Giete, deine Wunner
Singt jo jede Kinnerzung.
Komme wieder—komme ewig;
Zier d'r Krischtbaam for die Kinner
In der heil'gen Krischtdag Nacht!

—Heinrich Harbaugh
1817—1867

(The original spelling has been retained.)

Christkindche, komm in unser Haus!

(This old Christmas rime, in the form of a child's prayer, was probably recited by our Pennsylvania German ancestors while still children in their Palatine homes in the eighteenth century. It was found by the editor of the ECK during a sojourn in the Palatinate.)

Christkindche, komm in unser Haus!
Leer dei goldig Kerbche aus;
Stell dei Eselche uff der Mist,
Dass es Heu und Hafer frisst.

Heu und Hafer frisst es nicht,
Zuckerpletzchen kriegt es nicht.

Christkindchen, komm!
Mach mich fromm,
Dass ich in den Himmel komm!

Chat About Your Friends

Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Dayton, 412 Hanover Ave., are the parents of a daughter born Dec. 23 at the Allentown hospital.

Among those who celebrated their birthday anniversaries yesterday are: Robert Smith, 834 Webster St.; Roy Repp, 508 S. Bradford St.; Margaret Ellwood, 160 Pine St., and Stephen Andrew Brosky, 825 S. Front St.

Mrs. Kate Brown, 314 N. 8th St., is a patient in the Allentown hospital where she is receiving medical treatment.

Miss E. Thomas, this city and Thelma Shirk, Northampton, were in Atlantic City where they stayed at the Seaside hotel.

William G. Kistler, 613½ N. Poplar St., will observe his birthday anniversary today.

Mr. and Mrs. William Frease, Orefield, and Mrs. Emma Kerschner, Allentown, spent the holidays in Harrisburg with Mr. and Mrs. Claude Korn and family. While there they celebrated the 31st wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Korn and the sixth anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Frease. A duck dinner was served.

To Hold New Year Dance

Camp 451, P. O. S. of A., will sponsor a New Year's dance tonight in the hall at Weaversville. Square and modern dancing will be featured with music to be furnished by the Nite Owls. The affair will start at 8 o'clock.

Hold Christmas Party

A Christmas party was held Wednesday night at the home of Althea Hess, 2445 Tilghman St. The basement of the home, in which the party took place, was gayly decorated.

A Storehouse of Information— Uncle Sam's Almanac, '40

The new and enlarged edition of Uncle Sam's Almanac for 1940 is an improvement on all former editions. This useful and interesting publication has proved one of the most popular offerings ever issued by our Washington Information Bureau. It is a private publication, assembled mainly from governmental sources. It contains no advertising, no propaganda, but a wealth of concise and authoritative information useful to the whole family every day in the year. It has all the usual almanac and calendar material and a lot of new features. You will like it. Send in your order now. Ten cents postpaid.

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Frederic J. Haskin, Director,
Washington, D. C.

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Reich Tightens

(Continued from Page One)

whatever moves might be necessary to increase the efficiency of Nazi economic controls. Yet it is not all that Goering has to contend with in his economic dictator role.

The new economic setup follows a plaint of semi-official nature in Berlin that by promoting Finnish resistance to Soviet Russia, Allied strategists had hoped to impede the flow of Russian foodstuffs and essential materials into Germany. The Germans did not admit that there had been as yet any serious interruption due to Red army reverses in Finland. They merely stated that economic strangulation of Germany was the aim of the Allies, and that they were not moved by any moral revulsion to Russia's onslaught on her little neighbor.

It follows, however, that the economic control move in Germany discloses concern either as to present stoppages of the flow of goods from surrounding countries, or apprehension that events are shaping for serious interruptions later. It is, at least, an official straw-in-the-wind showing Nazi uneasiness.

And it synchronized with a report from Rumania that ice has closed the Danube to navigation, and that heavy snow has blocked road and rail routes already clogged with freight consigned to Germany. That traffic is described as having fallen to a "dribble."

10,000 Russians

(Continued from Page One)

terday and smash the left wing of the Mannerheim line.

In a fierce battle at Kelja, just south of the lake, beginning at 8 p. m. Tuesday and ending at noon Wednesday, the snowy battlefront was said to have been piled with 600 Russian dead.

18 Soviet Tanks Taken

In the Syskyjaervi sector on the northern shore of Lake Ladoga where two Russian battallions were said to have been dispersed Wednesday, the Russians left 300 dead on the field, tonight's communique said.

The communique told of the capture or destruction of 18 Russian tanks and an armored car.

The capture of large amounts of Russian war materials, including rifles, machine guns and ammunitions was described.

A daylong battle was fought Thursday around Lake Kiantijaervi where the Finns claim to have shattered each successive enemy attempt to strike eastward and northward across Finland's 135-mile-wide waistline to the Gulf of Bothnia and cut the nation in half. Russian supply columns were destroyed and in the Kuhmo sector near the eastern frontier another supply column was destroyed, it was said, the Finns capturing 40 pack horses and eight tanks.

Fire on Own Troops

Most of the fighting described was a continuation of battles that have been going on for several days. In almost all sectors, according, to the Finns, the Russians have been thrown back or held at a standstill.

The allegation that Russian planes had bombed and machine-gunned their own troops on the north central front was made by the Finnish official news agency and repeated charges made on several occasions but never confirmed.

The news agency said that on Wednesday, during fighting covered in tonight's communique, Soviet planes in the Salla sector just above the Arctic Circle near the eastern border had turned their guns on their own troops.

Try to Rally Lines

Salla is a strategic town from which the Russians are trying to drive westward across Finland's "wasp waistline."

The Russian troops also could be heard shooting at each other, the statement claimed.

Russian forces have been reported attempting to rally their shattered lines in the Salla sector for a new offensive.

(The newspaper Berlingske Tidendes in Copenhagen reported in a dispatch from the north central Finnish front that Russian planes early today flew over and machine-gunned their own lines on the Kemi river front and that machine-gun fire was heard elsewhere behind the Russian lines where tanks had been posted behind Soviet infantry.)

The United Press correspondent at the Finnish headquarters at Rovanemi, Hubert Uexkuell, quoted authoritative Finnish leaders there as saying that rifle and machine-gun fire was heard last night behind the Russian lines on the Salla front but it was unknown whether there had been mutinous action or whether the Russians had mistaken a group of their own men for a Finnish ski patrol.

Veterans Are Rushed Up

General Kurt Wallenius, commander-in-chief of the Finnish forces in the Salla sector, was quoted in Scandinavian press dispatches as saying that in several instances Russians had fired on their own comrades because of "confusion."

COPENHAGEN, DENMARK, Dec. 29. (UP)—Veteran Red army divisions of the Russian-Japanese conflict along the Outer Mongolian border were reported tonight to be among 150,000 fresh Russian troops thrown into the Karelian isthmus for a mass assault on Finland's Mannerheim line.

Large numbers of Russian warplanes were said in Scandinavian press dispatches to have arrived in the Leningrad military area to support the large scale offensive, launched today with heavy blows at the western end of the Finnish fortifications near the Gulf of Finland.

Dispatches from Helsinki told of the appearance of squadrons of Russian planes over the front, putting the Finish defenders on the alert for a possible Soviet attempt to land suicide squads by parachute and blow up vital bridges and cut communications.



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Obituaries

Jennie J. Carmitchell

Dies at Home of Son-in-law and Daughter in Palmerton

Jennie J. Carmitchell, widow of John Carmitchell, died early Friday morning at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Lewis, Residence Park, Palmerton.

Before residing in Palmerton, Mrs. Carmitchell was a resident of Mt. Carmel.

Survivors include two daughters, Mrs. A. R. Lewis and Mrs. Carlos F. Gertz, both of Palmerton; two grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held Sunday at 1 p. m. in the Mt. Carmel Methodist church. Viewing was held last night and the body will be taken to Mt. Carmel today by Undertaker Ziegler, Palmerton. Interment in the Mt. Carmel cemetery.

William G. Stout

Bangor R. 2 Resident Was 72 Years Old

William G. Stout, 72, died Thursday night at the home of his granddaughter, Mrs. Albert Houseman, Richmond Road, Bangor, R. 2.

A son of the late Mr.and Mrs. Josiah S. Stout he was in the painting business for the greater part of his life, retiring a few years ago.

Surviving are one daughter, Mrs. Jane LeBar of Bangor R. D. one granddaughter and one great granddaughter.

Funeral services at 2 p. m. Saturday with theh Rev. Byron R. Stauffer, pastor of the Grace Lutheran church, East Bangor, officiating.

Mrs. Vinnie M. Embody

Bowmanstown Woman Was 63 Years Old at Death

Mrs. Vinnie M. (Sittler) Embody, wife of John F. Embody, died Friday morning at 7 o'clock at her home, White St., Bowmanstown, at the age of 63 years.

Survivors include her husband, a sister, Mrs. Stella Sittler, Ashfield; three brothers, Calvin Sittler, Summit Hill; Harvey Sittler, Normal Square; John Sittler.

Funeral services will be held from her late home, Tuesday at 1.30 p. m. with regular services in Ben-Salem church, Bowmanstown. Rev. Arthur Snyder and Rev. W. W. Moyer will officiate. Interment in the Ben-Salem cemetery. Viewing Monday 7-9 p. m.

Mrs. Emmaline Fox Fair

Easton Woman, 67, in Ill Health Since Summer

Mrs. Emmaline Fox Fair, 67, died early Friday morning at her home, 353 Berwick St., Easton. She had been ill since summer and had been bedfast 10 days.

She was born in Tinicum township, Bucks county, a daughter of Mahlon and Emma Fox. She had resided in Easton 30 years.

Surviving are her husband, Herman Fair; five children: Lillie and Emma Fair, at home; Harry Fair and Mrs. Robert Kay, Easton, and Mrs. Chester Flagler, Raubsville; two brothers and a sister, Charles and Asher Fox, Bloomsbury, N. J., and Mrs. Anna Pfeiffer, Trenton, N. J., and four grandchildren.

She was a member of the Noxamixon Lutheran church.

Private funeral services will be held at 1 p. m. Tuesday at the late residence and at 2 p. m. public services will be held at St. Luke's church, Ferndale, with the Rev. Rollin Vanes officiating. Burial will be in the Ferndale cemetery.

Mrs. Samuel Jones

Nazareth Woman, 69, Was Native of England

Mrs. Samuel Jones, 69, died Thursday at the home of her son, Richard of Nazareth R. 3. She is a native of England and formerly resided in Phillipsburg.

Surviving are her husband and four sons, Richard and Lewis of Paterson, N. J.; Samuel Jr., Phillipsburg, and Annesley of Glen Rock, N. J.

Funeral services at 3:15 p.m. today at the Hagerty Colonial home, Phillipsburg. Burial in the Fairmount cemetery.

John S. Hersh

Quakertown Resident Only 28 Years of Age at Death

John S. Hersh, of 14 S. 14th St., Quakertown, died Wednesday in the Hamburg Sanatorium where he had been confined for the past few weeks. He was 28 years of age.

Born in Quakertown, he was the son of C. Edgar Hersh and Bertha S., nee Henry, Hersh. He was a member of St. Paul's Lutheran (Blue) church, Coopersburg.

Besides his wife, nee Margaret Cain, there survive one daughter, Shirley, and the following brothers and sisters: Harold, Quakertown; Paul and Arthur, Argus; Gretna Hersh, Argus; Pauline Hersh and Mrs. Mary Henry, both of Quakertown.

Rev. Daniel D. Kistler will officiate at funeral services to be held at the Treffinger Funeral home, N. Amblert St., Quakertown, on Sunday at 2 p. m. Interment in Great Swamp church cemetery, Spinnerstown.

Mrs. William Borneman

Had Been Active in Eastern Star and Church Work

Mrs. Amanda Borneman, 67, died at 7:35 a. m. yesterday at her home, 637 N. 7th St., after nearly a year's illness.

A native of Limerick township, Montgomery county, where she was born a daughter of the late George and Rebecca Lightcap, she had resided in Allentown the past 30 years.

On Dec. 24, 1892, she was married to William Borneman. Mrs. Borneman was a member of Dubbs Memorial church and affiliated with the Anne Penn chapter of the Eastern Star, the Allentown White Shrine and the Women's league of Dubbs Memorial.

Surviving besides her husband are a daughter, Mrs. Robert J. Osman, two sons, Clifford L. Borneman, and Howard Borneman; three grandchildren, one great grandchild and two brothers, Albert and Charles Lightcap, both of Schwenksville.

Services will be held at 2:30 p. m. Tuesday from the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St., with interment to follow in Grand View cemetery.

William F. Transue

Died Christmas Day While Motoring in California

Word was received yesterday by friends in Allentown of the sudden death of William F. Transue, for many years a resident of Allentown, who died on Christmas Day while motoring through Riverside, Calif.

Mr. Transue enjoyed Christmas Day at his home in San Bernardino, Calif., and together with Mrs. Transue motored to Riverside.

He complained of feeling ill and after receiving treatment at a drug store, returned to his car. Mrs. Transue noticed his serious condition and a moment later he fell helplessly into his wife's arms.

He was taken to Riverside Community hospital where an autopsy revealed death was caused by a heart ailment.

For many years the Transue family resided in this city. Mr. Transue was a member of Liberty Chamber, 45, O. K. F., and was a past officer of that lodge as well as a past grand sir knight marshal of Grand Chamber, O. K. F.

Besides his widow Laura O., there survive a daughter, Mrs. Philip Bayha, Alhambra, Calif., a son, William J., Long Island, N. Y.; one sister, Mrs. Abraham Arnold, Allentown. Three grandchildren also survive.

Interment was made in Monteceito Park, Eternal Hills, Calif.

Mrs. Elizabeth Harley

Easton Widow, 60, Was Ill for Three Years

Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Harley, 60, widow of William Harley, died Thursday night at her home, 1030 Wilkes-Barre St., Easton, after an illness of three years.

She was born in Easton, a daughter of the late Samuel and Sarah Transue, and had lived in Easton all her life. She was a member of the Lutheran faith.

Surviving are six children: Mrs. Sylvester Schwar, Mrs. William White, Paul, all of Easton R. D. 4; George, Easton, and William and Theodore, at home; three brothers and three sisters: Tillie, Lewis and Edward Transue, Easton; Frank Transue, Millville, N. J.; Mrs. Charles Achey and Mrs. Clarence Schaffer, Stockertown, and eight grandchildren.

Funeral services at 2:30 p.m. Sunday at the late residence with the Rev. Paul B. Wolper, pastor of Christ Lutheran church, Easton, officiating. Burial in Hay's cemetery.

Charles P. Kunkel

Berks County Resident Was Born in Lynn Township, Lehigh

Charles Peter Kunkel of near Wessnersville, Kempton R. 1, died Thursday night at 8 o'clock at his home after a long illness. He was 68 years of age.

Born Jan. 2, 1871, in Lynn township, Lehigh county, he was the son of the late Peter and Sianna (Trexler) Kunkel. He was a farmer most of his lifetime.

Survivors include his wife, Jennie (Wessner) Kunkel; the following children: Gertrude, wife of Herbert Diehl, Reading; Edna and Walter, at home; four grandchildren, two great-grandchildren, one step-brother, Alfred Kunkel, Kutztown R. D.

Private funeral services will be held Monday at 1:30 p. m. from his late home with public services following at Friedens church, Wessnersville. Interment in the adjoining cemetery. No viewing.

Edwin O. Bachman

Kutztown Insurance Man Was Former Kempton Resident

Edwin O. Bachman, 223 E. Main St., Kutztown, a former resident of Kempton, died at 5 p. m. Thursday in St. Joseph's hospital, Reading, the result of a heart attack. He was 65 years of age.

He was engaged in the insurance business, and followed his daily work until Wednesday evening.

The son of Solomon and Sarah, nee Kressley, Bachman, he was born in Lynn township and for many years resided at Kempton.

Surviving are his widow, Florence E. L., nee Schwoyer, and three brothers, Clinton J. of Allentown, Frank of Orange, N. J., and Claude of Lynnville.

Mr. Bachman was a member of the Reformed wing of St. Peter's church, Lynnville, and was affiliated with Vaux Lodge No. 406, F. and A. M. of Hamburg; Rajah Temple, Mystic Shrine, Reading Consistory; Kutztown Fire Co. No. 1; Reading Automobile club, and the Kutztown Grange.

Funeral services will be held Wednesday from his late home at 1:30 p. m., followed by services in St. Peter's church. Rev. Clarence Rahn of Reading and Rev. J. W. Bittner of Kutztown will officiate. Interment will be made in St. Peter's cemetery.

Mrs. Charles E. Metz

Nazareth Woman Was 65—Funeral Services Tuesday

Funeral services for Mrs. Charles E. Metz, 65, a lifelong resident of Nazareth and vicinity, who died Friday morning at the Easton hospital, will be held at 2 p. m. Tuesday from the late home, 227 S. Broad St., Nazareth, with further services in St. John's Lutheran church, Nazareth. Burial in St. John's Union cemetery. The Rev. H. C. Snyder will officiate.

Mrs. Metz, a native of Upper Nazareth township, was the daughter of the late Silas and Hattie (Fehnel) Michael.

In addition to her husband surviving are: a sister Mrs. Harvey Haupt, and a step-brother, Eugene Michael, both of Bath R. D. 2.

Deaths

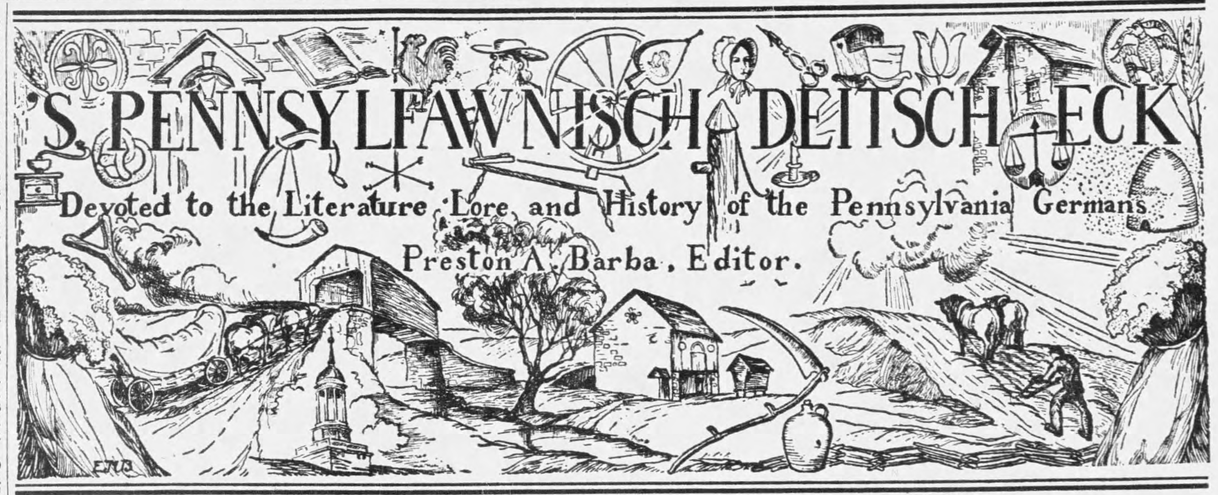
HARTMAN—At Lynnport, Dec. 29, 1939, Howard C., husband of Una, nee Smith, Hartman, aged 48 years, 2 months and 15 days.
Due notice of funeral.
Reading papers please copy.
Charles Snyder

EMBODY—At Bowmanstown, Dec. 29, 1939, Vinnie M. (Sittler), wife of John F. Embody, aged 63 years, 11 months and 2 days.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. from her late home, White St., Bowmanstown. Regular services in Ben-Salem church. Interment in the Ben-Salem cemetery. Friends are invited to call Monday 7-9 p. m. J. S. Z.

SEIDENBERGER—In Allentown, Dec. 28, 1939, Joseph J. Seidenberger Sr., 76.
Funeral will be held from the late home, 969 Wyandotte St., Bethlehem, Tuesday, Jan. 2, 1940, at 8:45 a. m. High mass will be offered in the Holy Ghost church at 9 a. m. Burial in Holy Ghost cemetery. Relatives and friends are invited to attend without further notice. Miller

MINTZ—In Allentown, Dec. 29, 1939, Philip, husband of Sarah (Shapiro) Mintz, aged 73 years and 4 days.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services at the late home, 230 N. 4th St., Sunday at 2 p. m. Interment in Keneseth of Israel cemetery. Weber.

BACHMAN—At Reading, Dec. 28, 1939, Edwin O., husband of Florence, nee Schwoyer, Bachman, 223 E. Main St., Kutztown, aged 65 years, 8 months and 7 days.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services from his late home on Wednesday at 1:30 p. m., followed by services in St. Peter's church, Lynnville. Interment will be made in the cemetery adjoining. Walter J. Christ.



ES KUMME MEH LEIT AM DISCH UM ALS IM GRIEG

Der Ald Almanack

Ich hab en alder Almanack,
Der leit do uff em Schelf;
Un uf dem Deckel, ganz verwischt,
Schteht "achtzeh hunnert elf."
Ich geb den alde Almanack
Net her far eenich Geld.
Der Paep hot mir ihn g'schenkt, eb er
Fatt iss aus daere Welt.
Er iss en ald Familieschtick
Vum alde Vadderland.
Meim Paep sei Naame schteht aa druff
In zittericher Hand.
Un guck, do uf der aerschte Page,
'S iss kaum zu lese ball,
Sin unsre Naame ufgezaehlt,
Die Brieder, Schweschtre all.
Nau leit mei Paep schun mannich Yohr
Datt draus im kalde Graab.
Un der ald Almanack iss all,
Was ich noch vun em hab.
Un drum geb ich des alde Buch
Net her far eenich Geld.
'S iss yo mei Schatz vum Vadderland,
Der eenzich uf der Welt.

—Anonymous

Waiting for Affidavits

"History repeats itself." Ah! If this statement could be relied upon as confidently as one can rely upon a chemical formula then the veil could be lifted from the future and history would indeed be the "lamp by which our feet ar guided." Unfortunately, it is hardly ever true. The few instances in which a like set of factors produces similar results are so rare that when one finds an absolute historical parallel history becomes news.

Far removed from the busy world centers lies the sleepy little village of Hellefoetsluice, Holland, utterly unconscious of the interesting part it has played and is playing in an all absorbing drama. It is, and was, a drama filled with the deepest emotions. Misery and hope, despair and longing. Hope, hope! Waiting—.

Two hundred and thirty years separate the exodus of the Palatine Refugees who fled from religious persecution in Germany in 1709 and the 1939 exodus of Jewish refugees fleeing from twentieth century persecution. Hellefoetsluice, Holland was a crucial stage in the journey of both groups who hoped to reach their Caanan in America.

The early group of Germans found their Promised Land. In the fertile valleys of eastern Pennsylvania they found all that their hearts desired and their descendants, known incorrectly as the Pennsylvania Dutch, prosper in the land of Milk and Honey where verily the manna falls from the heavens to the earth below. Will this happy ending be duplicated in the case of the hapless German Jews who like the Palatines, came to the village of Hellefoetsluice in 1939, there to await the affidavit which would be the "Open Sesame" to America? For the moment it appears doubtful. The second World War has left them stranded in the big white hotel in which they are housed while they weary away the hours, hoping against hope for some miracle.

But the historical parallel which characterizes these two main migrations would break down if a European war were not in progress at the moment. Europe was at war in 1709, when thousands of bedraggled Palatines crowded the Dutch Ports, eagerly awaiting transportation to England and from thence to America.

The events which led up to the exodus of 1709 form a succession of heartrending experiences and horrors. War after war had desolated the provinces along the southern Rhine. Economic upheavals followed swiftly upon the heels of war. Nature conspired with disaster and brought a winter so severe that the precious grape vines were frozen in the ground and birds froze while on the wing. On top of all other plagues came religious persecution by a prince who like the zealots of his day saw virtue in torturing heretics.

The Rhine like an index finger pointed north to Holland, the country which then was as it is now, the haven of the oppressed. Fearful and distraught, eighteen thousand expatriated Palatines found their way down the Rhine to Rotterdam. Most of them made the journey between May and August in 1709.

The Dutch authorities were not prepared to absorb such a huge number. Twenty-five years earlier thousands of French Huguenots had found permanent refuge in hospitable Holland, but in 1709 the Burgomaster of Rotterdam was not in a position to absorb thousands of German families in that tiny country within one generation after the influx of the French Protestants. The German refugees were not permitted to enter the city of Rotterdam. Temporary quarters were provided in the nearby suburb of Kronigen which today forms one of the finest residential districts of the Dutch metropolis.

The English ships could not enter the Maas river to take on passengers at Kronigen. For this reason the Palatines were moved westward to the Herring river, a few miles to the south of Brielle.

In 1709 Hellefoetsluice was a busy harbor. Today it is a sleepy village whose inhabitants cater to the soldiers in a nearby fortress and spend the spare time fishing in the Herring river.

Last August I visited the ancient village. Setting out from Rotterdam on a rattling old tram I rolled over the Dutch lowlands until the train reached the edge of the Herring river. There I was confronted with a difficult problem.

Everywhere in Europe I had found a knowledge of English and German with a smattering of French, adequate to my needs in all conversation. But out there on the edge of Holland I could find no one to tell me where I could buy a meal, where to get a taxi or how to get back to Rotterdam.

Just when I was most perplexed I observed several young men approaching me in single file, while crossing one of many foot bridges which span the network of creeks and canals in the old harbor town. The young men were obviously Jews. I decided to try my German on them, and lo, they answered me in kind and my problems were solved.

They told me that they belonged to a camp of refugees awaiting their affidavits to come to America. I was an American. "Why does it take so long," they importuned me. More than a hundred men were crowded into the white hostel. Most of them had lost track of time, some had lost hope, some were hysterical. Their wives were quartered in faraway Amsterdam, probably suffering similar mental anguish. The more wealthy Jewish men were permitted to visit their families at long intervals, but for the destitute, and most of them were penniless, there was no hope of reunion.

One young lad was playing his violin. His selection was written by a Jewish composer. In the midst of his rendition he broke off his playing and wailed: "H— is a Jew too. He is free. . Why am I a prisoner." He slumped into a disconsolate posture.

The only activity in which they engage is in teaching each other English out of a British grammar. "How do you say "Billig" in America?"—they asked me. How big is your Country? How does one get into your schools? These and many other queries were directed toward me. In retrospect it is an exhilirating thought that for a short time I symbolized to these distracted men all that is fine in America, its vastness, its culture, its potentialities. But at the moment I entertained no such thoughts. Men broken in spirit, hoping against hope, abject in misery and loneliness do not inspire self congratulatory sensations.

Soon after my visit to Hellefoetsluice the second World War had begun. Certainly to the twentieth century refugees it must seem to be the last straw in a chain of misery. They are still waiting for their affidavits.

Two hundred and thirty years ago Hellefoetsluice was the scene of similar human sufferings. Does history repeat? Will the persecuted of 1939 find their Caanan? Will their story have a happy ending? Only the future can answer. It is only human to hope that the parallel between these two groups will continue and that the sojourn in Hellefoetsluice is merely the wandering in the wilderness before coming to the Promised Land.

—Arthur D. Graeff

Neujahrs-gruss der Express und Reform

an die geehrten Leser

1873

(Under this title the following poem was issued in 1873 by "Die Express und Reform" of Doylestown, Pa., in the form of a broadside. It was meant to be distributed by the newsboys on New Year's Day, who then expected their annual gifts from their patrons, as the last verses indicate. At this time Ulysses S. Grant was president of the United States, and John F. Hartranft had just been elected governor of Pennsylvania.—This broadside was brought to our notice through the courtesy of Prof. Edwin M. Hartman of the Franklin & Marshall Preparatory School, Lancaster, Pa.

Des neue Johr is wieder do,
Des alte is vorbei;
D'rob sin schier alle Leute froh,
Alt, Jung, un Grosz un Klein.

Es war en Schaltjohr, un die Maed
Bei uns herum im Busch,
Die hot's about gesuht forstreht,
Es war ihr Spasz un Luscht.

Sie hen noch Herzenslust gefuhlt,
Die Buwe schmaert un dumm;
Hen manche Kerl net schlecht geschult
Im Spaerke, grad un krumm.

Sie hen gewaehlt un hen gesaeckt,
Just wie es sie gesuht;
Un sin die Buwe ausgebaeckt,
Gab's schuhr gar boeses Blut.

But nau is ihre Zeit vorbei,
Un mancher Buh is froh;
Die Tschaens is wieder uf un frei,
Un—bal klappt's nummer so.

Un wie's bei uns is, werd's ah wohl
An andern Plaetzen sein;
Just guckt euch um un schaut emol,
Traut awer net dem Schein!

Viel is im letzte Johr passirt
Was uns vun Herze truebt;
Doch ah dem Freudige gebuehrt
Erwaehnung in dem Lied.

Die Lekschen is vorbei, un ach!
Geleddert sin wir schlimm;
Es war en terchterlicher Krach
Un—Grant bleibt ewe d'rin.

Der Hartranft is en Ehrenmann,
Stiehlt niemols gluethig Eise;
Doch macht er was er mache kann,
In altbekannter Weise.

Die Brauer un die Wirthe sin,
Wie Jedermann schier wehsz,
Gar brawe Leut, mit frohem Sinn
Un werde niemols boes.

Exsept es kummt en Kerl herein,
Trinkt drei, vier Glaeser Bier,
Eszt Lunch un trinkt en gut Glas Wein
Un geht dann aus der Thuer;

Denkt awer net an's Zahle heut,
Viel weniger noch morge —
Sell macht ihn wild, un's gebt en 'fight',
Er haszt ofkohrs sell Borge.

Nau wuensch ich euch noch vieles Glueck
Un dasz en gnaediges Geschick
Euch Fried un Freude gebe.

Dasz Alles euch nach Wunsch ergeht,
Die Kunden niemals fehlen;
Un's Cash noch weniger, denn seht,
Sell is die Hauptsach eben.

Un um schoen zum End' zu kumme,
Geb ich euch hier den do Wink;
Das ganze Johr bin ich gesprunge
Bei Schnee un Rege, Sturm un Wind—

D'rum hoff ich bei meinen Freunden
Heute auf ein schoen Geschenk;
Grosze Gaben—grosze Freude!
Gleine Gaben—Gott vergelt's.

(The original spelling has been retained.)

IN MEMORIAM

As the old year dies it may be well for our readers to linger a moment in the memory of those who have ceased from their labors in the fields of Pennsylvania German literature, lore and history during the past year.

REV. EARL G. KLINE in January 1939 was taker from his home in Selinsgrove to be admitted to a Philadelphia hospital. His many friends were distressed when they learned of the seriousness of his illness. The dismay of the members of the Snyder County Deitsch Versammling was heightened by the circumstance which threatened to cast gloom over a normally festive occasion. The Versammling was only a few days off and Reverend Kline, familiarly known as "Dutch" to his Franklin and Marshall College classmates, was one of the prime movers of the gathering and always had acted as toastmaster.

Before his departure for the hospital Reverend Kline begged that "no matter what happens to me, let the Versammling go on as usual." The news of his death reached the Snyder County folks on Versammling Day, but they carried out their plans because "der Parre hot's so hawwe welle".

HARVEY M. MILLER (SOLLY HULSBUCK) "The leafy month of June—the proper time for a poet to be transported from this world. And Solly was a true poet . . . ." Thees words were extracted from a tribute paid to Harvey M. Miller of Elizabethville, Dauphin County. They are from the pen of the great poet, Tom Daly, who signed himself "Der Dichter von der Dago Dialect."

A few weeks ago the writer stood alongside a simple tombstone in the neat cemetery in Elizabethville. Carved on the headstone are both names, Harvey M. Miller, and beneath it, Solly Hulsbuck. This is as it should be. Perhaps there are as many people who knew Solly as there were who knew the dignified business executive—and one thing is certain—generations to come will know Solly the better of the two.

While we stood there, Solly's widow, "Polly," the object of his tender affections in dialect verse, recited to us in clear courageous tones Solly's touching epitaph to himself.

Wann ich dote waer
Und darrich Hitz und Schtaab,
En Freindt keemt zu meim Graab,
Und drauwere dort, Ich glaab,
Wann ich dote waer,
Und kennt ihn sehne, OH!
Wass waer mei Hertz so froh!

MRS. HELEN RIEMENSNYDER MARTIN—fiction writer who captured the public imgaination with her caricatures of Pennsylvania "Dutch" people and their folkways, was born in Lancaster, the daughter of a Lutheran clergyman in 1868, and died in New Canaan, Conn., on June 29. While she exploited her own people for personal profit and did very little to earn their lasting devotion, nevertheless it must be admitted that her novels awakened national interest in things Pennsylvania German and the unkind things she wrote about us have long since fallen by their own weight. Of her many novels "Tillie the Mennonite Maid" and "Barnabetta" were dramatized and the stellar roles were played by the eminent actress Minnie Madern Fiske. Mrs. Martin's latest book "The Ordeal of Minnie Schultz," appeared last February.

HARRY HOWER:

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray,
Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

For several years after the turn of the present century a duo of Minstrels entertained the Lebanon and Schuylkill County folks at all types of gatherings. Harry Hower of Sand Hill, near Lebanon City, in company with his guitar-strumming teammate Sabo sang and recited dialect verses which Hower's agile mind conceived. Several years ago the somewhat mysterious Sabo died and the surviving partner ceased his public minstrelsy.

But his pen was not at rest. Unbidden, like pure crystal water gurgles from a natural spring Harry Hower continued to write his rhymes.

Late in July a tragic automobile accident near Womelsdorf in Berks County, caused the poet's death.

Mr. John Shrope of Hegins, in paying tribute to Harry Hower while speaking before the "Sox" Versammling in Schuylkill County declared—

"He was every one's friend. He never sought wealth or distinction and his greatest joy came to him in the happiness he brought to others." Before his death Hower wrote these lines for the Hegins Versammling:

Von die frieye Daage aa—
In dem Land Amerikaa
Un en mannich, manniche Yahr
Eb der Onkel Sam doh war
Ware schun an sellere Zeit
Pennsylvanisch Deitsche Leit.

HONORABLE WILLIAM SHANAMAN: Ex-Mayor of the City of Reading; President of the Blue Mountain Eagle Climbing Club.

Ever as young as the youngest cedar on the mountains he loved so well; ever as eloquent as nature in springtime; ever as loyal as the great oaks are sturdy and as lofty in soul and spirit as the heavens to which his mind and heart were attuned, the passing of William Shanaman leaves a huge gap on the skyline as if a towering hemlock had "lost its place against the sky."

The true Pennsylvania German can never be far removed from the soil. Its color is reflected in his features and its green carpet gives a quality of eternal freshness to his soul. Although Mr. Shanaman held the highest office that the burghers of Reading could give him he counted his treasures in friends, in birds, flowers, trees, and in growing things. Heaven must have wooded hills for him.

DR. S. K. BRECHT, Upper Darby, Pa.—Historian of the Schwenkfelders. A great scholar has joined his ancestors. Samuel K. Brecht spent a liftime studying, writing, publishing historical accounts of the early followers of Caspar Schwenkfeld who settled the Perkiomen and Skippack regions in Montgomery County. A great monument to him is left to us in the form of his seventeen hundred page volume entitled the Genealogical Record of the Schwenkfelder Families. The loss of sight and failing health could not check his zeal in his search for truth and the pain of a fatal torturing disease did not disturb him nearly as much as the grim realization that the end was approaching and so much remained to be done. At the time of his death he was writing a book on the early Schwenkfelder Schools, centering on the life of the pious schoolmaster Christopher Dock. Dr. Brecht, like the subject of his study, was a teacher of children. Nearly two centuries separate the period of their endeavors on earth. And yet, in terms of eternity a span of two centuries is short, indeed. Let us believe that the two have met on the farther shore.

—Arthur D. Graeff

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